



English Language, Linguistics and Literature.

Fee Haase

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**English Language, Linguistics and Literature.
Selected Readings of Classical Writings for Linguistic Theory, Literature History, and
Applications of the English Language.**

Ed. and Compiled by Fee-Alexandra Haase

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Chapter 1. The Beginnings

1. 8th Century: Beowulf

Beowulf

The Scyldings

Hwæt! We Gardena | in geardagum,
theodcyninga, | thrym gefrunon,
hu dha æthelingas | ellen fremedon.

Oft Scyld Scefing | sceathena threatum,

5
monegum mægthum, | meodosetla ofteah,
egsode eorlas. | Sydhðhan ærest weardh
feasceaf funden, | he thæs frofre gebad,
weox under wolcnum, | weordhmyndum thah,
odhthæt him æghwylc | thara ymbsittendra

10
ofer hronrade | hyran scolde,
gomban gylðan. | Thæt wæs god cyning!
Dhæm eafera wæs | æfter cenned,
geong in geardum, | thone god sende
folce to frofre; | fyrendhearfe ongeat

15
the hie ær drugon | aldorlease
lange hwile. | Him thæs liffrea,
wuldres wealdend, | woroldare forgeaf;

Beowulf wæs breame | (blæd wide sprang),
Scyldes eafera | Scedelandum in.

20

Swa sceal geong guma | gode gewyrcean,
fromum feohgiftum | on fæder bearme,
thæt hine on ylde | eft gewunigen
wilgesithas, | thonne wig cume,
leode gelæsten; | lofdædum sceal

25

in mægtha gehwære | man getheon.

Him dha Scyld gewat | to gescæphwile
felahror feran | on frean wære.
Hi hyne tha ætbæron | to brimes farodhe,
swæse gesithas, | swa he selfa bæd,

30

thenden wordum weold | wine Scyldinga;
leaf landfruma | lange ahte.
Thær æt hydhe stod | hringedstefna,
isig ond utfus, | æthelinges fær.
Aledon tha | leofne theoden,

35

beaga bryttan, | on bearm scipes,
mærne be mæste. | Thær wæs madma fela
of feorwegum, | frætwa, gelæded;
ne hyrde ic cymlicor | ceol gegyrwan
hildewæpnum | ond headhowædum,

40

billum ond byrnum; | him on bearme læg
madma mænigo, | tha him mid scoldon
on flodes æht | feor gewitan.
Nalæs hi hine læssan | lacum teodan,
theodgestreonum, | thon tha dydon

45

the hine æt frumsceaft | forðh onsendon
æne ofer ydhe | umborwesende.
Tha gyt hie him asetton | segen geldenne
heah ofer heafod, | leton holm beran,
geafon on garsecg; | him wæs geomor sefa,

50

murnende mod. | Men ne cunnon
seccan to sodhe, | selerædende,
hæledh under heofenum, | hwa thæm hlæste onfeng.

Dha wæs on burgum | Beowulf Scyldinga,
leaf leodcyning, | longe thrage

55

folcum gefræge | (fæder ellor hwearf,
aldor of earde), | oththæt him eft onwoc
heah Healfdene; | heold thenden lifde,
gamol ond gudhreow, | glæde Scyldingas.
Dhæm feower bearn | forðh gerimed

60

in worold wocun, | weoroda ræswan,
Heorogar ond Hrothgar | ond Halga til;
hyrde ic thæt | wæs Onelan cwen,
Headhoscilfingas | healsgebedda.

Tha wæs Hrothgare | heresped gyfen,

65

wiges weordhmynd, | thæt him his winemagas
georne hyrdon, | odhdh thæt seo geogodh geweax,
magodriht micel. | Him on mod bearn
thæt healreced | hatan wolde,
medoærn micel, | men gewyrcean

70

thonne yldo bearn | æfre gefrunon,
ond thær on innan | eall gedælan
geongum ond ealdum, | swylc him god sealde,
buton folcscare | ond feorum gumena.
Dha ic wide gefrægn | weorc gebannan

75

manigre mægthe | geond thisne middangeard,
folcstede frætwan. | Him on fyrste gelomp,
ædre mid yldum, | thæt hit weardh ealgearo,
healærna mæst; | scop him Heort naman
se the his wordes geweald | wide hæfde.

80

He beot ne aleh, | beagas dælde,
sinc æt symle. | Sele hlifade,
heah ond horngeap, | headhowylma bad,
ladhan liges; | ne wæs hit lunge tha gen
thæt se ecghete | athumsweorum

85

æfter wælnidhe | wæcnan scolde.

The Monster Grendel

Dha se ellengæst | earfodhlice
thrage getholode, | se the in thystrum bad,
thæt he dogora gehwam | dream gehyrde
hludne in healle; | thær wæs hearpan sweg,

90

swutol sang scopes. | Sægde se the cuthe
frumsceaft fira | feorran reccan,
cwædh thæt se ælmihtiga | eordhan worhte,
wlitebeorhtne wang, | swa wæter bebugedh,
gesette sigehrethig | sunnan ond monan

95

leoman to leohte | landbuendum
ond gefræt Wade | foldan sceatas
leomum ond leafum, | lif eac gesceop
cynna gehwylcum | thara dhe cwice hwyrfath.

Swa dha drihtguman | dreamum lifdon

100

eadiglice, | odhdhæt an ongan
fyrene fremman | feond on helle.
Wæs se grimma gæst | Grendel haten,
mære mearcstapa, | se the moras heold,
fen ond fæsten; | fifelcynnes eard

105

wonsæli wer | weardode hwile,
sithdhan him scyppend | forscrifen hæfde
in Caines cynne. | Thone cwealm gewræc
ece drihten, | thæs the he Abel slog;
ne gefeah he thære fæhdhe, | ac he hine feor forwræc,

110

metod for thy mane, | mancynne fram.
Thanon untydras | ealle onwocon,
eotenas ond ylfe | ond orneas,
swylce gigantas, | tha widh gode wunnon
lange thrage; | he him dhæs lean forgeald.

115

Gewat dha neosian, | sythdhan niht becom,
hean huses, | hu hit Hringdene
æfter beorthege | gebun hæfdon.
Fand tha dhær inne | æthelinga gedriht
swefan æfter symble; | sorge ne cudhon,

120

wonsceaft wera. | Wiht unhælo,
grim ond grædig, | gearo sona wæs,
reoc ond rethe, | ond on ræste genam
thritig thegna, | thanon eft gewat
hudhe hremig | to ham faran,

125

mid thære wælfylle | wica neosan.

Dha wæs on uhtan | mid ærdæge
Grendles gudhcræft | gumum undyrne;
tha wæs æfter wiste | wop up ahafen,
micel morgensweg. | Mære theoden,

130

ætheling ærgod, | unblidhe sæt,
tholode dhrydhswydh, | thegnsorge dreaht,
sydhthan hie thæs ladhan | last sceawedon,
wergan gastas; | wæs thæt gewin to strang,
ladh ond longsum. | Næs hit lengra fyrst,

135

ac ymb ane niht | eft gefremede
mordhbeala mare | ond no mearn fore,
fæhdhe ond fyrene; | wæs to fæst on tham.

Tha wæs eadhfynde | the him elles hwær
gerumlicor | ræste sohte,

140

bed æfter burum, | dha him gebeacnod wæs,
gesægd soðhlice | sweotolan tacne
healdhegnes hete; | heold hyne sydhthan
fyr ond fæstor | se thæm feonde ætwand.

Swa rixode | ond widh rihte wan,

145

ana widh eallum, | odhthæt idel stod
husa selest. | Wæs seo hwil micel;
XII wintra tid | torn getholode
wine Scyldinga, | weana gehwelcne,
sidra sorga. | Fordham secgum weardh,

150

ylða bearnum, | undyrne cudh,
gyddum geomore, | thætte Grendel wan
hwile widh Hrothgar, | hetenidhas wæg,
fyrene ond fæhdhe | fela missera,
singale sæce, | sibbe ne wolde

155

widh manna hwone | mægenes Deniga,
feorhbealo feorran, | fea thingian,
ne thær nænig witena | wenan thorfte
beorhtre bote | to banan folmum,
ac se æglæca | ehtende wæs,

160

deorc deathscua, | duguthe ond geogothē,
seomade ond syrede, | sinnihte heold
mistige moras; | men ne cunnon
hwyder helrunan | hwyrftum scrithadh.

Swa fela fyrena | feond mancynnes,

165

atol angengea, | oft gefremede,
heardra hyndha. | Heorot eardode,
sincfage sel | sweartum nihtum;
no he thone gifstol | gretan moste,
mathdhum for metode, | ne his myne wisse.

170

Thæt wæs wræc micel | wine Scyldinga,
modes brecdha. | Monig oft gesæt
rice to rune; | ræd eahtedon
hwæt swidhferhdhum | selest wære
widh færgryrum | to gefremmanne.

175

Hwilum hie geheton | æt hærgratrafum
wigweorthunga, | wordum bædon
thæt him gastbona | geoce gefremede
widh theodthreum. | Swylc wæs theaw hyra,
hæthenra hyht; | helle gemundon

180

in modsefan, | metod hie ne cuthon,
dæda demend, | ne wiston hie drihten god,
ne hie huru heofena helm | herian ne cuthon,
wuldres waldend. | Wa biðh thæm dhe sceal
thurh slidhne nidh | sawle bescufan

185

in fyres fæthm, | frofre ne wenan,
wihte gewendan; | wel biðh thæm the mot
æfter deaðhdæge | drihten secean
ond to fæder fæthmum | freodho wilnian.

Swa dha mælceare | maga Healfdenes

190

singala seadh, | ne mihte snotor hæledh
wean onwendan; | wæs thæt gewin to swydh,
lath ond longsum, | the on dha leode becom,
nydwracu nithgrim, | nihtbealwa mæst.
thæt fram ham gefrægn | Higelaces thegn,

195

god mid Geatum, | Grendles dæda;
se wæs moncynnes | mægenes strengest
on thæm dæge | thysses lifes,
æthele ond eacen. | Het him ydhlidan
godne gegyrwan, | cwædh, he gudhcýning

200

ofer swanrade | secean wolde,
mærne theoden, | tha him wæs manna thearf.
dhone sidhfæt him | snotere ceorlas
lythwon logon, | theah he him leof wære;
hwetton higerofne, | hæl sceawedon.

205

Hæfde se goda | Geata leoda
cempan gecorone | thara the he cenoste
findan mihte; | XVna sum
sundwudu sohte; | secg wisade,
lagucræftig mon, | landgemyrcu.

210

Fyrst forðh gewat. | Flota wæs on ydhum,
bat under beorge. | Beornas gearwe
on stefn stigon; | streamas wundon,
sund widh sande; | secgas bæron
on bearm nacan | beorhte frætwe,

215

gudhsearo geatolic; | guman ut scufon,
weras on wilsidh, | wudu bundenne.

Gewat tha ofer wægholm, | winde gefysed,
flota famiheals | fugle gelicost,
odhthæt ymb antid | othres dogores

220

wundenstefna | gewaden hæfde
thæt dha lidhende | land gesawon,
brimclifu blican, | beorgas steape,
side sænæssas; | tha wæs sund liden,
eoletes æt ende. | Thanon up hradhe

225

Wedera leode | on wang stigon,
sæwudu sældon | (syrca hrysedon,
gudhgewædo), | gode thancedon
thæs the him ythlade | eadhe wurdon.
Tha of wealle geseah | weard Scildinga,

230
se the holmcifu | healdan scolde,
beran ofer bolcan | beorhte randas,
fyrdsearu fuslicu; | hine fyrwyt bræc
modgehygdum, | hwæt tha men wæron.
Gewat him tha to warodhe | wicge ridan

235
thegn Hrodhgares, | thrymmum cwehte
mægenwudu mundum, | methelwordum frægn:
"Hwæt syndon ge | searohæbbendra,
byrnum werede, | the thus brontne ceol
ofer lagustræte | lædan cwomon,

240
hider ofer holmas? | le wæs
endesæta, | ægwearde heold,
the on land Dena | ladhra nænig
mid scipherge | scedhthan ne meahte.
No her cudhlicor | cuman ongunnon

245
lindhæbbende; | ne ge leafnesword
gudhfremmdra | gearwe ne wisson,
maga gemedu. | Næfre ic maran geseah
eorla ofer eorþan | dhonne is eower sum,
secg on searwum; | nis thæt seldeguma,

250
wæpnum geweordhad, | næfne him his wlite leoge,
ænlic ansyn. | Nu ic eower sceal
frumcyn witan, | ær ge fyr heonan,
leassceaweras, | on land Dena
furthur feran. | Nu ge feorbuend,

255
merelidhende, | minne gehyradh
anfealdne gethoht: | Ofost is selest
to gecyðhane | hwanan eowre cyme syndon."

Him se yldesta | ondswarede,
werodes wisa, | wordhord onleac:

260
"We synt gumcynnes | Geata leode
ond Higelaces | heordgeneatas.
Wæs min fæder | folcum gecyðed,

æthele ordfruma, | Ecgtheow haten.
Gebad wintra worn, | ær he on weg hwurfe,

265
gamol of geardum; | hine gearwe geman
witena welhwylc | wide geond eorþan.
We thurh holdne hige | hlaforð thinne,
sunu Healfdenes, | secean cwomon,
leodgebyrgan; | wes thu us larena god.

270
Habbadh we to thæm mæran | micel ærende,
Deniga frean, | ne sceal thær dyrne sum
wesan, thæs ic wene. | Thu wast (gif hit is
swa we sothlice | secgan hyrdon)
thæt mid Scyldingum | sceadhona ic nat hwylc,

275
deogol dædhata, | deorcum nihtum
eawedh thurh egsan | uncudhne nidh,
hyndhu ond hrafyl. | Ic thæs Hrodhgar mæg
thurh rumne sefan | ræd gelæran,
hu he frod ond god | feond oferswydheth,

280
gyf him edwendan | æfre scolde
bealuwa bisigu, | bot eft cuman,
ond tha cearwylmas | colran wurdhath;
odhdhe a sythdhan | earfodhthrage,
threanyd tholadh, | thenden thær wunadh

285
on heahstede | husa selest."
Weard mathelode, | dhær on wicge sæt,
ombeht unforht: | "Æghwæthres sceal
scearp scyldwiga | gescad witan,
worda ond worca, | se the wel thencedh.

290
Ic thæt gehyre, | thæt this is hold weorod
frean Scyldinga. | Gewitath forðh beran
wæpen ond gewædu; | ic eow wisige.
Swylce ic maguthegnas | mine hate
widh feonda gehwone | flotan eowerne,

295
niwtyrwydne | nacan on sande
arum healdan, | othdhæt eft byredh
ofer lagustreamas | leofne mannan
wudu wundenhals | to Wedermearce,
godfremmdra | swylcum gifethe biðh

300

thæt thone hilderæs | hal gedigedh."

Gewiton him tha feran. | Flota stille bad,
seomode on sale | sidfæthmed scip,
on ancre fæst. | Eoforlic scionon
ofer hleorberan | gehroden golde,

305

fah ond fyrheard; | ferhwearde heold
guthmod grimmon. | Guman onetton,
sigon ætsomne, | oththæt hy sæl timbred,
geatolic ond goldfah, | ongyton mihton;
thæt wæs foremærost | foldbuendum

310

receda under roderum, | on thæm se rica bad;
lixte se leoma | ofer landa fela.

Him tha hildedeor | hof modigra
torht getæhte, | thæt hie him to mihton
gegnum gangan; | gudhbeorna sum

315

wicg gewende, | word æfter cwædh:
"Mæl is me to feran; | fæder alwalda
mid arstafum | eowic gehealde
sidha gesunde. | Ic to sæ wille
widh wradh werod | wearde healdan."

320

Stræt wæs stanfah, | stig wisode
gumum ætgædere. | Gudhbyrne scan
heard hondlocen, | hringiren scir
song in searwum, | tha hie to sele furdhum
in hyra gryregeatwum | gangan cwomon.

325

Setton sæmethe | side scyldas,
rondas regnhearde, | widh thæs recedes weal,
bugon tha to bence. | Byrnan hringdon,
gudhsearo gumena; | garas stodon,
sæmanna searo, | samod ætgædere,

330

æscholt ufan græg; | wæs se irenthreat
wæpnum gewurthad. | Tha dhær wlone hæledh
oretmeccgas | æfter æthelum frægn:
"Hwanon ferigeadh ge | fætte scyldas,
græge syrcan | ond grimhelmas,

335

heresceafta heap? | Ic eom Hrodhgares

ar ond ombiht. | Ne seah ic eltheodige
thus manige men | modiglicran.
Wen ic thæt ge for wlenco, | nalles for wræcsidhum,
ac for higethrymmum | Hrodhgar sohton."

340

Him tha ellenrof | andswarode,
wlanc Wedera leod, | word æfter spræc,
heard under helme: | "We synt Higelaces
beodgeneatas; | Beowulf is min nama.
Wille ic asecgan | sunu Healfdenes,

345

mærum theodne, | min ærende,
aldre thinum, | gif he us geunnan wile
thæt we hine swa godne | gretan moton."
Wulfgar mathelode | (thæt wæs Wendla leod;
wæs his modsefa | manegum gecydhed,

350

wig ond wisdom): | "Ic thæs wine Deniga,
frean Scildinga, | frinan wille,
beaga bryttan, | swa thu bena eart,
theoden mærne, | ymb thinne sidh,
ond the tha ondsware | ædre gecydh

355

dhe me se goda | agifan thencedh."

Hwearf tha hrædlice | thær Hrodhgar sæt
eald ond anhar | mid his eorla gedriht;
eode ellenrof, | thæt he for ealxum gestod
Deniga frean; | cuthe he dugudhe theaw.

360

Wulfgar madhelode | to his winedrihtne:
"Her syndon geferede, | feorran cumene
ofer geofenes begang | Geata leode;
thone yldestan | oretmeccgas
Beowulf nemnadh. | Hy benan synt

365

thæt hie, theoden min, | widh the moton
wordum wrixlan. | No dhu him wearne geteoh
dhinra gegnewida, | glædman Hrodhgar.
Hy on wiggetawum | wyrdhe thinceadh
eorla geæhtlan; | huru se aldor deah,

370

se thæm headhorincum | hider wisade."
Hrodhgar mathelode, | helm Scyldinga:
"Ic hine cudhe | cnihtwesende.

Wæs his ealdfæder | Ecgtheo haten,
dhæm to ham forgeaf | Hrethel Geata

375

angan dohtor; | is his eafora nu
heard her cumen, | sohte holdne wine.
Dhonne sægdon thæt | sælithende,
tha dhe gifsceattas | Geata fyredon
thyder to thance, | thæt he XXXtiges

380

manna mægen-cræft | on his mundgripe
heathorof hæbbe. | Hine halig god
for arstafum | us onsende,
to Westdenum, | thæs ic wen hæbbe,
widh Grendles gryre. | Ic thæm godan sceal

385

for his modthraece | madmas beodan.
Beo dhu on ofeste, | hat in gan
seon sibbegedriht | samod ætgædere;
gesaga him eac wordum | thæt hie sint wilcuman
Deniga leodum."

390

. | word inne ahead:
"Eow het secgan | sigedrihten min,
aldor Eastdena, | thæt he eower æthelu can,
ond ge him syndon | ofer sæwylmas
heardhicgende | hider wilcuman.

395

Nu ge moton gangan | in eowrum gudhgeatawum
under heregriman | Hrodhgar geseon;
lætadh hildebord | her onbidan,
wudu, wælsceaftas, | worda gethinges."
Aras tha se rica, | ymb hine rinc manig,

400

thrydhlic thegna heap; | sume thær bidon,
headhoreaf heoldon, | swa him se hearda bebead.

Snyredon ætsomne, | tha secg wisode,
under Heorotes hrof
heard under helme, | thæt he on heodhe gestod.

405

Beowulf madhelode | (on him byrne scan,
searonet seowed | smithes orthancum):
"Wæs thu, Hrodhgar, hal! | Ic eom Higelaces
mæg ond magodhegn; | hæbbe ic mærdha fela
ongunnen on geogothe. | Me weardh Grendles thing

410

on minre etheltyrf | undyrne cudh;
secgadh sælidhend | thæt thæs sele stande,
reced selesta, | rinca gehwylcum
idel ond unnyt, | sidhdhan æfenleoht
under heofenes hador | beholen weorthedh.

415

Tha me thæt gelærdon | leode mine
tha selestan, | snotere ceorlas,
theoden Hrodhgar, | thæt ic the sohte,
forthan hie mægenes cræft | minne cuthon,
selfe ofersawon, | dha ic of searwum cwom,

420

fah from feondum, | thær ic fife geband,
ydhde eotena cyn | ond on ydhum slog
niceras nihtes, | nearohearfe dreach,
wræc Wedera nidh | (wean ahsodon),
forgrand gramum, | ond nu widh Grendel sceal,

425

widh tham aglæcan, | ana gehegan
dhing widh thyrese. | Ic the nu dha,
brego Beorhtdena, | biddan wille,
eodor Scyldinga, | anre bene,
thæt dhu me ne forwyrne, | wigendra hleo,

430

freowine folca, | nu ic thus feorran com,
thæt ic mote ana | ond minra eorla gedryht,
thes hearda heap, | Heorot fælsian.
Hæbbe ic eac geahsod | thæt se æglæca
for his wonhydum | wæpna ne recceðh.

435

Ic thæt thonne forhicge | (swa me Higelac sie,
min mondrihten, | modes blidhe),
thæt ic sweord bere | othdhe sidne scyld,
geolorand to guthe, | ac ic mid grape sceal
fon widh feonde | ond ymb feorh sacan,

440

ladh widh lathum; | dhær gelyfan sceal
dryhtnes dome | se the hine deadh nimeðh.
Wen ic thæt he wille, | gif he wealdan mot,
in thæm gudhsele | Geotena leode
etan unforhte, | swa he oft dyde,

445

mægen Hredhman. | Na thu minne thearft
hafalan hydan, | ac he me habban wile
dreore fahne, | gif mec deadh nimeðh.

Byredh blodig wæl, | byrgean thencedh,
etedh angenga | unmunlice,

450

mearcadh morhopu; | no dhu ymb mines ne thearft
lices feorme | leng sorgian.
Onsend Higelace, | gif mec hild nime,
beaduscruda betst, | thæt mine breost weredh,
hrægla selest; | thæt is Hrædla laf,

455

Welandes geweorc. | Gædh a wyrd swa hio scel."

Hrodhgar mathelode, | helm Scyldinga:
"For gewyrhtum thu, | wine min Beowulf,
ond for arstafum | usic sohtest.
Gesloh thin fæder | fæhdhe mæste;

460

wearth he Heatholafe | to handbonan
mid Wilfingum; | dha hine Wedera cyn
for herebrogan | habban ne mihte.
Thanon he gesohte | Sudhdena folc
ofer ydha gewealc, | Arscyldinga.

465

Dha ic furthum weold | folce Deniga
ond on geogodhe heold | ginne rice,
hordburh hæletha; | dha wæs Heregar dead,
min yldra mæg | unlifigende,
bearn Healfdenes; | se wæs betera dhonne ic.

470

Sidhdhan tha fæhdhe | feo thingode;
sende ic Wylfingum | ofer wæteres hrycg
ealde madmas; | he me athas swor.
Sorh is me to secganne | on sefan minum
gumena ængum | hwæt me Grendel hafadh

475

hyndho on Heorote | mid his hetethancum,
færnidha gefremed. | Is min fletwerod,
wigheap gewanod; | hie wyrd forsweop
on Grendles gryre. | God eathe mæg
thone dolsceadhan | dæda getwæfan.

480

Ful oft gebeotedon | beore druncne
ofer ealowæge | oretmeccas
thæt hie in beorsele | bidan woldon
Grendles guthe | mid gryrum ecga.
Dhonne wæs theos medoheal | on morgentid,

485

drihtsele dreorfah, | thonne dæg lixte,
eal bencthelu | blode bestymed,
heall heorudreore; | ahte ic holdra thy læs,
deorre dugudhe, | the tha deadh fornam.
Site nu to symle | ond onsæl meoto,

490

sigehredh secgum, | swa thin sefa hwette."

Tha wæs Geatmæcgum | geador ætsomne
on beorsele | benc gerymed;
thær swidhferhthe | sittan eodon,
thrydhum dealle. | Thegn nytte beheold,

495

se the on handa bær | hroden ealowæge,
scencte scir wered. | Scop hwilum sang
hador on Heorote. | Thær wæs hæledha dream,
dugudh unlytel | Dena ond Wedera.

Unferdh mathelode, | Ecglafes bearn,

500

the æt fotum sæt | frean Scyldinga,
onband beadurune | (wæs him Beowulfes sidh,
modges merefaran, | micel æfthunca,
forthon the he ne uthe | thæt ænig odher man
æfre mærdha thon ma | middangeardes

505

gehedde under heofenum | thonne he sylfa):
"Eart thu se Beowulf, | se the widh Breca wunne,
on sidne sæ | ymb sund flite,
dhær git for wlence | wada cunneodon
ond for dolgilpe | on deop wæter

510

aldrum nethdon? | Ne inc ænig mon,
ne leof ne ladh, | belean mihte
sorhfullne sidh, | tha git on sund reon.
Thær git eagorstream | earmum thehton,
mæton merestræta, | mundum brugdon,

515

glidon ofer garsecg; | geofon ythum weol,
wintrys wylmum. | Git on wæteres æht
seofon niht swuncon; | he the æt sunde oferflat,
hæfde mare mægen. | Tha hine on morgentid
on Heathoræmas | holm up ætbær;

520

dhonon he gesohte | swæsne [edhel],

leof his leodum, | lond Brondinga,
freodhoburh fægere, | thær he folc ahte,
burh ond beagas. | Beot eal wið the
sunu Beanstanes | soðhe gelæste.

525

Dhonne wene ic to the | wýrsan gethingea,
dheah thu heaðhoræsa | gehwær dohte,
grimre gudhe, | gif thu Grendles dearest
nihtlongne fyrst | nean bidan."

Beowulf mathelode, | bearn Ecgtheowes:

530

"Hwæt! thu worn fela, | wine min Unferdh,
beore druncen | ymb Breca spræce,
sægdest from his sidhe. | Soðh ic talige,
thæt ic merestrenge | maran ahte,
earfetho on ythum, | dhonne ænig other man.

535

Wit thæt gecwædon | cnihtwesende
ond gebeotedon | (wæron begen tha git
on geogodhfeore) | thæt wit on garsecg ut
aldrum nedhdon, | ond thæt geæfndon swa.
Hæfdon swurd nacod, | tha wit on sund reon,

540

heard on handa; | wit unc wið hronfixas
werian thohton. | No he wiht fram me
flodythum feor | fleotan meahte,
hrathor on holme; | no ic fram him wolde.
Dha wit ætsomne | on sæ wæron

545

fif nihta fyrst, | oththæt unc flod todraf,
wado weallende, | wedera cealdost,
nipende niht, | ond northanwind
headhogrim ondhwearf; | hreo wæron ytha.
Wæs merefixa | mod onhrered;

550

thær me wið ladhum | licsyrce min,
heard, hondlocen, | helpe gefremede,
beadohrægl broden | on breostum læg
golde gegyrwed. | Me to grunde teah
fah feondscadha, | fæste hæfde

555

grim on grape; | hwæthre me gyfethe weardh
thæt ic aglæcan | orde geræhte,
hildebille; | heathoræs fornam
mihtig meredeor | thurh mine hand.

Swa mec gelome | ladhgeteonan

560

threatenedon thearle. | Ic him thenode
deoran sweorde, | swa hit gedefe wæs.
Næs hie dhære fylle | gefean hæfdon,
manfordædlan, | thæt hie me thegon,
symbol ymbsæton | sægrunde neah;

565

ac on mergenne | mecum wunde
be ydhlafe | uppe lægon,
sweordum aswefede, | thæt sydhthan na
ymb brontne ford | brimlidhende
lade ne letton. | Leoht eastan com,

570

beorht beacen godes; | brimu swathredon,
thæt ic sænæssas | geseon mihte,
windige weallas. | Wýrd oft neredh
unfægne eorl, | thonne his ellen deah.
Hwæthere me gesælde | thæt ic mid sweorde ofsloh

575

niceras nigene. | No ic on niht gefrægn
under heofones hwealf | heardran feohtan,
ne on egstreamum | earmran mannon;
hwathere ic fara feng | feore gedigde,
sithes werig. | Dha mec sæ othbær,

580

flod æfter farodhe | on Finna land,
wadu weallendu. | No ic wiht fram the
swylcra searonidha | secgan hyrde,
billa brogan. | Breca næfre git
æt headholace, | ne gehwæther incer,

585

swa deorlice | dæd gefremede
fagum sweordum | (no ic thæs fela gylpe),
theah dhu thinum brodhrum | to banan wurde,
heafodmægum; | thæs thu in helle scealt
werhdho dreogan, | theah thin wit duge.

590

Secge ic the to soðhe, | sunu Ecglafes,
thæt næfre Grendel swa fela | gryra gefremede,
atol æglæca, | ealdre thinum,
hyndho on Heorote, | gif thin hige wære,
sefa swa searogrim, | swa thu self talast.

595

Ac he hafadh onfunden | thæt he tha fæhdhe ne
thearf,
atole ecgthræce | eower leode
swidhe onsittan, | Sigescyldinga;
nymedh nydbade, | nænegum aradh
leode Deniga, | ac he lust wignedh,

600
swefedh ond sendeth, | secce ne weneth
to Gardenum. | Ac ic him Geata sceal
eafodh ond ellen | ungeara nu,
guthe gebeodan. | Gæth eft se the mot
to medo modig, | siththan morgenleoht

605
ofer ylða bearn | othres dogores,
sunne sweglwered | suthan scinedh."
Tha wæs on salum | sinces brytta,
gamolfeax ond gudhrof; | geoce gelyfde
brego Beorhtdena, | gehyrde on Beowulfe

610
folces hyrde | fæstrædne gethoht.

Dhær wæs hæletha hleahtor, | hlyn swynsode,
word wæron wynsume. | Eode Wealhtheow forðh,
cwen Hrodhgares, | cynna gemyndig,
grette goldhroden | guman on healle,

615
ond tha freolic wif | ful gesealde
ærest Eastdena | ethelwearde,
bæd hine blidhne | æt thære beorthege,
leodum leofne. | He on lust getheah
symbol ond seful, | sigerof kyning.

620
Ymbeode tha | ides Helminga
duguthe ond geogoth | dæl æghwylcne,
sincfato sealde, | oththæt sæl alamp
thæt hio Beowulfe, | beaghroden cwen
mode gethungen, | medoful ætbær;

625
grette Geata leod, | gode thancode
wisfæst wordum | thæs dhe hire se willa gelamp
thæt heo on ænigne | eorl gelyfde
fyrena frofre. | He thæt ful getheah,
wælreow wiga, | æt Wealhtheon,

630
ond tha gyddode | guthe gefysed;
Beowulf mathelode, | bearn Ecgtheowes:

"Ic thæt hogode, | tha ic on holm gestah,
sæbat gesæt | mid minra secga gedriht,
thæt ic anunga | eowra leoda

635
willan geworhte | othdhe on wæl crunge,
feondgrapum fæst. | Ic gefremman sceal
eorlic ellen, | othdhe endedæg
on thisse meoduhealle | minne gebidan."

Dham wife tha word | wel licodon,

640
gilpcwide Geates; | eode goldhroden
freolicu folccwen | to hire frean sittan.
Tha wæs eft swa ær | inne on healle
thrydhword sprecen, | dheod on sælum,
sigefolca sweg, | oththæt semninga

645
sunu Healfdenes | secean wolde
æfenræste; | wiste thæm ahlæcan
to thæm heahsele | hilde gethinged,
sidhdhan hie sunnan leoht | geseon ne meahton,
othdhe nipende | niht ofer ealle,

650
scaduhelma gesceapu | scridhan cwoman,
wan under wolcnum. | Werod eall aras.
Gegrette tha | guma otherne,
Hrodhgar Beowulf, | ond him hæl ahead,
winærnes geweald, | ond thæt word acwædh:

655
"Næfre ic ænegum men | ær alyfde,
sithhdhan ic hond ond rond | hebban mihte,
dhrythærn Dena | buton the nu dha.
Hafa nu ond geheald | husa selest,
gemyne mærtho, | mægenellen cydh,

660
waca widh wrathum. | Ne bidh the wilna gad,
gif thu thæt ellenweorc | aldre gedigest."

Dha him Hrothgar gewat | mid his hæletha gedryht,
eodur Scyldinga, | ut of healle;
wolde wigfruma | Wealhtheo secan,

665
cwen to gebeddan. | Hæfde kyningwuldor
Grendle togeanes, | swa guman gefrunon,
seleweard aseted; | sundornytte beheold
ymb aldor Dena, | eotonweard ahead.

Huru Geata leod | georne truwoðe

670

modgan mægnes, | metodes hylðo.
dha he him of dyde | isernbyrnan,
helm of hafelan, | sealde his hyrsted sweord,
irena cyst, | ombihtthegne,
ond gehealdan het | hildegeatwe.

675

Gespræc tha se goda | gylpworda sum,
Beowulf Geata, | ær he on bed stige:
"No ic me an herewæsmun | hnagran talige,
guthgeweorca, | thonne Grendel hine;
forthan ic hine sweorde | swebban nelle,

680

aldre beneotan, | theah ic eal mæge.
Nat he thara goda | thæt he me ongean slea,
rand geheawe, | theah dhe he rof sie
nithgeweorca; | ac wit on niht sculon
secge ofersittan, | gif he gesecean dear

685

wig ofer wæpen, | ond siðððan witig god
on swa hwæthere hond, | halig dryhten,
mærdho deme, | swa him gemet thince."
Hylde hine tha heathodeor, | hleorbolster onfeng
eorles andwlitan, | ond hine ymb monig

690

snellic særinc | selereste gebeah.
Nænig heora thohte | thæt he thanon scolde
eft eardlufan | æfre gesecean,
folc othðhe freoburh, | thær he afeded wæs;
ac hie hæfdon gefrunen | thæt hie ær to fela micles

695

in thæm winsele | wæleðað fornarn,
Denigea leode. | Ac him dryhten forgeaf
wigspeda gewiofu, | Wedera leodum,
frofor ond fultum, | thæt hie feond heora
dhurh anes cræft | ealle ofercomon,

700

selfes mihtum. | Sodh is gecyðed
thæt mihtig god | manna cynnes
weold wideferhdh. | Com on wanre niht
scridhan sceadugenga. | Sceotend swæfon,
tha thæt hornreced | healdan scoldon,

705

ealle buton anum. | Thæt wæs yldum cuth
thæt hie ne moste, | tha metod nolde,
se scynscatha | under sceadu bregdan;
ac he wæccende | wrathum on andan
bad bolgenmod | beadwa gethingas.

710

Dha com of more | under misthleothum
Grendel gongan, | godes yre bær;
mynte se manscadha | manna cynnes
sumne besyrwan | in sele tham hean.
Wod under wolcnum | to thæs the he winreced,

715

goldsele gumena, | gearwost wisse,
fættum fahne. | Ne wæs thæt forma siðð
thæt he Hrothgares | ham gesohte;
næfre he on aldordagum | ær ne siðððan
heardran hæle, | healdhegnas fand.

720

Com tha to recede | rinc siððian,
dreamum bedæled. | Duru sona onarn,
fyrbendum fæst, | syðððan he hire folcum æthran;
onbræd tha bealohydig, | dha he gebolgen wæs,
recedes muthan. | Rathe æfter thon

725

on fagne flor | feond treddode,
eode yrremod; | him of eagum stod
ligge gelicost | leoht unfæger.
Geseah he in recede | rinca manige,
swefan sibbedriht | samod ætgædere,

730

magorinca heap. | Tha his mod ahlog;
mynte thæt he gedælde, | ærthon dæg cwome,
atol aglæca, | anra gehwylces
lif wiðð lice, | tha him alumpen wæs
wistfille wen. | Ne wæs thæt wyrd tha gen

735

thæt he ma moste | manna cynnes
dhicgean ofer tha niht. | Thryððswyðð beheold
mæg Higelaces, | hu se manscadha
under færgripum | gefaran wolde.
Ne thæt se aglæca | yldan thohte,

740

ac he gefeng hradhe | forman siððhe
slæpendne rinc, | slat unwearnum,
bat banlocan, | blod edrum dranc,

synsnædum swealh; | sona hæfde
unlyfigendes | eal gefeormod,

745

fet ond folma. | Fordh near ætstop,
nam tha mid handa | higethihtigne
rinc on ræste, | ræhte ongean
feond mid folme; | he onfeng hrathe
inwitthancum | ond widh earm gesæt.

750

Sona thæt onfunde | fyrena hyrde
thæt he ne mette | middangeardes,
eorthan sceata, | on elran men
mundgripe maran. | He on mode weardh
forht on ferhdhe; | no thy ær fram meahte.

755

Hyge wæs him hinfus, | wolde on heolster fleon,
secan deofla gedræg; | ne wæs his drohtodh thær
swylce he on ealderdagum | ær gemette.

Gemunde tha se goda, | mæg Higelaces,
æfenspræce, | uplang astod

760

ond him fæste widhfeng; | fingras burston.
Eoten wæs utweard; | eorl furthur stop.
Mynte se mæra, | thær he meahte swa,
widre gewindan | ond on weg thanon
fleon on fenhopu; | wiste his fingra geweald

765

on grames grapum. | Thæt wæs geocor sidh
thæt se hearmscatha | to Heorute ateah.
Dryhtsele dynede; | Denum eallum weardh,
ceasterbuendum, | cenra gehwylcum,
eorlum ealuscerwen. | Yrre wæron begen,

770

rethe renweardas. | Reced hlynsode.
Tha wæs wundor micel | thæt se winsele
widhhæfde heathodeorum, | thæt he on hrusan ne
feol,
fæger foldbold; | ac he thæs fæste wæs
innan ond utan | irenbendum

775

searothoncum besmithod. | Thær fram sylle abeag
medubenc monig, | mine gefræge,
golde geregnad, | thær tha gramman wunnon.
Thæs ne wendon ær | witan Scyldinga
thæt hit a mid gemete | manna ænig,

780

betlic ond banfag, | tobrecan meahte,
listum tolucan, | nymthe liges fæthm
swulge on swathule. | Sweg up astag
niwe geneahhe; | Nordhdenum stod
atelic egesa, | anra gehwylcum

785

thara the of wealle | wop gehyrdon,
gryreleodh galan | godes ondsacan,
sigeleasne sang, | sar wanigean
helle hæfton. | Heold hine fæste
se the manna wæs | mægene strengest

790

on thæm dæge | thysses lifes.
Nolde eorla hleo | ænige thinga
thone cwealmcuman | cwicne forlætan,
ne his lifdagas | leoda ænigum
nytte tealde. | Thær genehost brægð

795

eorl Beowulfes | ealde lafe,
wolde freadrihtnes | feorh ealgian,
mæres theodnes, | dhær hie meahton swa.
Hie thæt ne wiston, | tha hie gewin drugon,
heardhicgende | hildemecgas,

800

ond on healfa gehwone | heawan thohton,
sawle secan, | thone synscadhan
ænig ofer eorthan | irenna cyst,
gudhbilla nan, | gretan nolde,
ac he sigewæpnum | forsworen hæfde,

805

ecga gehwylcre. | Scolde his aldorgedal
on dhæm dæge | thysses lifes
earmlíc wurdhan, | ond se ellorgast
on feonda geweald | feor sidhian.
Dha thæt onfunde | se the fela æror

810

modes myrdhe | manna cynne,
fyrene gefremede | (he wæs fag widh god),
thæt him se lichoma | læstan nolde,
ac hine se modega | mæg Hygelaces
hæfde be honda; | wæs gehwæther odhrum

815

lifigende ladh. | Licsar gebad
atol æglæca; | him on eaxle weardh

syndolh sweotol, | seonowe onsprungon,
burston banlocan. | Beowulfe weardh
gudhhredh gyfethe; | scolde Grendel thanan

820

feorhseoc fleon | under fenhleodhu,
secean wynleas wic; | wiste the geornor
thæt his aldres wæs | ende gegongen,
dogera dægrim. | Denum eallum weardh
æfter tham wælræse | willa gelumpen.

825

Hæfde tha gefælsod | se the ær feorran com,
snotor ond swydhferhdh, | sele Hrodhgares,
genered widh nidhe; | nihtweorce gefeh,
ellenmæর্থum. | Hæfde Eastdenum
Geatmecga leod | gilp gelæsted,

830

swylce oncythdhe | ealle gebette,
inwidsorge, | the hie ær drugon
ond for threanydum | tholian scoldon,
torn unlytel. | Thæt wæs tacen sweotol,
sythdhan hildedeor | hond alegde,

835

earn ond eaxle | (thær wæs eal geador
Grendles grape) | under geapne hrof.

Dha wæs on morgen | mine gefræge
ymb tha gifhealle | gudhrinc monig;
ferdon folctogan | feorran ond nean

840

geond widwegas | wundor sceawian,
lathes lastas. | No his lifgedal
sarlic thuhte | secga ænegum
thara the tirlases | trode sceawode,
hu he werigmod | on weg thanon,

845

nidha ofercumen, | on nicera mere
fæge ond geflymed | feorhlastas bær.
Dhær wæs on blode | brim weallende,
atol ydha geswing | eal gemenged
haton heolfre, | heorodreore weol.

850

Deadhfæge deog, | sidhdhan dreama leas
in fenfreodho | feorh alegde,
hæthene sawle; | thær him hel onfeng.

Thanon eft gewiton | ealdgesidhas,

swylce geong manig | of gomenwathe

855

fram mere modge | mearum ridan,
beornas on blancum. | Dhær wæs Beowulfes
mærdho mæned; | monig oft gecwædh
thætte sudh ne nordh | be sām tweonum
ofer eormengrund | other nænig

860

under swegles begong | selra nære
rondhæbbendra, | rices wyrdhra.
Ne hie huru winedrihten | wiht ne logon,
glædne Hrodhgar, | ac thæt wæs god cyning.

Hwilum heathorofe | hleapan leton,

865

on geflit faran | fealwe mearas
dhær him foldwegas | fægere thuhton,
cystum cudhe. | Hwilum cyninges thegn,
guma gilphlæden, | gidda gemyndig,
se dhe ealfela | ealdgesegena

870

worn gemunde, | word other fand
sodhe gebunden; | secg eft ongan
sidh Beowulfes | snyttrum styrian
ond on sped wrecan | spel gerade,
wordum wrixlan. | Welhwylc gecwædh

875

thæt he fram Sigemundes | secgan hyrde
ellendædum, | uncuthes fela,
Wælsinges gewin, | wide sidhas,
thara the gumena bearn | gearwe ne wiston,
fæhdhe ond fyrena, | buton Fitela mid hine,

880

thonne he swulces hwæt | secgan wolde,
eam his nefan, | swa hie a wæron
æt nidha gehwam | nydgesteallan;
hæfdon ealfela | eotena cynnes
sweordum gesæged. | Sigemunde gesprong

885

æfter deadhdæge | dom unlytel,
sythdhan wiges heard | wurm acwealde,
hordes hyrde. | He under harne stan,
æthelinges bearn, | ana genedhde
frecne dæde, | ne wæs him Fitela mid.

890

Hwæthre him gesælde | dhæt thæt swurd thurhwod
wrætlicne wyrm, | thæt hit on wealle ætstod,
dryhtlic iren; | draca mordhre swealt.
Hæfde aglæca | elne gegongen
thæt he beahhordes | brucan moste

895
selfes dome; | sæbat gehleod,
bær on bearm scipes | beorhte frætwa,
Wælses eafera. | Wyrn hat gemealt.
Se wæs wreccena | wide mærost
ofer wertheode, | wigendra hleo,

900
ellendædum | (he thæs ær ondah),
sidhdhan Heremodes | hild swedhrode,
eafodh ond ellen. | He mid Eotenum weardh
on feonda geweald | fordh forlacen,
snude forsended. | Hine sorhwylmas

905
lemede to lange; | he his leodum weardh,
eallum æthellingum | to alдорceare;
swylce oft bemearn | ærran mælum
swidhferhthes sidh | snotor ceorl monig,
se the him bealwa to | bote gelyfde,

910
thæt thæt dheodnes bearn | getheon scolde,
fæderæthelum onfon, | folc gehealdan,
hord ond hleoburh, | hæletha rice,
[edhel] Scyldinga. | He thær eallum weardh,
mæg Higelaces, | manna cynne,

915
freondum gefægra; | hine fyren onwod.
Hwilum flitende | fealwe stræte
mearum mæton. | Dha wæs morgenleoht
scofen ond scynded. | Eode scealc monig
swidhhicgende | to sele tham hean

920
searowundor seon; | swylce self cyning
of brydbure, | beahhorda weard,
tryddode tinfæst | getrume micle,
cystum gecythed, | ond his cwen mid him
medostigge mæt | mægtha hose.

925
Hrodhgar mathelode | (he to healle geong,
stod on stapole, | geseah steapne hrof,
golde fahne, | ond Grendles hond):

"Dhisse ansyne | alwealdan thanc
lungre gelimpe! | Fela ic lathes gebad,

930
grynna æt Grendle; | a mæg god wyrcan
wunder æfter wundre, | wuldres hyrde.
Dhæt wæs ungeara | thæt ic ænigra me
weana ne wende | to widan feore
bote gebidan, | thonne blode fah

935
husa selest | heorodreorig stod,
wea widscufen | witena gehwylcum
dhara the ne wendon | thæt hie wideferhdh
leoda landgeweorc | lathum beweredon
scuccum ond scinum. | Nu scealc hafadh

940
thurh drihtnes miht | dæd gefremede
dhe we ealle | ær ne meahton
snyttum besyrwan. | Hwæt, thæt secgan mæg
efne swa hwylc mægtha | swa dhone magan cende
æfter gumcynnum, | gyf heo gyt lyfadh,

945
thæt hyre ealdmetod | este wære
bearngebyrdo. | Nu ic, Beowulf, thec,
secg betsta, | me for sunu wylle
freogan on ferhthe; | heald fordh tela
niwe sibbe. | Ne bidh the nænigra gad

950
worolde wilna, | the ic geweald hæbbe.
Ful oft ic for læssan | lean teohhode,
hordweorthunge | hnahan rince,
sæmran æt sæcce. | Thu the self hafast
dædum gefremed | thæt thin dom lyfadh

955
awa to aldre. | Alwalda thec
gode forgyld, | swa he nu gyt dyde!"
Beowulf mathelode, | bearn Ectheowes:
"We thæt ellenweorc | estum miclum,
feohtan fremedon, | frecne genedhdon

960
eafodh uncuthes. | Uthe ic swithor
thæt dhu hine selfne | geseon moste,
feond on frætewum | fylwerigne.
Ic hine hrædlice | heardan clammum
on wælbedde | writhan thohte,

965

thæt he for mundgripe | minum scolde
licgean lifbysig, | butan his lic swice.
Ic hine ne mihte, | tha metod nolde,
ganges getwæman, | no ic him thæs georne ætfealh,
feorhgenidhlan; | wæs to foremihtig

970

feond on fethe. | Hwæthere he his folme forlet
to lifwrathe | last weardian,
earn ond eaxle. | No thær ænige swa theah
feasceaf guma | frofre gebohte;
no thy leng leofadh | ladhgeteona,

975

synnum geswenced, | ac hyne sar hafadh
mid nydgripe | nearwe befongen,
balwon bendum. | Dhær abidan sceal
maga mane fah | miclan domes,
hu him scir metod | scrifan wille."

980

Dha wæs swigra secg, | sunu Eclafes,
on gylpspræce | gudhgeweorca,
sithdhan æthelingas | eorles cræfte
ofer heanne hrof | hand sceawedon,
feondes fingras. | Foran æghwylc wæs,

985

stidhra nægla gehwylc, | style gelicost,
hæthenes handsporu | hilderinces,
egl, unheoru. | Æghwylc gecwædh
thæt him heardra nan | hrinan wolde
iren ærgod, | thæt dhæs ahlæcan

990

blodge beadufolme | onberan wolde.

Dha wæs haten hrethe | Heort innanweard
folmum gefrætwod. | Fela thæra wæs,
wera ond wifa, | the thæt winreced,
gestsele gyredon. | Goldfag scinon

995

web æfter wagum, | wundorsiona fela
sega gehwylcum | thara the on swylc staradh.
Wæs thæt beorhte bold | tobrocen swidhe,
eal inneweard | irenbendum fæst,
heorras tohlidene. | Hrof ana genæs,

1000

ealles ansund, | the se aglæca,
fyrendædum fag, | on fleam gewand,

aldres orwena. | No thæt ydhe bydh
to befleonne, | fremme se the wille,
ac gesecan sceal | sawlberendra,

1005

nyde genydde, | nithdha bearna,
grundbuendra | gearwe stowe,
thær his lichoma | legerbedde fæst
swefeth æfter symle. | Tha wæs sæl ond mæl
thæt to healle gang | Healfdenes sunu;

1010

wolde self cyning | symbel thicgan.
Ne gefrægen ic tha mægthe | maran weorode
ymb hyra sincgyfan | sel gebæran.
Bugon tha to bence | blædagande,
fylle gefægon; | fægere gethægon

1015

medoful manig | magas thara
swidhhicgende | on sele tham hean,
Hrodhgar ond Hrothulf. | Heorot innan wæs
freondum afylled; | nalles facenstafas
theodscyldingas | thenden fremedon.

1020

Forgeaf tha Beowulfe | bearn Healfdenes
segen gylденne | sigores to leane;
hroden hildecumbor, | helm ond byrnan,
mære madhthumsweord | manige gesawon
beforan beorn beran. | Beowulf gethah

1025

ful on flette; | no he thære feohgyfte
for sceotendum | scamigan dhorfte.
Ne gefrægn ic freondlicor | feower madmas
golde gegyrede | gummanna fela
in ealobence | odhrum gesellan.

1030

Ymb thæs helmes hrof | heafodbeorge
wirum bewunden | walu utan heold,
thæt him fela laf | frecne ne meahton
scurheard scethdhan, | thonne scyldfrecra
ongean gramum | gangan scolde.

1035

Heht dha eorla hleo | eahta mearas
fætedhleore | on flet teon,
in under eoderas. | Thara anum stod
sadol searwum fah, | since gewurthad;
thæt wæs hildesetl | heahcyniges,

1040

dhonne sweorda gelac | sunu Healfdenes
efnan wolde. | Næfre on ore læg
widcuthes wig, | dhonne walu feollon.
Ond dha Beowulfe | bega gehwæthres
eodor Ingwina | onweald geteah,

1045

wicga ond wæpna, | het hine wel brucan.
Swa manlice | mære theoden,
hordweard hæletha, | heathoræsas geald
mearum ond madmum, | swa hy næfre man lydh,
se the secgan wile | sodh æfter rihte.

1050

Dha gyt æghwylcum | eorla drihten
thara the mid Beowulfe | brimlade teah
on thære medubence | mathdhum gesealde,
yrfelafe, | ond thone ænne heht
golde forgyldan, | thone dhe Grendel ær

1055

mane acwealde, | swa he hyra ma wolde,
nefne him witig god | wyrd forstode
ond dhæs mannes mod. | Metod eallum weold
gumena cynnes, | swa he nu git dedh.
Forthan bidh andgit | æghwær selest,

1060

ferhdhes forethanc. | Fela sceal gebidan
leofes ond lathes | se the longe her
on dhyssum windagum | worolde brucedh.

Thær wæs sang ond sweg | samod ætgædere
fore Healfdenes | hildewisan,

1065

gomenwudu greted, | gid oft wrecen,
dhonne healgamen | Hrothgares scop
æfter medobence | mænan scolde
be Finnes eaferum, | dha hie se fær begeat,
hæledh Healfdena, | Hnæf Scyldinga,

1070

in Freswæle | feallan scolde.
Ne huru Hildeburh | herian thorfte
Eotena treowe; | unsynnum weardh
beloren leofum | æt tham lindplegan,
bearnum ond brodhrum; | hie on gebyrd hruron,

1075

gare wunde. | Thæt wæs geomuru ides!
Nalles holinga | Hoccs dohtor
meotodsceaft bemearn, | sythdhan morgen com,
dha heo under swegle | geseon meahte
morthorbealo maga, | thær heo ær mæste heold

1080

worolde wynne. | Wig ealle fornam
Finnes thegnas | nemne feaum anum,
thæt he ne mehte | on thæm medhelstede
wig Hengeste | wiht gefeohtan,
ne tha wealafe | wige forthringan

1085

theodnes dhegna; | ac hig him gethingo budon,
thæt hie him odher flet | eal gerymdon,
healle ond heahsetl, | thæt hie healfre geweald
widh Eotena bearn | agan moston,
ond æt feohgyftum | Folcwaldan sunu

1090

dogra gehwylce | Dene weorthode,
Hengestes heap | hringum wenede
efne swa swidhe | sincgestreonum
fættan goldes, | swa he Fresena cyn
on beorsele | byldan wolde.

1095

Dha hie getruwedon | on twa healfa
fæste friodhuwære. | Fin Hengeste
elne, unflitme | adhum benemde
thæt he tha wealafe | weotena dome
arum heolde, | thæt dhær ænig mon

1100

wordum ne worcum | wære ne bræce,
ne thurh inwitsearo | æfre gemænden
dheah hie hira beaggyfan | banan folgedon
dheodenlease, | tha him swa gethearfod wæs;
gyf thonne Frysna hwylc | frencan spræce

1105

dhæs morthorhetes | myndgiend wære,
thonne hit sweordes ecg | sedhan scolde.

Ad wæs geæfned | ond icge gold
ahæfen of horde. | Herescyldinga
betst beadorinca | wæs on bæl gearu.

1110

Æt thæm ade wæs | ethgesyne
swatfah syrce, | swyn ealgylden,
eofer irenheard, | ætheling manig

wundum awyrdded; | sume on wæle crungon.
Het dha Hildeburh | æt Hnæfes ade

1115
hire selfre sunu | sweolodhe befæstan,
banfatu bærnān | ond on bæl don
eame on eaxle. | Ides gnornode,
geomrode giddum. | Gudhrinc astah.
Wand to wolcnum | wælfyra mæst,

1120
hlynode for hlawe; | hafelan multon,
bengeato burston, | dhonne blod ætspranc,
ladhbite lices. | Lig ealle forswealg,
gæsta gifrost, | thara dhe thær gudh fornām
bega folces; | wæs hira blæd scacen.

1125
Gewiton him dha wigend | wica neosian,
freondum befeallen, | Frysland geseon,
hamas ond heaburh. | Hengest dha gyt
wælfagne winter | wunode mid Finne
eal unhlitme. | Eard gemunde,

1130
theah the he ne meahte | on mere drifan
hringedstefnan; | holm storme weol,
won widh winde, | winter ythe beleac
isgebinde, | othdhæt other com
gear in geardas, | swa nu gyt dedh,

1135
tha dhe syngales | sele bewitiadh,
wuldortorhtan weder. | Dha wæs winter scacen,
fæger foldan bearm. | Fundode wrecca,
gist of geardum; | he to gynnræce
swidhor thohte | thonne to sælade,

1140
gif he torngemot | thurhteon mihte
thæt he Eotena bearn | inne gemunde.
Swa he ne forwyrnde | woroldrædenne,
thonne him Hunlafing | hildeleoman,
billa selest, | on bearm dyde,

1145
thæs wæron mid Eotenum | ecge cudhe.
Swylce ferhdhfreca | Fin eft begeat
sweordbealo slidhen | æt his selves ham,
sithdhan grimne gripe | Gudhlaf ond Oslaf
æfter sæsidhe, | sorge, mændon,

1150
æt witon weana dæl; | ne meahte wæfre mod
forhabban in hrethre. | Dha wæs heal roden
feonda feorum, | swilce Fin slægen,
cýning on corthre, | ond seo cwen numen.
Sceotend Scyldinga | to scypon feredon

1155
eal ingesteald | eordhcýninges,
swylce hie æt Finnes ham | findan meahton
sigla, searogimma. | Hie on sælade
drihtlice wif | to Denum feredon,
læddon to leodum. | Leodh wæs asungen,

1160
gleomannes gyd. | Gamen eft astah,
beorhtode bencsweg; | byrelas sealdon
win of wunderfatum. | Tha cwom Wealhtheo fordh
gan under gyldnum beage, | thær tha godan twegen
sæton suhtergefæderan; | tha gyt wæs hiera sib
æt gædere,

1165
æghwylc odhrum trywe. | Swylce thær Unferth thyle
æt fotum sæt frean Scyldinga; | gehwylc hiora his
ferhtre treowde.

Thæt he hæfde mod micel, | theah the he his magum
nære
arfæst æt ecga gelacum. | Spræc dha ides Scyldinga:
"Onfoh thissum fulle, | freodrihten min,

1170
sinces brytta! | Thu on sælum wes,
goldwine gumena, | ond to Geatum spræc
mildum wordum, | swa sceal man don.
Beo widh Geatas glæd, | geofena gemyndig,
nean ond feorran | thu nu hafast.

1175
Me man sægde | thæt thu dhe for sunu wolde
hererinc habban. | Heorot is gefælsod,
beahsele beorhta; | bruc thenden thu mote
manigra medo, | ond thinum magum læf
folc ond rice, | thonne dhu fordh scyle

1180
methodscaft seon. | Ic minne can
glædne Hrothulf, | thæt he tha geogodhe wile
arum healdan, | gyf thu ær thonne he,
wine Scildinga, | worold oflættest;
wene ic thæt he mid gode | gyldan wille

1185

uncran eaferan, | gif he thæt eal gemon,
hwæt wit to willan | ond to wordhmyndum
umborwesendum ær | arna gefremedon."
Hwearf tha bi bence | thær hyre byre wæron,
Hredhric ond Hrodhmund, | ond hæletha bearn,

1190

giogodh ætgædere; | thær se goda sæt,
Beowulf Geata, | be thæm gebroðrum twæm.
Him wæs ful boren | ond freondlathu
wordum bewægned, | ond wunden gold
estum geeawed, | earmreade twa,

1195

hrægl ond hringas, | healsbeaga mæst
thara the ic on foldan | gefrægen hæbbe.
Nænigne ic under swegle | selran hyrde
hordmadhdhum hæletha, | sythdhan Hama ætwæg
to thære byrhtan byrig | Brosinga mene,

1200

sigle ond sincfæt; | searonidhas fleah
Eormenrices, | geceas ecne ræd.
Thone hring hæfde | Higelac Geata,
nefa Swertinges, | nyhstan sidhe,
sidhthan he under segne | sinc ealgode,

1205

wælreaf werede; | hyne wyrd fornam,
sythdhan he for wlenco | wean ahsode,
fæhdhe to Frysum. | He tha frætwe wæg,
eorclanstanas | ofer ydha ful,
rice theoden; | he under rande gecranc.

1210

Gehwearf tha in Francna fæthm | feorh cyninges,
breostgewædu | ond se beah somod;
wysan wigfreca | wæl reafedon
æfter gudhsceare, | Geata leode,
hreawic heoldon. | Heal swege onfeng.

1215

Wealhdheo mathelode, | heo fore thæm werede
spræc:
"Bruc dhisses beages, | Beowulf leofa,
hyse, mid hæle, | ond thisses hrægles neot,
theodgestreona, | ond getheoh tela,
cen thec mid cræfte | ond thyssum cnyhtum wes

1220

lara lidhe; | ic the thæs lean geman.
Hafast thu gefered | thæt dhe feor ond neah

ealne wideferhth | weras ehtigadh,
efne swa side | swa sæ bebugedh,
windgeard, weallas. | Wes thenden thu lifige,

1225

ætheling, eadig. | Ic the an tela
sincgestreona. | Beo thu suna minum
dædum gedefe, | dreamhealdende.
Her is æghwylc eorl | othrum getrywe,
modes milde, | mandrihtne hold;

1230

thegnas syndon gethwære, | theod ealgearo,
druncne dryhtguman | dodh swa ic bidde."
Eode tha to setle. | Thær wæs symbla cyst;
druncon win weras. | Wyrd ne cuthon,
geosceaft grimme, | swa hit agangen weardh

1235

eorla manegum, | sythdhan æfen cwom
ond him Hrothgar gewat | to hofe sinum,
rice to ræste. | Reced weardode
unrim eorla, | swa hie oft ær dydon.
Bencthelu beredon; | hit geondbræded weardh

1240

beddum ond bolstrum. | Beorscealca sum
fus ond fæge | fletræste gebeag.
Setton him to heafdon | hilderandas,
bordwudu beorhtan; | thær on bence wæs
ofer æthelinge | ythgesene

1245

heathosteapa helm, | hringed byrne,
threcwudu thrymlic. | Wæs theaw hyra
thæt hie oft wæron | an wig gearwe,
ge æt ham ge on herge, | ge gehwæther thara,
efne swylce mæla | swylce hira mandryhtne

1250

thearf gesælde; | wæs seo theod tilu.

[Http://www.augsburg.de/~harsch/anglica/Chronology/08thC/Beowulf/beo_bat2.html](http://www.augsburg.de/~harsch/anglica/Chronology/08thC/Beowulf/beo_bat2.html)

2. 9th Century: *The Seafarers*

Mæg ic be me sylfum soðhgied wrecan,
sithas secgan, hu ic geswincdagum
earfodhhwile oft throwade,
bitre breostceare gebiden hæbbe,

5
gecunnad in ceole cearselda fela,
atol ytha gewealc, thær mec oft bigeat
nearo nihtwaco æt nacan stefnan,
thonne he be clifum cnossadh. Calde gethrungen
wæron mine fet, forste gebunden,

10
caldum clommum, thær tha ceare seofedun
hat ymb heortan; hungor innan slat
merewerges mod. Thæt se mon ne wat
the him on foldan fægrost limpedh,
hu ic earmcearig iscealdne sæ

15
winter wunade wræccan lastum,
winemægum bidroren,
bihongen hrimgicelum; hægl scurum fleag.
Thær ic ne gehyrde butan hlimman sæ,
iscaldne wæg. Hwilum ylfete song

20
dyde ic me to gomene, ganetes hleothor
ond huilpan sweg fore hleahtor weru,
mæw singende fore medodrince.
Stormas thær stanclifu beotan, thær him stearn
oncwædh
isigfethera; ful oft thæt earn bigeal,

25
urigfethra; ne ænig hleomæga
feasceaftig ferdh frefran meahte.

Forthon him gelyfedh lyt, se the ah lifes wyn
gebiden in burgum, bealositha hwon,
wlonc ond wingal, hu ic werig oft

30
in brimlade bidan sceolde.
Nap nihtscua, northan sniwe,
hrim hrusan bond, hægl feol on eorthan,

corna caldast. Forthon cnyssth nu
heortan gethohtas, thæt ic hean streamas,

35
sealtytha gelac sylf cunnige;
monadh modes lust mæla gehwylce
ferdh to feran, thæt ic feor heonan
eltheodigra eard gesece.
Forthon nis thæs modwlonc mon ofer eorthan,

40
ne his gifena thæs god, ne in geoguthe to thæs
hwæt,
ne in his dædum to thæs deor, ne him his dryhten to
thæs hold,
thæt he a his sæfore sorge næbbe,
to hwon hine dryhten gedon wille.
Ne bith him to hearpan hyge ne to hringthege,

45
ne to wife wyn ne to worulde hyht,
ne ymbe owiht elles, nefne ymb ydha gewealc,
ac a hafadh longunge se the on lagu fundadh.
Bearwas blostmum nimadh, byrig fægriadh,
wongas wlitigadh, woruld onettedh;

50
ealle tha gemoniadh modes fusne
sefan to sithe, tham the swa thencedh
on flodwegas feor gewitan.
Swylce geac monadh geomran reorde,
singendh sumeres weard, sorge beodedh

55
bitter in breosthord. Thæt se beorn ne wat,
esteadig secg, hwæt tha sume dreogadh
the tha wræclastas widost lecgadh.

Forthon nu min hyge hweorfedh ofer hretherlocan,
min modsefa mid mereflode

60
ofer hwæles ethel hweorfedh wide,
eorthan sceatas, cymedh eft to me
gifre ond grædig, gielledh anfloga,
hwettedh on hwælweg hrether unwearnum
ofer holma gelagu. Forthon me hatran sind

65

dryhtnes dreamas thonne this deade lif,
læne on londe. Ic gelyfe no
thæt him eordhwelan ece stondadh.
Simle threora sum thinga gehwylce,
ær his tid aga, to tweon weorthedh;

70

adl oththe ylðo oththe ecghete
fægum fromweardum feorh odhthringedh.
Forthon thæt biðh eorla gehwam æftercwethendra
lof lifgendra lastworda betst,
thæt he gewyrce, ær he on weg scyle,

75

fremum on foldan wið feonda nith,
deorum dædum deofle togeanes,
thæt hine ælda bearn æfter hergen,
ond his lof siðthan lifge mid englum
awa to ealdre, ecan lifes blæd,

80

dream mid dugethum. Dagas sind gewitene,
ealle onmedlan eorðan rices;
næron nu cyningas ne caseras
ne goldgiefan swylce iu wæron,
thonne hi mæst mid him mærdha gefremedon

85

ond on dryhtlicestum dome lifdon.
Gedroren is theos dugudh eal, dreamas sind
gewitene,
wuniadh tha wacran ond thas woruld healdath,
brucadh thurh bisgo. Blæd is gehnæged,
eorðan indryhto ealdadh ond searadh,

90

swa nu monna gehwylc geond middangeard.
Ylðo him on faredh, onsyn blacadh,
gomelfeax gnornadh, wat his iuwine,
æthelinga bearn, eorðan forgiefene.
Ne mæg him thonne se flæschoma, thonne him thæt
feorg losadh,

95

ne swete forswelgan ne sar gefelan,
ne hond onhreran ne mid hyge thencan.
Theah the græf wille golde stregan
brothor his geborenum, byrgan be deadum,
mathmum mislicum thæt hine mid wille,

100

ne mæg thære sawle the biðh synna ful
gold to geoce for godes eg-san,
thonne he hit ær hydedh thenden he her leofadh.

Micel biðh se meotudes eg-sa, forthon hi seo molde
oncyrr-edh;
se gestathelade stithe grundas,

105

eorðan sceatas ond uprodor.
Dol biðh se the him his dryhten ne ondrædeth;
cymedh him se deaðh unthinged.
Eadig biðh se the eathmod leofath; cymedh him seo
ar of heofonum,
meotod him thæt mod gestatheladh, forthon he in
his meahte gelyfedh.
Stieran mon sceal strongum mode, ond thæt on
stathelum healdan,

110

ond gewis werum, wisum clæne,
scyle monna gehwylc mid gemete healdan
wið leofne ond wið lathne [. . . .] bealo,
theah the he hine wille fyres fulne [. . . .]
oththe on bæle forbærnedne

115

his geworhtne wine. Wyrð biðh swithre,
meotud meahtigra thonne ænges monnes gehygd.
Uton we hycgan hwær we ham agen,
ond thonne gethencan hu we thider cumen,
ond we thonne eac tilien, thæt we to moten

120

in tha ecan eadignesse,
thær is lif gelong in lufan dryhtnes,
hyht in heofonum. Thæs sy tham halgan thonc,
thæt he usic geweorthade, wuldres ealdor,
ece dryhten, in ealle tid. Amen.

3. *The Battle of Maldon*

The Battle of Maldon

..... brocen wurde.

Het tha hyssa hwæne | hors forlætan,
feor afysan, | and forðh gangan,
hicgan to handum | and t[o] hige godum.

5

Th[a] thæt Offan mæg | ærest onfunde,
thæt se eorl nolde | yrhdho getholian,
he let him tha of handon | leofne fleogan
hafoc widh thæs holtes, | and to thære hilde stop;
be tham man mihte oncnawan | thæt se cniht nolde

10

wacian æt tham w[i]ge, | tha he to wæpnum feng.
Eac him wolde Eadric | his ealdre gelæstan,
freat to gefeohte, | ongan tha forðh beran
gar to guthe. | He hæfde god gethanc
tha hwile the he mid handum | healdan mihte

15

bord and bradswurd; | beot he gelæste
tha he ætforan his frean | feohtan sceolde.

Dha thær Byrhtnodh ongan | beornas trymian,
rad and rædde, | rincum tæhte
hu hi sceoldon standan | and thone stede healdan,

20

and bæd thæt hyra randa[s] | rihte heoldon
fæste mid folman, | and ne forhtedon na.
Tha he hæfde thæt folc | fægere getrymmed,
he lihte tha mid leodon | thær him leofost wæs,
thær he his heordhwerod | holdost wiste.

25

tha stod on stædhe, | stidhlice clypode
wicinga ar, | wordum mælde,
se on beot abead | brimlithendra
ærænde to tham eorle, | thær he on ofre stod:
«Me sendon to the | sæmen snelle,

30

heton dhe secgan | thæt thu most sendan radhe
beagas widh gebeorge; | and eow betere is
thæt ge thisne garræs | mid gafole forgyldon,
thon we swa hearde [hi]lde dælon.
Ne thurfe we us spillan, | gif ge spedath to tham;

35

we willadh widh tham golde | gridh fæstnian.
Gyf thu that gerædest, | the her ricost eart,
thæt thu thine leoda | lysan wille,
syllan sæmannum | on hyra sylfra dom
feoh widh freode, | and niman fridh æt us,

40

we willath mid tham sceattum | us to scype gangan,
on flot feran, | and eow frithes healdan.»

Byrhtnodh mathelode, | bord hafenode,
wand wacne æsc, | wordum mælde,
yrre and anræd | ageaf him andsware:

45

«Gehyrst thu, sælida, | hwæt this folc segedh?
Hi willadh eow to gafole | garas syllan,
ættrynne ord | and ealde swurd,
tha heregeatu | the eow æt hilde ne deah.
Brimmanna boda, | abeod eft ongan,

50

sege thinum leodum | miccle lathre spell,
thæt her stynt unforcudh | eorl mid his werode,
the wile gealgean | ethel thysne,
æthelredes eard, | ealdres mines,
folc and foldan. | Feallan sceolon

55

hæthene æt hilde. | To heanlic me thinceth
thæt ge mid urum sceattum | to scype gangon
unbefohtene, | nu ge thus feor hider
on urne eard | in becomon.
Ne sceole ge swa softe | sinc gegangan;

60

us sceal ord and ecg | ær geseman,
grim gudhplega, | ær [w]e gofol syllon.»

Het tha bord beran, | beornas gangan,
thæt hi on tham eastedhe | ealle stodon.
Ne mihte thær for wætere | werod to tham odhrum;

65

thær com flowende | flod æfter ebban,
lucon lagustreamas. | To lang hit him thuhte,
hwænne hi togædere | garas beron.

Hi thær Pantan stream | mid prasse bestodon,
Eastseaxena ord | and se æschere.

70

Ne mihte hyra ænig | othrum derian,
buton hwa thurh flanes flyht | fyl gename.
Se flod ut gewat; | tha flotan stodon gearowe,
wicinga fela, | wiges georne.
Het tha hæledha hleo | healdan tha bricge

75

wigan wigheardne, | se wæs haten Wulfstan,
cafe mid his cynne, | thæt wæs Ceolan sunu,
the dhone forman man | mid his francan ofsceat
the thær baldlicost | on tha bricge stop.
Thær stodon mid Wulfstane | wigan unforhte,

80

ælfere and Maccus, | modige twegen,
tha noldon æt tham forda | fleam gewyrcean,
ac hi fæstlice | widh dha fynd weredon,
tha hwile the hi wæpna | wealdan moston.
Tha hi thæt ongeaton | and georne gesawon

85

thæt hi thær bricgweardas | bitere fundon,
ongunnon lytegian tha | ladhe gystas,
bædon thæt hi upgangan | agan moston,
ofer thone ford faran, | fethan lædan.

Dha se eorl ongan | for his ofermode

90

alyfan landes to fela | lathere dheode.
Ongan ceallian tha | ofer cald wæter
Byrhtelmes bearn | (beornas gehlyston):
«Nu eow is gerymed, | gadh ricene to us,
guman to guthe; | god ana wat

95

hwa thære wælstowe | wealdan mote.»
Wodon tha wælwulfas | (for wætere ne murnon),
wicinga werod, | west ofer Pantan,
ofer scir wæter | scyldas wegon,
lidmen to lande | linde bæron.

100

Thær ongean gramum | gearowe stodon
Byrhtnodh mid beornum; | he mid bordum het
wyrcean thone wihagan, | and thæt werod healdan
fæste widh feondum. | tha wæs f[e]ohte neh,
tir æt getohte. | Wæs seo tid cumen

105

thæt thær fæge men | feallan sceoldon.
Thær weardh hream ahafen, | hremmas wundon,
earn æses georn; | wæs on eorþan cyrm.
Hi leton tha of folman | feolhearde speru,
[grimme] gegrundene | garas fleogan;

110

bogan wæron bysige, | bord ord onfeng.

Biter wæs se beaduræs, | beornas feollon
on gehwædhere hand, | hyssas lagon.
Wund wear[dh] Wulfmær, | wælræste geceas,
Byrhtnodhes mæg; | he mid billum weardh,

115

his swuster sunu, | swidhe forheawen.
Thær wear[dh] wicingum | witherlean agyfen.
Gehyrde ic thæt Eadweard | anne sloge
swidhe mid his swurde, | swenges ne wyrnde,
thæt him æt fotum | feoll fæge cempa;

120

thæs him his dheoden | thanc gesæde,
tham burthene, | tha he byre hæfde.
Swa stemnetton | stidhhicgende
hysas æt hilde, | hogodon georne
hwa thær mid orde | ærost mihte

125

on fægean men | feorh gewinnan,
wigan mid wæpnum; | wæl feol on eorðhan.
Stodon stædefæste; | stihte hi Byrhtnodh,
bæd thæt hyssa gehwylc | hogode to wige
the on Denon wolde | dom gefeohtan.

130

Wod tha wiges heard, | wæpen up ahof,
bord to gebeorge, | and widh thæs beornes stop.
Eode swa anræd | eorl to tham ceorle,
ægther hyra odhrum | yfeles hogode.
Sende dha se særinc | sutherne gar,

135

thæt gewundod weardh | wigena hlaforð;
he sceaf tha mid dham scylde, | thæt se sceaft
tobærst,
and thæt spere sprengde, | thæt hit sprang ongean.
Gegremod weardh se gudhrinc; | he mid gare stang
wlancne wicing, | the him tha wunde forgeaf.

140

Frod wæs se fyrdrinc; | he let his francan wadan

thurh dhæs hysses hals, | hand wisode
thæt he on tham færsceadhan | feorh geræhte.
Dha he otherne | ofstlice sceat,
thæt seo byrne tobærst; | he wæs on breostum wund

145
thurh dha hringlocan, | him æt heortan stod
ætterne ord. | Se eorl wæs the blithra,
hloh tha, modi man, | sæde metode thanc
dhæs dægweorces | the him drihten forgeaf.

Forlet tha drenga sum | darodh of handa,

150
fleogan of folman, | thæt se to fordh gewat
thurh dhone æthelan | æthelredes thegen.
Him be healfe stod | hyse unweaxen,
cniht on gecampe, | se full caflice
bræd of tham beorne | blodigne gar,

155
Wulfstanes bearn, | Wulfmær se geonga,
forlet forheardne | faran eft ongean;
ord in gewod, | thæt se on eorþan læg
the his theoden ær | thearle geræhte.
Eode tha gesyrwed | secg to tham eorle;

160
he wolde thæs beornes | beagas gefecgan,
reaf and hringas | and gerenod swurd.
Tha Byrhtnodh bræd | bill of scedhe,
brad and bruneccg, | and on tha byrnan sloh.
To rathe hine gelette | lidmanna sum,

165
tha he thæs eorles | earm amyrd.
Feoll tha to foldan | fealohilte swurd;
ne mihte he gehealdan | heardne mece,
wæpnes wealdan. | tha gyt thæt word gecwædh
har hilderinc, | hyssas bylde,

170
bæd gangan fordh | gode geferan;
ne mihte tha on fotum leng | fæste gest[a]ndan.
He to heofenum wlat:
«Gethanc[i]e the, | dheoda waldend,
ealra thæra wynna | the ic on worulde gebad.

175
Nu ic ah, milde metod, | mæste thearfe
thæt thu minum gaste | godes geunne,
thæt min sawul to dhe | sidhian mote
on thin geweald, | theoden engla,

mid frithe ferian. | Ic eom frymd to the

180
thæt hi helsceadhan | hynan ne moton.»

Dha hine heowon | hædhene scealcas
and begen tha beornas | the him big stodon,
ælfnodh and Wulmær | begen lagon,
dha onemn hyra frean | feorh gesealdon.

185
Hi bugon tha fram beaduwe | the thær beon noldon.
Thær w[earth] Oddan bearn | ærest on fleame,
Godric fram guthe, | and thone godan forlet
the him mænigne oft | mear gesealde;
he gehleop thone eoh | the ahte his hlaforð,

190
on tham gerædum | the hit riht ne wæs,
and his broðhru mid him | begen ær[n]don,
God[w]ine and Godwig, | guthe ne gymdon,
ac wendon fram tham wige | and thone wudu
sohton,
flugon on thæt fæsten | and hyra feore burgon,

195
and manna ma | thonne hit ænig mædh wære,
gyf hi tha geeurnunga | ealle gemundon
the he him to duguthe | gedon hæfde.
Swa him Offa on dæg | ær asæde
on tham methelstede, | tha he gemot hæfde,

200
thæt thær mod[e]lice | manega spræcon
the eft æt th[ea]r[f]e | tholian noldon.

Tha weardh afeallen | thæs folces ealdor,
æthelredes eorl; | ealle gesawon
heordhgeneatas | thæt hyra heorra læg.

205
Tha dhær wendon fordh | wlance thegenas,
unearge men | efston georne;
hi woldon tha ealle | odher twega,
lif forlæt[a]n | odhdhe leofne gewrecan.
Swa hi bylde fordh | bearn ælfrices,

210
wiga wintrum geong, | wordum mælde,
ælfwine tha cwædh, | he on ellen spræc:
«Gemunu tha mæla | the we oft æt meodo spræcon,
thonne we on bence | beot ahofon,
hæledh on healle, | ymbe heard gewinn;

215

nu mæg cunnian | hwa cene sy.
Ic wylle mine æthelo | eallum gecythan,
thæt ic wæs on Myrcon | miccles cynnes;
wæs min ealda fæder | Ealhelm haten,
wis ealdorman, | woruldgesælig.

220

Ne sceolon me on thære theode | thegenas ætwitan
thæt ic of dhisse fyrde | feran wille,
eard gesecan, | nu min ealdor ligedh
forheawen æt hilde. | Me is thæt hearma mæst;
he wæs æg[dh]er min mæg | and min hlaford.»

225

Tha he fordh eode, | fæhdhe gemunde,
thæt he mid orde | anne geræhte
flotan on tham folce, | thæt se on foldan læg
forwegen mid his wæpne. | Ongan tha winas
manian,
frynd and geferan, | thæt hi fordh eodon.

230

Offa gemælde, | æscholt asceoc:
«Hwæt thu, ælfwine, hafast | ealle gemanode
thegenas to thearfe, | nu ure theoden lidh,
eorl on eordhan. | Us is eallum thearf
thæt ure æghwylc | otherne bylde

235

wigan to wige, | tha hwile the he wæpen mæge
habban and healdan, | heardne mece,
gar and godswurd. | Us Godric hæfdh,
earh Oddan bearn, | ealle beswicene.
Wende thæs formoni man, | tha he on meare rad,

240

on wlancan tham wige, | thæt wære hit ure hlaford;
forthan weardh her on felda | folc totwæmed,
scyldburh tobrocen. | Abreodhe his angin,
thæt he her swa manigne | man aflymde!»

Leofsunu gemælde | and his linde ahof,

245

bord gebeorge; | he tham beorne oncwædh:
«Ic thæt gehate, | thæt ic heonon nelle
fleon fotes trym, | ac wille furdhor gan,
wrecan on gewinne | minne winedrihten.
Ne thurfon me embe Sturmere | stedefæste hælædh

250

wordum ætwitan, | nu min wine gecranc,
thæt ic hlafordleas | ham sidhie,
wende fram wige, | ac me sceal wæpen niman,
ord and iren.» | He ful yrrer wod,
feagt fæstlice, | fleam he forhogode.

255

Dunnere tha cwædh, | darodh acwehte,
unorne ceorl, | ofer eall clypode,
bæd thæt beorna gehwylc | Byrhtnodh wr[æ]ce:
«Ne mæg na wandian | se the wrecan thencedh
frian on folce, | ne for feore murnan.»

260

Tha hi fordh eodon, | feores hi ne rohton;
ongunnon tha hiredmen | heardlice feohtan,
grame garberend, | and god bædon
thæt hi moston gewrecan | hyra winedrihten
and on hyra feondum | fyl gewyrcean.

265

Him se gysel ongan | geornlice fylstan;
he wæs on Nordhhymbron | heardes cynnes,
Ecglafes bearn, | him wæs æscferdh nama.
He ne wandode na | æt tham wigplegan,
ac he fysde fordh | flan genehe;

270

hwilon he on bord sceat, | hwilon beorn tæsde,
æfre embe stunde | he sealde sume wunde,
tha hwile dhe he wæpna | wealdan moste.

Tha gyt on orde stod | Eadweard se langa,
gearo and geornful, | gylpwordum spræc

275

thæt he nolde fleogan | fotmæl landes,
ofer bæc bugan, | tha his betera leg.
He bræc thone bordweall | and widh tha beornas
feagt,
odhthæt he his sincgyfan | on tham sæmannum
wurdhlice wrec, | ær he on wæle l[æ]ge.

280

Swa dyde ætheric, | æthele gefera,
fus and fordhgeorn, | feagt eornoste.
Sibyrhtes brodhor | and swidhe mænig other
clufon cellod bord, | cene hi weredon;
bærst bordes lærig, | and seo byrne sang

285

gryreleodha sum. | tha æt gudhe sloh
Offa thone sælidan, | thæt he on eordhan feoll,

and dhær Gaddes mæg | grund gesohte.
Radhe weardh æt hilde | Offa forheawen;
he hæfde dheah geforthod | thæt he his frean gehet,

290

swa he beotode ær | widh his beahgifan
thæt hi sceoldon begen | on burh ridan,
hale to hame, | odhdhe on here crin[c]gan,
on wælstowe | wundum sweltan;
he læg dhegenlice | dheodne gehende.

295

Dha weardh borda gebræc. | Brimmen wodon,
gudhe gegremode; | gar oft thurhwod
fæges feorhhus. | For[dh] tha eode Wistan,
thurstanes sun[u], | widh thas secgas feaht;
he wæs on gethrang[e] | hyra threora bana,

300

ær him Wigelines bearn | on tham wæle læge.
Thær wæs stidh gemot; | stodon fæste
wigan on gewinne, | wigend cruncon,
wundum werige. | Wæl feol on eorthan.
Oswold and Eadwold | ealle hwile,

305

begen tha gebrothru, | beornas trymedon,
hyra winemagas | wordon bædon

thæt hi thær æt dhearfe | tholian sceoldon,
unwaclice | wæpna neotan.
Byrhtwold mathelode | bord hafenode

310

(se wæs eald geneat), | æsc acwehte;
he ful baldlice | beornas lærde:
«Hige sceal the heardra, | heorte the cenre,
mod sceal the mare, | the ure mægen lytladh.
Her lidh ure ealdor | eall forheawen,

315

god on greote. | A mæg gnornian
se dhe nu fram this wigplegan | wendan thencedh.
Ic eom frod feores; | fram ic ne wille,
ac ic me be healfe | minum hlaforde,
be swa leofan men, | licgan thence.»

320

Swa hi æthelgares bearn | ealle bylde,
Godric to guthe. | Oft he gar forlet,
wælspere windan | on tha wicingas,
swa he on tham folce | fyrrest eode,
heow and hynde, | o[dh]æt he on hilde gecranc.

325

Næs thæt na se Godric | the dha gu[dh]e forbeah
.....

4. 11th Century: Wulfstan

Sermo Lupi ad Anglos

Version I

Larspell

Leofan men, gecnawadh thæt sodh is: theos woruld is on ofste, (and) hit nealæcdh tham ende, (and) thy hit is on worulde aa swa lencg swa wyrse, (and) swa hit sceal nyde ær Antecristes tocyme yfelian swidhe. Understandadh eac georne thæt deofol thas theode nu fela geara dwelode to swidhe, (and) thæt lytle getreowdha wæron mid mannum, theah heo wel sprecaþ, (and) unrihta to fela rixode on lande; (and) næs a fela manna the hogade ymbe tha bote swa georne swa man sceolde, ac dæghwamlice man ehte yfel æfter odhrum (and) unriht rærde (and) unlaga manege ealles to wide geond ealle thas dheode. And we eac fordham habbadh fela byrsta (and) bismra gebiden, (and) gif we ænige bote gebidan scylen, thonne mote we thæs to Gode geearnian bet thonne we ær thyssan dydan. Fordham mid miclum earnungan we geearnedan tha yrmðha the us onsittadh, (and) mid swidhe micelan earnungan we tha bote motan æt Gode geræcan gif hit sceal heonanfordh godiende weordhan. La hwæt, we witan full georne thæt to miclan bryce sceal micel bot nyde, (and) to miclan bryne wæter unlytel gif man thæt fyr sceal to ahte acwencan. And mycel is neodthearf manna gehwylcum thæt he Godes lage gyme heonanfordh georne and Godes gerihta mid rihte gelæste. On hædhenum theodum ne dear man forhealdan lytel ne micel thæs dhe gelagod is to gedwolgoda weordhunga, (and) we forhealdadh Godes gerihta æghwær ealles to gelome. And ne dear man gewanian on hædhenum theodum inne ne ute ænig thara thinga the gedwolgoda gebroht biðh (and) to lacum betæht biðh, (and) we habbadh Godes hus inne (and) ute clæne berypte ælcra gerisena. And Godes theowas syndan mæthe (and) munde gewelhwær bedælde; (and) gedwolgoda thenan ne dear man misbeodan on ænige wisan mid hædhenum leodum, swa swa man Godes theowan nu dedh to wide thær cristene sceoldan Godes lage healdan.

Ac sodh is thæt ic secge: Godes gerihta wanedon nu lange, (and) folclaga wyrseþ ealles to swidhe, (and) halinessa syndan to gridhlease wide, (and) Godes hus syndon to clæne berypte ealdra gerihta (and) innan bestrypte ælcra gerisena, (and) godcunde hadas wæron nu lange swidhe forsawene; (and) wydewan fornydde on unriht to ceorle, (and) to manige foryrmde, (and) earme men beswicene (and) hreowlice besyrwde, ge æt fremre ge æt fostre, ge æt feo ge æt feore, ealles to gelome, (and) ut of thysan earde wide gesealde, swydhe unforworhte fremdan to gewearde; (and) cradolcild gedheowade thurh wælhreowe unlage for lytlere theofdhe, (and) freoriht fornumene (and) thrælrht genyrwde, (and) ælmesriht gewanode, (and), hrædest is to cwedhenne, Godes laga ladhe (and) lara forsawene; (and) thæs we habbadh ealle thurh Godes yrr bysmor gelome, gecnawe se dhe cunne. And se byrst wyrðh gemæne, theh man swa ne wene, ealre thyssere dheode, butan God byrge.

Fordham hit is on us eallum swutol (and) gesene thæt we ær thyssan oftor bræcon thonne we bettan, (and) thy is thisse theode fela onsæge. Ne dohte hit nu lange inne ne ute, ac wæs here (and) hunger, bryne (and) blodgyte on gewelhwylcan ende oft (and) gelom; (and) us stalu (and) cwalu, stric (and) steorfa, orfcwealm (and) uncodhu, hol (and) hete (and) rypera reaflac derede swidhe thearle, (and) us ungylda swidhe gedrehtan, (and) us unwedera foroft weoldan unwæstmā; fordham on thysan earde wæs, swa hit thyncan mæg, nu fela geara unrihta fela (and) tealte getreowdha æghwær mid mannum. Ne bearh nu foroft gesib gesibban the ma the fremdan, ne fæder his suna, ne hwilum bearn his agenum fæder, ne broðher odhrum; ne ure ænig his lif ne fadode swa swa he sceolde, ne gehadode regollice, ne læwede lahllice, ne ænig widh odherne getreowlice ne thohte swa rihte swa he sceolde. Ac mæst ælc swicode (and) odhrum derede wordes (and) dæde, (and) huru unrihtlice mæst ælc odherne æftan heawedh mid sceandlican onscytan, do mare gif he mæge. Fordham syn on lande ungetreowdha micele for Gode and for worulde, (and) eac her syn on earde on mistlice wisan hlafordswican manige. And ealra mæst hlafordswica se biðh on worulde thæt man his hlafordes sawle beswice; (and) ful micel hlafordswica eac biðh on worulde thæt man his hlaford on life beswice odhdhon of lande lifigende drife, (and) ægdher is geworden on thyssan earde: Eadweard man forrædde (and) sydhðhan acwealde (and) æfter tham forbærnde; (and) Æthelred man dræfde ut of his earde. And godsibbas (and) godbearn to fela man forspilde wide geond thas dheode; (and) ealles to manege halige stowa wide forwurdan thurh thæt the man sume men ær tham gelogode, swa man na ne sceolde, gif man on Godes gridhe mæthe witan wolde; (and) cristenes folces to fela man gesealde ut of thysson earde nu ealle hwile; (and) thæt is Gode ladh,

gelyfe se dhe wille. Eac we witan ful georne hwær seo yrmðh gewearðh thæt fæder gesealde bearn widh weorthe, (and) bearn his moder, (and) broðhor odherne fremdum to gewearde; (and) eall thæt syndon micle (and) egeslice dæda, understande se the wille. And gyt hit is mare (and) eac menigfealdre thæt deredh thissere theode; manige synd forsworene (and) swidhe forlogene, (and) wedd synd tobrocene oft (and) gelome; (and) thæt is gesyne on thisse theode thæt us Godes yrrre hetelice onsitt, gecnawe se dhe cunne.

Nis eac nan wundor theah us mislimpe, fordham we witon ful georne thæt nu fela geara man na ne rohtan foroft hwæt hy worhtan wordes odhdhe dæde. Eac weardh thes theodscipe, swa hit thyncan mæg, swydhe forsyngod thurh menigfealde synna (and) thurh fela misdæda: thurh mordhdæda (and) thurh mandæda, thurh gitsunga (and) thurh gifernessa, thurh stala (and) thurh strudunga, thurh mansylene (and) thurh hæthene unsida, thurh swicdomas (and) thurh searocræftas, thurh lahbricas (and) thurh æswicas, thurh mægræsas (and) thurh manslihtas, thurh hadbricas (and) thurh æwbricas, thurh siblegeru (and) thurh mistlice forligeru. And eac syndon wide, swa we ær cwædon, thurh adhbricas (and) thurh wedbrycas (and) thurh mistlice leasunga forloren (and) forlogen ma thonne sceolde; (and) freolsbrycas (and) fæstenbrycas wide geworhte oft (and) gelome. And eac her synd on earde Godes widhersacan (and) cirichatan hetole (and) leodhatan grimme ealles to manege, (and) oferhogan wide godcundra rihtlaga (and) cristenra theawa, (and) hocorwyrde dysige æghwær on theode oftost on tha thing the Godes bodan beodath (and) swidhost to Godes lage gebyriadh mid rihte. And thy is nu geworden wide (and) side to ful yfelan gewunan thæt men sceamadh for godan dædan swydhor thonne for yfelan dædan, fordham to oft man mid hocere gode dæda hyrwedh (and) godfyrhte lehtredh ealles to swidhe, (and) swidhost man tæledh (and) mid olle gegretedh ealles to gelome tha dhe riht lufiadh (and) Godes ege habbadh be ænigum dæle. And thurh thæt the man swa dedh thæt man eal hyrwedh thæt man sceolde herian (and) to fordh ladhedh thæt man sceolde lufian, thurh thæt man gebringedh ealles to manige on yfelum gethance (and) on undaede, swa thæt hy ne sceamadh na, theh hy syngian swidhe (and) widh God sylfne forwyrcean hy mid ealle; ac for idelan onscytan hy sceamadh thæt hy betan heora misdæda swa swa bec tæcan, gelice tham dwæsan the for heora prytan lewe nelladh beorgan ær hy na ne magon theh hy eall willan.

Ac la, on Godes naman utan don swa us neod is, beorgan us sylfum swa we geornost magon the læs we ætgædere ealle forweordhan. And utan don swa us thearf is, gebugan to rihte (and) be sumum dæle unriht forlætan (and) betan swidhe georne thæt we ær bræcon. And utan God lufian (and) Godes laga fylan, (and) gelæstan swidhe georne thæt thæt we behetan tha we fulluht underfengon, odhdhon tha the æt fulluhte ure forespecan wæron. And utan word (and) weorc rihtlice fadian (and) ure ingethanc clænsian georne (and) adh (and) wedd wærlice healdan (and) sume getreowdha habban us betweenan butan uncræftan. And utan gelome understandan thone miclan dom the we ealle to sceolan, (and) beorgan us georne widh thone weallendan bryne helle wites, (and) geearnian us tha mærdha (and) tha myrhdha the God hæfdh gegearwod tham the his willan on worulde gewyrcadh. Him simble sy lof (and) woldor in ealra worulda woruld a butan ende, amen.

5. 12th Century: *Poema Morale*

Poema Morale (contained in the Lambeth Manuscript 487)

[f. 59v] Ich em nu alder thene ich wes awintre & a lare.

Ich welde mare thene ich dede mi wit ahte bon mare.
Wel longe ich habbe child ibon a worde & a dede
thah ich bo a wintre ald to ung ich em on rede.

5

vnnet lif ich habbe iled. & et me thingth ilede.
thenne ich me bithenche wel ful sare ich me adrede.
mest al thet ich habbe idon bifealt to childhade.
Wel late ich habbe me bithocht bute God me nu rede.
Fole idel word ich habbe iquedhen sodhdhen ich
speke kudhe.

10

fole 3unge dede idon the me ofthinchet nudhe.
mest al thet me likede er nu hit me mislikedh
tha muchel fuliedh his wil hine solf he biswikedh.
Ich mihte habbe bet idon. hefde ich the iselthe.
Nu ich walde ah ich ne mei for elde & for un helthe.

15

Elde me is bistolen on. er ich hit wiste.
ne michte ich seon bifore me. for smike ne for miste.
Er3e we beodh to done god. & to ufele al to thriste.
mare eie stonedh men of monne thanne hom do of
criste.
the wel ne dodh the hwile the ho mu3en. wel oft hit
schal rowen

20

thenne 3e mawen sculen & repen thet ho er sowen.
Do he to gode thet he mu3e the hwile thet he bo
aliue.
ne lipnie na mon to muchel to childe ne to wiue.
the him solue foret for wiue ne for childe
he scal cumen in uuel stude bute him God bo milde.

25

Sendedh sum god biforen eow. the hw[i]le thet e
muen to houene.
for betere is an elmesse biforen thenne bodh efter
souene.
Alto lome ich habbe igult a werke & o worde.
Al to muchel ich habbe ispent. to litel ihud in horde.
Ne beo the loure thene the solf ne thin mei. ne thin
mae.

30

Soht is thet is odhers monnes frond betre then his
a3en.

Ne lipnie wif to hire were. ne were to his wiue
bo for him solue ech .Mon. the hwile thet he bo aliue.
Wis is the to him solue thench the hwile the mot
libben.

for sone wule hine for3eten the fremede & the sibbe.

35

the wel ne dedh the hwile he mai ne scal wenne he
walde.

Monies monnes sare iswinc habbedh oft unholde.
Ne scal na mon don afirst. ne slawen wel to done.
for moni mon bihatedh wel the hit for3etedh sone.
The .Mon. the wule siker bon to habben Godes blisse.

40

do wel him solf hwile thet he mai thenne hauedh he
his mid iwise.

thes riche .Men. wenedh bon siker thurh walle &
thurh diche.

the dedh his echte on sikere stude he hit sent to
heueneriche.

for ther ne therf he bon ofdred of fure ne of thoue
ther ne [f. 60v] therf he him binimen the ladhe ne the
loue.

45

ther ne therf he habben kare of 3eve ne of 3elde.
thider he sent. & solf beredh to lutel & to selde.

thider we sculen dra3en & don wel ofte & ilome.
for ther ne scal me us naut binimen mid wrangwise
dome.

thider 3e sculen 3orne dra3en. walde 3e god ileue.

50

for ne mei ther hit ou binimen king ne reue.
Al thet beste thet we hefden thider we hit solde
senden

for ther we hit michte finden eft. & habben buten
ende.

Tho the er dodh eni God for habben godes are.
al he hit scal finden eft ther & hundred fald mare.

55

The thet echte wile halden wel hwile the he mu3e es
welden.

Giue hies for godes luue thenne deth hes wel ihalden.
Vre swinc & ure tilthe is ofte iwoned to swinden.

Ach thet the we dodh for godes luue eft we sculen al
finden.
Ne scal nan ufel bon unbocht. ne nan god
unfor3olden.

60
vfel we doth al to muchel. & god lesse thenne we
sculden.
Tho the mest dodh nu to gode. & the lest to ladhe.
Eidher to lutel & to muchel scal thunchen eft hom
bathe.
Ther me scal ure werkes weien biforan the heuen
king.
and 3euen us ure swinkes lan efter ure erninge.

65
Ech mon mid thet he hauet. mei buggen houene riche.
the mare haueth & the the lesse bathe hi muen iliche.
Also mid his penie also odher midh his punde.
Thet is the wunderlukeste chep thet eni mon efre
funde.
& the dhe mare ne mai don do hit mid his gode
thonke.

70
Also wel se the the hauedh golde fele manke.
& oft god kon mare thonc then the him euedh lesse.
& his werkes & his we3es his milce. & rihtwisnesse.
lutel lac is gode lof thet kumedh of gode wille.
& eclete muchel eue of than the herte is ille.

75
Houene & horthie he ouer sich. his een bodh swa
brichte.
Sunne & mone & houen fur bodh thestre aen his
lihte.
Nis him noht forholen ni hud. swa muchele bodh his
mihte.
nis hit ne swa derne [idon] ne [a] swa thostre nihte.
he wat wet thenkedh & hwet dodh alle quike wihte.

80
Nis na lauerd swich se is crist. ne king swuch ure
drihten.
houene & ordhe & al thet is biloken is in his honde.
he dedh al thet his wil is a wettre & alonde.
He makede fisses in the se & fueles in the lifte.
he wit & waldedh alle thing & scop alle scefte.

85
he is hord buten horde & ende buten ende.
he ane is eure an ilche stude wende ther thu wende.
he is buuen us & binothen. biforen & bihinden.

the the dedh godes wille uwer he mei him finden.
Helche rune he iherdh & wat alle deden.

90
he thurthsicheth uches monnes thonc. Wi hwat scal
us to rede.
We thet brokedh godes hese & gultedh swa ilome.
hwet scule we seggen odher don et the muchele
dome.
Tha the luueden unriht & ufel lif leden.
Wet sculen ho seggen odher don then the engles bon
of dred.

95
hwet sculen we beren biforen us mid hom scule we
iquemen.
tho the neure god ne dude the houenliche deme.
ther sculen bon doule swa fole thet wulledh us for
wreien.
& nabbedh hi nathing foreten of al thet ho iseen.
Al thet we mis duden her ho hit wulledh kudhe there.

100
[buten we habbe hit ibet. dhe hwile we her were]
Al ho habbedh in hore write thet we misduden here.
thach we nusten ne niseen. ho weren ure ifere.
Hwet sculen ordlinghes don. tha swicen & ta
forsworene
hwi bodh fole iclepede. & swa lut icorene.

105
wi hwi weren ho bieten to hwon weren ho iborene.
thet sculen bon to dethe idemet. & eure ma forlorene.
Ech .Mon. scal him solue ther biclepie & bidemen.
his aen werch & his thonc te wnesse he scal temen.
ne mei him na .Mon. alsa wel demen ne alswa rihte

110
for nan ne knaudh him ase ere & buten ane drihte.
Ech .Mon. wat him solue best & his werkes. & his
wille.
The dhe lest wat biseip ofte mest the hit al wat is
stille.
nis nan wnesse also muchel se monnes a3en horte.
Wa se seidh thet he bo hal. him solf wat best his
smirte.

115
Ech .Mon. scal h[i]m solf demen to dedhe odher to
liue.
tha wnesse of his a3en werch hine therto scal driue.
Al thet ech .Mon. hauedh idon sodhdhen he com to
monne

sculde he hit sechen o boke iwrten he scal ithenchen
thenne.
Ah drihten ne demedh nenne .Mon. efter his
biginnigge.

120

ah al his lif scal bon sulch bodh his endinge.
ef thet his uuel al hit is uuel & God efe god his ende.
God eue thet ure ende bo god. & wite thet he us
lende.
the .Mon. thet uuel don na god. ne neure god lif
leden.
er dedh & dom come to his dure he mei him sare
adreden.

125

thet he ne mu3e thenne biden are. for thet itit ilome.
forthi he is wis the biet & bit & bet bfore dome.
Wenne dedh is attere dure wel late he biddeth are.
Wel late he lathedh uuel werc the ne mei hit don ne
mare.
thet achten we to leuen wel. for ure drihten solf hit
seide.

130

A hwilke time se eure .Mon. of thinchth his misdede.
Other rather odher later milce he scal imeten.
Ac the thet ther naf[dh] nocht ibet wel muchel he
hauedh to beten.
Monimon seit hwa rechdh of pine the scal habben
thende.
Ne bidde ich na bet bo alesed a domes dei of bende.

135

lutel he wat wet is pine. & lutel he hit scawedh
hwice hete is ther tha saule wunedh hu biter wind
ther blawedh.
hefde he bon ther enne dei odher twa bare tide
nolde he for al middenerd the therdde ther abiden.
thet habbedh iseid th[e] comen thonen tha hit wisten
mid iwissen.

140

wa wurdh sore seueer. for souenihte blisse.
In hure blisse the the ende hauedh. for endelese pine.
betere is wori water drunch then atter meind mid
wine.
Swines brede is swidhe swete. swa is of wilde dore.
alto dore he is abuh the efdh ther fore his swore.

145

Ful wombe mei lihtliche speken of hunger. & of
festen

swa mei of pine the ne cnaudh the scal a ilesten.
Hefdh he ifonded summe stunde he wolde al seggen
odher.
Etlete him were wif. child. suster. feder & brodher.
Al he walde & odherluker don & odherluker
thenchen

150

Wenne he bithohte on helle fur the nawiht ne mei
quenchen.
Eure he walde her inne wawe & ine wene wunien.
Widh thet the mihte helle pine biflien & bisunien
Etlete him were al world wele & ordhliche blisse.
for to thet muchele blisse cumen is murthe mid
iwisse.

155

Iwule nu cumen eft to the dome thet ich er ow of sede
A tha dei & at ta dome us helpe crist & rede.
ther we muen bon ethe offerd & herde us adreden.
ther he scal al son him bforen his word & ec his
deden.
Al scal ther bon thenne cud ther men luen her ent
stelen.

160

Al scal ther bon thanne unwron thet men wru3en her
& helen.
We sculen alre monne lif iknauwen also ure ahen.
ther sculen eueningges bon the riche & the lae.
Ne scal na mon skamie ther ne therf he him adreden.
Gif him her ofthinchth his gult & bet his misdede.

165

for him ne scameth ne ne gromedh the sculen bon
iboren.
Ach thothre habbeth scome & grome & oft fele sore.
The dom scal sone bon idon ne lest he nawiht longe.
ne scal him na mon mene ther of strengthe ne of
wonge.
the sculen habbe herdne dom tha her weren herde.

170

tha the uuele holden wreche men & uuele lae redde.
Ec efter thet he efth idon sal ther thenne [beon]
idemet.
[blidhe mei he dhenne beon. the god hafdh wel
icwemed]
Alle tha thi sprunge both of adam & of eue.
Alle hi sculen cumen thider for sodhe we hit ileuedh.

175

tha the habbedh wel idon efter hore mihte.

to houene riche hi sculen faren fordh mid ure drihte.
Tha the habbedh doules werc idon. & ther inne bo ifunde.
hi sculen faren fordh mid him in to helle grunde.
Ther hi sculen wunien a buten are & ende.

180
Ne breketh neure drihte helle gate for lesen hi of bende.
Nis na sullic thech hom bo wa & hom bo uneade.
Ne scal neure eft crist tholie deth for lesen hom of deathe.
Enes drihten helle brec his frond he ut brochte.
him solf he tholededh for him. wel dore he hom bohte.

185
Nalde hit mei do for mei. ne suster for brodher.
nalde hit sune do for fader. ne na mon for odher.
Vre alre lauere for his threlles ipined wes a rode.
vre bendes he unbon[d] & bohte us mid his blode.
We euedh unedhe for his luue a stuche of ure brede.

190
Ne thenke we noht thet he scal deme tha quike & tha dede.
Mucheles luue he us cudde. walde we hit understonde the ure eldre misduden we habbedh ueele on honde.
Deth com in this middenerde thurh thes doules honde.
& sake & sor3e & swinc a watere & a londe.

195
Vre forme fader gult. we abuedh alle.
[eal his of spring efter him. en hearne is bifealle.]
thurst & hunger. chele & hete. helde & unheldhe.
thurh him dedh com in this middenerd & odher uniseldhe.
Nere namon elles ded ne sec ne nan unsele.

200
ac mihten libben eue ma a blisse & a hele.
lutel hit thunchedh moni mon. ac muchel wes tha sunne.
for hwam alle tholiedh dedh the comen of hore cunne.
Hore sunne & ec ure aen sare us mei ofthinche.
thurh sunne we libbedh alle in sore & in swinke.

205
Sudhdhen God nom swa muchele wrake for are misdede

We the swa muchel & swa ofte misdodh. we muen edhe us adrede.
Adam and his ofsprung for are bare sunne.
Wes fele undret wintre an helle pine & an unwunne.
tha the ledden hore lif mid unriht & mid wrange.

210
buten hit godes milce do ho sculen bon ther wel longe.
Godes wisdom is wel muchel & alswa is his mihte & nis his milce naut lesse. ac bi than ilke iwichte.
Mare he ane mei for3euen. then al folc gulte cunuc.
Sulf douel mihte babben milce. if he hit bigunne.

215
Tha the godes milce sechedh he iwis mei ha ifinden.
Ac helle king is areles with tha the he mei binden.
the the deth is wille mest he hauedh wurst mede.
His bath scal bon wallinde. his badh scal bon berninde glede.
Wurst he dedh his gode frond thenne his fulle fond

220
God scilde alle godes frond. a wih swilche freonde.
Neure in helle hi com. ne ther ne come reche.
thach ich elches worldes wele. ther me mahte feche thet his wulle seggen on that wise men us seiden.
& aboken hit writen ther [me] mei hit reden.

225
Ich hit wille seggen than the hit hom solf nusten.
warni hom widh hore unfrome. 3if ho me wulledh lusten.
vnderstodedh nu to me edi men & arme.
Ich wulle tellen of helle pin & wernin ow widh herme.
In helle his hunger & thirst twa ueele iuere.

230
thas tholiedh tha [the] weren maket nithinges here.
Ther is waning & wow. efter eche streche.
ho faredh from hete to hete. & hech to frure the wreche.
thenne hi bidh in there hete the chele him thunchet blisse.
thenne hi cumedh eft to the chele of hete hi habbeb misse.

235
hi hem dedh wa inoch nabbedh hi nane blisse.
Nute hi hwether hem deth wurs mid neure nane wisse.

hi walkedh eure & sechedh reste [f. 64v] ac ho ne mu3en imeten.

forthi the ho nolden the hwile thet ho mihten here sunne beten.

ho sechedh reste ther nis nan. forthi ne mu3en hi es finden.

240

Ac walkedh weri up & dun se water deth mid winde.

tho bodh tha the weren her a thanke unstedefeste.

& tha the gode bihten heste & nolden hit ileste.

tha the god werc bigunnen & ful enden hit nolden.

Nu witen her. & nudhe ther. & nusten hwat hi wolden.

245

ther is bernunde pich hore saule to bathien inne.

tha the ledden here lif in werre & in winne.

ther is fur thet is undret fald hattre. thene bo ure.

Ne mei quenchen salt weter ne uersc of the burne.

this is thet fur thet efre bernd ne mei nawiht hit quenchen

250

Ther inne bodh tha the was to lof wreche men to swenchen.

tha the weren swikelemen & ful of uuel wrenchen.

tha the mihten uuel don. the the lef hit wes to thenchen.

The luueden tening & stale. hordom & drunken.

& a doules werche blitheliche swunken.

255

Tha the weren swa lese thet me hom ne mihte ileuen.

Medierne domes men. & wrongwise reuen.

thet odher monnes wif lof. his a3en etlete.

tho the sungede muchel a drunke & an ete.

the wreche mon binom his ehte. & leide his on horde.

260

thet lutel let of godes borde. & godes worde.

& tho the his a3en nalde 3euen ther he isech [f. 65r] the node

Ne nalde iheren godes sonde. thenne he hit herde bode.

The thet is odhers monnes thing. loure thene hit sculde.

& weren to gredi of solure & of golde.

265

& tha the untrownesse duden thon the ho sculden bon holde.

& leten thet ho sculden don. & duden thet ho wolden.

Tha the weren eure abuten thisse worldes echte.

& duden al thet the lathe gast hechte to & tachte.

& alle the then anigewise doulen iquemde.

270

Tha bodh nu mid him in helle fordon & fordemet.

Chapter 2.

High Middle Ages and Modernity

1. 13th Century: *The Owl and the Nightingale*

The Owl and the Nightingale

f233r1

Ich was in one sumere dale,
in one suthe diyhele hale,
iherde ich holde grete tale
an hule and one nyhtingale.

5

That plait was stif & starc & strong,
sum wile softe & lud among;
an aither ayhen other sval,
& let that [vue]le mod ut al.
& either seide of otheres custe

10

that alre-worste that hi wuste:
& hure & hure of othere[s] songe
hi holde plaiding suthe stronge.

The nyhtingale bigon the speche,
in one hurne of one breche,

15

& sat up one vaire boyhe,
- thar were abute blosme inoyhe,-
in ore waste thicke hegge
imeind mid spire & grene segge.
Ho was the gladur uor the rise,

20

& song auele cunne wise:
[b]et thuyhte the dreim that he were
of harpe & pipe than he nere:
bet thuyhte that he were ishote
of harpe & pipe than of throte.

25

[Th]o stod on old stoc thar biside,
thar tho vle song hire tide,
& was mid iui al bigrowe;
hit was thare hule earding-stowe.

[Th]e nyhtingale hi iseyh,

30

& hi bihold & ouerseyh,
& thuyhte wel [vu]l of thare hule,
for me hi halt lodlich & fule.
"Vnwyht," ho sede, "awei thu flo!
me is the w[u]rs that ich the so.

f233r2

Iwis for thine [vu]le lete,
wel [oft ich] mine song forlete;
min horte atflith & falt mi tonge,
wonne thu art [to me] ithrunge.
Me luste bet speten thane singe

40

of thine fule yhoyheling."

Thos hule abod fort hit was eve,
ho ne miyhte no leng bileue,
vor hire horte was so gret
that wel neyh hire fnast atschet,

45

& warp a word thar-after longe;
"Hu thinthe nu bi mine songe?
We[n]st thu that ich ne cunne singe,
theyh ich ne cunne of writeling?
Ilome thu dest me grame,

50

& seist me [bothe tone] & schame.
Yhif ich the holde on mine uote,
(so hit bitide that ich mote!)
& thu were vt of thine rise,
thu sholdest singe an other w[i]se."

55

The nyhtingale yhaf answare:
"Yhif ich me loki wit the bare,
& me schilde wit the blete,
ne reche ich noyht of thine threte;
yhif ich me holde in mine hegge,

60

ne recche ich neuer what thu segge.
Ich wot that thu art unmilde
with hom that ne muyhe from [th]e schilde;

& thu tukest wrothe & vuele,
whar thu miyht, over smale fuyhele.

65

Vorthi thu art loth al fuel-kunne,
& alle ho the driueth honne,
& the bischricheth & bigredet,
& wel narewe the biledet;

f233v1

& ek forthe the sulue mose,

70

hire thonkes, wolde the totose.
thu art lodlich to biholde,
& thu art loth in monie volde;
thi bodi is short, thi swore is smal,
grettere is thin heued than thu al;

75

thin eyhene both col-blake & brode,
riyht swo ho weren ipeint mid wode;
thu starest so thu wille abiten
al that thu mi[yh]t mid cliure smiten:
thi bile is stif & scharp & hoked,

80

riyht so an owel that is coked;
thar-mid thu clackes[t] oft & longe,
& that is on of thine songe.
Ac thu threst to mine fleshe,
mid thine cliures woldest me meshe.

85

the were icundur to one frogge
.....
snailes, mus, & fule wiyhte,
both thine cunde & thine riyhte.
Thu sittest adai & fliyh[s]t aniyht,

90

thu cuthest that thu art on vnwiyht.
Thu art lodlich & unclene,
bi thine neste ich hit mene,
& ek bi thine fule brode,
thu fedest on hom a wel ful fode.

95

Vel wostu that hi doth tharinne,
hi fuleth hit up to the chinne:
ho sitteth thar so hi bo bisne.
Tharbi men segget a uorbisne:
"Dahet habbe that ilke best

100

that fuleth his owe nest."
That other yher a faukun bredde;
his nest noyht wel he ne bihedde:
tharto thu stele in o dai,

f233v2

& leidest tharon thi fole ey.

105

Tho hit bicom that he hayhte,
& of his eyre briddes wrayhte;
ho broyhte his briddes mete,
bihold his nest, iseyh hi ete:
he iseyh bi one halue

110

his nest ifuled uthalue.
The faucun was wroth wit his bridde,
& lude yhal & sterne chidde:
"Segget me, wo hauet this ido?
Ov nas neuer icunde tharto:

115

hit was idon ov a loth[e] [cu]ste.
Segge[th] me yhif yhe hit wiste."
Tho quath that on & quad that other:
"Iwis it was ure oyher brother,
the yhond that haue[th] that grete heued:

120

wai that hi[t] nis tharof bireued!
Worp hit ut mid the alre-[vu]rste
that his necke him to-berste!"
The faucun ilefde his bridde,
& nom that fule brid amidde,

125

& warp hit of than wilde bowe,
thar pie & crowe hit todrowe.
Herbi men segget a bispel,
theyh hit ne bo fuliche spel;
al so hit is bi than uncode

130

that is icumen of fule brode,
& is meind wit fro monne,
euer he cuth that he com thonne,
that he com of than adel-eye,
theyh he a fro nest[e] leie.

135

theyh appel trendli fro[m] thon trowe,
thar he & other mid growe,
theyh he bo thar-from bicume,

f234r1
he cuth wel whonene he is icume."

Thos word ayhaf the nyhtingale,

140
& after thare longe tale
he song so lude & so scharpe,
riyht so me gulde schille harpe.
Thos hule luste thiderward,
& hold hire eyhe notherwa[r]d,

145
& sat tosvolle & ibolwe,
also ho hadde one frogge isuolyhe:
for ho wel wiste & was iwar
that ho song hire a-bisemar.
& notheles ho yha[f] andsuare,

150
"Whi neltu flon into the bare,
& sewi [w]are unker bo
of briyhter howe, of uairur blo?"
"No, thu hauest wel scharpe clawe,
ne kepich noyht that thu me clawe.

155
thu hauest cliuers suthe stronge,
thu tuengst thar-mid so doth a tonge.
Thu thoyhtest, so doth thine ilike,
mid faire worde me biswike.
Ich nolde don that thu me raddest,

160
ich wiste wel that thu me misraddest.
Schamie the for thin unrede!
Vnwroyhen is thi svikelhede!
Schild thine svikeldom vram the liyhte,
& hud that woyhe amon[g] the riyhte.

165
Thane thu wilt thin unriyht spene,
loke that hit ne bo isene:
vor svikedom haue[th] schome & hete,
yhif hit is ope & underyhete.
Ne speddestu noyht mid thine unwrenche,

170
for ich am war & can wel blenche.

Ne helpth noyht that thu bo to [th]riste:

f234r2
ich wolde viyhte bet mid liste
than thu mid al thine strengthe.
Ich habbe, on brede & eck on lengthe,

175
castel god on mine rise:
"Wel fiyht that wel fliyt," seith the wise.
Ac lete we awei thos cheste,
vor suiche wordes both unw[re]ste;
& fo we on mid riyhte dome,

180
mid faire worde & mid ysome.
Theyh we ne bo at one acorde,
we m[a]yhe bet mid fayre worde,
witute cheste, & bute fiyhte,
plaidi mid foyhe & mid riyhte:

185
& mai hure either wat h[e] wile
mid riyhte segge & mid skile."

Tho quath the hule "[W]u schal us seme,
that kunne & wille riyht us deme?"
"Ich wot wel" quath the nyhtingale,

190
"Ne tharef tharof bo no tale.
Maister Nichole of Guldeforde,
he is wis an war of worde:
he is of dome suthe gleu,
& him is loth eurich untheu.

195
He wot insiyht in eche songe,
wo singet wel, wo singet wronge:
& he can schede vrom the riyhte
that woyhe, that thuster from the liyhte."

Tho hule one wile hi bithoyhte,

200
& after than this word upbroyhte:
"Ich granti wel that he us deme,
vor theyh he were wile breme,
& lof him were nyhtingale,
& other wiyhte gente & smale,

205
ich wot he is nu suthe acoled.

f234v1

Nis he vor the noyht afoled,
that he, for thine olde luue,
me adun legge & the buue:
ne schaltu neure so him queme,

210

that he for the fals dom deme.
He is him ripe & fast-rede,
ne lust him nu to none unrede:
nu him ne lust na more pleie,
he wile gon a riyhte weie."

215

The nyhtingale was al yhare,
ho hadde ilorned wel aiware:
"Hule," ho sede, "seie me soth,
wi dostu that unwiyhtis doth?
thu singist aniyht & noyht adai,

220

& al thi song is wailawai.
Thu miyht mid thine songe afere
alle that ihereth thine ibere:
thu sch[ri]chest & yhollest to thine fere,
that hit is grislich to ihere:

225

hit thinche[th] bothe wise & snepe
noyht that thu singe, ac that thu wepe.
Thu fliyhst aniyht & noyht adai:
tharof ich w[u]ndri & wel mai.
vor eurich thing that schuniet riyht,

230

hit luueth thuster & hatiet liyht:
& eurich thing that is lof misdede,
hit luueth thuster to his dede.
A wis word, theyh hit bo unclene,
is fele manne a-muthe imene,

235

for Alured King hit seide & wrot:
"He schunet that hine [vu]l wot."
Ich wene that thu dost also,
vor thu fliyhst nyhtes euer mo.
An other thing me is a-wene,

f234v2

thu hauest aniyht wel briyhte sene;
bi daie thu art stare-blind,
that thu ne sichst ne bov ne strind.

Adai thu art blind other bisne,
tharbi men segget a uorbisne:

245

"Riyht so hit farth bi than ungode
that noyht ne suth to none gode,
& is so ful of vuele wrenche
that him ne mai no man atprenche,
& can welthane thu[st]r]e wai,

250

&thane briyhte lat awai."
So doth that both of thine cunde,
of liyhte nabbeth hi none imunde."

Thos hule luste suthe longe,
& was oftomed suthe stronge:

255

ho quath "Thu [h]attest nyhtingale,
thu miyhtest bet hoten galegale,
vor thu hauest to monie tale.
Lat thine tunge habbe spale!
Thu wenest that thes dai bo thin oyhe:

260

lat me nu habbe mine throyhe:
bo nu stille & lat me speke,
ich wille bon of the awreke.
& lust hu ich con me bitelle,
mid riyhte sothe, witute spelle.

265

Thu seist that ich me hude adai,
tharto ne segge ich nich ne nai:
& lust ich telle the wareuore,
al wi hit is & wareuore.
Ich habbe bile stif & stronge,

270

& gode cliuers scharp & longe,
so hit bicumeth to hauekes cunne;
hit is min hiyhte, hit is mi w[u]nne,
that ich me drayhe to mine cunde,

f235r1

ne mai [me] no man thareuore schende :

275

on me hit is wel isene,
vor riyhte cunde ich am so kene.
Vorthi ich am loth smale foyhle
that floth bi grunde an bi thuuele:

hi me bichermet & bigredeth,

280

& hore flockes to [m]e ledeth.
Me is lof to habbe reste
& sitte stille in mine neste:
vor nere ich neuer no the betere,
[yh]if ich mid chauling & mid chaterere

285

hom schende & mid fule worde,
so herdes doth other mid schit-worde.
Ne lust me wit the screwen chide;
forthi ich wende from hom wide.
Hit is a wise monne dome,

290

& hi hit segget wel ilome,
that me ne chide wit the gidie,
ne wit than ofne me ne yhonie.
At sume sithe herde [I] telle
hu Alured sede on his spelle:

295

"Loke that thu ne bo thare
thar chauling both & cheste yhare:
lat sottes chide & uorth thu go."
& ich am wis & do also.
& yhet Alured seide an other side

300

a word that is isprunge wide:
"That wit the fule haueth imene,
ne cumeth he neuer from him cleine."
Wenestu that haueck bo the worse
thoyh crowe bigrede him bi the mershe,

305

& goth to him mid hore chirme
riyht so hi wille wit him schirme?
The hauec folyheth gode rede,

f235r2

& fliht his wei & lat him grede."

"Yhet thu me seist of other thinge,

310

& telst that ich ne can noyht singe,
ac al mi rorde is woning,
& to ihire grislich thing.
That nis noyht soth, ich singe efne,
mid fulle dreame & lude stefne.

315

Thu wenist that ech song bo grislich,
that thine pipinge nis ilich.
Mi stefne is [bold] & noyht unorne,
ho is ilich one grete horne,
& thin is ilich one pipe,

320

of one smale wode unripe.
Ich singe bet than thu dest:
thu chaterest so doth on Irish prost.
Ich singe an eue a riyhte time,
& soththe won hit is bed-time,

325

the thridde sithe a[t] middel-niyhte:
& so ich mine song adiyhte
wone ich iso arise vorre
other dai-rim other dai-sterre.
Ich do god mid mine throte,

330

& warni men to hore note.
Ac thu singest alle longe nyht,
from eue fort hit is dai-liyht,
& eure seist thin o song
so longe so the nyht is long:

335

& eure croweth thi wrecche crei,
that he ne swiketh nyht ne dai.
Mid thine pipinge thu adunest
thas monnes earen thar thu wunest,
& makest thine song so unw[u]rth

340

tha[t] me ne telth of thar noyh[t] w[u]rth.
Eurich muryhthe mai so longe ileste

f235v1

that ho shal liki wel unwreste:
vor harpe, & pipe, & fuyheles [song]
misliketh, yhif hit is to long.

345

Ne bo the song neuer so murie,
that he ne shal thinche wel unmurie
yhef he ilesteth ouer unwille:
so thu miyht thine song aspille.
Vor hit is soth, Alured hit seide,

350

& me hit mai ine boke rede:
"Eurich thing mai losen his godhede
mid unmethe & mid ouerdede."
Mid este thu the miyht ouerquatie,
& ouerfulle maketh wlatie:

355
an eurich mureyhthe mai agon
yhif me hit halt eure forth in on,
bute one, that is Godes riche,
that eure is svete & eure iliche:
theyh thu nime eure o[f] than lepe,

360
hit is eure ful bi hepe.
Wunder hit is of Godes riche,
that eure spenth & euer is iliche.

yhut thu me seist an other shome,
that ich a[m] on mine eyhen lome,

365
an seist, for that ich flo bi nyhte,
that ich ne mai iso bi liyhte.
Thu liest! on me hit is isene
that ich habbe gode sene:
vor nis non so dim thusternesse

370
that ich euer iso the lasse.
Thu wenest that ich ne miyhte iso,
vor ich bi daie noyht ne flo.
The hare luteth al dai,
ac notheles iso he mai.

375
Yhif hundes urneth to him-ward,

f235v2
[h]e gength wel suite awai-ward,
& hoketh pathes svithe narewe,
& haueth mid him his blenches yharewe,
& hupth & star[t] suthe coue,

380
an secheth pathes to the groue:
ne sholde he uor bothe his eyhe
so don, yhif he the bet niseyhe.
Ich mai ison so wel so on hare,
theyh ich bi daie sitte an dare.

385
Thar ayhte men [both] in worre,

an fareth bothe ner an forre,
an oueruareth fele [th]ode,
an doth bi nyhte gode node,
ich folyhi than ayhte manne,

390
an flo bi nyhte in hore banne."

The nyhtingale in hire thoyhte
athold al this, & longe thoyhte
wat ho tharafter miyhte segge:
vor ho ne miyhte noyht alegge

395
that the hule hadde hire ised,
vor he spac bothe riyht an red.
An hire ofthuyhte that ho hadde
the speche so for uorth iladde,
an was oferd that hire answare

400
ne w[u]rthe noyht ariyht ifare.
Ac notheles he spac boldeliche,
vor he is wis that hardeliche
with is uo berth grete ilete,
that he uor areyhthe hit ne forlete:

405
vor suich worth bold yhif thu [f]lyhst],
that w[u]le flo yhif thu [n]isviest;
yhif he isith that thu nart areyh,
he wile of [bore] w[u]rchen bareyh.
& forthi, theyh the nyhtingale

f236r1
were aferd, ho spac bolde tale.

"[H]ule" ho seide " wi dostu so?
thu singest a-winter wolawo!
thu singest so doth hen a-snowe,
al that ho singeth hit is for wowe.

415
A-wintere thu singest wrothe & yhomere,
an eure thu art dumb a-sumere.
Hit is for thine fule nithe
that thu ne miyht mid us bo blithe,
vor thu forbernest wel neyh for onde

420
wane ure blisse cumeth to londe.
thu farest so doth the ille,
evrich blisse him is unwillie:

grucching & luring him both rade,
yhif he isoth that men both glade.

425

He wolde that he iseyhe
teres in evrich monnes eyhe:
ne royhte he theyh flockes were
imeind bi toppes & bi here.
Al so thu dost on thire side:

430

vor wanne snov lith thicke & wide,
an alle wiyhtes habbeth soryhe,
thu singest from eue fort a-moryhe.
Ac ich alle blisse mid me bringe:
ech wiyht is glad for mine thinge,

435

& blisseth hit wanne ich cume,
& hiyhteth ayhen mine kume.
The blostme ginneth springe & sprede,
bothe ine tro & ek on mede.
The lilie mid hire faire wlite

440

wolcumeth me, that thu hit w[i]te,
bit me mid hire faire blo
that ich shulle to hire flo.
The rose also mid hire rude,

f236r2

that cumeth ut of the thorne wode,

445

bit me that ich shulle singe
vor hire luue one skenting:
& ich so do thuryh nyht & dai,
the more ich singe the more I mai,
an skente hi mid mine songe,

450

ac notheles noyht ouerlonge;
wane ich iso that men both glade,
ich nelle that hi bon to sade:
than is ido vor wan ich com,
ich fare ayhen & do wisdom.

455

Wane mon hoyheth of his sheue,
an falewi cumeth on grene leue,
ich fare hom & nime leue:
ne recche ich noyht of winteres reue.
wan ich iso that cumeth that harde,

460

ich fare hom to min erde,
an habbe bothe luue & thonc
that ich her com & hider swonk.
Than min erende is ido,
sholde ich bileue? nai, [w]arto?

465

vor he nis nother yhep ne wis,
that longe abid thar him nod nis."

Thos hule luste, & leide an hord
al this mot, word after word,
an after thoyhte hu he miyhte

470

ansvere uinde best mid riyhte:
vor he mot hine ful wel bithenche,
that is aferd of plaites wrenche.

"Thv aishest me," the hule sede,
"wi ich a-winter singe & grede.

475

Hit is gode monne iwone,
an was from the worlde frome,
that ech god man his frond icnowe,

f236v1

an blisse mid hom sume throwe
in his huse at his borde,

480

mid faire speche & faire worde.
& hure & hure to Cristesmasse,
thane riche & poure, more & lasse,
singeth cundut nyht & dai,
ich hom helpe what ich mai.

485

& ek ich thenche of other thinge
thane to pleien other to singe.
Ich habbe herto gode ansuare
anon iredi & al yhare:
vor sumeres-tide is al to [w]lonc,

490

an doth misreken monnes thonk:
vor he ne recth noyht of clenness,
al his thoyht is of golnesse:
vor none dor no leng nabadeth,
ac eurich upon other rideth:

495
the sulue stottes ine the stode
both bothe wilde & mere-wode.
& thu sulf art thar-among,
for of golnesse is al thi song,
an ayhen thet thu w[i]lt teme,

500
thu art wel modi & wel breme.
Sone so thu hau[e]st itrede,
ne miyhtu leng a word iquethe,
ac pipest al so doth a mose,
mid chokeringe, mid steune hose.

505
yhet thu singst worse thon the heisugge,
[th]at fliYhth bi grunde among the stubbe:
wane thi lust is ago,
thonne is thi song ago also.
A-sumere chorles awedeth

510
& uorcrempeth & uorbredeth:
hit nis for luue notheles,
ac is the chorles wode res;

f236v2
vor wane he haueth ido his dede,
ifallen is al his boldhede,

515
habbe he istunge under gore,
ne last his luue no leng more.
Al so hit is on thine mode:
so sone so thu sittest a-brode,
thu forlost al thine wise.

520
Al so thu farest on thine rise:
wane thu hauest ido thi gome,
thi steune goth anon to shome.
Ac [w]ane nyhtes cumeth longe,
& b[r]ingeth forstes starke an stronge,

525
thanne erest hit is isene
war is the snelle, [w]ar is the kene.
At than harde me mai auinde
[w]o geth forth, wo lith bihinde.
Me mai ison at thare node,

530

[w]an me shal harde wike bode;
thanne ich am snel & pleie & singe,
& hiyhte me mid mi skenting:
of none wintere ich ne recche,
vor ich nam non asv[u]nde wrecche.

535
& ek ich frouri uele wiyhte
that mid hom nabbe[th] none miyhtte:
hi both hoyhfule & uel arme,
an secheth yhorne to the warme;
oft ich singe uor hom the more

540
for lutli sum of hore sore.
Hu thincst the? artu yhut inume?
Artu mid riyhte ouercume?"

"Nay, nay!" sede the nyhtingale,
" thu shalt ihere another tale:

545
yhet nis thos speche ibroyht to dome.

f237r1
Ac bo wel stille, & lust nu to me
ich shal mid one bare worde
do that thi speche [wurth] forworthe."

"That nere noht riyht" the hule sede,

550
"thu hauest bicloped al so thu bede,
an ich the habbe iyhiue ansuare.
Ac ar we to unker dome fare,
ich wille speke toward the
al so thu speke toward me;

555
an thu me ansuare yhif thu miyht.
Seie me nu, thu wrecche wiyht,
is in the eni other note
bute thu hauest schille throte?
Thu nart noyht to non other thinge,

560
bute thu canst of chateringe:
vor thu art lutel an unstrong,
an nis thi regel nothing long.
Wat dostu godes among monne?
Na mo the deth a w[re]cche wranne.

565

Of the ne cumeth non other god,
bute thu gredest suich thu bo wod:
an bo thi piping ouergo,
ne both on the craftes namo.
Alured sede, that was wis:

570

(he miyhte wel, for soth hit is,)
"Nis no man for is bare songe
lof ne w[u]rth noyht suthe longe:
vor that is a forworthe man
that bute singe noyht ne can."

575

Thu nart bute on forworthe thing:
on the nis bute chatering.
Thu art dim an of fule howe,
an thinchest a lutel soti clowe.
Thu nart fair, no thu nart strong,

f237r2

ne thu nart thicke, ne thu nart long:
thu hauest imist al of fairhede,
an lutel is al thi godede.
An other thing of the ich mene,
thu nart vair ne thu nart clene.

585

Wane thu comest to manne hayhe,
thar thornes both & ris idrayhe,
bi hegge & bi thicke wode,
thar men goth oft to hore node,
tharto thu drayhst, tharto thu w[u]nest,

590

an other clene stede thu schunest.
Than ich flo niyhtes after muse,
I mai the uinde ate rum-huse;
among the wode, among the netle,
thu sittest & singst bihinde the setle:

595

thar me mai the ilomest finde,
thar men worpeth hore bihinde.
Yhet thu atuitest me mine mete,
an seist that ich fule wiyhtes ete.
Ac wat etestu, that thu ne liyhe,

600

bute attercoppe & fule ulige,
an wormes, yhif thu miyhte finde
among the uolde of harde rinde?
Yhet ich can do wel gode wike,

vor ich can loki manne wike:

605

an mine wike both wel gode,
vor ich helpe to manne uode.
Ich can nimen mus at berne,
an ek at chirche ine the derne:
vor me is lof to Cristes huse,

610

to clansi hit with fule muse,
ne schal thar neure come to
ful wiyht, yhif ich hit mai iuo.
An yhif me lust one mi skentinge

f237v1

to wernen other w[u]nienge,

615

ich habbe at wude tron wel grete,
mit thicke boyhe nothing blete,
mid iui grene al bigrowe,
that eure stont iliche iblowe,
an his hou neuer ne uorlost,

620

wan hit sniuw ne wan hit frost.
Tharin ich habbe god ihold,
a-winter warm, a -sumere cold.
Wane min hus stont bryht & grene,
of thine nis nothing isene.

625

Yhet thu me telst of other thinge,
of mine briddes seist gabbinge,
that hore nest nis noyht clene.
Hit is fale other wiyhte imene:
vor hors a-stable & oxe a-stalle

630

[d]oth al that hom wule thar falle.
An lutle children in the cradele,
bothe chorles an ek athele,
[d]oth al that in hore yhoethe
that hi uorleteth in hore duyhethe.

635

Wat! can that yhongling hit bihede?
Yhif hit misdeth, hit mo[t] nede:
a uorbisne is of olde i[vu]rne,
[th]at node maketh old wif urne.
An yhet ich habbe an other andsware:

640
wiltu to mine neste uare
an loki hu hit is idiyht?
Yhif thu art wis lorni thu [miyht]:
mi nest is holyh & rum amidde,
so hit is softest mine bridde.

645
Hit is broiden al abute,
vrom the neste uor withute:
tharto hi go[th] to hore node,

f237v2
ac that thu menest ich hom forbode.
We nimeth yheme of manne bure,

650
an after than we maketh ure:
men habbet, among other i[h]ende,
a rum-hus at hore bures ende,
vor that hi nelleth to uor go,
an mine briddes doth al so.

655
Site nu stille, chaterestre!
nere thu neuer ibunde uastre:
herto ne uindestu neuer andsware.
Hong up thin ax! nu thu miyht fare!"
The nyhtingale at thisse worde

660
was wel neyh ut of rede iworthe,
an thoyhte yhorne on hire mode
yhif ho oyht elles understode,
yhif ho kuthe oyht bute singe,
that miyhte helpe to other thinge.

665
Herto ho moste andswere uinde,
other mid alle bon bihinde:
an hit is suthe strong to fiyhte
ayhen soth & ayhen riyhte.
He mot gon to al mid ginne,

670
than the horte both on [w]inne:
an the man mot on other segge,
he mot bihemmen & bilegge,
yhif muth withute mai biwro
that me the horte noyht niso:

675

an sone mai a word misreke
thar muth shal ayhen horte speke;
an sone mai a word misstorte
thar muth shal speken ayhen horte.
Ac notheles yhut upe thon,

680
her is to red wo hine kon:
vor neuer nis wit so kene

f238r1
so thane red him is a-wene.
thanne erest kume[th] his yhephede
wone hit is alre-mest on drede:

685
for Aluered seide of olde quide,
an yhut hit nis of horte islide:
"Wone the bale is alre-hecst,
thonne is the bote alre-necst";
vor wit west among his sore,

690
an for his sore hit is the more.
Vorthi nis neuere mon redles
ar his horte bo witles:
ac yhif that he forlost his wit,
thonne is his red-purs al to-slit;

695
yhif he ne kon his wit atholde,
ne uint he red in one uolde.
Vor Alur[e]d seide, that wel kuthe,
eure he spac mid sothe muthe:
"Wone the bale is alre-hecst,

700
thanne is the bote alre-nest."

The nyhtingale al hire hoyhe
mid rede hadde wel bitoyhe;
among the harde, among the toyhte,
ful wel mid rede hire bithoyhte,

705
an hadde andsuere gode ifunde
among al hire harde stunde.

"[H]ule, thu axest me," ho seide,
"yhif ich kon eni other dede
bute singen in sume tide,

710

an bringe blisse for & wide.
Wi axestu of craftes mine?
Betere is min on than alle thine,
betere is o song of mine muthe
than al that eure thi kun kuthe:

715
an lust, ich telle the wareuore.

f238r2
Wostu to wan man was ibore?
To thare blisse of houene-riche,
thar euer is song & muryhthe iliche:
thider fundeth eurich man

720
that eni thing of gode kan.
Vorthi me singth in holi-chirche,
an clerkes ginneth songes wirche,
that man ithenche bi the songe
wider he shal, & thar bon longe:

725
that he the muryhthe ne uoryhete,
ac tharof thenche & biyhete,
an nime yheme of chirche steuene,
hu murie is the blisse of houene.
Clerkes, munekes, & kanunes,

730
thar both thos gode wicke-tunes,
ariseth up to midel-niyhte,
an singeth of the houene-liyhte:
an prostes upe londe singeth,
wane the liyht of daie springeth.

735
An ich hom helpe wat I mai,
ich singe mid hom niyht & dai,
an ho both alle for me the gladdere,
an to the songe both the raddere.
Ich warni men to hore gode,

740
that hi bon blithe on hore mode,
an bidde that hi moten iseche
than ilke song that euer is eche.
Nu thu miyht, hule, sitte & clinge:
her-among nis no chateringe:

745
ich graunti that [w]e go to dome
tofore the [sulfe Pope] of Rome.

Ac abid yhete, notheles,
thu shalt ihere an other [h]es;
ne shaltu, for Engelonde,

f238v1
at thisse worde me atstonde.
Wi atuitestu me mine unstrengthe,
an mine ungrete & mine unlengthe,
an seist that ich nam noyht strong,
vor ich nam nother gret ne long?

755
Ac thu nost neuer wat thu menst,
bute lese wordes thu me lenst:
for ich kan craft & ich kan liste,
an [th]areuore ich am thus thriste.
Ich kan wit & song man[t]eine,

760
ne triste ich to non other maine:
vor soth hit is that seide Alured:
"Ne mai no strengthe ayhen red."
Oft spet wel a lute liste,
thar muche strengthe sholde miste;

765
mid lutle strengthe, thuryh ginne,
castel & buryh me mai iwinne.
Mid liste me mai walle[s] felle,
an worpe of horsse kniyhtes snelle.
Vuel strengthe is lutel wurth,

770
.....
.....
ac wisdom naueth non euening.
An hors is strengur than a mon;
ac for hit non iwit ne kon,

775
hit berth on rugge grete semes,
an drayhth biuore grete temes,
an tholeth bothe yherd & spure,
an stont iteid at mulne dure.
An hit deth that mon hit hot:

780
an for than that hit no wit not,
ne mai his strenthe hit ishilde
that hit nabuyhth the lutle childe.
Mon deth, mid strengthe & mid witte,
that other thing nis non his fitte.

785

Theyh alle strengthe at one were,

f238v2

monnes wit yhet more were;
vor the mon mid his crafte,
ouerlumeth al orthliche shafte.
Al so ich do mid mine one songe

790

bet than thu al the yher longe:
vor mine crafte men me luuieth,
vor thine strengthe men the shunieth.
Telstu bi me the wurs for than
that ich bute anne craft ne kan?

795

Yhif tueie men goth to wraslinge,
an either other faste thringe,
an the on can swenges suthe fele,
an kan his wrenches wel forhele,
an the other ne can sweng but anne,

800

an the is god with eche manne,
an mid thon one leith to grunde
anne after other a lutle stunde,
[w]at tharf he recche of a mo swenge,
thone the on him is swo genge?

805

Th[u] seist that thu canst fele wike,
ac euer ich am thin unlike.
Do thine craftes alle togadere,
yhet is min on horte betere.
Oft than hundes foxes driueth,

810

the kat ful wel him sulue liueth,
theyh he ne kunne wrench bute anne.
The fo[x] so godne ne can nanne,
the[yh] he kunne so uele wrenche,
that he wenth eche hunde atprenche.

815

Vor he can pathes riyhte & woyhe,
an he kan hongy bi the boyhe,
an so forlost the hund his fore,
an turnth ayhen eft to than more.
The uox kan crope bi the heie,

f239r1

an turne ut from his forme weie,

an eft sone kume tharto:
thonne is the hundes smel fordo:
he not, thur[yh] the imeinde smak,
wether he shal auorth the abak.

825

Yhif the uox mist of al this dwole,
at than ende he cropth to hole:
ac natheles mid alle his wrenche,
ne kan he hine so bithenche,
theyh he bo yhep an suthe snel,

830

that he ne lost his rede uel.
The cat ne kan wrench bute anne
nother bi dune ne bi uenne:
bute he kan climbe suthe wel,
tharmid he wereth his greie uel.

835

Al so ich segge bi mi solue,
betere is min on than thine twelue."

"Abid! abid!" the ule seide,
"thu gest al to mid swikelede:
alle thine wordes thu bileist

840

that hit thincth soth al that thu seist;
alle thine wordes both isliked,
an so bisemed an biliked,
that alle tho that hi auoth,
hi weneth that thu segge soth.

845

Abid! abid! me shal the yhene.
[N]u hit shal w[u]rthe wel isene
that thu hauest muchel iloyhe,
wone thi lesing both unwroyhe.
Thu seist that thu singist mankunne,

850

& techest hom that hi fundieth honne
vp to the songe that eure ilest:
ac hit is alre w[u]nder mest,
that thu darst liyhe so opeliche.

f239r2

Wenest thu hi bringe so liyhtliche

855

to Godes riche al singin[d]e?
Nai! nai! hi shulle wel auinde

that hi mid longe wope mote
of hore sunnen bidde bote,
ar hi mote euer kume thare.

860

Ich rede thi that men bo yhare,
an more wepe thane singe,
that fundeth to than houen-kinge:
vor nis no man witute sunne.
Vorthi he mot, ar he wende honne,

865

mid teres an mid wope bete,
that him bo sur that er was swete.
Tharto ich helpe, God hit wot!
Ne singe i[c]h hom no foliot:
for al m[i] song is of longinge,

870

an imend sumdel mid woninge,
that mon bi me hine bithenche
that he gro[ni] for his unwrenche:
mid mine songe ich hine pulte,
that he groni for his gulte.

875

Yhif thu gest herof to disputinge,
ich wepe bet thane thu singe:
yhif riyht goth forth, & abak wrong,
betere is mi wop thane thi song.
Theyh sume men bo thuryhut gode,

880

an thuryhut clene on hore mode,
ho[m] longeth honne notheles.
That both her, [w]o is hom thes:
vor theyh hi bon hom solue iboryhe,
hi ne soth her nowiyht bote sorwe.

885

Vor other men hi wepeth sore,
an for hom biddeth Cristes ore.
Ich helpe monne on either halue,

f239v1

mi muth haueth tweire kunne salue :
than gode ich fulste to longinge,

890

vor than hi[m] longeth, ich him singe:
an than sunfulle ich helpe alswa,
vor ich him teche thare is wo.
Yhet ich the yhene in other wise:

vor thane thu sittest on thine rise,

895

thu drayhst men to fleses luste,
that w[u]lleth thine songes luste.
Al thu forlost the muryhthe of houene,
for tharto neuestu none steuene :
al that thu singst is of golnesse,

900

for nis on the non holinesse,
ne wene[th] na man for thi pipinge
that eni preost in chir[ch]e singe.
Yhet I the wulle an o[th]er segge,
yhif thu hit const ariht bilegge:

905

[w]i nultu singe an o[th]er theode,
thar hit is muchele more neode?
Thu neauer ne singst in Irlonde,
ne thu ne cumest noyht in Scotlonde.
Hwi nultu fare to Noreweie,

910

an singin men of Galeweie?
Thar beodh men that lutel kunne
of songe that is bineodh the sunne.
Wi nultu thare preoste singe,
an teche of thire writelinge,

915

an wisi hom mid thire steuene
hu engeles singedh ine heouene?
Thu farest so dodh an ydel wel
that springeth bi burue tha[t] is snel,
an let fordrue the dune,

920

& flo[th] on idel thar adune.
Ac ich fare bothe north & s[u]th:

f239v2

in eauereuch londe ich am cuuth:
east & west, feor & neor,
I do wel faire mi meoster,

925

an warni men mid mine bere,
that thi dweole-song heo ne forlere.
Ich wisse men mid min[e] songe,
that hi ne sunegi nowiht longe :
I bidde hom that heo iswike,

930
that [heo] heom seolue ne biswike:
for betere is that heo wepen here,
than elles hwar [beon] deoulene fere."

The nyhtingale was igr[amed]
an ek heo was sum del of[s]chamed,

935
for the hule hire atwiten hadde
in hwucche stude he sat an gradde,
bihinde the bure, among the wede,
thar men godh to here neode:
an sat sum-del, & heo bithohte,

940
an wiste wel on hire thohte
the wraththe binimeth monnes red.
For hit seide the king Alfred:
"Sel[d]e endedh wel the lothe,
an selde plaidedh wel the wrothe."

945
For wraththe meinth the horte blod
that hit floweth so wilde flod,
an al the heorte ouergeth,
that heo naueth no thing bute breth,
an so forleost al hire liht,

950
that heo ni sith soth ne riht.
The nyhtingale hi understod,
an ouergan lette hire mod:
he mihte bet speken a-sele
than mid wraththe wordes deale.

955
"[H]ule," heo seide "lust nu hider:

f240r1
thu schalt falle, the wei is slider.
Thu seist ich fleo bihinde bure:
hit is riht, the bur is ure:
thar lauere liggeth & lauedi,

960
ich schal heom singe & sitte bi.
Wenstu that uise men forlete,
for fule venne, the riyhte strete ?
ne sunne the later shine,
theyh hit bo ful ine nest[e] thine?

965

Sholde ich, for one hole brede,
forlete mine riyhte stede,
that ich ne singe bi the bedde,
thar louerd haueth his loue ibedde?
Hit is mi riyht, hit is mi layhe,

970
tha[t] to the he[x]st ich me drayhe.
Ac yhet thu yhelpst of thine songe,
that thu canst yholle wrothe & stronge,
an seist thu uisest mankunne,
that hi biwepen hore sunne.

975
Solde euch mon wonie & grede
riyht suich hi weren unlede,
solde hi yhollen al so thu dest,
hi miyhte oferen here brost.
Man schal bo stille & noyht grede;

980
he mot biwepe his misdede:
ac thar is Cristes heriinge,
thar me shal grede & lude singe.
Nis nother to lud ne to long,
at riyhte time, chirche-song.

985
Thu yholst & wones[t], & ich singe:
thi steuene is wop, & min skenting.
Euer mote thu yholle & wepen
that thu thi lif mote forleten!
an yhollen mote thu so heyhe

f240r2
that ut berste bo thin eyhe!
Wether is betere of twe[n]e twom,
that mon bo blithe other grom ?
So bo hit euer in unker sithe,
that thu bo sori & ich blithe.

995
Yhut thu aisheist wi ich ne fare
into other londe & singe thare?
No! wat sholde ich among hom do,
thar neuer blisse ne com to?
That lond nis god, ne hit nis este,

1000
ac wildernisse hit is & weste:
knarres & cludes houen[e]-tinge,
snou & hayhel hom is genge.
That lond is grislich & unuele,

the men both wilde & unisele,

1005

hi nabbeth nother grith ne sibbe:
hi ne reccheth hu hi libbe.
Hi eteth fihs an flehs unsode,
suich wulues hit hadde tobrode:
hi drinketh milc & wei tharto,

1010

hi nute elles that hi do:
hi nabbeth noth[er] win ne bor,
ac libbeth al so wilde dor:
hi goth bitiyht mid ruyhe uelle,
riyht suich hi comen ut of helle.

1015

Theyh eni god man to hom come,
so wile dude sum from Rome,
for hom to lere gode thewes,
an for to leten hore unthewes,
he miyhte bet sitte stille,

1020

vor al his wile he sholde spille:
he miyhte bet teche ane bore
to weyhe bothe sheld & spere,
than me that wilde folc ibringe

f240v1

that hi [me] wolde ihere singe.

1025

Wat sol[d]ich thar mid mine songe?
ne sunge ich hom neuer so longe,
mi song were ispild ech del:
for hom ne mai halter ne bridel
bringe vrom hore w[o]de wise,

1030

ne mon mid stele ne mid i[s]e.
Ac war lon[d] is bothe este & god,
an thar men habbeth milde mod,
ich noti mid hom mine throte,
vor ich mai do thar gode note:

1035

an bringe hom loue tithinge,
vor ich of chirche-songe singe.
Hit was iseid in olde layhe,
an yhet ilast thilke soth-sayhe,
that man shal erien an sowe,

1040

thar he wenth after sum god mowe:
for he is wod that soweth his sed
thar neuer gras ne sprinth ne bled."

The hule was wroth, to cheste rad,
mid thisse worde hire eyhen abrad:

1045

"Thu seist thu witest manne bures,
thar leues both & faire flores,
thar two iloue in one bedde
liggeth biclop[t] & wel bihedde.
Enes thu sunge, ic wo[t] wel ware,

1050

bi one bure, & woldest lere
the lefdi to an uuel luue,
an sunge bothe loyhe & buue,
an lerdest hi to don shome
an vnriyht of hire licome.

1055

The louerd that sone underyhat,
liim & grine [&] wel eiwat,
sette & le[i]de the for to lacche.
Thu come sone to than hacche,
thu were inume in one grine,

1060

al hit aboyhte thine shine:
thu naddest non other dom ne layhe,
bute mid wilde horse were todrayhe.
Vonde yhif thu miyht eft misrede,
wather thu wult, wif the maide:

1065

thi song mai bo so longe genge
that thu shalt wippen on a spreng."

The nyhtingale at thisse worde,
mid sworde an mid speres orde,
yhif ho mon were, wolde fiyhte:

1070

ac tho ho bet do ne miyhte,
ho uayht mid hire wise tunge.
"Wel fiyht that wel specth," seith in the songe.
Of hire tunge ho nom red:
"Wel fiyht that wel specth" seide Alured.

1075

"Wat! seistu this for mine shome?

the louerd hadde herof grame.
He was so gelus of his wiue,
that he ne miyhte for his liue
iso that man with hire speke,

1080
that his horte nolde breke.
He hire bileck in one bure,
that hire was bothe stronge & sure:
ich hadde of hire milse an ore,
an sori was for hire sore,

1085
an skente hi mid mine songe
al that ich miyhte, rathe an longe.
Vorthan the kniyht was with me wroth,
vor riyhte nithe ich was him loth:
he dude me his oyhene shome,

1090
ac al him turnde it to grome.
That underyat the king Henri:

f241r1
Jesus his soule do merci!
He let forbonne thene kniyht,
that hadde idon so muchel unriyht

1095
ine so gode kinges londe;
vor riyhte nithe & for fule onde
let thane lute fuyhel nime
an him fordeme lif an lime.
Hit was w[u]rthsipe al mine kunne;

1100
forthon the kniyht forles his wunne,
an yhaf for me an hundred punde:
an mine briddes seten isunde,
an hadde soththe blisse & hiyhte,
an were blithe, & wel miyhte.

1105
Vorthon ich was so wel awreke,
euer eft ich dar[r] the bet speke:
vor hit bitidde ene swo,
ich am the blithur euer mo.
Nu ich mai singe war ich wulle,

1110
ne dar me neuer eft mon agrulle.
Ac thu, eremi[n]g! thu wrecche gost!
thu ne canst finde, ne thu nost,

an holyh stok thar thu the miyht hude,
that me ne twengeth thine hude.

1115
Vor children, gromes, heme & hine,
hi thencheth alle of thire pine:
yhif hi muyhe iso the sitte,
stones hi doth in hore slitte,
an the totorue[th] & toheneth,

1120
an thine fule bon tosheneth.
Yhif thu art iworpe other ishote,
thanne thu miyht erest to note.
Vor me the hoth in one rodde,
an thu, mid thine fule codde,

1125
an mid thine ateliche s[w]ore,

f241r2
biwerest manne corn urom dore.
Nis nother noyht, thi lif ne thi blod:
ac thu art sh[e]ueles suthe god.
Thar nowe sedes bothe isowe,

1130
pinnuc, golfinc, rok, ne crowe
ne dar thar neuer cumen ihende,
yhif thi buc hongeth at than ende.
Thar tron shulle ayhere blowe,
an yhunge sedes springe & growe,

1135
ne dar no fuyhel tharto uonge,
yhif thu art tharouer ihonge.
Thi lif is eure luther & qued,
thu nar[t] noyht bute ded.
Nu thu miyht wite sikerliche

1140
that thine leches both grisliche
the wile thu art on lifdayhe:
vor wane thu hongest islayhe,
yhut hi both of the ofdradde,
the fuyheles that the er bigradde.

1145
Mid riyhte men both with the wrothe,
for thu singist euer of hore lothe:
al that thu singst, rathe other late,
hit is euer of manne unwate:
wane thu hauest anyht igrad,

1150
men both of the wel sore ofdrad.
Thu singst thar sum man shal be ded:
euer thu bodeest sumne qued.
Thu singst ayhen eyhte lure,
other of summe frondes rure :

1155
other thu bodes[t] huses brune,
other ferde of manne, other thoues rune;
other thu bodeest cualm of oreue,
other that londfolc wurth idorue,
other that wif lost hire make;

f241v1
other thu bodeest cheste an sake.
Euer thu singist of manne hareme,
thurh the hi both sori & areme.
thu ne singst neuer one sithe,
that hit nis for sum unsithe.

1165
Heruore hit is that me the shuneth,
an the totorueth & tobuneth
mid staue, & stoone, & turf, & clute,
that thu ne miyht nowar atrute.
Dahet euer suich budel in tune

1170
that euer bodeth unwreste rune,
an euer bringeth vuele tithinge,
an that euer specth of vuele thinge!
God Almiyhti w[u]rthe him wroth,
an al that werieth linnene cloth!"

1175
The hule ne abo[d] noyht swith[e] longe,
ah yhef ondsware starke & stronge:
" Wat," quath ho, " hartu ihoded ?
other thu kursest al unihoded ?
For prestes wike ich wat thu dest.

1180
Ich not yhef thu were yhaure prest:
ich not yhef thu canst masse singe:
inoh thu canst of mansinge.
Ah hit is for thine alde nithe,
that thu me akursedest other sithe:

1185
ah tharto is lihtlich ondsware;
"Drah to the!" cwith the cartare.

Wi attwitestu me mine insihte,
an min iwit & mine miyhte?
For ich am witi ful iwis,

1190
an wo[t] al that to kumen is:
ich wot of hunger, of hergonge:
ich wot yhef men schule libbe longe:
ich wat yhef wif lus[t] hire make:

f241v2
ich wat thar schal beo nith & wrake;

1195
ich wot hwo schal beon [an]honge,
other elles fulne deth afonge.
Yhef men habbeth bataile inume,
ich wat hwather schal beon ouerkume :
ich wat yhif cwalm scal comen on orfe,

1200
an yhif dor schul ligge [a]storue;
ich wot yhef treon schule blowe:
ich wat yhef cornes schule growe :
ich wot yhef huses schule berne:
ich wot yhef men schule eorne other erne:

1205
ich wot yhef sea schal schipes drenche:
ich wot yhef snuw[e] schal uuele clenche.
An yhet ich con muchel more:
ich con inoh in bokes lore,
an eke ich can of the Goddspelle

1210
more than ich nule the telle:
for ich at chirche come ilome,
an muche leorni of wisdom :
ich wat al of the tacninge,
an of other feole thinge.

1215
Yhef eni mon schal rem abide,
al ich hit wot ear hit itide.
Ofte, for mine muchele iwitte,
wel sori-mod & w[ro]th ich sitte :
wan ich iseo that sum wrechede

1220
is manne neh, innoh ich grede:
ich bidde that men beon iwar[r]e,
an habbe gode reades yhar[r]e.
For Alfred seide a wis word,

euch mon hit schulde legge on hord:

1225

"Yhef thu isihst [er] he beo icume,
his str[e]ncthe is him wel neh binume."
An grete dundes beoth the lasse,

f242r1

yhef me ikepth mid iwarnesse,
an [flo] schal toward misyhenge,

1230

yhef thu isihst hu fleo of strenge;
for thu miyht blenche wel & fleo,
yhif thu isihst heo to the teo.
That eni man beo falle in [e]dwite,
wi schal he me his sor atwite?

1235

Thah ich iseo his harm biuore,
ne cometh hit noyht of me tharu[o]re.
Thah thu iseo that sum blind mon,
that nanne rihtne wei ne con,
to thare diche his dweole fulie[th],

1240

an falleth, and tharone sulie[th],
wenest thu, thah ich al iseo,
that hit for me the rathere beo?
Al swo hit fareth bi mine witte:
hwanne ich on mine bowe sitte,

1245

ich wot & iseo swithe brihte
an summe men kume[&] harm tharrihte.
Schal he, that therof nothing not,
hit wite me for ich hit wot?
Schal he his mishap wite me,

1250

for ich am wisure thane he?
Hwanne ich iseo that sum wrechede
is manne neh, inoh ich grede,
an bidde inoh that hi heom schilde,
for toward heom is [harm unmilde].

1255

Ah thah ich grede lude an stille,
al hit itid thur[h] Godes wille.
Hwi wulleth men of me hi mene,
thah ich mid sothe heo awene?
Thah ich hi warni al that yher,

1260

nis heom therfore harem no the ner:

f242r2

ah ich heom singe for ich wolde
that hi wel understonde schulde
that sum unselthe heom is ihende,
hwan ich min huing to heom sende.

1265

Naueth no man none sikerhede
that he ne mai wene & adrede
that sum unhwate ne[h] him beo,
thah he ne conne hit iseo.
Forthi seide Alfred swithe wel,

1270

and his worde was Goddspel,
that "euereuch man, the bet him beo,
eauer the bet he hine beseo:"
"ne truste no mon to his weole
to swithe, thah he habbe ueole."

1275

"Nis [nout] so hot that hit nacoeth,
ne noyht so hwit that hit ne soleth,
ne noyht so leof that hit ne alotheth,
ne noyht so glad that hit ne awrotheth:
ac eauerieu[c]h thing that eche nis,

1280

agon schal, & al this worldes blis."
Nu thu miyht wite readliche,
that eauere thu spekest gideliche:
for al that thu me seist for schame,
euer the seolue hit turneth to grome.

1285

Go so hit go, at eche fenge
thu fallest mid thine ahene swenge;
al that thu seist for me to schende,
hit is mi wurschipe at than ende.
Bute thu wille bet aginne,

1290

ne shaltu bute schame iwinne."

The nyhtingale sat & siyhte,
& hohful was, & ful wel miyhte,
for the hule swo ispeke hadde,

f242v1

an hire speche swo iladde.

1295

Heo was ho[h]ful, & erede
hwat heo tharafter hire sede:
ah neotheles heo hire understod.
" Wat!" heo seide, "hule, artu wod?
thu yheolpest of seolliche wisdomes,

1300

thu nustest wanene he the come,
bute hit of wicchecefte were.
Tharof thu, wrecche, mos[t] the skere
yhif thu wult among manne b[eo]:
other thu most of londe fleo.

1305

For alle theo that [th]erof cuthe,
heo uere ifurn of prestes muthe
amanset: swuch thu art yhette,
thu wiecche-crafte neauer ne lete.
Ich the seide nu lutel ere,

1310

an thu askedest yhef ich were
a-bisemere to preost ihoded.
Ah the mansing is so ibroded,
thah no preost a-londe nere,
a wrecche neotheles thu were:

1315

for eauereuch chil[d] the cleopeth fule,
an euereuch man a wrecche hule.
Ich habbe iherd, & soth hit is,
the mon mot beo wel storre-wis,
[that] wite inno[h] of wucche thinge kume,

1320

so thu seist th[e] is iwune.
Hwat canstu, wrecche thing, of storre,
bute that thu biha[u]est hi feorre?
Alswo deth mani dor & man,
theo of [swucche] nawiht ne con.

1325

On ape mai a boc bih[o]lde,
an leues wenden & eft folde:
ac he ne con the bet tharuore

f242v2

of clerkes lore top ne more.
Thah thu iseo the steorre alsw[o],

1330

nartu the wisure neauer the mo.
Ah yhet thu, fule thing, me chist,
an wel grimliche me atwist
that ich singe bi manne huse,
an teache wif breke spuse.

1335

Thu liest iwis, thu fule thing!
th[urh] me nas neauer ischend spusing.
Ah soth hit is ich singe & grede
thar lauedies beoth & faire maide;
& soth hit is of luee ich singe:

1340

for god wif mai i[n] spusing
bet luuien hire oyhene were,
thane awe[r] hire copenere;
an maide mai luee cheose
that hire wurthschipe ne forleose,

1345

an luuie mid rihte luee
thane the schal beon hire buue.
Swiche luee ich itache & lere,
therof beoth al mine ibere.
Thah sum wif beo of nesche mode,

1350

for wumm[e]n beoth of softe blode,
that heo, thurh sume sottes lore
the yheorne bit & siketh sore,
mis[r]empe & misdo sumne stunde,
schal ich tharuore beon ibunde ?

1355

Yhif wimmen luuieth unrede,
[w]itestu me hore misdede?
Yhef wimmon thencheth luuie derne,
[ne] mai ich mine songes werne.
Wummon mai pleie under clothe,

1360

wether heo wile, wel the wrothe:
& heo mai do bi mine songe,

f243r1

hwather heo wule, wel the wronge.
For nis a-worlde thing so god,
that ne mai do sum ungod,

1365

yhif me hit wule turne amis.
For gold & seoluer, god hit is:

an notheles tharmid thu miyht
spusbruche buggen & unriyht.
Wepne beoth gode grith to halde:

1370
ah neotheles tharmide beoth men acwalde
ayheines riht [an] fale londe,
thar theoues hi beredh an honde.
Alswa hit is bi mine songe,
thah heo beo god, me hine mai misfonge,

1375
an drahe hine to sothede,
an to othre uuele dede.
Ah [schaltu] wrecch, luue tele ?
Bo wuch ho bo, vich luue is fele
bitweone wepmon & wimmane:

1380
ah yhef heo is atbroide, thenne
he is unfele & forbrode.
Wroth wurthe heom the holi rode
the rihte ikunde swo forbreideth!
W[u]nder hit is that heo nawedeth.

1385
An swo heo doth, for heo beoth wode
the bute nest goth to brode.
Wummon is of nesche flesche,
an flesches [lust] is strong to cwesse:
nis wunder nan thah he abide.

1390
For flesches lustes hi maketh slide,
ne beoth heo nowt alle forlore,
that stumpeth at the flesches more:
for moni wummon haueth misdo
that aris[t] op of the slo.

1395
Ne beoth nowt ones alle sunne,

f243r2
forthan hi beoth tweire kunne:
su[m] arist of the flesches luste,
an sum of the gostes custe.
Thar flesch draheth men to drunnesse,

1400
an to [wrouehede] & to golnesse,
the gost misdeth thurch nithe an onde,
& seoththe mid murhthe of [monne shonde,]
an yheoneth after more & more,

an lutel rehth of milce & ore ;

1405
an stiyhth on he[h] thur[h] modinesse,
an ouerhohedh thanne lasse.
Sei [me sooth], yhef thu hit wost,
hwether deth wurse, flesch the gost?
Thu miyht segge, yhef thu wult,

1410
that lasse is the flesches gult:
moni man is of his flesche clene,
that is mid mode deouel-imene.
Ne schal non mon wimman bigrede,
an flesches lustes hire upbreide:

1415
swuch he may te[l]en of golnesse,
that sunegeth wurse i[n] modinesse.
[Yh]et yhif ich schulde a-luue bringe
wif other maide, hwanne ich singe,
ich wolde with the maide holde,

1420
yhif thu hit const ariht atholde:
Lust nu, ich segge the hwaruore,
vp to the toppe from the more.
Yhef maide luueth dernliche,
heo stumpeth & falth icundeliche:

1425
for thah heo sum hwile pleie,
heo nis nout feor ut of the weie;
heo mai hire guld atwende
a rihte weie thur[h] chirche-bende,
an mai eft habbe to make

f243v1
hire leofmon withute sake,
an go to him bi daies lihte,
that er stal to bi theostre nihte.
An yhunling not hwat swuch thing is:
his yhunge blod hit drayheth amis,

1435
an sum sot mon hit tihth tharto
mid alle than that he mai do.
He cometh & fareth & beod & bi[t]
an heo bistant & ouersi[t],
an bisehth ilome & longe.

1440
Hwat mai that chil[d] thah hit misfonge?

Hit nuste neauer hwat hit was,
forthi hit thohte fondi [th]as,
an wite iwis hwuch beo the gome
that of so wilde maketh tome.

1445

Ne mai ich for reo[w]e lete,
wanne ich iseo the tohte ilete
the luue bring[e] on the yhunglinge,
that ich of muryhthe him ne singe.
Ich [t]eache heom bi mine songe

1450

that swucch luue ne lest noyht longe:
for mi song lutle hwile ilest,
an luue ne deth noyht bute rest
on swuch childre, & sone ageth,
an falth adun the hote breth.

1455

Ich singe mid heom one throyhe,
biginne on heh & endi layhe,
an lete [mine] songes falle
an lutle wile adun mid alle.
That maide wot, hwanne ich swike,

1460

that luue is mine songes ili[k]e,
for hit nis bute a lutel breth,
that sone kumeth, & sone geth.
That child bi me hit understond,

f243v2

an his unred to red[e] wend,

1465

an iseyhth wel, bi mine songe,
that dusi luue ne last noyht longe.
Ah wel ich wule that thu hit wite,
loth me beoth wiues utschute:
ah [w]if mai [of] me nime yheme,

1470

ich ne singe nawt hwan ich teme.
An wif ah lete so[t]tes lore,
thah spusing-bendes thuncheth sore.
Wundere me thungth wel starc & stor,
hu eni mon so eauar for,

1475

that [h]e his heorte miyhte driue
[to] do hit to others mannes wiue:
for other hit is of twam thinge,

ne mai that thridd no man bringe;
o[th]ar the lauerd is wel aht,

1480

other aswunde, & nis naht.
Yhef he is wurthful & aht man,
nele no man, that wisdo[m] can,
hure of is wiue do him schame:
for he mai him adrede grame,

1485

an that he forleose that ther hongeth,
that him eft tharto noyht ne longeth.
An thah he that noyht ne adrede,
hit is unriyht & gret sothede
[to] misdon one gode manne,

1490

an his ibedde from him spanne.
Yhef hire lauerd is forwurde
an unorne at bedde & at borde,
hu miyhte thar beo eni luue
wanne [a] cheorles buc hire ley buue?

1495

Hu mai thar eni luue beo,
war swuch man gropeth hire theo?
Herbi thu miyht wel understonde

f244r1

that on [is a reu], that other schonde,
to stele to othres mannes bedde.

1500

For yhif aht man is hire bedde,
thu miyht wene that the mistide,
wanne thu list bi hire side.
An yhef the lauerd is a w[re]cche,
hwuch este miyhtistu thar uecche?

1505

Yhif thu bithenchest hwo hire ofligge,
thu miyht mid wlate the este bugge.
Ich not hu mai eni freo-man
for hire sechen after than.
Yhef he bitheneth bi hwan he lai,

1510

al mai the luue gan awai."

The hule was glad of swuche tale:
heo thoyhte that te nihtegale,
thah heo wel speke atte frume,

hadde at then ende misnume :

1515
an seide: "Nu ich habbe ifunde
that maidenen beoth of thine imunde:
mid heom thu holdest, & heom biwerest,
an ouerswithe thu hi herest.
The lauedies beoth to me iwend,

1520
to me heo hire mo[n]e send.
For hit itit ofte & ilome,
that wif & were beoth unisome:
& therfore the were gulte,
that leof is over wummon to pulte,

1525
an speneth on thare al that he haueth,
an siueth thare that no riht naueth,
an haueth attom his riyhte spuse,
woves weste, & lere huse,
wel thunne isch[r]ud & iued wrothe,

1530
an let heo bute mete & clothe.
Wan he cometh ham eft to his wiue,

f244r2
ne dar heo noyht a word ischire:
he chid & gred swuch he beo wod,
an ne bringth [hom] non other god.

1535
Al that heo deth him is unwill,
al that heo speketh hit is him ille:
an oft hwan heo noyht ne misdeth,
heo haueth the fust in hire teth.
Th[er] is nan mon that ne mai ibringe

1540
his wif amis mid swucche thinge:
me hire mai so ofte misbeode,
that heo do wule hire ahene neode.
La, Godd hit wot! heo nah iweld,
tha[h] heo hine makie kukeweld.

1545
For hit itit lome & ofte,
that his wif is wel nesche & softe,
of faire bleo & wel idiht:
[For]thi hit is the more unriht
that he his luue spene on thare,

1550
that nis wurth one of hire heare.
An swucche men beoth wel manifolde,
that wif ne kunne noyht ariyht holde.
Ne mot non mon with hire speke:
he uenedh heo wule anon tobreke

1555
hire spusing, yhef heo loketh
other with manne faire speketh.
He hire bilu[k]th mid keie & loke:
thar-thurh is spusing ofte tobroke.
For yhef heo is tharto ibroht,

1560
he deth that heo nadde ear ithoht.
Dahet that to swuthe hit bispeke,
thah swucche wiues [heom] awreke !
Herof the lauedies to me meneth,
an wel sore me ahweneth:

1565
wel neh min heorte wule tochine,

f244v1
hwon ich biholde hire pine.
Mid heom ich wepe swi[th]e sore,
an for heom bidde Cristis ore,
that the lauedi sone aredde

1570
an hire sende betere ibedde.
An other thing ich mai the telle,
that thu ne schal[t], for thine felle,
ondswere none tharto finde:
al thi sputing schal aswinde.

1575
Moni chapmon & moni cniht
luueth & [hald] his wif ariht,
an swa deth moni bondeman:
that gode wif deth after than,
an serueth him to bedde & to borde

1580
mid faire dede & faire worde,
an yheorne fondeth hu heo muhe
do thing that him beo iduyhe.
The lauerd into thare [th]eode
fareth ut on thare beire nede,

1585
an is that gode wif unblithe

for hire lauerdes hou[h]sithe,
an sit & sihdh wel sore oflonged,
an hire sore an horte onged:
al for hire louerdess sake

1590
haueth daies kare & nyhtes wake:
an swuthe longe hire is the hwile,
an [ech] steape hire thunth a mile.
Hwanne othre slepeth hire abute,
ich one lust thar widhthute,

1595
an wot of hire sore mode,
an singe anyht for hire gode:
an mine gode song, for hire thinge,
ich turne su[m]del to murni[n]ge.
Of hure seorhe ich bere sune,

f244v2
forthan ich am hire wel welcume:
ich hire helpe hwat [I] mai,
for [ho geth] thane rehte wai.
Ah thu me hauest sore igamed,
that min heorte is wel neh alamed,

1605
that ich mai unneathe speke:
ah yhet ich wule forthure reke.
Thu seist that ich am manne [lodh],
an euereuch man is widh me wrodh,
an me mid stone & lugge threteth,

1610
an me tobu[r]steth & tobeteth,
an hwanne heo hab[b]eth me ofslahe,
heo hongeth me on heore hahe,
thar ich ascheweale pie an crowe
fro[m] than the thar is isowe.

1615
Thah hit beo soth, ich do heom god,
an for heom ich [s]chadde mi blod:
ich do heom god mid mine deathe,
waruore the is wel unneathe.
For thah thu ligge dead & clinge,

1620
thi deth nis nawt to none thinge:
ich not neauer to hwan thu miyht,
for thu nart bute a wrecche wiyht.
Ah thah mi lif me beo atschote,
the yhet ich mai do gode note:

1625
me mai up one smale sticke
me sette a-wude ine the thicke,
an swa mai mon tolli him to
lutle briddes & iuo,
an swa me mai mid me biyhete

1630
wel gode brede to his mete.
Ah thu neure mon to gode
liues ne deathes stal ne stode:
ich not to hwan thu bre[d]ist thi brod,

f245r1
liues ne deathes ne deth hit god."

1635
The nihtegale ih[e]rde this,
an hupte uppon on blowe ris,
an herre sat than heo dude ear:
"Hule," he seide, "beo nu wear,
nulle ich with the plaidi namore,

1640
for her the mist thi rihte lore:
thu yheilpest that thu art manne loth,
an euereuch wiht is widh the w[ro]th;
an mid yhulinge & mid igrede
thu wanst wel that thu art unlede.

1645
Thu seist that gromes the ifodh,
an heie on rodde the anhodh,
an the totwichet & toschakedh,
an summe of the schawles makedh.
Me thunc[th] that thu forleost that game,

1650
thu yhulpest of thire oyhe schame:
me thunc[th] that thu me gest an honde,
thu yhulpest of thire oyhene scho[nd]e."
Tho heo hadde theos word icwede,
heo sat in ore faire stude,

1655
an tharafter hire steuene dihte,
an song so schille & so brihte,
that feor & ner me hit iherde.
Tharuore anan to hire cherde
thrusche & throstle & wudewale,

1660

an fuheles bothe grete & smale:
forthan heom thuhte that heo hadde
the houles ouercome, uorthan heo gradde
an sungeon als wa uale wise,
an blisse was among the rise.

1665
Riht swa me gred the manne a schame,
that taeleth & forelost that gome.

Theos hule, tho heo this iherde,

f245r2
"Haestu," heo seide, "ibanned ferde ?
an wultu, wreche, widh me fihhte?

1670
Nai! nai! naestu none mihte!
Hwat gredeth heo that hider come?
Me thunth thu ledest ferde to me.
Yhe schule wite, ar yhe fleo heonne,
hwuch is the strenthe of mine kunne:

1675
for heo the haueth bile ihoked,
an cliures [s]charpe & wel icroked,
alle heo beoth of mine kunrede,
an walde come yhif ich bede.
The seolfe coc, that wel can fihhte,

1680
he mot mid me holde mid rihte,
for [bothe] we habbeth steuene brihte,
an sitteth under weolcne bi nihte.
Schille ich an utest uppen ow grede,
ich shal swo stronge ferde lede,

1685
that ower pr[u]de schal aualle:
a tort ne yhiue ich for ow alle!
ne schal, ar hit beo fulliche eue,
a wreche fether on ow bileaue.
Ah hit was unker uoreward,

1690
tho we come hiderward,
that we tharto holde scholde,
thar riht dom us yhiue wolde.
Wultu nu breke foreward?
Ich wene dom the thing[th] to hard:

1695
for thu ne darst domes abide,

thu wult nu, wreche, fihhte & chide.
Yh[u]t ich ow alle wolde rede,
ar [ich] utheste uppon ow grede,
that ower fihhtlac leteth beo,

1700
an ginneth rathe awei fleo.
For, bi the cliures that ich bere,

f245v1
yhef yhe abideth mine here,
yhe schule on other wise singe,
an acursi alle fihhtinge :

1705
vor nis of ow non so kene,
that durre abide mine onsene."
Theos hule spac wel baldeliche,
for thah heo nadde swo hwatliche
ifare after hire here,

1710
heo walde neotheles yhefe answere
the nihtegale mid swucche worde.
For moni man mid speres orde
haueth litle strenthe, & mid his [s]chelde,
ah neotheles in one felde,

1715
thurh belde worde an mid ilete,
deth his iuo for arehte swete.
The wranne, for heo cuthe singe,
thar com in thare moreyhen[i]nge
to helpe thare nihtegale:

1720
for thah heo hadde steuene smale,
heo hadde gode th[ro]te & schille,
an fale manne song a wille.
The wranne was wel wis iholde,
vor theyh heo nere ibred a-wolde,

1725
ho was itoyhen among man[k]enne,
an hire wisdom brohte thenne:
heo mihte speke hwar heo walde,
touore the king thah heo scholde.
"Lusteth," heo cwath, "lateth me speke.

1730
Hwat! wulle yhe this pes tobreke,
an do thanne [kinge] swuch schame?
Yhe[t] nis he nouthur ded ne lame.

Hunke schal itide harm & schonde,
yhef yhe doth grithbruche on his londe.

1735

Lateth beo, & beoth isome,

f245v2

an fareth riht to o[w]er dome,
an lateth dom this plaid tobreke,
al swo hit was erur bispeke."

"Ich an wel," cwadh the nyhtegale,

1740

"ah, wranne, nawt for thire tale,
ah do for mire lahfulnesse.
Ich nolde that unrihtfulnesse
me at then ende ouerkome:
ich nam ofdrad of none dome.

1745

Bihote ich habbe, soth hit is,
that Maister Nichole, that is wis,
bituxen vs deme schul[l]e,
an yhe[t] ich wene that he wule.
Ah, [w]ar mihte we hine finde?"

1750

The wranne sat in ore linde;
"Hwat! nu[s]te yhe," cwath heo, "his hom?
He wuneth at Porteshom,
at one tune ine Dorsete,
bi thare see in ore utlete:

1755

thar he demeth manie riyhte dom,
an diht & writ mani wisdom,
an thurh his muthe & thurh his honde
hit is the betere into Scotlonde,
To seche hine is lihtlich thing;

1760

he naueth bute one woning.
That [is] bischopen muchel schame,
an alle [th]an that of his nome
habbeth ihert, & of his dede.
Hwi nulleth hi nimen heom to rede,

1765

that he were mid heom ilome
for teche heom of his wisdom,
an yhiue him rente auale stude,
that he miyhte heom ilome be mide?"

"Certes," cwath the hule, "that is sodh:

f246r1

theos riche men wel mucche misdodh,
that leteth thane gode mon,
that of so feole thinge con,
an yhiueth rente wel misliche,
an of him leteth wel lihtliche.

1775

Widh heore cunne heo beoth mildre,
au yheueth rente litle childre:
swo heore wit hi demth adwole,
thut euer abid Maistre Nichole.
Ah ute we thah to him fare,

1780

for thar is unker dom al yhare."

"Do we" the nyhtegale seide:

"ah [w]a schal unker speche rede,
an telle touore unker deme ?"

"Tharof ich schal the wel icweme,"

1785

cwath the houles; "for al, ende of orde,
telle ich con, word after worde:
an yhef the thincth that ich misrempe,
thu stond ayhein & do me crempe."
Mid thisse worde forth hi ferdan,

1790

al bute here & bute uerde,
to Portesham that heo bicom.
Ah hu heo spedde of heore dome,
ne [c]an ich eu namore telle:
her nis namore of this spelle.

2. 14th Century: *Sir Orfeo*

Sir Orfeo

[We redeth oft and findeth ywrite,
And this clerkes wele it wite,
Layes that ben in harping
Ben yfounde of ferli thing.

5
Sum bethe of wer and sum of wo,
And sum of joie and mirthe also,
And sum of trecherie and of gile,
Of old aventours that fel while,
And sum of bourdes and ribaudy,

10
And mani ther beth of fairy.
Of al things that men seth,
Mest o love, for sothe, thai beth.
In Breteyne this layes were wrou3t,
First yfounde and forth ybrou3t,

15
Of aventours that fel bi dayes,
Wherof Bretouns made her layes.
When kinges mi3t our yhere
Of ani mervailles that ther were,
Thai token an harp in gle and game

20
And maked a lay and 3af it name.
Now of this aventours that weren yfalle
Y can tel sum, ac nou3t alle.
Ac herkneth, lordinges that beth trewe,
Ichil 3ou telle of Sir Orfewe.

25
Orfeo mest of ani thing
Loved the gle of harping.
Siker was everi gode harpour
Of him to have miche honour.
Himself he lerned for to harp

30

And leyd theron his wittes scharp;
He lerned so ther nothing was

A better harpour in no plas.
In al the world was no man bore
That ones Orfeo sat bfore,

35
And he mi3t of his harping here,
Bot he schuld thenche that he were
In on of the joies of Paradis,
Swiche melody in his harping is.]

Orfeo was a king

40
In Ingland, an hei3e lording,
A stalworth man and hardi bo,
Large and curteys he was also;
His fader was comen of King Pluto
And his moder of King Juno,

45
That sumtime were as godes yhold
For aventours that thai dede and told.
This king sojournd in Traciens,
That was a cité of noble defens,
For Winchester was cleped tho

50
Traciens, withouten no.
The king hadde a quen of priis
That was ycleped Dame Herodis,
The fairest levedi, for the nones,
That mi3t gon on bodi and bones,

55
Ful of love and of godenisse;
Ac no man may telle hir fairnise.

Bifel so in the comessing of May
When miri and hot is the day,
And oway beth winter schours,

60
And everi feld is ful of flours,
And blosme breme on everi bou3

Over al wexeth miri anou3,
This ich quen, Dame Heurodis,
Tok to maidens of priis,

65
And went in an undrentide
To play bi an orchard side,
To se the floures sprede and spring
And to here the foules sing.
Thai sett hem doun al thre

70
Under a fair ympe-tre,
And wel sone this fair quene
Fel on slepe opon the grene.
The maidens durst hir nou3t awake,
Bot fete hir ligge and rest take;

75
So sche slepe til after none,
That undertide was al ydone.
Ac as sone as sche gan awake,
Sche crid and lothli bere gan make,
Sche froted hir honden and hir fet

80
And crached hir visage, it bled wete,
Hir riche robe hye al torett,
And was reveyd out of hir witt.
The tuo maidens hir biside
No durst with hir no leng abide,

85
Bot ourn to the palays ful ri3t
And told bothe squier and kni3t
That her quen awede wold,
And bad hem go and hir at-hold.
Kni3tes urn, and levedis also,

90
Damisels sexti and mo,
In the orchard to the quen hye come,
And her up in her armes nome
And brou3t hir to bed atte last,
And held hir there fine fast,

95
Ac ever sche held in o cri,
And wold up and owy.

When Orfeo herd that tiding,
Never him nas wers for nothing;
He come with kni3tes tene

100
To chaumber ri3t bifor the quene,
And biheld and seyde with grete pit :
«O lef liif, what is te,
That ever 3ete hast ben so stille
And now gredest wonder schille?

105
Thi bodi that was so white ycore
With thine nailes is al totore;
Allas, thi rode that was so red
Is al wan as thou were ded,
And also thine fingres smale

110
Beth al blodi and al pale.
Allas, thi lovesom ey3en to
Loketh so man doth on his fo.
A, dame, ich biseche merci!
Lete ben al this reweful cri,

115
And tel me what the is and hou,
And what thing may the help now.»

Tho lay sche stille atte last
And gan to wepe swithe fast,
And seyde thus the king to:

120
«Alias mi lord, Sir Orfeo,
Seththen we first togider were,
Ones wroth never we nere,
Bot ever ich have yloved the
As mi liif, and so thou me,

125
Ac now we mot delen ato;
Do thi best, for y mot go.»

«Allas,» quath he, «forlorn ich am!
Whider wiltow go, and to wham?
Whider thou gost ichil with the,

130
And whider y go thou schalt with me.»

«Nay, nay, sir, that nou3t nis;
Ichil the telle al hou it is.
As ich lay this undertide
And slepe under our orchard side,

135

Ther come to me to fair kni3tes
Wele y-armed al to ri3tes,
And bad me comen an hei3ing
And speke with her lord the king,
And ich answerd at wordes bold,

140

Y no durst nou3t, no y nold.
Thai priked o3ain as thai mi3t drive;
Tho com her king also blive
With an hundred kni3tes and mo
And damisels an hundred also,

145

Al on snowe-white stedes,
As white as milke were her wedes.
Y no sei3e never 3ete bifore
So fair creatours ycore;
The king hadde a croun on hed,

150

It nas of silver no of gold red,
Ac it was of a precious ston,
As bri3t as the sonne it schon.
And as son as he to me cam,
Wold ich, nold ich, he me nam,

155

And made me with him ride
Opon a palfray bi his side,
And brou3t me to his palays
Wele atird in ich ways,
And schewed me castels and tours,

160

Rivers, forestes, frith with flours,
And his riche stedes ichon,
And seththen me brou3t o3ain hom
Into our owen orchard,
And said to me thus afterward:

165

«Loke, dame, tomorwe thatow be
Ri3t here under this ympe-tre,
And then thou schalt with ous go
And live with ous evermo;
And 3if thou makest ous ylet,

170

Whar thou be, thou worst yfet,
And totore thine limes al,
That nothing help the no schal,

And thei thou best so totorn,
3ete thou worst with ous yborn.»

175

When King Orfeo herd this cas,
«O we!» quath he, «allas, allas!
Lever me were to lete mi liif
Than thus to lese the quen mi wiif.»
He asked conseyl at ich man,

180

Ac no man him help no can.
Amorwe the undertide is come
And Orfeo hath his armes ynome
And wele ten hundred kni3tes with him,
Ich y-armed stout and grim,

185

And with the quen wenten he
Ri3t unto that ympe-tre.
Thai made scheltrom in ich a side,
And sayd thai wold there abide
And dye ther everichon

190

Er the quen schuld fram hem gon;
Ac 3ete amiddes hem ful ri3t
The quen was oway ytui3t,
With fairi forth ynome;
Men wist never wher sche was bicom.

195

Tho was ther criing, wepe and wo;
The king into his chaumber is go
And oft swoned opon the ston,
And made swiche diol and swiche mon
That nei3e his liif was yspent;

200

Ther was non amendement.
He cleped togider his barouns,
Erls, lordes of renouns,
And when thai al ycomen were,
«Lordinges,» he said, «bifor 3ou here

205

Ich ordainy min hei3e steward
To wite mi kingdom afterward.
In mi stede ben he schal,
To kepe mi londes over al;
For now ichave mi quen ylore,

210

The fairest levedi that ever was bore,
Never eft y nil no woman se.
Into wildernes ichil te
And live ther evermore
With wilde bestes in holtes hore,

215

And when 3e understond that y be spent,
Make 3ou than a parlement
And chese 3ou a newe king.
Now doth 3our best with al mi thing.»

Tho was ther wepeing in the halle,

220

And grete cri among hem alle;
Unnethe mi3t old or 3ong
For wepeing speke a word with tong.
Thai kneled adoun al yfere
And praid him, 3if his wille were,

225

That he no schuld nou3t fram hem go.
«Do way!» quath he, «It schal be so.»
Al his kingdom he forsoke,
Bot a sclavin on him he toke;
He no hadde kirtel no hode,

230

Schert no no nother gode;
Bot his harp he tok algate
And dede him barfot out atte 3ate;
No man most with him go.

O way! what ther was wepe and wo

235

When he that hadde ben king with croun
Went so poverlich out of toun.
Thurth wode and over heth
Into the wildernes he geth;
Nothing he fint that him is ays,

240

Bot ever he liveth in gret malais.
He that hadde ywerd the fowe and griis,
And on bed the purper biis,
Now on hard hethe he lith,
With leves and gresse he him writh.

245

He that hadde had castels and tours,
River, forest, frith with flours,
Now thei it comenci to snewe and frese,
This king mot make his bed in mese.
He that had yhad kni3tes of priis

250

Bifor him kneland, and levedis,
Now seth he nothing that him liketh,
Bot wilde wormes bi him striketh.
He that had yhad plenté
Of mete and drink, of ich deynté,

255

Now may he al day digge and wrote
Er he finde his fille of rote.
In somer he liveth bi wild frut
And berien bot gode lite;
In winter may he nothing finde

260

Bot rote, grases and the rinde;
Al his bodi was oway duine
For missays, and al tochine.
Lord, who may telle the sore
This king sufferd ten 3ere and more?

265

His here of his berd, blac and rowe,
To his girdel-stede was growe.
His harp whereon was al his gle
He hidde in an holwe tre,
And when the weder was clere and bri3t,

270

He toke his harp to him wel rit
And harped at his owen wille;
Into alle the wode the soun gan schille,
That alle the wilde bestes that ther beth
For joie abouten him thai teth,

275

And alle the foules that ther were
Come and sete on ich a brere
To here his harping afine,
So miche melody was therin;
And when he his harping fete wold,

280

No best bi him abide nold.

He mi3t se him bisides,
Oft in hot undertides,

The king o fairy with his rout
Com to hunt him al about

285

With dim cri and bloweing,
And houndes also with him berking;
Ac no best thai no nome,
No never he nist whider thai bcome.
And otherwhile he mi3t him se

290

As a gret ost bi him te,
Wele atourned, ten hundred kni3tes,
Ich y-armed to his ri3tes,
Of cuntenaunce stout and fers,
With mani desplaid baners,

295

And ich his swerd ydrawe hold;
Ac never he nist whider thai wold.
And otherwhile he sei3e other thing:
Kni3tes and levedis com daunceing
In queynt atire gisely,

300

Queynt pas and softly;
Tabours and trunpes 3ede hem bi,
And al maner menstraci.

And on a day he sei3e him biside
Sexti levedis on hors ride,

305

Gentil and jolif as brid on ris;
Nou3t o man amonges hem ther nis;
And ich a faucon on hond bere,
And riden on haukin bi o rivere.
Of game thai founde wel gode haunt,

310

Maulardes, hayroun and cormeraunt.
The foules of the water ariseth,
The faucouns hem wele deviseth;
Ich faucoun his pray slou3.
That sei3e Orfeo and lou3.

315

«Parfay,» quath he, «ther is fair game.
Thider ichil, bi Godes name!
Ich was ywon swiche werk to se.»
He aros and thider gan te;
To a levedi he was ycome,

320

Biheld and hath wele undernome
And seth bi al thing that it is
His owen quen, Dam Heurodis.
3ern he biheld hir, and sche him eke,
Ac noither to other a word no speke;

325

For messais that sche on him sei3e,
That had ben so riche and so hei3e,
The teres fel out of her ei3e.
The other levedis this ysei3e
And maked hir oway to ride;

330

Sche most with him no lenger abide.
«Allas,» quath he, «now me is wo.
Whi nil deth now me slo?
Allas, wroche, that y no mi3t
Dye now after this si3t.

335

Allas, to long last mi liif,
When y no dar nou3t with mi wiif,
No hye to me, o word speke.
Allas, whi nil min hert breke?
Parfay,» quath he, «tide wat bitide,

340

Whider so this levedis ride,
The selve way ichil streche.
Of liif no deth me no reche.»

His sclavain he dede on also spac
And henge his harp opon his bac,

345

And had wel gode wil to gon;
He no spard noither stub no ston.
In at a roche the levedis rideth
And he after and nou3t abideth.
When he was in the roche ygo

350

Wele thre mile other mo,
He com into a fair cuntray
As bri3t so sonne on somers day,
Smothe and plain and al grene,
Hille no dale nas ther non ysene.

355

Amidde the lond a castel he si3e,
Riche and real and wonder hei3e.

Al the utmast wal
Was clere and schine as cristal;
An hundred tours ther were about,

360
Degiselich and bataild stout;
The butras com out of the diche
Of rede gold y-arched riche;
The voursour was anowrned al
Of ich maner divers aumal.

365
Within ther wer wide wones
Al of precious stones;
The werst piler on to biholde
Was al of burnist gold.
Al that lond was ever li3t,

370
For when it schuld be therk and ni3t,
The riche stones li3t gonne
As bri3t as doth at none the sonne.
No man may telle no thenche in thou3t
The riche werk that ther was wrou3t;

375
Bi al thing him think that it is
The proude court of Paradis.
In this castel the levedis ali3t;
He wold in after 3if he mi3t.

Orfeo knokketh atte gate;

380
The porter was redi therate
And asked what he wold have ydo.
«Parfay,» quath he, «ich am a minstrel, lo!
To solas thi lord with mi gle,
3if his swete wille be.»

385
The porter undede the 3ate anon
And lete him in to the castel gon.

Than he gan bihold about al,
And sei3e liggeand within the wal
Of folk that were thider ybrou3t

390
And thou3t dede and nare nou3t.
Sum stode withouten hade,
And sum non armes nade,
And sum thurth the bodi hadde wounde,

And sum lay wode ybounde,

395
And sum armed on hors sete,
And sum astrangled as thai ete,
And sum were in water adreynt,
And sum with fire al forschreynt;
Wives ther lay on child-bedde,

400
Sum ded and sum awedde,
And wonder fele ther lay bisides
Ri3t as thai slepe her undertides;
Eche was thus in this world ynome,
With fairi thider ycome.

405
Ther he sei3e his owen wiif,
Dame Heurodis, his lef liif,
Slepe under an ympe-tre;
Bi her clothes he knewe that it was he.
And when he hadde bihold this mervails alle

410
He went in to the kinges halle;
Than seie he ther a semly sit,
A tabernacle blisseful and brit,
Therin her maister king sete
And her quen fair and swete;

415
Her crounes, her clothes schine so brit
That unnethe bihold he hem mit.
When he hadde biholden al that thing,
He kneled adoun bifer the king.
«O lord,» he seyde, «if it thi wille were,

420
Mi menstraci thou schust yhere.»
The king answerd: «What man artow
That art hider ycomen now?
Ich, no non that is with me,
No sent never after the.

425
Seththen that ich here regni gan,
Y no fond never so folehardi man
That hider to ous durst wende
Bot that ichim wald ofsende.»
«Lord,» quath he, «trowe ful wel,

430
Y nam bot a pover menstrel,

And, sir, it is the maner of ous
To seche mani a lordes hous;
Thei we nou3t welcom no be,
3ete we mot proferi forth our gle.»

435
Bifor the king he sat adoun
And tok his harp so miri of soun,
And tempreth his harp as he wele can,
And blisseful notes he ther gan,
That al that in the palays were

440
Com to him for to here,
And liggeth adoun to his fete,
Hem thenketh his melody so swete.
The king herkneth and sitt ful stille,
To here his gle he hath gode wille;

445
Gode bourde he hadde of his gle,
The riche quen also hadde he.
When he hadde stint his harping
Than seyde to him the king:
«Menstrel, me liketh wele thi gle.

450
Now aske of me what it be;
Largelich ichil the pay.
Now speke and tow mit asay.»
«Sir,» he seyde, «ich biseche the
Thatow woldest ive me

455
That ich levedi brit on ble
That slepeth under the ympe-tre.»
«Nay,» quath the king, «that nout nere!
A sori couple of ou it were,
For thou art lene, rowe and blac,

460
And sche is lovesum withouten lac.
A lothlich thing it were forthi
To sen hir in thi compayni.»
«O sir,» he seyde, «gentil king,
ete were it a wele fouler thing

465
To here a lesing of thi mouthe.
So, sir, as 3e seyde nouthe,
What ich wold aski, have y schold,
And nedes thou most thi word hold.»

The king seyde, «Seththen it is so,

470
Take hir bi the hond and go.
Of hir ichil thatow be blithe.»
He kneled adoun and thonked him swithe
His wiif he tok bi the hond
And dede him swiipe out of that lond,

475
And went him out of that thede;
Ri3t as he come, the way he 3ede.

So long he hath the way ynome,
To Winchester he is ycome,
That was his owen cité,

480
Ac no man knewe that it was he.
No forther than the tounes ende
For knoweleche no durst he wende,
Bot with a begger ybilt ful narwe,
Ther he tok his herbarwe

485
To him and to his owen wiif
As a minstrel of pover liif,
And asked tidinges of that lond
And who the kingdom held in hond.
The pover begger in his cote

490
Told him everich a grot,
Hou her quen was stole owy
Ten er gon with fairy,
And hou her king en exile ede,
Bot no man nist in wiche thede,

495
And hou the steward the lond gan hold,
And other mani thinges him told.

Amorwe oain none-tide
He maked his wiif ther abide;
The beggers clopes he borwed anon

500
And heng his harp his rigge opon,
And went him into that cité
That men mit him bihold and se.
Erls and barouns bold,
Burjays and levedis him gun bihold.

505
 «Lo!» thai seyde, «swiche a man!
 Hou long the here hongeth him opan.
 Lo, hou his berd hongeth to his kne!
 He is yclongen also a tre.»
 And as he 3ede in the strete,

510
 With his steward he gan mete
 And loude he sett on him a crie:
 «Sir steward,» he seyde, «merci!
 Ich am an harpoure of hethenisse;
 Help me now in this destresse.»

515
 The steward seyde, «Com with me, come!
 Of that ichave thou schalt have some.
 Everich gode harpoure is welcom me to
 For mi lordes love Sir Orfeo.»

In the castel the steward sat atte mete,

520
 And mani lording was bi him sete;
 Ther were trompours and tabourers,
 Harpours fele and crouders;
 Miche melody thai maked alle,
 And Orfeo sat stille in the halle

525
 And herkne when thai ben al stille.
 He toke his harp and tempred schille;
 The blifulest notes he harped there
 That ever ani man yherd with ere;
 Ich man liked wele his gle.

530
 The steward biheld and gan yse,
 And knewe the harp als blive.
 «Menstrel,» he seyde, «so mot thou thrive,
 Where hadestow this harp and hou?
 Y pray that thou me telle now.»

535
 «Lord,» quath he, «in uncouth thede
 Thurth a wildernes as y 3ede,
 Ther y founde in a dale
 With lyouns a man totorn smale,
 And wolves him frete with teth so scharp;

540
 Bi him y fond this ich harp,
 Wele ten ere it is ygo.»

«O,» quath the steward, «now me is wo!
 That was mi lord Sir Orfeo.
 Allas, wreche, what schal y do

545
 That have swiche a lord ylore?
 A, way, that ich was ybore!
 That him was so hard grace y3arked
 And so vile deth ymarked!»
 Adoun he fel aswon to grounde;

550
 His barouns him tok up in that stounde
 And telleth him hou it geth:
 It nis no bot of mannes deth.

King Orfeo knewe wele bi than
 His steward was a trewe man

555
 And loved him as he au3t to do,
 And stont up and seyde thus, lo:
 «Steward, herkne now this thing.
 if ich were Orfeo the king,
 And hadde ysuffred ful ore

560
 In wildernisse miche sore,
 And hadde ywon mi quen owy
 Out of the lond of fairy,
 And hadde ybrount the levedi hende
 Rit here to the tounes ende,

565
 And with a begger her in ynome,
 And were miself hider ycome
 Poverlich to the thus stille
 For to asay thi gode wille,
 And ich founde the thus trewe,

570
 Thou no schust it never rewe.
 Sikerlich, for love or ay,
 Thou schust be king after mi day.
 And if thou of mi deth hadest ben blithe,
 Thou schust have voided also swithe.»

575
 Tho al tho that perin sete
 That it was King Orfeo underete,
 And the steward him wele knewe,
 Over and over the bord he threwe

And fel adoun to his fet,

580

So dede everich lord that ther sete,
And al thai seyde at o criing:
«e beth our lord, sir, and our king!»
Glad thai were of his live.
To chaumber thai ladde him als bilive,

585

And bathed him and schaved his berd
And tired him as a king apert,
And seththen with gret processioun
Thai brout the quen in to the toun
With al maner menstraci.

590

Lord, ther was grete melody!
For joie thai wepe with her eie

That hem so sounde ycomen seie.

Now King Orfeo newe coround is,
And his quen Dame Heurodis,

595

And lived long afterward,
And seththen was king the steward.
Harpours in Bretaine after than
Herd hou this mervaille bigan
And made herof a lay of gode likeing

600

And nempned it after the king;
That lay «Orfeo» is yhote;
Gode is the lay, swete is the note.
Thus com Sir Orfeo out of his care;
God graunt ous alle wele to fare. Amen.

3. 15th Century: *The Wakefield Master*

The Wakefield Master Secunda Pagina Pastorum

f 38r

Explicit Vna pagina pastorum

Incipit Alia eorundem

[Personae:

Primus Pastor: Coll

Secundus Pastor: Gyb

Tercius Pastor: Daw

Mak

Vxor ejus: Gyll

Angelus

Maria

Christ Child]

Primus Pastor
Lord, what these weders are cold!
And I am yll happyd;
I am nerehande dold,
So long haue I nappyd;

5
My legys thay fold,
My fyngers ar chappyd,
It is not as I wold,
For I am al lappyd
In sorow.

10
In stormes and tempest,
Now in the eest, now in the west,
Wo is hym has neuer rest
Mydday nor morow!

Bot we sely husbandys

15
That walkys on the moore,
In fayth we ar nerehandys
Outt of the doore.

f 38v
No wonder, as it standys,
If we be poore,

20
For the tylthe of oure landys

Lyys falow as the floore,
As ye ken.
We ar so hamyd,
Fortaxed and ramyd,

25
We ar mayde handtamyd,
With thyse gentlery-men.

Thus thay refe vs oure rest
Oure Lady theym wary!
These men that ar lord-fest

30
Thay cause the ploghe tary;
That, men say, is for the best -
We fynde it contrary.
Thus ar husbandys opprest,
In ponte to myscary

35
On lyfe.
Thus hold, thay vs hunder,
Thus thay bryng vs in blonder;
It were greatte wonder
And euer shuld we thryfe.

40
For may he gett a paynt slefe
Or a broche now-on-dayes,
Wo is hym that hym grefe

Or onys agane-says!
Dar noman hym reprefe

45
What mastry he may;
And yit may noman lefe
Oone word that he says -
No letter.
He can make purveance

50
With boste and bragance,
And all is thugh maintenance
Of men that are gretter.

Ther shall com a swane
As prowde as a po;

55
He must borow my wane,
My ploghe also;
Then I am full fane
To graunt or he go.
Thus lyf we in payne

60
Anger, and wo,
By nyght and day.
He must haue if he langyd,
If I shuld, forgang it;
I were better be hangyd

65
Then oones say hym nay.

It dos me good, as I walk
Thus by myn oone,
Of this warld for to talk
In maner of mone.

70
To my shepe wyll I stalk
And herkyn anone,
Ther abyde on a balk
Or sytt on a stone
Full soyne;

75
For I trowe, perdé,
Trew men if thay be,
We gett more compané
Or it be noyne.

Secundus Pastor
Bensté and Dominus,

80
What may this bemeyne?
Why fares this warld thus?
Oft haue we not sene.
Lord, thyse weders ar spytus
And the wyndys full kene.

f 39r
And the frostys so hydus
Thay water myn eeyne,
No ly.
Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snaw, now in slete,

90
When my shone freys to my fete,
It is not all esy.

Bot as far as I ken
Or yit as I go,
We sely wedmen

95
Dre mekyll wo:
We haue sorow then and then;
It fallys oft so.
Sely Copyle, oure hen,
Both to and fro

100
She kakyls;
Bot begyn she to crok,
To groyne or to klok,
Wo is hym is of oure cok,
For he is in the shakyls.

105
These men that ar wed
Haue not all thare wyll;
When they ar full hard sted,
Thay sygh full styll.
God wayte thay ar led

110
Full hard and full yll;
In bowere nor in bed
Thay say noght thertyll
This tyde.
My parte haue I fun,

115

I know my lesson:
Wo is hym that is bun,
For he must abyde.

Bot now late in oure lyfys
A meruell to me,

120

That I thynk my hart ryfys
Sich wonders to see;
What that destany dryfys
It shuld so be -
Som men wyll haue two wyfys

125

And som men thre
In store;
Som ar wo that has any.
Bot so far can I:
Wo is hym that has many,

130

For he felys sore.

Bot, yong men, of wowyng,
For God that you boght,
Be well war of wedyng,
And thynk in youre thought,

135

«Had-I-wyst» is a thyng
It seruys of noght.
Mekyll styll mownyng
Has wedyng home broght,
And greffys,

140

With many a sharp showre;
For thou may cach in an owre
That shall sow the full sowre
As long as thou lyffys.

For, as euer red I pystyll,

145

I haue oone to my fere
As sharp as a thystyll
As rug as a brere;
She is browyd lyke a brystyll,
With a sowre-loten chere;

f 39v

Had she oones wett hyr whystyll,
She couth syng full clere
Hyr Paternoster.
She is as greatt as a whall,
She has a galon of gall;

155

By hym that dyed for vs all,
I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir!

P r i m u s P a s t o r

God looke ouer the raw,
Full defly ye stand!
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Yee, the dewill in thi maw,

160

So tariand!
Sagh thou awre of Daw?
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Yee, on a ley-land
Hard I hym blaw.
He commys here at hand,

165

Not far.
Stand styll.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Qwhy?
P r i m u s P a s t o r
For he commys, hope I.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
He wyll make vs both a ly
Bot if we be war.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r

170

Crystys crosse me spede,
And Sant Nycholas!
Therof had I nede;
It is wars then it was.
Whoso couthe take hede

175

And lett the warld pas,
It is euer in drede
And brekyll as glas,
And slythys.
This warld fowre neuer so,

180

With meruels mo and mo:
Now in weyll, now in wo,
And all thyng wrythys.

Was neuer syn Noe floode
Sich floodys seyn,

185
Wyndys and ranys so rude,
And stormes so keyn
Som stamerd, som stod
In dowte, as I weyn.
Now God turne all to good!

190
I say as I mene,
For ponder:
These floodys so thay drowne,
Both in feyldys and in towne,
And berys all downe;

195
And that is a wonder.

We that walk on the nyghtys,
Oure catell to kepe,
We se sodan syghtys
When othere men slepe.

200
Yit me thynk my hart lyghtys;
I se shrewys pepe.
Ye ar two all-wyghtys -
I wyll gyf my shepe
A turne.

205
Bot full yll haue I ment,
As I walk on this bent;
I may lyghtly repent,
My toes if I spurne.

A, syr, God you saue,

210
And master myne!
A drynk fayn wold I haue,
And somewhat to dyne.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Crystys curs, my knaue
Thou art a ledyr hyne!
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r

215
What, the boy lyst raue!
Abyde vnto syne;
We haue mayde it,

f 40r
Yll thryft on thy pate!
Though the shrew cam late,

220
Yit is he in state
To dyne - if he had it.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Sich seruandys as I,
That swettys and swynkys,
Etys oure brede full dry,

225
And that me forthynkys.
We ar oft weytt and wery
When master-men wynkys,
Yit commys full lately
Both dyners and drynkys;

230
Bot nately
Both oure dame and oure syre,
When we haue ryn in the myre,
Thay can nyp at oure hyre,
And pay vs full lately.

235
Bot here my trouth, master:
For the fayr that ye make,
I shall do thereafter -
Wyrk as I take.
I shall do a lytyll, syr,

240
And emang euer lake,
For yit lay my soper
Neuer on my stomake
In feyldys.
Wherto shuld I threpe?

245
With my staf can I lepe;
And men say «Lyght chepe
Letherly foryeldys.»

P r i m u s P a s t o r

Thou were an yll lad
To ryde on wowyng

250

With a man that had
Bot lytyll of spendyng.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Peasse, boy, I bad.
No more ianglyng,
Or I shall make the full rad,

255

By the heuens kyng!
With thy gawdys -
Where ar oure shepe, boy? - we skorne.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Sir, this same day at morne
I thaym left in the corne,

260

When thay rang lawdys.

They haue pasture good,
Thay can not go wrong.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
That is right. By the roode,
Thyse nyghtys ar long!

265

Yit I wold, or we yode,
Oone gaf vs a song.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
So I thoght as I stode,
To myrth vs emong.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
I grauntt.
P r i m u s P a s t o r

270

Lett me syng the tenory.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
And I the tryble so hye.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Then the meyne fallys to me.
Lett se how ye chauntt.

Tunc intrat Mak in clamide se super togam vestitus.

M a k

Now lord, for thy naymes sewyn,

275

That made both moyn and starnes
Well mo then I can neuen,
Thi will, Lorde, of me tharnys.

f 40v

I am all vneuen;
That moves oft my harnes.

280

Now wold God I were in heuen,
For the[r] wepe no barnes
So styll.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Who is that pypys so poore?
M a k
Wold God ye wyst how I foore!

285

Lo, a man that walkys on the moore
And has not all his wyll.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Mak, where has thou gone?
Tell vs tythyng.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Is he comen? then ylkon

290

Take hede to his thyng.
Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.
M a k
What! ich be a yoman,
I tell you, of the kyng,
The self and the some,
Sond from a greatt lordyng,

295

And sich.
Fy on you! Goyth hence
Out of my presence!
I must haue reuerence.
Why, who be ich?

P r i m u s P a s t o r

300

Why make ye it so qwaynt?
Mak, ye do wrang.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Bot, Mak, lyst ye saynt?
I trow that ye lang.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
I trow the shrew can paynt,

305
The dewyll myght hym hang!
M a k
Ich shall make complaynt,
And make you all to thwang
At a worde,
And tell euyn how ye doth.
P r i m u s P a s t o r

310
Bot, Mak, is that sothe?
Now take outt that Sothren tothe,
And sett in a torde!

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Mak, the dewill in youre ee!
A stroke wold I leyne you.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r

315
Mak, know ye not me?
By God, I couthe teyn you.
M a k
God looke you all thre!
Me thoght I had sene you;
Ye ar a fare compané.
P r i m u s P a s t o r

320
Can ye now mene you?
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Shrew, pepe!
Thus late as thou goys,
What wyll men suppos?
And thou has an yll noys

325
Of stelyng of shepe.

M a k
And I am trew as steyll,
All men waytt;
Bot a sekenes I feyll
That haldys me full haytt:

330
My belly farys not weyll;
It is out of astate.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Seldom lyys the dewyll
Dede by the gate.
M a k

Therfor
335
Full sore am I and yll.
If I stande stone-styll,
I ete not an nedyll
Thys moneth and more.

P r i m u s P a s t o r
How farys thi wyff? By thi hoode,

340
How farys she?
M a k
Lyys walteryng - by the roode -
By the fyere, lo!

f 41r
And a howse full of brude.
She drynkys well, to;

345
Yll spede othere good
That she wyll do!
Bot s[h]o
Etys as fast as she can,
And ilk yere that commys to man

350
She bryngys furth a lakan -
And, som yeres, two.

Bot were I now more gracyus
And ryhere be far,
I were eten outt of howse

355
And of harbar.
Yit is she a fowll dowse,
If ye com nar;
Ther is none that trowse
Nor knowys a war

360
Then ken I.
Now wyll ye se what I profer? -
To gyf all in my cofer
To-morne at next to offer
Hyr hed-maspenny.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r

365

I wote so forwakyd
Is none in this shyre;
I wold slepe, if I takyd
Les to my hyere.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
I am cold and nakyd,

370
And wold haue a fyere.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
I am wery, forrakyd,
And run in the myre -
Wake thou!
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Nay, I wyll lyg downe by,

375
For I must slepe truly.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
As good a mans son was I
As any of you.

Bot, Mak, com heder! Betwene
Shall thou lyg downe.
M a k

380
Then myght I lett you bedene
Of that ye wold rowne,
No drede.
Fro my top to my too,
Manus tuas commendo,

385
Poncio Pilato;
Cryst-crosse me spede!

Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit:

Now were tyme for a man
That lakkys what he wold
To stalk preuely than

390
Vnto a fold,
And neemly to wyrk than
And be not to bold,
For he myght aby the bargan,
If it were told

395
At the endyng.
Now were tyme for to reyll;

Bot he nedys good counsell
That fayn wold fare weyll,
And has bot lytyll spendyng.

400
Bot abowte you a serkyll
As rownde as a moyn,
To I haue done that I wyll,
Tyll that it be noyn,
That ye lyg stone-styll

405
To that I haue doyne;
And I shall say thertyll
Of good wordys a foyne:
«On hight,

f 41v
Ouer youre heydys, my hand I lyft.

410
Outt go youre een! Fordo your syght!»
Bot yit I must make better shyft
And it be right.

Lord! what thay slepe hard!
That may ye all here.

415
Was I neuer a shepard,
Bot now wyll I lere.
If the flok be skard,
Yit shall I nyp nere.
How! drawes hederward!

420
Now mendys oure chere
>>>>>From sorow
A fatt shepe, I dar say,
A good flese, dar I lay.
Eft-whyte when I may,

425
Bot this will I borow.

How, Gyll, art thou in?
Gett vs som lyght.
V x o r e i u s
Who makys sich dyn
This tyme of the nyght?

430

I am sett for to spyn;
I hope not I myght
Ryse a penny to wyn,
I shrew them on hight!
So farys

435
A huswyff that has bene
To be rasyd thus betwene.
Here may no note be sene
For sich small charys.

M a k
Good wyff, open the hek!

440
Seys thou not what I bryng?
V x o r
I may thole the dray the snek.
A, com in, my swetyng!
M a k
Yee, thou thar not rek
Of my long standyng.
V x o r

445
By the nakyd nek
Art thou lyke for to hyng!
M a k
Do way!
I am worthy my mete,
For in a strate can I gett

450
More then thay that swynke and swette
All the long day.

Thus it fell to my lott.
Gyll, I had sich grace.
V x o r
It were a fowll blott

455
To be hanged for the case.
M a k
I haue skapyd, Ielott,
Oft as hard a glase.
V x o r
«Bot so long goys the pott
To the water,» men says,

460
«At last

Comys it home broken.»
M a k
Well knowe I the token,
Bot let it neuer be spoken,
Bot com and help fast.

465
I wold, he were flayn;
I lyst well ete.
This twelmothe was I not so fayn
Of oone shepe-mete.
V x o r
Com thay or he be slayn,

470
And here the shepe blete -
M a k
Then myght I be tane.
That were a cold swette!
Go spar

f 42r
The gaytt-doore.
V x o r
Yis, Mak,

475
For and thay com at thy bak -
M a k
Then myght I by, for all the pak,
The dewill of the war!

V x o r
A good bowrde haue I spied,
Syn thou can none:

480
Here shall we hym hyde,
To thay be gone,
In my credyll. Abyde!
Lett me alone,
And I shall lyg besyde

485
In chylbed, and grone.
M a k
Thou red,
And, I shall say thou was lyght
Of a knaue childe this nyght.
V x o r
Now well is me day bright

490
That euer was I bred!

This is a good gyse
And a far cast;
Yit a woman avyse
Helpys at the last.

495
I wote neuer who spyse;
Agane go thou fast.
M a k
Bot I com or thay ryse,
Els blowes a cold blast!
I wyll go slepe.

500
Yit slepys all this meneye,
And I shall go stalk preuely,
As it had neuer bene I
That caryed thare shepe.

P r i m u s P a s t o r
Resurrex a mortuus!

505
Haue hold my hand.
Iudas carnas dominus!
I may not well stand;
My foytt slepys, by Iesus,
And I water fastand.

510
I thought that we layd vs
Full nere Yngland.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
A ye!
Lord, what I haue slept weyll!
As fresh as an eyll,

515
As lyght I me feyll
As leyfe on a tre.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Bensté be herein!
So me qwakys,
My hart is outt of skyn,

520
Whatso it makys.
Who makys all this dyn?
So my browes blakys,

To the dowore wyll I wyn.
Harke, felows, wakys!

525
We were fowre -
Se ye awre of Mak now?
P r i m u s P a s t o r
We were vp or thou.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Man, I gyf god avowe,
Yit yede he nawre.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r

530
Me thocht he was lapt
In a wolfe-skyn.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
So ar many hapt
Now, namely within.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
When we had long napt,

535
Me thocht with a gyn

f 42v
A fatt shepe he trapt;
Bot he mayde no dyn.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Be styll!
Thi dreame makys the woode;

540
It is bot fantom, by the roode.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Now God turne all to good,
If it be his wyll.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Ryse, Mak, for shame!
Thou lygys right lang.
M a k

545
Now Crystys holy name
Be vs emang!
What is this? for Sant Iame,
I may not well gang!
I trow I be the same.

550
A! my nek has lygen wrang

Enoghe.
Mekill thank! syn yister-euen,
Now by Sant Strevyn,
I was flayd with a swevyn -

555
My hart out of sloghe.

I thocht Gyll began to crok
And trauell full sad,
Wel-ner at the fyrst cok,
Of a yong lad

560
For to mend oure flok.
Then be I neuer glad;
I haue tow on my rok
More then euer I had.
A, my heede!

565
A house full of yong tharmes,
The dewill knok outt thare harnes!
Wo is hym has many barnes,
And therto lytyll brede.

I must go home, by youre lefe,

570
To Gyll, as I thocht.
I pray you looke my slefe,
That I steyll noght;
I am loth you to grefe,
Or from you take oght.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r

575
Go furth, yll myght thou chefe!
Now wold I we soght,
This morne,
That we had all oure store.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Bot I will go before;

580
Let vs mete.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Whore?
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
At the crokyd thorne.

M a k
Vndo this doore!

[V x o r]
Who is here?
M a k
How long shall I stand?
V x o r
Who makys sich a bere?

585
Now walk in the wenyand!
M a k
A, Gyll, what chere?
It is I, Mak, youre husbande.
V x o r
Then may we se here
The dewill in a bande,

590
Syr Gyle!
Lo, he commys with a lote,
As he were holden in the throte.
I may not syt at my note
A handlang while.

M a k

595
Wyll ye here what fare she makys
To gett hir a glose?
And dos noght bot lakys
And clowse hir toose.
V x o r
Why, who wanders, who wakys?

600
Who commys, who gose?
Who brewys, who bakys?
What makys me thus hose?
And than -
It is rewthe to beholde -

605
Now in hote, now in colde,
Full wofull is the householde
That wantys a woman.

f 43r
Bot what ende has thou mayde
With the hyrdys, Mak?
M a k

610
The last worde that thay sayde

When I turnyd my bak,
Thay wold looke that thay hade
Thare shepe, all the pak.
I hope thay wyll nott be well payde

615
When thay thare shepe lak,
Perdé!
Bot howso the gam gose,
To me thay wyll suppose,
And make a fowll noyse,

620
And cry outt apon me.

Bot thou must do as thou hyght.
V x o r
I accorde me thertyll;
I shall swedyll hym right
In my credyll.

625
If it were a gretter slyght,
Yit couthe I help tyll.
I wyll lyg downe stright.
Com hap me.
M a k
I wyll.
V x o r
Behynde!

630
Com Coll and his maroo,
Thay will nyp vs full naroo.
M a k
Bot I may cry out, «haroo!»,
The shepe if thay fynde.

V x o r
Harken ay when thay call;

635
Thay will com onone.
Com and make redy all,
And syng by thyn oone;
Syng «lullay» thou shall,
For I must grone,

640
And cry outt by the wall
On Mary and Iohn
For sore.
Syng «lullay» on fast

When thou heris at the last,

645
And bot I play a fals cast
Trust me no more.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r
A, Coll, goode morne!
Why slepys thou nott?
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Alas, that euer was I borne!

650
We haue a fowll blott -
A fat wedir haue we lorne.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Mary, Godys forbott!
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Who shuld do vs that skorne?
That were a fowll spott.
P r i m u s P a s t o r

655
Som shrewe.
I haue soght with my dogys
All Horbery shrogys,
And of fefteyn hogys
Fond I bot oone ewe.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r

660
Now trow me, if ye will -
By Sant Thomas of Kent,
Ayther Mak or Gyll
Was at that assent.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Peasse, man, be still!

665
I sagh when he went.
Thou sklanders hym yll;
Thou aght to repent
Goode spede.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Now as euer myght I the,

670
If I shuld euyne here de,
I wold say it were he
That dyd that same dede.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r

Go we theder, I rede,
And ryn on oure feete;

675
Shall I neuer ete brede,
The sothe to I wytt.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Nor drynk in my heede,
With hym tyll I mete.

f 43v
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
I wyll rest in no stede

680
Tyll that I hym grete,
My brothere.
Oone I will hight:
Tyll I se hym in sight,
Shall I neuer slepe one nyght

685
Ther I do anothere.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Will ye here how thay hak?
Oure syre, lyst croyne.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Hard I neuer none crak
So clere out of toyne.

690
Call on hym.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Mak,
Vndo youre doore soyne!
M a k
Who is that spak,
As it were noyne,
On loft?

695
Who is that, I say?
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Goode fellowse, were it day.
M a k
As far as ye may,
Good, spekys soft,

Ouer a seke woman's heede

700
That is at maylleasse;

I had leuer be dede
Or she had any dyseasse.
V x o r
Go to anothere stede!
I may not well qweasse;

705
Ich fote that ye trede
Goys thorow my nese
So hee.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Tell vs, Mak, if ye may,
How fare ye, I say?
M a k

710
Bot ar ye in this towne to-day?
Now how fare ye?

Ye haue ryn in the myre
And ar weytt yit;
I shall make you a fyre,

715
If ye will sytt.
A nores wold I hyre.
Thynk ye on yit?
Well qwytt is my hyre -
My dreame, this is itt -

720
A seson.
I haue barnes, if ye knew,
Well mo then enewe;
Bot we must drynk as we brew,
And that is bot reson.

725
I wold ye dynyd or ye yode.
Me thynk that ye swette.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Nay, nawther mendys oure mode
Drynke nor mette.
M a k
Why, syr, alys you oght bot goode?
T e r c i u s P a s t o r

730
Yee, oure shepe that we gett
Ar stollyn as thay yode;
Oure los is grette.
M a k

Syrs, drynkys!
Had I bene thore,

735
Som shuld haue boght it full sore.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Mary, some men trowes that ye wore,
And that vs forthynkys.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Mak, som men trowys
That it shuld be ye.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r

740
Ayther ye or youre spouse,
So say we.
M a k
Now if ye haue suspowse
To Gill or to me,
Com and rype oure howse,

745
And then may ye se
Who had hir.
If I any shepe fott,
Ayther cow or stott -
And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott

750
Here syn she lade hir -

f 44r
As I am true and lele,
To God here I pray
That this be the fyrst mele
That I shall ete this day.
P r i m u s P a s t o r

755
Mak, as haue I ceyll,
Avyse the, I say:
He lernyd tymely to steyll
That couth not say nay.
V x o r
I swelt!

760
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
Ye com to rob vs for the nonys.
M a k
Here ye not how she gronys?

Youre hartys shuld melt.

V x o r
Outt, thefys, fro my barne!

765
Negh hym not thor!
M a k
Wyst ye how she had farne
Youre hartys wold be sore.
Ye do wrang, I you warne,
That thus commys before

770
To a woman that has farne -
Bot I say no more.
V x o r
A, my medyll!
I pray to God so mylde,
If euer I you begyld,

775
That I ete this chylde
That lygys in this credyll.

M a k
Peasse, woman, for Godys payn,
And cry not so!
Thou spyllys thy brane

780
And makys me full wo.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
I trow oure shepe be slayn.
What fynde ye two?
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
All wyrk we in vayn;
As well may we go.

785
Bot hatters!
I can fynde no flesh,
Hard nor nesh,
Salt nor fresh -
Bot two tome platers.

790
Whik catell bot this,
Tame nor wylde,
None, as haue I blys,
As lowde as he smylde.
V x o r

No, so God me blys

795

And gyf me ioy of my chyld!

Primus Pastor

We haue merkyd amys;

I hold vs begyld.

Secundus Pastor

Syr, don.

Syr - oure lady hym saue! -

800

Is youre chyld a knaue?

M a k

Any lord myght hym haue,

This chyld, to his son.

When he wakyns he kyppys,

That ioy is to se.

Tercius Pastor

805

In good tyme to hys hyppys,

And in celé!

Bot who was his gossypys

So sone redé?

M a k

So fare fall thare lyppys!

Primus Pastor

810

Hark now, a le.

M a k

So God thaym thank,

f 44v

Parkyn, and Gybon Waller, I say,

And gentill Iohn Horne, in good fay -

He made all the garray -

815

With the greatt shank.

Secundus Pastor

Mak, freyndys will we be,

For we ar all oone.

M a k

We! Now I hald for me,

For mendys gett I none.

820

Fare well all thre! -

All glad were ye gone.

Tercius Pastor

Fare wordys may ther be,

Bot luf is ther none

This yere.

Primus Pastor

825

Gaf ye the chyld, any thyng?

Secundus Pastor

I trow not oone farthyng.

Tercius Pastor

Fast agane will I flyng;

Abyde ye me there.

Mak, take it to no grefe

830

If I com to thi barne.

M a k

Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe,

And fowll has thou farne.

Tercius Pastor

The child will it not grefe,

That lytyll day-starne.

835

Mak, with youre leyfe,

Let me gyf youre barne

Bot sex pence.

M a k

Nay do way! He slepys.

Tercius Pastor

Me thynk he pepys.

M a k

840

When he wakyns he wepys.

I pray you go hence!

Tercius Pastor

Gyf me lefe hym to kys

And lyft vp the clowtt.

What the dewill is this?

845

He has a long snowte!

Primus Pastor

He is markyd amys.

We wate ill abowte.

Secundus Pastor

Ill-spon weft, iwys,

Ay commys foull owte.

850

Ay, so!
He is lyke to oure shepe!
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
How, Gyb, may I pepe?
P r i m u s P a s t o r
I trow kynde will crepe
Where it may not go.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r

855

This was a qwantt gawde
And a far-cast:
It was a hee frawde.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Yee, syrs, wast.
Lett bren this bawde

860

And bynd hir fast.
A! fals skawde!
Hang at the last
So shall thou.
Wyll ye se how thay swedyll

865

His foure feytt in the medyll?
Sagh I neuer in a credyll
A hornyd lad or now.

f 45r

M a k
Peasse, byd I. What!
Lett be youre fare!

870

I am he that hym gatt,
And yond woman hym bare.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
What dewill shall he hatt? -
Mak? Lo, God, makys ayre!
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Lett be all that!

875

Now God gyf hym care,
I sagh.
V x o r
A pratty child is he
As syttys on a wamans kne;
A dyllydowne, perdé,

880

To gar a man laghe.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r

I know hym by the eere-marke;
That is a good tokyn.
M a k
I tell you, syrs, hark!
Hys noyse was brokyn.

885

Sythen told me a clerk
That he was forspokyn.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
This is a fals wark;
I wold fayn be wrokyn.
Gett wepyn!
V x o r

890

He was takyn with an elfe,
I saw it myself;
When the klok stroke twelf
Was he forshapyn.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r

Ye two ar well feft

895

Sam in a stede.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Syn thay manteyn thare theft,
Let do thaym to dede.
M a k
If I trespas eft,
Gyrd of my heede.

900

With you will I be left.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Syr, do my reede:
For this trespas
We will nawther ban ne flyte,
Fyght nor chyte,

905

Bot haue done as tyte,
And cast hym in canvas.

[P r i m u s P a s t o r]

Lord! what I am sore,
In poynt for to bryst!

In fayth, I may no more;

910

Therfor wyll I ryst.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
As a shepe of sevyng skore
He weyd in my fyst.
For to slepe aywhore
Me thynk that I lyst.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r

915

Now, I pray you,
Lyg downe on this grene.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
On these thefys yit I mene.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Wherto shuld ye tene?
Do as I say you.

Angelus cantat «Gloria in excelsis»; postea dicat:

A n g e l u s

920

Ryse, hyrd-men heynd,
For now is he borne
That shall take fro the feynd
That Adam had lorne;
That warloo to sheynd,

925

This nyght is he borne.
God is made youre freynd
Now at this morne,
He behestys.
At Bedlem go se

930

Ther lygys that fre
In a cryb full poorely,
Betwyx two bestys.

f 45v

P r i m u s P a s t o r
This was a qwant stevyn
That euer yit I hard.

935

It is a meruell to neuyn,
Thus to be skard.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r

Of Godys son of heuyn
He spak vpward.
All the wod on a leuyn

940

Me thoght that he gard
Appere.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
He spake of a barne
In Bedlem, I you warne.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
That betekyns yond starne;

945

Let vs seke hym there.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r

Say, what was his song?
Hard ye not how he crakyd it,
Thre brefes to a long?
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Yee, Mary, he hakt it:

950

Was no crochett wrong,
Nor nothyng that lakt it.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
For to syng vs emong,
Right as he knakt it,
I can.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r

955

Let se how ye croyne!
Can ye bark at the mone?
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Hold youre tonges! Haue done!
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Hark after, than.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r

To Bedlem he bad

960

That we shuld gang;
I am full fard
That we tary to lang.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Be mery and not sad -
Of myrth is oure sang!

965

Euerlastyng glad

To mede may we fang
Withoutt noyse.
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Hy we theder forthy,
If we be wete and wery,

970

To that chylde and that lady!
We haue it not to lose.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
We fynde by the prophecy -
Let be youre dyn! -
Of Daudid and Isay

975

And mo then I myn -
Thay prophecyyed by clergy -
That in a vyrgyn
Shuld he lyght and ly,
To slokyn oure syn

980

And slake it,
Oure kynde, from wo;
For Isay sayd so:
Ecce virgo
Concipiet a chylde that is nakyd.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r

985

Full glad may we be,
And abyde that day
That lufly to se,
That all myghtys may.
Lord, well were me

990

For ones and for ay,
Myght I knele on my kne,
Som word for to say
To that chylde.
Bot the angell sayd

995

In a cryb was he layde;
He was poorly arayd,
Both mener and mylde.

P r i m u s P a s t o r
Patriarkes that has bene,
And prophetys beforne,

1000

Thay desyryd to haue sene
This chylde that is borne.
Thay ar gone full clene;
That haue thay lorne.

f 46r

We shall se hym, I weyn,

1005

Or it be morne,
To tokyn.
When I se hym and fele,
Then wote I full weyll
It is true as steyll

1010

That prophetys haue spokyn:

To so poore as we ar
That he wold appere,
Fyrst fynd, and declare
By his messyngere.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r

1015

Go we now, let vs fare;
The place is vs nere.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
I am redy and yare;
Go we in fere
To that bright.

1020

Lord, if thi wylls be -
We ar lewde all thre -
Thou grauntt vs som kyns gle
To comforth thi wight.

P r i m u s P a s t o r
Hayll, comly and clene!

1025

Hayll, yong child!
Hayll, maker, as I meyne,
Of a madyn so mylde!
Thou has waryd, I weyne
The warlo so wyld:

1030

The fals gyler of teyn,
Now goys he begylde.

Lo, he merys,
Lo, he laghys, my swetyng!
A wel fare metyng!

1035
I haue holden my hetyng;
Haue a bob of cherys.

S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Hayll, sufferan sauouure,
For thou has vs soght!
Hayll, frely foyde and floure,

1040
That all thyng has wrought!
Hayll, full of fauoure,
That made all of noght!
Hayll! I kneyll and I cowre.
A byrd haue I broght

1045
To my barne.
Hayll, lytyll tyne mop!
Of oure crede thou art crop;
I wold drynk on thy cop,
Lytyll day-starne.

T e r c i u s P a s t o r

1050
Hayll, derlyng dere,
Full of Godhede!
I pray the be nere
When that I haue nede.
Hayll, swete is thy chere!

1055
My hart wold blede
To se the sytt here
In so poore wede,
With no pennys.
Hayll! Put furth thy dall!

1060
I bryng the bot a ball:
Haue and play the withall,
And go to the tenys.

M a r i a
The fader of heuen,
God omnypotent,

1065

That sett all on seuen,
His son has he sent.
My name couth he neuen,
And lyght or he went.
I conceuyd hym full euen

1070
Thruugh myght as he ment,
And now is he borne.
He kepe you fro wo!
I shall pray hym so.
Tell furth as ye go,

1075
And myn on this morne.

f 46v
P r i m u s P a s t o r
Fare well, lady
So fare to beholde,
With thy childe on thi kne.
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Bot he lygys full cold.

1080
Lord, well is me!
Now we go, thou behold.
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
Forsothe, allredy
It semys to be told
Full oft.
P r i m u s P a s t o r

1085
What grace we haue fun!
S e c u n d u s P a s t o r
Com furth; now ar we won!
T e r c i u s P a s t o r
To syng ar we bun -
Let take on loft!

Explicit pagina Pastorum

4. 16th Century:
William Tyndale. *The Gospell of S. Mathew*

The fyrst Chapter.

Thys ys the boke of the generacion of Jesus Christ
the sonne of David/ The sonne also of Abraham. *)

¶ Abraham begatt Jsaac:
Jsaac begatt Jacob:
Jacob begatt Judas and hys brethren:
Judas begatt Phares:
and Zaram of thamar:
Phares begatt Esrom:
Esrom begatt Aram:
Aram begatt Aminadab:
Aminadab begatt naassaon:
Naasson begatt Salmon:
Salmon begatt boos of rahab:
Boos begatt obed of ruth:
Obed begatt Jesse:
Jesse begatt David the kynge:

¶ David the kynge begatt Solomon/ of her that was
the wyfe of vry: **)
Solomon begatt roboam:

Roboam begatt Abia:
Abia begatt asa:
Asa begatt iosaphat:
Josaphat begatt Joram:
Joram begatt Osias:
Osias begatt Joatham:
Joatham begatt Achas:
Achas begatt Ezechias:
Ezechias begatt Manasses:
Manasses begatt Amon:
Amon begatt Josias:
Josias begatt Jechonias and his brethren about the
tyme of the captivite of babilon.

¶ After they were led captive to Babilon/Jechonias
begatt Salathiel:

*)
Abraham and David are fyrst rehearsid/ because that
christe was chefly promysed unto them.

**)
Saynct mathew leveth out certeyne generacions/ &
describeth Christes lincage from solomon/ after the
lawe of Moses/ but Lukas describeth it accordyng to
nature/ from nathan solomos brother. For the lawe
calleth them a mannes children which his broder
begatt of his wyfe lefte behynde hym after his dethe.
deu. xxv.c.

5. 16th Century: George Puttenham. *The Arte of English Poesie*

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR WILLIAM CECILL KNIGHT, LORD OF BVRGHLEY, LORD HIGH TREASVRER OF ENGLAND, R.F.

Printer wisheth health and prosperitie, with the commandement and vse of his continuall seruice.

This Booke (right Honorable) coming to my handes, with his bare title without any Authours name or any other ordinarie addresse, I doubted how well it might become me to make you a present thereof, seeming by many expresse passages in the same at large, that it was by the Authour intended to our Soueraigne Lady the Queene, and for her recreation and seruice chiefly deuised, in which case to make any other person her highnes partener in the honour of his giuft it could not stand with my dutie, nor be without some prejudice to her Maiesties interest and his merrite. Perceyuing besides the title to purport so slender a subiect, as nothing almost could be more discrepant from the grautie of your yeeres and Honorable function, whose contemplations are euery houre more seriously employed upon the publicke administration and services: I thought it no condigne gratification, nor scarce any good satisfaction for such a person as you. Yet when I considered, that bestowing vpon your Lordship the first vewe of this mine impression (a feat of mine owne simple facultie) it could not scypher her Maiesties honour or prerogatiue in the giuft, nor yet the Authour of his thanks: and seeing the thing it selfe to be a deuice of some noueltie (which commonly it giveth euery good thing a speciall grace) and a noueltie so highly tending to the most worthy prayses of her Maiesties most excellent name. So deerer to you I dare conceiue them any worldly thing besides love although I could not deuise to have presented your Lordship any gift more agreeable to your appetite, or fitter for my vocation and abilitie to bestow, your Lordship beyng learned and a louer of learning, my present a Book and my selfe a printer alwaies ready and desirous to be at your Honourable commaundement. And thus I humbly take my leave from the Black-friers, this xxvii of May, 1589.

Your Honours most humble at commaundement,

R.F.

CHAP. I.

What a Poet and Poesie is, and who may be worthily sayd the most excellent Poet of our time.

A Poet is as much to say as a maker. And our English name well conformes with the Greeke word: for of [Greek: poiein] to make, they call a maker Poeta. Such as (by way of resemblance and reuerently) we may say of God: who without any trauell to his diuine imagination, made all the world of nought, nor also by any paterne or mould as the Platonicks with their Idees do phantastically suppose. Euen so the very Poet makes and contriues out of his owne braine both the verse and matter of his poeme, and not by any foreine copie or example, as doth the translator, who therefore may well be sayd a versifier, but not a Poet. The premises considered, it giueth to the name and profession no smal dignitie and preheminance aboue all other artificers, Scientificke or Mechanicall. And neuerthelesse without any repugnancie at all, a Poet may in some sort be said a follower or imitator, because he can expresse the true and liuely of euery thing is set before him, and which he taketh in hand to describe: and so in that respect is both a maker and a counterfaior: and Poesiean art not only of making, but also of imitation. And this science in his perfection, can not grow, but by some diuine instinct, the Platonicks call it furor: or by excellencie of nature and complexion: or by great subtiltie of the spirits & wit or by much experience and obseruation of the world, and course of kinde, or peradventure by all or most part of them. Otherwise how was it possible that Homer being but a poore priuate man, and as some say, in his later age blind, should so exactly set forth and describe, as if he had bene a most excellent Captaine or Generall, the order and array of battels, the conduct of whole armies, the sieges and assaults of cities and townes? or as some great Princes maiordome and perfect Surueyour in Court, the order, sumptuousnesse and magnificence of royal bankers, feasts, weddings, and enteruewes? or as a Polititian very prudent, and much inured with the priuat and publique affaires, so grauely examine the lawes and ordinances Ciuill, or so profoundly discourse in matters of estate, and formes of all politique regiment? Finally how could he so naturally paint out the speeches, countenance and maners of Princely persons and priuate, to wit, the wrath of

Achilles, the magnanimitie of Agamemnon, the prudence of Menelaus, the prowesse of Hector, the maiestie of king Priamus, the grauitie of Nestor, the pollicies and eloquence of Vlysses, the calamities of the distressed Queenes, and valiance of all the Captaines and aduenturous knights in those lamentable warres of Troy? It is therefore of Poets thus to be conceiued, that if they be able to deuise and make all these things of them selues, without any subiect of veritie, that they be (by maner of speech) as creating gods. If they do it by instinct diuine or naturall, then surely much fauoured from aboue. If by their experience, then no doubt very wise men. If by any president or paterne layd before them, then truely the most excellent imitators & counterfaiors of all others. But you (Madame) my most Honored and Gracious: if I should seeme to offer you this my deuise for a discipline and not a delight, I might well be reputed, of all others the most arrogant and iniurious: your selfe being already, of any that I know in our time, the most excellent Poet. Forsooth by your Princely pursefaours and countenance, making in maner what ye list, the poore man rich, the lewd well learned, the coward couragious, and vile both noble and valiant. Then for imitation no lesse, your person as a most cunning counterfaior liuely representing Venus in countenance, in life Diana, Pallas for gouernement, and Iuno in all honour and regall magnificence.

CHAP. II.

That there may be an Art of our English Poesie, as well as there is of the Latine and Greeke.

Then as there was no art in the world till by experience found out: so if Poesie be now an Art, & of al antiquitie hath bene among the Greeks and Latines, & yet were none, vntill by studious persons fashioned and reduced into a method of rules & precepts, then no doubt may there be the like with vs. And if th'art of Poesie be but a skill appertaining to vtterance, why may not the same be with vs as wel as with them, our language being no lesse copious pithie and significatiue then theirs, our conceits the same, and our wits no lesse apt to deuise and imitate then theirs were? If againe Art be but a certaine order of rules prescribed by reason, and gathered by experience, why should not Poesie be a vulgar Art with vs as well as with the Greeks and Latines, our language admitting no fewer rules and nice diuersities then theirs? but peradventure moe by a peculiar, which our speech hath in many things differing from theirs: and yet in the generall points of that Art, allowed to go in common with them: so as if one point perchance which is their feete whereupon their measures stand, and in deede is all the beautie of their Poesie, and which feete we haue not, nor as yet neuer went about to frame (the nature of our language and wordes not permitting it) we haue in stead thereof twentie other curious points in that skill more then they euer had, by reason of our rime and tunable concords or simphonie, which they neuer obserued. Poesie therefore may be an Art in our vulgar, and that verie methodicall and commendable.

CHAP. III.

How Poets were the first priests, the first prophets, the first Legislators and politicians in the world.

The profession and vse of Poesie is most ancient from the beginning, and not as manie erroneously suppose, after, but before any ciuill society was among men. For if it was first that Poesie was th'originall cause and occasion of their first assemblies; when before the people remained in the woods and mountains, vagarant and dipersed like the wild beasts; lawlesse and naked, or verie ill clad, and of all good and necessarie prouision for harbour or sustenance vtterly vnfurnished: so as they litle diffred for their maner of life, from the very brute beasts of the field. Whereupon it is fayned that Amphion and Orpheus, two Poets of the first ages, one of them, to wit Amphion, builded vp cities, and reared walles with the stones that came in heapes to the sound of his harpe, figuring thereby the mollifying of hard and stonie hearts by his sweete and eloquent perswasion. And Orpheus assembled the wilde beasts to come in heards to harken to his musicke and by that meanes made them tame, implying thereby, how by his discrete and wholesome lessons vttered in harmonie and with melodious instruments, he brought the rude and sauage people to a more ciuill and orderly life, nothing as it seemeth, more preuailing or fit to redresse and edifie the cruell and sturdie courage of man then it. And as these two Poets and Linus before them, and Museus also and Hesiodus in Greece and Archadia: so by all likelihood had mo Poets done in other places and in other ages before them, though there be no remembrance left of them, by reason of the Recordes by some accident of time perished and failing. Poets therefore are of great antiquitie. Then forasmuch as they were the first that entended to the obseruation of nature and her works, and specially of the Celestiall courses, by reason of the continuall motion of the heauens, searching after the first mouer, and from thence by degrees comming to know and consider of the

substances separate & abstract, which we call the diuine intelligences or good Angels (Demes) they were the first that instituted sacrifices of placation, with inuocations and worship to them, as to Gods; and inuented and stablished all the rest of the obseruances and ceremonies of religion, and so were the first Priests and ministers of the holy misteries. And because for the better execution of that high charge and function, it behoued than to live chaste, and in all holines of life, and in continuall studie and contemplation: they came by instinct diuine, and by deepe meditation, and much abstinence (the same assubtling and refining their spirits) to be made apt to receaue visions, both waking and sleeping, which made them vtter prophesies, and foretell things to come. So also were they the first Prophetes or sears, Vidontes, for so the Scripture tearmeth them in Latine after the Hebrue word, and all the oracles and answers of the gods were giuen in meeter or verse, and published to the people by their direction. And for that they were aged and graue men, and of much wisdom and experience in th'affaires of the world, they were the first lawmakers to the people, and the first polititiens, deuising all expedient meanes for th'establishment of Common wealth, to hold and containe the people in order and duty by force and virtue of good and wholesome lawes, made for the preseruacion of the publique peace and tranquillitie. The same peradventure not purposely intended, but greatly furthered by the aw of their gods, and such scruple of conscience, as the terrors of their late inuented religion had led them into.

CHAP. III.

How the Poets were the first Philosophers, the first Astronomers and Historiographers and Oratours and Musiciens of the world.

Vtterance also and language is giuen by nature to man for perswasion of others, and aide of them selues, I meane the first abilitie to speake. For speech it selfe is artificiall and made by man, and the more pleasing it is, the more it preuaileth to such purpose as it is intended for: but speech by meeter is a kind of vtterance, more cleanly couched and more delicate to the eare then prose is, because it is more currant and slipper vpon the tongue, and withall tunable and melodious, as a kind of Musicke, and therefore may be tearmed a musicall speech or vtterance, which cannot but please the hearer very well. Another cause is, for that it is briefer & more compendious, and easier to beare away and be retained in memorie, then that which is contained in multitude of words and full of tedious ambage and long periods. It is beside a maner of vtterance more eloquent and rethoricall then the ordinarie prose, which we use in our daily talke: because it is decked and set out with all manner of fresh colours and figures, which maketh that it sooner inuegleth the iudgement of man, and carieth his opinion this way and that, whither soeuer the heart by impression of the eare shal be most affectionatly bent and directed. The vtterance in prose is not of so great efficacie, because not only it is dayly vsed, and by that occasion the eare is ouerglutt with it, but is also not so voluble and slipper vpon the tong, being wide and lose, and nothing numerous, nor contriued into measures, and sounded with so gallant and harmonical accents, nor in fine allowed that figuratiue conueyance, nor so great licence in choise of words and phrases as meeter is. So as the Poets were also from the beginning the best perswaders and their eloquence the first Rethoricke of the world. Euen so it became that the high mysteries of the gods should be reuealed & taught, by a maner of vtterance and language of extraordinarie phrase, and briefe and compendious, and aboue al others sweet and ciuill as the Metricall is. The same also was meetest to register the liues and noble gestic of Princes, and of the great Monarkes of the world, and all other the memorable accidents of time: so as the Poet was also the first historiographer. Then for as much as they were the first obseruers of all naturall causes & effects in the things generable and corruptible, and from thence mounted vp to search after the celestiall courses and influences, & yet penetrated further to know the diuine essences and substances separate, as is sayd before, they were the first Astronomers and Philosophists and Metaphisicks. Finally, because they did altogether endeuer themselues to reduce the life of man to a certaine method of good maners, and made the first differences betweene vertue and vice, and then tempered all these knowledges and skilles with the exercise of a delectable Musicke by melodious instruments, which withall serued them to delight their hearers, & to call the people together by admiration, to a plausible and vertuous conuersation, therefore were they the first Philosophers Ethick, & the first artificial Musiciens of the world. Such was Linus, Orpheus, Amphion & Museus the most ancient Poets and Philosophers, of whom there is left any memorie by the prophane writers King Dauid also & Salomon his sonne and many other of the holy Prophets wrate in meeters, and vsed to sing them to the harpe, although to many of vs ignorant of the Hebrue language and phrase, and not obseruing it, the same seeme but a prose. It can not bee

therefore that anie scorn or indignitie should iustly be offred to so noble, profitable, ancient and diuine a science as Poesie is.

CHAP. V.

How the wilde and sauage people vsed a naturall Poesie in versicte and time as our vulgar is.

And the Greeke and Latine Poesie was by verse numerous and metricall, running vpon pleasant feete, sometimes swift, sometime slow (their words very aptly seruing that purpose) but without any rime or tunable concord in th'end of their verses, as we and all other nations now use. But the Hebrues & Chaldees who were more ancient then the Greekes, did not only use a metricall Poesie, but also with the same a maner or rime, as hath bene of late obserued by learned men. Wherby it appeareth, that our vulgar running Poesie was common to all the nations of the world besides, whom the Latines and Greekes in speciall called barbarous. So as it was notwithstanding the first and most ancient Poesie, and the most vniuersall, which two points do otherwise giue to all humane inuentions and affaires no small credit. This is proued by certificate of marchants & trauellers, who by late nauigations haue surueyed the whole world, and discovered large countries and strange peoples wild and sauage, affirming that the American, the Perusine & the very Canniball, do sing and also say, their highest and holiest matters in certaine riming verses and not in prose, which proues also that our maner of vulgar Poesie is more ancient then the artificiall of the Greekes and Latines, ours comming by instinct of nature, which was before Art or obseruation, and vsed with the sauage and vnciuill, who were before all science or ciuilitie, euen as the naked by prioritie of time is before the clothed, and the ignorant before the learned. The naturall Poesie therefore being aided and amended by Art, and not vtterly altered or obscured, but some signe left of it, (as the Greekes and Latines haue left none) is no lesse to be allowed and commended then theirs.

CHAP. VI.

How the riming Poesie came first to the Grecians and Latines, and had altered and almost split their maner of Poesie.

But it came to passe, when fortune fled farre from the Greekes and Latines, & that their townes florished no more in traficke, nor their Vniuersities in learning as they had done continuing those Monarchies: the barbarous conquerers inuading them with innumerable swarmes of strange nations, the Poesie metricall of the Grecians and Latines came to be much corrupted and altered, in so much as there were times that the very Greekes and Latines themselues tooke pleasure in Riming verses, and vsed it as a rare and gallant thing: Yea their Oratours proses nor the Doctors Sermons were acceptable to Princes nor yet to the common people vnlesse it went in manner of tunable rime or metricall sentences, as appeares by many of the auncient writers, about that time and since. And the great Princes, and Popes, and Sultans would one salute and greet an other sometime in frendship and sport, sometime in earnest and enmitie by ryming verses, & nothing seemed clerkly done, but must be done in ryme: Whereof we finde diuers examples from the time of th'Emperours Gracian & Valentinian downwarde; For then aboutes began the declination of the Romain Empire, by the notable inundations of the Hunnes and Vandalles in Europe, vnder the conduct of Totila & Atila and other their generalles. This brought the ryming Poesie in grace, and made it preuaile in Italie and Greece (their owne long time cast aside, and almost neglected) till after many yeares that the peace of Italie and of th'Empire Occidentall reuiued new clerkes, who recouering and perusing the bookes and studies of the ciuiler ages, restored all maner of arts, and that of the Greeke and Latine Poesie withall into their former puritie and netnes. Which neuerthelesse did not so preuaile, but that the ryming Poesie of the Barbarians remained still in his reputation, that one in the schole, this other in Courts of Princes more ordinary and allowable.

CHAP VII.

How in the time of Charlemaine and many yeares after him the Latine Poetes wrote in ryme.

And this appeareth evidently by the workes of many learned men, who wrote about the time of Charlemaines raigne in the Empire Occidentall, where the Christian Religion, became through the excessive authoritie of Popes, and deepe deuotion of Princes strongly fortified and established by erection of orders Monastical in which many simple clerks for deuotion sake & sanctitie were receiued more then for any learning, by which occasion & the solitarinesse of their life, waxing studious without discipline or instruction by any good methode, some of them grew to be historiographers, some Poets, and following either the barbarous rudenes of the time, or els their own idle inuentions, all that they wrote to the fauor or prayse of Princes, they did it in such maner of minstrelsie, and thought themselues no small fooles, when they could make their verses goe all in ryme as did the Schoole of Salerno, dedicating their booke of medicinall rules vnto our king of England, with this beginning. *Anglorum Regi scripsit tota schola Salerni Sibus incolumem, sibus te reddere sanicari Curas tolle graues, irasci crede prophanum Necretine ventram nec stringas as fortiter annum.*

And all the rest that follow throughout the whole booke more curiously than cleanly, neuerthelesse very well to the purpose of their arte. In the same time king Edward the iij. him selfe quartering the Armes of England and France, did discouer his pretence and clayme to the Crowne of Fraunce, in these ryming verses. *Rex sum regnorum bina ratione duorum Anglorum regnio sum rex ego iure paterno Matris iure quidem Francorum nuncupor idem Hinc est armorum variatio facta meorum.*

Which verses Philip de Valois then possessing the Crowne as next heire male by pretexte of the law Salique, and holding our Edward the third, aunswered in these other of as good stuffe. *Prædo regnorum qui diceris esse duorum Regno materno priuaberis atque paterno Prolis ius nullum ubi matris non fuit vllum Hinc est armorum variatio stulta tuorum.*

It is found written of Pope Lucius, for his great auarice and tyranny vsed ouer the Clergy thus in ryming verses. *Lucius est piscis rex et tyrannus aquarum A quo discordat Lucius iste parum Deurat hic hom homines, his piscibus insidiatur Esurit hic semper hic aliquando satur Amborum vitam si laus aquata notaret Plus rationis habet qui ratione caret.*

And as this was vsed in the greatest and gayest matters of Princes and Popes by the idle inuention of Monasticall men then raigning al in their superlative. So did every scholer & secular clerke or versifier, when he wrote any short poeme or matter of good lesson put it in ryme, whereby it came to passe that all your old Proverbes and common sayings, which they would have plausible to the reader and easy to remember and beare away, were of that sorte as these. *In mundo mira faciunt duo nummias & ira Molleficant dura peruertunt omnia iura.*

And this verse in dispraise of the Courtiers life following the Court of Rome. *Vita palatina dura est anima que ruina.*

And these written by a noble learned man. *Ire redire fequi regum sublimia castra Eximius status est, sed non sic itur ad astra.*

And this other which to the great injurie of all women was written (no doubt by some forlorne lover, or else some old malicious Monke) for one woman's sake blemishing the whole sex. *Fallere stere nere mentari nilque tacere Haec qumque vere statuit Deus in muliere.*

If I might have bene his Iudge, I would have had him for his labour serued as Orpheus was by the women of Thrace. His eyes to be picket out with pinnes for his so deadly belying of them, or worse handled if worse could be deuised. But will ye see how God raised a revenger for the silly innocent women, for about the same ryming age came an honest civill Courtier somewhat bookish, and wrate these verses against the whole rable of Monkes. *O Monachi vestri stomachi sunt amphora Bacchi Vos estis Deis est restes turpissima pestis.*

Anon after came your secular Priestes as jolly rymers as the rest, who being sore agreeued with their Pope Calixtus, for that he had enjoyned them from their wives, & railed as fast against him. *O bone Calixte totus mundus perodit te Quondam Presbiteri, poterant vxoribus vti Hoc destruxisti, postquam tu Papa fursti.*

Thus what in writing of rymes and registring of lyes was the Clergy of that fabulous age wholly occupied.

We finde some but very few of these ryming verses among the Latines of the ciuill ages, and those rather hapning by chaunce then of any purpose in the writer, as this Distick among the disportes of Ouid. *Quot coem stellas tot habet tua Roma puellas Pascua quotque haedos tot habet tua Roma Cynedos,*

The posteritie taking pleasure in this manner of Simphonie had leasure as it seemes to deuise many other knackes in their versifying that the auncient and ciuill Poets had not vfed before, whereof one was to make euery word of a verse to begin with the same letter, as did Hugobald the Monke who made a large poeme to the honour of Carolus Caluus, euery word beginning with C. which was the first letter of the king's name thus. *Carmina clarisona Caluis cantate camenæ.*

And this was thought no small peece of cunning, being in deed a matter of some difficultie to finde out so many wordes beginning with one letter as might make a iust volume, though in truth it were but a phantasticall deuise and to no purpose at all more then to make them harmonically to the rude eares of those barbarous ages.

Another of their pretie inuentions was to make a verse of such wordes as by their nature and manner of construction and situation might be turned backward word by word, and make another perfit verse, but of quite contrary sence as the gibing Monke that wrote of Pope Alexander these two verses. *Laus tua non tua fraus, virtus non copia rerum, Scandere te faciunt hoc decus eximium.*

Which if ye will turne backward they make two other good verses, but of a contrary sence, thus. *Eximium decus hoc faciunt te scandere rerum Copia, non virtus, fraus tua non tua laus.*

And they called it Verse Lyon.

Thus you may see the humors and appetites of men how diuers and chaungeable they be in liking new fashions, though many tymes worse then the old, and not onely in the manner of their life and vse of their garments, but also in their learnings and arts, and specially of their languages.

CHAP. VIII.

In what reputation Poesie and Poets were in old time with Princes and otherwise generally, and how they be now become contemptible and for what causes.

For the respectes aforesayd in all former ages and in the most ciuill countreys and commons wealthes, good Poets and Poesie were highly esteemed and much fauoured of the greatest Princes. For proofoe whereof we read how much Amyntas king of Macedonia made of the Tragical Poet Euripides. And the Athenians of Sophocles. In what price the noble poemes of Homer were holden with Alexander the great, in so much as euery night they were layd vnder his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich iewell cofer of Darius lately before vanquished by him in battaile. And not onely Homer the father and Prince of the Poets was so honored by him, but for his sake all other meaner Poets, in so much as Cherillus one no very great good Poet had for euery verse well made a Phillips noble of gold, amounting in value to an angell English, and so for euery hundreth verses (which a cleanly pen could speedely dispatch) he had a hundred angels. And since Alexander the great how Theocritus the Greeke Poet was faured by Tholomee king of Egipt & Queene Berenice his wife, Ennius likewise by Scipio Prince of the Romaines, Virgill also by th'Emperour Augustus. And in later times how much were Iehan de Mehone & Guillaume de Loris made of by the French kinges, and Geffrey Chaucer father of our English Poets by Richard the second, who as it was supposed gaue him the maner of new Holme in Oxfordshire. And Gower to Henry the fourth, and Harding to Edward the fourth. Also how Frauncis the Frenche king made Sangelais, Salmonius, Macrinus, and Clement Marot of his priuy Chamber for their excellent skill in vulgare and Latine Poesie. And king Henry the 8. her Maiesties father for a few Psalmes of Dauid turned into English meetre by Sternhold, made him groome of his priuy chamber, & gaue him many other good gifts. And one Gray what good estimation did he grow vnto with the same

king Henry, & afterward with the Duke of Sommerset Protectour, for making certaine merry Ballades, whereof one chiefly was, The hunte is vp, the hunte is up. And Queene Mary his daughter for one Epithalamie or nuptiall song made by Vargas a Spanish Poet at her mariage with king Phillip in Winchester gaue him during his life two hundred Crownes pension: nor this reputation was giuen them in auncient times altogether in respect that Poesie was a delicate arte, and the Poets them selues cunning Princepleasers, but for that also they were thought for their vniuersall knowledge to be very sufficient men for the greatest charges in their common wealthes, were it for counsell or for conduct, whereby no man neede to doubt but that both skilles may very well concurre and be most excellent in one person. For we finde that Iulius Cæsar the first Emperour and a most noble Captaine, was not onely the most eloquent Orator of his time, but also a very good Poet, though none of his doings therein be now extant. And Quintus Catulus a good Poet, and Cornelius Gallus treasurer of Egypt, and Horace the most delicate of all the Romain Lyrickes, was thought meete and by many letters of great instance prouoked to be Secretarie of estate to Augustus th'Emperour, which neuerthesse he refused for his vnhealthfulnesse sake, and being a quiet mynded man and nothing ambitious of glory: non voluit accedere ad Rempublicam, as it is reported. And Ennius the Latine Poet was not as some perchance thinke, onely fauored by Scipio the Africane for his good making of verses, but vsed as his familiar and Counsellor in the warres for his great knowledge and amiable conuersation. And long before that Antinienides and other Greeke Poets, as Aristotle reportes in his Politiques, had charge in the warres. And Firtus the Poet being also a lame man & halting vpon one legge, was chosen by the Oracle of the gods from the Athenians to be generall of the Lacedemonians armie, not for his Poetrie, but for his wisdom and graue perswasions, and subtile Stratagemes whereby he had the victory ouer his enemies. So as the Poets seemed to haue skill not onely in the subtilties of their arte, but also to be meete for all maner of functions ciuill and martiall, euen as they found fauour of the times they liued in, insomuch as their credit and estimation generally was not small. But in these dayes (although some learned Princes may take delight in them) yet vniuersally it is not so. For as well Poets as Poesie are despised, & the name become, of honorable infamous, subiect to scorne and derision, and rather a reproch than a prayse to any that vseth it: for commonly who so is studious in th'Arte or shewes himselfe excellent in it, they call him in disdayne a phantasticall: and a light headed or phantasticall man (by conuersion) they call a Poet. And this proceedes through the barbarous ignoraunce of the time, and pride of many Gentlemen, and others, whose grosse heads not being brought vp or acquainted with any excellent Arte, nor able to contriue, or in manner conceiue any matter of subtiltie in any businesse or science, they doe deride and scorne it in all others as superfluous knowledges and vayne sciences, and whatsoever deuise be of rare inuention they terme it phantasticall, construing it to the worst side: and among men such as be modest and graue, & of litle conuersation, nor delighted in the busie life and vayne ridiculous actions of the popular, they call him in scorne a Philosopher, or Poet, as much to say as a phantasticall man, very iniuriously (God wot) and to the manifestation of their own ignoraunce, not making difference betwixt termes. For as the cuill and vicious disposition of the braine hinders the sounde iudgement and discourse of man with busie & disordered phantasies, for which cause the Greekes call him [Greek: phantasikos] so is that part being well affected, not onely nothing disorderly or confused with any monstrous imaginations or conceits, but very formall, and in his much multiformitie vniforme, that is well proportioned, and so passing cleare, that by it as by a glasse or mirrour, are represented vnto the soule all maner of bewtiful visions, whereby the inuentiue parte of the mynde is so much holpen, as without it no man could deuise any new or rare thing: and where it is not excellent in his kind, there could be no politique Captaine, nor any witty enginer or cunning artificer, nor yet any law maker or counsellor of deepe discourse, yea the Prince of Philosophers stickes not to say animam non intelligere absque phantasmate, which text to another purpose Alexander Aphrodiscus well noteth, as learned men know. And this phantasie may be resembled to a glasse as hath bene sayd, whereof there be many tempers and manner of makinges, as the perspectiues doe acknowledge, for some be false glasses and shew thinges otherwise than they be in deede, and others right as they be in deede, neither fairer nor fouler, nor greater nor smaller. There be againe of these glasses that shew thinges exceeding faire and comely, others that shew figures very monstrous & illfaured. Euen so is the phantasticall part of man (if it be not disordered) a representer of the best, most comely and bewtiful images or apparances of thinges to the soule and according to their very truth. If otherwise, then doth it breede Chimeres & monsters in mans imaginations, & not onely in his imaginations, but also in all his ordinarie actions and life which ensues. Wherefore such persons as be illuminated with the brightest irradiations of knowledge and of the veritie and due proportion of things, they are called by the learned men not phantastics but euphantasiote, and of this sorte of phantasie are all good Poets, notable Captaines stratagematique, all cunning artificers and enginers, all Legislators Polititiens & Counsellours of estate, in whose exercises the inuentiue part is most employed and is to the sound & true iudgement of man most needful. This diuersitie in the termes perchance euery man hath not noted, & thus much be said in defence of the Poets honour, to the end no noble and generous minde be discomforted in the studie thereof, the rather for that worthy & honorable

memoriall of that noble woman twise French Queene, Lady Anne of Britaine, wife first to king Charles the viij and after to Lewes the xij, who passing one day from her lodging toward the kinges side, saw in a gallerie Master Allaine Chartier the kings Secretarie, an excellent maker or Poet leaning on a tables end a sleepe, & stooped downe to kisse him, saying thus in all their hearings, we may not of Princely courtesie passe by and not honor with our kisse the mouth from whence so many sweete ditties & golden poems haue issued. But me thinks at these words I heare some smilingly say, I would be loath to lacke liuing of my own till the Prince gaue me a maner of new Elme for my riming: And another to say I haue read that the Lady Cynthia came once downe out of her skye to kisse the faire yong lad Endimion as he lay a sleep: & many noble Queenes that haue bestowed kisses upon their Princes paramours, but neuer vpon any Poets. The third me thinks shruggingly saith, I kept not to sit sleeping with my Poesie till a Queene came and kissed me: But what of all this? Princes may giue a good Poet such conuenient countenance and also benefite as are due to an excellent artificer, though they neither kisse nor cokes them, and the discret Poet lookes for no such extraordinarie fauours, and aswell doth he honour by his pen the iust, liberall, or magnanimous Prince, as the valiaunt, amiable or bewtifull though they be euery one of them the good giftes of God. So it seemes not altogether the scorne and ordinarie disgrace offered vnto Poets at these dayes, is cause why few Gentlemen do delight in the Art, but for that liberalitie, is come to fayle in Princes, who for their largesse were wont to be accompted th'onely patrons of learning, and first founders of all excellent artificers. Besides it is not perceiued, that Princes them selues do take any pleasure in this science, by whose example the subiect is commonly led, and allured to all delights and exercises be they good or bad, according to the graue saying of the historian. *Rex multitudinem religione impleuit, quæ semper regenti similis est.* And peradventure in this iron & malicious age of ours, Princes are lesse delighted in it, being ouer earnestly bent and affected to the affaires of Empire & ambition, whereby they are as it were enforced to indeuour them selues to armes and practises of hostilitie, or to entend to the right pollicing of their states, and haue not one houre to bestow vpon any other ciuill or delectable Art of naturall or morall doctrine: nor scarce any leisure to thincke one good thought in perfect and godly contemplation, whereby their troubled mindes might be moderated and brought to tranquillitie. So as, it is hard to find in these dayes of noblemen or gentlemen any good Mathematician, or excellent Musitian, or notable Philosopher, or els a cunning Poet: because we find few great Princes much delighted in the same studies. Now also of such among the Nobilitie or gentry as be very well seene in many laudable sciences, and especially in making of Poesie, it is so come to passe that they haue no courage to write & if they haue, yet are they loath to be a knowen of their skill. So as I know very many notable Gentlemen in the Court that haue written commendably, and suppressed it agayne, or els suffred it to be publisht without their owne names to it: as if it were a discredit for a Gentleman, to seeme learned, and to shew himselfe amorous of any good Art. In other ages it was not so, for we read that Kinges & Princes haue written great volumes and publisht them vnder their owne regall titles. As to begin with Salomon the wisest of Kings, Iulius Caesar the greatest of Emperours, Hermes Trisingistus the holiest of Priestes and Prophetes, Euax king of Arabia wrote a booke of precious stones in verse, prince Auicenna of Phisicke and Philosophie, Alphonsus king of Spaine his Astronomicall Tables, Almansor a king of Marrocco diuerse Philosophicall workes, and by their regall example our late soueraigne Lord king Henry the eight wrate a booke in defence of his faith, then perswaded that it was the true and Apostolicall doctrine, though it hath appeared otherwise since, yet his honour and learned zeale was nothing lesse to be allowed. Queenes also haue bene knowen studious, and to write large volumes, as Lady Margaret of Fraunce Queene of Nauarre in our time. But of all others the Emperour Nero was so well learned in Musique and Poesie, as when he was taken by order of the Senate and appointed to dye, he offered violence to him selfe and sayd, *O quantus artifex pereor!* as much to say, as, how is it possible a man of such science and learning as my selfe, should come to this shamefull death? Th'emperour Octauian being made executor to Virgill who had left by his last will and testament that his bookes of the Aeneidos should be committed to the fire as things not perfit by him, made his excuse for infringing the deads will, by a number of verses most excellently wntten, whereof these are part. *Frangatur potius legure, veneranda potestas, Quam tot congestos noctesque diesque labores Hauserit vna dies.*

And put his name to them. And before him his vncler & father adoptiue Iulius Caesar, was not ashamed to publish vnder his owne name, his Commentaries of the French and Britaine warres. Since therefore so many noble Emperours, Kings and Princes haue bene studious of Poesie and other ciuill arts, & not ashamed to bewray their skills in the same, let none other meaner person despise learning, nor (whether it be in prose or in Poesie, if they them selues be able to write, or haue written any thing well or of rare inuention) be any whit squeimish to let it be publisht vnder their names, for reason serues it, and modestie doth not repugne.

CHAP. IX.

How Poesie should not be employed vpon vayne conceits or vicious or infamous.

Wherefore the Nobilitie and dignitie of the Art considered aswell by vniuersalitie as antiquitie and the naturall excellence of it selfe, Poesie ought not to be abased and imployed vpon any vnworthy matter & subject, nor vsed to vaine purposes, which neuerthelesse is dayly seene, and that is to vtter contents infamous & vicious or ridiculous and foolish, or of no good example & doctrine. Albeit in merry matters (not vn honest) being vsed for mans solace and recreation it may well be allowed, for as I said before, Poesie is a pleasant maner of vtterance varying from the ordinarie of purpose to refresh the mynde by the eares delight. Poesie also is not onely laudable, because I said it was a metricall speach vsed by the first men, but because it is a metricall speach corrected and reformed by discreet iudgements, and with no lesse cunning and curiositie than the Greeke and Latine Poesie, and by Art bewtified & adorned, & brought far from the primitiue rudenesse of the first inuentors, otherwise it might be sayd to me that Adam and Eues apernes were the gayest garmentes, because they were the first, and the shepherdes tente or pauillion, the best housing, because it was the most auncient & most vniuersall: which I would not haue so taken, for it is not my meaning but that Art & cunning concurring with nature, antiquitie & vniuersalitie, in things indifferent, and not euill, doe make them more laudable. And right so our vulgar riming Poesie, being by good wittes brought to that perfection we see, is worthily to be preferred before any other matter of vtterance in prose, for such vse and to such purpose as it is ordained, and shall hereafter be set downe more particularly.

CHAP. X.

The subiect or matter of Poesie.

Having sufficiently sayd of the dignitie of Poets and Poesie, now it is tyme to speake of the matter or subiect of Poesie, which to myne intent is, what soeuer wittie and delicate conceit of man meet or worthy to be put in written verse, for any necessary use of the present time, or good instruction of the posteritie. But the chief and principall is: the laud honour & glory of the immortall gods (I speake now in phrase of the Gentiles.) Secondly the worthy gests of noble Princes: the memoriall and registry of all great fortunes, the praise of vertue & reproofe of vice, the instruction of morall doctrines, the reuealing of sciences naturall & other profitable Arts, the redresse of boistrous & sturdie courages by perswasion, the consolation and repose of temperate myndes, finally the common solace of mankind in all his trauails and cares of this transitorie life. And in this last sort being vsed for recreation onely, may allowably beare matter not alwayes of the grauest, or of any great commoditie or profit, but rather in some sort, vaine, dissolute, or wanton, so it be not very scandalous & of euill example. But as our intent is to make this Art vulgar for all English mens vse, & therefore are of necessitie to set downe the principal rules therein to be obserued: so in mine opinion it is no lesse expedient to touch briefly all the chief points of this auncient Poesie of the Greeks and Latines, so far forth as it is conformeth with ours. So as it may be knowen what we hold of them as borrowed, and what as of our owne peculiar. Wherefore now that we haue said, what is the matter of Poesie, we will declare the manner and formes of poemes used by the auncients.

CHAP. XI.

Of poemes and their sundry formes and how thereby the auncient Poets receaued surnames.

As the matter of Poesie is diuers, so was the forme of their poemes & maner of writing, for all of them wrote not in one sort, euen as all of them wrote not vpon one matter. Neither was euery Poet alike cunning in all as in some one kinde of Poesie, not vttered with like felicitie. But wherein any one most excelled, thereof he tooke a surname, as to be called a Poet Heroick, Lyrick, Elegiack, Epigrammatist or otherwise. Such therefore as gaue them selves to write long histories of the noble gests of kings & great Princes, entermedling the dealings of the gods, halfe gods or Heroes of the gentiles, & the great & waighty consequences of peace and warre, they called Poets Heroick, whereof Homer was chief and most auncient among the Greeks, Virgill among the Latines. Others who more delighted to write songs or ballads of pleasure, to be song with the voice, and to the harpe, lute, or citheron & such other musical instruments, they were called melodious Poets [melici] or by a more common name Lirique Poets, of which sort

was Pindarus, Anacreon and Callimachus with others among the Greeks: Horace and Catullus among the Latines. There were an other sort, who sought the fauor of faire Ladies, and coueted to bemone their estates at large, & the perplexities of loue in a certain pitious verse called Elegie, and thence were called Eligiack: such among the Latines were Ouid, Tibullus, & Propertius. There were also Poets that wrote onely for the stage, I meane playes and interludes, to recreate the people with matters of disporte, and to that intent did set forth in shewes pageants, accompanied with speach the common behaiours and maner of life of priuate persons, and such as were the meaner sort of men, and they were called Comicall Poets, of whom among the Greekes Menander and Aristophanes were most excellent, with the Latines Terence and Plautus. Besides those Poets Comick there were other who serued also the stage, but medled not with so base matters: For they set forth the dolefull falles of infortunate & afflicted Princes, & were called Poets Tragicall. Such were Euripides and Sophocles with the Greeks, Seneca among the Latines. There were yet others who mounted nothing so high as any of them both, but in base and humble stile by maner of Dialogue, vttered the priuate and familiar talke of the meanest sort of men, as shepheards, heywards and suchlike, such was among the Greekes Theocritus: and Virgill among the Latines, their poemes were named Eglogues or shepheardly talke. There was yet another kind of Poet, who intended to taxe the common abuses and vice of the people in rough and bitter speaches, and their inuectiues were called Satyres, and them selues Satyricques. Such were Lucilius, Iuuenall and Persius among the Latines, & with vs he that wrote the booke called Piers plowman. Others of a more fine and pleasant head were giuen wholly to taunting and scoffing at vndecent things, and in short poemes vttered pretie merry conceits, and these men were called Epigrammatistes. There were others that for the peoples good instruction, and triall of their owne witts vsed in places of great assembly, to say by rote numbers of short and sententious meetres, very pithie and of good edification, and thereupon were called Poets Mimistes: as who would say, imitable and meet to be followed for their wise and graue lessons. There was another kind of poeme, inuented onely to make sport, & to refresh the company with a maner of buffonry or counterfaiting of merry speaches, conuerting all that which they had hard spoken before, to a certaine derision by a quite contrary sence, and this was done, when Comedies or Tragedies were a playing, & that betweene the actes when the players went to make ready for another, there was great silence, and the people waxt weary, then came in these maner of counterfaite vices, they were called Pantomimi, and all that had before bene sayd, or great part of it, they gaue a crosse construction to it very ridiculously. Thus haue you how the names of the Poets were giuen them by the formes of their poemes and maner of writing.

CHAP. XII.

In what forme of Poesie the gods of the Gentiles were prayed and honored.

The gods of the Gentiles were honoured by their Poetes in hymnes, which is an extraordinarie and diuine praise, extolling and magnifying them for their great powers and excellencie of nature in the highest degree of laude, and yet therein their Poets were after a sort restrained: so as they could not with their credit vntruly praise their owne gods, or vse in their lauds any maner of grosse adulation or vnueritable report. For in any writer vntruth and flatterie are counted most great reproches. Wherefore to praise the gods of the Gentiles, for that by authoritie of their owne fabulous records, they had fathers and mothers, and kinred and allies, and wiues and concubines: the Poets first commended them by their genealogies or pedegrees, their mariages and aliances, their notable exploits in the world for the behoofe of mankind, and yet as I sayd before, none otherwise then the truth of their owne memorials might beare, and in such sort as it might be well auouched by their old written reports, though in very deede they were not from the beginning all historically true, and many of them verie fictions, and such of them as were true, were grounded vpon some part of an historie or matter of veritie, the rest altogether figuratiue & misticall, couertly applied to some morall or natural sense, as Cicero setteth it forth in his bookes de natura deorum. For to say that Iupiter was sonne to Saturne, and that he married his owne sister Iuno, might be true, for such was the guise of all great Princes in the Orientall part of the world both at those dayes and now is. Againe that he loued Danae, Europa, Leda, Calisto & other faire Ladies daughters to kings, besides many meaner women, it is likely enough, because he was reported to be a very incontinent person, and giuen ouer to his lustes, as are for the most part all the greatest Princes, but that he should be the highest god in heauen, or that he should thunder and lighten, and do manie other things very vnnaturally and absurdly: also that Saturnus should geld his father Celius, to th'intent to make him vnable to get any moe children, and other such matters as are reported by them, it seemeth to be some wittie deuise and fiction made for a purpose, or a very noble and impudent lye, which could not be reasonably suspected by the Poets, who were otherwise discrete and graue men, and teachers of wisdom to others. Therefore either to

transgresse the rules of their primitiue records, or to seeke to giue their gods honour by belying them (otherwise then in that sence which I haue alledged) had bene a signe not onely of an vnskilfull Poet, but also of a very impudent and leude man. For vntrue praise neuer giueth any true reputation. But with vs Christians, who be better disciplined, and do acknowledge but one God Almightye, euerlasting, and in euery respect selfe suffizant [autharcos] reposed in all perfect rest & soueraigne blisse, not needing or exacting any forreine helpe or good. To him we can not exhibit ouermuch praise, nor belye him any wayes, vnlesse it be in abasing his excellencie by scarsitie of praise, or by misconceauing his diuine nature, weening to praise him, if we impute to him such vaine delights and peeuish affections, as commonly the frailest men are reprobued for. Namely to make him ambitious of honour, iealous and difficult in his worships, terrible, angrie, vindicatiue, a loue, a hater, a pitier, and indigent of mans worships: finally so passionate as in effect he shold be altogether Anthropopathis. To the gods of the Gentiles they might well attribute these infirmities, for they were but the children of men, great Princes and famous in the world, and not for any other respect diuine, then by some resemblance of vertue they had to do good, and to benefite many. So as to the God of the Christians, such diuine praise might be verified: to th'other gods none, but figuratiuely or in misticall sence as hath bene said. In which sort the ancient Poets did in deede giue them great honors & praises, and made to them sacrifices, & offred them oblations of sundry sortes, euen as the people were taught and perswaded by such placations and worships to receaue any helpe, comfort or benefite to them selues, their wiues, children, possessions or goods. For if that opinion were not, who would acknowledge any God? the verie Etimologie of the name with vs of the North partes of the world declaring plainly the nature of the attribute, which is all one as if we sayd good, [bonus] or a giuer of good things. Therfore the Gentiles prayed for peace to the goddesse Pallas: for warre (such as thriued by it) to the god Mars: for honor and empire to the god Iupiter: for riches & wealth to Pluto: for eloquence and gayne to Mercurie: for safe nauigation to Neptune: for faire weather and prosperous windes to Eolus: for skill in musick and leechcraft to Apollo: for free life & chastitie to Diana: for bewtie and good grace, as also for issue & prosperitie in loue to Venus: for plenty of crop and come to Ceres: for seasonable vintage to Bacchus: and for other things to others. So many things as they could imagine good and desirable, and to so many gods as they supposed to be authors thereof, in so much as Fortune was made a goddesse, & the feuer quartaine had her aulters, such blindnes & ignorance raigned in the harts of men at that time, and whereof it first proceeded and grew, besides th'opinion hath bene giuen, appeareth more at large in our bookes of Ierotechni, the matter being of another consideration then to be treated of in this worke. And these hymnes to the gods was the first forme of Poesie and the highest & the stateliest, & they were song by the Poets as priests, and by the people or whole congregation as we sing in our Churchs the Psalmes of Daud, but they did it commonly in some shadie groues of tall tymber trees: In which places they reared aulters of greene turfe, and bestrewed them all ouer with flowers, and vpon them offred their oblations and made their bloudy sacrifices, (for no kinde of gift can be dearer then life) of such quick cattaille, as euery god was in their conceit most delighted in, or in some other respect most fit for the misterie: temples or churches or other chappels then these they had none at those dayes.

CHAP. XIII.

In what forme of Poesie vice and the common abuses of mans life was reprehended.

Some perchance would thinke that next after the praise and honoring of their gods, should commence the worshippings and praise of good men, and specially of great Princes and gouernours of the earth; in soueraignety and function next vnto the gods. But it is not so, for before that came to passe, the Poets or holy Priests, chiefly studied the rebuke of vice, and to carpe at the common abuses, such as were most offensiuie to the publike and priuate, for as yet for lacke of good ciuility and wholesome doctrines, there was greater store of lewde lourdaines then of wife and learned Lords, or of noble and vertuous Princes and gouernours. So as next after the honours exhibited to their gods, the Poets finding in man generally much to reprove & litle to praise, made certaine poems in plaine meetres, more like to sermons or preachings then otherwise, and when the people were assembled together in those hallowed places dedicate to their gods, because they had yet no large halles or places of conuenticle, nor had any other correction of their faults, but such as rested onely in rebukes of wife and graue men, such as at these dayes make the people ashamed rather then afeard, the said auncient Poets used for that purpose, three kinds of poems reprehensiue, to wit, the Satyre, the Comedie, & the Tragedie: and the first and most bitter inuectiue against vice and vicious men, was the Satyre: which to th'intent their bitterness should breede none ill will, either to the Poets, or to the recitours, (which could not haue bene chosen if they had bene openly knowen) and besides to make their admonitions and reproofs seeme grauer and of more efficacie, they made wife as if the gods of the woods,

whom they called Satyres or Silvanes, should appeare and recite those verses of rebuke, whereas in deede they were but disguised persons vnder the shape of Satyres as who would say, these terrene and base gods being conuersant with mans affaires, and spiers out of all their secret faults: had some great care ouer man, & desired by good admonitions to reforme the euill of their life, and to bring the bad to amendment by those kinde of preachings, whereupon the Poets inuentours of the deuise were called Satyrists.

CHAP. XIII.

How vice was afterward reprobued by two other maner of poems, better reformed then the Satyre, whereof the first was Comedy, the second Tragedie.

Bvt when these maner of solitary speaches and recitals of rebuke, vttered by the rurall gods out of bushes and briers, seemed not to the finer heads sufficiently perswasieue, nor so popular as if it were reduced into action of many persons, or by many voyces liuely represented to the eare and eye, so as a man might thinke it were euen now a doing. The Poets deuised to haue many parts played at once by two or three or foure persons, that debated the matters of the world, sometimes of their owne priuate affaires, sometimes of their neighbours, but neuer meddling with any Princes matters nor such high personages, but commonly of marchants, souldiers, artificers, good honest housholders, and also of vnthrifty youtthes, yong damsels, old nurses, bawds, brokers, ruffians and parasites, with such like, in whose behaiours, lyeth in effect the whole course and trade of mans life, and therefore tended altogether to the good amendment of man by discipline and example. It was also much for the solace & recreation of the common people by reason of the pageants and shewes. And this kind of poeme was called Comedy, and followed next after the Satyre, & by that occasion was somewhat sharpe and bitter after the nature of the Satyre, openly & by expresse names taxing men more maliciously and impudently then became, so as they were enforced for feare of quarell & blame to disguise their players with strange apparell, and by colouring their faces and carying hatts & capps of diuerse fashions to make them selues lesse knowen. But as time & experience do reforme euery thing that is amisse, so this bitter poeme called the old Comedy, being disused and taken away, the new Comedy came in place, more ciuill and pleasant a great deale and not touching any man by name, but in a certain generalitie glancing at euery abuse, so as from thenceforth fearing none ill-will or enmitie at any bodies hands, they left aside their disguisings & played bare face, till one Roscius Gallus the most excellent player among the Romaines brought vp these vizards, which we see at this day vsed, partly to supply the want of players, when there were moe parts then there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble & pester princes chambers with too many folkes. Now by the chaunge of a vizard one man might play the king and the carter, the old nurse & the yong damsell, the marchant & the souldier or any other part he listed very conueniently. There be that say Roscius did it for another purpose, for being him selfe the best Histrien or buffon that was in his dayes to be found, insomuch as Cicero said Roscius contended with him by varietie of liuely gestures to surmount the copy of his speach, yet because he was squint eyed and had a very vnpleasant countenance, and lookes which made him ridiculous or rather odious to the presence, he deuised these vizards to hide his owne ilfauored face. And thus much touching the Comedy.

CHAP. XV.

In what forme of Poesie the euill and outrageous bahaiours of Princes were reprehended.

Bvt because in those dayes when the Poets first taxed by Satyre and Comedy, there was no great store of Kings or Emperors or such high estats (al men being yet for the most part rude, & in a maner popularly egall) they could not say of them or of their behaiours any thing to the purpose, which cases of Princes are sithens taken for the highest and greatest matters of all. But after that some men among the moe became mighty and famous in the world, soueraignetie and dominion hauing learned them all maner of lusts and licentiousnes of life, by which occasions also their high estates and felicities fell many times into most lowe and lamentable fortunes: whereas before in their great prosperities they were both feared and reuerenced in the highest degree, after their deathes when the posteritie stood no more in dread of them, their infamous life and tyrannies were layd open to all the world, their wickednes reproched, their follies and extreme insolencies derided, and their miserable ends painted out in playes and

pageants, to shew the mutabilitie of fortune, and the iust punishment of God in reuenge of a vicious and euill life. These matters were also handled by the Poets and represented by action as that of the Comedies: but because the matter was higher then that of the Comedies the Poets stile was also higher and more loftie, the prouision greater, the place more magnificent: for which purpose also the players garments were made more rich & costlly and solemne, and euery other thing appertaining, according to that rate: So as where the Satyre was pronounced by rusticall and naked Syluanes speaking out of a bush, & the common players of interludes called Plampedes, played barefoote vpon the floore: the later Comedies vpon scaffolds, and by men well and cleanly hosed and shod. These matters of great Princes were played vpon lofty stages, & the actors thereof ware vpon their legges buskins of leather called Cothurni, and other solemne habits, & for a speciall preheminance did walke vpon those high corked shoes or pantofles, which now they call in Spaine & Italy Shoppini. And because those buskins and high shoes were commonly made of goats skinnes very finely tanned, and dyed into colours: or for that as some say the best players reward, was a goate to be giuen him, or for that as other thinke, a goate was the peculiar sacrifice to the god Pan, king of all the gods of the woodes: forasmuch as a goate in Greeke is called Tragos, therefore these stately playes were called Tragedies. And thus haue ye foure sundry formes of Poesie Dramaticke reprehensiuie, & put in execution by the feate & dexteritie of mans body, to wit, the Satyre, old Comedie, new Comedie, and Tragedie, whereas all other kinde of poems except Eglogue whereof shalbe entreated hereafter, were onely recited by mouth or song with the voyce to some melodious instrument.

CHAP. XVI.

In what forme of Poesie the great Princes and dominators of the world were honored.

Bvt as the bad and illawdable parts of all estates and degrees were taxed by the Poets in one sort or an other, and those of great Princes by Tragedie in especial, (& not till after their deaths) as hath bene before remembred, to th'intent that such exemplifying (as it were) of their blames and aduersities, being now dead, might worke for a secret reprehension to others that were aliue, liuing in the fame or like abuses. So was it great reason that all good and vertuous persons should for their well doings be rewarded with commendation, and the great Princes aboue all others with honors and praises, being for many respects of greater moment, to haue them good & vertuous then any inferior sort of men. Wherefore the Poets being in deede the trumpetters of all praise and also of slaunder (not slaunder, but well deserued reproch) were in conscience & credit bound next after the diuine praises of the immortall gods, to yeeld a like ratable honour to all such amongst men, as most resembled the gods by excellencie of function and had a certaine affinitie with them, by more then humane and ordinarie virtues shewed in their actions here vpon earth. They were therefore praised by a second degree of laude: shewing their high estates, their Princely genealogies and pedegrees, mariages, aliances, and such noble exploites, as they had done in th'affaires of peace & of warre to the benefit of their people and countries, by inuention of any noble science, or profitable Art, or by making wholesome lawes or enlarging of their dominions by honorable and iust conquests, and many other wayes. Such personages among the Gentiles were Bacchus, Ceres, Perseus, Hercules, Theseus and many other, who thereby came to be accompted gods and halfe gods or goddesses [Heroes] & had their commedations giuen by Hymne accordingly or by such other poems as their memorie was therby made famous to the posteritie for euer after, as shal be more at large sayd in place conuenient. But first we will speake somewhat of the playing places, and prouisions which were made for their pageants & pomps representatiue before remembred.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the places where their enterludes or poemmes drammaticke were represented to the people.

As it hath bene declared, the Satyres were first vttered in their hallowed places within the woods where they honoured their gods vnder the open heauen, because they had no other housing fit for great assemblies. The old comedies were plaid in the broad streets vpon wagons or carts vncouered, which carts were floored with bords & made for remouable stages to passe from one streete of their townes to another, where all the people might stand at their ease to gaze vpon the sights. Their new comedies or ciuill enterludes were played in open paulions or tents of

linnen cloth or lether, halfe displayed that the people might see. Afterward when Tragidies came vp they deuised to present them vpon scaffolds or stages of timber, shadowed with linen or lether as the other, and these stages were made in the forme of a Semicircle, wherof the bow serued for the beholders to fit in, and the string or forepart was appointed for the floore or place where the players vttered, & had in it sundry little diuisions by curteins as trauerses to serue for seuerall roomes where they might repaire vnto & change their garments & come in againe, as their speeches & parts were to be renewed. Also there was place appointed for the musiciens to sing or to play vpon their instrumentes at the end of euery scene, to the intent the people might be refreshed, and kept occupied. This maner of stage in halfe circle, the Greekes called theatrum, as much to say as a beholding place, which was also in such sort contriued by benches and greeces to stand or sit vpon; as no man should empeach anothers sight. But as ciuilitie and withall wealth encreased, so did the minde of man growe dayly more haultie and superfluous in all his deuises, so as for their theaters in halfe circle, they came to be by the great magnificence of the Romain princes and people somptuously built with marble & square stone in forme all round, & were called Amphitheaters, wherof as yet appears one among the ancient ruines of Rome, built by Pompeius Magnus, for capasitie able to receiue at ease fourscore thousand persons as it is left written, & so curiously contriued as euery man might depart at his pleasure, without any annoyance to other. It is also to be knowne that in those great Amphitheaters, were exhibited all maner of other shewes & disports for the people, as their ferce playes, or digladiations of naked men, their wrastlings, runnings leapings and other practises of actiuitie and strength, also their baitings of wild beasts, as Elephants, Rhinocerons, Tigers, Leopards and others, which sights much delighted the common people, and therefore the places required to be large and of great content.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the Shepheards or pastorall Poesie called Eglogue, and to what purpose it was first inuented and vsed.

Some be of opinion, and the chiefe of those who haue written in this Art among the Latines, that the pastorall Poesie which we commonly call by the name of Eglogue and Bucolick, a tearme brought in by the Sicilian Poets, should be the first of any other, and before the Satyre comedie or tragedie, because, say they, the shepheards and haywards assemblies & meetings when they kept their cattell and heards in the common fields and forests, was the first familiar conuersation, and their babble and talk vnder bushes and shadie trees, the first disputation and contentious reasoning, and their fleshly heates growing of ease, the first idle wooings, and their songs made to their mates or paramours either vpon sorrow or iolity of courage, the first amorous musicks, sometime also they sang and played on their pipes for wagers, striuing who should get the best game, and be counted cunningest. All this I do agree vnto, for no doubt the shepheards life was the first example of honest felowship, their trade the first art of lawfull acquisition or purchase, for at those daies robbery was a manner of purchase. So saith Aristotle in his bookes of the Politiques, and that pasturage was before tillage, or fishing or fowling, or any other predatory art or cheuisance. And all this may be true, for before there was a shepherd keeper of his owne, or of some other bodies flocke, there was none owner in the world, quick cattel being the first property of any forreine possession. I say forreine, because alway men claimed property in their apparell and armour, and other like things made by their owne trauel and industry, nor thereby was there yet any good towne or city or Kings palace, where pageants and pompes might be shewed by Comedies or Tragedies. But for all this, I do deny that the Eglogue should be the first and most auncient forme of artificiall Poesie, being perswaded that the Poet deuised the Eglogue long after the other drammatick poems, not of purpose to counterfait or represent the rusticall manner of loues and communication: but vnder the vaile of homely persons, and in rude speeches to insinuate and glaunce at greater matters, and such as perchance had not bene safe to haue bene disclosed in any other sort, which may be perceiued by the Eglogues of Virgill, in which are treated by figure matters of greater importance then the loues of Titirus and Corydon. These Eglogues came after to containe and enforme morall discipline, for the amendment of mans behauiour, as be those of Mantuan and other moderne Poets.

CHAP. XIX.

Of historicall Poesie, by which the famous acts of Princes and the vertuous and worthy liues of our forefathers were reported.

There is nothing in man of all the potential parts of his mind (reason and will except) more noble or more necessary to the actiue life then memory: because it maketh most to a sound iudgement and perfect worldly wisdom, examining and comparing the times past with the present, and by them both considering the time to come, concludeth with a stedfast resolution, what is the best course to be taken in all his actions and aduices in this world: it came vpon this reason, experience to be so highly commended in all consultations of importance, and preferred before any learning or science, and yet experience is no more than a masse of memories assembled, that is, such trials as man hath made in time before. Right so no kinde of argument in all the Oratorie craft, doth better perswade and more vniuersally satisfie then example, which is but the representation of old memories, and like successes happened in times past. For these regards the Poesie historicall is of all other next the diuine most honorable and worthy, as well for the common benefit as for the speciall comfort euery man receiueth by it. No one thing in the world with more delectation reuiuing our spirits then to behold as it were in a glasse the liuely image of our deare forefathers, their noble and vertuous maner of life, with other things autentike, which because we are not able otherwise to attaine to the knowledge of by any of our senses, we apprehend them by memory, whereas the present time and things so swiftly passe away, as they giue vs no leasure almost to looke into them, and much lesse to know & consider of them thoroughly. The things future, being also euent very vncertaine, and such as can not possibly be knowne because they be not yet, can not be vsed for example nor for delight otherwise then by hope. Though many promise the contrary, by vaine and deceitfull arts taking vpon them to reueale the truth of accidents to come, which if it were so as they surmise, are yet but sciences meerey coniecturall, and not of any benefit to man or to the common wealth, where they be vsed or professed. Therefore the good and exemplary things and actions of the former ages, were reserued only to the historicall reportes of wise and graue men: those of the present time left to the fruition and iudgement of our senses: the future as hazards and incertaine euent vtterly neglected and layd aside for Magicians and mockers to get their liuings by: such manner of men as by negligence of Magistrates and remisses of lawes euery countrie breedeth great store of. These historical men neuerthelesse vsed not the matter so precisely to wish that al they wrote should be accounted true, for that was not needefull nor expedient to the purpose, namely to be vsed either for example or for pleasure: considering that many times it is seene a fained matter or altogether fabulous, besides that it maketh more mirth than any other, works no lesse good conclusions for example then the most true and veritable: but often times more, because the Poet hath the handling of them to fashion at his pleasure, but not so of th'other which must go according to their veritie & none otherwise without the writers great blame. Againe as ye know mo and more excellent examples may be fained in one day by a good wit, then many ages through mans frailtie are able to put in vse, which made the learned and wittie men of those times to deuise many historicall matters of no veritie at all, but with purpose to do good and no hurt, as vsing them for a maner of discipline and president of commendable life. Such was the common wealth of Plato, and Sir Thomas Moores Vtopia, resting all in deuise, but neuer put in execution, and easier to be wished then to be performed. And you shall perceiue that histories were of three sortes, wholly true and wholly false, and a third holding part of either, but for honest recreation, and good example they were all of them. And this may be apparent to vs not onely by the Poeticall histories, but also by those that be written in prose: for as Homer wrate a fabulous or mixt report of the siege of Troy, and another of Uliesses errors or wandrings, so did Museus compile a true treatise of the life & loues of Leander and Hero, both of them Heroick, and to none ill edification. Also as Theucidides wrate a worthy and veritable historie, of the warres betwixt the Athenians and the Peloponenses: so did Zenophon, a most graue Philosopher, and well trained courtier and counsellour make another (but fained and vntrue) of the childhood of Cyrus king of Persia, neuertheles both to one effect, that is for example and good information of the posteritie. Now because the actions of meane & base personages, tend in very few cases to any great good example: for who passeth to follow the steps, and maner of life of a craftes man, shepherd or sailer, though he were his father or dearest frend? yea how almost is it possible that such maner of men should be of any vertue other then their profession requireth? Therefore was nothing committed to historie, but matters of great and excellent persons & things that the same by irritation of good courages (such as emulation causeth) might worke more effectually, which occasioned the story writer to chuse an higher stile fit for his subiect, the Prosaicke in prose, the Poet in meetre, and the Poets was by verse exameter for his grauitie and statelinesse most allowable: neither would they intermingle him with any other shorter measure, vnlesse it were in matters of such qualitie, as became best to be song with the voyce, and to some musicall instrument, as were with the Greeks, all your Hymnes & Encomia of Pindarus & Callimachus, not very histories but a maner of historicall reportes in which cases they made those poemes in variable measures, & coupled a short verse with a long to serue that purpose the better, and we our selues who

compiled this treatise haue written for pleasure a litle brief Romance or historicall ditty in the English tong of the Isle of great Britaine in short and long meetres, and by breaches or diuisions to be more commodiously song to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shalbe desirous to heare of old aduentures & valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of king Arthur and his knights of the round table, Sir Beuys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke and others like. Such as haue not premonition hereof, and consideration of the causes alledged, would peraduenture reproue and disgrace euery Romance, or short historicall ditty for that they be not written in long meeters or verses Alexandrins, according to the nature & stile of large histories, wherein they should do wrong for they be sundry formes of poems and not all one.

CHAP. XX.

In what forme of Poesie vertue in the inferiour sort was commended.

In euerie degree and sort of men vertue is commendable, but not egally: not onely because mens estates are vnegall, but for that also vertue it selfe is not in euery respect of egall value and estimation. For continence in a king is of greater merit, than in a carter, th'one hauing all opportunities to allure him to lusts, and abilitie to serue his appetites, th'other partly, for the basenesse of his estate wanting such meanes and occasions, partly by dread of lawes more inhibited, and not so vehemently caried away with vnbridled affections, and therefore deserue not in th'one and th'other like praise nor equall reward, by the very ordinarie course of distributiue iustice. Euen so parsimonie and illiberalitie are greater vices in a Prince then in a priuate person, and pusillanimitie and iniustice likewise: for to th'one, fortune hath supplied inough to maintaine them in the contrarie vertues, I meane, fortitude, iustice, liberalitie, and magnanimitie: the Prince hauing all plentie to vse largesse by, and no want or neede to driue him to do wrong. Also all the aides that may be to lift vp his courage, and to make him stout and fearelesse (augent animos fortunaee) saith the Mimist, and very truly, for nothing pulleth downe a mans heart so much as aduersitie and lacke. Againe in a meane man prodigalitie and pride are faultes more reprehensible then in Princes, whose high estates do require in their countenance, speech & expense, a certaine extraordinary, and their functions enforce them sometime to exceede the limites of mediocritie not excusable in a priuat person, whose manner of life and calling hath no such exigence. Besides the good and bad of Princes is more exemplarie, and thereby of greater moment then the priuate persons. Therefore it is that the inferiour persons, with their inferiour vertues haue a certaine inferiour praise, to guerdon their good with, & to comfort them to continue a laudable course in the modest and honest life and behaiour. But this lyeth not in written laudes so much as in ordinary reward and commendation to be giuen them by the mouth of the superiour magistrate. For histories were not intended to so generall and base a purpose, albeit many a meane souldier & other obscure persons were spoken of and made famous in stories, as we finde of Irus the begger, and Thersites the glorious noddie, whom Homer maketh mention of. But that happened (& so did many like memories of meane men) by reason of some greater personage or matter that it was long of, which therefore could not be an vniuersall case nor chaunce to euery other good and vertuous person of the meaner sort. Wherefore the Poet in praising the maner of life or death of anie meane person, did it by some litle dittie or Epigram or Epitaph in fewe verses & meane stile conformable to his subiect. So haue you how the immortall gods were praised by hymnes, the great Princes and heroicke personages by ballades of praise called Encomia, both of them by historicall reports of great grauitie and maiestie, the inferiour persons by other slight poemes.

CHAP. XXI.

The forme wherein honest and profitable Artes and sciences were treated.

The profitable sciences were no lesse meete to be imported to the greater number of ciuill men for instruction of the people and increase of knowledge, then to be reserued and kept for clerkes and great men onely. So as next vnto the things historicall such doctrines and arts as the common wealth fared the better by, were esteemed and allowed. And the same were treated by Poets in verse Exameter fauouring the Heroicall, and for the grauitie and comelinesse of the meetre most vsed with the Greekes and Latines to sad purposes. Such were the Philosophicall

works of Lucretius Carus among the Romaines, the Astronomicall of Aratus and Manilius, one Greeke th'other Latine, the Medicinall of Nicander, and that of Oprianus of hunting and fishes, and many moe that were too long to recite in this place.

CHAP. XXII.

In what forme of Poesie the amorous affections and allurements were vttered.

The first founder of all good affections is honest loue, as the mother of all the vicious is hatred. It was not therefore without reason that so commendable, yea honourable a thing as loue well meant, were it in Princely estate or priuate, might in all ciuill common wealths be vttered in good forme and order as other laudable things are. And because loue is of all other humane affections the most puissant and passionate, and most generall to all sortes and ages of men and women, so as whether it be of the yong or old or wise or holy, or high estate or low, none euer could truly bragge of any exemption in that case: it requireth a forme of Poesie variable, inconstant, affected, curious and most witty of any others, whereof the ioyes were to be vttered in one sorte, the sorrowes in an other, and by the many formes of Poesie, the many moodes and pangs of louers, throughly to be discouered: the poore soules sometimes praying, beseeching, sometime honouring, auancing, praising: an other while railing, reuiling, and cursing: then sorrowing, weeping, lamenting: in the ende laughing, reioysing & solacing the beloued againe, with a thousand delicate deuises, odes, songs, elegies, ballads, sonets and other ditties, moouing one way and another to great compassion.

CHAP. XXIII.

The forme of Poeticall reioysings.

Pleasure is the chiefe parte of mans felicity in this world, and also (as our Theologians say) in the world to come. Therefore while we may (yea alwaies if it could be) to reioyce and take our pleasures in vertuous and honest sort, it is not only allowable, but also necessary and very naturall to man. And many be the ioyes and consolations of the hart: but none greater, than such as he may vtter and discouer by some conuenient meanes: euen as to suppress and hide a mans mirth, and not to haue therein a partaker, or at least wise a witnes, is no little grieffe and infelicity. Therefore nature and ciuility haue ordained (besides the priuate solaces) publike reioysings for the comfort and recreation of many. And they be of diuerse sorts and vpon diuerse occasions growne: one & the chiefe was for the publike peace of a countrie the greatest of any other ciuill good. And wherein your Maiestie (my most gracious Soueraigne) haue shewed your selfe to all the world for this one and thirty yeares space of your glorious raigne, aboue all other Princes of Christendome, not onely fortunate, but also most sufficient vertuous and worthy of Empire. An other is for iust & honourable victory atchieued against the forraine enemy. A third at solemne feasts and pompes of coronations and enstallments of honourable orders. An other for iollity at weddings and marriages. An other at the births of Princes children. An other for priuate entertainements in Court, or other secret disports in chamber, and such solitary places. And as these reioysings tend to diuers effects, so do they also carry diuerse formes and nominations: for those of victorie and peace are called Triumphall, whereof we our selues haue heretofore giuen some example by our Triumphals written in honour of her Maiesties long peace. And they were vsed by the auncients in like manner, as we do our generall processions or Letanies with bankets and bonfires and all manner of ioyes. Those that were to honour the persons of great Princes or to solemnise the pompe of any installment were called Encomia, we may call them carols of honour. Those to celebrate marriages were called songs nuptiall or Epithalamies, but in a certaine mysticall sense as shall be said hereafter. Others for magnificence at the natiuities of Princes children, or by custome vsed yearely vpon the same dayes, are called songs natall or Genethliaca. Others for secret recreation and pastime in chambers with company or alone were the ordinary Musickes amorous, such as might be song with voice or to the Lute, Citheron or Harpe, or daunced by measures as the Italian Pauan and galliard are at these daies in Princes Courts and other places of honourable of ciuill assembly, and of all these we will speake in order and very briefly.

CHAP. XXIII.

The forme of Poeticall lamentations.

Lamenting is altogether contrary to reioising, euery man saith so, and yet is it a peece of ioy to be able to lament with ease, and freely to poure forth a mans inward sorrowes and the greefs wherewith his minde is surcharged. This was a very necessary deuise of the Poet and a fine, besides his poetrie to play also the Phisitian, and not onely by applying a medicine to the ordinary sicknes of mankind, but by making the very greef it selfe (in part) cure of the disease. Nowe are the causes of mans sorrowes many: the death of his parents, friends, allies, and children: (though many of the barbarous nations do reioyce at their burials and sorrow at their birthes) the ouerthrowes and discomforts in battell, the subuersions of townes and cities, the desolations of countreies, the losse of goods and worldly promotions, honour and good renowne: finally the trauails and torments of loue forlorne or ill bestowed, either by disgrace, deniall, delay, and twenty other wayes, that well experienced louers could recite. Such of these greefs as might be refrained or holpen by wisdom, and the parties owne good endeouour, the Poet gaue none order to sorrow them: for first as to the good renowne it is lost, for the more part by some default of the owner, and may be by his well doings recouered againe. And if it be vnjustly taken away, as by vntrue and famous libels, the offenders recantation may suffice for his amends: so did the Poet Stesichorus, as it is written of him in his Pallinodie vpon the dispraise of Helena, and recouered his eye sight. Also for worldly goods they come and go, as things not long proprietary to any body, and are not yet subject vnto fortunes dominion so, but that we our selues are in great part accessarie to our own losses and hinderaunces, by ouersight & misguiding of our selues and our things, therefore why should we bewaile our such voluntary detriment? But death the irrecouerable losse, death the dolefull departure of frendes, that can neuer be recontinued by any other meeting or new acquaintance. Besides our vncertaintie and suspition of their estates and welfare in the places of their new abode, seemeth to carry a reasonable pretext of iust sorrow. Likewise the great ouerthrowes in battell and desolations of countreys by warres, aswell for the losse of many liues and much libertie as for that it toucheth the whole state, and euery priuate man hath his portion in the damage: Finally for loue, there is no frailtie in flesh and bloud so excusable as it, no comfort or discomfort greater then the good and bad successe thereof, nothing more naturall to man, nothing of more force to vanquish his will and to inuegle his iudgement. Therefore of death and burials, of th'aduersities by warres, and of true loue lost or ill bestowed, are th'onely sorrowes that the noble Poets sought by their arte to remoue or appease, not with any medicament of a contrary temper, as the Galenistes vse to cure [contraria contrarijs] but as the Paracelsians, who cure [similia similibus] making one dolour to expell another, and in this case, one short sorrowing the remedie of a long and grievous sorrow. And the lamenting of deathes was chiefly at the very burials of the dead, also at monethes mindes and longer times, by custome continued yearely, when as they vsed many offices of seruice and loue towards the dead, and thereupon are called Obsequies in our vulgare, which was done not onely by cladding the mourners their friendes and seruantes in blacke vestures, of shape dolefull and sad, but also by wofull countenaunces and voyces, and besides by Poeticall mournings in verse. Such funerall songs were called Epicedia if they were song by many, and Monodia if they were vttered by one alone, and this was vsed at the enterment of Princes and others of great accompt, and it was reckoned a great ciuilitie to vse such ceremonies, as at this day is also in some countrey vsed. In Rome they accustomed to make orations funeral and commendatorie of the dead parties in the publique place called Procostris: and our Theologians, in stead thereof vse to make sermons, both teaching the people some good learning, and also saying well of the departed. Those songs of the dolorous discomfits in battaile, and other desolations in warre, or of townes sacked and subuerted, were song by the remnant of the army ouerthrowen, with great skriking and outcries, holding the wrong end of their weapon vpwards in signe of sorrow and dispaire. The cities also made generall mournings & offred sacrifices with Poeticall songs to appease the wrath of the martiall gods & goddesses. The third sorrowing was of loues, by long lamentation in Elegie: so was their song called, and it was in a pitious maner of meetre, placing a limping Pentameter, after a lusty Exameter, which made it go dolourously more then any other meeter.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the solemne reioysings at the natiuitie of Princes children.

To returne from sorrow to reioysing it is a very good hap and no vnwise part for him that can do it, I say therefore, that the comfort of issue and procreation of children is so naturall and so great, not onely to all men but specially to Princes, as duetie and ciuilitie haue made it a common custome to reioyse at the birth of their noble children, and to keepe those dayes hallowed and festiuall for euer once in the yeare, during the parentes or childrens liues: and that by publike order & consent. Of which reioysings and mirthes the Poet ministred the first occasion honorable, by presenting of ioyfull songs and ballades, praysing the parentes by prooffe, the child by hope, the whole kinred by report, & the day it selfe with wishes of all good successe, long life, health & prosperitie for euer to the new borne. These poems were called in Greeke Genethaca, with vs they may be called natall or birth songs.

CHAP. XXVI.

The maner of reioysings at mariages and weddings.

As the consolation of children well begotten is great, no lesse but rather greater ought to be that which is occasion of children, that is honorable matrimonie, a loue by al lawes allowed, not mutable nor encombred with such vaine cares & passions, as that other loue, whereof there is no assurance, but loose and fickle affection occasioned for the most part by sodaine sights and acquaintance of no long triall or experience, nor vpon any other good ground wherein any suretie may be conceiued: wherefore the Ciuill Poet could do no lesse in conscience and credit, then as he had before done to the ballade of birth: now with much better deuotion to celebrate by his poeme the chearefull day of mariages aswell Princely as others, for that hath alwayes bene accompted with euery countrey and nation of neuer so barbarous people, the highest & holiest, of any ceremonie apperteining to man: a match forsooth made for euer and not for a day, a solace prouided for youth, a comfort for age, a knot of alliance & amitie indissoluble: great reioysing was therefore due to such a matter and to so gladsome a time. This was done in ballade wise as the natall song, and was song very sweetely by Musitians at the chamber dore of the Bridegroom and Bride at such times as shalbe hereafter declared and they were called Epithalamies as much to say as ballades at the bedding of the bride: for such as were song at the borde at dinner or supper were other Musickes and not properly Epithalamies. Here, if I shall say that which apperteineth to th'arte, and disclose the misterie of the whole matter, I must and doe with all humble reuerence bespeake pardon of the chaste and honorable eares, least I should either offend them with licentious speach, or leaue them ignorant of the ancient guise in old times vsed at weddings (in my simple opinion) nothing reproveable. This Epithalamie was deuided by breaches into three partes to serue for three seuerall fits or times to be song. The first breach was song at the first parte of the night when the spouse and her husband were brought to their bed & at the very chamber dore, where in a large vtter roome vsed to be (besides the musitiens) good store of ladies or gentlewomen of their kinsefolkes, & others who came to honor the mariage, & the tunes of the songs were very loude and shrill, to the intent there might no noise be hard out of the bed chamber by the skreeking & outcry of the young damosell feeling the first forces of her stiffe & rigorous young man, she being as all virgins tender & weake, & vnexpert in those maner of affaires. For which purpose also they vsed by old nurses (appointed to that seruice) to suppress the noise by casting of pottes full of nuttes round about the chamber vpon the hard floore or pauement, for they vsed no mattes nor rushes as we doe now. So as the Ladies and gentlewomen should haue their eares so occupied what with Musicke, and what with their handes wantonly scrambling and catching after the nuttes, that they could not intend to harken after any other thing. This was as I said to diminish the noise of the laughing lamenting spouse. The tenour of that part of the song was to congratulate the first acquaintance and meeting of the young couple, allowing of their parents good discretions in making the match, then afterward to sound cheerfully to the onset and first encounters of that amorous battaile, to declare the comfort of children, & encrease of loue by that meane chiefly caused: the bride shewing her self euery waies well disposed and still supplying occasions of new lustes and loue to her husband, by her obedience and amorous embracings and all other allurementes. About midnight or one of the clocke, the Musicians came again to the chamber dore (all the Ladies and other women as they were of degree, hauing taken their leaue, and being gone to their rest.) This part of the ballade was to refresh the faint and wried bodies and spirits, and to animate new appetites with cherefull wordes, encoraging them to the recontinuance of the same entertainments, praising and commending (by supposall) the good conformities of them both, & their desire one to vanquish the other by such friendly conflict: alledging that the first embracements neuer bred barnes, by reason of their ouermuch affection and heate, but onely made passage for children and enforced greater liking to the late made match. That the second assaultes, were less rigorous, but more vigorous and apt to auance the purpose of procreation, that therefore they should persist in all

good appetite with an inuincible courage to the end. This was the second part of the Epithalamie. In the morning when it was faire broad day, & that by liklyhood all tournes were sufficiently serued, the last actes of the enterlude being ended, & that the bride must within few hours arise and apparrell her selfe, no more as a virgine, but as a wife, and about dinner time must by order come forth Sicut sponsa de thalamo, very demurely and stately to be sene and acknowledged of her parents and kinsfolkes whether she were the same woman or a changeling, or dead or aliue, or maimed by any accident nocturnall. The same Musicians came againe with this last part, and greeted them both with a Psalme of new applausions, for that they had either of them so well behaued them selues that night, the husband to rob his spouse of her maidenhead and saue her life, the bride so lustely to satisfie her husbandes loue and scape with so litle daunger of her person, for which good chaunce that they should make a louely truce and abstinence of that warre till next night sealing the placard of that louely league, with twentie maner of sweet kisses, then by good admonitions enformed them to the frugall & thriftie life all the rest of their dayes. The good man getting and bringing home, the wife sauing that which her husband should get, therewith to be the better able to keepe good hospitalitie, according to their estates, and to bring vp their children, (if God sent any) vertuously, and the better by their owne good example. Finally to perseuer all the rest of their life in true and inuiolable wedlocke. This ceremony was omitted when men married widowes or such as had tasted the frutes of loue before, (we call them well experienced young women) in whom there was no feare of daunger to their persons, or of any outcry at all, at the time of those terrible approches. Thus much touching the vsage of Epithalamie or bedding ballad of the ancient times, in which if there were any wanton or lasciuious matter more then ordinarie which they called Ficenina licentia it was borne withal for that time because of the matter no lesse requiring. Catullus hath made of them one or two very artificiall and ciuil: but none more excellent then of late yeares a young noble man of Germanie as I take it Iohannes secundus who in that and in his poeme De basis, passeth any of the auncient or moderne Poetes in my iudgment.

CHAP. XXVII.

The manner of Poesie by which they uttered their bitter taunts, and priuy nips, or witty scoffes and other merry conceits.

Bvt all the world could not keepe, nor any ciuill ordinance to the contrary so preuaile, but that men would and must needs vtter their splenes in all ordinarie matters also: or else it seemed their bowels would burst, therefore the poet deuised a pretty fashioned poeme short and sweete (as we are wont to say) and called it Epigramma in which euery mery conceited man might without any long studie or tedious ambage, make his frend sport, and anger his foe, and giue a prettie nip, or shew a sharpe conceit in few verses: for this Epigramme is but an inscription or writting made as it were vpon a table, or in a windowe, or vpon the wall or mantel of a chimney in some place of common resort, where it was allowed euery man might come, or be sitting to chat and prate, as now in our tauernes and common tabling houses, where many merry heades meete, and scribe with ynke with chalke, or with a cole such matters as they would euery man should know, & descant vpon. Afterward the same came to be put in paper and in bookes, and vsed as ordinarie missiues, some of frendship, some of defiaunce, or as other messages of mirth: Martiall was the cheife of this skil among the Latines, & at ahese days the best Epigrammes we finde, & of the sharpest conceit are those that haue bene gathered among the reliques of the two muet Satyres in Rome, Pasquill and Marphorir, which in time of Sede vacante, when merry conceited men listed to gibe & iest at the dead Pope, or any of his Cardinales, they fastened them vpon those Images which now lie in the open streets, and were tollerated, but after that terme expired they were inhibited againe. These inscriptions or Epigrammes at their beginning had no certaine author that would auouch them, some for feare of blame, if they were ouer saucy or sharpe, others for modestie of the writer as was that disticke of Virgil which he set vpon the pallace gate of the emperor Augustus, which I will recite for the breifnes and quicknes of it, & also for another euento that fell out vpon the matter worthy to be remembred. These were the verses. Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane Diuisum imperium cum Ioue Caesar habet. Which I haue thus Englished, It raines all night, early the shewes returne God and Caesar, do raigne and rule by turne.

As much to say, God sheweth his power by the night raines. Caesar his magnificence by the pompes of the day.

These two verses were very well liked, and brought to th'Emperours Maiestie, who tooke great pleasure in them, & willed the author should be knowen. A sausie courtier profered him selfe to be the man, and had a good reward giuen him: for the Emperour him self was not only learned, but of much munificence toward all learned men: whereupon Virgill seing him self by his ouermuch modestie defrauded of the reward, that an impudent had gotten by abuse of his merit, came the next night, and fastened vpon the same place this halfe metre, foure times iterated. Thus. Sic vos non vobis Sic vos non vobis Sic vos non vobis Sic vos non vobis

And there it remained a great while because no man wist what it meant, till Virgill opened the whole fraude by this deuise. He wrote aboute the same halfe metres this whole verse Exameter. Hos ego versiculos feci tulit alter honores.

And then finished the foure half metres, thus. Sic vos non vobis Fertis aratra boues Sic vos non vobis Vellera fertis oues Sic vos non vobis Mellificatis apes Sic vos non vobis Indificatis aues.

And put to his name Publius Virgilius Maro. This matter came by and by to Th'emperours eare, who taking great pleasure in the deuise called for Virgill, and gaue him not onely a present reward, with a good allowance of dyet a bonche in court as we vse to call it: but also held him for euer after vpon larger triall he had made of his learning and vertue in so great reputation, as he vouchsafed to giue him the name of a frend (amicus) which among the Romanes was so great an honour and speciall fauour, as all such persons were allowed to the Emperours table, or to the Senatours who had receiued them (as frendes) and they were the only men that came ordinarily to their boords, & solaced with them in their chambers, and gardins when none other could be admitted.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of the poeme called Epitaph used for memoriall of the dead.

An Epitaph is but a kind of Epigram only applied to the report of the dead persons estate and degree, or of his other good or bad partes, to his commendation or reproch: and is an inscription such as a man may commodiously write or engraue vpon a tombe in few verses, pithie, quicke and sententious for the passer by to peruse, and iudge vpon without any long tariaunce: So as if it exceede the measure of an Epigram, it is then (if the verse be correspondent) rather an Elegie then an Epitaph which errour many of these bastard rimers commit, because they be not learned, nor (as we are wont to say) their catftes masters, for they make long and tedious discourses, and write them in large tables to be hanged vp in Churches and chauncells ouer the tombes of great men and others, which be so exceeding long as one must haue halfe a dayes leasure to reade one of them, & must be called away before he come halfe to the end, or else be locked into the Church by the Sexten as I my selfe was once serued reading an Epitaph in a certain cathedrall Church of England. They be ignorant of poesie that call such long tales by the name of Epitaphes, they might better call them Elegies, as I said before, and then ought neither to be engrauen nor hanged vp in tables. I haue seene them neuertheles vpon many honorable tombes of these late times erected, which doe rather disgrace then honour either the matter or maker.

CHAP. XXIX.

A certaine auncient forme of poesie by which men did vse to reproch their enemies.

As frendes be a rich a ioyfull possession, so be foes a continuall torment and canker to the minde of man, and yet there is no possible meane to auoide this inconuenience, for the best of vs all, & he that thinketh he liues most blamelesse, liues not without enemies, that enuy him for his good parts, or hate him for his euill. There be wise men, and of them the great learned man Plutarch that tooke vpon them to perswade the benefite that men receiue by their enemies, which though it may be true in manner of Paradoxe, yet I finde mans frailtie to be naturally such, and always hath beene, that he cannot conceiue it in his owne case, nor shew that patience and moderation in such greifs, as becommeth the man perfite and accomlisht in all vertue: but either in deede or by word, he will seeke reuenge against them that malice him, or practise his harmes, specially such foes as oppose themselues to a mans

loues. This made the auncient Poetes to inuent a meane to rid the gall of all such Vindicatiue men: so as they might be a wrecked of their wrong, & neuer bely their enemie with slaunderous vntruthes. And this was done by a maner of imprecation, or as we call it by cursing and banning of the parties, and wishing all euill to a light vpon them, and though it neuer the sooner happened, yet was it great easment to the boiling stomacke: They were called Dirae, such as Virgill made against Battarus, and Ouide against Ibis: we Christians are forbidden to vse such vncharitable fashions, and willed to referre all our reuenges to God alone.

CHAP. XXX.

Of short Epigrames called Posies.

There be also other like Epigrammes that were sent vsually for new yeares giftes or to be Printed or put vpon their banketting dishes of suger plate, or of march paines, & such other dainty meates as by the curtesie & custome euery gest might carry from a common feast home with him to his owne house, & were made for the nonce, they were called Nenia or apophoreta, and neuer contained aboue one verse, or two at the most, but the shorter the better, we call them Posies, and do paint them now a dayes vpon the backe sides of our fruite trenchers of wood, or vse them as deuises in rings and armes and about such courtly purposes. So haue we remembred and set forth to your Maiestie very briefly, all the commended fourmes of the auncient Poesie, which we in our vulgare makings do imitate and vse vnder these common names: enterlude, song, ballade, carroll and ditty: borrowing them also from the French al sauing this word (song) which is our naturall Saxon English word. The rest, such as time and vsurpation by custome haue allowed vs out of the primitiue Greeke & Latine, as Comedie, Tragedie, Ode, Epitaphe, Elegie, Epigramme, and other moe. And we haue purposely omitted all nice or scholasticall curiosities not meete for your Maiesties contemplation in this our vulgare arte, and what we haue written of the auncient formes of Poemes, we haue taken from the best clerks writing in the same arte. The part that next followeth to wit of proportion, because the Greeks nor Latines neuer had it in vse, nor made any obseruation, no more then we doe of their feete, we may truly affirme, to haue bene the first deuisers thereof our selues, as [Greek: autodidaktoi], and not to haue borrowed it of any other by learning or imitation, and thereby trusting to be holden the more excusable if any thing in this our labours happen either to mislike, or to come short of th'authors purpose, because commonly the first attempt in any arte or engine artificiall is amendable, & in time by often experiences reformed. And so no doubt may this devise of ours be, by others that shall take the penne in hand after vs.

CHAP. XXXI.

Who in any age haue bene the most commended writers in our English Poesie, and the Authors censure giuen vpon them.

It appeareth by sundry records of bookes both printed & written, that many of our countrey men haue painfully trauelled in this part: of whose works some appeare to be but bare translations, other some matters of their owne inuention and very commendable, whereof some recitall shall be made in this place, to th'intent chiefly that their names should not be defrauded of such honour as seemeth due to them for hauing by their thankfull studies so much beautified our English tong (as at this day) it will be found our nation is in nothing inferiour to the French or Italian for copie of language, subtiltie of deuice, good method and proportion in any forme of poeme, but that they may compare with the most, and perchance passe a great many of them. And I will not reach aboue the time of king Edward the third, and Richard the second for any that wrote in English meeter: because before their times by reason of the late Normane conquest, which had brought into this Realme much alteration both of our langage and lawes, and there withall a certain martiall barbarousnes, whereby the study of all good learning was so much decayd, as long time after no man or very few entended to write in any laudable science: so as beyond that time there is litle or nothing worth commendation to be founde written in this arte. And those of the first age were Chaucer and Gower both of them as I suppose Knightes. After whom followed Iohn Lydgate the monke of Bury, & that nameles, who wrote the Satyre called Piers Plowman, next him followed Harding the Chronicler, then in king Henry th'eight times Skelton, (I wot not for what great worthines) surnamed the Poet Laureat. In the latter end of the same kings raigne

sprong vp a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyat th'elder & Henry Earle of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who hauing traualled into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Poesie as nouices newly crept out of the schooles of Dante Arioste and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude & homely maner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may iustly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile. In the same time or not long after was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings. Afterward in king Edward the sixths time came to be in reputation for the same facultie Thomas Sternehold, who first translated into English certaine Psalmes of Daud, and Iohn Hoywood the Epigrammatist who for the myrth and quicknesse of his conceits more then for any good learning was in him came to be well benefited by the king. But the principall man in this profession at the same time was Maister Edward Ferrys a man of no lesse mirth & felicitie that way, but of much more skil, & magnificence in this meeter, and therefore wrate for the most part to the stage, in Tragedie and sometimes in Comedie or Enterlude, wherein he gaue the king so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewardes. In Queenes Maries time flourished aboute any other Doctour Phaer one that was well learned & excellently well translated into English verse Heroicall certaine bookes of Virgils Aeneidos. Since him followed Maister Arthure Golding, who with no lesse commendation turned into English meetre the Metamorphosis of Ouide, and that other Doctour, who made the supplement to those bookes of Virgils Aeneidos, which Maister Phaer left vndone. And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong vp an other crew of Courtly makers Noble men and Gentlemen of her Maiesties owne seruantes, who haue written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman Edward Earle of Oxford, Thomas Lord of Bukhurst, when he was young, Henry Lord Paget, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Master Edward Dyar, Maister Fulke Greuell, Gascon, Britton, Turberuille and a great many other learned Gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for enuie, but to auoyde tediousnesse, and who haue deserued no little commendation. But of them all particularly this is myne opinion, that Chaucer, with Gower, Lidgat and Harding for their antiquitie ought to haue the first place, and Chaucer as the most renowned of them all, for the much learning appeareth to be in him aboute any of the rest. And though many of his bookes be but bare translations out of the Latin & French, yet are they wel handled, as his bookes of Troilus and Cresseid, and the Romant of the Rose, whereof he translated but one halfe, the deuice was Iohn de Mehunes a French Poet, the Canterbury tales were Chaucers owne inuention as I suppose, and where he sheweth more the naturall of his pleasant wit, then in any other of his workes, his similitudes comparisons and all other descriptions are such as can not be amended. His meetre Heroicall of Troilus and Cresseid is very graue and stately, keeping the staffe of seuen, and the verse of ten, his other verses of the Canterbury tales be but riding ryme, neuertheless very well becoming the matter of that pleasaunt pilgrimage in which euery mans part is playd with much decency. Gower sauing for his good and graue moralities, had nothing in him highly to be commended, for his verse was homely and without good measure, his wordes strained much deale out of the French writers, his ryme wrested, and in his inuentions small subtiltie: the applications of his moralities are the best in him, and yet those many times very grossely bestowed, neither doth the substance of his workes sufficiently aunswere the subtiltie of his titles. Lydgat a translatour onely and no deuiser of that which he wrate, but one that wrate in good verse. Harding a Poet Epick or Historicall, handled himselfe well according to the time and maner of his subiect. He that wrote the Satyr of Piers Ploughman, seemed to haue bene a malcontent of that time, and therefore bent himselfe wholly to taxe the disorders of that age, and specially the pride of the Romane Clergy, of whose fall he seemeth to be a very true Prophet, his verse is but loose meetre, and his termes hard and obscure, so as in them is litle pleasure to be taken. Skelton a sharpe Satirist, but with more rayling and scoffery then became a Poet Lawreat, such among the Greekes were called Pantomimi, with vs Buffons, altogether applying their wits to Scurrillities & other ridiculous matters. Henry Earle of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat, betweene whom I finde very litle difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that haue since employed their pennes vpon English Poesie, their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their conueyance cleanly, their termes proper, their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister Francis Petrarcha. The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh vpon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfait action very liuely & pleasantly. Of the later sort I thinke thus. That for Tragedie, the Lord of Buckhurst, & Maister Edward Ferrys for such doings as I haue sene of theirs do deserue the hiest price: Th'Earle of Oxford and Maister Edwardes of her Maiesties Chappell for Comedy and Enterlude. For Eglogue and pastorall Poesie, Sir Philip Sydney and Maister Challenner, and that other Gentleman who wrate the late shepheardes Callender. For dittie and amorous Ode I finde Sir Walter Rawleyghs vayne most loftie, insolent, and passionate. Maister Edward Dyar, for Elegie most sweete, solempne and of high conceit. Gascon for a good meeter and for a plentifull vayne. Phaer and Golding for a learned and well corrected verse, specially in translation cleare and very faithfully answering their

authours intent. Others haue also written with much facilitie, but more commendably perchance if they had not written so much nor so popularly. But last in recitall and first in degree is the Queene our soueraigne Lady, whose learned, delicate, noble Muse, easily surmounteth all the rest that haue written before her time or since, for sence, sweetnesse and subtiltie, be it in Ode, Elegie, Epigram, or any other kinde of poeme Heroick or Lyricke, wherein it shall please her Maiestie to employ her penne, euen by as much oddes as her owne excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassalls.

THE SECOND BOOKE, OF PROPORTION POETICAL.

CHAP. I.

Of Proportion Poeticall.

It is said by such as professe the Mathematicall sciences, that all things stand by proportion, and that without it nothing could stand to be good or beautiful. The Doctors of our Theologie to the same effect, but in other termes, say: that God made the world by number, measure and weight: some for weight say tune; and peradventure better. For weight is a kind of measure or of much conueniencie with it: and therefore in their descriptions be alwayes coupled together (statica & metrica) weight and measures. Hereupon it seemeth the Philosopher gathers a triple proportion, to wit, the Arithmetical, the Geometrical, and the Musical. And by one of these three is euery other proportion guided of the things that haue conueniencie by relation, as the visible by light colour and shadow: the audible by stirres, times and accents: the odorable by smelles of sundry temperaments: the tastible by sauours to the rate: the tangible by his objectes in this or that regard. Of all which we leaue to speake, returning to our poetical proportion, which holdeth of the Musical, because as we sayd before Poesie is a skill to speake & write harmonically: and verses or rime be a kind of Musickall vtterance, by reason of a certaine congruities in sounds pleasing the eare, though not perchance so exquisitely as the harmonickal concerts of the artificial Musicke, consisting in strained tunes, as is the vocall Musike, or that of melodious instruments, as Lutes, Harpes, Regals, Records and such like. And this our proportion Poeticall resteth in foure points: Staffe, Measure, Concord, Scituation and figure all which shall be spoken of in their places.

CHAP. II.

Of proportion in Staffe.

Staffe in our vulgare Poesie I know not why it should be so called, unless it be for that we vnderstand it for a bearer or supporter of a song or ballad, not vnlike the old weake bodie, that is stayed vp by his staffe, and were not otherwise able to walke or to stand vpriht. The Italian called it Stanza, as if we should say a resting place: and if we consider well the forme of this Poeticall staffe, we shall finde it to be a certaine number of verses allowed to go altogether and ioine without any intermission, and doe or should finish vp all the sentences of the same with a full period, vnlesse it be in some special cases, & there to stay till another staffe follow of like sort: and the shortest staffe containeth not vnder foure verses, nor the longest aboue ten, if it passe that number it is rather a whole ditty then properly a staffe. Also for the more part the stauies stand rather vpon the euen number of verses then the odde, though there be of both sorts. The first proportion then of a staffe is by quadrien or foure verses. The second of fife verses, and is seldome vsed. The third by sizeine or sixe verses, and is not only most vsual, but also very pleasant to the eare. The fourth is in seven verses, & is the chiefe of our ancient proportions vsed by any rimer writing any thing of historical or graue poeme, as ye may see in Chaucer and Lidgate th'one writing the loues of Troilus and Cresseida, th'other of the fall of Princes: both by them translated not deuised. The first proportion is of eight verses very stately and Heroicke, and which I like better then that of seuen, because it receaueth better band. The fixt is of nine verses, rare but very graue. The seuenth proportion is of tenne verses, very stately, but in many mens opinion too long: neuerthelesse of very good grace & much grauitie. Of eleuen and twelue I find none ordinary stauies vsed in any vulgar language, neither doth it serue well to continue any historical report or ballade, or other song: but is a ditty of it self, and no staffe, yet some moderne writers haue vsed it but very seldome. Then last of all haue ye a

proportion to be vsed in the number of your staues, as to a caroll and a ballade, to a song, & a round, or virelay. For to an historicall poeme no certain number is limited, but as the matter fals out: also a distick or couple of verses is not to be accompted a staffe, but serues for a continuance as we see in Elegie, Epitaph, Epigramme or such meetres, of plaine concord not harmonically entertangled, as some other songs of more delicate musick be.

A staffe of foure verses containeth in it selfe matter sufficient to make a full periode or complement of sence, though it doe not alwayes so, and therefore may go by diuisions.

A staffe of fiue verses, is not much vsed because he that can not comprehend his periode in foure verses, will rather driue it into six then leaue it in fiue, for that the euen number is more agreeable to the eare then the odde is.

A staffe of sixe verses, is very pleasant to the eare, and also serueth for a greater complement then the inferiour staues, which maketh him more commonly to be vsed.

A staffe of seuen verses, most vsuall with our auncient makers, also the staffe of eight, nine and ten of larger complement then the rest, are onely vsed by the later makers, & vnlesse they go with very good bande, do not so well as the inferiour staues. Therefore if ye make your staffe of eight, by two fowers not entertangled, it is not a huitaine or a staffe of eight, but two quadreins, so is it in ten verses, not being entertangled they be but two staues of fiue.

CHAP. III.

Of proportion in measure.

Meeter and measure is all one, for what the Greekes call [Greek: metron], the Latines call Mensura, and is but the quantitie of a verse, either long or short. This quantitie with them consisteth in the number of their feete: & with vs in the number of sillables, which are comprehended in euery verse, not regarding his feete, otherwise then that we allow in scanning our verse, two sillables to make one short portion (suppose it a foote) in euery verse. And after that sort ye may say, we haue feete in our vulgare rymes, but that is improperly: for a foote by his sence naturall is a member of office and function, and serueth to three purposes, that is to say, to go, to runne, & to stand still so as he must be sometimes swift, sometimes slow, sometime vnegally marching or peraduenture steddly. And if our feete Poeticall want these qualities it can not be sayd a foote in sence translatiue as here. And this commeth to passe, by reason of the euident motion and stirre, which is perceiued in the sounding of our wordes not alwayes egall: for some aske longer, some shorter time to be vttered in, & so by the Philosophers definition, stirre is the true measure of time. The Greekes & Latines because their wordes hapned to be of many sillables, and very few of one sillable, it fell out right with them to conceiue and also to perceiue, a notable diuersitie of motion and times in the pronuntiation of their wordes, and therefore to euery bissillable they allowed two times, & to a trissillable three times, & to euery polisillable more, according to his quantitie, & their times were some long, some short according as their motions were slow or swift. For the sound of some sillable stayd the eare a great while, and others slid away so quickly, as if they had not bene pronounced, then euery sillable being allowed one time, either short or long, it fell out that euery tetrasillable had foure times, euery trissillable three, and the bissillable two by which obseruation euery word, not vnder that sise, as he ranne or stood in a verse, was called by them a foote of such and so many times, namely the bissillable was either of two long times as the spondeus, or two short, as the pirchius, or of a long & a short as the trocheus, or of a short and a long as the iambus: the like rule did they set vpon the word trissillable, calling him a foote of three times: as the dactilus of a long and two short: the mollossus of three long, the tribacchus of three short, the amphibracchus of two long and a short, the amphimacer of two short and a long. The word of foure sillables they called a foote of foure times, some or all of them, either long or short: and yet not so content they mounted higher, and because their wordes serued well thereto, they made feete of sixe times: but this proceeded more of curiositie, then otherwise: for whatsoever foote passe the trissillable is compounded of his inferiour as euery number Arithmetically aboue three, is compounded of the inferiour numbers as twise two make foure, but the three is made of one number, videl. of two and an vnitie. Now because our naturall & primitiue language of the Saxon English, beares not any wordes (at least very few) of moe sillables then one (for whatsoever we see exceede, commeth to vs by the alterations of our language growen vpon many conquestes and otherwise)

there could be no such obseruation of times in the sound of our wordes, & for that cause we could not haue the feete which the Greeks and Latines haue in their meetres: but of this stirre & motion of their deuised feete, nothing can better shew the qualitie then these runners at common games, who setting forth from the first goale, one giueth the start speedely & perhaps before he come half way to th'other goale, decayeth his pace, as a man weary & fainting: another is slow at the start, but by amending his pace keepes euen with his fellow or perchance gets before him: another one while gets ground, another while loseth it again, either in the beginning, or middle of his race, and so proceedes vnegally sometimes swift sometimes slow as his breath or forces serue him: another sort there be that plod on, & will neuer change their pace, whether they win or lose the game: in this maner doth the Greeke dactilus begin slowly and keepe on swifter till th'end, for his race being deuided into three parts, he spends one, & that is the first slowly, the other twaine swiftly: the anapestus his two first parts swiftly, his last slowly: the Molossus spends all three parts of his race slowly and egally Bacchius his first part swiftly, & two last parts slowly. The tribrachus all his three parts swiftly: the antibacchius his two first partes slowly, his last & third swiftly: the amphimacer, his first & last part slowly & his middle part swiftly: the amphibracus his first and last parts swiftly but his midle part slowly, & so of others by like proportion. This was a pretie phantasticall obseruation of them, & yet brought their meetres to haue a maruelous good grace, which was in Greeke called [Greek: rithmos]: whence we haue deriued this word ryme, but improperly & not wel because we haue no such feete or times or stirres in our meeters, by whose simpathie, or pleasant conueniencie with th'eare, we could take any delight: this rithmus of theirs, is not therfore our rime, but a certaine musicall numerositie in vtterance, and not a bare number as that of the Arithmetically computation is, which therefore is not called rithmus but arithmus. Take this away from them, I meane the running of their feete, there is nothing of curiositie among them more then with vs nor yet so much.

CHAP. III.

How many sorts of measures we use in our vulgar.

To returne from rime to our measure againe, it hath bene sayd that according to the number of the sillables contained in euery verse, the same is sayd a long or short meeter, and his shortest proportion is of foure sillables, and his longest of twelue, they that vse it aboue, passe the bounds of good proportion. And euery meeter may be aswel in the odde as in the euen sillable, but better in the euen, and one verse may begin in the euen, & another follow in the odde, and so keepe a commendable proportion. The verse that containeth but two sillables which may be in one word, is not vsuall: therefore many do deny him to be a verse, saying that it is but a foot, and that a meeter can haue no lesse then two feete at the least, but I find it otherwise aswell among the best Italian Poets, as also with our vulgar makers, and that two sillables serue wel for a short measure in the first place, and midle, and end of a staffe: and also in diuerse scituations and by sundry distances, and is very passionate and of good grace, as shalbe declared more at large in the Chapter of proportion by scituation.

The next measure is of two feete or of foure sillables, and then one word tetrasillable diuided in the middest makes vp the whole meeter, as thus Re-ue- re-ntli-e

Or a trissillable and one monosillable thus. Soueraine God, or two bissillables and that is pleasant thus, Restore againe, or with foure monosillables, and that is best of all thus, When I doe thinke, I finde no fauour in a meetre of three sillables nor in effect in any odde, but they may be vsed for varietie sake, and specially being enterlaced with others the meetre of six sillables is very sweete and delicate as thus. O God when I behold This bright heauen so hye By thine owne hands of old Contrivd so cunningly.

The meter of seuen sillables is not vsual, no more is that of nine and eleuen, yet if they be well composed, that is, their Cesure well appointed, and their last accent which makes the concord, they are commendable inough, as in this ditty where one verse is of eight an other is of seuen, and in the one the accent vpon the last, in the other vpon the last saue on. The smoakie sighes, the bitter teares That I in vaine haue wasted The broken sleepes, the woe and feares That long time haue lasted Will be my death, all by thy guilt And not by my deseruing Since so inconstantly thou wilt Not loue but still be sweruing.

And all the reason why these meeters in all sillable are allowable is, for that the sharpe accent falles vpon the penultima or last saue one sillable of the verse, which doth so drowne the last, as he seemeth to passe away in maner vnpronounced, & so make the verse seeme euen: but if the accent fall vpon the last and leaue two flat to finish the verse, it will not feeme so: for the odnes will more notoriously appeare, as for example in the last verse before recited Not loue but still be sweruing, say thus Loue it is a maruelous thing. Both verses be of egall quantitie, vidz. seauen sillables a peece, and yet the first seemes shorter then the later, who shewes a more odnesse then the former by reason of his sharpe accent which is vpon the last sillable, and makes him more audible then if he had slid away with a flat accent, as the word swéruing.

Your ordinarie rimers vse very much their measures in the odde as nine and eleuen, and the sharpe accent vpon the last sillable, which therefore makes him go ill fauouredly and like a minstrels musicke. Thus sayd one in a meeter of eleven very harshly in mine eare, whether it be for lacke of good rime or of good reason, or of both I wot not. Now sucke childe and sleepe childe, thy mothers owne ioy Her only sweete comfort, to drowne all annoy For beauty surpassing the azured skie I loue thee my darling, as ball of mine eye.

This sort of compotition in the odde I like not, vnlesse it be holpen by the Cesure or by the accent as I sayd before.

The meeter of eight is no lesse pleasant then that of sixe, and the Cesure fals iust in the middle, as this of the Earle of Surreyes. When raging loue, with extreme payne.

The meeter of ten sillables is very stately and Heroicall, and must haue his Cesure fall vpon the fourth sillable, and leaue sixe behind him thus. I serue at ease, and gouerne all with woe.

This meeter of twelue sillables the French man calleth a verse Alexandrine, and is with our moderne rimers most usuall: with the auncient makers it was not so. For before Sir Thomas Wiats time they were not vsed in our vulgar, they be for graue and stately matters fitter than for any other ditty of pleasure. Some makers write in verses of foureteene sillables giuing the Cesure at the first eight, which proportion is tedious, for the length of the verse kepeth the eare too long from his delight, which is to heare the cadence or the tuneable accent in the ende of the verse. Neuerthesse that of twelue if his Cesure be iust in the middle, and that ye suffer him to runne at full length, and do not as the common rimers do; or their Printer for sparing of paper, cut them of in the midst, wherein they make in two verses but halfe rime. They do very wel as wrote the Earle of Surrey translating the booke of the preacher. Salomon Davids sonne, king of Ierusalem.

This verse is a very good Alexandrine, but perchaunce woulde haue sounded more musically, if the first word had bene a dissillable, or two monosillables and not a trissillable: hauing his sharpe accent vpon the Antepenultima as it hath, by which occasion it runnes like a Dactill, and carries the two later sillables away so speedily as it seemes but one foote in our vulgar measure, and by that meanes makes the verse seeme but of eleuen sillables, which odnesse is nothing pleasant to the eare. Iudge some body whether it would haue done better (if it might) haue bene fayd thus, Robóham Davids sonne, king of Ierusalem. Letting the sharpe accent fall vpon bo, or thus Restóre king Dáuids sónné vntó Ierúsalm. For now the sharpe accent falles vpon bo, and so doth it vpon the last in restóre, which was not in th'other verse. But because we haue seemed to make mention of Cesure, and to appoint his place in euery measure, it shall not be amisse to say somewhat more of it, & also of such pauses as are vsed in vtterance, & what commoditie or delectation they bring either to the speakers or to the hearers.

CHAP. IIII.

Of Cesure.

There is no greater difference betwixt a ciuill and brutish vtterance then cleare distinction of voices: and the most laudable languages are alwaies most plaine and distinct, and the barbarous most confuse and indistinct: it is therefore requisit that leasure be taken in pronuntiation, such as may make our wordes plaine & most audible and agreeable to the eare: also the breath asketh to be now and then releued with some pause or stay more or lesse: besides that the very nature of speach (because it goeth by clauses of seuerall construction & sence) requireth some

space betwixt them with intermission of sound, to th'end they may not huddle one vpon another so rudly & so fast that th'eare may not perceiue their difference. For these respectes the auncient reformers of language, inuented, three maner of pauses, one of lesse leasure then another, and such seuerall intermissions of sound to serue(besides easment to the breath) for a treble distinction of sentences or parts of speach, as they happened to be more or lesse perfect in sence. The shortest pause or intermission they called comma as who would say a peece of a speach cut of. The second they called colon, not a peece but as it were a member for his larger length, because it occupied twice as much time as the comma. The third they called periodus, for a complement or full pause, and as a resting place and perfection of so much former speach as had bene vttered, and from whence they needed not to passe any further vnles it were to renew more matter to enlarge the tale. This cannot be better represented then by example of these common trauailers by the hie ways, where they seeme to allow themselues three maner of staies or easements: one a horsebacke calling perchance for a cup of beere or wine, and hauing dronken it vp rides away and neuer lights: about noone he commeth to his Inne, & there baites him selfe and his horse an houre or more: at night when he can conueniently trauaile no further, he taketh vp his lodging, and rests him selfe till the morrow: from whence he followeth the course of a further voyage, if his business be such. Euen so our Poet when he hath made one verse, hath as it were finished one dayes iourney, & the while easeth him selfe with one baite at the least, which is a Comma or Cesure in the mid way, if the verse be euen and not odde, otherwise in some other place, and not iust in the middle. If there be no Cesure at all, and the verse long, the lesse is the makers skill and hearers delight. Therefore in a verse of twelue sillables the Cesure ought to fall right vpon the sixt sillable: in a verse of eleuen vpon the sixt also leauing fve to follow. In a verse of ten vpon the fourth, leaving sixe to follow. In a verse of nine vpon the fourth, leauing fve to follow. In a verse of eight iust in the midst, that is, vpon the fourth. In a verse of seauen, either vpon the fourth or none at all, the meeter very ill brooking any pause. In a verse of sixe sillables and vnder is needefull no Cesure at all, because the breath asketh no reliefe: yet if ye giue any Comma, it is to make distinction of sense more then for any thing else: and such Cesure must neuer be made in the midst of any word, if it be well appointed. So may you see that the vse of these pawses or distinctions is not generally with the vulgar Poet as it is with the Prose writer because the Poetes cheife Musicke lying in his rime or concorde to heare the Simphonie, he maketh all the hast he can to be at an end of his verse, and delights not in many staves by the way, and therefore giueth but one Cesure to any verse: and thus much for the sounding of a meetre. Neuerthesse he may vse in any verse both his comma, colon, and interrogatiue point, as well as in prose. But our auncient rymers, as Chaucer, Lydgate & others, vsed these Cesures either very seldome, or not at all, or else very licentiously, and many times made their meetres (they called them riding ryme) of such vnshapely wordes as would allow no conuenient Cesure, and therefore did let their rymes runne out at length, and neuer stayd till they came to the end: which maner though it were not to be misliked in some sort of meetre, yet in euery long verse the Cesure ought to be kept precisely, if it were but to serue as a law to correct the licentiousnesse of rymers, besides that it pleaseth the eare better, & sheweth more cunning in the maker by following the rule of his restraint. For a rymers that will be tyed to no rules at all, but range as he list, may easily vtter what he will: but such maner of Poesie is called in our vulgar, ryme dogrell, with which rebuke we will in no case our maker should be touched. Therefore before all other things let his ryme and concord be true, cleare, and audible with no lesse delight, then almost the strayed note of a Musicians mouth, & not darke or wrenched by wrong writing as many doe to patch vp their meetres, and so follow in their arte neither rule, reason, nor ryme. Much more might be sayd for the vse of your three pauses, comma, colon, & periode, for perchance it be not all a matter to vse many commas, and few, nor colons likewise, or long or short perodes, for it is diuersly vsed, by diuers good writers. But because it apperteineth more to the oratour or writer in prose then in verse, I will say no more in it, then thus, that they be vsed for a commodious and sensible distinction of clauses in prose, since euery verse is as it were a clause of it selfe and limited with a Cesure howsoeuer the sence beare, perfect or imperfect, which difference is obseruable betwixt the prose and the meeter.

CHAP. V.

Of Proportion in Concord, called Symphonie or rime.

Because we vse the word rime (though by maner of abusion) yet to helpe that fault againe we apply it in our vulgar Poesie another way very commendably & curiously. For wanting the currantnesse of the Greeke and Latine feete, in stead thereof we make in th'ends of our verses a certaine tunable sound: which anon after with another

verse reasonably distant we accord together in the last fall or cadence: the eare taking pleasure to heare the like tune reported, and to feele hie returne. And for this purpose serue the monosyllables of our English Saxons excellently well, because they do naturally and indifferently receiue any accent, & in them if they finish the verse, resteth the shrill accent of necessitie, and so doth it not in the last of euery bissillable, nor of euery polisillable word: but to the purpose, ryme is a borrowed word from the Greekes by the Latines and French, from them by vs Saxon angles and by abusion as hath bene sayd, and therefore it shall not do amisse to tell what this rithmos was with the Greekes, for what is it with vs hath bene already sayd. There is an accomptable number which we call arithmetically (arithmos) as one, two, three. There is also a musicall or audible number, fashioned by stirring of tunes & their sundry times in the vtterance of our wordes, as when the voice goeth high or low, or sharpe or flat, or swift or slow: & this is called rithmos or numerositie, that is to say, a certaine flowing vtteraunce by slipper words and sillables, such as the young easily vtters, and the eare with pleasure receiueth, and which flowing of wordes with much volubilitie smoothly proceeding from the mouth is in some sort harmonically and breedeth to th'eare a great compasiion. This point grew by the smooth and delicate running of their feete, which we haue not in our vulgare, though we use as much as may be the most flowing words & slippery sillables, that we can picke out: yet do not we call that by the name of ryme, as the Greekes did: but do give the name of ryme onely to our concordies, or tunable consentes in the latter end of our verses, and which concords the Greekes nor Latines neuer vsed in their Poesie till by the barbarous souldiers out of the campe, it was brought into the Court and thence to the schoole, as hath bene before remembred: and yet the Greekes and Latines both vsed a maner of speech, by clauses of like termination, which they called [Greek: illegible] and was the nearest that they approached to our ryme: but is not our right concord: so as we in abusing this terme (ryme) be neuertheless excusable applying it to another point in Poesie no lesse curious then their rithme or numerositie which in deede passed the whole verse throughout, whereas our concordies keepe but the latter end of euery verse, or perchaunce the middle and the end in metres that be long.

CHAP. VI.

Of accent, time and stir perceiued euidently in the distinction of mans voice, and which makes the flowing of a meeter.

Nowe because we haue spoken of accent, time and stirre or motion in wordes, we will set you downe more at large what they be. The auncient Greekes and Latines by reason their speech fell out originally to be fashioned with words of many syllables for the most part, it was of necessity that they could not vtter euery sillable with one like and egall sounde, nor in like space of time, nor with like motion or agility: but that one must be more suddenly and quickly forsaken, or longer pawsed vpon then another: or sounded with a higher note & clearer voyce then another, and of necessitie this diuersitie of sound, must fall either vpon the last sillable, or vpon the last saue one, or vpon the third and could not reach higher to make any notable difference; it caused them to giue vnto three different sounds three seuerall names: to that which was highest lift vp and most eleuate or shrillest in the eare, they gaue the name of the sharpe accent, to the lowest and most base because it seemed to fall downe rather then to rise vp, they gaue the name of the heauy accent, and that other which seemed in part to lift vp and in part to fall downe, they called the circumflex, or compast accent: and if new termes were not odious, we might very properly call him the (windabout) for so is the Greek word. Then bycause euery thing that by nature fals down is said heauy, & whatsoever naturally mounts upward is said light, it gaue occasion to say that there were diuersities in the motion of the voice, as swift & slow, which motion also presupposes time, by cause time is mensura motus, by the Philosopher: so haue you the causes of their primitiue inuention and vse in our arte of Poesie, all this by good obseruation we may perceiue in our vulgar wordes if they be of mo sillables then one, but specially if they be trissillables, as for example in these wordes [altitude] and [heauinesse] the sharpe accent falles vpon [al] & [he] which be the antepenultimaes: the other two fall away speedily as if they were scarce founded in this trissillable [forsaken] the sharp accent fals vpon [sa] which is the penultima, and in the other two is heauie and obscure. Againe in these bisillables, endüre, unsüre, demüre, aspüre, desüre, retire, your sharpe accent falles vpon the last sillable: but in words monosyllable which be for the more part our naturall Saxon English, the accent is indifferent, and may be vsed for sharp or flat and heauy at our pleasure. I say Saxon English, for our Normane English alloweth vs very many bissillables, and also triffillables as, reuerence, diligence, amorous, desirous, and such like.

CHAP. VII.

Of your Cadences by which your meeter is made Symphonically when they be sweetest and most solemne in a verse.

As the smoothnesse of your words and sillables running vpon feete of sundrie qualities, make with the Greekes and Latines the body of their verses numerous or Rithmicall, so in our vulgar Poesie, and of all other nations at this day, your verses answering eche other by couples, or at larger distances in good [cadence] is it that maketh your meeter symphonically. This cadence is the fall of a verse in euery last word with a certaine tunable sound which being matched with another of like sound, do make a [concord.] And the whole cadence is contained sometime in one sillable, sometime in two, or in three at the most: for about the antepenultima there reacheth no accent (which is chiefe cause of the cadence) vnlesse it be vsurpation in some English words, to which we giue a sharpe accent vpon the fourth as, Hónorable, mátrimonie, pátrimonie, miserable, and such other as would neither make a sweete cadence, nor easily find any word of like quantitie to match them. And the accented sillable with all the rest vnder him make the cadence, and no sillable about, as in these words, Agillitie, facillitie, subièction, dirèction, and these bissillables, Ténder, slénder, trústie, lústie, but alwayes the cadence which falleth vpon the last sillable of a verse is sweetest and most commendable: that vpon the penultima more light, and not so pleasant: but falling vpon the antepenultima is most vnpleasant of all, because they make your meeter too light and triuiall, and are fitter for the Epigrammatist or Comical Poet then for the Lyrick and Elegiack, which are accompted the sweeter Musickes. But though we haue sayd that (to make good concord) your seuerall verses should haue their cadences like, yet must there be some difference in their orthographie, though not in their sound, as if one cadence be [constraine] the next [restraine] or one [aspire] another [respire] this maketh no good concord, because they are all one, but if ye will exchange both these consonants of the accented sillable, or voyde but one of them away, then will your cadences be good and your concord to, as to say, restraine, refraine, remaine: aspire, desire, retire: which rule neuerthelesse is not well obserued by many makers for lacke of good iudgement and a delicate eare. And this may suffice to shew the vse and nature of your cadences, which are in effect all the sweetnesse and cunning in our vulgar Poesie.

CHAP. VIII

How the good maker will not wrench his word to helpe his rime, either by falsifying his accent, or by untrue orthographie.

Now there can not be in a maker a fowler fault then to falsifie his accent to serue his cadence, or by untrue orthographie to wrench his words to helpe his rime, for it is a signe that such a maker is not copious in his owne language, or (as they are wont to say) not halfe his crafts maister: as for example, if one should rime to this word [Restore] he may not match him with [Doore] or [Poore] for neither of both are of like terminant, either by good orthography or in naturall sound, therefore such rime is strained, so is it to this word [Ram] to say [came] or to [Beane] [Den] for they sound not nor be written alike, & many other like cadences which were superfluous to recite, and are vsuall with rude rimers who obserue not precisely the rules of [prosodie] neuerthelesse in all such cases (if necessitie constrained) it is somewhat more tolerable to help the rime by false orthographie, than to leaue an unpleasant dissonance to the eare, by keeping trewe orthographie and loosing the rime, as for example it is better to rime [Dore] with [Restore] then in his truer orthographie, which is [Doore] and to this word [Desire] to say [Fier] then fyre though it be otherwise better written fire. For since the cheife grace of our vulgar Poesie consisteth in the Symphonie, as hath bene already sayd, our maker must not be too licentious in his concords, but see that they go euen, iust and melodious in the eare, and right so in the numerositie or currantnesse of the whole body of his verse, and in euery other of his proportions. For a licentious maker is in truth but a bungler and not a Poet. Such men were in effect the most part of all your old rimers and specially Gower, who to make vp his rime would for the most part write his terminant sillable with false orthographie, and many times not sticke to put in a plaine French word for an English, & so by your leaue do many of our common rimers at this day: as he that by all likelihood, hauing no word at hand to rime to this word [ioy] he made his other verse ende in [Roy] saying very impudently thus, O mightie Lord of loue, dame Venus onely ioy Who art the highest God of any heauenly Roy. Which word was neuer yet receiued in our language for an English word. Such extreme licentiousnesse is vtterly to be banished from

our schoole, and better it might haue bene borne with in old riming writers, bycause they liued in a barbarous age, & were graue morall men but very homely Poets, such also as made most of their workes by translation out of the Latine and French tounge, & few or none of their owne engine as may easely be knownen to them that list to looke vpon the Poemes of both languages.

Finally as ye may ryme with wordes of all sortes, be they of many sillables or few, so neuerthelesse is there a choise by which to make your cadence (before remembred) most commendable, for some wordes of exceeding great length, which haue bene fetched from the Latine inkhorne or borrowed of strangers, the vse of them in ryme is nothing pleasant, sauing perchaunce to the common people, who reioyce much to be at playes and enterludes, and besides their naturall ignoraunce, haue at all such times their eares so attentue to the matter, and their eyes vpon the shewes of the stage, that they take little heede to the cunning of the rime, and therefore be as well satisfied with that which is grosse, as with any other finer and more delicate.

Chap. IX.

Of Concorde in long and short measures, and by neare or farre distaunces, and which of them is most commendable.

But this ye must obserue withall, that bycause your concords containe the chief part of Musicke in your meetre, their distaunces may not be too wide or farre asunder, lest th'eare should loose the tune, and be defrauded of his delight, and whensoever ye see any maker vse large and extraordinary distaunces, ye must thinke he doth intende to shew himselfe more artificiall then popular, and yet therein is not to be discommended, for respects that shalbe remembred in some other place of this booke.

Note also that rime or concorde is not commendably vsed both in the end and middle of a verse, vnlesse it be in toyes and trifling Poesies, for it sheweth a certaine lightnesse either of the matter or of the makers head, albeit these common rimers vse it much, for as I sayd before, like as the Symphonie in a versse of great length, is (as it were) lost by looking after him, and yet may the meetre be very graue and stately: so on the other side doth the ouer busie and too speedy returne of one maner of tune, too much annoy & as it were glut the eare, vnlesse it be in small & popular Musickes song by thesse Cantabanqui vpon benches and barrells heads where they haue none other audience then boys or countrey fellows that passe by them in the streete, or else by blind harpers or such like tauerne minstrels that giue a fit of mirth for a groat, & their matters being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Beuis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough & such other old Romances or historicall rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmasse diners & brideales, and in tauernes & alehouses and such other places of base resort, also they be vsed in Carols and rounds and such light or lasciuious Poemes, which are commonly more commodiously vttered by these buffons or vices in playes then by any other person. Such were the rimes of Skelton (vsurping the name of a Poet Laureat) being in deede but a rude rayling rimer & all his doings ridiculous, he vsed both short distaunces and short measures pleasing onely the popular eare: in our courtly maker we banish them vtterly. Now also haue ye in euery song or ditty concorde by compasse & concorde entertangled and a mixt of both, what that is and how they be vsed shalbe declared in the chapter of proportion by scituation.

CHAP. X

Of proportion by situation.

This proportion consisteth in placing of euery verse in a staffe or ditty by such reasonable distaunces, as may best serue the eare for delight, and also to shew the Poets art and variety of Musick, and the proportion is double. One by marshalling the meetres, and limiting their distaunces hauing regard to the rime or concorde how they go and returne: another by placing euery verse, hauing a regard to his measure and quantitie onely, and not to his concorde as to set one short meetre to three long, or foure short and two long, or a short measure and a long, or of diuers

lengthes with relation one to another, which maner of Situation, euen without respect of the rime, doth alter the nature of the Poesie, and make it either lighter or grauer, or more merry, or mournfull, and many wayes passionate to the eare and hart of the hearer, seeming for this point that our maker by his measures and concordcs of sundry proportions doth counterfait the harmonicall tunes of the vocall and instrumentall Musickes. As the Dorian because his falls, sallyes and compasse be diuers from those of the Phrigien, the Phrigien likewise from the Lydien, and all three from the Eolien, Miolidien, and Ionien, mounting and falling from note to note such as be to them peculiar, and with more or lesse leasure or precipitation. Euen so by diuersitie of placing and situation of your measures and concordcs, a short with a long, and by narrow or wide distances, or thicker or thinner bestowing of them your proportions differ, and breedeth a variable and strange harmonie not onely in the eare, but also in the conceit of them that heare it, whereof this may be an ocular example.

[Illustration: diagram of four lines with line one connected to line three and line two connected to line four.]
 Scituation in Concord ----- \ -----) \ ----- /) ----- /

Scituation in Measure -----

Where ye see the concord or rime in the third distance, and the measure in the fourth, sixth or second distaunces, where of ye may deuise as many others as ye list, so the staffe be able to beare it. And I set you downe an ocular example: because ye may the better conceiue it. Likewise it so falleth out most times your ocular proportion doeth declare the nature of the audible: for if it please the eare well, the fame represented by delineation to the view pleaseth the eye well and é conuerso: and this is by a naturall simpathie, betweene the eare and the eye, and betweene tunes & colours euen as there is the like betweene the other sences and their obiects of which it apperteineth not here to speake. Now for the distances vsually obserued in our vulgar Poesie, they be in the first second third and fourth verse, or if the verse be very short in the fift and sixt and in some maner of Musickes farre aboue.

And the first distance for the most part goeth all by distick or couples of verses agreeing in one cadence, and do passe so speedily away away and so often returne agayne, as their tunes are neuer lost, nor out of the eare, one couple supplying another so nye and so suddenly, and this is the most vulgar proportion of distance or situation, such as vsed Chaucer in his Canterbury tales, and Gower in all his workes.

[Illustration: diagram of four lines with line one connected to line two and line three connected to line four.]

Second distance is, when ye passe ouer one verse, and ioynce the first and the third, and so continue on till an other like distance fall in, and this is also usuall and common, as

[Illustration: diagram of four lines with line one connected to line three and line two connected to line four.]

Third distaunce is, when your rime falleth vpon the first and fourth verse ouerleaping two; this manner is not so common but pleasant and allowable inough.

[Illustration: diagram of four lines with line one connected to line four and line two connected to line three.]

In which case the two verses ye leaue out are ready to receiue their concordcs by the same distaunce or any other ye like better.

The fourth distaunce is by ouerskipping three verses and lighting vpon the fift, this manner is rare and more artificiall then popular, vnlesse it be in some special case, as when the meetres be so little and short as they make no shew of any great delay before they returne, ye shall haue example of both.

[Illustration: two diagrams: the first of five lines with line 1 connected to line 5 and lines 2, 3, and 4 connected; the second of ten lines with line 1 and 5 connected, lines 2 and 6 connected, lines 3 and 7 connected, lines 4 and 8 connected, lines 5 and 9 connected, and lines 8 and 10 connected.]

And these ten litle meeters make but one Decameter at length.

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There be larger distances also, as when the first concord falleth upon the sixt verse & is very pleasant if they be ioyned with other distances not so large as

[Illustration: diagram of six lines with lines 1 and 6 connected, line 2 and 5 connected, and lines 3 and 4 connected.]

There be also, of the seuenth, eight, tenth, and twelfth distance, but then they may not go thicke, but two or three such distances serue to proportion a whole song, and all betweene must be of other lesse distances, and these wide distaunces serue for coupling of slaues, or for to declare high and passionate or graue matter, and also for art: Petrarch hath giuen us examples hereof in his Canzoni, and we by lines of sundry lengths & and distances as followeth,

[Illustration: four diagrams: first of eight lines with lines 1 and 8 connected, 2 and 3 connected, 4 and 5 connected, and 6 and 7 connected; second of ten lines with lines 1 and 10 connected, 2 and 4 connected, 3 and 5 connected, 5 and 7 connected, 6 and 8 connected and 7 and 9 connected; third of twelve lines with lines 1 and 12 connected, 2 and 5 connected, 3 and 4 connected, and 6 and 9 connected, 7 and 8 connected, 9 and 12 connected, 10 and 11 connected; fourth of thirteen lines with 1 and 13 connected, 2 and 5 connected, 3 and 4 connected, 6 and 9 connected, 7 and 8 connected, 10 and 13 connected, and 11 and 12 connected.]

And all that can be objected against this wide distance is to say that the eare by loosing his concord is not satisfied. So is in deede the rude and popular eare but not the learned, and therefore the Poet must know to whose eare he maketh his rime, and accommodate himselfe thereto, and not giue such musicke to the rude and barbarous, as he would to the learned and delicate eare.

There is another sort of proportion used by Petrarche called the Seizino, not riming as other songs do, but by chusing sixe wordes out of which all the whole dittie is made, euery of those sixe commencing and ending his verse by course, which restraint to make the dittie sensible will try the makers cunning, as thus. -----)
(-----) (-----) (-----) (-----)

Besides all this there is in Situation of the concords two other points, one that it go by plaine and cleere compasse not intangled: another by enterweauing one with another by knots, or as it were by band, which is more or lesse busie and curious, all as the maker will double or redouble his rime or concords, and set his distances farre or nigh, of all which I will giue you ocular examples, as thus.

[Illustration: two diagrams: Concord in Plaine compasse, has four lines with 1 and 4 connected and 2 and 3 connected; Concord in Entertangle, has alternating lines connected - 1 and 3, 2 and 4, 3 and 5, etc.]

And first in a Quadreine there are but two proportions, for foure verses in this last sort coupled, are but two Disticks, and not a staffe quadreine or of foure.

[Illustration: three diagrams of four lines each: first, with lines 1 and 4 connected and lines 2 and 3 connected; second, with lines 1 and 3 connected and lines 2 and 4 connected; third, with lines 1 and 2 connected and lines 3 and 4 connected.]

The staffe of fiue hath seuen proportions, whereof some of them be harsher and vnpleasaunter to the eare then other some be.

[Illustration: seven diagrams of five lines each: first, connecting these pairs of lines - 1 with 3, 2 with 4, 3 with 5; second, connecting these pairs of lines - 1 with 4, 2 with 5, 3 with 4; third, connecting these pairs of lines - 1 with 2, 2 with 5, 3 with 4; fourth, connecting these pairs of lines - 1 with 4, 2 with 3, 4 with 5; fifth, connecting these pairs

of lines - 1 with 5, 2 with 3, 3 with 4; sixth, connecting these pairs of lines - 1 with 3, 2 with 4, 4 with 5; seventh, connecting these pairs of lines - 1 with 2, 2 with 4, 3 with 5.]

The Sixaine or staffe of sixe hath ten proportions, whereof some be vsuall, some not vsuall, and not so sweet one as another.

[Illustration: ten diagrams of six lines each: first, connecting these lines - 1 with 6, 2 with 5, 3 with 4; second, connecting these lines - 1 with 3, 2 with 4, 5 with 6; third, connecting these lines - 1 with 3, 2 with 6, 3 with 4 and 5; fourth, connecting these lines - 1 with 4, 2 with 5, 3 with 6; fifth, connecting these lines - 1 with 6, 2 with 4, 3 with 5; sixth, connecting these lines - 1 with 6, 2 with 3, 4 with 5; seventh, connecting these lines - 1 with 5, 2 with 6, 3 with 4; eighth, connecting these lines - 1 with 2, 5 and 6, 3 with 4; ninth, connecting these lines - 1 with 3, 2 with 5, 4 with 6; tenth, connecting these lines - 1 with 2 and 4, 3 with 5 and 6.]

The staffe of seuen verses hath seuen proportions, whereof one onley is the vsuall of our vulgar, and kept by our old Poets Chaucer and other in their historicall reports and other ditties: as in the last part of them that follow next.

[Illustration: eight diagrams of seven lines each: first, connecting these lines - 1 with 3, 2 with 4, 4 with 6, 5 with 7; second, connecting these lines - 1 with 3, 2 with 4, 3 with 5, 6 with 7; third, connecting these lines - 1 with 4, 2 with 3, 4 with 7, 5 with 6; fourth, connecting these lines - 1 with 2, 6 and 7, 3 with 4 and 5; fifth, connecting these lines - 1 with 7, 2 with 6, 3 with 4 and 5; sixth, connecting these lines - 1 with 2, 5 and 6, 3 with 4 and 7; seventh, connecting these lines - 1 with 4 and 7, 2 with 3, 5 and 6; eighth, connecting these lines - 1 with 2, 3 with 4 and 5, 6 with 7.]

The huitain or staffe of eight verses, hath eight proportions such as the former staffe, and is because he is longer, he hath one more then the sestaine.

The staffe of nine verses hath yet moe then the eight, and the staffe of ten more then the ninth and the twelfth, if such were allowable in ditties, more then any of them all, by reason of his largenesse receiuing moe compasses and enterweauings, alwayes considered that the very large distances be more artificiall, then popularly pleasant, and yet do giue great grace and grautie, and moue passion and affections more vehemently, as it is well to be obserued by Petrarcha his Canzoni.

Now ye may perceiue by these proportions before described, that there is a band to be giuen euery verse in a staffe, so as none fall out alone or vncoupled, and this band maketh that the staffe is sayd fast and not loose: euen as ye see in buildings of stone or bricke the mason giueth a band, that is a length to two breadths, & vpon necessitie diuers other sorts of bands to hold in the worke fast and maintaine the perpendicularitie of the wall: so in any staffe of seuen or eight or more verses, the coupling of the moe meeters by rime or concord, is the faster band: the fewer the looser band, and therefore in a huitaine he that putteth foure verses in one concord and foure in another concord, and in a dizaine fiue, sheweth him selfe more cunning, and also more copious in his owne language. For he that can find two words of concord, can not find foure or fiue or sixe, vnlesse he haue his owne language at will. Sometimes also ye are driuen of neccesitie to close and make band more then ye would, lest otherwise the staffe should fall asunder and seeme two stauies: and this is in a staffe of eight and ten verses: whereas without a band in the middle, it would seeme two quadriens or two quintaines, which is an error that many makers slide away with. Yet Chaucer and others in the staffe of seuen and sixe do almost as much a misse, for they shut vp the staffe with a disticke, concurring with none other verse that went before, and maketh but a loose rime, and yet bycause of the double cadence in the last two verses serue the eare well inough. And as there is in euery staffe, band, giuen to the verses by concord more or lesse busie: so is there in some cases a band giuen to euery staffe, and that is by one whole verse running alone throughout the ditty or ballade, either in the middle or end of euery staffe. The Greekes called such vncoupled verse Epimonie, the Latines Versus intercellaris. Now touching the situation of measures, there are as manie or more proportions of them which I referre to the makers phantasie and choise, contented with two or three ocular examples and no moe.

Which maner or proportion by situation of measures giueth more efficacie to the matter oftentimes then the concords them selues, and both proportions concurring together as they needes must, it is of much more beautie and force to the hearers mind.

To finish the learning of this diuision, I will set you downe one example of a dittie written extempore with this deuice, shewing not onley much promptnesse of wit in the maker, but also great arte and a notable memorie. Make me saith this writer to one of the comnpanie, so many strokes or lines with your pen as ye would haue your song containe verses: and let euery line beare his seuerall length, euen as ye would haue your verse of measure. Suppose of foure, fiue, sixe, or eight or more sillables, and set a figure of euerie number at th'end of the line, whereby ye may knowe his measure. Then where you will haue your rime or concord to fall, marke it with a compast stroke or semicircle passing ouer those lines, be they farre or neare in distance, as ye haue seene before described. And bycause ye shall not thinke the maker hath premeditated beforehand any such fashioned ditty, do ye your selfe make one verse whether it be of perfect or imperfect sense, and giue it him for a theame to make all the rest upon: if ye shall perceiue the maker do keepe the measures and rime as ye haue appointed him, and besides do make his dittie sensible and ensuant to the first verse in good reason, then may ye say he is his crafts maister. For if he were not of a plentiful discourse, he could not vpon the sudden shape an entire dittie vpon your imperfect theame or proposition in one verse. And if he were not copious in his language, he could not haue such store of wordes at commaundement, as should supply your concords. And if he were not of a maruelous good memory he could not obserue the rime and measures after the distances of your limitation, keeping with all grautie and good sense in the whole dittie.

CHAP. XI.

Of Proportion in figure.

Your last proportion is that of figure, so called for that it yelds an ocular representation, your meeters being by good symmetrie reduced into certaine Geometricall figures, whereby the maker is restrained to keepe him within his bounds, and sheweth not onley more art, but serueth also much better for briefenesse and subtiltie of deuice. And for the same respect are also fittest for the pretie amourets in Court to entertaine their seruants and the time withall, their delicate wits requiring some commendable exercise to keepe them from idlenesse. I find not of this proportion, vsed by any of the Greeke or Latine Poets, or in any vulgar writer, sauing of that one forme which they cal Anacreens egge. But being in Italie conuersant with a certaine gentleman, who had long trauailed the Orientall parts of the world, and seene the Courts of the great Princes of China and Tartarie. I being very inquisitiue to know of the subtilties of those countreyes, and especially in matter of learning and of their vulgar Poesie, he told me that they are in all their inuentions most wittie, and haue the vse of Poesie or riming, but do not delight so much as we do in long tedious descriptions, and therefore when they will vtter any pretie conceit, they reduce it into metricall feet, and put it in forme of a Lozange or square, or such other figure, and so engrauen in gold, siluer, or iuorie, and sometimes with letters of ametist, rubie, emeralde or topas curiously cemented and peece together, they sende them in chaines, bracelets, collars and girdles to their mistresses to weare for a remembrance. Some fewe measures composed in this sort this gentleman gaue me, which I translated word for word and as neere as I could followed both the phrase and the figure, which is somewhat hard to performe, because of the restraint of the figure from which ye may not digresse. At the beginning they will seeme nothing pleasant to an English eare, but time and vsage will make them acceptable enough, as it doth in all other new guises, be it for wearing of apparell or otherwise. The formes of your Geometricall figures be hereunder represented.

[Illustration: labelled diagrams of lines of different lengths (forming different shapes): The Lozange, called Rombus (diamond) The Fuzie or spindle, called Romboides (narrow diamond) The Triangle or Tricquet (pyramid) The Square or quadrangle (square) The Pillaster or Cillinder (tall rectangle) The Spire or taper, called piramis (tall pyramid) The Rondel or Sphere (circle) The egge or figure ouall (vertical egg) The Tricquet reuerst (triangle) The Tricquet displayed (hour-glass) The Taper reuersed (narrow triangle) The Rondel displayed (half circle upon the

other half) The Lozange reuersed (wide diamond \diamond) u The Egge displayed (half oval upon the other half - n)
The Lozange rabbated (hexagon).]

Of the Lozange.

The Lozange is a most beautifull figure, & fit for this purpose, being in his kind a quadrangle reuerst, with his point vpward like to a quarrell of glasse the Greekes and Latines both call it Rombus which may be the cause as I suppose why they also gaue that name to the fish commonly called the Turbot, who beareth iustly that figure, it ought not to containe about thirteene or fifteene or one & twentie meetres, & the longest furnisheth the middle angle, the rest passe vpward and downward, still abating their lengthes by one or two sillables till they come to the point: the Fuzie is of the same nature but that he is sharper and slenderer. I will giue you an example of two of those which my Italian friend bestowed vpon me, which as neare as I could I trnslated into the same figure obseruing the phrase of the Orientall speach word for word.

A great Emperor in Tartary whom they cal Can, for his good fortune in the wars & many notable conquests he had made, was surnamed Temir Cutzclewe, this man loued the Lady Kermesine, who presented him returning from the conquest of Corasoon (a great kindgom adioyning) with this Lozange made in letters of rubies & diamants entermingled thus:

Sound O Harpe Shril lie out Temir the stout Rider who with
sharpe Trenching slide of brite steele Hath made his feircest foes so feeble All such as wrought him shame
or harme The strength of his braue right arme, Cleauing hard downe vnto the eyes The raw skulles of his
enemies Much honour hath he wonne By doughtie deedes done In Cora soon And all the
Worlde Round.

To which Can Temir answered in Fuzie, with letters of Emeralds and Ametists artificially cut and entermingled, thus

Five Sore batailes Manfully fought In bloudy felde With bright blade in hand
Hath Temir won & forst to yeld Many a Captaine strong and stoute And many a king his Crowne to vayne,
Conquering large countreys and land, Yet ne uer wanne I vic to rie I speake it to my greate glorie So
deare and ioy full vn to me, As when I did first con quere thee O Kerme sine, of all myne foes The most
cruell, of all myne woes The smartest, the sweetest My proude con quest My ri chest pray
O once a daye Lend me thy sight Whose only light Keepes me Alive.

Of the Triange or Triquet.

The triangle is an halfe square, Lozange or Fuzie parted vpon the crosse angles: and so his base being brode and his top narrow it receaueth meetres of many sizes one shorter then another: and ye may vse this figure standing or reuersed, as thus.

A certaine great Sultan of Persia called Ribuska, entertaynes in loue the Lady Selamour, sent her this triquet reuest pitiously bemoaning his estate, all set in merquetry with letters of blew Saphire and Topas artificially cut and entermingled.

Selamour dearer then his owne life To thy di stressed wretch cap tive, Ri buska whome late ly erst
Most cru el ly thou perst With thy dead ly dart, That paire of starres Shi ning a farre
Turne from me, to me That I may & may not see The smile, the loure That lead and driue Me
to die to liue Twise yea thrise In one houre.

To which Selamour to make the match egall, and the figure entire, answered in a standing Triquet richly engrauen with letters of like stuffe.

Power Of death Nor of life Hath Selamour, With Gods it
is rife To giue and bereue breath I may for pitie perchaunce Thy lost libertie re - store, Vpon thine
othe with this penaunce, That while thou liuest thou neuer loue no more.

This condition seeming to Sultan Ribuska very hard to performe, and cruell to be enjoyned him, doeth by another figure a Taper, signifying hope, answer the Lady Selamour, which dittie for lack of time I translated not.

Of the Spire or Taper called Pyramis.

The Taper is the longest and sharpest triangle that is, & while he mounts vpward he waxeth continually more slender, taking both his figure and name of the fire, whole flame if ye marke it, is alwaies pointed, and naturally by his forme couets to clymbe: the Greekes call him Pyramis. The Latines in vse of Architecture call him Obeliscus, it holdeth the altitude of six ordinary triangles, and in metrifying his base can not well be larger then a meetre of six, therefore in his altitude he will require diuers rabates to hold so many sizes of meetres as shall serue for his composition, for neare the toppe there wil be roome little inough for a meetre of two sillables, and sometimes of one to finish the point. I haue set you downe one or two examples to try how ye can digest the maner of the deuise.

Her Maiestie, for many parts in her most noble and vertuous nature to be found, resembled to the spire. Ye must begin beneath according to the nature of the deuice.

Skie, 1 ---- A zurd 2 in the assurde. ----- And better, 3 And richer,
 Much greter, ----- Crowne & empir After an hier For to aspire 4 Like flames of fire In
 formes of spire ----- To mount on hie, Con ti nu al ly With trauel & teen Most gracious
 queen Ye haue made a vow 5 Shewes vs plainly how Not fained but true To euery mans vue Shining
 cleere in you Of so bright an hewe Euen thus vertwe ----- Vanish out of our sight Till his
 fine top be quite To taper in the ayre 6 Endeavors soft and faire By his kindly nature Of tall comely
 stature Like as this faire figure

From God the fountaine of all good, are deriued into the world all good things: and vpon her maiestie all the good fortunes any worldly creature can be furnisht with. Reade downward according to the nature of the deuice.

1 God On Hie Frome 2 A bove Sends loue, Wise dome, Iu stice
 Cou rage, Boun tie, 3 And doth geue All that liue Life & breath Harts ese helth
 Children, welth Beauty strength Restfull age, And at length A mild death, 4 He doeth
 bestowe All mens fortunes Both high & low And the best things That earth can haue Or
 mankind craue, Good queens & kings Fi nally is the same Who gaue you (madam) Seyson of
 this Crowne With pouer soueraigne 5 Impug nable right, Redoubt able might, Most prosperous
 raigne Eternall re nowne, And that your chieftest is Sure hope of heavens blis.

The Piller, Pillaster or Cillinder.

The Piller is a figure among all the rest of the Geometricall most beawtifull, in respect that he is tall and vpriight and of one bignesse from the bottom to the toppe. In Architecture he is considered with two accessarie parts, a pedestal or base, and a chapter or head, the body is the shaft. By this figure is signified stay, support, rest, state and magnificence, your dittie then being reduced into the forme of a Piller, his base will require to beare the breath of a meetre of six or seuen or eight sillables: the shaft of foure: the chapter egall with the base, of this proportion I will giue you one or two examples which may suffice.

Her Maiestie resembled to the crowned piller, Ye must read vpward.

Is blisse with immortalitie. Her trymest top of all ye see, Garnish the crowne. Her iust renowne Chapter
 and head, Parts that maintain And woman head Her mayden raigne In te gri tie: In ho nour and
 with ve ri tie: Her roundnes stand Strengthen the state. By their increase With out de bate Concord
 and peace Of her sup port, They be the base with stedfastnesse Vertue and grace Stay and comfort
 Of Albi ons rest, The sounde Pillar And seene a farre Is plainly exprest Tall stately and strayt By this
 no ble pour trayt

Philo to the Lady Calia, sendeth this Odolet of her prayse in forme of a Piller, which ye must read downward.

Thy princely port and Maijestie Is my ter rene dei tie, Thy wit and sense The streame & source Of eloquence And deepe discours, Thy faire eyes are My bright load starre, Thy speach a darte Percing my harte, Thy face a las, My looking glasse, Thy louely looks My prayer bookes, Thy pleasant cheare My sunshine cleare Thy full sight My darke midnight, Thy will the stent Of my content, Thy glory flour Of myne honour, Thy loue doth giue The lyfe I lyve, Thy lyfe it is Mine earthly blisse: But grace & fauour in thine eyes My bodies soule & souls paradise.

The Roundell or Spheare.

The most excellent of all the figures Geometrical is the round for his many perfections. First because he is euen & smooth, without any angle, or interruption, most voluble and apt to turne, and to continue motion, which is the author of life: he conteyneth in him the commodious description of euery other figure, & for his ample capacitie doth resemble the world or uniuers, & for his indefiniteness hauing no speciall place of beginning nor end, beareth a similitude with God and eternitie. This figure hath three principall partes in his nature and vse much considerable: the circle, the beame, and the center. The circle is his largest compasse or circumference: the center is his middle and indiuisible point: the beame is a line stretching directly from the circle to the center, & contrariwise from the center to the circle. By this description our maker may fashion his meetre in Roundel, either with the circumference, and that is circlewise, or from the circumference, that is, like a beame, or by the circumference, and that is ouerthwart and dyametrally from one side of the circle to the other.

A generall resemblance of the Roundell to God, the world and the Queene.

All and whole, and euer, and one, Single, simple, eche where, alone, These be counted as Clerkes can tell, True properties, of the Roundell. His still turning by consequence And change, doe breede both life and sense. Time, measure of stirre and rest. Is also by his course exprest. How swift the circle stirre aboue, His center point, doeth neuer moue: All things that euer were or be, Are closde in his concauitie. And though he be, still turnde and tost, No roome there wants nor none is lost. The Roundell hath no bonch or angle, Which may his course stay or entangle. The furthest part of all his speare, Is equally both farre and neare. So doth none other figure fare Where natures chattels closed are: And beyond his wide compasse, There is no body nor no place, Nor any wit that comprehends, Where it begins, or where it ends: And therefore all men doe agree, That it purports eternitie. God aboue the heauens so hie Is this Roundell, in world the skie, Vpon earth she, who beares the bell Of maydes and Queenes, is this Roundell: All and whole and euer alone, Single, sans peere, simple, and one.

A speciall and particular resemblance of her Maiestie to the Roundell.

First her authoritie regall Is the circle compassing all: The dominion great and large Which God hath geuen to her charge: Whithin which most spacious bound She enuirones her people round, Retaining them by oth and liegeance. Whithin the pale of true obeysance: Holding imparked as it were, Her people like to herds of deere. Sitting among them in the middes Where foe allowes and bannes and bids In what fashion she list and when, The seruices of all her men. Out of her breast as from an eye, Issue the rayes incessantly Of her iustice, bountie and might Spreading abroad their beams so bright And reflect not, till they attaine The fardest part of her domaine. And makes eche subiect clearly see, What he is bounden for to be To God his Prince and common wealth, His neighbour, kinred and to himselfe. The same centre and middle pricke, Whereto our deedes are drest so thicke, From all the parts and outmost side Of her Monarchie large and wide, Also from whence reflect these rayes, Twentie hundred maner of wayes Where her will is them to conuey Within the circle of her suruey. So is the Queene of Briton ground, Beame, circle, center of all my round.

Of the square or quadrangle equilater.

The square is of all other accompted the figure of most folliditie and stedfastnesse, and for his owne stay and firmitie requireth none other base then himselfe, and therefore as the roundell or Spheare is appropriat to the heauens, the Spire to the element of the fire: the Triangle to the ayre, and the Lozange to the water: so is the square for his inconcussable steadinesse likened to the earth, which perchaunce might be the reason that the Prince of Philosophers in his first booke of the Ethicks, termeth a constant minded man, euen egal and direct on all sides, and not easily ouerthrowne by euery little aduersitie, hominem quadratum, a square man. Into this figure may ye reduce

your ditties by vsing no moe verses then your verse is of sillables, which will make him fall out square, if ye go aboue it wil grow into the figure Trapezion, which is some portion longer then square. I neede not giue you any example, by cause in good arte all your ditties, Odes & Epigrammes should keepe & not excede the number of twelue verses, and the longest verse to be of twelue sillables & not aboue, but vnder that number as much as ye will.

The figure Ouall.

This figure taketh his name of an egge, and also as it is thought his first origine, and is as it were a bastard or imperfect rounde declining toward a longitude, and yet keeping within one line for his periferie or compasse as the rounde, and it seemeth that he receiueth this forme not as an imperfection but any impediment vnaturally hindring his rotunditie, but by the wisdom and prouidence of nature for the commoditie of generation in such of her creatures as bring not forth a liuely body (as do foure footed beasts) but in stead thereof a certaine quantitie of shapelesse matter contained in a vessell, which after it is sequestred from the dames body receiueth life and perfection, as in the egges of birdes, fishes, and serpents: for the matter being of some quantitie, and to issue out at a narrow place, for the easie passage thereof, it must of necessitie beare such shape as might not be sharpe and greeuous to passe at an angle, nor so large or obtuse as might not essay some issue out with one part moe then other as the rounde, therefore it must be slenderer in some part, & yet not without a rotunditie & smoothnesse to giue the rest an easie deliuerie. Such is the figure Ouall whom for his antiquitie, dignitie and vse, I place among the rest of the figures to embellish our proportions: of this sort are diuers of Anacreons ditties, and those other of the Grecian Liricks, who wrate wanton amorous deuises, to solace their witts with all, and many times they would (to giue it right shape of an egg) deuide a word in the midst, and peece out the next verse with the other halfe, as ye may see by perusing their meetres.

When I wrate of these deuices, I smiled with myselfe, thinking that the readers would do so to, and many of them say, that such trifles as these might well haue bene spared, considering the world is full inough of them, and that it is pitie mens heades should be fedde with such vanities as are to none edification nor instruction, either of morall vertue, or otherwise behooffull for the common wealth, to whose seruice (say they) we are all borne, and not to fill and replenish a whole world full of idle toyces. To which sort of reprehendours, being either all holy and mortified to the world, and therefore esteeming nothing that fauoureth not of Theologie, or altogether graue and worldly, and therefore caring for nothing but matters of pollicie, & discourses of estate, or all giuen to thrift and passing for none art that is not gainefull and lucratiue, as the sciences of the Law, Phisicke and marchaundise: to these I will giue none other aunswere then referre them to the many trifling poemmes of Homer, Ouid, Virgill, Catullus and other notable writers of former ages, which were not of any grauitie or seriousnessse, and many of them full of impudicitie and ribaudrie, as are not these of ours, nor for any good in the world should haue bene: and yet those trifles are come from many former siecles vnto our times, vncontrolled or condemned or suppress by any Pope or Patriarch or other seuerer censor of the ciuill maners of men, but haue bene in all ages permitted as the conuenient solaces and recreations of mans wit. And as I can not denie but these conceits of mine be trifles: no lesse in very deede be all the most serious studies of man, if we shall measure grauitie and lightnesse by the wise mans ballance who after he had considered of all the profoundest artes and studies among men, in th'ende cryed out with this Epyphoneme, Vanitas vanitatum & omnia vanitas. Whose authoritie if it were not sufficient to make me beleue so, I could be content with Democritus rather to condemne the vanities of our life by derision, then as Heraclitus with teares, saying with that merrie Greeke thus, Omnia sunt risus, sunt puluis, & omnia nil sunt. Res hominum cunctae, nam ratione carent. Thus Englished, All is but a iest, all daft, all not worth two peason: For why in mans matters is neither rime nor reason.

Now passing from these courtly trifles, let vs talke of our scholasticall toyces, that is of the Grammaticall versifying of the Greeks and Latines and see whether it might be reduced into our English arte or no.

CHAP. XII.

How if all maner of sodaine innouations were not very scandalous, specially in the lawes of any langage or arte, the use of the Greeke and Latine feete might be brought into our vulgar Poesie, and with good grace enough.

Now neuerthesse albeit we haue before alledged that our vulgar Saxon English standing most vpon wordes monosyllable, and little vpon polysyllables doth hardly admit the vse of those fine inuented feete of the Greeks & Latines, and that for the most part wise and graue men doe naturally mislike with all sodaine innouations specially of lawes (and this the law of our auncient English Poesie) and therefore lately before we imputed it to a nice & scholasticall curiositie in such makers as haue fought to bring into our vulgar Poesie some of the auncient feete, to wit the Dactile into verses exameters, as he that translated certaine bookes of Virgils Eneydos in such measures & not vncommendably: if I should now say otherwise it would make me seeme contradictorie to my selfe, yet for the information of our yong makers, and pleasure of all others who be delighted in noueltie, and to th'intent we may not seeme by ignorance or ouersight to omit any point of subtiltie, materiall or necessarie to our vulgar arte, we will in this present chapter & by our own idle obseruations shew how one may easily and commodiously lead all those feete of the auncients into our vulgar language. And if mens eares were not perchaunce to daintie, or their iudgementes ouer partiall, would peradventure nothing at all misbecome our arte, but make in our meetres a more pleasant numerositie then now is. Thus farre therefore we will aduenture and not beyond, to th'intent to shew some singularitie in our arte that euery man hath not heretofore obserued, and (her maiesty good liking always had) whether we make the common readers to laugh or to lowre, all is a matter, since our intent is not so exactlie to prosecute the purpose, nor so earnestly, as to thinke it should by authority of our owne iudgement be generally applauded at to the discredit of our forefathers maner of vulgar Poesie, or to the alteration or peradventure totall destruction of the same, which could not stand with any good discretion or curtesie in vs to attempt, but thus much I say, that by some leasurable trauell it were no hard matter to induce all their auncient feete into vse with vs, and that it should proue very agreeable to the eare and well according with our ordinary times and pronunciation, which no man could then iustly mislike, and that is to allow euery world polisillable one long time of necessitie, which should be where his sharpe accent falls in our owne ydiome most aptly and naturally, wherein we would not follow the license of the Greeks and Latines, who made not their sharpe accent any necessary prolongation of their tunes, but vsed such sillable sometimes long sometimes short at their pleasure. The other sillables of any word where the sharpe accent fell not, to be accompted of such time and quantitie as his ortographie would best beare hauing regard to himselfe, or to his next neighbour word, bounding him on either side, namely to the smoothnes & hardnesse of the sillable in his vtterance, which is occasioned altogether by his ortographie & situation as in this word [dáyly] the first sillable for his vsuall and sharpe accent sake to be always long, the second for his flat accents sake to be alwayes shoft, and the rather for his ortographie, bycause if he goe before another word commencing with a vowell not letting him to be eclipsed, his vtterance is easie & currant, in this trissillable [dau-nge`ro`us] the first to be long, th'other two short for the same causes. In this word [da-nge`rou`sne-sse] the first & last to be both long, bycause they receiue both of them the sharpe accent, and the two middlemost to be short, in these words [remedie] & [remedillesse] the time to follow also the accent, so as if it please better to set the sharpe accent vpon [re] then vpon [dye] that sillable should be made long and é conuerso, but in this word [remedillesse] bycause many like better to accent the sillable [me] then the sillable [les] therefore I leaue him for a common sillable to be able to receiue both a long and a short time as occasion shall serue. The like law I set in these wordes [reuocable][recouerable][irreuocable][irrecouerable] for sometimes it sounds better to say ré-uo`ca-blé then re`uo-ca`ble, re-cóue`rable then réco-ue`ra`blé for this one thing ye must alwayes marke that if your time fall either by reason of his sharpe accent or otherwise vpon the penultima, ye shal finde many other words to rime with him, bycause such terminations are not geazon, but if the long time fall vpon the antepenultima ye shall not finde many wordes to match him in his termination, which is the cause of his concord or rime, but if you would let your long time by his sharpe accent fall aboue the antepenultima as to say [co-ue`ra`ble] ye shall seldome or perchance neuer find one to make vp rime with him vnlesse it be badly and by abuse, and therefore in all such long polisillables ye doe commonly giue two sharpe accents, and thereby reduce him into two feete as in this word [re-mu`nèra`ti`on] which makes a couple of good Dactils, and in this word [contribu-ti`o`n] which makes a good spo-ndeus & a good dactill, and in this word [reca-pi`tu`la-tio`n] it makes two dactills and a sillable ouerplus to annexe to the word precedent to helpe peece vp another foote. But for wordes monosyllables (as be most of ours) because in pronouncing them they do of necessitie retaine a sharpe accent, ye may iustly allow then to be all long if they will so best serue your turne, and if they be tailed one to another, or th'one to a dissillable or polyssillable ye ought to allow them that time that best serues your purpose and pleaseth your eare most, and truliest aunsweres the nature of the ortographie in which I would as neare as I could obserue and keepe the lawes of the Greeke and Latine versifiers, that is to prolong the sillable which is written with double consonants or by diphthong or with finale consonants that run hard and harshly vpon the tounge: and to shorten all sillables that stand vpon vowels, if there were no cause of elision and single consonants & such of them as are most flowing and slipper vpon the tounge as n.r.t.d.l. for this purpose to take away all aspirations, and many times the last consonant of a word as the Latine Poetes vsed to do, specially Lucretius and

Ennius to say [finibu] for [finibus] and so would not I stick to say thus [delite] for [delight] [hye] for [high] and such like, & doth nothing at all impugne the rule I gaue before against the wresting of wordes by false orthographie to make vp rime, which may not be falsified. But this omission of letters in the midst of a meetre to make him the more slipper, helps the numerositie and hinders not the rime. But generally the shortning or prolonging of the monosyllables dependes much vpon the nature or their orthographie which the Latin Grammarians call the rule of position, as for example if I shall say thus. No-t ma`ni`e daye-s pa-st. Twentie dayes after, This makes a good Dactill and a good spondeus, but if ye turne them backward it would not do so, as. Many dayes, not past. And the distick made all of monosyllables. Bu-t no-ne o-f u-s tru-e me-n a-nd fre-e, Could finde so great good lucke as he. Which words serue well to make the verse all spondiacke or iambicke, but not in dactil, as other words or the same otherwise placed would do, for it were at illfauored dactil to say. Bu-t no`ne o`f, u-s a`ll tre`we.

Therefore whensoever your words will not make a smooth dactil, ye must alter them or their situations or else turne them to other feete that may better beare their maner of sound and orthographie: or if the word be polysyllable to deuide him, and to make him serue by peeces, that he could not do whole and entierly. And no doubt by like consideration did the Greeke & Latine versifiers fashion all their feete at the first to be of sundry times, and the selfe same syllable to be sometime long and sometime short for the eares better satisfaction as hath bene before remembred. Now also wheras I said before that our old Saxon English for his many monosyllables did not naturally admit the vse of the ancient feete in our vulgar measures so aptly as in those languages which stood most vpon polisillables, I sayd it in a sort truly, but now I must recant and confesse that our Normane English which hath growen since William the Conquerour doth admit any of the auncient feete, by reason of the many polysyllables euen to sixe and seauen in one word, which we at this day vse in our most ordinarie language: and which corruption hath bene occasioned chiefly by the peeuish affectation not of the Normans them selues, but of clerks and scholars or secretaries long since, who not content with the vsual Normane or Saxon word, would conuert the very Latine and Greeke word into vulgar French, as to say innumerable for innombrable, reuocable, irreuocable, irradiation, depopulation & such like, which are not naturall Normane nor yet French, but altered Latines, and without any imitation at all: which therefore were long time despised for inkehorne termes, and now be reputed the best & most delicat of any other. Of which & many other causes of corruption of our speach we haue in another place more amply discoursed, but by this meane we may at this day very well receiue the auncient feete metricall of the Greeks and Latines sauing those that be superfluous as be all the feete aboue the trissillable, which the old Grammarians idly inuented and distinguisht by speciall names, whereas in deede the same do stand compounded with the inferiour feete, and therefore some of them were called by the names of didactilus, dispondeus, and disiambus: which feete as I say we may be allowed to vse with good discretion & precise choise of wordes and with the fauorable approbation of readers, and so shall our plat in this one point be larger and much surmount that which Stamhurst first tooke in hand by his exameters dactilicke and spondaicke in the translation of Virgills Eneidos, and such as for a great number of them my stomacke can hardly digest for the ill shapen sound of many of his wordes polisillable and also his copulation of monosyllables supplying the quantitie of a trissillable to his intent. And right so in promoting this deuise of ours being (I feare me) much more nyce and affected, and therefore more misliked then his, we are to bespeake fauour, first of the delicate eares, then of the rigorous and seuerer dispositions, lastly to craue pardon of the learned & auncient makers in our vulgar, for if we should seeke in euery point to egall our speach with the Greeke and Latin in their metricall observations it could not possible be by vs perfourmed, because their sillables came to be timed some of them long, some of them short not by reason of any euident or apparant cause in writing or sounde remaining vpon one more then another, for many times they shortned the sillable of sharpe accent and made long that of the flat, & therefore we must needes say, it was in many of their wordes done by preelection in the first Poetes, not hauing regard altogether to the orthographie, and hardnesse or softnesse of a sillable, consonant, vowell or diphthong, but at their pleasure, or as it fell out: so as he that first put in a verse this word [Penelope] which might be Homer or some other of his antiquitie, where he made [pe-] in both places long and [ne`] and [lo`] short, he might haue made them otherwise and with as good reason, nothing in the world appearing that might moue them to make such (preelection) more in th'one sillable then in the other for pe, ne, and lo, being sillables vocals be egally smoth and currant vpon the tounge, and might beare aswel the long as the short time, but it pleased the Poet otherwise: so he that first shortned, ca, in this word cano, and made long tro, in troia, and o, in oris, might haue aswell done the contrary, but because he that first put them into a verse, found as it is to be supposed a more sweetnesse in his owne eare to haue them so tymed, therefore all other Poets who followed, were fayne to doe the like, which made that Virgill who came many yeares after the first reception of wordes in their seuerall times, was driuen of neceisitie to accept them in such quantities as they were left him and therefore said. a-rma`ni` ru-mqu-e ca`ro-tro- ie- qui- pri-mu`s a`bo-ris.

Neither truly doe I see any other reason in that lawe (though in other rules of shortning and prolonging a sillable there may be reason) but that it stands vpon bare tradition. Such as the Cabalists auouch in their mysticall constructions Theologicall and others, saying that they receaued the same from hand to hand from the first parent Adam, Abraham and others, which I will giue them leaue alone both to say and beleue for me, thinking rather that they haue bene the idle occupations, or perchaunce the malicious and craftie constructions of the Talmudists and others of the Hebrue clerks to bring the world into admiration of their lawes and Religion. Now peradventure with vs Englishmen it be somewhat too late to admit a new inuention of feet and times that our forefathers neuer vused nor neuer observed till this day, either in their measures or in their pronuntiation, and perchaunce will seeme in vs a presumptuous part to attempt, considering also it would be hard to find many men to like of one mans choise in the limitation of times and quantities of words, with which not one, but euery eare is to be pleased and made a particular iudge, being most truly sayd, that a multitude or comminalltie is hard to please and easie to offend, and therefore I intend not to proceed any further in this curiositie then to shew some small subtiltie that any other hath not yet done, and not by imitation but by obseruation, nor to th'intent to haue it put in execution in our vulgar Poesie, but to be pleasantly scanned vpon, as are all nouelties so friuolous and ridiculous as it.

CHAP. XIII.

A more particular declaration of the metricall feete of the ancient Poets Greeke and Latine and chiefly of the feete of two times.

Their Grammarians made a great multitude of feete, I wot not to what huge number, and of so many sizes as their wordes were of length, namely sixe sizes, whereas indeede, the metricall feete are but twelve in number, wherof foure only be of two times, and eight of three times, the rest compounds of the premised two sorts, even as the Arithmetically numbers aboue three are made of two and three. And if ye will know how many of these feete will be commodiously received with vs, I say all the whole twelve, for first for the foote, spondeus of two long times ye haue these English words mo-rni-ng, mi-dni-ght, mi-scha-unce, and a number moe whose ortographie may direct your iudgement in this point: for your Trocheus of a long and short ye haue these words ma-ne'r, bro-ke'n, ta-ke'n, bo-die', me-mbe'r, and a great many moe if there last sillables abut not vpon the consonant in the beginning of another word, and in these whether they do abut or no wi-tti'e, di-tti'e, so-rr'o'w, mo-rr'o'w, & such like, which end in a vowell for your Iambus of a short and a long, ye haue these words [re'sto-re] [re'mo-rse] [de'si-re] [e'ndu-re] and a thousand besides. For your foote pirrichius or of two short sillables ye haue these words [ma'ni'e] [mo'ne'y] [pe'ni'e] [si'lie'] and others of that construction or the like: for your feete of three times and first your dactill, ye haue these words & a number moe pa-ti'e'nce, te-mpe'ra'nce, wo-ma'nhea'd, io-li'ti'e, dau-nge'ro'us, du-eti'fu'll & others. For your molossus, of all three long, ye haue a member of wordes also and specially most of your participles actiue, as pe-rsi-sti-ng, de-spo-ili-ng, e-nde-nti-ng, and such like in ortographie: for your anapestus of two short and a long ye haue these words but not many moe, as ma'ni'fo-ld, mo'ni'le-sse, re'ma'ne-nt, ho'li'ne-sse. For your foote tribracchus of all three short, ye haue very few trissillables, because the sharpe accent will aways make one of them long by pronounciation, which els would be by ortographie short as, [me'ri'ly'] [minion] & such like. For your foote bacchius of a short & two long ye haue these and the like words trissillables [la'me-nti-ng] [re'que-sti-ng] [re'nou-nci-ng] [re'pe-nta-nce] [e'nu-ri-ng]. For your foote antibacchius, of two long and a short ye haue these words [fo-rsa-ke'n] [i-mpu-gne'd] and others many: For your amphimacer that is a long, a short and a long ye haue these words and many more [e-xce'lle-nt] [i-mi'ne-nt] and specially such as be propre names of persons or townes or other things and namely Welsh words; for your foote amphibracchus, of a short, a long and a short, ye haue these words and many like to these [re'si-ste'd] [de'li-ghtfu'll] [re'pri-sa'll] [i'naun-te'r] [e'na-mi'll] so as for want of English wordes if your eare be not to daintie and your rules to precise, ye neede not be without the metricall feete of the ancient Poets such as be most pertinent and not superfluous. This is (ye will perchaunce say) my singular opinion: then ye shall see how well I can maintaine it. First the quantitie of a word comes either by (preelection) without reason or force as hath bene alledged, and as the auncient Greekes and Latines did in many wordes, but not in all, or by (election) with reason as they did in some, and not a few. And a sound is drawn at length either by the infirmitie of the tounge, because the word or sillable is of such letters as hangs long in the palate or lippes ere he will come forth, or because he is accented and tuned hier and sharper then another, whereby he somewhat obscureth the other sillables in the same word that be not accented so high, in both these cases we will

establish our syllable long, contrariwise the shortning of a syllable is, when his sounde or accent happens to be heauy and flat, that is to fall away speedily, and as it were inaudible, or when he is made of such letters as be by nature slipper & voluble and smoothly passe from the mouth. And the vowell is alwayes more easily deliuered then the consonant: and of consonants, the liquide more than the mute, & a single consonant more then a double, and one more then twayne coupled together: all which points were obserued by the Greekes and Latines, and allowed for maximes in versifying. Now if ye will examine these foure bissillables [re-mna-nt] [re`ma-ine] [re-nde`r] [re`ne`t] for an example by which ye may make a generall rule, and ye shall finde, that they aunswere our first resolution. First in [remnant] [rem] bearing the sharpe accent and hauing his consonant abbut vpon another, soundes long. The syllable [nant] being written with two consonants must needs be accompted the same, besides that [nant] by his Latin originall is long, viz. [remane-ns.] Take this word [remaine] because the last syllable beares the sharpe accent, he is long in the eare, and [re] being the first syllable, passing obscurely away with a flat accent is short, besides that [re] by his Latine originall and also by his ortographie is short. This word [render] bearing the sharpe accent upon [ren] makes it long, the syllable [der] falling away swiftly & being also written with a single consonant or liquide is short and makes the trocheus. This word [re`ne`t] hauing both syllables sliding and slipper make the foote Pirrichius, because if he be truly vttered, he beares in maner no sharper accent vpon the one then the other syllable, but be in effect egall in time and tune, as is also the Spondeus. And because they be not written with any hard or harsh consonants, I do allow them both for short syllables, or to be used for common, according as their situation and place with other words shall be: and as I haue named to you but onely foure words for an example, so may ye find out by diligent obseruation foure hundred if ye will. But of all your words bissillables the most part naturally do make the foot Iambus, many the Trocheus, fewer the Spondeus, fewest of all the Pirrichius, because in him the sharpe accent (if ye follow the rules of your accent as we haue presupposed) doth make a litle oddes: and ye shall find verses made all of monosyllables, and do very well, but lightly they be Iambickes, bycause for the more part the accent falles sharpe vpon euery second word rather then contrariwise, as this of Sir Thomas Wiats. I fi-nde no` pea-ce a`nd ye-t mi'e wa-rre i`s do-ne, I feare and hope, and burne and freese like ise.

And some verses where the sharpe accent falles vpon the first and third, and so make the verse wholly Trochaicke, as thus, Worke not, no nor, with thy friend or foes harme Try but, trust not, all that speake thee so faire.

And some verses made of monosyllables and bissillables enterlaced as this of th'Earles, When raging loue with extreme paine And this A fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I neuer none.

And some verses made all of bissillables and others all of trissillables, and others of polisillables egally increasing and of diuers quantities, and sundry situations, as in this of our owne, made to daunt the insolence of a beautifull woman. Brittle beauty blossome daily fading Morne, noone, and eue in age and eke in eld Dangerous disdaine full pleasantly perswading Easie to gripe but combrous to weld. For slender bottome hard and heauy lading Gay for a while, but little while durable Suspicious, incertaine, irreuocable, O since thou art by triall not to trust Wisedome it is, and it is also iust To sound the stemme before the tree be feld That is, since death will driue us all to dust To leaue thy loue ere that we be compeld.

In which ye haue your first verse all of bissillables and of the foot trocheus. The second all of monosyllables, and all of the foote Iambus, the third all of trissillables, and all of the foote dactilus, your fourth of one bissillable, and two monosyllables interlarded, the fift of one monosyllable and two bissillables enterlaced, and the rest of other sortes and scituations, some by degrees encreasing, some diminishing: which example I haue set downe to let you perceiue what pleasant numerosity in the measure and disposition of your words in a meetre may be contriued by curious wits & these with other like were the obseruations of the Greeke and Latine versifiers.

CHAP. XIII.

Of your feet of three times, and first of the Dactil.

Your feete of three times by prescription of the Latine Grammariens are of eight sundry proportions, for some notable difference appearing in euery syllable of three falling in a word of that size: but because about the antepenultima there was (among the Latines) none accent audible in any long word, therefore to deuise any foote of

longer measure then of three times was to them but superfluous: because all about the number of three are but compounded of their inferiours. Omitting therefore to speake of these larger feete, we say that of all your feete of three times the Dactil is most usuall and fit for our vulgar meeter, & most agreeable to the eare, specially if ye ouerlade not your verse with too many of them but here and there enterlace a Iambus or some other foote of two times to giue him grauitie and stay, as in this quadrein Trimeter or of three measures. Rende'r a'gai-ne mi'e li-be'rti'e a'nd se-t yo'ur ca-pti'ue fre-e Glo-ri'ou's i's the' vi-cto'ri'e Co-nque'ro'urs u-se wi'th le-ni'ti'e

Where ye see euery verse is all of a measure, and yet vnegall in number of sillables: for the second verse is but of sixe sillables, where the rest are of eight. But the reason is for that in three of the same verses are two Dactils a peece, which abridge two sillables in euery verse: and so maketh the longest euen with the shortest. Ye may note besides by the first verse, how much better some bisillable becommeth to peece out an other longer foote then another word doth: for in place of [render] if ye had sayd [restore] it had marred the Dactil, and of necessitie driuen him out at length to be a verse Iambic of foure feet, because [render] is naturally a Trocheus & makes the first two times of a dactil. [Restore] is naturally a Iambus, & in this place could not possibly haue made a pleasant dactil.

Now againe if ye will say to me that these two words [libertie] and [conquerours] be not precise Dactils by the Latine rule. So much will I confesse to, but since they go currant inough vpon the tongue and be so vsually pronounced, they may passe wel inough for Dactils in our vulgar meeters, & that is inough for me, seeking but to fashion an art, & not to finish it: which time only & custom haue authoritie to do, specially in all cases of language as the Poet hath wittily remembred in this verse si volet usus, Quem penes arbitrium est & vis & norma loquendi.

The Earle of Surrey upon the death of Sir Thomas Wiat made among other this verse Pentameter and of ten sillables, What holy graue (alas) what sepulcher

But if I had had the making of him, he should haue bene of eleuen sillables and kept his measure of fiue still, and would so haue runne more pleasantly a great deale; for as he is now, though he be euen he seemes odde and defectiue, for not well obseruing the natural accent of euery word, and this would haue bene soone holpen by inserting one monosyllable in the middle of the verse, and drawing another syllable in the beginning into a Dactil, this word [holy] being a good [Pirrichius] & very well seruing the turne, thus, Wha-t ho'li'e gra-ue a'la-s wha't fit se'pu-lche'r. Which verse if ye peruse throughout ye shall finde him after the first dactil all Trochaick & not Iambic, nor of any other foot of two times. But perchance if ye would seeme yet more curious, in place of these four Trocheus ye might induce other feete of three times, as to make the three sillables next following the dactil, the foote [amphimacer] the last word [Sepulcher] the foote [amphibracus] leauing the other middle word for a [Iambus] thus. Wha-t ho'li'e gra-ue a'la-s wha't fit se'pu-lche'r. If ye aske me further why I make [what] first long & after short in one verse, to that I satisfied you before, that it is by reason of his accent sharpe in one place and flat in another, being a common monosyllable, that is, apt to receive either accent, & so in the first place receiuing aptly the sharpe accent he is made long: afterward receiuing the flat accent more aptly then the sharpe, because the sillable precedent [las] vtterly distaines him, he is made short & not long, & that with very good melodie, but to haue giuen him the sharpe accent & plucked it from the sillable [las] it had bene to any mans eare a great discord: for euermore this word [alás] is accented vpon the last, & that lowdly & notoriously as appeareth by all our exclamations vsed vnder that terme. The same Earle of Surrey & Sir Thomas Wyat the first reformers & polishers of our vulgar Poesie much affecting the stile and measures of the Italian Petrarcha, vsed the foote dactil very often but not many in one verse, as in these, Fu-ll ma'ni'e that in presence of thy li-ueli'e he'd, Shed Cæsars teares vpon Po-mpe'iu's he'd. Th'e-ne'mi'e to life destroi'er of all kinde, If a-mo' ro'us faith in an hart un fayned, Myne old dee-re e'ne' my my froward master. The- fu'ri'ous gone in his most ra ging ire.

And many moe which if ye would not allow for dactils the verse would halt vnlesse ye would seeme to helpe it contracting a sillable by vertue of the figure Syneresis which I thinke was neuer their meaning, nor in deede would haue bred any pleasure to the eare, but hindred the flowing of the verse. Howsoeuer ye take it the dactil is commendable inough in our vulgar meetres, but most plausible of all when he is sounded vpon the stage, as in these comicall verses shewing how well it becommeth all noble men and great personages to be temperat and modest, yea more then any meaner man, thus. Le-t no' no'bi-li'ti'e ri-che's o'r he-ri'ta'ge Ho-no'r o'r e-mpi're o'r ea-rthli'e do'mi-ni'o'n Bre-ed I'n yo'ur hea-d a'ni'e pe-euish o'pi-ni'o'n That ye' ma'y sa-fe'r a'uo-uch a'ni'e o-utra-ge.

And in this distique taxing the Prelate symoniacke standing all upon perfect dactils. No-w ma-ni-e bi-e mo-ne-y purue'y pro'mo-ti'o'n For mony moooues any hart to deuotion.

But this aduertisement I will giue you withall, that if ye vse too many dactils together ye make your musike too light and of no solemne grauitie such as the amorous Elegies in court naturally require, being alwaies either very dolefull or passionate as the affections of loue enforce, in which busines ye must make your choice of very few words dactilique, or them that ye cannot refuse, to dissolue and breake them into other feete by such meanes as it shall be taught hereafter: but chiefly in your courtly ditties take heede ye vse not these maner of long polisillables and specially that ye finish not your verse them as [retribution] restitution] remuneration] recapitulation] and such like: for they smatch more the schoole of common players than of any delicate Poet Lyricke or Elegiacke.

CHAP. XV.

Of all your other feete of three times and how well they would fashion a meetre in our vulgar.

All your other feete of three times I find no vse of them in our vulgar meeters nor no sweetenes at all, and yet words enough to serue their proportions. So as though they haue not hitherto bene made artificiall, yet nowe by more curious obseruation they might be. Since all artes grew first by obseruation of natures proceedings and custome. And first your [Molossus] being of all three long is evidently discouered by this word [pe-rmi-tti-ng] The [Anapestus] of two short and a long by this word [fu-ri'o-us] if the next word beginne with a consonant. The foote [Bacchius] of a short and two long by this word [re'si-sta-nce] the foote [Antibacchius] of two long and a short by this word [e-xa-mple'] the foote [Amphimacer] of a long a short & a long by this word [co-nque'ri-ng] the foote of [Amphibrachus] of a short a long and a short by this word [re-me-mbe'r] if a vowell follow. The foote [Tribrachus] of three short times is very hard to be made by any of our trissillables vnles they be compounded of the smoothest sort of consonants or sillables vocals, or of three smooth monosillables, or of some peece of a long polysillable & after that sort we may with wresting of words shape the foot [Tribrachus] rather by vsurpation then by rule, which neuertheles is allowed in euery primitiue arte & inuention: & so it was by the Greekes and Latines in their first versifying, as if a rule should be set downe that from henceforth these words should be counted al Tribrachus [e'ne-mi'e] re'me'di'e] se'li'ne's] mo'ni'le's] pe'ni'le's] cru'e'lli'e] & such like, or a peece of this long word [re'co-ue'ra'ble'] innu'me'ra'ble'] rea'di'li'e] and others. Of all which manner of apt wordes to make these stranger feet of three times which go not so currant with our eare as the dactil, the maker should haue a good iudgement to know them by their manner of orthographie and by their accent which serue most fitly for euery foote, or else he shoulde haue always a little calender of them apart to vse readily when he shall neede them. But because in very truth I thinke them but vaine & superstitious obseruations nothing at all furthering the pleasant melody of our English meeter, I leaue to speake any more of them and rather wish the continuance of our old maner of Poesie, scanning our verse by sillables rather than by feete, and vsing most commonly the word Iambique & sometime the Trochaicke which ye shall discerne by their accents, and now and then a dactill keeping precisely our symphony or rime without any other mincing measures, which an idle inuentiue head could easily deuise, as the former examples teach.

CHAP. XVI.

Of your verses perfect and defectiue; and that which the Graecians called the halfe foote.

The Greekes and Latines vsed verses in the odde sillable of two sortes, which they called Catalecticke and Acatalecticke, that is odde vnder and odde ouer the iust measure of their verse, & we in our vulgar finde many of the like, and specially in the rimes of Sir Thomas Wiat, strained perchaunce out of their originall, made first by Francis Petrarcha: as these Like vnto these, immeasurable mountaines, So is my painefull life the burden of ire: For hie be they, and hie is my desire And I of teares, and they are full of fountaines. Where in your first second and fourth verse, ye may find a sillable superfluous, and though in the first ye will seeme to helpe it, by drawing

these three sillables,[i-m me` su`] into a dactil, in the rest it can not be so excused, wherefore we must thinke he did it of purpose, by the odde sillable to giue greater grace to his meetre, and we finde in our old rimes, this odde sillable, sometime placed in the beginning and sometimes in the middle of a verse, and is allowed to go alone & to hang to any other sillable. But this odde sillable in our meetres is not the halfe foote as the Greekes and Latines vsed him in their verses, and called such measure pentimimeris and eptamimeris, but rather is that, which they called the catalectik or maymed verse. Their hemimeris or halfe foote serued not by licence Poeticall or necessitie of words, but to bewtifie and exornate the verse by placing one such halfe foote in the middle Cesure, & one other in the end of the verse, as they vfed all their pentameters elegiack: and not by coupling them together, but by accompt to make their verse of a iust measure and not defectiue or superflous: our odde sillable is not altogether of that nature, but is in a maner drownd and suppress by the flat accent, and shrinks away as it were inaudible and by that meane the odde verse comes almost to be an euen in euery mans hearing. The halfe foote of the auncients was reserued purposely to an vse, and therefore they gaue such odde sillable, wheresoeuer he fell the sharper accent, and made by him a notorious pause as in this pentameter. Ni-l mi` hi` re-scri-ba`s a-tta`me`n i-pse` ve` ni`.

Which in all make fiue whole feete, or the verse Pentameter. We in our vulgar haue not the vse of the like halfe foote.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the breaking your bissillables and polysillables and when it is to be used.

Bvt whether ye suffer your sillable to receiue his quantitie by his accent, or by his ortography, or whether ye keepe your bissillable whole or whether ye breake him, all is one to his quantitie, and his time will appeare the selfe same still and ought not to be altered by our makers, vnlesse it be when such sillable is allowed to be common and to receiue any of both times, as in the dimeter, made of two sillables entier. e-xtre-ame de`si-re

The first is a good spondeus, the second a good iambus, and if the same wordes be broken thus it is not so pleasant. I`n e-x tre-ame de` sire

And yet the first makes a iambus, and the second a trocheus ech sillable retayning still his former quantities. And alwaies ye must haue regard to the sweetenes of the meetre, so as if your word polysillable would not sound pleasantly whole, ye should for the nonce breake him, which ye may easily doo by inserting here and there one monosillable among your polysillables, or by changing your word into another place then where he soundes vnpleasantly, and by breaking, turne a trocheus to a iambus, or contrariwise: as thus: Ho-llo`w va-lle`is u-nde`r hi-e`st mou-ntai`nes Cra-ggi`e cli-ffes bri`ng foo-rth the` fai-re`st fou-ntai`nes

These verses be trochaick, and in mine eare not so sweete and harmonicall as the iambicque, thus: The` ho-llo`wst va-ls li`e u-nde`r hi-e`st mo-unta-ines The` cra-ggi`st clifs bri-ng fo-rth the` fai-re`st fou-nta-ines.

All which verses bee now become iambicque by breaking the first bissillables, and yet alters not their quantities though the feete be altered: and thus, Restlesse is the heart in his desires Rauiing after that reason doth denie.

Which being turned thus makes a new harmonie. The restlesse heart, renues his old desires Ay rauiing after that reason doth it deny.

And following this obseruation your meetres being builded with polysillables will fall diuersly out, that is some to be spondaick, some iambick, others dactilick, others trochaick, and of one mingled with another, as in this verse. He-aui`e I-s the` bu-rde`n of Pri`nce`s i-re

The verse is trochaick, but being altered thus, is iambicque. Fu`ll he-aui`e i-s the` pa-ise o`f Pri-nce`s i-re

And as Sir Thomas Wiat song in a verse wholly trochaick, because the wordes do best shape to that foote by their naturall accent, thus, Fa-rewe`ll lo-ue a`nd a-ll thi`e la-wes fo`r e-ve`r

And in this ditty of th'Erle of Surries, passing sweete and harmonicall: all be Iambick. When raging loue with extreme paine So cruell doth straine my hart, And that the teares like fluds of raine Beare witness of my wofull smart.

Which beyng disposed otherwise or not broken, would proue all trochaick, but nothing pleasant.

Now furthermore ye are to note, that al monosyllables may receiue the sharp accent, but not so aptly one as another, as in this verse where they serue well to make him iambicque, but not trochaick. Go'd grau-nt thi's pea-ce ma'y lo-ng e'ndu-re

Where the sharpe accent falles more tunably vpon [graunt] [peace] [long] [dure] then it would by conuersion, as to accent then thus: Go-d grau`nt - thi-s pea`ce - ma-y lo`ng - e-ndu-re.

And yet if ye will aske me the reason I can not tell it, but that it shapes so to myne eare, and as I thinke to euery other mans. And in this meeter where ye haue whole words bissillable vnbroken, that maintaine (by reason of their accent) sundry feete, yet going one with another be very harmonicall.

Where ye see one to be a trocheus another the iambus, and so entermingled not by election but by constraint of their seuerall accents, which ought not to be altred, yet comes it to passe that many times ye must of necessitie alter the accent of a sillable, and put him from his naturall place, and then one sillable, of a word polysillable, or one word monosillable, will abide to be made sometimes long, sometimes short, as in this quadreyne of ours playd in a mery moode. Gèue mé mîne ówne ànd wén I dó dèsi're Geue others theirs, and nothing that is mine Nòr gíue mè thát, wherto all men aspire Then neither gold, nor faire women nor wine.

Where in your first verse these two words [giue] and [me] are accented one high th'other low, in the third verse the same words are accented contrary, and the reason of this exchange is manifest, because the maker playes with these two clauses of sundry relations [giue me] and [giue others] so as the monosillable [me] being respectiue to the word [others] and inferring a subtiltie or wittie implication, ought not to haue the same accent, as when he hath no such respect, as in this distik of ours. Pro-ue me` (Madame) ere ye re-pro`ue Meeke minds should e-xcu`se not accu`se.

In which verse ye see this word [reprooue,] the sillable [prooue] alters his sharpe accent into a flat, for naturally it is long in all his singles and compoundes [reprooue] [approoue] [disprooue] & so is the sillable [cuse] in [excuse] [accuse] [recuse] yet in these verses by reason one of them doth as it were nicke another, and haue a certaine extraordinary sence with all, it behoueth to remoue the sharpe accents from whence they are most naturall, to place them where the nicke may be more expresly discovered, and therefore in this verse where no such implication is, nor no relation it is otherwise, as thus. If ye re`pro-ue my constancie I will excu-se you curtesly.

For in this word [reprooue] because there is no extraordinary sence to be inferred, he keepeth his sharpe accent vpon the sillable [prooue] but in the former verses because they seeme to encounter ech other, they do thereby merite an audible and pleasant alteration of their accents in those sillables that cause the subltie. Of these maner of nicetees ye shal finde in many places of our booke, but specially where we treat of ornament, vnto which we referre you, sauing that we thought good to set down one example more to solace your mindes with mirth after all these scholasticall preceptes, which can not but bring with them (specially to Courtiers) much tediousnesse, and so to end. In our Comedie intituled Ginecocratia: the king was supposed to be a person very amorous and effeminate, and therefore most ruled his ordinary affaires by the aduise of women either for the loue he bare to their persons of liking he had to their pleasant ready witts and vtterance. Comes me to the Court one Polemon an honest plaine man of the country, but rich: and hauing a suite to the king, met by chaunce with one Philino, a louer of wine and a merry companion in Court, and praied him in that he was a stranger that he would vouchsafe to tell him which way he were best to worke to get his suite, and who were most in credit and fauour about the king, that he might seek to them to further his attempt. Philino perceyuing the plainnesse of the man, and that there would be some good done with him, told Polemon that if he would well consider him for his labor he would bring him where he should know the truth of all his demaundes by the sentence of the Oracle. Polemon gaue him twentie crownes, Philino brings him into a place where behind an arras cloth hee himselfe spake in manner of an Oracle in these matters, for so did

all the Sybils and sothsaiers in old times giue their answers. Your best way to worke - and marke my words well, Not money: nor many, Nor any: but any, Not weemen, but weemen beare the bell.

Polemon wist not what to make of this doubtfull speach, & not being lawfull to importune the oracle more then once in one matter, conceyued in his head the pleasanter construction, and stacke to it: and hauing at home a fayre yong damsell of eighteene yeares old to his daughter, that could very well behaue her self in countenance and also in her language, apparelled her as gay as he could, and brought her to the Court, where Philino harkning daily after the euent of this matter, met him, and recommended his daughter to the Lords, who perceiuing her great beauty and other good parts, brought her to the King, to whom she exhibited her fathers supplication, and found so great fauour in his eye, as without any long delay she obtained her sute at his hands. Poleman the diligent solliciting of his daughter, wanne his purpose: Philino gat a good reward and vsed the matter so, as howsoever the oracle had bene construed, he could not haue receiued blame nor discredit by the successe, for euery waies it would haue proued true, whether Polemons daughter had obtayned the sute, or not obtained it. And the subiltie lay in the accent and Ortographie of these two wordes [any] and [weemen] for [any] being deuided sounds a nie or neere person to the king: and [weemen] being diuided soundes wee men, and not [weemen] and so by this meane Philino serued all turnes and shifted himselfe from blame, not vnlike the tale of the Rattlemouse who in the warres proclaimed betweene the foure footed beasts and the birdes, beyng sent for by the Lyon to beat his musters, excused himselfe for that he was a foule and flew with winges: and beyng sent for by the Eagle to serue him, sayd that he was a foure footed beast, and by that craftie cauill escaped the danger of the warres, and shunned the seruice of both Princes. And euer since sate at home by the fire side, eating vp the poore husbandmans baken, halfe lost for lacke of a good huswifes looking too.

FINIS.

THE THIRD BOOKE, OF ORNAMENT.

CHAP. I.

Of Ornament Poeticall.

As no doubt the good proportion of any thing doth greatly adorne and commend it and right so our late remembred proportions doe to our vulgar Poesie: so is there yet requisite to the perfection of this arte, another maner of exornation, which resteth in the fashioning of our makers language and stile, to such purpose as it may delight and allure as well the mynde as the eare of the hearers with a certaine noueltie and strange maner of conueyance, disguising it no litle from the ordinary and accustomed: neuertheless making it nothing the more vnseemely or misbecomming, but rather decenter and more agreeable to any ciuill eare and understanding. And as we see in these great Madames of honour, be they for personage or otherwise neuer so comely and bewtifull, yet if they want their courtly habillements or at leastwise such other apparell as custome and ciuilitie haue ordained to couer their naked bodies, would be halfe ashamed or greatly out of countenance to be seen in that sort, and perchance do then thinke themselves more amiable in euery mans eye, when they be in their richest attire, suppose of silkes or tyssews & costly embroderies, then when they go in cloth or in any other plaine and simple apparell. Euen so cannot our vulgar Poesie shew it self either gallant or gorgious, if any lymme be left naked and bare and not clad in his kindly clothes and coulours, such as may conuey them somewhat our of sight, that is from the common course of ordinary speach and capacitie of the vulgar iudgement, and yet being artificially handled must needes yeld it much more bewtie and commendation. This ornament we speake of is giuen to it by figures and figurative speeches, which be the flowers as it were and coulours that a Poet setteth vpon his language by arte, as the embroderer doth his stone and perle, or passements of golde vpon the stuffe of a Princely garment, or as th'excellent painter bestoweth the rich Orient coulours vpon his table of pourtraite: so neuerthelessse as if the same coulours in our art of Poesie (as well as in those other mechanicall artes) be not well tempered, or not well layd, or be vused in excesse, or neuer so litle disordered or misplaced, they not onely giue it no maner of grace at all, but rather do disfigure that stuffe and spill the whole workmanship taking away all bewtie and good liking from it, no lesse then if the crimson tainte, which

should be laid vpon a Ladies lips, or right in the center of her cheekes should by some ouersight or mishap be applied to her forehead or chinne, it would make (ye would say) but a very ridiculous bewtie, wherefore the chief prayse and cunning of our Poet is in the discreet vsing of his figures, as the skilfull painters is in the good conueyance of his coulours and shadowing traits of his pensill, with a delectable varietie, by all measure and iust proportion, and in places most aptly to be bestowed.

CHAP. II.

How our writing and speeches publike ought to be figuratiue, and if they be not doe greatly disgrace the cause and purpose of the speaker and writer.

Bvt as it hath bene alwayes reputed a great fault to vse figuratiue speeches foolishly and indiscretly, so is it esteemed no lesse an imperfection in mans vtterance, to haue none vse of figure at all, specially in our writing and speeches publike, making them but as our ordinary talke, then which nothing can be more vnsauourie and farre from all ciuilitie. I remember in the first yeare of Queenes Maries raigne a Knight of Yorkshire was chosen speaker of the Parliament, a good gentleman and wise, in the affaires of his shire, and not vnlearned in the lawes of the Realme, but as well for some lack of his teeth, as for want of language nothing well spoken, which at that time and businesse was most behoofull for him to haue bene: this man after he had made his Oration to the Queene; which ye know is of course to be done at the first assembly of both houses; a bencher of the Temple both well learned and very eloquent, returning from the Parliament house asked another gentleman his frend how he liked M. Speakers Oration: mary quoth th'other, methinks I heard not a better alehouse tale told this seuen yeares. This happened because the good old Knight made no difference betweene an Oration or publike speech to be deliuered to the eare of a Princes Maiestie and state of a Realme, then he would haue done of an ordinary tale to be told at his table in the countrey, wherein all men know the oddes is very great. And though graue and wise counsellours in their consultations doe not vse much superfluous eloquence, and also in their iudicall hearings do much mislike all scholasticall rhetoricks: yet in such a case as it may be (and as this Parliament was) if the Lord Chancelour of England or Archbishop of Canterbury himselfe were to speake, he ought to doe it cunningly and eloquently, which can not be without the vse of figures: and neuerthelesse none impeachment or blemish to the grauitie of the persons or of the cause: wherein I report me to them that knew Sir Nicholas Bacon Lord keeper of the great Seale, or the now Lord Treasurer of England, and haue bene conuersant with their speeches made in the Parliament house & Starrechamber. From whose lippes I haue seene to proceede more graue and naturall eloquence, then from all the Oratours of Oxford or Cambridge, but all is as it is handled, and maketh no matter whether the same eloquence be naturall to them or artificiall (though I thinke rather naturall) yet were they knowen to be learned and not vnskilfull of th'arte, when they were yonger men: and as learning and arte teacheth a schollar to speake, so doth it also teach a counsellour, and aswell an old man as a yong, and a man in authoritie, aswell as a priuate person and a pleader aswell as a preacher, euery man after his sort and calling as best becommeth: and that speech which becommeth one, doth not become another, for maners of speeches, some serue to work in excesse, some in mediocritie, some to graue purposes, some to light, some to be short and brief, some to be long, some to stirre vp affections, some to pacifie and appease them, and these common despisers of good vtterance, which resteth altogether in figuratiue speeches, being well vsed whether it come by nature or by arte or by exercise, they be but certaine grosse ignorance of whom it is truly spoken, scientia non habet inimicum nisi ignorantem. I haue come to the Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon, & found him sitting in his gallery alone with the works of Quintilian before him, in deede he was a most eloquent man, and of rare learning and wisdom, as euer I knew England to breed, and one that ioyed as much in learned men and men of good witts. A Knight of the Queenes priue chamber, once intreated a noble woman of the Court, being in great fauour about her Maiestie (to th'intent to remoue her from a certaine displeasure, which by sinister opinion she had conceiued against a gentleman his friend) that it would please her to heare him speake in his own cause & not to condemne him vpon his aduersaries report: God forbid said she, he is to wise for me to talke with, let him goe and satisfie such a man naming him: why quoth the Knight againe, had your Ladyship rather heare a man talke like a foole or like a wise man? This was because the Lady was a little peruerse, and not disposed to reforme her selfe by hearing reason, which none other can so well beate into the ignorant head, as the well spoken and eloquent man. And because I am so farre waded into this discourse of eloquence and figuratiue speeches, I will tell you what hapned on a time my selfe being present whene certaine Doctours of the ciuil law were heard in a litigious cause betwixt a man and his wife: before a great Magistrat who

(as they can tell that knew him) was a man very well learned and graue, but somewhat sowre, and of no plausible vtterance: the gentlemans chaunce, was to say: my Lord the simple woman is not so much to blame as her lewde abbettours, who by violent perswasions haue lead her into this wilfulnesse. Quoth the iudge, what neede such eloquent termes in this place, the gentleman replied, doth your Lordship mislike the terme, [violent] & me thinkes I speake it to great purpose: for I am sure she would neuer haue done it, but by force of perswasion. & if perswasions were not very violent to the minde of man it could not haue wrought so strange an effect as we read that it did once in Ægypt, & would haue told the whole tale at large, if the Magistrate had not passed it ouer very pleasantly. Now to tell you the whole matter as the gentleman intended, thus it was. There came into Ægypt a notable Oratour, whose name was Hegesias who inuayed so much against the incommodities of this transitory life, & so highly commended death the dispatcher of all euils; as a great number of his hearers destroyed themselues, some with weapon, some with poyson, others by drowning and hanging themselues to be rid out of this vale of misery, in so much as it was feared least many moe of the people would haue miscaried by occasion of his perswasions, if king Ptolome had not made a publicke proclamation, that the Oratour should auoyde the countrey, and no more be allowed to speake in any matter. Whether now perswasions, may not be said violent and forcible to simple myndes in speciall, I referre it to all mens iudgements that heare the story. At least waies, I finde this opinion, confirmed by a pretie deuise or embleme that Lucianus alleageth he saw in the pourtrait of Hercules within the Citie of Marseills in Prouence: where they had figured a lustie old man with a long chayne tyed by one end at his tong, by the other end at the peoples eares, who stood a farre of and seemed to be drawn to him by the force of that chayne fastned to his tong, as who would say, by force of his perswasions. And to shew more plainly that eloquence is of great force (and not as many men thinke amisse) the propertie and gift of yong men onely, but rather of old men, and a thing which better becommeth hory haire then bearded boyes, they seeme to ground it vpon this reason: age (say they and most truly) brings experience, experience bringeth wisdom, long life yeldes long vse and much exercise of speach, exercise and custome with wisdom, make an assured and volluble vtterance: so is it that old men more then any other sort speake most grauely, wisely, assuredly, and plausibly, which partes are all that can be required in perfite eloquence, and so in all deliberations of importance where counsellours are allowed freely to opyne & shew their conceits, good perswasion is no lesse requisite then speach it selfe: for in great purposes to speake and not to be able or likely to perswade, is a vayne thing: now let vs returne backe to say more of this Poeticall ornament.

CHAP. III.

How ornament Poeticall is of two sortes according to the double vertue and efficacie of figures.

This ornament then is of two sortes, one to satisfie & delight th'eare onely by a goodly outward shew fet vpon the matter with wordes, and speeches smoothly and tunably running: another by certaine intendments or sence of such wordes & speeches inwardly working a stirre to the mynde: that first qualitie the Greeks called Enargia, of this word argos, because it geueth a glorious lustre and light. This latter they callled Energia of ergon, because it wrought with a strong and vertuous operation; and figure breedeth them both, some seruing to giue glosse onely to a language, some to geue it efficacie by sence, and so by that meanes some of them serue th'eare onely, some serue the conceit onely and not th'eare: there be of them also that serue both turnes as common seruitours appointed for th'one and th'other purpose, which shalbe hereafter spoken of in place: but because we haue alleaged before that ornament is but the good or rather bewtifull habite of language and stile and figuratiue speeches the instrument wherewith we burnish our language fashioning it to this or that measure and proportion, whence finally resulteth a long and continuall phrase or maner of writing or speech, which we call by the name of stile: we wil first speake of language; then of stile, lastly of figure, and declare their vertue and differences, and also their vse and best application, & what portion in exornation euery of them bringeth to the bewtifying of this Arte.

CHAP. IIII.

Of Language.

Speech is not naturall to man sauing for his onely habilitie to speake, and that he is by kinde apt to vtter all his conceits with sounds and voyces diuersified many maner of wayes, by meanes of the many & fit instruments he hath by nature to that purpose, as a broad and voluble tong, thinne and mouable lippes, teeth euen and not shagged; thick ranged, a round vaulted pallate, and a long throte, besides an excellent capacitie of wit that maketh him more disciplinable and imitative than any other creature: then as to the forme and action of his speech, it commeth to him by arte & teaching, and by vse or exercise. But after a speech is fully fashioned to the common vnderstanding, & accepted by consent of a whole countrey & nation, it is called a language, & receaueth none allowed alteration, but by extraordinary occasions by little & little, as it were insensibly bringing in of many corruptions that creepe along with the time: of all which matters, we haue more largely spoken in our bookes of the originals and pedigree of the English tong. Then when I say language, I meane the speech wherein the Poet or maker writeth be it Greek or Latine or as our case is the vulgar English, & when it is peculiar vnto a countrey it is called the mother speech of that people: the Greekes terme it Idioma: so is ours at this day the Norman English. Before the Conquest of the Normans it was the Anglesaxon and before that the British, which as some will, is at this day, the Walsh, or as others affirme the Cornish: I for my part thinke neither of both, as they be now spoken and pronounced. This part in our maker or Poet must be heedily looked vnto, that it be naturall, pure, and the most vsuall of all his countrey: and for the same purpose rather that which is spoken in the kings Court, or in the good townes and Cities within the land, then in the marches and frontiers, or in port townes, where straungers haunt for traffike sake, or yet in Vniuersities where Schollers vse much peeuish affectation of words out of the primatiue languages, or finally, in any vplandish village or corner of a Realme, where is no resort but of poore rusticall or vnciuill people: neither shall he follow the speech of a craftes man or carter, or other of the inferiour sort, though he be inhabitant or bred in the best towne and Citie in this Realme, for such persons doe abuse good speeches by strange accents or illshapen soundes, and false ortographie. But he shall follow generally the better brought vp sort, such as the Greekes call [charientes] men ciuill and graciously behauoured and bred. Our maker therefore at these dayes shall not follow Piers plowman nor Gower nor Lydgate nor yet Chaucer, for their language is now out of vse with vs: neither shall he take the termes of Northern-men, such as they vse in dayly talke, whether they be noble men or gentlemen, or of their best clarkes all is a matter: nor in effect any speech vsed beyond the riuer of Trent, though no man can deny but that theirs is the purer English Saxon at this day, yet it is not so Courtly nor so currant as our Southerne English is, no more is the far Western mans speech: ye shall therefore take the vsuall speech of the Court, and that of London and the shires lying about London within lx. myles, and not much aboue. I say not this but that in euery shyre of England there be gentlemen and others that speake but specially write as good Southerne as we of Middlesex or Surrey do, but not the common people of euery shire, to whom the gentlemen, and also their learned clarkes do for the most part condescend, but herein we are already ruled by th'English Dictionaries and other bookes written by learned men, and therefore it needeth none other direction in that behalfe. Albeit peradventure some small admonition be not impertinent, for we finde in our English writers many wordes and speeches amenable & ye shall see in some many inkhorne termes so ill affected brought in by men of learning as preachers and schoolmasters and many straunge termes of other languages by Secretaries and Marchaunts and trauailours, and many darke wordes and not vsuall nor well sounding, though they be dayly spoken in Court. Wherefore great heed must be taken by our maker in this point that his choise be good. And peradventure the writer hereof be in that behalfe no lesse faultie then any other, vsing many straunge and vnaccustomed wordes and borrowed from other languages: and in that respect him selfe no meete Magistrate to refome the same errors in any other person, but since he is not vnwilling to acknowledge his owne fault, and can the better tell how to amend it, he may seeme a more excusable correctour of other mens: he intendeth therefore for an indifferent way and vniuersall benefite to taxe himselfe first and before any others.

These be words vsed by th'author in this present treatise, scientificke, but with some reason, for it ausuereth the word mechanically, which no other word could haue done so properly, for when hee spake of all artificers which rest either in science or in handy craft, it followed necessarilie that scientificke should be coupled with mechanically: or els neither of both to haue bene allowed, but in their places: a man of science liberall, and a handicrafts man, which had not bene so cleanly a speech as the other Maior-domo: in truth this word is borrowed of the Spaniard and Italian, and therefore new and not vsuall, but to them that are acquainted with the affaires of Court: and so for his iolly magnificence (as this case is) may be accepted among Courtiers, for whom this is specially written. A man might haue said in steade of Maior-domo, the French word (maistre d'hostell) but ilfauouredly, or the right English word (Lord Steward.) But me thinks for my owne opinion this word Maior-domo though he be borrowed, is more acceptable than any of the rest, other men may iudge otherwise. Politien, this word also is receiued from the Frenchmen, but at this day vsuall in Court and with all good Secretaries: and cannot finde an English word to match

him, for to haue said a man politique, had not bene so wel: bicause in trueth that had bene no more than to haue said a ciuill person. Politien is rather a surueyour of ciuilitie than ciuill, & a publique minister or Counsellor in the state. Ye haue also this worde Conduict, a French word, but well allowed of vs, and long since vsuall, it soundes somewhat more than this word (leading) for it is applied onely to the leading of a Captaine, and not as a little boy should leade a blinde man, therefore more proper to the case when he saide, conduct of whole armies: ye finde also this word Idiom, taken from the Greekes, yet seruing aptly, when a man wanteth to expresse so much vnles it be in two words, which surplussage to auoide, we are allowed to draw in other words single, and asmuch significatiue: this word significatiue is borrowed of the Latine and French, but to vs brought in first by some Noble-mans Secretarie, as I thinke, yet doth so well serue the turne, as it could not now be spared: and many more like vsurped Latine and French words: as, Methode, methodicall, placation, function, assubriling, refining, compendious, prolix, figuratiue, inueigle. A terme borrowed of our common Lawyers, impression, also a new terme, but well expressing the matter, and more than our English word. These words, Numerous, numerositee, metricall, harmonicall, but they cannot be refused, specially in this place for description of the arte. Also ye finde these words, penetrate, penetrable, indignitie, which I cannot see how we may spare them, whatsoever fault wee finde with Inkhorne termes: for our speach wanteth words to such sense so well to be vsed: yet in steade of indignitie, yee haue vnworthinesse: and for penetrate, we may say pierce, and that a French terme also, or broche, or enter into with violence, but not so well sounding as penetrate. Item, sauage, for wilde: obscure, for darke. Item these words, declamation, delineation, dimation, are scholasticall termes in deede, and yet very proper. But peradventure (& I could bring a reason for it) many other like words borrowed out of the Latin and French, were not so well to be allowed by vs, as these words, audacious, for bold: facundie, for eloquence, egregious, for great or notable: implete, for replenished; attemptat, for attempt: compatible, for agreeable in nature, and many more. But herein the noble Poet Horace hath said enough to satisfie vs all in these few verses. *Multa renascentur quae iam cecidere cadentque Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula si volet usus Quem penes arbitrium est et ius et norma loquendi.* Which I haue thus englished, but nothing with so good grace, nor so briefly as the Poet wrote. Many a word if able shall arise And such as now bene held in hiest prise Will fall as fast, when vse and custome will Onely vmpiers of speach, for force and skill.

CHAP. V.

Of Stile.

Stile is a constant & continuall phrase or tenour of speaking and writing, extending to the whole tale or processe of the poeme or historie, and not properly to any peece or member of a tale: but is of words speeches and sentences together, a certaine contriued forme and qualitie, many times naturall to the writer, many times his peculier by election and arte, and such as either he keepeth by skill, or holdeth on by ignorance, and will not or peradventure cannot easily alter into any other. So we say that Ciceros stile and Salusts were not one, nor Cesars and Linies, nor Homers and Hesiodus, nor Herodotus and Theucidides, nor Euripides & Aristophanes, nor Erasmus and Budeus stiles. And because this continuall course and manner of writing or speech sheweth the matter and disposition of the writers minde, more than one or few words or sentences can shew, therefore there be that haue called stile, the image of man [mentes character] for man is but his minde, and as his minde is tempered and qualified, so are his speeches and language at large, and his inward conceits be the mettall of his minde and his manner of vtterance the very warp & woofe of his conceits, more plaine, or busie and intricate, or otherwise affected after the rate. Most men say that not any one point in all Phisiognomy is so certaine, as to iudge a mans manners by his eye: but more assuredly in mine opinion, by his dayly maner of speech and ordinary writing. For if the man be graue, his speech and stile is graue: if light-headed, his stile and language also light: if the minde be haughtie and hoate, the speech and stile is also vehement and stirring: if it be colde and temperate, the stile is also very modest: if it be humble, or base and meeke, so is also the language and stile. And yet peradventure not altogether so, but that euery mans stile is for the most part according to the matter and subiect of the writer, or so ought to be and conformable thereunto. Then againe may it be said as wel, that men doo chuse their subjects according to the mettall of their minds, & therefore a high minded man chuseth him high & lofty matter to write of. The base courage, matter base & lowe, the meane & modest mind, meane & moderate matters after the rate. Howsoever it be, we finde that vnder these three principall complexions (if I may with leaue so terme them) high, meane and base stile, there be contained many other humors or qualities of stile, as the plaine and obscure, the rough and smoth, the facill and hard, the plentifull

and barraine, the rude and eloquent, the strong and feeble, the vehement and cold stiles, all which in their euill are to be reformed, and the good to be kept and vsed. But generally to haue the stile decent & comely it behooueth the maker or Poet to follow the nature of his subiect, that is if his matter be high and loftie that the stile be so to, if meane, the stile also to be meane, if base, the stile humble and base accordingly: and they that do otherwise vse it, applying to meane matter, hie and loftie stile, and to hie matters, stile eyther meane or base, and to the base matters, the meane or hie stile, do vtterly disgrace their poesie and shew themselues nothing skilfull in their arte, nor hauing regard to the decencie, which is the chiefe praise of any writer. Therefore to ridde all louers of learning from that error, I will as neere as I can set downe, which matters be hie and loftie, which be but meane, and which be low and base, to the intent the stiles may be fashioned to the matters, and keepe their decorum and good proportion in euery respect: I am not ignorant that many good clerkes be contrary to mine opinion, and say that the loftie stile may be decently vsed in a meane and base subiect & contrariwise, which I do in parte acknowledge, but with a reasonable qualification. For Homer hath so vsed it in his trifling worke of Batrachomyomachia: that is in his treatise of the warre betwixt the frogs and the mice. Virgill also in his bucolickes, and in his georgicks, whereof the one is counted meane, the other base, that is the husbandmans discourses and the shepheards, but hereunto serueth a reason in my simple conceite: for first to that trifling poeme of Homer, though the frog and the mouse be but litle and ridiculous beasts, yet to treat of warre is an high subiect, and a thing in euery respect terrible and daungerous to them that it alights on: and therefore of learned dutie asketh martiall grandiloquence, if it be set forth in his kind and nature of warre, euen betwixt the basest creatures that can be imagined: so also is the Ante or pismire, and they be but little creeping things, not perfect beasts, but insects, or wormes: yet in describing their nature & instinct, and their manner of life approaching to the forme of a common-welth, and their properties not vnlike to the vertues of most excellent gouernors and captaines, it asketh a more maiestie of speach then would the description of any other beastes life or nature, and perchance of many matters perteyning vnto the baser sort of men, because it resembleth the historie of a ciuill regiment, and of them all the chiefs and most principall which is Monarchie: so also in his bucolicks, which are but pastorall, speeches and the basest of any other poeme in their owne proper nature: Virgill vsed a somewhat swelling stile when he came to insinuate the birth of Marcellus heire apparant to the Emperour Augustus, as child to his sister, aspiring by hope and greatnes of the house, to the succession of the Empire, and establishment thereof in that familie: whereupon Virgill could do no lesse then to vse such manner of stile, whatsoever condition the poeme were of and this was decent, & no fault or blemish, to confound the tennors of the stiles for that cause. But now when I remember me againe that this Eglogue, (for I haue read it somewhere) was conceiued by Octavian th'Emperour to be written to the honour of Pollio a citizen of Rome, & of no great nobilitie, the same was misliked againe as an implicatiue, nothing decent nor proportionable to Pollio his fortunes and calling, in which respect I might say likewise the stile was not to be such as if it had bene for the Emperours owne honour, and those of the bloud imperiall, then which subiect there could not be among the Romane writers an higher nor grauer to treat vpon: so can I not be remoued from mine opinion, but still me thinks that in all decencie the stile ought to conforme with the nature of the subiect, otherwise if a writer will seeme to obserue no decorum at all, nor passe how he fashion his tale to his matter, who doubteth but he may in the lightest cause speake like a Pope, & in the grauest matters prate like a parrat, & finde wordes & phrases ynough to serue both turnes, and neither of them commendably, for neither is all that may be written of Kings and Princes such as ought to keepe a high stile, nor all that may be written vpon a shepheard to keepe the low, but according to the matter reported, if that be of high or base nature: for euery pety pleasure, and vayne delight of a king are not to accompted high matter for the height of his estate, but meane and perchaunce very base and vile: nor so a Poet or historiographer, could decently with a high stile reporte the vanities of Nero, the ribaudries of Caligula, the idleness of Domitian, & the riots of Heliogabalus. But well the magnanimitie and honorable ambition of Caesar, the prosperities of Augustus, the grauitie of Tiberius, the bountie of Traiane, the wisdom of Aurelius, and generally all that which concerned the highest honours of Emperours, their birth, alliaunces, gouernment, exploits in warre and peace, and other publike affaires: for they be matter stately and high, and require a stile to be lift vp and aduanced by choyse of wordes, phrases, sentences, and figures, high, loftie, eloquent, & magnifik in proportion: so be the meane matters, to be caried with all wordes and speeches of smothnesse and pleasant moderation, & finally the base things to be holden within their teder, by low, myld, and simple maner of vtterance, creeping rather then clyming, & marching rather then mounting vpwardes, with the wings of the stately subiects and stile.

Of the high, low, and meane subiect.

The matters therefore that concerne the Gods and diuine things are highest of all other to be couched in writing, next to them the noble gests and great fortunes of Princes, and the notable accidents of time, as the greatest affaires of war & peace, these be all high subiectes, and therefore are deliuered ouer to the Poets Hymnick & historicall who be occupied either in diuine laudes, or in heroicall reports: the meane matters be those that concerne meane men their life and busines, as lawyers, gentlemen, and marchants, good housholders and honest Citizens, and which found neither to matters of state nor of warre, nor leagues, nor great alliances, but smatch all the common conuersation, as of the ciuill and better sort of men: the base and low matters be the doings of the common artificer, seruicingman, yeoman, groome, husbandman, day-labourer, sailer, shepherd, swynard, and such like of homely calling, degree and bringing vp: so that in euery of the sayd three degrees, not the selfe same vertues be egally to be prayed nor the same vices, egally to be dispraised, nor their loues, mariages, quarels, contracts and other behauiours, be like high nor do require to be set fourth with the like stile: but euery one in his degree and decencie, which made that all hymnes and histories, and Tragedies, were written in the high stile; all Comedies and Enterludes and other common Poesies of loues, and such like in the meane stile, all Eglogues and pastorall poemmes in the low and base file, otherwise they had bene vtterly disproportioned: likewise for the same cause some phrases and figures be onely peculiar to the high stile, some to the base or meane, some common to all three, as shalbe declared more at large hereafter when we come to speake of figure and phrase: also some wordes and speeches and sentences doe become the high stile, that do not become th'other two. And contrariwise, as shalbe said when we talke of words and sentences: finally some kinde of measure and concord, doe not beseme the high stile, that well become the meane and low, as we haue said speaking of concord and measure. But generally the high stile is disgraced and made foolish and ridiculous by all wordes affected, counterfait, and puffed vp, as it were a windball carrying more countenance then matter, and can not be better resembled then to these midsommer pageants in London, where to make the people wonder are set forth great and vglie Gyants marching as if they were aliue, and armed at all points, but within they are stuffed full of browne paper and tow, which the shrewd boyes vnderpeering, do guilefully discouer and turne to a great derision: also all darke and vnaccustomed wordes, or rusticall and homely, and sentences that hold too much of the mery & light, or infamous & vnshamefast are to be accounted of the same sort, for such speeches become not Princes, nor great estates, nor them that write of their doings to vtter or report and intermingle with the graue and weightie matters.

CHAP. VII.

Of Figures and figuratiue speeches.

As figures be the instruments of ornament in euery language, so be they also in a sorte abuses or rather trespasses in speach, because they passe the ordinary limits of common vtterance, and be occupied of purpose to deceiue the eare and also the minde, drawing it from plainnesse and simplicitie to a certaine doublenesse, whereby our talke is the more guilefull & abusing, for what els is your Metaphor but an inuersion of sence by transport; your allegorie by a duplictie of meaning or dissimulation vnder couert and darke intendments: one while speaking obscurely and in riddle called *Ænigma*: another while by common prouerbe or Adage called *Premia*: then by merry skoffe called *Ironia*: then by bitter tawnt called *Sarcasmus*: then by periphrase or circumlocution when all might be said in a word or two: then by incredible comparison giuing credit, as by your Hyperbole, and many other waies seeking to inueigle and appassionate the mind: which thing made the graue iudges *Areopagites* (as I find written) to forbid all manner of figuratiue speeches to be vsed before them in their consistorie of Iustice, as meere illusions to the minde, and wresters of vpriht iudgement, saying that to allow such manner of forraine & coulored talke to make the iudges affectioned, were all one as if the carpenter before he began to square his timber would make his squire crooked: in so much as the strait and vpriht mind of a Iudge is the very rule of iustice till it be peruered by affection. This no doubt is true and was by them grauely considered: but in this case because our maker or Poet is appointed not for a iudge but rather for a pleader, and that of pleasant & louely causes and nothing perillous, such as be those for the triall of life, limme, or liuelyhood; and before iudges neither sower nor seuere, but in the care of princely dames, yong ladies, gentlewomen and courtiers, beyng all for the most part either meeke of nature, or of pleasant humour, and that all his abuses tende but to dispose the hearers to mirth and sollace by pleasant conueyance and efficacy of speach, they are not in truth to be accompted vices but for vertues in the poetical

science very commendable. On the other side, such trespasses in speach (whereof there be many) as geue dolour and disliking to the eare & minde, by any foule indecencie or disproportion of sound, situation, or sence, they be called and not without cause the vicious parts or rather heresies of language: wherefore the matter resteth much in the definition and acceptance of this word [decorum] for whatsoever is so, cannot iustly be misliked. In which respect it may come to passe that what the Grammarian setteth downe for a viciostee in speach may become a vertue and no vice, contrariwise his commended figure may fall into a reprochfull fault: the best and most assured remedy whereof is, generally to follow the saying of Bias: ne quid nimis. So as in keeping measure, and not exceeding nor shewing any defect in the vse of his figures, he cannot lightly do amisse, if he haue besides (as that must needes be) a speciall regard to all circumstances of the person, place, time, cause and purpose he hath in hand, which being well obserued it easily auoideth all the recited inconueniences, and maketh now and then very vice goe for a formall vertue in the exercise of this Arte.

CHAP. VIII.

Sixe pointes set downe by our learned forefathers for a generall regiment of all good vtterance be it by mouth or by writing.

Bvt before there had bene yet any precise obseruation made of figuratiue speeches, the first learned artificers of language considered that the bewtie and good grace of vtterance rested in no many pointes: and whatsoever transgressed those lymits, they counted it for vitious; and thereupon did set downe a manner of regiment in all speech generally to be obserued, consisting in sixe pointes. First they said that there ought to be kept a decent proportion in our writings and speach, which they termed Analogia. Secondly, that it ought to be voluble vpon the tongue, and tunable to the eare, which they called Tasis. Thirdly, that it were not tediously long, but briefe and compendious, as the matter might beare, which they called Syntomia. Fourthly, that it should cary an orderly and good construction, which they called Synthesis. Fiftly, that it should be a sound, proper and naturall speach, which they called Ciriologia. Sixtly, that it should be liuely & stirring, which they called Tropus. So as it appeareth by this order of theirs, that no vice could be committed in speech, keeping within the bounds of that restraint. But sir, all this being by them very well conceiued, there remayned a greater difficultie to know what this proportion, volubilitie, good construction, & the rest were, otherwise we could not be euer the more relieued. It was therefore of necessitie that a more curious and particular description should bee, made of euery manner of speech, either transgressing or agreeing with their said generall prescript. Whereupon it came to passe, that all the commendable parts of speech were set forth by the name of figures, and all the illaudable partes vnder the name of vices, or viciosties, of both which it shall bee spoken in their places.

CHAP. IX.

How the Greeks first, and afterward the Latines, inuented new names for euery figure, which this Author is also enforced to doo in his vulgar.

The Greekes were a happy people for the freedome & liberty of their language, because it was allowed them to inuent any new name that they listed, and to peece many words together to make of them one entire, much more significatiue than the single word. So among other things did they to their figuratiue speeches devise certainen ames. The Latines came somewhat behind them in that point, and for want of conuenient single wordes to expresse that which the Greeks could do by cobling many words together, they were faine to vse the Greekes still, till after many yeares that the learned Oratours and good Grammarians among the Romaines, as Cicero, Verro, Quintilian, & others strained themselues to giue the Greeke wordes Latin names, and yet nothing so apt and fitty. The same course are we driuen to follow in this description, since we are enforced to cull out for the vse of our Poet or maker all the most commendable figures. Now to make them knowen (as behoueth) either we must do it by th'originall Greeke name or by the Latine, or by our owne. But when I consider to what sort of Readers I write, & how illfaring the Greeke terme would sound in the English eare, then also how short the Latines come to expresse manie of the Greeke originals. Finally, how well our language serueth to supplie the full signification of them both, I haue

thought it no lesse lawfull, yea peradventure under licence of the learned, more laudable to vse our owne naturall, if they be well chosen, and of proper signification, than to borrow theirs. So shall not our English Poets, though they be to seeke of the Greeke and Latin languages, lament for lack of knowledge sufficient to the purpose of this arte. And in case any of these new English names giuen by me to any figure, shall happen to offend, I pray that the learned will beare with me and to thinke the straungenesse thereof proceedes but of noueltie and disaquietance with our eares, which in processe of time, and by custome will frame very well: and such others as are not learned in the primitiue languages, if they happen to hit vpon any new name of myne (so ridiculous in their opinion) as may moue them to laughter, let such persons, yet assure themselues that such names go as neare as may be to their originals, or els serue better to the purpose of the figure then the very originall, reseruing alwayes, that such new name should not be vnpleasant in our vulgar nor harsh vpon the tong: and where it shall happen otherwise, that it may please the reader to thinke that hardly any other name in our English could be found to serue the turne better. Againe if to auoid the hazard of this blame I should haue kept the Greeke or Latin still it would haue appeared a little too scholasticall for our makers, and a peece of worke more fit for clerkes then for Courtiers for whose instruction this trauaile is taken: and if I should haue left out both the Greeke and Latine name, and put in none of our owne neither: well perchance might the rule of the figure haue bene set downe, but no conuenient name to hold him in memory. It was therefore expedient we deuised for euery figure of importance his vulgar name, and to ioyn the Greeke or Latine originall with them; after that sort much better satisfying aswel the vulgar as the learned learner, and also the authors owne purpose, which is to make of a rude rimer, a learned and a Courtly Poet.

CHAP. X.

A diuision of figures, and how they serue in exornation of language.

And because our chiefe purpose herein is for the learning of Ladies and young Gentlewomen, or idle Courtiers, desirous to become skilful in their owne mother tongue, and for their priuate recreation to make now & then ditties of pleasure, thinking for our parte none other science so fit for them & the place as that which teacheth beau semblant, the chiefe profession aswell of Courting as of poesie: since to such manner of mindes nothing is more combersome then tedious doctrines and schollarly methodes of discipline, we haue in our owne conceit deuised a new and strange modell of this arte, fitter to please the Court then the schoole, and yet not vnecessary for all such as be willing themselues to become good makers in the vulgar, or to be able to iudge of other mens makings: wherefore, intending to follow the course which we haue begun, thus we say: that though the language of our Poet or maker being pure & clenly, & not disgraced by such vicious parts as haue bene before remembred in the Chapter of language, be sufficiently pleasing and commendable for the ordinarie vse of speech; yet is not the same so well appointed for all purposes of the excellent Poet, as when it is gallantly arrayed in all his colours which figure can set vpon it, therefore we are now further to determine of figures and figuratiue speeches. Figuratiue speech is a noueltie of language euidently (and yet not absurdly) estranged from the ordinarie habite and manner of our dayly talke and writing and figure it selfe is a certaine liuely or good grace set vpon wordes, speeches and sentences to some purpose and not in vaine, giuing them ornament or efficacie by many maner of alterations in shape, in sounde, and also in sence, sometime by way of surplusage, sometime by defect, sometime by disorder, or mutation, & also by putting into our speeches more pithe and substance, subtilitie, quicknesse, efficacie or moderation, in this or that sort tuning and tempring them, by amplification, abridgement, opening, closing, enforcing, meekening, or otherwise disposing them to the best purpose whereupon the learned clerks who haue written methodically of this Arte in the two master languages, Greeke and Latine, haue sorted all their figures into three rankes, and the first they bestowed vpon the Poet onely: the second vpon the Poet and Oratour indifferently: the third vpon the Oratour alone. And that first sort of figures doth serue th'eare onely and may be therefore called Auricular: your second serues the conceit onely and not th'eare, and may be called sensible, not sensible nor yet sententious: your third sort serues as well th'eare as the conceit and may be called sententious figures, because not only they properly appertaine to full sentences, for bewtifying them with a currant & pleasant numerositie, but also giuing them efficacie, and enlarging the whole matter besides with copious amplifications. I doubt not but some busie carpers will scorne at my new deuised termes: auricular and sensible, saying that I might with better warrant haue vsed in their steads these words, orthographicall or syntacticall, which the learned Grammarians left ready made to our hands, and do importe as much as th'other that I haue brought, which thing peradventure I deny not in part, and neuerthesse for some causes thought them not so necessarie: but with these maner of men I do willingly beare, in respect of their laudable

endeuour to allow antiquitie and slie innouation: with like beneuolence I trust they will beare with me writing in the vulgar speach and seeking by my nouelties to satisfie not the schoole but the Court: whereas they know very well all old things soone waxe stale & lothsome, and the new deuises are euer dainty and delicate, the vulgar instruction requiring also vulgar and communicable termes, not clerkly or vncouth as are all these of the Greeke and Latine languages primitiue receiued, vnlesse they be qualified or by much vse and custome allowed and our eares made acquainted with them. Thus then I say that auricular figures be those which worke alteration in th'eare by sound, accent, time, and slipper volubilitie in vtterance, such as for that respect was called by the auncients numerositie of speach. And not onely the whole body of a tale in poeme or historie may be made in such sort pleasant and agreeable to the eare, but also euery clause by it selfe, and euery single word carried in a clause, may haue their pleasant sweetnesse apart. And so long as this qualitie extendeth but to the outward tuning of the speech reaching no higher then th'eare and forcing the mynde little or nothing, it is that vertue which the Greeks call Enargia and is the office of the auricular figures to performe. Therefore as the members of language at large are whole sentence, and sentences are compact of clauses, and clauses of words, and euery word of letters and sillables, so is the alteration (be it but of a sillable or letter) much materiall to the sound and sweetnesse of vtterance. Wherefore beginning first at the smallest alterations which rest in letters and sillables, the first sort of our figures auricular we do appoint to single words as they lye in language; the second to clauses of speech; the third to perfit sentences and to the whole masse or body of the tale be it poeme or historie written or reported.

CHAP. XI

Of auricular figures appertaining to single wordes and working by their diuers soundes and audible tunes alteration to the eare onely and not the mynde.

A word as he lieth in course of language is many wayes figured and thereby not a little altered in sound, which consequently alters the tune and harmonie of a meeter as to the eare. And this alteration is sometimes by adding sometimes by rabbating, of a sillable or letter to or from a word either in the beginning, middle or ending ioyning or vniyning of sillibles and letters suppressing or confounding their seuerall soundes, or by misplacing of a letter, or by cleare exchange of one letter for another, or by wrong ranging of the accent. And your figures of addition or surpluse be three, videl. In the beginning, as to say: I-doon for doon, endanger for danger, embolden for bolden.

In the middle, as to say renuers for reuers, meeterly for meetly, goldylockes for goldlockes.

In th'end, as to say [remembren for remembre] [spoken for spoke]. And your figures of rabbate be as many, videl.

From the beginning, as to say [twixt for betwixt] [gainsay for againsay] [ill for euill].

From the middle, as to say [paraunter for paraenture] [poorety for pouertie] [souraigne for soueraigne] [tane for taken.]

From the end, as to say [morne for morning] [bet for better] and such like.

Your swallowing or eating vp one letter by another is when two vowels meete, whereof th'ones sound goeth into other, as to say for to attaine, t'attaine] for sorrow smart, sor'smart.]

Your displacing of a sillable as to say [desier for desire] [sier for sire.]

By cleare exchange of one letter or sillable for another, as to say euermare for euermore, wrang for wrong: gould for gold: fright for freight and a hundred moe, which be commonly misused and strained to make rime.

By wrong ranging the accent of a sillable by which meane a short sillable is made long and a long short as to say soueraine for soueraigne: gratious for grátious: éndure for endúre: Salómon for Sálomon.

These many wayes may our maker alter his wordes, and sometimes it is done for pleasure to giue a better sound, sometimes vpon necessitie and to make vp the rime. But our maker must take heed that he be not to bold specially in exchange of one letter for another for vnlesse vsuall speach and custome allow it, it is a fault and no figure, and because these be figures of the smallest importaunce, I forbear to giue them any vulgar name.

CHAP. XII.

Of Auricular figures pertaining to clauses of speech and by them working no little alteration to the eare.

As your single words may be many waies transfigured to make the meetre or verse more tunable and melodious, so also may your whole and entire clauses be in such sort contriued by the order of their construction as the eare may receiue certaine recreation, although the mind for any noueltie of sence be little or nothing affected. And therefore al your figures of grammaticall construction, I accompt them but merely auricular in that they reach no further then the eare. To which there will appeare some sweete or vnsauery point to offer you dolour or delight, either by some euident defect, or surplusage, or disorder, or immutation in the same speeches notably altering either the congruitie grammaticall, or the sence, or both.

[Sidenote: Eclipsis or the Figure of default.] And first of those that worke by defect, if but one word or some little portion of speach be wanting, it may be supplied by ordinary vnderstanding and vertue of the figure Eclipsis, as to say so early a man, for [are ye] so early a man: he is to be intreated, for he is [easie] to be intreated: I thanke God I am to liue like a Gentleman, for I am [able] to liue, and the Spaniard said in his deuise of armes acuerdo oluido, I remember I forget whereas in right congruitie of speach it should be: I remember [that I [doo] forget. And in a deuise of our owne [empechement pur a choison] a let for a furdurance whereas it should be said [vse] a let for a furdurance, and a number more like speeches defectiue, and supplied by common vnderstanding.

[Sidenote: Zeugma or the Single supply.] But if it be to mo clauses then one, that some such word be supplied to perfit the congruitie or sence of them all, it is by the figure [Zeugma] we call him the [single supplie] because by one word we serue many clauses of one congruitie, and may be likened to the man that serues many maisters at once, but all of one country or kindred: as to say Fellowes, and friends and kinne forsooke me quite.

Here this word forsooke satisfieth the congruitie and sence of all three clauses, which would require euery of them asmuch. And as we setting forth her Maiesties regall petigree said in this figure of [Single supplie.] Her groundsires Father and Brother was a King Her mother a crowned Queene, her Sister and her selfe.

Whereas ye see this one Word [was] serues them all in that they require but one congruitie and sence.

[Sidenote: Prozeugma, or the Ringleader.] Yet hath this figure of [Single supply] another propertie, occasioning him to change now and then his name: by the order of his supplie, for if it be placed in the forefront of all the seuerall clauses whom he is to serue as a common seruitour, then is he called by the Greeks Prozeugma, by vs the Ringleader: thus Her beautie perst mine eye, her speach mine wofull hart; Her presence all the powers of my discourse. &c.

Where ye see this one word [perst] placed in the foreward, satisfieth both in sence & congruitie all those other clauses that followe him.

[Sidenote: Mezozeugma, or the Middlemarcher.] And if such word of supplie be placed in the middle of all such clauses as he serues: it is by the Greeks called Mezozeugma, by us the [Middlemarcher] thus: Faire maydes beautie (alack) with yeares it weares away, And with wether and sicknes, and sorrow as they say.

Where ye see this word [weares] serues one clause before him, and two clauses behind him, in one and the same sence and congruitie. And in this verse, Either the troth or talke nothing at all.

Where this word [talke] serues the clause before and also behind.

[Sidenote: Hypozeugma, or the Rerewarder.] But if such supplie be placed after all the clauses, and not before nor in the middle, then is he called by the Greeks Hypozeugma, and by vs the [Rerewarder] thus: My mates that wont, to keepe me companie And my neighbours, who dwelt next to my wall The friends that sware, they would not sticke to die In my quarrell: they are fled from me all.

Where ye see this word [fled from me] serue all the three clauses requiring but one congruitie & sence.

[Sidenote: Sillepsis, or the Double supply.] But if such want be in sundrie clauses, and of seuerall congruities or sence, and the supply be made to serue them all, it is by the figure Sillepsis, whom for that respect we call the [double supplie] conceiuing, and, as it were, comprehending vnder one, a supplie of two natures, and may be likened to the man that serues many masters at once, being of strange Countries or kinreds, as in these verses, where the lamenting widow shewed the Pilgrim the graues in which her husband & children lay buried. Here my sweete sonnes and daughters all my blisse, Yonder mine owne deere husband buried is.

Where ye see one verbe singular supplyeth the plurall and singular, and thus Iudge ye louers, if it be strange or no; My Ladie laughs for ioy, and I for wo.

Where ye see a third person supplie himselfe and a first person. And thus, Madame ye neuer shewed your selfe vntrue, Nor my deserts would euer suffer you.

Viz. to show. Where ye see the moode Indicatiue supply him selfe and an Infinitiu. And the like in these other. I neuer yet failde you in constancie, Nor neuer doo intend vntill I die.

Viz. [to show.] Thus much for the congruitie, now for the sence. One wrote thus of a young man, who slew a villaine that had killed his father, and rauished his mother. Thus valiantly and with a manly minde, And by one feate of euerlasting fame, This lustie lad fully requited kinde, His fathers death, and eke his mothers shame.

Where ye see this word [requite] serue a double sence: that is to say, to reuenge, and to satisfie. For the parents iniurie was reuenged, and the duetie of nature performed or satisfied by the childe.

[Sidenote: Hypozeuxis, or the Substitute.] But if this supplie be made to sundrie clauses, or to one clause sundrie times iterated, and by seuerall words, so as euery clause hath his owne supplie: then is it called by the Greekes Hypozeuxis, we call him the substitute after his originall, and is a supplie with iteration, as thus: Vnto the king she went, and to the king she said, Mine owne liege Lord behold thy poore handmaid.

Here [went to the king] and [said to the king] be but one clause iterated with words of sundrie supply. Or as in these verses following. My Ladie gaue me, my Lady wist not what, Geuing me leaue to be her Soueraine: For by such gift my Ladie hath done that, Which whilst she liues she may not call againe.

Here [my Ladie gaue] and [my Ladie wist] be supplies with iteration, by vertue of this figure.

Ye haue another auricular figure of defect, and is when we begin to speake a thing, and breake of in the middle way, as if either it needed no further to be spoken of, or that we were ashamed, or afraide to speake it it out. It is also sometimes done by way of threatning, and to shew a moderation of anger. The Greekes call him Aposiopesis. I, the figure of silence, or of interruption, indifferently.

[Sidenote: Aposiopesis, or the Figure of silence.] If we doo interrupt our speech for feare, this may be an example, where as one durst not make the true report as it was, but staid halfe way for feare of offence, thus: He said you were, I dare not tell you plaine For words once out, neuer returne againe.

If it be for shame, or that the speaker suppose it would be indecent to tell all, then thus: as he that said to his sweete hart, whom he checked for secretly whispering with a suspected person. And did ye not come by his chamber dore? And tell him that: goe to, I say no more.

If it be for anger or by way of manace or to show a moderation of wrath as the graue and discreeter sort of men do, then thus. If I take you with such another cast I sweare by God, but let this be the last.

Thinking to haue said further viz. I will punish you.

If it be for none of all these causes but vpon some sodaine occasion that moues a man to breake of his tale, then thus. He told me all at large: lo yonder is the man Let himselfe tell the tale that best tell can.

This figure is fit for phantasticall heads and such as be sodaine or lacke memorie. I know one of good learning that greatly blemisheth his discretion with this maner of speach: for if he be in the grauest matter of the world talking, he will vpon the sodaine for the flying of a bird ouerthwart the way, or some other such sleight cause, interrupt his tale and neuer returne to it againe.

[Sidenote: Prolepsis, or the Propounder.] Ye haue yet another maner of speach purporting at the first blush a defect which afterward is supplied the, Greekes call him Prolepsis, we the Propounder, or the Explaner which ye will: because he workes both effectes, as thus, where in certaine verses we describe the triumphant enter-view of two great Princesses thus. These two great Queenes, came marching hand in hand, Vunto the hall, where store of Princes stand: And people of all countreys to behold, Coronis all clad, in purple cloth of gold: Celiar in robes, of siluer tissew white With rich rubies, and pearles all bedighte.

Here ye see the first proposition in a sort defectiue and of imperfect sence, till ye come by diuision to explaine and enlarge it, but if we should follow the originall right, we ought rather to call him the forestaller, for like as he that standes in the market way, and takes all vp before it come to the market in grosse and sells it by retaile, so by this maner of speach our maker settis down before all the matter by a brief proposition, and afterward explanes it by a diuision more particularly.

By this other example it appeares also. Then deare Lady I pray you let it bee, That our long loue may lead us to agree: Me since I may not wed you to my wife, To serue you as a mistresse all my life: Ye that may not me for your husband haue, To clayme me for your seruant and your slaue.

CHAP. XIII.

Of your figures Auricular working by disorder.

[Sidenote: Hiperbaton, or the Trespasser.] To all of speeches which wrought by disorder by the Greekes gaue a general name [Hiperbaton] as much to say as the [trespasser] and because such disorder may be committed many wayes it receiue sundry particulars vnder him, whereof some are onely proper to the Greekes and Latines and not to vs, other some ordinarie in our maner of speeches, but so foule and intollerable as I will not seeme to place them among the figures, but do raunge them as they deserue among the vicious or faultie speeches.

[Sidenote: Parenthesis, or the Insertour] Your first figure of tollerable disorder is [Parenthesis] or by an English name the [Insertour] and is when ye will seeme for larger information or some other purpose, to peece or graffe in the midst of your tale an vnecessary parcell of speach, which neuerthelesse may be thence without any detriment to the rest. The figure is so common that it needeth none example, neuerthelesse because we are to teache Ladies and Gentlewomen to know their schoole points and termes appertaining to the Art, we may not refuse to yeeld examples euen in the plainest cases, as that of maister Diars very aptly. But now my Deere (for so my loue makes me to call you still) That loue I say, that lucklesse loue, that works me all this ill.

Also in our Eglogue intituled Elpine, which we made being but eightene yeares old, to king Edward the sixt a Prince of great hope, we surmised that the Pilot of a ship answering the King, being inquisitiue and desirous to know all the parts of the ship and tackle, what they were, & to what vse they serued, vsing this insertion or Parenthesis. Soueraigne Lord (for why a greater name To one on earth no mortall tongue can frame No statelie stile can giue the practisd penne: To one on earth conuersant among men.)

And so proceedes to answer the kings question? The shippe thou seest sayling in sea so large, &c.

This insertion is very long and vtterly impertinent to the principall matter, and makes a great gappe in the tale, neuerthelesse is no disgrace but rather a bewtie and to very good purpose, but you must not vse such insertions often nor to thick, nor those that bee very long as this of ours, for it will breede great confusion to haue the tale so much interrupted.

[Sidenote: Histeron proteron, or the Preposterous.] Ye haue another manner of disordered speach, when ye misplace your words or clauses and set that before which should be behind, & è conuerso, we call it in English prouerbe, the cart before the horse, the Greeks call it Histeron proteron, we name it the Preposterous, and if it be not too much vsed is tollerable inough, and many times scarce perceiueable, vnlesse the sence be thereby made very absurd: as he that described his manner of departure from his mistresse, said thus not much to be misliked. I kist her cherry lip and tooke my leaue:

For I tooke my leaue and kist her: And yet I cannot well say whether a man vse to kisse before hee take his leaue, or take his leaue before he kisse, or that it be all one busines. It seemes the taking leaue is by vsing some speach, intreating licence of departure: the kisse a knitting vp of the farewell, and as it were a testimoniall of the licence without which here in England one may not presume of courtesie to depart, let yong Courtiers decide this controuersie. One describing his landing vpon a strange coast, sayd thus preposterously. When we had climbe the cliffs, and were a shore,

Whereas he should haue said by good order. When we were come ashore and clymed had the cliffs

For one must be on land ere he can clime. And as another said: My dame that bred me up and bare me in her wombe.

Whereas the bearing is before the bringing vp. All your other figures of disorder because they rather seeme deformities then bewties of language, for so many of them as be notoriously vndecet, and make no good harmony, I place them in the Chapter of vices hereafter following.

CHAP. XIII.

Of your figures Auricular that worke by Surplusage.

Your figures auricular that worke by surplusage, such of them as be materiall and of importaunce to the sence or bewtie of your language, I referre them to the harmonically speeches oratours among the figures rhetorically, as be those of repetition, and iteration or amplification. All other sorts of surplusage, I accompt rather vicious then figuratiue, & therefore not melodious as shalbe remembred in the chapter of viciosities or faultie speeches.

CHAP. XV.

Of auricular figures working by exchange.

[Sidenote: Enallage, or the Figure of Exchange.] Your figures that worke auricularly by exchange, were more obseruable to the Greekes and Latines for the brauenesse of their language, ouer that ours is, and for the multiplicite of their Grammaticall accidents, or verball affects, as I may terme them, that is to say, their diuers cases, moodes, tenses, genders, with variable terminations, by reason whereof, they changed not the very word, but kept the word, and changed the shape of him onely, vsing one case for another, or tense, or person, or gender, or number, or moode. We, hauing no such varietie of accidents, haue little or no vse of this figure. They called it Enallage.

[Sidenote: Hipallage, or the Changeling.] But another sort of exchange which they had, and very pretty, we doe likewise vse, not changing one word for another, by their accidents or cases, as the Enallage: nor by the places, as the [Preposterous] but changing their true construction and application, whereby the sence is quite peruered and made very absurd: as he that should say, for tell me troth and lie not, lie me troth and tell not. For come dine with me and stay not, come stay with me and dine not.

A certaine piteous louer, to moue his mistres to compassion, wrote among other amorous verses, this one. Madame, I set your eyes before mine woes.

For, mine woes before your eyes, spoken to th'intent to winne fauour in her sight.

But that was pretie of a certaine sorrie man of law, that gaue his Client but bad counsell, and yet found fault with his fee, and said: my fee, good frend, hath deserued better counsel. Good master, quoth the Client, if your selfe had not said so, I would neuer haue beleueed it; but now I thinke as you doo. The man of law perceiuing his error, I tell thee (quoth he) my counsel hath deserued a better fee. Yet of all others was that a most ridiculous, but very true exchange, which the yeoman of London vsed with his Sergeant at the Mace, who said he would goe into the countrie, and make merry a day or two, while his man plyed his busines at home: an example of it you shall finde in our Enterlude entituled Lustie London: the Sergeant, for sparing of hors-hire, said he would goe with the Carrier on foote. That is not for your worship, saide his yeoman, whereunto the Sergeant replied. I wot what I meant Iohn, it is for to stay And company the knaue Carrier, for loosing my way.

The yeoman thinking it good manner to soothe his Sergeant, said againe, I meant what I wot Sir, your best is to hie, And carrie a knaue with you for companie.

Ye see a notorious exchange of the construction, and application of the words in this: I wot what I meane; and I meane what I wot, and in the other, company the knaue Carrier, and carrie a knaue in your company. The Greekes call this figure [Hipallage] the Latins Submutatio, we in our vulgar may call him the [under-change] but I had rather haue him called the [Changeling] nothing at all sweruing from his originall, and much more aptly to the purpose, and pleasanter to beare in memory: specially for our Ladies and pretie mistresses in Court, for whose learning I write, because it is a terme often in their mouthes, and alluding to the opinion of Nurses, who are wont to say, that the Fayries vse to steale the fairest children out of their cradles, and put other ill fauoured in their places, which they called changelings, or Elfs: so, if ye mark, doeth our Poet, or maker play with his wordes, vsing a wrong construction for a right, and an absurd for a sensible, by manner of exchange.

CHAP. XVI.

Of some other figures which because they serue chiefly to make the meeters tunable and melodious, and affect not the minde but very little, be placed among the auricular.

[Sidenote: Omoioteleton, or the Like loose.] The Greekes vsed a manner of speech or writing in their proses, that went by clauses, finishing in words of like tune, and might be by vsing like cases, tenses, and other points of consonance, which they called Omoioteleton, and is that wherein they nearest approached to our vulgar ryme, and may thus be expressed. Weeping creeping beseeching I wan, The loue at length of Lady Lucian.

Or thus if we speake in prose and not in meetre. Mischaunces ought not to be lamented, But rather by wisdomed in time preuented: For such mishappes as be remedillesse, To sorrow them it is but foolishnesse: Yet are we all so frayle of nature, As to be greeued with euery displeasure.

The craking Scotts as the Cronicle reportes at a certaine time made this bald rime vpon the English-men. Long beards hartlesse, Painted hoodes witlesse: Gay coates gracelesse, Make all England thriftlesse.

Which is no perfect rime in deede, but clauses finishing in the self same tune: for a rime of good simphonie should not conclude his concords with one & the same terminant sillable, as less, less, less, but with diuers and like terminants, as les, pres, mes, as was before declared in the chapter of your cadences, and your clauses in prose should neither finish with the same nor with the like terminants, but with the contrary as hath bene shewed before in the booke of proportions; yet many vse it otherwise, neglecting the Poeticall harmonie and skill. And th'Earle of Surrey with Syr Thomas Wyat the most excellent makers of their time, more peraduenture respecting the fitnessse and ponderositie of their wordes then the true cadence or simphonie, were very licencious in this point. We call this figure following the originall, the [like loose] alluding to th'Archers terme who is not said to finish the feate of his shot before he giue the loose, and deliuer his arrow from his bow, in which respect we vse to say marke the loose of a thing for marke the end of it.

[Sidenote: Parimion, or the Figure of like letter.] Ye do by another figure notably affect th'eare when ye make euery word of the verse to begin with a like letter, as for example in this verse written in an Epithaphe of our making. Time tried his truth his trauailes and his trust, And time to late tried his integritie.

It is a figure much vsed by our common rimers, and doth well if it be not too much vsed, for then it falleth into the vice which shalbe hereafter spoken of called Tautologia.

[Sidenote: Asyndeton, or the Loose language.] Ye haue another sort of speach in a maner defectiue because it wants good band or coupling, and is the figure [Asyndeton] we call him [loose language] and doth not a litle alter th'eare as thus. I saw it, I said it, I will sweare it.

Caesar the Dictator vpon the victorie hee obtained against Pharnax king of Bithinia shewing the celeritie of his conquest, wrate home to the Senate in this tenour of speach no lesse swift and speedy then his victorie. Veni, vidi, vici, I came, I saw, I overcame.

Meaning thus I was no sooner come and beheld them but the victorie fell on my side.

The Prince of Orenge for his deuise of Armes in banner displayed against the Duke of Adua and the Spaniards in the Low-countrey vsed the like maner of speach. Pro Rege, pro lege, pro grege, For the king, for the commons, for the countrey lawes.

It is a figure to be vsed when we will seeme to make hast, or to be earnest, and these examples with a number more be spoken by the figure of [lose language.]

[Sidenote: Polisindeton, or the Couple clause.] Quite contrary to this ye haue another maner of construction which they called [Polisindeton] we may call him the [couple clause] for that euery clause is knit and coupled together with a coniunctiue thus, And I saw it, and I say it and I Will sweare it to be true.

So might the Poesie of Caesar haue bene altered thus. I came, and I saw, and I ouercame.

One wrote these verses after the same sort, For in her mynde no thought there is, But how she may be true to is: And tenders thee and all thy heale, And wisheth both thy health and weale: And is thine owne, and so she sayes, And cares for thee ten thousand wayes.

[Sidenote: Irmus, or the Long loose.] Ye haue another maner of speach drawn out at length and going all after one tenure and with an imperfit sence till you come to the last word or verse which concludes the whole premisses with a perfit sence & full periode, the Greeks call it [Irmus,] I call him the [long loose] thus appearing in a dittie of Sir Thomas Wyat where he describes the diuers distempers of his bed. The restlesse state renuer of my smart, The labours salue increasing my sorrow: The bodies ease and troubles of my hart, Quietour of mynde mine unquiet foe: Forgetter of paine remembrer of my woe, The place of sleepe wherein I do but wake: Besprent with teares my bed I thee forsake.

Ye see here how ye can gather no perfection of sence in all this dittie till ye come to the last verse in these wordes my bed I thee forsake. And in another Sonet of Petrarcha which was thus Englished by the same Sir Thomas Wyat.

If weaker care of sodaine pale collour, If many sighes with little speach to plaine: Now ioy now woe, if they my ioyes distaine, For hope of small, if much to feare therefore, Be signe of loue then do I loue againe.

Here all the whole sence of the dittie is suspended till ye come to the last three wordes, then do I loue againe, which finisheth the song with a full and perfit sence.

[Sidenote: Epitheton, or the Qualifier.] When ye will speake giuing euery person or thing besides his proper name a qualitie by way of addition whether it be of good or of bad it is a figuratiue speach of audible alteration, so is it also of sence as to say. Fierce Achilles, wise Nestor, wilie Vlysses, Diana the chaste and thou louely Venus: With thy blind boy that almost neuer misses, But hits our hartes when he levels at vs.

Or thus commending the Isle of great Brittain. Albion hugest of Western Ilands all, Soyle of sweete ayre and of good store: God send we see thy glory neuer fall, But rather dayly to grow more and more.

Or as we sang of our Soueraigne Lady giuing her these Attributes besides her proper name. Elizabeth regent of the great Brittain Ile, Honour of all regents and of Queenes.

But if we speake thus not expressing her proper name Elizabeth, videl. The English Diana, the great Britton mayde.

Then is it not by Epitheton or figure of Attribution but by the figures Antonomasia, or Periphrasis.

[Sidenote: Endiadis, or the Figure of Twynnes.] Ye haue yet another manner of speach when ye will seeme to make two of one, not thereunto constrained, which therefore we call the figure of Twynnes, the Greekes Endiadis thus. Not you coy dame your lowrs nor your lookes.

For [your lowring lookes] And as one of our ordinary rimers said, Of fortune nor her frowning face, I am nothing agast.

In stead of [fortunes frowning face.] One praying the Neapolitans for good men at armes, said by the figure of Twynnes thus. A proud people and wise and valiant, Fiercely fighting with horses and with barbes: By whole prowes the Romain Prince did daunt, Wild Affricanes and the lawlesse Alarbes: The Nubiens marching with their armed cartes, And sleaing a farre with venim, and with dartes.

Where ye see this figure of Twynnes twice vsed, once when he said horses and barbes for barbd horses: againe when he saith with venim and with dartes for venomous dartes.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the figures which we call Sensable, because they alter and affect the minde by alteration of sence, and first in single wordes.

The eare hauing receiued his due satisfaction by the auricular figures, now must the minde also be seured, with his naturall delight by figures sensible such as by alteration of intendments affect the courage, and geue a good liking to the conceit. And first, single words haue their sence and vnderstanding altered and figured many wayes, to wit, by transport, abuse, crosse-naming, new naming, change of name. This will seeme very darke to you, vnlesse it be otherwise explained more particularly: and first of Transport.

[Sidenote: Metaphora, or the Figure of transporte.] There is a kinde of wresting of a single word from his owne right signification, to another not so naturall, but yet of some affinitie or conueniencie with it, as to say, I cannot digest your vnkinde words, for I cannot take them in good part: or as the man of law said, I feelee you not, for I vnderstand not your case, because he had not his fee in his hand. Or as another said to a mouthy Aduocate, why barkest thou at me so sore? Or to call the top of a tree, or of a hill, the crowne of a tree or of a hill: for in deede crowne is the highest ornament of a Princes head, made like a close garland, or els the top of a mans head, where

the haire windes about, and because such terme is not applyed naturally to a tree or to a hill, but is transported from a mans head to a hill or tree, therefore it is called by metaphore, or the figure of transport. And three causes moue vs to vse this figure, one for necessitie or want of a better word, thus: As the drie ground that thirstes after a shower Seems to reioyce when it is well wet, And speedely brings foorth both grasse and flowr, If lacke of sunne or season doo not let.

Here for want of an apter and more naturall word to declare the drie temper of the earth, it is said to thirst & to reioyce, which is onley proper to liuing creatures, and yet being so inuerted, doth not so much swerue from the true sence but that euery man can easilie conceiue the meaning thereof.

Againe, we vse it for pleasure and ornament of our speach, as thus in an Epitaph of our owne making, to the honourable memorie of a deere friend, Sir Iohn Throgmorton, knight, Iustice of Chester, and a man of many commendable vertues. Whom vertue rerde, enuy hath ouerthrowen And Iudged full low, vnder this marble stone: Ne neuer were his values so well knowen, Whilest he liued here, as now that he is gone.

Here these words, rered, overthrowen, and lodged, are inuerted, & metaphorically applyed, not vpon necessitie, but for ornament onely, afterward againe in these verses. No sunne by day that euer saw him rest Free from the toyles of his so busie charge, No night that harbourd rankor in his breast, Nor merry moode made reason runne at large.

In these verses the inuersion or metaphore, lyeth in these words, saw, harbourd, run: which naturally are applyed to liuing things, & not to insensible: as the sunne, or the night: & yet they approach so neere, & so conueniently, as the speech is thereby made more commendable. Againe, in moe verses of the same Epitaph, thus. His head a source of grautie and sence, His memory a shop of ciuill arte, His tongue a streame of sugred eloquence, Wisdome and meekenes lay mingled in his harte,

In which verses ye see that these words, source, shop, find, sugred, are inuerted from their owne signification to another, not altogether so naturall, but of much affinitie with it.

Then also do we it sometimes to enforce a sence and make the word more significatiue: as thus, I burne in loue, I freese in deadly hate I swimme in hope, and sinke in deepe dispaire.

These examples I haue the willinger giuen you to set foorth the nature and vse of your figure metaphore, which of any other being choisly made, is the most commendable and most common.

[Sidenote: Catachresis, or the Figure of abuse] But if for lacke of naturall and proper terme or worde we take another, neither naturall nor proper and do vntruly applie it to the thing which we would seeme to expresse, and without any iust inconuenience, it is not then spoken by this figure Metaphore or of inuersion as before, but by plaine abuse as he that bad his man go into his library and set him his bowe and arrowes, for in deede there was neuer a booke there to be found, or as one should in reproch say to a poore man, thou raskall knaue, where raskall is properly the hunters terme giuen to young deere, leane & out of season, and not to people: or as one said very pretily in this verse. I lent my loue to losse, and gaged my life in vaine.

Whereas this worde lent is properly of mony or some such other thing, as men do commonly borrow, for vse to be repayed againe, and being applied to loue is vtterly abused, and yet very commendably spoken by vertue of this figure. For he that loueth and is not beloued againe; hath no lesse wrong, that he that lendeth and is neuer repayed.

[Sidenote: Metonimia, or the Misnamer] Now doth this vnderstanding or secret conceyt reach many times to the only nomination of persons or things in their names, as of men, or mountaines, seas, countries and such like, in which respect the wrong naming, or otherwise naming of them then is due, carieth not onely an alteration of sence but a necessitie of intendment figuratiuely, as when we cal loue by the name of Venus, fleshly lust by the name of Cupid, bicause they were supposed by the auncient poets to be authors and kindlers of loue and lust: Vulcane for fire, Ceres for bread: Bacchus for wine by the same reason; also if one should say to a skilfull craftsman knowen for a glutton or common drunkard, that had spent all his goods on riot and delicate fare. Thy hands they made thee rich, thy pallat made thee poore.

It is ment, his trauaile and arte made him wealthie, his riotous life had made him a beggar: and as one that boasted of his housekeeping, said that neuer a yeare passed ouer his head, that he drank not in his house euery moneth foure tonnes of beere, & one hogshead of wine, meaning not the caskes, or vessels, but that quantitie which they conteyned. These and such other speeches, where ye take the name of the Author for the thing it selfe, or the thing conteining, for that which is contained, & in many other cases do as it were wromg name the person or the thing. So neuerthelesse as it may be vnderstood, it is by the figure metonymia, or misnamer.

[Sidentote: Antonomasia, or the Surnamer.] And if this manner of naming of persons or things be not by way of misnaming as before, but by a conuenient difference, and such as is true or esteemed and likely to be true, it is then called not metonimia, but antonomasia, or the Surnamer, (not the misnamer, which might extend to any other thing aswell as to a person) as he that would say: not king Philip of Spaine, but the Western king, because his dominion lieth the furdest West of any Christen prince: and the French king the great Vallois, because so is the name of his house, or the Queene of England, The maiden Queene, for that is her hiest peculiar among all the Queenes of the world, or as we said in one of our Partheniades, the Bryton mayde, because she is the most great and famous mayden of all Brittain: thus, But in chaste stile, am borne as I weene To blazon forth the Brytton mayden Queene.

So did our forefathers call Henry the first, Beauclerke, Edmund Ironside, Richard coeur de lion: Edward the Confessor, and we of her Maiestie Elisabeth the peaseble.

[Sidenote: Onomatopoeia, or the New namer.] Then also is the sence figuratiue when we deuise a new name to any thing consonant, as neere as we can to the nature thereof, as to say: flashing of lightning, clashing of blades, clinking of fetters, chinking of money: & as the poet Virgil said of the sounding a trumpet, ta-ra-tant, taratantara, or as we giue special names to the voices of dombe beasts, as to say, a horse neigheth, a lyon brayes, a swine grunts, a hen cackleth, a dogge howles, and a hundreth mo such new names as any man hath libertie to deuise, so it be fittie for the thing which he couets to expresse.

[Sidenote: Epitheton, or the Quallifier, otherwise the figure of Attribution.] Your Epitheton or qualifier, whereof we spake before, placing him among the figures auricular, now because he serues also to alter and enforce the sence, we will say somewhat more of him in this place, and do conclude that he must be apt and proper for the thing he is added vnto, & not disagreeable or repugnant, as one that said: darke disdaine and miserable pride, very absurdly, for disdaine or disdained things cannot be said darke, but rather bright and cleere, because they be beholden and much looked vpon, and pride is rather enuied then pitied or miserable, vnlesse it be in Christian charitie, which helpeth not the terme in this case. Some of our vulgar writers take great pleasure in giuing Epithets and do it almost to euery word which may receiue them, and should not be so, vea though they were neuer so propre and apt, for sometimes wordes suffered to go single, do giue greater sence and grace than words quallified by attributions do.

[Sidenote: Metalepsis, or the Farreset.] But the sence is much altered & the hearers conceit strangely entangled by the figure Metalepsis, which I call the farset, as when we had rather fetch a word a great way off then to vse one nerer hand to expresse the matter aswel & plainer. And it seemeth the deuser of this figure had a desire to please women rather then men: for we vse to say by manner of Prouerbe: things farreset and deare bought are good for Ladies: so in this manner of speach we vse it, leaping ouer the heads of a great many words, we take one that is furdest off, to vtter our matter by: as Medea cursing hir first acquaintance with prince Iason, who had very vnkindly forsaken her, said: Woe worth the mountaine that the maste bare Which was the first causer of all my care.

Where she might aswell haue said, woe worth our first meeting, or woe worth the time that Iason arriued with his ship at my fathers cittie in Colchos, when he tooke me away with him, & not so farre off as to curse the mountaine that bare the pinetree, that made the mast, that bare the sailes, that the ship sailed with, which caried her away. A pleasant Gentleman came into a Ladies nursery, and saw her for her owne pleasure rocking of her young child in the cradle, and sayd to her: I speake it Madame without any mocke, Many a such cradell may I see you rocke.

Gods passion hourson said she, would thou haue me beare mo children yet, no Madame quoth the Gentleman, but I would haue you liue long, that ye might the better pleasure your friends, for his meaning was that as euery cradle

signified a new borne childe, & euery child the leasure of one yeares birth, & many yeares a long life: so by wishing her to rocke many cradels of her owne, he wished her long life. Virgill said: Post multas mea regna videns murabor aristas.

Thus in English. After many a stubble shall I come And wonder at the sight of my kingdome.

By stubble the Poet vnderftoode yeares, for haruests come but once euery yeare, at least wayes with vs in Europe. Thus is spoken by the figure of farre-set Metalepsis.

[Sidenote: Emphasis, or the Renforcer.] And one notable meane to affect the minde, is to inforce the sence of any thing by a word of more than ordinary efficacie, and neuertheles is not apparant, but as it were, secretly implied, as he that laid thus of a faire Lady. O rare beautie, ô grace, and curtesie.

And by a very euill man thus. O sinne it selfe, not wretch, but wretchednes.

Whereas if he had said thus, O gracious, courteous and beautifull woman: and, O sinfull and wretched man, it had bene all to one effect, yet not with such force and efficacie to speake by the denominatiue, as by the thing it selfe.

[Sidenote: Liptote, or the Moderatour.] As by the former figure we vse to enforce our sence, so by another we temper our sence with wordes of such moderation, as in appearaunce it abateth it but not in deede, and is by the figure Liptote, which therefore I call the Moderator, and becomes us many times better to speake in that sort quallified, than if we spake it by more forcible termes, and neuertheles is equipolent in sence, thus. I know you hate me not, nor wish me any ill.

Meaning in deede that he loued him very well and dearely, and yet the words doe not expresse so much, though they purport so much. Or if you would say; I am not ignorant, for I know well inough. Such a man is no foole, meaning in deede that he is a very wise man.

[Sidenote: Paradiastole, or the Curry-fauell.] But if such moderation of words tend to flattery, or soothing, or excusing, it is by the figure Paradiastole, which therfore nothing improperly we call the Curry-fauell, as when we make the best of a bad thing, or turne a signification to the more plausible sence: as, to call an vnthrif, a liberall Gentleman: the foolish-hardy, valiant or couragious: the niggard, thriftie: a great riot, or outrage, an youthfull pranke, and such like termes: moderating and abating the force of the matter by craft, and for a pleasing purpose, as appeareth by these verses of ours, teaching in what cases it may commendably be vsed by Courtiers.

[Sidenote: Meiosis, or the Disabler.] But if you diminish and abbase a thing by way of spight or malice, as it were to deprauie it, such speach is by the figure Meiosis or the disabler spoken of hereafter in the place of sententious figures. A great mountaine as bigge as a molehill, A heauy burthen perdy, as a pound of fethers.

[Sidenote: Tapinosis, or the Abbaser.] But if ye abase your thing or matter by ignorance or error in the choise of your word, then is it by vicious maner of speach called Tapinosis, whereof ye shall haue examples in the chapter of vices hereafter folowing.

[Sidenote: Synecdoche, or the Figure of quick conceite.] Then againe if we vse such a word (as many times we doe) by which we driue the hearer to conceiue more or lesse or beyond or otherwise then the letter expresseth, and it be not by vertue of the former figures Metaphore and Abase and the rest, the Greeks then call it Synecdoche, the Latines sub intellectio or vnderstanding, for by part we are enforced to vnderstand the whole, by the whole part, by many things one thing, by one, many, by a thing precedent, a thing consequent, and generally one thing out of another by maner of contrariety to the word which is spoken, aliudex alio, which because it seemeth to aske a good, quick, and pregnant capacitie, and is not for an ordinarie or dull wit so to do, I chose to call him the figure not onely of conceit after the Greeke originall, but also of quick conceite. As for example we will giue none because we will speake of him againe in another place, where he is ranged among the figures sensible appertaining to clauses.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of sensible figures altering and affecting the mynde by alteration of sense or intendements in whole clauses or speeches.

As by the last remembred figures the sence of single wordes is altered, so by these that follow is that of whole and entire speach: and first by the Courtly figure Allegoria, which is when we speake one thing and thinke another, and that our wordes and our meanings meete not. The vse of this figure is so large, and his vertue of so great efficacie as it is supposed no man can pleasantly vtter and perswade without it, but in effect is sure neuer or very seldome to thriue and prosper in the world, that cannot skilfully put in vse, in somuch as not onely euery common Courtier, but also the grauest Counsellour, yea and the most noble and wisest Prince of them all are many times enforced to vse it, by example (say they) of the great Emperour who had it vsually in his mouth to say, *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*. Of this figure therefore which for his duplicitie we call the figure of [false semblant or dissimulation] we will speake first as of the chief ringleader and captaine of all other figures, either in the Poeticall or oratorie science.

[Sidenote: Allegoria, or the Figure of false semblant.] And ye shall know that we may dissemble, I meane speake otherwise then we thinke, in earnest as well as in sport, vnder couert and darke termes, and in learned and apparant speeches, in short sentences, and by long ambage and circumstance of wordes, and finally aswell when we lye as when we tell truth. To be short euery speach wrested from his owne naturall signification to another not altogether so naturall is a kinde of dissimulation, because the wordes beare contrary countenance to th'intent. But properly & in his principall vertue Allegoria is when we do speake in sence translatiue and wrested from the owne signification, neuerthesse applied to another not altogether contrary, but hauing much coueniencie with it as before we said of the metaphore: as for example if we should call the common wealth, a shippe; the Prince a Pilot, the Counsellours mariners, the stormes warres, the calme and [hauen] peace, this is spoken all in allegorie: and because such inuersion of sence in one single worde is by the figure Metaphore, of whom we spake before, and this manner of inuersion extending to whole and large speeches, it maketh the figure allegorie to be called a long and perpetuall Metaphore. A noble man after a whole yeares absence from his ladie, sent to know how she did, and whether she remayned affected toward him as she was when he left her. *Louely Lady I long full sore to heare, If ye remaine the same, I left you last yeare.*

To whom she answered in allegorie other two verses: *My louing Lorde I will well that ye wist, The thred is spon, that neuer shall untwist.*

Meaning, that her loue was so stedfast and constant toward him as no time or occasion could alter it. Virgill in his shepherdy poemes called Eglogues vsed as rusticall but fit allegorie for the purpose thus: *Claudite iam riuos pueri sat prata biberunt.*

Which I English thus: *Stop up your streames (my lads) the medes haue drunk ther fill.*

As much to say, leaue of now, yee haue talked of the matter inough: for the shepheards guise in many places is by opening certaine sluces to water their pastures, so as when they are wet inough they shut them againe: this application is full Allegoricke.

Ye haue another manner of Allegorie not full, but mixt, as he that wrate thus: *The cloudes of care haue coured all my coste, The stormes of strife, do threaten to appeare: The waues of woe, wherein my ship is toste. Haue broke the banks, where lay my life so deere. Chippes of ill chance, are fallen amidst my choise, To marre the minde that ment for to reioyce.*

I call him not a full Allegorie, but mixt, bicause he discouers withall what the cloud, storme, waue, and the rest are, which in a full allegorie should not be discouered, but left at large to the readers iudgement and coniecture.

[Sidenote: Enigma, or the Riddle.] We dissemble againe vnder couert and darkes speeches, when we speake by way of riddle (Enigma) of which the sence can hardly be picked out, but by the parties owne assoile, as he that said: *It is my mother well I wot, And yet the daughter that I begot.*

Meaning it by the ise which is made of frozen water, the same being molten by the sunne or fire, makes water againe.

My mother had an old woman in her nurserie, who in the winter nights would put vs forth many pretty ridles, whereof this is one: I haue a thing and rough it is And in the midst a hole I wis: There came a yong man with his ginne, And he put it a handfull in.

The good old Gentlewoman would tell vs that were children how it was meant by a furd glooue. Some other naughtie body would peraduenture haue construed it not halfe so mannerly. The riddle is pretie but that it holdes too much of the Cachemphaton or foule speach and may be drawn to a reprobate sence.

[Sidenote: Parimia, or Prouerb.] We dissemble after a sort, when we speake by comon prouerbs, or, as we vse to call them, old said sawes, as thus: As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chick: A bad Cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.

Meaning by the first, that the yong learne by the olde, either to be good or euill in their behaiours: by the second, that he is not to be counted a wise man, who being in authority, and hauing the administration of many good and great things, will not serue his owne turne and his friends whilst he may, & many such prouerbiall speeches: as Totnesse is turned French, for a strange alteration: Skarborow warning, for a sodaine commandement, allowing no respect or delay to bethinke a man of his busines. Note neuerthesse a diuersitie, for the two last examples be prouerbs, the two first prouebiall speeches.

[Sidenote: Ironia, or the Drie mock.] Ye doe likewise dissemble, when ye speake in derision or mokerie, & that may be many waies: as sometime in sport, sometime in earnest, and priuily, and apertly, and pleasantly, and bitterly: but first by the figure Ironia, which we call the drye mock: as he that said to a bragging Ruffian, that threatened he would kill and slay, no doubt you are a good man of your hands: or, as it was said by a French king, to one that praide his reward, shewing how he had bene cut in the face at a certain battell fought in his seruice: ye may see, quoth the king, what it is to runne away & looke backwards. And as Alphonso king of Naples, said to one that profered to take his ring when he washt before dinner, this wil serue another well: meaning that the Gentlemen had another time taken them, & becaufe the king forgot to aske for them, neuer restored his ring againe.

[Sidenote: Sarcasmus, or the Bitter taunt.] Or when we deride with a certaine seueritie, we may call it the bitter taunt [Sarcasmus] as Charles the fift Emperour aunswered the Duke of Arskot, beseeching him recompence of seruice done at the siege of Renty, against Henry the French king, where the Duke was taken prisoner, and afterward escaped clad like a Colliar. Thou wert taken, quoth the Emperour, like a coward, and scapedst like a Colliar, wherefore get thee home and liue vpon thine owne. Or as king Henry the eight said to one of his priuy chamber, who sued for Sir Anthony Rowse, knight of Norfolke, that his Maiestie would be good vnto him, for that he was an ill begger. Quoth the king againe, if he be ashamed to beg, we are ashamed to geue. Or as Charles the fift Emperour, hauing taken in battaile Iohn Frederike Duke of Saxon, with the Lantgraue of Hessen and others: this Duke being a man of monstrous bignesse and corpulence, after the Emperor had seene the prisoners, said to those that were about him, I haue gone a hunting many times, yet neuer tooke I such a swine before.

[Sidenote: Asteismus or the Merry scoffe, otherwise the ciuill iest.] Or when we speake by manner of pleasantery, or mery skoffe, that is by a kind of mock, whereof the sence is farreset, & without any gall or offence. The Greekes call it [Asteismus] we may terme it the ciuill iest, because it is a mirth very full of ciuilitie, and such as the most ciuill men doo vse. As Cato said to one that had geuen him a good knock on the head with a long peece of timber he bare on his shoulder, and then bad him beware: what (quoth Cato) wilt thou strike me againe? for ye know, a warning should be geuen before a man haue receiued harme, and not after. And as king Edward the sixt, being of young yeres, but olde in wit, saide to one of his priue chamber, who sued for a pardon for one that was condemned for a robberie, telling the king that it was but a small trifle, not past sixteene shillings matter which he had taken: quoth the king againe, but I warrant you the fellow was sorrie it had not bene sixteene pound: meaning how the malefactors intent was as euill in that trifle, as if it had bene a greater summe of money. In these examples if ye marke there is no grieve or offence ministred as in those other before, and yet are very wittie, and spoken in plaine derision.

The Emperor Charles the fift was a man of very few words, and delighted little in talke. His brother king Ferdinando being a man of more pleasant discourse, sitting at the table with him, said, I pray your Maiestie be not so silent, but let vs talke a little. What neede that brother, quoth the Emperor, since you haue words enough for vs both.

[Sidenote: Micticismus, or the Fleering frumpe.] Or when we giue a mocke with a scornefull countenance as in some smiling sort looking aside or by drawing the lippe awry, or shrinking vp the nose; the Greeks called it Micticismus, we may terme it a fleering frumpe, as he that said to one whose wordes he beleued not, no doubt Sir of that. This fleering frumpe is one of the Courtly graces of hicke the scorner.

[Sidenote: Antiphrasis, or the Broad floute.] Or when we deride by plaine and flat contradiction, as he that saw a dwarfe go in the streete said to his companion that walked with him: See yonder gyant: and to a Negro or woman blackmoore, in good sooth ye are a faire one, we may call it the broad floute.

[Sidenote: Charientismus, or the Priuy nippe.] Or when ye giue a mocke vnder smooth and lowly wordes as he that hard one call him all to nought and say, thou art sure to be hanged ere thou dye: quoth th'other very soberly, Sir I know your maistership speakes but in iest, the Greeks call it (charientismus) we may call it the priuy nippe, or a myld and appealing mockery: all these be souldiers to the figure allegoria and fight vnder the banner of dissimulation.

[Sidenote: Hiperbole, or the Ouer reacher, otherwise called the loud lyer.] Neuerthelesse ye haue yet two or three other figures that smatch a spice of the same false semblant, but in another sort and maner of phrase, whereof one is when we speake in the superlatiue and beyond the limites of credit, that is by the figure which the Greeks call Hiperbole, Latines Dementiens or the lying figure. I for his immoderate excesse cal him the ouer reacher right with his originall or [lowd lyar] & me thinks not amisse: now when I speake that which neither I my selfe thinke to be true, nor would haue any other body beleue, it must needs be a great dissimulation, because I meane nothing lesse then that I speake, and this maner of speech is vsed, when either we would greatly aduaunce or greatly abase the reputation of any thing or person, and must be vsed very discretely, or els it will seeme odious, for although a prayse or other report may be allowed beyond credit, it may not be beyond all measure, specially in the proseman, as he that was a speaker in a Parliament of king Henry the eights raigne, in his Oration which ye know is of ordinary to be made before the Prince at the first assembly of both houses, ould seeme to prayse his Maiestie thus. What should I go about to recite your Maiesties innumerable vertues, euen as much as if I tooke vpon me to number the stares of the skie, or to tell the sands of the sea. This Hyperbole was both ultra fidem and also ultra modum, and therefore of a graue and wise Counsellour made the speaker to be accompted a grosse flattering foole: peraduenture if he had vsed it thus, it had bene better and neuerthelesse a lye too, but a more moderate lye and no lesse to the purpose of the kings commendation, thus. I am not able with any wordes sufficiently to expresse your Maiesties regall vertues, your kingly merites also towardes vs your people and realme are so exceeding many, as your prayses therefore are infinite, your honour aud renowne euerlasting: And yet all this if we shall measure it by the rule of exact veritie, is but an vntruth, yet a more cleanly commendation then was maister Speakers. Neuerthelesse as I said before if we fall a praysing, specially of our mistresses vertue, bewtie, or other good parts, we be allowed now and then to ouer-reach a little by way of comparison as he that said thus in prayse of his Lady. Giue place ye louers here before, That spent your boasts and braggs in vaine: My Ladies bewtie passeth more, The best of your I dare well fayne: Then doth the sunne the candle light, Or brightest day the darkest night.

And as a certaine noble Gentlewoman lamenting at the vnkindnesse of her louer said very pretily in this figure. But since it will no better be, My teares shall neuer blin: To moist the earth in such degree, That I may drowne therein: That by my death all men may say, Lo weemen are as true as they.

[Sidenote: Periphrasis, or the Figure of ambage.] Then haue ye the figure Periphrasis, holding somewhat of the disembler, by reason of a secret intent not appearing by the words, as when we go about the bush, and will not in one or a few words expresse that thing which we desire to haue knowen, but do chose rather to do it by many words, as we our selues wrote of our Soueraigne Lady thus: Whom Princes serue, and Realmes obay, And greatest of Bryton kings begot: She came abroade euen yesterday, When such as saw her, knew her not.

And the rest that followeth, meaning her Maiesties person, which we would seeme to hide leauing her name vnspoken to the intent the reader should gesse at it: neuerthelesse vpon the matter did so manifestly disclose it, as any simple iudgement might easily perceiue by whom it was ment, that is by Lady Elizabeth, Queene of England and daughter to king Henry the eight, and therein resteth the dissimulation. It is one of the gallantest figures among the poetes so it be vsed discretely and in his right kinde, but many of these makers that be not halfe their craftes maisters, do very often abuse it and also many waies. For if the thing or person they go about to describe by circumstance, be by the writers improuidence otherwise bewrayed, it looseth the grace of a figure, as he that said: The tenth of March when Aries receiued, Dan Phoebus raies into his horned hed.

Intending to describe the spring of the yeare, which euery man knoweth of himselfe, hearing the day of March named: the verses be very good the figure nought worth, if it were meant in Periphrase for the matter, that is the season of the yeare which should haue bene couertly disclosed by ambage, was by and by blabbed out by naming the day of the moneth, & so the purpose of the figure disapointed, peraduenture it had bin better to haue said thus: The month and date when Aries receiud, Dan Phoebus raies into his horned head.

For now there remaineth for the Reader somewhat to studie and gesse vpon, and yet the spring time to the learned iudgement sufficiently expressed.

The Noble Earle of Surrey wrote thus: In winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raigne, And euery tree vnclothed him fast as nature taught them plaine.

I would faine learne of some good maker, whether the Earle spake this in figure of Periphrase or not, for mine owne opinion I thinke that if he ment to describe the winter season, he would not haue disclosed it so broadly, as to say winter at the first worde, for that had bene against the rules of arte, and without any good iudgement: which in so learned & excellent a personage we ought not to suspect, we say therefore that for winter it is no Periphrase but language at large: we say for all that, hauing regard to the second verse that followeth it is a Periphrase, seeming that thereby he intended to shew in what part of the winter his loues gaue him anguish, that is in the time which we call the fall of the leafe, which begins in the moneth of October, and stands very well with the figure to be vttered in that sort notwithstanding winter be named before, for winter hath many parts: such namely as do not shake of the leafe, nor vncloth the trees as here is mentioned: thus may ye iudge as I do, that this noble Erle wrate excellently well and to purpose. Moreouer, when a maker will seeme to vse circumlocution to set forth any thing pleasantly and figuratiuely, yet no lesse plaine to a ripe reader, then if it were named expresly, and when all is done, no man can perceiue it to be the thing intended. This is a foule ouersight in any writer as did a good fellow, who weening to shew his cunning, would needs by periphrase expresse the realme of Scotland in no lesse then eight verses, and when he had said all, no man could imagine it to be spoken of Scotland: and did besides many other faults in his verse, so deadly belie the matter by his description, as it would pitie any good maker to heare it.

[Sidenote: Synecdoche, or the Figure of quick conceite.] Now for the shutting vp of this Chapter, will I remember you farther of that manner of speech which the Greekes call Synecdoche, and we the figure of [quicke conceite] who for the reasons before alleged, may be put under the speeches allegoricall, because of the darkenes and duplicitie of his sence: as when one would tell me how the French king was ouerthrowen at Saint Quintans. I am enforced to think that it was not the king himselfe in person, but the Constable of Fraunce with the French kings power. Or if one would say, the towne of Andwerpe were famished, it is not so to be taken, but of the people of the towne of Andwerp, and this conceit being drawen aside, and (as it were) from one thing to another, it encombers the minde with a certaine imagination what it may be that is meant, and not expressed: as he that said to a young gentlewoman, who was in her chamber making her selfe vnready. Mistresse will ye geue me leaue to vnlace your peticote, meaning (perchance) the other thing that might follow such vnlacing. In the olde time, whosoeuer was allowed to vndoe his Ladies girdle, he might lie with her all night: wherefore the taking of a womans maydenhead away, was said to vndoo her girdle. Virgineam dissoluit zonam, saith the Poet, conceiuing out of a thing precedent, a thing subsequent. This may suffice for the knowledge of this figure [quicke conceit.]

Of Figures sententious, otherwise called Rhetoricall.

Now if our presupposall be true that the Poet is of all other the most auncient Orator, as he that by good & pleasant perswasions first reduced the wilde and beastly people into publicke societies and ciuilitie of life, insinuating vnto them, vnder fictions with sweete and coloured speeches, many wholesome lessons and doctrines, then no doubt there is nothing so fitte for him, as to be furnished with all the figures that be Rhetoricall, and such as do most beautifie language with eloquence & sententiousnes. Therefore since we haue already allowed to our maker his auricular figures, and also his sensible, by which all the words and clauses of his meeters are made as well tunable to the eare, as stirring to the minde, we are now by order to bestow vpon him those other figures which may execute both offices, and all at once to beautifie and geue sence and sententiousnes to the whole language at large. So as if we should intreate our maker to play also the Orator, and whether it be to pleade, or to praise, or to aduise, that in all three cases he may vtter, and also perswade both copiously and vehemently.

And your figures rhethoricall, besides their remembered ordinarie vertues, that is, sententiousnes, & copious amplification, or enlargement of language, doe also containe a certaine sweet and melodious manner of speech, in which respect, they may, after a sort, be said auricular: because the eare is no lesse rauished with their currant tune, than the mind is with their sententiousnes. For the eare is properly but an instrument of conueyance for the minde, to apprehend the sence by the sound. And our speech is made melodious or harmonicall, not onely by strayned tunes, as those of Musick, but also by choise of smoothe words: and thus, or thus, marshalling them in their comeliest construction and order, and aswell by sometimes sparing, sometimes spending them more or lesse liberally, and carrying or transporting of them farther off or neerer, setting them with sundry relations, and variable formes, in the ministry and vse of words, doe breede no little alteration in man. For to say truely, what els is man but his minde? which, whosoeuer haue skil to compasse, and make yeelding and flexible, what may not he commaund the body to perfourme? He therefore that hath vanquished the minde of man, hath made the greatest and most glorious conquest. But the minde is not assailable vnlesse it be by sensible approches, whereof the audible is of greatest force for instruction or discipline: the visible, for apprehension of exterior knowledges as the Philosopher saith. Therefore the well tuning of your words and clauses to the delight of the eare, maketh your information no lesse plausible to the minde than to the eare: no though you filled them with neuer so much sence and sententiousnes. Then also must the whole tale (if it tende to perswasion) beare his iust and reasonable measure, being rather with the largest, than with the scarcest. For like as one or two drops of water perce not the flint stone, but many and often droppings doo: so cannot a few words (be they neuer so pithie or sententious) in all cases and to all manner of mindes, make so deepe an impression, as a more multitude of words to the purpose discretely, and without superfluitie vttered: the minde being no lesse vanquished with large loades of speech, than the limmes are with heauie burden. Sweetenes of speech, sentence and amplification, are therefore necessarie to an excellent Orator and Poet, ne may in no wise be spared from any of them.

And first of all others your figure that worketh by iteration or repetition of one word or clause doth much alter and affect the eare and also the mynde of the hearer, and therefore is counted a very braue figure both with the Poets and rhetoriciens, and this repetition may be in seuen sortes.

[Sidenote: Anaphora, or the Figure of Report.] Repetition in the first degree we call the figure of Report according to the Greeke originall, and is when we make one word begin, and as they are wont to say, lead the daunce to many verses in sute, as thus. To thinke on death it is a miserie To thinke on life it is a vanitie: To thinke on the world verily it is, To thinke that heare man hath no perfit blisse.

And this written by Sir Walter Raleigh of his greatest mistresse iin most excellent verses. In vayne mine eyes in vaine you wast your teares, In vayne my sighs the smokes of my despaire: In vayne you search th'earth and heauens aboue, In vayne ye seeke, for fortune keeps my loue.

Or as the buffon in our enterlude called Lustie London said very knauishly and like himselfe. Many a faire lasse in London towne, Many a bawdie basket borne up and downe: Many a broker in a thridbare gowne. Many a bankrowte scarce worth a crowne. In London.

[Sidenote: Antistrophe, or the Counter turne.] Ye haue another sort of repetition quite contrary to the former when ye make one word finish many verses in sute, and that which is harder, to finish many clauses in the midst of

your verses or dittie (for to make them finish the verse in our vulgar it should hinder the rime) and because I do finde few of our English makers vse this figure, I haue set you down two litle ditties which our selues in our yonger yeares played vpon the Antistrophe, for so is the figures name in Greeke: one vpon the mutable loue of a Lady, another vpon the meritorious loue of Christ our Sauour, thus. Her lowly lookes, that gaue life to my loue, With spitefull speach, curstnesse and crueltie: She kild my loue, let her rigour remoue, Her cherefull lights and speeches of pitie Reuiue my loue: anone with great disdaine, She shunnes my loue, and after by a traine She seekes my loue, and faith she loues me most, But seing her loue, so lightly wonne and lost: I longd not for her loue, for well I thought, Firme is the loue, if it be as it ought.

The second vpon the merites of Christes passion toward mankind, thus, Our Christ the sonne of God, chief authour of all good, Was he by his allmight, that first created man: And with the costly price, of his most precious bloud, He that redeemed man: and by his instance wan Grace in the sight of God, his onely father deare, And reconciled man: and to make man his peere Made himselfe very man: brief to conclude the case, This Christ both God and man, he all and onely is: The man brings man to God and to all heauens blisse.

The Greekes call this figure Antistrophe, the Latines, conuersio, I following the originall call him the counterturne, because he turnes counter in the midst of euery meetre.

[Sidenote: Symploche, or the figure of replie.] Take me the two former figures and put them into one, and it is that which the Greekes call symploche, the Latines complexio, or conduplicatio, and is a maner of repetition, when one and the selfe word doth begin and end many verses in sute & so wrappes vp both the former figures in one, as he that sportingly complained of his vntrustie mistresse, thus. Who made me shent for her loues sake? Myne owne mistresse. Who would not seeme my part to take, Myne owne mistresse.

What made me first so well content Her curtesie. What makes me now so sore repent Her crueltie.

The Greekes name this figure Symploche, the Latins Complexio, perchaunce for that he seemes to hold in and to wrap vp the verses by reduplication, so as nothing can fall out. I had rather call him the figure of replie.

[Sidenote: Anadiplosis, or the Redouble.] Ye haue another sort of repetition when with the worde by which you finish your verse, ye beginne the next verse with the same, as thus: Comforte it is for man to haue a wife, Wife chaste, and wise, and lowly all her life.

Or thus: Your beutie was the cause of my first loue, Looue while I liue, that I may sore repent.

The Greeks call this figure Anadiplosis, I call him the Redouble as the originall beares.

[Sidenote: Epanalepsis, or the Eccho sound, otherwise, the slow return.] Ye haue an other sorte of repetition, when ye make one worde both beginne and end your verse, which therefore I call the slow retourne, otherwise the Eccho sound, as thus: Much must he be beloued, that loueth much, Feare many must he needs, whom many feare.

Vnlesse I called him the eccho sound, I could not tell what name to giue him, vnlesse it were the slow returne.

[Sidenote: Epizeuxis, or the Vnderlay, or Coocko-spel.] Ye haue another sort of repetition when in one verse or clause of a verse, ye iterate one word without any intermission, as thus: It was Maryne, Maryne that wrought mine woe.

And this bemoaning the departure of a deere friend. The chiefest staffe of mine assured stay, With no small grieve, is gon, is gon away.

And that of Sir Walter Raleighs very sweet. With wisdomes eyes had but blind fortune seene, Than had my looue, my looue for euer beene.

The Greeks call him Epizeuxis, the Latines Subiunctio, we may call him the vnderlay, me thinks if we regard his manner of iteration, & would depart from the originall, we might very properly, in our vulgar and for pleasure call

him the cuckowspell, for right as the cuckow repeats his lay, which is but one manner of note, and doth not insert any other tune betwixt, and sometimes for hast stammers out two or three of them one immediatly after another, as cuck, cuck, cuckow, so doth the figure Epizeuxis the former verses, Maryne, Maryne, without any intermission at all.

[Sidenote: Ploche, or the Doubler.] Yet haue ye one sorte of repetition, which we call the doubler, and is as the next before, a speedie iteration of one word, but with some little intermission by inserting one or two words betweene, as in a most excellent dittie written by Sir Walter Raleigh these two closing verses: Yet when I sawe my selfe to you was true, I loued my selfe, because my selfe loued you.

And this spoken in common Prouerbe. An ape wilbe an ape, by kinde as they say, Though that ye clad him all in purple array.

Or as we once sported vpon a fellowes name who was called Woodcock, and for an ill part he had plaid entreated fauour by his friend. I praie you intreate no more for the man, Woodcocke wilbe a woodcocke do what ye can.

Now also be there many other sortes of repetition if a man would vse them, but are nothing commendable, and therefore are not obserued in good poesie, as a vulgar rimer who doubled one word in the end of euery verse, thus: adieu, adieu my face, my face.

And an other that did the like in the beginning of his verse, thus: To loue him and loue him, as sinners should doo.

These repetitions be not figuratiue but phantastical, for a figure is euer vsed to a purpose, either of beautie or of efficacie: and these last recited be to no purpose, for neither can ye say that it vrges affection, nor that it beautifieth or enforceth the sence, nor hath any other subtiltie in it, and therefore is a very foolish impertinency of speech, and not a figure.

[Sidenote: Prosonomasia, or the Nicknamer.] Ye haue a figure by which ye play with a couple of words or names much resembling, and because the one seemes to answere th'other by manner of illusion, and doth, as it were, nick him, I call him the Nicknamer. If any other man can geue him a fitter English name, I will not be angrie, but I am sure mine is very neere the originall sense of the Prosonomasia, and is rather a by-name geuen in sport, than a surname geuen of any earnest purpose. As, Tiberius the Emperour, because he was a great drinker of wine, they called him by way of derision to his owne name Caldius Biberius Mero, in steade of Claudius Tiberius Nero: and so a iesting frier that wrate against Erasmus, called him by resemblance to his own Errans mus, and are maintained by this figure Prosonomasia, or the Nicknamer. But euery name geuen in iest or by way of a surname, if it do not resemble the true, is not by this figure, as, the Emperour of Greece, who was surnamed Constantinus Ceperonimus, because he beshit the foont at the time he was christened: and so ye may see the difference betwixt the figures Antonomasia & Prosonomatia. Now when such resemblance happens betweene words of another nature and not vpon mens names, yet doeth the Poet or maker finde pretie sport to play with them in his verse, specially the Comicall Poet and the Epigrammatist. Sir Philip Sidney in a dittie plaide very pretily with these two words, Loue and liue, thus. And all my life I will confesse, The lesse I loue, I liue the lesse.

And we in our Enterlude called the woer, plaid with these two words, lubber and louer, thus, the countrey clowne came & woed a young maide of the Citie, and being agreeued to come so oft, and not to haue his answere, said to the old nurse very impatiently. [Sidenote: Woer.] Iche pray you good mother tell our young dame, Whence I am come and what is my name, I cannot come a woing euery day.

Quoth the nurse. [Sidenote: Nurse.] They be lubbers not louers that so use to say.

Or as one replied to his mistresse charging him with some disloyaltie towards her. Proue me madame ere ye fall to reprove, Meeke mindes should rather excuse than accuse.

Here the words proue and reprove, excuse and accuse, do pleasantly encounter, and (as it were) mock one another by their much resemblance: and this is by the figure Prosonomatia, as wel as if they were mens proper names, alluding to each other.

[Sidenote Traductio, or the tranlacer.] Then haue ye a figure which the Latines call Traductio, and I the tranlacer: which is when ye turne and tranlace a word into many sundry shapes as the Tailor doth his garment, & after that sort do play with him in your dittie: as thus, Who liues in loue his life is full of feares, To lose his loue, liuelode or libertie But liuely sprites that young and recklesse be, Thinke that there is no liuing like to theirs.

Or as one who much gloried in his owne wit, whom Persius taxed in a verse very pithily and pleasantly, thus. Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire, hoc sciat alter.

Which I haue turned into English, not so briefly, but more at large of purpose the better to declare the nature of the figure: as thus, Thou weenest thy wit nought worth if other weet it not As wel as thou thy selfe, but a thing well I wot, Who so in earnest weenes, he doth in mine aduise, Shew himselfe witlesse, or more wittie than wise.

Here ye see how in the former rime this word life is tranlaced into liue, liuing, liuely, liuelode: & in the latter rime this word wit is translated into weete, weene, wotte, witlesse, witty & wise: which come all from one originall.

[Sidenote: Antipophora, or Figure of responce.] Ye haue a figuratiue speach which the Greeks cal Antipophora, I name him the Responce, and is when we will seeme to aske a question to th'intent we will aunswere it our selues, and is a figure of argument and also of amplification. Of argument, because proponing such matter as our aduersarie might obiection and then to answere it our selues, we do vnfurnish and preuent him of such helpe as he would otherwise haue vsed for himselfe: then because such obiection and answere spend much language it serues as well to amplifie and enlarge our tale. Thus for example. Wylie worldling come tell me I thee pray, Wherein hopest thou, that makes thee so to swell? Riches? alack it taries not a day, But where fortune the fickle list to dwell: In thy children? how hardlie shalt thou finde, Them all at once, good and thriftie and kinde: Thy wife? o' faire but fraile mettall to trust, Seruants? what theeues? what threachours and iniust? Honour perchance? it restes in other men: Glorie? a smoake: but wherein hopest thou then? In Gods iustice? and by what merite tell? In his mercy? o' now thou speakest wel, But thy lewd life hath lost his loue and grace, Daunting all hope to put dispaire in place.

We read that Crates the Philosopher Cinicke in respect of the manifold discommodities of mans life, held opinion that it was best for man neuer to haue bene borne or soone after to dye, [Optimum non nasci vel citò mori] of whom certaine verses are left written in Greeke which I haue Englished, thus. What life is the liefest? the needy is full of woe and awe, The wealthie full of brawle and brabbles of the law: To be a married man? how much art thou beguild, Seeking thy rest by carke, for houshold wife and child: To till it is a toyle, to grase some honest gaine, But such as gotten is with great hazard and paine: The sayler of his shippe, the marchant of his ware, The souldier in armes, how full of dread and care? A shrewd wife brings thee bate, wiue not and neuer thriue, Children a charge, childlesse the greatest lacke aliue: Youth witlesse is and fraile, age sicklie and forlorne, Then better to dye soone, or neuer to be borne.

Metrodorus the Philosopher Stoick was of a contrary opinion, reuersing all the former suppositions against Crates, thus. What life list ye to lead? in good Citie and towne Is wonne both wit and wealth, Court gets vs great renowne, Countrey keepes vs in heale, and quietnesse of mynd, Where holesome aires and exercise and pretie sports we find: Traffick it turnes to gaine, by land and eke by seas, The land-borne liues safe, the forriene at his ease: Housholder hath his home, the roge romes with delight, And makes moe merry meales, then dothe the Lordly wight: Wed and thost hast a bed, of solace and of ioy, Wed not and haue a bed, of rest without annoy: The settled loue is safe, sweete is the loue at large, Children they are a store, no children are no charge, Lustie and gay is youth, old age honourd and wise: Then not to dye or be unborne, is best in myne aduise.

Edward Earle of Oxford a most noble & learned Gentleman made in this figure of responce an emble of desire otherwise called Cupide which for his excellencie and wit, I set downe some part of the verses, for example. When wert thou borne desire? In pompe and pryde of May, By whome sweete boy wert thou begot? By good conceit men say, Tell me who was thy nurse? Fresh youth in sugred ioy. What was thy meate and dayly foode? Sad sighes with great annoy. What hast thou then to drinke? Vnfayned louers teares. What cradle wert thou rocked in? In hope deuoyde of feares.

[Sidenote: Synteiosis, or the Crosse copling.] Ye haue another figure which me thinkes may well be called (not much sweruing from his originall in sence) the Crosse-couple, because it takes me two contrary words, and tieth them as it were in a paire of couples, and so makes them agree like good fellowes, as I saw once in Fraunce a wolfe coupled with a mastiffe, and a foxe with a hounde. Thus it is. The niggards fault and the unthrifts is all one, For neither of them both knoweth how to vse his owne.

Or thus. The couetous miser, of all his goods ill got, Aswell wants that he hath, as that he hath not.

In this figure of the Crosse-couple we wrate for a forlorne louer complaining of his mistresse crueltie these verses among other. Thus for your sake I daily dye, And do but seeme to liue in deede: Thus is my blisse but miserie, My lucre losse without your meede.

[Sidenote: Atanaclasis, or the Rebounde.] Ye haue another figure which by his nature we may call the Rebounde, alluding to the tennis ball which being smitten with the racket reboundes backe againe, and where the last figure before played with two wordes somewhat like, this playeth with one word written all alike but carrying diuers sences as thus. The maide that soone married is, soone marred is.

Or thus better because married & marred be different in one letter. To pray for you euer I cannot refuse, To pray vpon you I should you much abuse.

Or as we once sported vpon a country fellow who came to runne for the best game, and was by his occupation a dyer and had very bigge swelling legges. He is but course to runne a course, Whose shankes are bigger then his thye: Yet is his lucke a little worse, That often dyes before he dye.

Where ye see this word course, and dye, vsed in diuers sences, one giuing the Rebounde vpon th'other.

[Sidenote: Clymax, or the Marching figure.] Ye haue a figure which as well by his Greeke and Latine originals, & also by allusion to the maner of a mans gate or going may be called the marching figure, for after the first steppe all the rest proceeds by double the space, and so in our speach one word proceedes double to the first that was spoken, and goeth as it were by strides or paces: it may aswell be called the clyming figure, for Clymax is as much to say as a ladder, as in one of our Epitaphes shewing how a very meane man by his wisdom and good fortune came to great estate and dignitie. His vertue made him wise, his wisdom brought him wealth, His wealth won many friends, his friends made much supply: Of aides in weale and woe in sicknesse and in health, Thus came he from a low, to sit in state so hye.

Or as Ihean de Mehune the French Poet. Peace makes plentie, plentie makes pride, Pride breeds quarrell, and quarrell brings warre: Warre brings spoile, and spoile pouertie, Pouertie pacience, and pacience peace. So peace brings warre, and warre brings peace.

[Sidenote: Antimetauole, or the Counterchange] Ye haue a figure which takes a couple of words to play with in a verse, and by making them to chaunge and shift one into others place they do very pretily exchange and shift the sence, as thus. We dwell not here to build us boures, And halles for pleasure and good cheare: But halles we build for us and ours, To dwell in then whilst we are here.

Meaning that we dwell not here to build, but we build to dwell, as we liue not to eate, but eate to liue, or thus. We wish not peace to maintaine cruell warre, But we make warre to maintaine us in peace.

Or thus. If Poesie be, as some haue said, A speaking picture to the eye: Then is a picture not denaid, To be a muet Poesie.

Or as the Philosopher Musonius wrote. With pleasure if we worke vnonestly and ill, The pleasure passeth, the bad it bideth still. Well if we worke with trauaile and with paines, The paine passeth and still the good remaines.

A wittie fellow in Rome wrate vnder the Image of Caesar the Dictator these two verses in Latine, which because they are spoke by this figure of Counterchaunge I haue turned into a couple of English verses very well keeping the

grace of the figure. Brutus for casting out of kings, was first of Consuls past, Caesar for casting Consuls out, is of our kings the last.

Cato of any Senatour not onely the grauest but also the promptest and wittiest in any ciuill scoffe, misliking greatly the engrossing of offices in Rome that one should haue many at once, and a great number goe without that were as able men, said thus by Counterchaunge. It seemes your offices are very litle worth, Or very few of you worthy of offices.

Againe: In trifles earnest as any man can bee, In earnest matters no such trifler as hee.

[Sidenote: Insultatio, or the Disdainefull.] Yee haue another figure much like to the Sarcasimus, or bitter taunt wee spake of before: and is when with proud and insolent words, we do vpbraide a man, or ride him as we terme it: for which cause the Latines also call it Insultatio, I chose to name him the Reproachfull or scorner, as when Queene Dido saw, that for all her great loue and entertainements bestowed vpon Æneas, he would needs depart and follow the Oracle of his destinies, she brake out in a great rage and said disdainefully. Hye thee, and by the wild waues and the wind, Seeke Italie and Realmes for thee to raigne, If piteous Gods haue power amidst the mayne, On ragged rocks thy penance thou maist find.

Or as the poet Iuuenall reproached the couetous Merchant, who for lucre sake passed on no perill either by land or sea, thus: Goe now and giue thy life unto the winde, Trusting unto a piece of bruckle wood, Foure inches from thy death or seauen good The thickest planke for shipboord that we finde.

[Sidenote: Antitheton, or the renconter] Ye haue another figure very pleasnt and fit for amplification, which to answer the Greeke terme, we may call the encounter, but following the Latine name by reason of his contentious nature, we may call him the Quarreller, for so be al such persons as delight in taking the contrary part of whatsoever shalbe spoken: when I was scholler in Oxford they called euery such one Iohannes ad oppositum. Good haue I doone you, much, harme did I neuer none, Ready to ioy your gaines, your losses to bemone, Why therefore should you grutch so sore as my welfare: Who onely bred your blisse, and neuer caused your care.

Or as it is in these two verses where one speaking of Cupids bowe, deciphered thereby the nature of sensual loue, whose beginning is more pleasant than the end, thus allegorically and by antitheton. His bent is sweete, his loose is somewhat sowre, In ioy begunne, ends oft in wofull bowre.

Maister Diar in this quarelling figure. Nor loue hath now the force, on me which it ones had, Your frownes can neither make me mourne, nor fauors make me glad.

Socrates the Greek Oratour was a litle too full of this figure, & so was the Spaniard that wrote the life of Marcus Aurelius & many of our moderne writers in vulgar, vse it in excesse & incurre the vice of fond affectation: otherwise the figure is very commendable.

In this quarrelling figure we once plaid this merry Epigrame of an importune and shrewd wife, thus: My neighbour hath a wife, not fit to make him thriue, But good to kill a quicke man, or make a dead reuiue. So shrewd she is for God, so cunning and so wise, To counter with her goodman, and all by contraries. For when he is merry, she lurcheth and she loures, When he is sad she singes, or laughs it out by houres. Bid her be still her tongue to talke shall neuer cease, When she should speake and please, for spight she holds her peace, Bid spare and she will spend, bid spend she spares as fast, What first ye would haue done, be sure it shalbe last. Say go, she comes, say come, she goes, and leaues him all alone, Her husband (as I thinke) calles her ouerthwart lone.

[Sidenote: Erotema, or the Questioner.] There is a kinde of figuratiue speech when we aske many questions and looke for none answer, speaking indeed by interrogation, which we might as well say by affirmation. This figure I call the Questioner or inquisitiue, as when Medea excusing her great crueltie vsed in the murder of her owne children which she had by Iason, said: Was I able to make them I praie you tell, And am I not able to marre them all aswell?

Or as another wrote very commendably. Why strive I with the streame, or hoppe against the hill, On search that neuer can be found, and loose my labour still?

Cato vnderstanding that the Senate had appointed three citizens of Rome for embassadours to the king of Bithinia, whereof one had the Gowte, another the Meigrim, the third very little courage or discretion to be employd in any such businesse, said by way of skoffe in this figure. Must not (trowe ye) this message be well sped, That hath neither heart, nor heeles, nor hed?

And as a great Princesse answered her seruitour, who distrusting in her fauours toward him, praised his owne constancie in these verses. No fortune base or frayle can alter me:

To whome she in this figure repeting his words: No fortune base or frayle can alter thee. And can so blind a witch so conquere mee?

[Sidenote: Ecphronisis, or the Outcry.] The figure of exclamation, I call him [the outcry] because it vtters our minde by all such words as do shew any extreme passion, whether it be by way of exclamation or crying out, admiration or wondering, imprecation or cursing, obtestation or taking God and the world to witnes, or any such like as declare an impotent affection, as Chaucer of the Lady Cresseida by exclamation. O soppe of sorrow soonken into care, O caytife Cresseid, for now and evermare.

Or as Gascoigne wrote very passionatly and well to purpose: Ay me the dayes that I in dole consume, Alas the nights which wnesse well mine woe: O wrongfull world which maketh my fancie faine Fie fickle fortune, fie, fie thou art my foe: Out and alas so froward is my chance, No nights nor daies, nor worldes can me auance.

Petrarche in a sonet which Sir Thomas Wiat Englished excellently well, said in this figure by way of imprecation and obtestation: thus, Perdie I said it not, Nor neuer thought to doo: Aswell as I ye wot, I haue no power thereto: "And if I did the lot That first did me enchaine, May neuer shake the knot But strait it to my paine. "And if I did each thing, That may do harme or woe: Continually may wring, My harte where so I goe. "Report may alwaies ring: Of shame on me for aye, If in my hart did spring, The wordes that you doo say. "And if I did each starre, That is in heauen aboue. And so forth, &c.

[Sidenote: Brachiologia, or the Cutted comma] We vse sometimes to proceede all by single words, without any close or coupling, sauing that a little pause or comma is geuen to euery word. This figure for pleasure may be called in our vulgar the cutted comma, for that there cannot be a shorter diuision then at euery words end. The Greekes in their language call it short language, as thus. Enuy, malice, flattery, disdain, Auarice, deceit, falsned, filthy gaine.

If this loose language be vsed, not in single words, but in long clauses, it is called Asindeton, and in both cases we vtter in that fashion, when either we be earnest, or would seeme to make hast.

[Sidenote: Parison, or the Figure of euen] Ye haue another figure which we may call the figure of euen, because it goeth by clauses of egall quantitie, and not very long, but yet not so short as the cutted comma: and they geue good grace to a dittie, but specially to a prose. In this figure we once wrote in a melancholike humor these verses. The good is geason, and short is his abode, The bad bides long, and easie to be found: Our life is loathsome, our sinnes a heavy lode, Conscience a curst iudge, remorse a priuie goade. Disease, age and death still in our eare they round, That hence we must the sickly and the sound: Treading the steps that our forefathers trod, Rich, poore, holy, wise; all flesh it goes to ground.

In a prose there should not be vsed at once of such euen clauses past three or foure at the most.

[Sidenote: Sinonimia, or the Figure of store] When so euer we multiply our speech by many words or clauses of one sence, the Greekes call it Sinonimia, as who would say like or consenting names: the Latines hauing no fitt terme to giue him, called it by a name of euent, for (said they) many words of one nature and sence, one of them doth expound another. And therefore they called this figure the [Interpreter] I for my part had rather call him the figure of [store] because plenty of one manner of thing in our vulgar we call so. Æneas asking whether his Captaine

Orontes were dead or aliue, vsed this store of speeches all to one purpose. It he aliue, Is he as I left him queauing and quick, And hath he not yet geuen up the ghost, Among the rest of those that I haue lost?

Or if it be in single words, then thus. What is become of that beautifull face, Those louely lookes, that fauour amiable, Those sweete features, and visage full of grace, That countenance which is alonly able To kill and cure?

Ye see that all these words, face, lookes, fauour, features, visage, countenance, are all in sence but all one. Which store, neuerthelesse, doeth much beautifie and enlarge the matter. So said another. My faith, my hope, my trust, my God and eke my guide, Stretch forth thy hand to saue the soule, what ere the body bide.

Here faith, hope and trust be words of one effect, allowed to vs by this figure of store.

[Sidenote: Metanoia, or the Penitent.] Otherwhiles we speake and be sorry for it, as if we had not wel spoken, so that we seeme to call in our word againe, and to put in another fitter for the purpose: for which respects the Greekes called this manner of speech the figure of repentance: then for that vpon repentance commonly followes amendment, the Latins called it the figure of correction, in that the speaker seemeth to reforme that which was said amisse. I following the Greeke originall, choose to call him the penitent, or repentant: and singing in honor of the mayden Queen, meaning to praise her for her greatnesse of courage ouershoooting my selfe, called it first by the name of pride: then fearing least fault might be found with that terme, by & by turned this word pride to praise: resembling her Maiesty to the Lion, being her owne noble armory, which by a slie construction purporteth magnanimitie. Thus in the latter end of a Parthemiade. O peereles you, or els no one aliue, Your pride serues you to seaze them all alone: Not pride madame, but praise of the lion, To conquer all and be conquerd by none.

And in another Parthemiade thus insinuating her Maiesties great constancy in refusall of all marriages offred her, thus: Her heart is hid none may it see, Marble or flinte folke weene it be.

Which may imploy rigour and cruelty, than correcteth it thus. Not flinte I trowe I am a lier, But Siderite that feelles no fire.

By which is intended, that it proceeded of a cold and chast complexion not easily allured to loue.

[Sidenote: Antenagoge, or the Recompencer] We haue another manner of speech much like to the repentant, but doth not as the same recant or vnsay a word that hath bene said before, putting another fitter in his place, but hauing spoken any thing to deprauie the matter or partie, he denieth it not, but as it were helpeth it againe by another more fauourable speach and so seemeth to make amends, for which cause it is called by the originall name in both languages, the Recompencer, as he that was merily asked the question; whether his wife were not a shrew as well as others of his neighbours wiues, answered in this figure as pleasantly, for he could not well denie it. I must needs say, that my wife is a shrew, but such a huswife as I know but a fewe.

Another in his first preposition giuing a very faint commendation to the Courtiers life, weaning to make him amends, made it worse by a second proposition, thus: The Courtiers life full delicate it is, but where no wise man will euer set his blis.

And an other speaking to the incoragement of youth in studie and to be come excellent in letters and armies, said thus: Many are the paines and perils to be past, But great is the gaine and glory at the last.

[Sidenote: Epithonema, or the Surclose.] Our poet in his short ditties, but specially playing the Epigrammatist will vse to conclude and shut vp his Epigram with a verse or two, spoken in such sort, as it may seeme a manner of allowance to all the premisses, and that wih a ioyfull approbation, which the Latines call Acclamatio, we therefore call this figure the sureclose or consenting close, as Virgill when he had largely spoken of Prince Eneas his successe and fortunes concluded with this close. Tant molis erat Romanum condere gentens.

In English thus: So huge a peece of worke it was and so hie, To reare the house of Romane progenie.

Sir Philip Sidney very pretily closed vp a dittie in this sort. What medicine then, can such disease remoue, Where loue breedes hate, and hate engenders loue.

And we in a Partheniade written of her Maiestie, declaring to what perils vertue is generally subiect, and applying that fortune to her selfe, closed it vp with this Epiphoneme. Than if there bee, Any so cancard hart to grutch, At your glories: my Queene: in vaine, Repining at your fatall raigne; It is for that they feelee too much, Of your bountee.

As who would say her owne ouermuch lenitie and goodness, made her ill willers the more bold and presumptuous.

Lucretius Carus the philosopher and poet inueighing sore against the abuses of the superstitious religion of the Gentils, and recompting the wicked fact of king Agamemnon in sacrificing his only daughter Iphigenia, being a yoong damsell of excellent bewtie, to th'intent to please the wrathfull gods, hinderers of his nauigation, after he had said all, closed it vp in this one verse, spoken in Epiphonema. Tantum relligio potuit suadere malorum.

In English thus: Lo what an outrage, could cause to be done, The peevish scruple of blinde religion.

[Sidenote: Auxesis, or the Auancer] It happens many times that to vrge and enforce the matter we speake of, we go still mounting by degrees and encreasing our speech with wordes or with sentences of more waight one then another, & is a figure of great both efficacie & ornament, as he that declaring the great calamitie of an infortunate prince, said thus: He lost besides his children and his wife, His realme, ronowne, liege, libertie and life.

By which it appeareth that to any noble Prince the losse of his estate ought not to be so greeuous, as of his honour, nor any of them both like to the lacke of his libertie, but that life is the dearest detriment of any other. We call this figure by the Greeke originall the Auancer or figure of encrease because every word that is spoken is one of more weight then another. And as we lamented the crueltie of an inexorable and unfaithfull mistresse. If by the lawes of love it be a falt, The faithfull friend, in absence to forget: But if it be (once do thy heart but halt,) A secret sinne: what forfet is so great: As by dispute in view of every eye, The solemne vowes oft sworne with teares so salt, As holy Leagues fast seald with hand and hart: For to repeale and breake so wilfully? But now (alas) without all iust desart, My lot is for my troth and much goodwill, To reape disdaine, hatred and rude refuse, Or if ye would worke me some greater ill: And of myne earned ioyes to feelee no part, What els is this (o cruell) but to vse, Thy murdring knife to guiltlesse blood to spill.

Where ye see how she is charged first with a fault, then with a secret sinne, afterward with a foule forfet, last of all with a most cruel & bloody deede. And thus againe in a certaine lovers complaint made to the like effect. They say it is a ruth to see thy lover neede, But you can see me weepe, but you can see me bleede: And neuer shrinke nor shame, ne shed no teare at all, You make my wounds your selfe, and fill them up with gall: Yea you can see me sound, and faint for want of breath, And gaspe and grone for life, and struggle still with death, What can you now do more, sweare by your maydenhead, The for to flea me quicke, or strip me being dead.

In these verses you see how one crueltie surmounts another by degrees till it come to very slaughter and beyond, for it is thought a despite done to a dead carcas to be an euidence of greater crueltie then to haue killed him.

[Sidenote: Meiosis, or the Disabler.] After the Auancer followeth the abbaser working by wordes and sentences of extenuation or diminution. Whereupon we call him the Disabler or figure of Extenuation: and this extenuation is vsed to diuers purposes, sometimes for modesties sake, and to auoide the opinion of arrogancie, speaking of our selues or of ours, as he that disabled himselfe to his mistresse thus. Not all the skill I haue to speake or do, Which litle is God wot (set loue apart:) Liueload nor life, and put them both thereto, Can counterpeise the due of your desart.

It may be also be done for despite to bring our aduersaries in contempt, as he that sayd by one (commended for a very braue souldier) disabling him scornefully, thus. A iollie man (forsooth) and fit for the warre, Good at hand gripes, better to fight a farre: Whom bright weapon in shew as is said, Yea his owne shade; hath often made afraide.

The subtiltie of the scoffe lieth in these Latin wordes [eminus & cominus pugnare.] Also we vse this kind of Extenuation when we take in hand to comfort or cheare any perillous enterprise, making a great matter seeme small, and of litle difficultie, & is much vsed by captaines in the warre, when they (to giue courage to their souldiers) will seeme to disable the persons of their enemies, and abase their forces, and make light of euery thing than might be a discouragement to the attempt, as Hanniball did in his Oration to his souldiers, when they should come to passe the Alpes to enter Italie, and for sharpnesse of the weather, and steepnesse of the mountaines their hearts began to faile them.

We vse it againe to excuse a fault, & to make an offence seeme lesse then it is, by giuing a terme more fauorable and of lesse vehemencie then the troth requires, as to say of a great robbery, that it was but a pilfry matter: of an arrant ruffian that he is a tall fellow of his hands: of a prodigall foole, that he is a kind hearted man: of a notorious vnthrif, a lustie youth, and such like phrases of extenuation, which fall more aptly to the office of the figure Curry fauell before remembred.

And we vse the like termes by way of pleasant familiaritie, and as it were for Courtly maner of speach with our egalls or inferiours, as to call a young Gentlewoman Mall for Mary, Nell for Elner: Iack for Iohn, Robin for Robert: or any other like affected termes spoken of pleasure, as in our triumphals calling familiarly vpon our Muse, I called her Moppe. But will you weete, My litle muse, nay prettie moppe: If we shall algaies change our stoppe, Chose me a sweet.

Vnderstanding by this word (Moppe) a litle prety Lady, or tender young thing. For so we call litle fishes, that be not come to their full growth (moppes), as whiting moppes, gurnard moppes.

Also such termes are vsed to be giuen in derision and for a kind of contempt, as when we say Lording for Lord, & as the Spaniard that calleth an Earle of small reuenue Contadilio: the Italian calleth the poore man by contempt pouerachio or pouerino, the little beast animalculo or animaluchio, and such like diminutiues appertaining to this figure, the (Disabler) more ordinary in other languages than our vulgar.

[Sidenote: Epanodis, or the figure of Retire] This figure of retire holds part with the propounder of which we spake before(prolepsis) because of the resumption of a former proposition vuttered in generalitie to explaine the same better by a particular diuision. But their difference is, in that the propounder resumes but the matter only. This [retire] resumes both the matter and the termes, and is therefore accompted one of the figures of repetition, and in that respect may be called by his originall Greeke name the [Resounde] or the [retire] for this word [Greek: illegible] serues both sences resound and retire. The vse of this figure, is seen in this dittie following, Loue hope and death, do stirre in me much strife, As neuer man but I lead such a life: For burning loue doth wound my heart to death: And when death comes at call of inward grief, Cold lingring hope doth feede my fainting breath: Against my will, and yeelds my wound relief, So that I liue, but yet my life is such: As neuer death could greeue me halfe so much.

[Sidenote: Dialisis, or the Dismembrer.] Then haue ye a maner speach, not so figuratiue as fit for argumentation, and worketh not vnlike the dilemma of the Logicians, because he propones two or moe matters entierly, and doth as it were set downe the whole tale or rekoning of an argument and then cleare euery part by it selfe, as thus. It can not be but nigardsship or neede, Made him attempt this foule and wicked deede: Nigardship not, for alwayes he was free, Nor neede, for who doth not his richesse see?

Or as one than entreated for a faire young maide who was taken by the watch in London and carried to Bridewell to be punished. Now gentill Sirs let this young maide alone, For either she hath grace or els she hath none: If she haue grace, she may in time repent, If she haue none what bootes her punishment.

Or as another pleaded his deserts with his mistresse. Were it for grace, or els in hope of gaine, To say of my deserts, it is but vaine: For well in minde, in case ye do them beare, To tell them oft, it should but irke your eare: Be they forgot: as likely should I faile, To winne with wordes, where deedes can not preuaile.

[Sidenote: Merismus, or the Distributer.] Then haue ye a figure very meete for Orators or eloquent perswaders such as our maker or Poet must in some cases shew him selfe to be, and is when we may coueniently vtter a matter in

one entier speach or proportion and will rather do it peecemeale and by distribution of euery part for amplification sake, as for example he that might say, a house was outrageously plucked downe: will not be satisfied so to say, but rather will speake it in this sort: they first vndermined the groundsills, they beate downe the walles, they vnfloored the loftes, they vntiled it and pulled downe the rooffe. For so in deede is a house pulled downe by circumstances, which this figure of distribution doth set forth euery one apart, and therefore I name him the distributor according to his originall, as wrote the Tuscan Poet in a Sonet which Sir Thomas Wyatt translated with very good grace, thus. Set me whereas the sunne doth parch the greene, Or where his beames do not dissolue the yce: In temperate heate where he is felt and seene, In presence prest of people mad or wise: Set me in hye or yet in low degree, In longest night or in the shortest day: In clearest skie, or where clouds thickest bee, In lustie youth or when my heares are gray: Set me in heauen, in earth or els in hell, In hill or dale or in the foaming flood: Thrall or at large, aliuie where so I dwell, Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good: Hers will I be, and onely with this thought, Content my selfe, although my chaunce be naught.

All which might haue been said in these two verses. Set me wherefoeuer ye will I am and wilbe yours still.

The zealous Poet writing in prayse of the maiden Queene would not seeme to wrap vp all her most excellent parts in a few words them entierly comprehending, but did it by a distributor or merismus in the negatiue for the better grace, thus. Not your bewtie, most gracious soueraine, Nor maidenly lookes, mainteind with maiestie: Your stately port, which doth not match but staine, For your presence, your pallace and your traine, All Princes Courts, mine eye could euer see: Not of your quicke wits, your sober gouernaunce: Your cleare foresight, your faithfull memorie, So sweete features, in so staid countenance: Nor languages, with plentuous utterance, So able to discourse, and entertaine: Not noble race, farre beyond Caesars raigne, Runne in right line, and blood of noited kings: Not large empire, armies, treasurs, domaine, Lustie liueries, of fortunes dearest darlings: Not all the skilles, fit for a Princely dame, Your learned Muse, with vse and studie brings. Not true honour, ne that immortall fame Of mayden raigne, your only owne renowne And no Queenes els, yet such as yeeldes your name Greater glory than doeth your treble crowne.

And then concludes thus. Not any one of all these honord parts Your Princely happes, and habites that do moue, And, as it were, ensorcell all the hearts Of Christen kings to quarrell for your loue, But to possesse, at once and all the good Arte and engine, and euery starre aboue Fortune or kinde, could farce in flesh and blood, Was force inough to make so many striue For your person, which in our world stode By all consents the minionst mayde to wiue.

Where ye see that all the parts of her commendation which were particularly remembred in twenty verses before, are wrapt vp in the two verses of this last part, videl. Not any one of all your honord parts, Those Princely haps and habites, &c.

This figure serues for amplification, and also for ornament, and to enforce perswasion mightely. Sir Geffrey Chaucer, father of our English Poets, hath these verses following in the distributor. When faith failes in Priestes sawes, And Lords hestes are holden for lawes, And robbrie is tane for purchase, And lechery for solace Then shall the Realme of Albion Be brought to great confusion.

Where he might haue said as much in these words: when vice abounds, and vertue decayeth in Albion, then &c. And as another said, When Prince for his people is wakefull and wise, Peeres ayding with armes, Counsellors with aduise, Magistrate sincerely vsing his charge, People prest to obey, nor let to runne at large, Prelate of holy life, and with deuotion Preferring pietie before promotion, Priest still preaching, and praying for our heale: Then blessed is the state of a common-weale.

All which might haue bene said in these few words, when euery man in charge and authoritie doeth his duety, & executeth his function well, then is the common-wealth happy.

[Sidenote: Epimone, or the Loue burden.] The Greeke Poets who made musicall ditties to be song to the lute or harpe, did vse to linke their stauies together with one verse running throughout the whole song by equall distance, and was, for the most part, the first verse of the staffe, which kept so good sence and conformitie with the whole, as his often repetition did geue it greater grace. They called such linking verse Epimone, the Latines versus

intercalaris, and we may terme him the Loue-burden, following the originall, or if it please you, the long repeate: in one respect because that one verse alone beareth the whole burden of the song according to the originall: in another respect, for that it comes by large distances to be often repeated, as in this ditty made by the noble knight Sir Philip Sidney, My true loue hath my heart and I haue his, By iust exchange one for another geuen: I holde his deare, and mine he cannot misse, There neuer was a better bargaine driuen. My true loue hath my heart and I haue his. My heart in me keepes him and me in one, My heart in him his thoughts and sences guides: He loues my heart, for once it was his owne, I cherish his because in me it bides. My true loue hath my heart, and I haue his.

[Sidenote: Paradoxon, or the Wondrer.] Many times our Poet is caried by some occasion to report of a thing that is maruelous, and then he will seeme not to speake it simply but with some signe of admiration, as in our enterlude called the Woer. I woonder much to see so many husbands thriue, That haue but little wit, before they come to wiue: For one would easily weene who so hath little wit, His wife to teach it him, were a thing much unfit.

Or as Cato the Romane Senatour said one day merily to his companion that walked with him, pointing his finger to a yong vnthrift in the streete who lately before had sold his patrimonie, of a goodly quantitie of salt marshes, lying neere vnto Capua shore. Now is it not, a wonder to behold, Yonder gallant skarce twenty winter old, By might (marke ye) able to do more Than the mayne sea that batters on his shore? For what the waues could neuer wash away, This proper youth hath wasted in a day.

[Sidenote: Aporia, or the Doubtfull.] Not much vnlike the wondrer haue ye another figure called the doubtfull, because oftentimes we will seeme to cast perils, and make doubt of things when by a plaine manner of speech wee might affirme or deny him, as thus of a cruell mother who mured her owne child. Whether the cruell mother were more to blame, Or the shrewd childe come of so curst a dame: Or whether some smatch of the fathers blood, Whose kinne were neuer kinde, nor neuer good. Mooued her thereto &c.

[Sidenote: Epitropis, or the Figure of Reference.] This manner of speech is vsed when we will not seeme, either for manner sake or to auoid tediousnesse, to trouble the iudge or hearer with all that we could say, but hauing said inough already, we referre the rest to their consideration, as he that said thus: Me thinkes that I haue said, what may well suffice, Referring all the rest, to your better aduise.

[Sidenote: Parisia, or the Licentious.] The fine and subtill perswader when his intent is to sting his aduersary, or els to declare his mind in broad and liberal speeches, which might breede offence or scandall, he will seeme to bespeake pardon before hand, whereby his licentiousnes may be the better borne withall, as he that said: If my speech hap t'offend you any way, Thinke it their fault, that force me so to say.

[Sidenote: Anachinosis, or the Impartener.] Not much vnlike to the figure of reference, is there another with some little diuersitie which we call the impartener, because many times in pleading and perswading, we thinke it a very good policie to acquaint our iudge or hearer or very aduersarie with some part of our Counsell and aduice, and to aske their opinion, as who would say they could not otherwise thinke of the matter then we do. As he that had tolde a long tale before certaine noblewomen of a matter somewhat in honour touching the Sex: Tell me faire Ladies, if the case were your owne, So foule a fault would you haue it be knownen?

Maister Gorge in this figure, said very sweetly, All you who read these lines and skanne of my desart, Iudge whether was more good, my hap or els my hart.

[Sidenote: Paramologia, or the figure of Admittance.] The good Orator vseth a manner of speach in his perswasion and is when all that should seeme to make against him being spoken by th'other side, he will first admit it, and in th'end auoid all for his better aduantage, and this figure is much vsed by our English pleaders in the Star Chamber and Chancery, which they call to confesse and auoid, if it be in case of crime or iniury, and is a very good way. For when the matter is so plaine that it cannot be denied or trauersed, it is good that it be iustified by confessall and auoidance. I call it the figure of admittance. As we once wrate to the reproofe of a Ladies faire but crueltie. I know your witte, I know your pleasant tongue, Your some sweet smiles, your some, but louely lowrs: A beautie to enamour olde and yong. Those chast desires, that noble minde of yours, And that chiefe part whence all your honor springs, A grace to entertaine the greatest kings. All this I know: but sinne it is to see, So faire partes spilt by too much crueltie.

[Sidenote: Etiologia, or the Reason rent, or the Tellcause.] In many cases we are driuen for better perswasion to tell the cause that mooues vs to say thus or thus: or els when we would fortifie our allegations by rendring reasons to euery one, this assignation of cause the Greekes called Etiologia, which if we might without scorne of a new inuented terme call [Tellcause] it were right according to the Greeke originall: & I pray you why should we not? and with as good authoritie as the Greekes? Sir Thomas Smith, her Maiesties principall Secretary, and a man of great learning and grautie, seeking to geue an English word to this Greeke word [Greek: illegible] called it Spitewed or wedspite. Master Secretary Wilson gueing an English name to his arte of Logicke, called it Witcraft, me thinke I may be bolde with like liberty to call the figure Etiologia [Tellcause.] And this manner of speech is always contemned, with these words, for, because, and such other confirmatiues. The Latines hauing no fitte name to geue it in one single word, gaue it no name at all, but by circumlocution. We also call him the reason-rendrer, and leaue the right English word [Telcause] much better answering the Greeke originall. Aristotle was most excellent in vse of this figure, for he neuer propones any allegation, or makes any surmise, but he yeelds a reason or cause to fortifie and proue it, which geues it great credit. For example ye may take these verses, first pointing, than confirming by similitudes. When fortune shall haue spat out all her gall, I trust good luck shall be to me allowde, For I haue seene a shippe in hauen fall, After the storme had broke both maste and shrowde.

And this. Good is the thing that moues vs to desire, That is to say the beauty we behold: Els were we louers as in an endlesse fire, Alwaies burning and euer chill a colde.

And in these verses. Accused though I be without desart, Sith none can proue beleuee it not for true: For neuer yet since first ye had my hart, Entended I to false or be untrue.

And in this Disticque. And for her beauties praise, no right that with her warres: For where she comes she shewes her selfe like sun among the stars.

And in this other dittie of ours where the louer complaines of his Ladies crueltie, rendring for euery surmise a reason, and by telling the cause, seeketh (as it were) to get credit, thus. Cruel you be who can say nay, Since ye delight in others wo: Vnwise am I, ye may well say, For that I haue, honoured you so. But blamelesse I, who could not chuse To be enchanted by your eye: But ye to blame, thus to refuse My seruice, and to let me die.

[Sidenote: Dichologia, or the Figure of excuse.] Sometimes our error is so manifest, or we be so hardly prest with our aduersaries, as we cannot deny the fault layd vnto our charge: in which case it is good pollicie to excuse it by some allowable pretext, as did one whom his mistresse burdened with some vnkindne speeches which he had past of her, thus. I said it: but by lapse of lying tongue, When furie and iust grieve my heart opprest: I sayd it: as ye see, both fraile and young, When your rigor had ranckled in my brest. The cruell wound that smarted me so sore, Pardon therefore (sweete sorrow) or at least Beare with mine youth that neuer fell before, Least your offence encrease my grieve the more.

And againe in these, I spake amysse I cannot it deny. But caused by your great discourtesie: And if I said that which I now repent, And said it not, but by misgouernment Of youthfull yeres, your selfe that are so young Pardon for once this error of my tongue, And thinke amends can neuer come to late: Loue may be curst, but loue can neuer hate.

[Sidenote: Noema, or the Figure of close conceit.] Speaking before of the figure [Synechdoche] wee called him [Quicke conceit] because he inured in a single word onely by way of intendment or large meaning, but such as was speedily discovered by euery quicke wit, as by the halfe to vnderstand the whole, and many other waies appearing by the examples. But by this figure [Noema] the obscurity of the sence lieth not in a single word, but in an entier speech, whereof we do not so easily conceiue the meaning, but as it were by coniecture, because it is wittie and subtile or darke, which makes me therefore call him in our vulgar the [Close conceit] as he that said by himselfe and his wife, I thanke God in fortie winters that we haue liued together, neuer any of our neighbours set vs at one, meaning that they neuer fell out in all that space, which had bene the directer speech and more apert, and yet by intendment amounts all to one, being neuerthelesse dissemblable and in effect contrary. Pawlet Lord Treasurer of England, and first Marques of Winchester, with the like subtile speech gaue a quippe to Sir William Gifford, who had married the Marques sister, and all her life time cound neuer loue her nor like of her company, but when she

was dead made the greatest moane for her in the world, and with teares and much lamentation vttered his grieffe to the L. Treasurer, o good brother, quoth the Marques, I am right sorry to see you now loue my sister so well, meaning that he shewed his loue too late, and should haue done it while she was aliue.

A great counsellour somewhat forgetting his modestie, vsed these words: Gods lady I reckon my selfe as good a man as he you talke of, and yet I am not able to do so. Yea sir quoth the party, your L. is too good to be a man, I would ye were a Saint, meaning he would he were dead, for none are shrined for Saints before they be dead.

[Sidenote: Orismus, or the Definer of difference.] The Logician vseth a definition to expresse the truth or nature of euery thing by his true kinde and difference, as to say wisdom is a prudent and wittie foresight and consideration of humane or worldly actions with their euentes. This definition is Logicall. The Oratour vseth another maner of definition, thus: Is this wisdom? no it is a certaine subtilt knauish craftie wit, it is no industrie as ye call it, but a certaine busie brainsickness, for industrie is a liuely and vnueried search and occupation in honest things, egeresse is an appetite in base and small matters.

[Sidenote: Procatalepsis, or the presumptuous, otherwise the figure of Presupposall.] It serueth many times to great purpose to preuent our aduersaries arguments, and take vpon vs to know before what our iudge or aduersary or hearer thinketh, and that we will seeme to vtter it before it be spoken or alleaged by them, in respect of which boldnesse to enter so deeply into another mans conceit or conscience, and to be so priue of another mans mynde, gaue cause that this figure was called the [presumptuous] I will also call him the figure of presupposall or the preuenter, for by reason we suppose before what may be said, or perchaunce would be said by our aduersary or any other, we do preuent them of their aduantage, and do catch the ball (as they are wont to say) before it come to the ground.

[Sidenote: Paralepsis, or the Passager.] It is also very many times vsed for a good pollicie in pleading or perswasion to make wise as if we set but light of the matter, and that therefore we do passe it ouer lightly when in deede we do then intend most effectually and despightfully if it be inuectiue to remember it: it is also when we will not seeme to know a thing, and yet we know it well inough, and may be likened to the maner of women, who as the common saying is, will say nay and take it. I hold my peace and will not say for shame, The much vntruth of that vnciuill dame: For if I should her coullours kindly blaze, It would so make the chast eares amaze, &c.

[Sidenote: Commoratio, or the figure of abode.] It is said by maner of a prouerbiall speech that he who findes himselfe well should not wagge, euen so the perswader finding a substantiall point in his matter to serue his purpose, should dwell vpon that point longer then vpon any other lesse assured, and vse all endeuour to maintaine that one, & as it were to make his chief aboad thereupon, for which cause I name him the figure of aboad, according to the Latine name: Some take it not but for a course of argument & therefore hardly may one giue any examples thereof.

[Sidenote: Metastasis, or the Flitting figure, or the Remoue.] Now as arte and good pollicy in perswasion bids vs to abide & not to stirre from the point of our most aduantage, but the same to enforce and tarry vpon with all possible argument, so doth discretion will vs sometimes to flit from one matter to another, as a thing meete to be forsaken, and another entred vpon, I call him therefore the flitting figure, or figure of remoue, like as the other before was called the figure of aboad.

[Sidenote: Parecuasis, or the Stragler.] Euen so againe, as it is wisdom for a perswader to tarrie and make his aboad as long as he may conueniently without tediousness to the hearer, vpon his chiefe proofes or points of the cause tending to his aduantage, and likewise to depart againe when time serues, and goe to a new matter seruing the purpose aswell. So is it requisite many times for him to talke farre from the principall matter, and as it were to range aside, to th'intent by such extraordinary meane to induce or inferre other matter, aswell or better seruing the principal purpose, and neuertheles in season to returne home where he first strayed out. This maner of speech is termed the figure of digression by the Latines, following the Greeke originall, we also call him the straggler by allusion to the souldier that marches out of his array, or by those that keepe no order in their marche, as the battailes well ranged do: of this figure there need be geuen no example.

[Sidenote: Expeditio, or the speedie dispatcher.] Occasion offers many times that our maker as an oratour, or perswader, or pleader should go roundly to worke, and by a quick and swift argument dispatch his perswasion, & as they are woont to say not stand all day trifling to no purpose, but to rid it out of the way quickly. This is done by a manner of speech, both figuratiue and argumentatiue, when we do briefly set down all our best reasons seruing the purpose and reiect all of them sauuing one, which we accept to satisfie the cause: as he that in a litigious case for land would prooue it not the aduersaries, but his clients. No man can say its his by heritage, Nor by Legacie, or Testatours deuice: Nor that it came by purchase or engage, Nor from his Prince for any good seruice. Then needs must it be his by very wrong, Which he hath offred this poore plaintife so long.

Though we might call this figure very well and properly the [Paragon] yet dare I not so to doe for feare of the Courtiers enuy, who will haue no man vse that terme but after a courtly manner, that is, in praysing of horses, haukes, hounds, pearles, diamonds, rubies, emerodes, and other precious stones: specially of faire women whose excellencie is discouered by paragonizing or setting one to another, which moued the zealous Poet, speaking of the mayden Queene, to call her the paragon of Queenes. This considered, I will let our figure enioy his best beknownen name, and call him stil in all ordinarie cases the figure of comparison: as when a man wil seeme to make things appeare good or bad, or better or worse, or more or lesse excellent, either vpon spite or for pleasure, or any other good affection, then he sets the lesse by the greater, or the greater to the lesse, the equall to his equall, and by such confronting of them together, driues out the true ods that is betwixt them, and makes it better appeare, as when we sang of our Soueraigne Lady thus, in the twentieth Partheniade. As falcon fares to bussards flight, As egles eyes to owlates sight, As fierce saker to coward kite, As brightest noone to darkest night: As summer sunne exceedeth farre, The moone and euery other starre: So farre my Princesse praise doeth passe, The famoust Queene that euer was.

And in the eighteene Partheniade thus. Set rich rubie to red esmayle, The rauens plume to peacocks tayle, Lay me the larkes to lizards eyes, The duskie cloude to azure skie, Set shallow brookes to surging seas, An orient pearle to a white pease.

&c. Concluding. There shall no lesse an ods be seene In mine from euery other Queene.

[Sidenote: Dialogismus, or the right reasoner.] We are sometimes occasioned in our tale to report some speech from another mans mouth, as what a king said to his priuy counsel or subiect, a captaine to his souldier, a souldiar to his captaine, a man to a woman, and contrariwise: in which report we must always geue to euery person his fit and naturall, & that which best becommeth him. For that speech becommeth a king which doth not a carter, and a young man that doeth not an old: and so, in euery sort and degree. Virgil speaking in the person of Eneas, Turnus and many other great Princes, and sometimes of meaner men, ye shall see what decencie euery of their speeches holdeth with the qualitie, degree and yeares of the speaker. To which examples I will for this time referre you.

So if by way of fiction we will seem to speake in another mans person, as if king Henry the eight were aliue, and should say of the towne of Bulleyn, what we by warretime hazard of our person hardly obtained, our young sonne without any peril at all, for little mony deliuered vp againe. Or if we should faine king Edward the thirde, vnderstanding how his successour Queene Marie had lost the towne of Calays by negligence, should say: That which the sword wanne, the distaffe hath lost. This manner of speech is by the figure Dialogismus, or the right reasoner.

[Sidenote: Gnome, or the Director.] In waightie causes and for great purposes, wise perswaders vse graue & weighty speeches, specially in matter of aduise or counsel, for which purpose there is a maner of speech to alleage textes or authorities of wittie sentence, such as smatch morall doctrine and teach wisdom and good behauiour, by the Greeke originall we call him the directour, by the Latin he is called sententia: we may call him the sage sayer, thus.

[Sidenote: Sententia, or the Sage sayer.] Nature bids vs as a louing mother, To loue our selues first and next to loue another.

The Prince that couets all to know and see, Had neede full milde and patient to bee.

Nothing stickes faster by us as appeares, Then that which we learne in our tender yeares.

And that which our foueraigne Lady wrate in defiance of fortune. Neuer thinke you fortune can beare the sway,
Where vertues force, can cause her to obay.

Heede must be taken that such rules or sentences be choisly made and not often vsed least excesse breed
lothsomnesse.

[Sidenote: Sinathrismus, or the Heaping figure.] Arte and good pollicie moues vs many times to be earnest in our
speach, and then we lay on such load and so go to it by heapes as if we would winne the game by multitude of
words & speaches, not all of one but of diuers matter and sence, for which cause the Latines called it Congeries and
we the heaping figure, as he that said To muse in minde how faire, how wise, how good, How braue, how free,
how curteous and how true, My Lady is doth but inflame my blood.

Or thus. I deeme, I dreame, I do, I tast, I touch, Nothing at all but smells of perfit blisse.

And thus by maister Edward Diar, vehement swift & passionatly. But if my faith my hope, my loue my true intent,
My libertie, my seruice vowed, my time and all be spent, In vaine, &c.

But if such earnest and hastie heaping vp of speaches be made by way of recapitulation, which commonly is in the
end of euery long tale and Oration, because the speaker seemes to make a collection of all the former materiall
points, to binde them as it were in a bundle and lay them forth to enforce the cause and renew the hearers memory,
then ye may geue him more properly the name of the [collectour] or recapitulatour, and serueth to very great
purpose as in an hymphne written by vs to the Queenes Maiestie entitled [Mourua] wherein speaking of the
mutabilitie of fortune in the case of all Princes generally, wee seemed to exempt her Maiestie of all such casualltie,
by reason she was by her destinie and many diuine partes in her, ordained to a most long and constant prosperitie in
this world, concluding with this recapitulation. But thou art free, but were thou not in deede, But were thou not,
come of immortall seede: Neuer yborne, and thy minde made to blisse, Heauens mettall that euerlasting is: Were
not thy wit, and that thy vertues shall, Be deemd diuine thy fauour face and all: And that thy loze, ne name may
neuer dye, Nor thy state turne, stayd by destinie: Dread were least once thy noble hart may feelee, Some ruffull
turne, of her unsteady wheele.

[Sidenote: Apostrophe, or the turne tale.] Many times when we haue runne a long race in our tale spoken to the
hearers, we do sodainly flye out & either speake or exclaime at some other person or thing, and therefore the
Greekes call such figure (as we do) the turnway or turnetale, & breedeth by such exchange a certaine recreation to
the hearers minds, as this vsed by a louer to his vnkind mistresse. And as for you (faire one) say now by prooffe ye
finde, That rigour and ingratitude soone kill a gentle minde.

And as we in our triumphals, speaking long to the Queenes Maiestie, vpon the sodaine we burst out in an
exclamtion to Phebus, seeming to draw in a new matter, thus. But O Phebus, All glistering in thy gorgeous
gowne, Wouldst thou wit safe to slide a downe: And dwell with us,

But for a day, I could tell thee close in thine eare, A tale that thou hadst leuer heare --I dare well say:

Then ere thou wert, To kisse that unkind runnaway, Who was transformed to boughs of bay: For her curst hert.
&c .

And so returned againe to the first matter.

[Sidenote: Hypotiposis, or the counterfait representation.] The matter and occasion leadeth vs many times to
describe and set foorth many things, in such sort as it should appeare they were truly before our eyes though they
were not present, which to do it requireth cunning: for nothing can be kindly counterfait or represented in his
absence, but by great discretion in the doer. And if the things we couet to describe be not naturall or not veritable,
than yet the same axeth more cunning to do it, because to faine a thing that neuer was nor is like to be, proceedeth
of a greater wit and sharper inuention than to describe things that be true.

[Sidenote: Prosopographia.] And these be things that a poet or maker is woont to describe sometimes as true or naturall, and sometimes to faine as artificiall and not true. viz. The visage, speach and countenance of any person absent or dead: and this kinde of representation is called the Counterfait countenance: as Homer doth in his Iliades, diuerse personages: namely Achilles and Thersites, according to the truth and not by fiction. And as our poet Chaucer doth in his Canterbury tales set for the Sumner, Pardoner, Manciple, and the rest of the pilgrims, most naturally and pleasantly.

[Sidenote: Prosopopeia, or the Counterfait in personation.] But if ye wil faine any person with such features, qualities & conditions, or if ye wil attribute any humane quality, as reason or speech to dombe creatures or other insensible things, & do study (as one may say) to giue them a humane person, it is not Prosopographia, but Prosopopeia, because it is by way of fiction, & no prettier examples can be giuen to you thereof, than in the Romant of the rose translated out of French by Chaucer, describing the persons of auarice, enuie, old age, and many others, whereby much moralities is taught.

[Sidenote: Cronographia, or the Counterfait time.] So if we describe the time or season of the yeare, as winter, summer, haruest, day, midnight, noone, euening, or such like: we call such description the counterfait time. Cronographia examples are euery where to be found.

[Sidenote: Topographia, or the Counterfait place.] And if this description be of any true place, citie, castell, hill, valley or sea, & such like: we call it the counterfait place Topographia, or if ye fayne places vnttrue, as heauen, hell, paradise, the house of fame, the pallace of the sunne, the denne of sheepe, and such like which ye shall see in Poetes: so did Chaucer very well describe the country of Saluces in Italie, which ye may see, in his report of the Lady Gryssyll.

[Sidenote: Pragmatographia, or the Counterfait action.] But if such description be made to represent the handling of any busines with the circumstances belonging therevnto as the manner of a battell, a feast, a marriage, a buriall or any other matter that heth in feat and actiutie: we call it then the counterfeit action [Pragmatographia.]

In this figure the Lord Nicholas Vaux a noble gentleman, and much delighted in vulgar making, & a man otherwise of no great learning but hauing herein a maruelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the battayle and assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in euery part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it can not be amended. When Cupid scaled first the fort, Wherein my hart lay wounded sore, The battrie was of such a sort, That I must yeeld or die therefore. There saw I loue vpon the wall, How he his banner did display, Alarme alarme he gan to call, And had his souldiers keepe aray. The armes the which that Cupid bare, We pearced harts with teares besprent: In siluer and sable to declare The stedfast loue he alwaies meant. There might you see his band all drest In colours like to white and blacke, With poulder and with pellets prest, To bring them forth to spoile and sacke, Good will the master of the shot, Stood in the Rampire braue and proude, For expence of poulder he spared not, Assault assault to crie aloude. There might you heare the Canons rore, Eche peece discharging a louers looke, &c.

[Sidenote: Omiosis, or Resemblance.] As well to a good maker and Poet as to an excellent perswader in prose, the figure of Similitude is very necessary by which we not onely bewtifie our tale, but also very much inforce & enlarge it. I say inforce because no one thing more preuaileth with all ordinary iudgements than perswasion by similitude. Now because there are sundry sorts of them, which also do worke after diuerse fashions in the hearers of conceits, I will set them forth by a triple diuision, exempting the generall Similitude as their common Auncestour, and I will cal him by the name of Resemblance without any addition, from which I deriue three other sorts: and giue euery one his particular name, as Resemblance by Pourtrait or Imagery, which the Greeks call Icon, Resemblance morall or misticall, which they call Parabola, & Resemblance by example, which they call Paradigma, and first we will speake of the general resemblance, or bare similitude, which may be thus spoken. But as the watrie showres delay the raging wind, So doeth good hope cleane put away dispaire out of my mind.

And in this other likening the forlorne louer to a stricken deer. Then as the stricken deere, withdrawes himselfe alone, So do I seeke some secret place, where I may make my mone.

And in this of ours where we liken glory to a shadow. As the shadow (his nature beying such,) Followeth the body, whether it will or no, So doeth glory, refuse it nere so much, Wait on vertue, be it in weale or wo. And euen as the shadow in his kind, What time it beares the carkas company, Goth oft before, and often comes behind: So doth renowne, that raiseth us so hye, Come to vs quicke, sometime not till we dye. But the glory, that growth not ouer fast, Is euer great, and likeliest long to last.

Againe in a ditty to a mistresse of ours, where we likened the cure of Loue to Achilles launce. The launce so bright, that made Telephus wound, The same rusty, salued the sore againe, So may my meede (Madame) of you redownd, Whose rigour was first suthour of my paine.

The Tuskan poet vseth this Resemblance, inuring as well by Dissimilitude as Similitude, likening himselfe (by Implication) to the flie, and neither to the eagle nor to the owle: very well Englished by Sir Thomas Wiat after his fashion and by myselfe thus: There be some fowles of sight so prowde and starke, As can behold the sunne, and neuer shrink, Some so feeble, as they are faine to winke, Or neuer come abroad till it be darke: Others there be so simple, as they thinke, Because it shines, so sport them in the fire, And feeble vnware, the wrong of the desire, Fluttring amidst the flame that doth them burne, Of this last ranke (alas) am I aright, For in my ladies looks to stand or turne I haue no power, ne find place to retire, Where any darke may shade me from her sight But to her beames so bright whilst I aspire, I perish by the bane of my delight.

Againe in these likening a wise man to the true louer. As true loue is constant with his enioy, And asketh no wittnesse nor no record, And as faint loue is euermore most coy, To boast and brag his troth at euery word: Euen so the wise without enother meede: Contents him with the guilt of his good deede.

And in this resembling the learning of an euill man to the seedes sown in barren ground. As the good seedes sown in fruitfull soyle, Bring foorth foyson when barren doeth them spoile: So doeth it fare when much good learning hits, Vpon shrewde willes and ill disposed wits.

And in these likening the wise man to an idiot. A sage man said, many of those that come To Athens schoole for wisdom, ere they went They first seem'd wise, then louers of wisdom, Then Orators, then idiots, which is meant That in wisdom all such as profite most, Are least surly, and little apt to boast.

Againe, for a louer, whose credit vpon some report had bene shaken, he prayeth better opinion by similitude. After ill crop the soyle must eft be sown, And fro shipwracke we sayle to seas againe, Then God forbid whose fault hath once bene knowen, Should for euer a spotted wight remaine.

And in this working by resemblance in a kinde of dissimilitude betweene a father and a master. It fares not by fathers as by masters it doeth fare, For a foolish father may get a wise sonne, But of a foolish master it haps very rare Is bread a wise seruant where euer he wonne.

And in these, likening the wise man to the Giant, the foole to the Dwarf. Set the Giant deepe in a dale, the dwarf vpon an hill, Yet will the one be but a dwarf, th'other a giant still. So will the wise be great and high, euen in the lowest place: The foole when he is most aloft, will seeme but low and base.

[Sidenote: Icon, or Resemblance by imagerie.] But when we liken an humane person to another in countenance, stature, speach or other qualitie, it is not called bare resemblance, but resemblaunce by imagerie or pourtrait, alluding to the painters terme, who yeldeth to th'eye a visible representation of the thing he describes and painteth in his table. So we commending her Maiestie for the wisdom bewtie and magnanimitie likened her to the Serpent, the Lion and the Angell, because by common vsurpation, nothing is wiser then the Serpent, more courageous then the Lion, more bewtifull then the Angell. These are our verses in the end of the seuenth Partheniade. Nature that seldome workes amisse, In womans brest by passing art: Hath lodged safe the Lyons hart, And stately fixt with all good grace, To Serpents head an Angels face.

And this maner of resemblance is not onely performed by likening liuely creatures one to another, but also of any other naturall thing bearing a proportion of similitude, as to liken yellow to gold, white to siluer, red to the rose, soft to silke, hard to the stone and such like. Sir Philip Sidney in the description of his mistresse excellently well

handled this figure of resemblaunce by imagerie, as ye may see in his booke of Archadia: and ye may see the like, of our doings, in a Partheniade written of our soueraigne Lady, wherein we resemble euery part of her body to some naturall thing of excellent perfection in his kind, as of her forehead, browes, and haire, thus: Of siluer was her forehead hye, Her browes two bowes of hebenie, Her tresses trust were to behold Frizled and fine as fringe of gold.

And of her lips. Two lips wrought out of rubie rocke, Like leaues to shut and to vnlock. As portall dore in Princes chamber: A golden tongue in mouth of amber.

And of her eyes. Her eyes God wot what stuffe they are, I durst be sworne each is a starre: As cleere and bright as woont to guide The Pylot in his winter tide.

And of her breasts. Her bosome sleake as Paris plaster, Helde up two balles of alabaster, Eche byas was a little cherrie: Or els I thinke a strawberie.

And all the rest that followeth, which may suffice to exemplifie your figure Icon, or resemblance by imagerie and portrait.

[Sidenote: Parabola or Resemblance misticall.] But whensoever by your similitude ye will seeme to teach any moralitie or good lesson by speeches misticall and darke, or farre sette, vnder a sence metaphorically applying one naturall thing to another, or one case to another, inferring by them a like consequence in other cases the Greekes call it Parabola, which terme is also by custome accepted of vs: neuerthelesse we may call him in English the resemblance misticall: as when we liken a young childe to a greene twigge which ye may easilie bende euery way ye list: or an old man who laboureth with continuall infirmities, to a drie and dricklie oke. Such parables were all the preachings of Christ in the Gospell, as those of the wise and foolish virgins, of the euil steward, of the labourers in the vineyard, and a number more. And they may be fayned aswell as true: as those fables of Aesope, and other apologies inuented for doctrine sake by wise and graue men.

[Sidenote: Paradigma, or a resemblance by example.] Finally, if in matter of counsell or perswasion we will seeme to liken one case to another, such as passe ordinarily in mans affaires, and doe compare the past with the present, gathering probabilitie of like successe to come in the things wee haue presently in hand: or if ye will draw the iudgements precedent and authorized by antiquitie as veritable, and peraduenture fayned and imagined for some purpose, into similitude or dissimilitude with our present actions and affaires, it is called resemblance by example: as if one should say thus, Alexander the great in his expedition to Asia did thus, so did Hanniball comming into Spaine, so did Caesar in Egypt, therefore all great Captains & Generals ought to doe it.

And thus againe, It hath bene alwayes vsuall among great and magnanimous princes in all ages, not only to repulse any iniury & inuasion from their owne realmes and dominions, but also with a charitable & Princely compassion to defend their good neighbors Princes and Potentats, from all oppression of tyrants & vsurpers. So did the Romaines by their armes restore many Kings of Asia and Affricke expelled out of their kingdoms. So did K. Edward I restablish Baliol rightfull owner of the crowne of Scotland against Robert le brus no lawfull King. So did king Edward the third aide Dampeter king of Spaine against Henry bastard and vsurper. So haue many English Princes holpen with their forces the poore Dukes of Britaine their ancient friends and allies, against the outrages of the French kings: and why may not the Queene our soueraigne Lady with like honor and godly zeale yeld protection to the people of the Low countries, her nearest neighbours to rescue them a free people from the Spanish seruitude.

And as this resemblance is of one mans action to another, so may it be made by examples of brute beasts, aptly corresponding in qualitie or euent, as one that wrote certaine pretty verses of the Emperour Maximinus, to warne him that he should not glory too much in his owne strength, for so he did in very deede, and would not take any common souldier to taske at wrastling, or weapon, or in any other actiuitie and feates of armes, which was by the wiser sort misliked, these were the verses. The Elephant is strong, yet death doeth it subdue, The bull is strong, yet cannot death eschue. The Lion strong, and slaine for all his strength: The Tygar strong, yet kilde is at the length. Dread thou many, that darest not any one, Many can kill, that cannot kill alone.

And so it fell out, for Maximinus was slaine in a mutinie of his souldiers, taking no warning by these examples written for his admonition.

CHAP. XX.

The last and principall figure of our poetick Ornament.

[Sidenote: Exargasia or The Gorgious.] For the glorious lustre it setteth vpon our speech and language, the Greeks call it [Exargasia] the Latine [Expolisio] a terme transferred from these polishers of marble or porphirite, who after it is rough hewen & reduced to that fashion they will do set vpon it a goodly glasse, so smoth and cleere as ye may see your face in it, or otherwise as it fareth by the bare and naked body, which being attired in rich and gorgious apparell, seemeth to the common vsage of th'eye much more comely & bewtifull then the naturall. So doth this figure (which therefore I call the Gorgious) polish our speech & as it were attire it with copious & pleasant amplifications and much varietie of sentences all running vpon one point & to one intent so as I doubt whether I may terme it a figure, or rather a masse of many figurative speeches, applied to the bewtifying of our tale or argument. In a worke of ours intituled Philocalia we have strained to shew the vse & application of this figure and all others mentioned in this booke, to which we referre you. I finde none example in English meetre, so well maintaining this figure as that dittie of her Maiesties owne making passing sweete and harmonically, which figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserued for a last complement, and desciphred by the arte of a Ladies penne, her selfe being the most bewtifull, or rather bewtie of Queenes. And this was the occasion: our soueraigne Lady perceiuing how by the Sc.Q. residence within this Realme at so great libertie and ease (as were scarce meete for so great and daungerous a prysoner) bred secret factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to fauour her partie: some of them desirous of innouation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life. The Queene our soueraigne Lady to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdom and patience dissembled it, writeth this ditty most sweet and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the daunger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which afterward fell out most truly by th'exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who in fauour of the said Sc.Q. declining from her Maiestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the Realme by many euill and vndutifull practizes. The ditty is as followeth. The doubt of future foes, exiles my present ioy, And wit me warnes to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy. For falshood now doth flow, and subiect faith doth ebbe, Which would not be, if reason rul'd or widsome wev'd the webbe. But clowdes of tois vntried, do cloake aspiring mindes, Which turne to raigne of late repent, by course of changed windes. The toppe of hope supposed, the roote of ruth wil be, And frutelesse all their grassed guiles, as shortly ye shall see. The dazeld eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds, Shalbe vnseeld by worthy wights, whose foresight falshood finds. The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sowe Shal reap no gaine where formor rule hath taught stil peace to growe. No forreine bannisht wight shall ancre in this port, Our realme it brookes no strangers force, let them elsewhere resort. Our rusty sworde with rest shall first his edge employ, To polle their toppes that seeke, such change and gape for ioy.

In a worke of ours intituled [Philo Calia] where we entreat of the loues betwene prince Philo and Lady Calia in their mutual letters messages, and speeches: we have strained our muse to shew the vse and application of this figure, and of all others.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the vices or deformities in speach and writing principally noted by auncient Poets.

It hath bene said before how by ignorance of the maker a good figure may become a vice, and by his good discretion, a vicious speach go for a vertue in the Poeticall science. This saying is to be explained and qualified, for some maner of speeches are always intollerable and such as cannot be vsed with any decencie, but are euer vndecent namely barbarousnesse, incongruities, ill disposition, fond affectation, rusticities, and all extreme

darknesse, such as it is not possible for a man to vnderstand the matter without an interpretour, all which partes are generally to be banished out of euery language, vnlesse it may appeare that the maker or Poet do it for the nonce, as it was reported by the Philosopher Heraclitus that he wrote in obscure and darke termes of purpose not to be vnderstood, whence he merited the nickname Scotinus, otherwise I see not but the rest of the common faultes may be borne with sometimes, or passe without any greate reproofe, not being vsed ouermuch or out of season as I said before: so as euery surplusage or preposterous placing or vndue iteration or darke word, or doubtfull speach are not so narrowly to be looked vpon in a large poeme, nor specially in the pretie Poesies and deuises of Ladies, and Gentlewomen makers, whom we would not haue too precise Poets least with their shrewd wits, when they were married they might become a little too phantasticall wiues, neuerthelesse because we seem to promise an arte, which doth not iustly admit any wilful errorr in the teacher, and to th'end we may not be carped at by these methodicall men, that we haue omitted any necessary point in this businesse to be regarded, I will speake somewhat touching these viciosities of language particularly and briefly, leauing no little to the Grammarians for maintenaunce of the scholasticall warre, and altercations: we for our part condescending in this deuise of ours, to the appetite of Princely personages & other so tender & quesiue complexions in Court, as are annoyed with nothing more then long lessons and ouermuch good order.

CHAP. XXII.

Some vices in speeches and writing are alwayes intollerable, some others now and then borne withall by licence of approved authors and custome.

[Sidenote: Barbarismus, or Forrein speech.] The foulest vice in language is to speake barbarously: this terme grew by the great pride of the Greekes and Latines, when they were dominatours of the world reckoning no language so sweete and ciuill as their owne, and that all nations beside them selues were rude and vnciuill, which they called barbarous: So as when any straunge word not of the naturall Greeke or Latin was spoken, in the old time they called it barbarisme, or when any of their owne naturall wordes were sounded and pronounced with straunge and ill shapen accents, or written by wrong ortographie, as he that would say with vs in England, a dousand for a thousand, asterday, for yesterday, as commonly the Dutch and French people do, they said it was barbarously spoken. The Italian at this day by like arrogance calleth the Frenchman, Spaniard, Dutch, English, and all other breed behither their mountaines Appennines, Tramontani, as who would say Barbarous. This terme being then so vsed by the auncient Greekes, there haue bene since, notwithstanding who haue digged for the Etimologie somethat deeper, and many of them haue said that is was spoken by the rude and barking language of the Affricans now called Barbarians, who had great trafficke with the Greekes and Romanes, but that can not be so, for that part or Affricke hath but of late receiued the name of Burbarie and some others rather thinke that of this word Barbarous, that countrey came to be called Barbaria and but few yeares in respect agone. Others among whom is Ihan Leon a Moore of Granada, will seeme to deriue Barbaria, from this word Bar, twice iterated thus Barbar, as much to say as flye, flye, which chaunced in a persecution of the Arabians by some seditious Mahometanes in the time of their Pontif, Habdul mumi, when they were had in the chase, & driuen out of Arabia Westward into the countreys of Mauritania, & during the pursuite cried one vpon another flye away, flye away, or passe passe, by which occasion they say, when the Arabians which were had in chase came to stay and settle themselues in that part of Affrica, they called it Barbar, as much to say, the region of their flight or pursuite. Thus much for the terme, though not greatly pertinent to the matter, yet not vnpleasant to know for them that delight in such niceties.

[Sidenote: Solecismus, or Incongruitie.] Your next intollerable vice is solecismus or incongruitie, as when we speake halfe English, that is by misusing the Grammaticall rules to be obserued in cases, genders, tenses, and such like, euery poore scholler knowes the fault, & cals it the breaking of Priscians head, for he was among the Latines a principall Grammarian.

[Sidenote: Cacozeria, or Fonde affectation.] Ye haue another intollerable ill maner of speach, which by the Greekes originall we may call fonde affectation and is when we affect new words and phrases other then the good speakers and writers in any language, or then custome hath allowed, & is the common fault of young schollers not halfe well studied before they come from the Vniuersitie or schooles, and when they come to their friends, or happen to get

some benefice or other promotion in their countreys, will seeme to coigne fine wordes out of the Latin, and to vse new fangled speaches, thereby to shew theselues among the ignorant the better learned.

[Sidenote: Soraismus, or The mingle mangle.] Another of your intollerable vices is that which the Greekes call Soraismus, & we may call the [mingle mangle] as when we make our speach or writings of sundry languages vsing some Italian word, or French, or Spanish, or Dutch, or Scottish, not for the nonce or for any purpose (which were in part excusable) but ignorantly and affectedly as one that said vsing this French word Roy, to make ryme with another verse, thus. O mightie Lord of loue, dame Venus onely ioy, Whose Princely power exceedes ech other heauenly roy.

The verse is good but the terme peeuishly affected.

Another of reasonable good facilitie in translation finding certaine of the hymnes of Pyndarus and of Anacreons odes, and other Lirickes among the Greekes very well translated by Rounsard the French Poet, & applied to the honour of a great Prince in France, comes our minion and translates the same out of French into English, and applieth them to the honour of a great noble man in England (wherein I commend his reuerent minde and duetie) but doth so impudently robbe the French Poet both of his prayse and also of his French termes, that I cannot so much pitie him as be angry with him for his inurious dealing, our sayd maker not being ashamed to vfe these French wordes freddon, egar, superbous, filanding, celest, calabrois, thebanois and a number of others, for English wordes, which haue no maner of conformitie with our language either by custome or deriuation which may make them tollerable. And in the end (which is worst of all) makes his vaunt that neuer English finger but his hath toucht Pindars string which was neuerthelesse word by word as Rounsard had said before by like braggery. These be his verses. And of an ingenious inuention infanted with pleasant trauaile.

Whereas the French word is enfante as much to say borne as a child, in another verse he saith. I will freddon in thine honour.

For I will shake or quiuer my fingers, for so in French is freddon, and in another verse. But if I will thus like pindar, In many discourses egar.

This word egar is as much to say as to wander or stray out of the way, which in our English is not receiued, nor these wordes calabrois, thebanois, but rather calabrian, theba [filanding sisters] for the spinning sisters: this man deserues to be endited of pety larceny for pilfring other mens deuices from them & conuerting them to his owne vfe for in deede as I would with euery inuentour which is the very Poet to receaue the prayses of his inuention, so would I not haue a translatour be ashamed to be acknowen of this translation.

[Sidenote: Cacosinheton, or the Misplacer.] Another of your intollerable vices is ill disposiiton or placing of your words in a clause or sentence: as when you will place your adiectiue after your substantiue, thus: Mayde faire, widow riche, priest holy, and such like, which though the Latines did admit, yet our English did not, as one that said ridiculously. In my yeares lustie, many a deed doughtie did I.

All these remembred faults be intollerable and euer vndecet.

[Sidenote: Cacemphaton, or figure of foule speech.] Now haue ye other vicious manners of speech, but sometimes and in some cases tollerable, and chiefly to the intent to mooue laughter, and to make sport, or to giue it some pretie strange grace, and is when we vse such wordes as may be drawn to a foule and vnshamefast sence, as one that would say to a young woman, I pray you let me iape with you, which indeed is no more but let me sport with you. Yea and though it were not altogether so directly spoken the very sounding of the word were not commendable, as he that in the presence of Ladies would vse this common Prouerbe, Iape with me but hurt me not, Bourde with me but shame me not.

For it may be taken in another peruerser sence by that sorte of persons that heare it, in whose eares no such matter ought almost to be called in memory, this vice is called by the Greekes Cacemphaton, we call it the vnshamefast or figure of foule speech, which our courtly maker shall in any case shunne, least of a Poet he become a Buffon or rayling companion, the Latines called him Scurra. There is also another sort of ilfauoured speech subiect to this

vice, but resting more in the manner of the ilshapen sound and accent, than for the matter it selfe, which may easily be auoyded in choosing your wordes those that bee of the pleasantest orthography, and not to rune too many like sounding words together.

[Sidenote: Tautologia, or the figure of selfe saying.] Ye haue another manner of composing your metre nothing commendable, specially if it be too much vsed, and is when our maker takes too much delight to fill his verse with wordes beginning all with a letter, as an English rimer that said: The deadly droppes of darke disdaine, Do daily drench my due desartes.

And as the Monke we spake of before, wrote a whole Poeme to the honor of Carolus Caluus euery word in his verse beginning with C, thus: Carmina clarifone Caluis cantate camena.

Many of our English makers vse it too much, yet we confesse it doth not ill but pretily becomes the meetre, if ye passe not two or three words in one verse, and vse it not very much, as he that said by way of Epithete. The smoakie sighes: the trickling teares.

And such like, for such composition makes the meetre runne away smoother, and passeth from the lippes with more facilitie by iteration of a letter then by alteration, which alteration of a letter requires an exchange of ministry and office in the lippes, teeth or palate, and so doth not the iteration.

[Sidenote: Histeron, proteron, or the Preposterous.] Your misplacing and preposterous placing is not all one in behaiour of language, for the misplacing is alwaies intollerable, but the preposterous is a pardonable fault, and many times giues a pretie grace vnto the speech. We call it by a common saying to set the carte before the horse, and it may be done eyther by a single word or by a clause of speech: by a single word thus: And if I not performe, God let me neuer thriue.

For performe not: and this vice is sometime tollerable inough, but if the word carry any notable sence, it is a vice not tollerable, as he that said praising a woman for her red lippes, thus: A corral lippe of hew.

Which is no good speech, because either he should haue sayd no more but a corral lip, which had bene inough to declare the rednesse or els he should haue said a lip of corral hew, and not a corral lip of hew. Now if this disorder be in a whole clause which carieth more sentence then a word, it is then worst of all.

[Sidenote: Acyron, or the Vncouth.] Ye haue another vicious speech which the Greeks call Acyron, we call it the vncouth, and is when we vse an obscure and darke word, and vtterly repugnant to that we would expresse, if it be not by vertue of the figures metaphore, allegorie, abusion, or such other laudable figure before remembred, as he that said by way of Epithete. A dongeon deep, a dampe as darke as hell.

Where it is euident that a dampe being but a breath or vapour, and not to be discerned by the eye, ought not to haue this epithete (darke,) no more then another that praysing his mistresse for her bewtifull haire, said very improperly and with an vncouth terme. Her haire surmounts Apollos pride, In it such bewty raignes.

Whereas this word raigne is ill applied to the bewtie of a womans haire, and might better haue bene spoken of her whole person, in which bewtie, fauour, and good grace, may perhaps in some sort be said to raigne as our selues wrate, in a Partheniade praising her Maiesties countenance, thus: A cheare where loue and Maiestie do raigne, Both milde and sterne, &c.

Because this word Maiestie is a word expressing a certaine Soueraigne dignitie, as well as a quallitie of countenance, and therefore may properly be said to raigne, & requires no meaner a word to set him foorth by. So it is not of the bewtie that remaines in a womans haire, or in her hand or any other member: therfore when ye see all these unproper or harde Epithets vsed, ye may put them in the number of [uncouths] as one that said, the flouds of graces: I haue heard of the flouds of teares, and the flouds of eloquence, or of any thing that may resemble the nature of a water-course, and in that respect we say also, the streames of teares, and the streames of utterance, but not the streames of graces, or of beautie. Such manner of vncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth vse to king Edward the fourth, which Tanner hauing a great while mistaken him, and vsed very broad talke with him, at length

perceiuing by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, said thus with a certaine rude repentance. I hope I shall be hanged tomorrow.

For [I fear me] I shall be hanged, whereat the king laughed a good, not only to see the Tanners vaine feare, but also to heare his ill shapen terme, and gaue him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumton parke, I am afraid the Poets of our time that speake more finely and correctedly will come too short of such a reward.

[Sidenote: The vice of Surplusage.] Also the Poet or makers speech becomes vicious and vnpleasant by nothing more than by vsing too much surplusage: and this both not only in a word or two more than ordinary, but in whole clauses, and peraduenture large sentences impertinently spoken, or with more labour and curiositie than is requisite.

[Sidenote: Pleonasmus, or Too ful speech.] The first surplusage the Greekes call Pleonasmus, I call him [too much speech] and is no great fault, as if one should say, I heard it with mine eares, and saw it with mine eyes, as if a man could heare with his heeles, or see with his nose. We our selues vsed this superfluous speech in a verse written of our mistresse, neuertheles, not much to be misliked, for euen a vice sometime being seasonably vsed, hath a pretie grace, For euer may my true loue liue and neuer die And that mine eyes may see her crownde a Queene.

As, if she liued euer, she could euer die, or that one might see her crowned without his eyes.

[Sidenote: Macrologia, or Long language.] Another part of surplusage is called Macrologia, or long language, when we vse large clauses or sentences more than is requisite to the matter: it is also named by the Greeks Perissologia, as he that said, the Ambassadors after they had receiued this answere at the kings hands, they tooke their leaue and returned home into their countrey from whence they came.

So said another of our rimers, meaning to shew the great annoy and difficultie of those warres of Troy, caused for Helenas sake. Nor Menelaus was vnwise, Or troupe of Troians mad, When he with them and they with him, For her such combat had.

The clauses (he with them and they with him) are surpluage, and one of them very impertinent, because it could not otherwise be intended, but that Menelaus, fighting with the Troians, the Troians must of necessitie fight with him.

[Sidenote: Periergia, or Ouerlabor, otherwise called the curious.] Another point of surplusage lieth not so much in superfluitie of your words, as of your trauaile to describe the matter which yee take in hand, and that ye ouerlabour your selfe in your businesse. And therefore the Greekes call it Periergia, we call it ouer-labor, iumpe with the originall: or rather [the curious] for his ouermuch curiositie and studie to shew himselfe fine in a light matter, as one of our late makers, who in most of his things wrote very well, in this (to mine opinion) more curiously than needed, the matter being ripely considered: yet is his verse very good, and his meetre cleanly. His intent was to declare how vpon the tenth day of March he crossed the riuer of Thames, to walke in Saint Georges field, the matter was not as great as ye may suppose. The tenth of March when Aries receiued Dan Phoebus raies into his horned head, And I my selfe by learned lore perceiued That Ver approacht and frosty winter fled I crost the Thames to take the cheerefull aire, In open fields, the weather was so faire.

First, the whole matter is not worth all this solemne circumstance to describe the tenth day of March, but if he had left at the two first verses it had bene enough. But when he comes with two other verses to enlarge his description, it is not only more than needes, but also very ridiculous for he makes wise, as if he had not bene a man learned in some of the mathematickes (by learned lore) that he could not haue told that the x. of March had fallen in the spring of the yeare: which euery carter, and also euery child knoweth without any learning. Then also when he saith [Ver approacht, and frosty winter fled] though it were a surplusage (because one season must needes geue place to the other) yet doeth it well enough passe without blame in the maker. These, and a hundred more of such faultie and impertinent speeches may yee finde amongst vs vulgar Poets when we be carelesse of our doings.

[Sidenote: Tapinosis, or the Abbaser.] It is no small fault in a maker to vse such wordes and termes as do diminish and abbase the matter he would seeme to set forth, by imparing the dignitie, height vigour or maiestie of the cause he takes in hand, as one that would say king Philip shrewdly harmed the towne of S. Quinaines, when in deede he

wanne it and put it to the sacke, and that king Henry the eight made spoiles in Turwin, when as in deede he did more than spoile it, for he caused it to be defaced and razed flat to the earth, and made it inhabitable. Therefore the historiographer that should by such wordes report of these two kings gestes in that behalfe, should greatly blemish the honour of their doings and almost speake untruly and iniuriously by way of abbasement, as another of our bad rymers that very indecently said. A misers mynde thou hast, thou hast a Princes pelfe.

A lewd terme to be giuen to a Princes treasure (pelfe) and was a little more manerly spoken by Seriant Bendlowes, when in a progresse time comming to salute the Queene in Huntingtonshire he said to her Cochman, stay thy cart good fellow, stay thy cart, that I may speake to the Queene, whereat her Maiestie laughed as she had bene tickled, and all the rest of the company although very graciously (as her manner is) she gaue him great thanks and her hand to kisse. These and such other base wordes do greatly disgrace the thing & the speaker or writer: the Greekes call it [Tapinosis] we the [abbaser.]

[Sidenote: Bomphiologia, or Pompious speech.] Others there be that fall into the contrary vice by vsing such bombasted wordes, as seeme altogether farced full of winde, being a great deale to high and loftie for the matter, whereof ye may finde too many in all popular rymers.

[Sidenote: Amphibologia, or the Ambiguous.] Then haue ye one other vicious speach with which we will finish this Chapter, and is when we speake or write doubtfully and that the sence may be taken two wayes, such ambiguous termes they call Amphibologia, we call it the ambiguous, or figure of sence incertaine, as if one should say Thomas Tayler saw William Tyler dronke, it is indifferent to thinke either th'one or th'other dronke. Thus said a gentleman in our vulgar pretily notwithstanding because he did it not ignorantly, but for the nonce. I sat by my Lady soundly sleeping, My mistresse lay by me bitterly weeping.

No man can tell by this, whether the mistresse or the man, slept or wept: these doubtfull speeches were vsed much in the old times by their false Prophets as appeareth by the Oracles of Delphos and of the Sybille prophecies deuised by the religious persons of those dayes to abuse the superstitious people, and to encumber their busie braynes with vaine hope or vaine feare.

Lucretius the merry Greeke reciteth a great number of them, deuised by a coosening companion one Alexander, to get himselfe the name and reputation of the God Aesculapius, and in effect all our old Brittainish and Saxon prophesies be of the same sort, that turne them on which side ye will, the matter of them may be verified, neuerthelesse carryeth generally such force in the heades of fonde people, that by the comfort of those blind prophecies many insurrections and rebellions have bene stirred vp in this Realme, as that of Iacke Straw & Iacke Cade in Richard the seconds time, and in our time by a seditious fellow in Norffolke calling himself Capitaine Ket and others in other places of the Realme lead altogether by certaine propheticall rymes, which might be construed two or three wayes as well as to that one whereunto the rebelles applied it: our maker shall therefore auoyde all such ambiguous speeches vnlesse it be when he doth it for the nonce and for some purpose.

CHAP. XXIII.

What it is that generally makes our speach well pleasing & commeniable and of that which the Latines call Decorum.

In all things to vse decencie, is it onely that giueth euery thing his good grace & without which nothing in mans speach could seeme good or gracious, in so much as many times it makes a bewtifull figure fall into deformitie, and on th'other side a vicious speach seeme pleasaunt and bewtifull: this decencie is therfore the line & leuell for all good makers to do their busines by. But herein resteth the difficultie to know what this good grace is, & wherein it confitteth, for peraduenture it be easier to conceaue then to expresse, we wil therfore examine it to the bottome & say: that euery thing which pleaseth the mind or senses, & the mind by the senses as by means instrumentall, doth it for some amiable point or qualitie that is in it, which draweth them to a good liking and contentment with their proper obiects. But that cannot be if they discouer any illfaurednesse or disproportion to the partes apprehensiuely, as for example, when a sound is either too loude or too low or otherwise confuse, the eare is ill affected: so is

th'eye if the coulour be sad or not liminous and recreatiue, or the shape of a membred body without his due measures and simmetry, and the like of euery other sence in his proper function. These excesses or defectes or confusions and disorders in the sensible objectes are deformities and vnseemely to the sence. In like sort the mynde for the things that be his mentall objectes hath his good graces and his bad, whereof th'one contents him wonderous well, th'other displeaseth him continually, no more nor no lesse then ye see the discords of musicke do to a well tuned eare. The Greekes call this good grace of euery thing in his kinde, [Greek: illegible], the Latines [decorum] we in our vulgar call it by a scholasticall terme [decencie] our owne Saxon English terme is [seemelynesse] that is to say, for his good shape and vtter appearance well pleasing the eye, we call it also [comelynesse] for the delight it bringeth comming towards vs, and to that purpose may be called [pleasant approche] so as euery way seeking to expresse this [Greek: illegible] of the Greekes and decorum of the Latines, we are faine in our vulgar tounge to borrow the terme which our eye onely for his noble prerogatiue ouer all the rest of the senses doth vsurpe, and to apply the same to all good, comely, pleasant and honest things, euen to the spirituall objectes of the mynde, which stand no lesse in the due proportion of reason and discourse than any other materiall thing doth in his sensible bewtie, proportion and comelynesse.

Now because this comelynesse resteth in the good conformitie of many things and their sundry circumstances, with respect one to another, so as there be found a iust correspondencie betweene them by this or that relation, the Greekes call it Analogie or a conuenient proportion. This louely conformitie or proportion or conueniencie betweene the sence and the sensible hath nature her selfe first most carefully obserued in all her owne workes, then also by kinde graft it in the appetites of euery creature working by intelligence to couet and desire: and in their actions to imitate & performe: and of man chiefly before any other creature as well in his speeches as in euery other part of his behauiour. And this in generalitie and by an vsuall terme is that which the Latines call [decorum.] So albeit we before alleaged that all our figures be but transgressions of our dayly speech, yet if they fall out decently to the good liking of the mynde or eare and to the bewtifying of the matter or language, all is well, if indecently, and to the eares and myndes misliking (be the figure of it selfe neuer so commendable) all is amisse, the election is the writers, the iudgement is the worlds, as theirs to whom the reading apperteineth. But since the actions of man with their circumstances be infinite, and the world likewise replenished with many iudgements, it may be a question who shal haue the determination of such controuersie as may arise whether this or that action or speech be decent or indecent: and verely it seemes to go all by discretion, not perchaunce of euery one, but by a learned and experienced discretion, for otherwise seemes the decorum to a weake and ignorant iudgement, then it doth to one of better knowledge and experience: which sheweth that it resteth in the discerning part of the minde, so as he who can make the best and most differences of things by reasonable and wittie distinction is to be the fittest iudge or sentencer of [decencie.] Such generally is the discreetest man, particularly in any art the most skilfull and discreetest, and in all other things for the more part those that be of much obseruation and greatest experience. The case then standing that discretion must chiefly guide all those business, since there be sundry sortes of discretion all unlike, euen as there be men of action or art, I see no way so fit to enable a man truly to estimate of [decencie] as example, by whose veritie we may deeme the differences of things and their proportions, and by particular discussions come at length to sentence of it generally, and also in our behauiours the more easily to put it in execution. But by reason of the sundry circumstances, that mans affaires are as it were wrapt in, this [decencie] comes to be very much alterable and subiect to varietie, in so much as our speech asketh one maner of decencie, in respect of the person who speakes: another of his to whom it is spoken: another of whom we speake: another of what we speak, and in what place and time and to what purpose. And as it is of speech, so of all other our behauiours. We wil therefore set you down some few examples of euery circumstance how it alters the decencie of speech or action. And by these few shal ye be able to gather a number more to confirme and establish your iudgement by a perfit discretion.

This decencie, so farfoorth as apperteineth to the consideration of our art, resteth in writing, speech and behauiour. But because writing is no more then the image or character of speech, they shall goe together in these our observations. And first wee wil sort you out diuers points, in which the wise and learned men of times past haue noted much decency or vndecencie, every man according to his discretion, as it hath bene said afore: but wherein for the most part all discrete men doe generally agree, and varie not in opinion, whereof the examples I will geue you be worthie of remembrance: & though they brought with them no doctrine or institution at all, yet for the solace they may geue the readers, after such a rable of scholasticall precepts which be tedious, these reports being of the nature of matters historicall, they are to be embraced: but olde memories are very profitable to the mind and serue as a glasse to looke vpon and behold the euent of time, and more exactly to skan the trueth of every case that

shall happen in the affaires of man, and many there be that haply doe not obserue euery particularitie in matters of decencie or vndecencie: and yet when the case is tolde them by another man, they commonly geue the same sentence vpon it. But yet whosoever obserueth much, shalbe counted the wisest and discreetest man, and whosoever spends all his life in his owne vaine actions and conceits, and obserues no mans else, he shal in the ende prooue but a simple man. In which respect it is alwaies said, one man of experience is wiser than tenne learned men, because of his long and studious obseruation and often triall.

And your decencies are of sundrie sorts, according to the many circumstances accompanying our writing, speech or behauiour, so as in the very sound or voice of him that speaketh, there is a decencie that becommeth, and an vndecencie that misbecommeth vs, which th'Emperor Anthonine marked well in the Orator Philisetes, who spake before him with so small and shrill a voice as the Emperor was greatly annoyed therewith, and to make him shorten his tale, said, by thy beard thou shouldst be a man, but by thy voice a woman.

Phanorinus the Philosopher was counted very wise and well learned, but a little too talkatiue and full of words: for the which Timocrates reprooued him in the hearing of one Polemon. That is no wonder quoth Polemon, for so be all women. And besides, Phanorinus being knowen for an Eunuke or gelded man, came by the same nippe to be noted as an effeminate and degenerate person.

And there is a measure to be vsed in a mans speech or tale, so as it be neither for shortnesse too darke, nor for length too tedious. Which made Cleomenes king of the Lacedemonians geue this vnpleasant answer to the Ambassadors or the Samiens, who had tolde him a long message from their Citie, and desired to know his pleasure in it. My masters (saith he) the first part of your tale was so long, that I remember it not, which made that the second I vnderstoode not, and as for the third part I doe nothing well allow of. Great princes and graue counsellors who haue little spare leisure to hearken, would haue speeches vsed to them such as be short and sweete.

And if they be spoken by a man of account, or one who for his yeares, profession or dignitie should be thought wise & reuerend, his speeches & words should also be graue, pithie & sententious, which was well noted by king Antiochus, who likened Hermogenes the famous Orator of Greece, vnto these fowles in their moulting time, when their feathers be sick, and be so loose in the flesh that at any little rowse they can easilie shake them off: so saith he, can Hermogenes of all the men that euer I knew, as easilie deliuer from him his vaine and impertinent speeches and words.

And there is a decencie, that euery speech should be to the appetite and delight, or dignitie of the hearer & not for any respect arrogant or vndutifull, as was that of Alexander sent Embassadour from the Athenians to th'Emperour Marcus, this man seing th'emperour not so attentiu to his tale, as he would haue had him, said by way of interruption, Ceasar I pray thee giue me better eare, it seemest thou knowest me not, nor from whom I came: the Emperour nothing well liking his bold malapert speech, said: thou art deceyued, for I heare thee and know well enough, that thou art that fine, foolish, curious, sawcie Alexander that tendest to nothing but to combe & cury thy haire, to pare thy nailes, to pick thy teeth, and to perfume thy selfe with sweet oyles, that no man may abide the sent of thee. Prowde speeches, and too much finesse and curiositie is not commendable in an Embassadour. And I haue knowen in my time such of them, as studied more vpon what apparel they should weare, and what countenaunces they should keepe at the times of their audience, then they did vpon th'effect of their errant or commission.

And there is decency in that euery man should talke of the things they haue best skill of, and not in that, their knowledge and learning serueth them not to do, as we are wont to say, he speaketh of Robin hood that neuer shot in his bow: there came a great Oratour before Cleomenes king of Lacedemonia, and vttered much matter to him touching fortitude and valiancie in the warres: the king laughed: why laughest thou quoth the learned man, since thou art a king thy selfe, and one whom fortitude best becommeth? why said Cleomenes would it not make any body laugh, to heare the swallow who feeds onely vpon flies to boast of his great pray, and see the eagle stand by and say nothing? if thou wert a man of warre or euer hadst bene day of thy life, I would not laugh to here thee speake of valiancie, but neuer being so, & speaking before an old captaine I can not choose but laugh.

And some things and speeches are decent or indecent in respect of the time they be spoken or done in. As when a great clerk presented king Antiochus with a booke treating all of iustice, the king that time lying at the siege of a

towne, who lookt vpon the title of the booke, and cast it to him againe: saying, what a diuell tellest thou to me of iustice, now thou seest me vse force and do the best I can to bereeue mine enimie of his towne? euery thing hath his season which is called Oportunitie, and the vnfitnessse or vndecency of the time is called Importunitie.

Sometime the vndecency ariseth by the indignitie of the word in respect of the speaker himselfe, as whan a daughter of Fraunce and next heyre generall to the crowne (if the law Salique had not barred her) being set in a great chaufe by some harde words giuen her by another prince of the bloud, said in her anger, thou durst not haue said thus much to me if God had giuen me a paire of, &c. and told all out, meaning if God had made her a man and not a woman she had bene king of Fraunce. The word became not the greatnesse of her person, and much lesse her sex, whose chiefe virtue shamefastnesse, which the Latines call Verecundia, that is a naturall feare to be noted with any impudicitie: so as when they heare or see any thing tending that way they commonly blush, & is a part greatly praised in all women.

Yet will ye see in many cases how pleasant speeches and fauouring some skurrillity and vnshamefastnes haue now and then a certaine decencie, and well become both the speaker to say, and the hearer to abide, but that is by reason of some other circumstance, as when the speaker himselfe is knowne to be a common iester or buffon, such as take vpon them to make princes merry, or when some occasion is giuen by the hearer to induce such a pleasaunt speech, and in many other cases whereof no generall rule can be giuen, but are best knownen by example: as when Sir Andrew Flamock king Henry the eights standerbearer, a merry conceyted man and apt to skoffe, waiting one day at the kings heeles when he entred the parke at Greenwich, the king blew his horne, Flamock hauing his belly full, and his tayle at commaundment, gaue out a rappe nothing faintly, that the king turned him about and said how now sirra? Flamock not well knowing how to excuse his vnmannerly act, if it please you Sir quoth he, your Maiesty blew one blast for the keeper and I another for his man. The king laughed hartily and tooke it nothing offensiue: for indeed as the case fell out it was not vndecently spoken by Sir Andrew Flamock, for it was the cleanelest excuse he could make, and a merry implicatiue in termes nothing odious, and therefore a sporting satisfaction to the kings mind, in a matter which without some such merry answeere could not haue bene well taken. So was Flamocks action most vncomely, but his speech excellently well becoming the occasion.

But at another time and in another like case, the same skurrillitie of Flamock was more offensiue, because it was more indecent. As when the king hauing Flamock with him in his barge, passing from Westminster to Greenwich to visite a fayre Lady whom the king loued and was lodged in the tower of the Parke: the king comming within sight of the tower, and being disposed to be merry, said, Flamock let vs rime: as well as I can said Flamock if it please your grace. The king began thus: Within this towre, There lieth a flowre, That hath my hart.

Flamock for aunswer: Within this hower, she will, &c. with the rest in so vncleanly termes, as might not now become me by the rule of Decorum to vtter writing to so great a Maiestie, but the king tooke them in so euill part, as he bid Flamock auaunt varlet, and that he should no more be so neere vnto him. And wherein I would faine learne, lay this vndecencie? in the skurrill and filthy termes not meete for a kings eare? perchance so. For the king was a wise and graue man, and though he hated not a faire woman, liked he nothing well to heare speeches of ribaudrie: as they report of th'emperour Octauian: Licet fuerit ipse incontinentissimus, fuit tamen incontinenense feuerissimus vltor. But the very cause in deed was for that Flamocks reply answered not the kings expectation, for the kings rime commencing with a pleasant and amorous proposition: Sir Andrew Flamock to finish it not with loue but with lothsomnesse, by termes very rude and vnciuill, and seing the king greatly fauour that Ladie for her much beauty by like or some other good partes, by his fastidious aunswer to make her seeme odious to him, it helde a great disproportion to the kings appetite, for nothing is so vnpleasant to a man, as to be encountered in his chiefe affection, & specially in his loues, & whom we honour we should also reuerence their appetites, or at the least beare with them (not being wicked and vtterly euill) and whatsoever they do affect, we do not as becommeth vs if we make it seeme to them horrible. This in mine opinion was the chiefe cause of the vndecencie and also of the kings offence. Aristotle the great philosopher knowing this very well, what time he put Calistenes to king Alexander the greats seruice gaue him this lesson. Sirra quoth he, ye go now from a scholler to be a courtier, see ye speake to the king your maister, either nothing at all, or else that which pleaseth him, which rule if Calistenes had followed and forborne to crosse the kings appetite in diuerse speeches, it had not cost him so deeply as afterward it did. A like matter of offence fell out betweene th'Emperour Charles the fifth, & an Embassadour of king Henry the eight, whom I could name but will not for the great opinion the world had of his wisdom and sufficiency in that behalfe, and all for misusing of a terme. The king in the matter of controuersie betwixt him and Ladie Catherine

of Castill the Emperours awnt, found himselfe griued that the Emperour should take her part and worke vnder hand with the Pope to hinder the diuorce: and gaue his Embassadour commission in good termes to open his griefes to the Emperour, and to expostulat with his Maiestie, for that he seemed to forget the kings great kindnesse and friendship before times vsed with th'Emperour, aswell by disbursing for him sundry great summes of monie which were not all yet repayd: as also furnishing him at his neede with store of men and munition to his warres, and now to be thus vsed he thought it a very euill requitall. The Embassadour for too much animositie and more then needed in the case, or perchance by ignorance of the proprietie of the Spanish tongue, told the Emperour among other words, that he was Hombre el mas ingrato enel mondo, the ingratest person in the world to vse his maister so. The Emperour tooke him suddainly with the word, and said: callest thou me ingrate? I tell thee learne better termes, or else I will teach them thee. Th'Embassadour excused it by his commission, and said: they were the king his maisters words, and not his owne. Nay quoth th'Emperour, thy maister durst not haue sent me these words, were it not for that broad ditch betweene him & me, meaning the sea, which is hard to passe with an army of reuenge. The Embassadour was commanded away & no more hard by the Emperor, til by some other means afterward the grief was either pacified or forgotten, & all this inconuenience grew by misuse of one word, which being otherwise spoken & in some sort qualified, had easily holpen all, & yet th'Embassadour might sufficiently haue satisfied his commission & much better aduanced his purpose, as to haue said for this word [ye are ingrate,] ye haue not vsed such gratitude towards him as he hath deserued: so ye may see how a word spoken vndecently, not knowing the phrase or proprietie of a language, maketh a whole matter many times miscarrie. In which respect it is to be wished, that none Ambassadour speake his principall commandements but in his own language or in another as naturall to him as his owne, and so it is vsed in all places of the world sauing in England. The Princes and their commissioners fearing least otherwise they might vtter any thing to their disadvantage, or els to their disgrace: and I my selfe hauing seene the Courts of Fraunce, Spaine, Italie, and that of the Empire, with many inferior Courts, could neuer perceiue that the most noble personages, though they knew very well how to speake many forraine languages, would at any times that they had bene spoken vnto, answer but in their owne, the Frenchman in French, the Spaniard in Spanish, the Italian in Italian, and the very Dutch Prince in the Dutch language: whether it were more for pride, or for feare of any lapse, I cannot tell. And Henrie Earle of Arundel being an old Courtier and a very princely man in all his actions, kept that rule alwaies. For on a time passing from England towards Italie by her maiesties licence, he was very honorably entertained at the Court of Brussels, by the Lady Duches of Parma, Regent there: and sitting at a banquet with her, where also was the Prince of Orange, with all the greatest Princes of the state, the Earle, though he could reasonably well speake French, would not speake one French word, but all English, whether he asked any question, or answered it, but all was done by Truchemen. In so much as the Prince of Orange maruelling at it, looked a side on that part where I stode a beholder of the feast, and sayd, I maruell your Noblemen of England doe not desire to be better languaged in the forraine languages. This word was by and by reported to the Earle. Quoth the Earle againe, tell my Lord the Prince, that I loue to speake in that language, in which I can best vtter my mind and not mistake.

Another Ambassadour vsed the like ouersight by ouerweening himselfe that he could naturally speake the French tongue, whereas in troth he was not skilfull in their termes. This Ambassadour being a Bohemian, sent from the Emperour to the French Court, whereafter his first audience, he was highly feasted and banquetted. On a time, among other a great Princesse sitting at the table, by way of talke asked the Ambassador whether the Empresse his his mistresse when she went a hunting, or otherwise trauailed abroad for her solace, did ride a horsback or goe in her coach. To which the Ambassadour answered vnwares and not knowing the French terme, Par ma foy elle chenauche fort bien; & si en prend grand plaisir. She rides (saith he) very well, and takes great pleasure in it. There was good smiling one vpon another of the Ladies and Lords, the Ambassador wist not whereat, but laughed himselfe for companie. This word Chenaucher in the French tongue hath a reprobate sence, specially being spoken of a womans riding.

And as rude and vnciuill speeches carry a marueilous great indecencie, so doe sometimes those that be ouermuch affected and nice: or that doe fauour of ignorance or adulation, and be in the eare of graue and wise persons no lesse offensive than the other: as when a sutor in Rome came to Tiberius the Emperor and said, I would open my case to your Maiestie, if it were not to trouble your sacred businesse, sacras vestras occupationes as the Historiographer reporteth. What meanest thou by that terme quoth the Emperor, say laboriosas I pray thee, & so thou maist truely say, and bid him leaue off such affected flattering termes.

The like vndencie vsed a Herald at armes sent by Charles the fifth Emperour, to Fraunces the first French king, bringing him a message of defiance, and thinking to qualifie the bitterness of his message with words pompous and magnificent for the kings honor, vsed much this terme (sacred Maiestie) which was not vsually geuen to the French king, but to say for the most part [Sire] The French king neither liking his errant, nor yet of his pompous speech, said somewhat sharply, I pray thee good fellow claue me not where I itch not with thy sacred maiestie but goe to they businesse, and tell thine errand in such termes as are decent betwixt enemies, for thy master is not my frend, and turned him to a Prince of the bloud who stode by, saying, me thinks this fellow speakes like Bishop Nicholas, for on Saint Nicholas night commonly the Scholars of the Countrey make them a Bishop, who like a foolish boy, goeth about blessing and preaching with so childish termes, as maketh the people laugh at his foolish counterfait speeches.

And yet in speaking or writing of a Princes affaires & fortunes there is a certaine Decorum, that we may not vse the same termes in their busines, as we might very wel doe in a meaner persons, the case being all one, such reuerence is due to their estates. As for example, if an Historiographer shal write of an Emperour or King, how such a day hee ioyned battel with his enemy, and being ouer-laide ranne out of the field, and tooke his heeles, or put spurre to his horse and fled as fast as he could: the termes be not decent, but of a meane souldier or capitaine, it were not vndecently spoken. And as one, who translating certaine bookes of Virgils *Æneidos* into English meetre, said that *Æneas* was fayne to trudge out of Troy: which terme became better to be spoken of a beggar, or of a rogue, or a lackey: for so wee vse to say to such maner of people, be trudging hence.

Another Englishing this word of Virgill [*fato profugus*] called *Æneus* [by fate a fugitiue] which was vndecently spoken, and not to the Authours intent in the same word: for whom he studied by all means to auaunce aboue all other men of the world for virtue and magnanimitie he meant not to make him a fugitiue. But by occasion of his great distresses, and of the hardnesse of his destinies, he would haue it appeare that *Æneas* was enforced to flie out of Troy, and for many yeeres to be a romer and a wandrer about the world both by land and sea [*fato profugus*] and never to find any resting place till he came into Italy, so as ye may euidently perceiue in this terme [fugitiue] a notable indignity offred to that princely person, and by th'other word a wanderer, none indignitie at all, but rather a terme of much loue and commiseration. The same translatour when he came to these words: *Insignem pietate virum tot voluere casus tot adire labores compulit*. Hee turned it thus, what moued Iuno to tugge so great a capitaine as *Æneus*, which word tugge spoken in this case is so vndecent as none other coulde haue bene deuised, and tooke his first originall from the cart, because it signifieth the pull or draught of the oxen or horses, and therefore the leathers that beare the chiefe stresse of the draught, the cartars call them tugges, and so wee vse to say that shrewd boyes tugge each other by the eares, for pull.

Another of our vulgar makers, spake as illfaringly in this verse written to the dispraise of a rich man and couetous. Thou hast a misers minde (thou hast a princes pelfe) a lewde terme to be spoken of a princes treasure, which in no respect nor for any cause is to be called pelfe, though it were neuer so meane, for pelfe is properly the scrappes or shreds of taylors and of skinners, which are accompted of so vile price as they be commonly cast out of dores, or otherwise bestowed vpon base purposes: and carrieth not the like reason or decencie, as when we say in reproch of a niggard or vserer, or worldly couetous man, that he setteth more by a little pelfe of the world, than by his credit or health, or conscience. For in comparison of these treasours, all the gold or siluer in the world may by a skornefull terme be called pelfe, & so ye see that the reason of the decencie holdeth not alike in both cases. Now let vs passe from these examples, to treat of those that concerne the comelinesse and decencie of mans behauiour.

And some speech may be whan it is spoken very vndecent, and yet the same hauing afterward somewhat added to it may become prety and decent, as was the stowte worde vfed by a capitaine in Fraunce, who sitting at the lower end of the Duke of Guyses table among many, the day after there had bene a great battaile foughten, the Duke finding that this capitaine was not seene that day to do any thing in the field, taxed him priuily thus in al the hearings. Where were you Sir the day of the battaile, for I saw ye not? the capitaine answered promptly: where ye durst not haue bene: and the Duke began to kindle with the worde, which the Gentleman perceiuing, said spedily: I was that day among the carriages, where your excellencie would not for a thousand crownes haue bene seene. Thus from vndecent it came by a wittie reformation to be made decent againe.

The like hapned on a time at the Duke of Northumberlandes bourd, where merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the tables end. The Duke had a very noble and honorable mynde always to pay his debts well, and when he

lacked money, would not stick to sell the greatest part of his plate: so had he done few dayes before. Heywood being loth to call for his drinke so oft as he was dry, turned his eye toward the cupbord and sayd I finde great misse of your graces standing cups: the Duke thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said somewhat sharpely, why Sir will not those cuppes serue as good a man as your selfe. Heywood readily replied. Yes if it please your grace, but I would haue one of them stand still at myne elbow full of drinke that I might not be driuen to trouble your men so often to call for it. This pleasant and speedy reuers of the former wordes holpe all the matter againe, whereupon the Duke became very pleasaunt and dranke a bolle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cup should alwayes be standing by him.

It were to busie a peece of worke for me to tell you of all the partes of decencie and indecency which haue bene obserued in the speaches of man & in his writings, and this that I tell you is rather to solace your eares with pretie conceits after a sort of long scholasticall preceptes which may happen haue doubled them, rather then for any other purpose of institution or doctrine, which to any Courtier of experience, is not necessarie in this behalfe. And as they appeare by the former examples to rest in our speach and writing: so do the same by like proportion consist in the whole behaiour of man, and that which he doth well and commendably is euer decent, and the contrary vndecent, not in euery mans iudgement alwayes one, but after their seuerall discretion and by circumstance diuersly, as by the next Chapter shalbe shewed.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of decencie in behaiour which also belongs to the consideration of the Poet or maker.

And there is a decency to be obserued in euery mans action & behaiour aswell as in his speach & writing which some peraduenture would thinke impertinent to be treated of in this booke, where we do but informe the commendable fashions of language & stile: but that is otherwise, for the good maker or poet who is in decent speach & good termes to describe all things and with prayse or dispraise to report euery mans behaiour, ought to know the comliness of an action aswell as of a word & thereby to direct himselfe both in praise & perswation or any other point that pertaines to the Oratours arte. Wherefore some examples we will set downe of this maner of decency in behaiour leauing you for the rest to our booke which we haue written de Decoro, where ye shall see both partes handled more exactly. And this decencie of mans behaiour aswell as of his speach must also be deemed by discretion, in which regard the thing that may well become one man to do may not become another, and that which is seemely to be done in this place is not so seemely in that, and at such a time decent, but at another time vndecent, and in such a case and for such a purpose, and to this and that end and by this and that euent, perusing all the circumstances with like consideration. Therefore we say that it might become king Alexander to giue a hundreth talentes to Anaxagoras the Philosopher, but not for a beggerly Philosopher to accept so great a gift, for such a Prince could not be impouerished by that expence, but the Philosopher was by it excessiue to be enriched, so was the kings action proportionable to his estate and therefore decent, the Philosophers, disproportionable both to his profession and calling and therefore indecent.

And yet if we shall examine the same point with a clearer discretion, it may be said that whatsoever it might become king Alexander of his regal largesse to bestow vpon a poore Philosopher vnasked, that might aswell become the Philosopher to receiue at his hands without refusal, and had otherwise bene some empeachment of the kings abilitie or wisdom, which had not bene decent in the Philosopher, nor the immoderatenesse of the kinges gift in respect of the Philosophers meane estate made his acceptance the lesse decent, since Princes liberalities are not measured by merite nor by other mens estimations, but by their owne appetites and according to their greatnesse. So said king Alexander very like himselfe to one Perillus to whom he had geuen a very great gift, which he made curtesy to accept, saying it was too much for such a mean person, what quoth the king if it be too much for thy self, hast thou neuer a friend or kinsman that may fare the better by it? But peraduenture if any such immoderat gift had bene craued by the Philosopher and not voluntarily offred by the king it had bene vndecent to haue taken it. Euen so if one that standeth vpon his merite, and spares to craue the Princes liberalitie in that which is moderate and fit for him, doth vndecently. For men should not expect till the Prince remembred it of himselfe and began as it were the gratification, but ought to be put in remembraunce by humble folicitations, and that is duetifull, & decent, which made king Henry th'eight her Maiesties most noble father, and for liberality nothing

inferiour to king Alexander the great, aunswere one of his priuie chamber, who prayd him to be good & gracious to a certaine old Knight being his seruant for that he was but an ill begger, if he be ashamed to begge we wil thinke scorne to giue. And yet peradventure in both these cases, the vndecencie for too much crauing or sparing to craue, might be easily holpen by a decent magnificence in the Prince, as Amazas king of Ægypt very honorably considered, who asking one day for one Diopithus a noble man of his Court, what was become of him for that he had not sene him wait of long time, one about the king told him that he heard say he was sicke and of some conceit he had taken that his Maiestie had but slenderly looked to him, vsing many others very bountifully. I beshrew his fooles head quoth the king, why had he not sued vnto vs and made vs pruiue of his want, then added, but in truth we are most to blame our selues, who by a mindeful beneficence without sute should haue supplied his bashfullnesse, and forthwith commaunded a great reward in money & pension to be sent vnto him, but it hapned that when the kings messengers entred the chamber of Diopithus, he had newly giuen vp the ghost: the messengers sorrowed the case, and Diopithus friends sate by and wept, not so much for Diopithus death, as for pitie that he ouerliued not the comming of the kings reward. Therupon it came euer after to be vsed for a prouerbe that when any good turne commeth too late to be vsed, to cal it Diopithus reward.

In Italy and Fraunce I haue knowen it vsed for common pollicie, the Princes to differre the bestowing of their great liberalities as Cardinalships and other high dignities & offices of gayne, till the parties whom they should seeme to gratifie be so old or so sicke as it is not likely they should long enioy them.

In the time of Charles the ninth French king, I being at the Spaw waters, there lay a Marshall of Fraunce called Monsieur de Sipier, to vse those waters for his health, but when the Phisitions had all giuen him vp, and that there was no hope of life in him, came from the king to him a letters patents of six thousand crownes yearly pension during his life with many comfortable wordes: the man was not so much past remembraunce, but he could say to the messenger trop tard, trop tard, it should haue come before, for in deede it had bene promised long and came not till now that he could not fare the better by it.

And it became king Antiochus, better to bestow the faire Lady Stratonica his wife vpon his sonne Demetrius, who lay sicke for her loue and would else haue perished, as the Physitions cunningly discouered by the beating of his pulse, then it could become Demetrius to be inamored with his fathers wife, or to enioy her of his guilt, because the fathers act was led by discretion and of a fatherly compassion, not grutching to depart from his dearest possession to saue his childes life, where as the sonne in his appetite had no reason to lead him to loue vnlawfully, for whom it had rather bene decent to die, then to haue violated his fathers bed with safetie of his life.

No more would it be seemely for an aged man to play the wanton like a child, for it stands not with the conueniency of nature, yet when king Agesilaus hauing a great sort of little children, was one day disposed to solace himself among them in a gallery where they plaied, and tooke a little hobby horse of wood and bestrid it to keepe them in play, one of his friends seemed to mislike his lightnes, o good friend quoth Agesilaus, rebuke me not for this fault till thou haue children of thine owne, shewing in deede that it came not of vanitie but of a fatherly affection, ioying in the sport and company of his little children, in which respect and as that place and time serued, it was dispencheable in him & not indecent.

And in the choise of a man's delights & maner of his life, there is a decencie, and so we say th'old man generally is no fit companion for the young man, nor the rich for the poore, nor the wise for the foolish. Yet in some respects and by discretion it may be otherwise, as when the old man hath the gouernment of the young, the wise teaches the foolish, the rich is wayted on by the poore for their reliefe, in which regard the conuersation is not indecent.

And Proclus the Philosopher knowing how euery indecencie is vnpleasant to nature, and namely, how vncomely a thing it is for young men to doe as old men doe (at leastwise as young men for the most part doe take it) applied it very wittily to his purpose: for hauing his sonne and heire a notable vnthrift, & delighting in nothing but in haukes and hounds and gay apparrell, and such like vanities, which neither by gentle nor sharpe admonitions of his father, could make him leaue. Proclus himselfe not onely bare with his sonne, but also vsed it himselfe for company, which some of his frends greatly rebuked him for, saying, o Proclus, an olde man and a Philosopher to play the foole and lasciuious more than the sonne. Mary, quoth Proclus, & therefore I do it, for it is the next way to make my sonne change his life, when he shall see how vndecent it is in me to leade such a life, and for him being a yong man, to keepe companie with me being an old man, and to doe that which I doe.

So is it not vnseemely for any ordinarie Captaine to winne the victory or any other auantage in warre by fraud & breach of faith: as Hanniball with the Romans, but it could not well become the Romaines managing so great an Empire, by examples of honour and iustice to doe as Hanniball did. And when Parmenio in a like case perswaded king Alexander to breake the day of his appointment, and to set vpon Darius at the sodaine, which Alexander refused to doe, Parmenio saying, I would doe it if I were Alexander, and I too quoth Alexander if I were Parmenio: but it behooueth me in honour to fight liberally with mine enemies, and iustly to ouercome. And thus ye see that was decent in Parmenios action, which was not in the king his masters.

A great nobleman and Counseller in this Realme was secretlie aduised by his friend, not to vse so much writing his letters in fauour of euery man that asked them, specially to the Iudges of the Realme in cases of iustice. To whom the noble man answered, it becomes vs Councillors better to vse instance for our friend, then for the Iudges to sentence at instance: for whatsoeuer we doe require them, it is in their choise to refuse to doe, but for all that the example was ill and dangerous.

And there is a decencie in chusing the times of a mans busines, and as the Spaniard sayes, es tiempo de negociar, there is a fittie time for euery man to performe his businesse in, & to attend his affaires, which out of that time would be vndecent: as to sleepe al day and wake al night, and to goe a hunting by torch-light as an old Earle of Arundel vsed to doe, or for any occasion of little importance, to wake a man out of his sleepe, or to make him rise from his dinner to talke with him, or such like importunities, for so we call euery vnseasonable action, and the vndecencie of time.

Callicrasides being sent Ambassador by the Lacedemonians, to Cirus the young king of Persia to contract him for money and men toward their warres against the Athenians, came to the Court at such vnseasonable time as the king was yet in the midst of his dinner and went away againe saying, it is now no time to interrupt the kings mirth. He came againe another day in the after noone, and finding the king at a rere-banquet, and to haue taken the wine somewhat plentifully, turned back againe, saying, I thinke there is no houre fittie to deal with Cirus, for he is euer in his banquets; I will rather leaue all business vndone, then doe any thing that shall not become the Lacedemonians: meaning to offer conference of so great importance to his Countrey, with a man so distempered by surfet as hee was not likely to geue him any reasonable resolution in the cause.

One Eudamidas brother to the king Agis of Lacedemonia, coming by Zenocrates schoole and looking in, saw him sit in his chaire, disputing with a long hoare beard, asked who it was, one answered, Sir it is a wise man and one of them searches after virtue, and if he haue not yet found it quoth Eudamidas when will he vse it, that now at his yeares is seeking after it, as who would say it is not time to talke of matters when they should be put in execution nor for an old man to be to seeke what virtue is, which all his youth he should haue had in exercise.

Another time coming to heare a notable Philosopher dispute, it happened, that all was ended euen as he came, and one of his familiars would haue had him requested the Philosopher to beginner againe, that were indecent and nothing ciuill quoth Eudamidas, for if he should come to me supperlesse when I had supped before, were it seemely for him to pray me to suppe againe for his companie?

And the place makes a thing decent or indecent, in which consideration one Eubondae being sent Embassadour into a forraine realme, some of his familiars tooke occasion at the table to praise the wines and women of that country in prefence of their owne husbands, which th'embassadour mislikes, and when supper was ended and the guestes departed, tooke his familiars aside, and told them that is was nothing decent in a strange country to praise thewomen, nor specially a wife before her husbands face, for inconueniencie that might rise thereby, aswell to the prayser as to the woman, and that the chief commendation of a chaste matrone, was to be known onely to her husband, and not to be observed by strangers and guestes.

And in the vse of apparel there is no little decency and vndecencie to be perceiued, as well for the fashion as the stuffe, for it is comely that euery estate and vocation should be knowen by the differences of their habit: a Clarke from a lay man: a gentleman from a yeoman: a souldier from a citizen, and the chief of euery degree from their inferiours, because in confusion and disorder there is no manner of decencie.

The Romaines of any other people most seuer censurers of decencie, thought no vpper garment so comely for a ciuill man as a long playted gowne, because it sheweth much grauitie & also pudicitie, hiding euery member of the body which had not bin pleasant to behold. In somuch as a certain Proconsull or Legat of theirs dealing one day with Ptolome king of Egypt, seeing him clad in a straite narrow garment very licentiously, disclosing euery part of his body, gave him a great checke for it: and said that vnlesse he vsed more saf and comely garments, the Romaines would take no pleasure to hold amitie with him, for by the wantonness of his garment they would iudge the vanitie of his mind, not to be worthy of their constant friendship. A pleasant old courtier wearing one day in the sight of a great councellour, after the new guise a French cloake scarce reaching to the wast, a long beaked doublet hanging downe to his thies, & an high paire of silke netherstocks that couered all his buttocks and loignes the Councillor marueled to see him in that sort disguised, and otherwise than he had binwoont to be. Sir quoth the Gentleman to excuse it: if I should not be able whan I had need to pisse out of my doublet, and to do the rest in my netherstocks (vsing the plaine terme) all men would say that I was but a lowte, the Councillor laughed hartily at the absurditie of the speech, but what those sower fellows of Rome haue said trowe ye? truly in mine opinion, that all such persons as take pleasure to shew their limbes, specially those that natures hath commanded out of sight, should be inioyned either to go starke naked, or else to resort backe to the comely and modest fashion of their owne countrie apparel, vsed by their old honourable auncestors.

And there is a decency of apparel in respect of the place where it is to be vsed: in the Court to be richely apparelled: in the country to weare more plain & homely garments. For who would not thinke it a ridiculous thing to see a Lady in her milke-house with a velvet gowne, and at a bridal in her cassock of mockado: a Gentleman of the Countrey among the bushes and briers, goes in a pounced dublet and a paire of embroidered hosen, the the Cities to weare a fries Ierkin and a paire of leather breeches? yet some such phantasticals haue I knowen, and one a certaine knight, of all other the most vaine, who commonly would come to the Sessions, and other ordinarie meetings and Commissions in the Countrey, so bedect with buttons and aglets of gold and such costly embroideries, as the poore plaine men of the Countrey called him for his gaynesse, the golden knight. Another for the like cause was called Saint Sunday; I thinke at this day they be so farre spent, as either of them would be content with a good cloath cloake: and this came by want of discretion, to discern and deeme right of decencie, which many Gentlemen doe wholly limite by the person or degree where reason doeth it by the place and presence: which may be such as it might very well become a great Prince to wear courser apparel than in another place or presence a meaner person.

Neuerthelesse in the vse of a garment many occasions alter the decencies, sometimes the qualities of the person, sometimes of the case, otherwise the countrie custome, and often the constitution of lawes, and the very nature of vse it selfe. As for example a king and prince may vse rich and gorgeous apparel decently so cannot a meane person doo, yet if an herald of armes to whom a king giueth his gowne of cloth of gold, or to whom it was incident as a fee of his office, do were the same, he doth it decently, because such hath alwise bene th'allowances of heraldes: but if such herald haue worne out, or sold, or lost that gowne, to buy him a new of the like stuffe with his owne mony and to weare it, is not decent in the eye and iudgement of them that know it.

And the country custome maketh things decent in ves as in Asia for all men to weare long gownes both a foot and horsebacke: in Europa short gaberdins, or clokes, or iackets, euen for their vpper garments. The Turke and Persian to weare great tolibants of ten, fiteene, and twentie elles of linen a peece vpon their heads, which can not be remooued: in Europe to were caps or hats, which vpon euery occasion of salutation we vse to put of as a signe of reuerence. In th'East partes the men to make water couring like women, with vs standing as a wall. With them to congratulat and salute by giuing a becke with the head, or a bende of the bodies, with vs here in England, and in Germany, and all other Northern parts of the world to shake handes. In France, Italie, and Spaine to embrace ouer the shoulder, vnder the armes, at the very knees, according the superiors degree. With vs the wemen giue their mouth to be kissed in other places their cheek, in many places their hand, or in steed of an offer to the hand, to say these words Beso los manos. And yet some others surmounting in all courtly ciuilitie will say, Los manos & los pienes. And aboue that reach too, there be that will say to the Ladies, Lombra de fus pisadae, the shadow of your steps. Which I recite vnto you to shew the phrase of those courtly seruitors in yeelding the mistresses honour and reuerence.

And it is seen that very particular vse of it selfe makes a matter of much decencie and vndecencie, without any country custome or allowance, as if one that hath many yeares worne a gowne shall come to be seen weare a iakquet or ierkin, or he that hath many yeares worne a beard or long haire among those that had done the contrary,

and come sodainly to be pold and shauen, it will seeme not only to himself, a deshight and very vndecent, but also to all others that neuer vsed to go so, vntill the time and custome haue abrogated that mislike.

So it was in England till her Maiesties most noble father for diuers good respects, caused his owne head and all his Courtiers to be polled and his beard to be cut short. Before that was thought more decent both for old men and young to be all shauen and to weare long haire either rounded or square. Now againe at this time, the young Gentlemen of the Court haue taken vp the long haire trayling on their shoulders, and thinke it more decent: for what respect I would be glad to know.

The Lacedemonians bearing long bushes of haire, finely kept & curled vp, vsed this ciuill argument to maintaine that custome. Haire (say they) is the very ornament of nature appointed for the head, which therforeto vse in his most sumptuous degree is comely, specially for them that be Lordes, Maisters of men, and of a free life, hauing abilitie & leasure inough to keepe it cleane, and so for a signe of seignorie, riches and libertie, the masters of the Lacedemonians vsed long haire. But their vassals, seruants and slaues vsed it short or shauen in signe of seritude and because they had no meane nor leasure to kembe and keepe it cleanly. It was besides combersome to them hauing many businesse to attende, in some seruices there might no maner of filth be falling from their heads. And to all souldiers it is very noysome and a daungerous disauantage in the warres or in any particular combat, which being the most comely profession of euery noble young Gentleman, it ought to perswade them greatly from wearing long haire. If there be any that seeke by long haire to helpe or to hide an ill featured face, it is in them allowable so to do, because euery man may decently reforme by arte, the faultes and imperfections that nature hath wrought in them.

And all singularities or affected parts of a mans behaiour seeme vndecent, as for one man to march or let in the street more stately, or to looke more solempnely, or to go more gayly & in other coulours or fashioned garments then another of the same degree and estate.

Yet such singularities haue had many time both good liking and good successe, otherwise then many would haue looked for. As When Dinocrates the famous architect, desirous to be knowen to king Alexander the great, and hauing none acquaintance to bring him to the kings speech he came one day to the Court very strangely apparelled in long skarlet robes, his head compast with a garland of Laurell, and his face all to be slicked with sweet oyle, and stooode in the kings chamber, motioning nothing to any man: newes of this stranger came to the king, who caused him to be brought to his presence, and asked his name and the cause of his repaire to the Court. He aunswered, his name was Dinocrates the Architect, who came to present his Maiestie with a platforme of his own deuising, how his Maiestie might buylde a Citie vpon the mountaine Athos in Macedonia, which should beare the figure of a mans body, and tolde him all how. Forsooth the breast and bulke of his body should rest vpon such a fiat: that hil should be his head, all set with foregrowen woods like haire: his right arme should stretch out to such a hollow bottome as might be like his hand: holding a dish conteyning al the waters that should serue that Citie: the left arme with his hand should hold a valley of all the orchards and gardens of pleasure pertaining thereunto: and either legge should lie vpon a ridge of rocke, very gallantly to behold, and so should accomplish the full figure of a man. The king asked him what commoditie of soyle, or sea, or nauigable riuier lay neere vnto it, to be able to sustaine so great a number of inhabitants. Truly Sire (quoth Dinocrates) I haue not yet considered thereof: for in trueth it is the barest part of all the Countrey of Macedonia. The king smiled at it, and said very honourably, we like your deuice well, and mean to vse your seruice in the building of a Citie, but we wil chuse out a more commodious scituation: and made him attend in that voyage in which he conquered Asia and Egypt, and there made him chiefe Surueyour of his new Cite of Alexandria. Thus did Dinocrates singularitie in attire greatly further him to his aduancement.

Yet are generally all rare things and such as breede maruell & admiration somewhat holding of the vndecent, as when a man is bigger & exceeding the ordinary stature of a man like a Giaunt, or farre vnder the reasonable and common size of men as a dwarfe, and such vndecencies do not angre vs, but either we pittie them or scorne at them.

But at all insolent and vnwoonted partes of a mans behaiour, we find many times cause to mislike or to be mistrustfull, which proceedeth of some vndecency that is in it, as when a man that hath alwaies bene strange and vnacquainted with vs, will suddenly become our familiar and domestick: and another that hath bene alwaies sterne and churlish, wilbe vpon the suddaine affable and curteous, it is neyther a comely sight, nor a signe of any good

towards vs. Which the subtill Italian well obserued by the successes thereof, saying in Prouerbe. Chi me fa meglio ch'enon fuole, Tradito me ha o tradir me vuole.

He that speakes me fairer, than his woont was too Hath done me harme, or meanes for to doo.

Now againe all maner of conceites that stirre vp any vehement passion in a man, doo it by some turpitude or euill and vndecency that is in them, as to make a man angry there must be some iniury or contempt offered, to make him enuy there must proceede some vnderdeserued prosperitie of his egall or inferiour, to make him pitie some miserable fortune or spectacle to behold.

And yet in euery of the these passions being as it were vndecencies, there is a comelinesse to be discerned, which some men can keepe and some men can not, as to be angry, or to enuy, or to hate, or to pitie, or to be ashamed decently, that is none otherwise then reason requireth. This surmise appeareth to be true, for Homer the father of Poets writing that famous and most honourable poeme called the Iliades or warres of Troy: made his commencement the magnanimous wrath and anger of Achilles in his first verse thus: [Greek: illegible] Sing forth my muse the wrath of Achilles Peleus sonne: which the Poet would neuer haue done if the wrath of a prince had not beene in some sort comely & allowable. But when Arrianus and Curtius historiographers that wrote the noble gestes of king Alexander the great, came to prayse him for many things, yet for his wrath and anger they reproched him, because it proceeded not of any magnanimitie, but vpon surfet & distemper in his diet, not growing of any iust causes, was exercised to the destruction of his dearest friends and familiers, and not of his enemies nor any other waies so honorably as th'others was, and so could not be reputed a decent and comely anger.

So may al your other passions be vsed decently though the very matter of their originall be grounded vpon some vndecencie, as it is written by a certaine king of Egypt, who looking out of his window, and seing his owne sonne for some grieuous offence, carried by the officers of his iustice to the place of execution: he neuer once changed his countenance at the matter, though the sight were neuer so full of ruth and atrocitie. And it was thought a decent countenance and constant animositie in the king to be so affected, the case concerning so high and rare a peece of his owne iustice. But within few daies after when he beheld out of the same window an old friend and familiar of his, stand begging an almes in the streete, he wept tenderly, remembering their old familiarity and considering how by the mutabilitie of fortune and frailtie of mans estate, it might one day come to passe that he himselfe should fall into the like miserable estate. He therefore had a remorse very comely for a king in that behalfe, which also caused him to giue order for his poore friends plentiful reliefe.

But generally to weepe for any sorrow (as one may doe for pitie) is not so decent in a man: and therefore all high minded persons, when they cannot chuse but shed teares, wil turne away their face as a countenance vndecent for a man to shew, and so will the standers by till they haue suppress such passion, thinking it nothing decent to behold such an vncomely countenance. But for Ladies and women to weepe and shed teares at euery little greefe it is nothing vncomely, but rather a signe of much good nature & meekness of minde, a most decent propertie for that sexe, and therefore they be for the more part more deuout and charitable, and greater geuers of almes than men, and zealous relieuers of prisoners, and beseechers of pardons, and such like parts of commiseration. Yea they be more than so too: for by the common prouerbe, a woman will weepe for pitie to see a gosling goe barefoote.

But most certainly all things that moue a man to laughter, as doe these scurrilities & other ridiculous behauiours, it is for some vndecencie that is found in them: which maketh it decent for euery man to laugh at them. And therefore when we see or heare a natural foole and idiot doe or say any thing foolishly, we laugh not at him: but when he doeth or speaketh wisely, because that is vnlike him selfe: and a buffonne or counterfet foole, to heare him speake wisely which is like himselfe, it is no sport at all, but for such a counterfait to talke and looke foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his naturall, for in euery vncomelinesse there must be a certaine absurditie and disproportion to nature, and the opinion of the hearer or beholder to make the thing ridiculous. But for a foole to talke foolishly or a wiseman wisely, there is no such absurditie or disproportion.

And though at all absurdities we may decently laugh, & when they be no absurdities not decently, yet in laughing is there an vndecencie for other respectes sometime, than of the matter it selfe, Which made Philippus sonne to the first Christen Emperour, Phillipus Arabicus sitting with his father one day in the theatre to behold the sports, giue his father a great rebuke because he laughed, saying that it was no comely countenance for an Emperour to bewray

in such a publicke place, nor specially to laugh at euery foolish toy: the posteritie gaue the sonne for that cause the name of Philippus Agelastos or without laughter.

I haue seene forraine Embassadors in the Queenes presence laugh so dissolutely at some rare pastime or sport that hath beene made there that nothing in the world could worse haue becomen them, and others very wise men, whether it haue ben of some pleasant humour and complexion, or for other default in the spleene, or for ill education or custome, that could not vtter any graue and earnest speech without laughter, which part was greatly discommended in them.

And Cicero the wisest of any Romane writers, thought it vncomely for a man to daunce: saying, Saltantem sobrium vidi neminem. I neuer saw any man daunce that was sober and his right wits, but there by your leaue he failed, not our young Courtiers will allow it, besides that it is the most decent and comely demeanour of all exultations and reioycements of the hart, which is no lesse naturall to man then to be wise or well learned, or sober.

To tell you the decencies of a number of other behauiours, one might do it to please you with pretie reportes, but to the skilfull Courtiers it shalbe nothing necessary, for they know all by experience without learning. Yet some few remembraunces wee will make you of the most materiall, which our selues haue obserued, and so make an end.

It is decent to be affable and curteous at meales & meetings, in open assemblies more solemne and straunge, in place of authoritie and iudgement not familiar nor pleasant, in counsell secret and sad, in ordinary conferences easie and apert, in conuersation simple, in capitulation subtile and mistrustfull, at mournings and burials sad and sorrowfull, in feasts and bankets merry & ioyfull, in household expence pinching and sparing, in publicke entertainment spending and pompous. The Prince to be sumptuous and magnificent, the priuate man liberall with moderation, a man to be in giuing free, in asking spare, in promise slow, in performance speedy, in contract circumspect but iust, in amitie sincere, in ennitie wily and cautelous [dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit, saith the Poet] and after the same rate euery sort and maner of businesse or affaire or action hath his decencie and vndecencie, either for the time or place or person or some other circumstance, as Priests to be sober and sad, a Preacher by his life to giue good example, a Iudge to be incorrupted, solitarie and vnacquainted with Courtiers or Courtly entertainments, & as the Philosopher saith Oportet iudicem esse rudem & simplicem, without plaite or wrinkle, sower in looke and churlish in speach, contrariwise a Courtly Gentleman to be loftie and curious in countenance, yet sometimes a creeper and a curry fauell with his superiours.

And touching the person we say it is comely for a man to be a lambe in the house, and a Lyon in the field, appointing the decencie of his qualitie by the place, by which reason also we limit the comely parts of a woman to consist in foure points, that is to be a shrew in the kitchin, a saint in the Church, an Angell at the bourd, and an Ape in the bed, as the Chronicle reportes by Mistresse Shore paramour to king Edward the fourth.

Then also there is a decency in respect of the persons with whom we do negotiate, as with the great personages his egals to be solemne and surly, with meaner men pleasant and popular, stoute with the sturdie and milde with the meek, which is a most decent conuersation and not reprochfull or vnseemely, as the prouerbe goeth, by those that vse the contrary, a Lyon among sheepe and a sheepe among Lyons.

Right so in negotiating with Princes we ought to seeke their fauour by humilitie & not by sternnesse, nor to trafficke with them by way of indent or condition, but frankly and by manner of submission to their wils, for Princes may be lead but not driuen, nor they are to be vanquisht by allegation, but must be suffered to haue the victorie and be relented vnto: nor they are not to be challenged for right or iustice, for that is a maner of accusation: nor to be charged with their promises, for that is a kinde of condemnation: and at their request we ought not to be hardly entreated but easily, for that is a signe of deffidence and mistrust in their bountie and gratitude: nor to recite the good seruices which they haue receiued at our hands, for that is but a kind of exprobration, but in crauing their bountie or largesse to remember vnto them all their former beneficences, making no mention of our owne merites, & so it is thankfull, and in praying them to their faces to do it very modestly: and in their commendations not to be exessiue for that is tedious, and alwayes fauours of suttelty more then of sincere loue.

And in speaking to a Prince the voyce ought to be lowe and not lowde nor shrill, for th'one is a signe of humilitie th'other of too much audacitie and presumption. Nor in looking on them seeme to ouerlooke them, nor yet behold

them too stedfastly, for that is a signe of impudence or litle reuerence, and therefore to the great Princes Orientall their seruitours speaking or being spoken vnto abbase their eyes in token of lowlines, which behauiour we do not obserue to our Princes with so good a discretion as they do: & such as retire from the Princes presence, do not by & by turne tayle to them as we do, but go backward or sideling for a reasonable space, til they be at the wal or chamber doore passing out of sight, and is thought a most decent behauiour to their soueraignes. I haue heard that king Henry th'eight her Maiesties father, though otherwise the most gentle and affable Prince of the world, could not abide to haue any man stare in his face or to fix his eye too steedily vpon him when he talked with them: nor for a common suter to exclaime or cry out for iustice, for that is offensiue and as it were a secret impeachment of his wrong doing, as happened once to a Knight in this Realme of great worship speaking to the king. Nor in speaches with them to be too long, or too much affected, for th'one is tedious th'other is irksome, nor with lowd acclamations to applaude them, for that is too popular & rude and betokens either ignoraunce, or seldome accesse to their presence, or litle frequenting their Courts: nor to shew too mery or light a countenance, for that is a signe of litle reuerence and is a peece of a contempt.

And in gaming with a Prince it is decent to let him sometimes win of purpose, to keepe him pleasant, & neuer to refuse his gift, for that is vndutifull: nor to forgiue him his losses, for that is arrogant: nor to giue him great gifts, for that is either insolence or follie: nor to feast him with excessiue charge for that is both vaine and enuious, & therefore the wise Prince king Henry the seuenth her Maiesties grandfather, if his chaunce had bene to lye at any of his subiects houses, or to passe moe meales than one, he that would take vpon him to defray the charge of his dyet, or of his officers and houshold, he would be maruelously offended with it, saying what priuate subiect dare vndertake a Princes charge, or looke into the secret of his expence? Her Maiestie hath bene knowne oftentimes to mislike the superfluous expence of her subiects bestowed vpon her in times of her progresses.

Likewise in matter of aduise it is neither decent to flatter him for that is seruite, neither to be too rough or plaine with him, for that is daungerous, but truly to Counsell & to admonish, grauely not greuouly, sincerely not souerely: which was the part that so greatly commended Cineas Counsellour to king Pirrhus, who kept that decencie in all his perswasions, that he euer preuailed in aduice, and carried the king which way he would.

And in a Prince it is comely to giue vnasked, but in a subiect to aske vnbidden: for that first is signe of a bountifull mynde, this of a loyall & confident. But the subiect that craues not at his Princes hand, either he is of no desert, or proud, or mistrustfull of his Princes goodnesse: therefore king Henry th'eight to one that entreated him to remember one Sir Anthony Rouse with some reward for that he had spent much and was an ill beggar: the king aunswered (noting his insolencie,) If he be ashamed to begge, we are ashamed to giue, and was neuerthelesse one of the most liberall Princes of the world.

And yet in some Courts it is otherwise vsed, for in Spaine it is thought very vndecent for a Courtier to craue, supposing that it is the part of an importune: therefore the king of ordinarie calleth euery second, third or fourth yere for his Checker roll, and bestoweth his mercedes of his owne meere motion, and by discretion, according to euery mans merite and condition.

And in their commendable delights to be apt and accommodate, as if the Prince be geuen to hauking, hunting, riding of horses, or playing vpon instruments, or any like exercise, the seruitour to be the same: and in their other appetites wherein the Prince would seeme an example of vertue, and would not mislike to be egalled by others: in such cases it is decent their seruitours & subiects studie to be like to them by imitation, as in wearing their haire long or short, or in this or that sort of apparrell, such excepted as be only fitte for Princes and none els, which were vndecent for a meaner person to imitate or counterfet: so is it not comely to counterfet their voice, or looke, or any other gestures that be not ordinary and naturall in euery common person: and therefore to go vpright or speake or looke assuredly, it is decent in euery man. But if the Prince haue an extraordinarie countenance or manner of speech, or bearing of his body, that for a common seruitour to counterfet is not decent, and therefore it was misliked in the Emperor Nero, and thought uncomely for him to counterfet Alexander the great by holding his head a little awrie, & neerer toward the tone shoulder, because it was not his own naturall.

And in a Prince it is decent to goe slowly, and to march with leysure, and with a certaine granditie rather than grauitie: as our soueraigne Lady and mistresse, the very image of maiestie and magnificence, is accustomed to doe generally, vnlesse it be when she walketh apace for her pleasure, or to catch her a heate in the colde mornings.

Neuerthelesse, it is not so decent in a meaner person, as I haue obserued in some counterfet Ladies of the Countrey, which vse it much to their owne derision. This comelines was wanting in Queene Marie, otherwise a very good and honourable Princesse. And was some blemish to the Emperor Ferdinando, a most noble minded man, yet so carelesse and forgetfull of himselfe in that behalfe, as I haue seene him runne vp a paire of staires so swift and nimble a pace as almost had not become a very meane man, who had not gone in some hastie businesse.

And in a noble Prince nothing is more decent and welbeseeing his greatnesse than to spare foule speeches, for that breedes hatred, and to let none humble suiters depart out of their presence (as neere as may be) miscontented. Wherein her Maiestie hath of all others a most Regall gift, and nothing inferior to the good Prince Titus Vespasianus in that point.

Also, not to be passionate for small detriments or offences, nor to be a reuenger of them, but in cases of great iniurie and specially of dishonors: and therein to be the very sterne and vindicatiue, for that sauours of Princely magnanimitie: nor to seeke reuenge vpon base and obscure persons, ouer whom the conquest is not glorious, nor the victorie honourable, which respect moued our soueraign Lady (keeping alwaies the decorum of a Princely person) at her first comming to the crowne, when a knight of this Realme, who had very insolently behaued himselfe toward her when she was Lady Elizabeth, fell vpon his knee to her, and besought her pardon: suspecting (as there was good cause) that he should haue bene sent to the Tower, she said vnto him most mildly: do you not know that we are descended of the Lion, whose nature is not to harme or pray vpon the mouse, or any other such small vermin?

And with these examples I thinke sufficient to leaue, geuing you information of this one point, that all your figures Poeticall or Rhethoricall are but obseruations of strange speeches and such as without any arte at al we should vse, & commonly do, euen by very nature without discipline But more or lesse aptly and decently, or scarcely, or abundantly, or of this or that kind of figure, & one of vs more then another, according to the disposition of our nature, constitution of the heart, & facilities of each mans vtterance: so as we may conclude, that nature her selfe suggesteth the figure in this or that forme: but arte aydeth the iudgement of his vse and application, which geues me occasion finally and for a full conclusion to this whole treatise, to enforme you in the next chapter how art should be vsed in all respects, and specially in this behalfe of language, and when the naturall is more commendable then the artificiall, and contrariwise.

CHAP. XXV.

That the good Poet or maker ought to dissemble his arte, and in what cases the artificiall is more commended then the naturall, and contrariwise.

And now (most excellent Queene) having largely said of Poets & Poesie and about what matters they be employed: then of all the commended fourmes of Poemes, thirdly of metricall proportions, such as do appertaine to our vulgar arte: and last of all set forth the poeticall ornament consisting chiefly in the beautie and gallantness of his language and stile, and so haue apparelled him to our seeming, in all his gorgeous habilliments, and pulling him first from the carte to the schoole, and from thence to the Court, and preferred him to your Maiesties seruice, in that place of great honour and magnificence to geue entertainment to Princes, Ladies of honour, Gentlewomen and Gentlemen, and by his many moodes of skill, to serue the many humors of men thither haunting and resorting, some by way of solace, some of serious aduise and in matters aswell profitable as pleasant and honest. Wee haue in our humble conceit sufficiently perfourmed our promise or rather dutie to your Maiestie in the description of this arte, so alwaies as we leaue him not vnfurnisht of one peece that best befeemes that place of any other, and may serue as a principall good lesson for al good makers to beare continually in mind, in the vsage of this science: which is that being now lately become a Courtier he shew not himself a craftsman, & merit to be disgraded, & with scorne sent back againe to the shop, or other place of his first facultie and calling, but that so wisely & discreetly he behaue himselfe as he may worthily returne the credit of his place, and profession of a very Courtier, which is in plaine termes, cunningly to be able to dissemble. But (if it please your Maiestie) may it not seeme enough for a Courtier to know how to weare a fether, and set his cappe a slaunt, his chaine en echarpe, a straight buskin al inglesse, a loose alo Turquesque, the cape alla Spaniola, the breech a la Françoise, and by twentie maner of new faishoned garments

to disguise his body, and his face with as many countenances, whereof it seemes there be many that make a very arte, and studie who can shew himselfe most fine, I will not say most foolish and ridiculous? or perhaps rather that he could dissemble his conceits as well as his countenances, so as he neuer speake as he thinkes, or thinke as he speaks, and that in any matter of importance his words and his meaning very seldome meete: for so as I remember it was concluded by vs setting foorth the figure Allegoria, which therefore not impertinently we call the Courtier or figure of faire semblant, or is it not perchance more requisite our courtly Poet do dissemble not onely his countenances & conceits, but also all his ordinary actions of behaiour, or the most part of them, whereby the better to winne his purposes & good aduantages, as now & then to haue a iourney or sicknesse in his sleeue, thereby to shake of other importunities of greater consequence, as they vse their pilgrimages in Fraunce, the Diet in Spaine, the baines in Italy? and when a man is whole to faine himselfe sicke to shunne the businesse in Court, to entertaine time and ease at home, to salue offences without discredite, to win purposes by mediation in absence, which their presence would eyther impeach or not greatly preferre, to harken after the popular opinions and speech, to entend to their more priuate solaces, to practize more deeply both at leasure & libertie, & when any publique affaire or other attempt & counsaile of theirs hath not receaued good successe, to auoid therby the Princes present reproofe, to coole their chollers by absence, to winne remorse by lamentable reports, and reconciliation by friends intreatie. Finally by sequestering themselues for a time fro the Court, to be able the frecher & cleerer to discerne the factions and state of the Court and of al the world besides, no lesse then doth the looker on or beholder of a game better see into all points of auantage, then the player himselfe? and in dissembling of diseases which I pray you? for I haue obserued it in the Court of Fraunce, not a burning feuer or a plurisie, or a palsie or the hydropick and swelling gowte, or any other like disease, for if they may be such as may be either easily discerned or quickly cured, they be ill to dissemble and doo halfe handsomely serue the turne.

But it must be either a dry dropsie, or a megrim or letarge, or a fistule in ano, or some such other secret disease, as the common conuersant can hardly discouer, and the Phisition either not speedily heale, or not honestly bewray? of which infirmities the scoffing Pasquil wrote, Vleus vesicae renum dolor in peno scirrur. Or as I haue seene in diuers places where many make themselues hart whole, when in deede they are full sicke, bearing it stoutly out to the hazard of their health, rather then they would be suspected of any lothsome infirmity, which might inhibit them from the Princes presence, or entertainment of the ladies. Or as some other do to beare a port of state & plentie when they haue neither penny nor possession, that they may not seeme to droope, and be reiected as vnworthy or insufficient for the greater seruices, or be pitied for their pouertie, which they hold for a marueilous disgrace as did the poore Squire of Castile, who had rather dine with a sheepes head at home & drinke a cruse of water to it, then to haue a good dinner giuen him by his friend who was nothing ignorant of his pouertie. Or as others do to make wise they be poore when they be riche, to shunne thereby the publicke charges and vocations, for men are not now a dayes (specially in states of Oligarchie as the most in our age) called somuch for their wisdom as for their wealth, also to auoyde enuie of neighbours or bountie in conuersation, for whosoeuer is reputed rich cannot without reproch, but be either a lender or a spender. Or as others do to seeme very busie when they haue nothing to doo, and yet will make themselues so occupied and ouerladen in the Princes affaires, as it is a great matter to haue a couple of wordes with them, when notwithstanding they lye sleeping on their beds all an after noone, or sit solemnly at cardes in their chambers, or enterteyning of the Dames, or laughing and gibing with their familiars foure houres by the clocke, whiles the poore suter desirous of his dispatch is aunswered by some Secretarie or page il fault attendre, Monsieur is dispatching the kings businesse into Languedock, Prouence Piemont, a common phrase with the Secretaries of France. Or as I haue obserued in many of the Princes Courts of Italie, to seeme idle when they be earnestly occupied & entend to nothing but mischieuous practizes, and do busily negotiate by coulour of otiation. Or as others of them that go ordinarily to Church and neuer pray to winne an opinion of holinesse: or pray still apace, but neuer do good deede, and geue a begger a penny and spend a pound on a harlot, to speake faire to a mans face, and foule behinde his backe, to set him at his trencher and yet sit on his skirts for so we vse to say by a fayned friend, then also to be rough and churlish in speach and apparance, but inwardly affectionate and fauouring, as I haue sene of the greatest podestates and grauest iudges and Presidentes of Parliament in Fraunce.

These & many such like disguisings do we find in mans behaiour, & specially in the Courtiers of forraine Countreyes, where in my youth I was brought vp, and very well obserued their maner of life and conuersation, for of mine owne Countrey I haue not made so great experience. Which parts, neuerthelesse, we allow not now in our English maker, because we haue geuen him the name of an honest man, and not of an hypocrite: and therefore leauing these manner of dissimulations to all base-minded men, & of vile nature or misterie, we doe allow our Courtly Poet to be a dissembler only in the subtilties of his arte: that is, when he is most artificiall, so to disguise

and cloake it as it may not appeare, nor seeme to proceede from him by any studie or trade of rules, but to be his naturall: nor so euidently to be descried, as euery ladde that reade him shall say he is a good scholler, but will rather haue him to know his arte well, and little to vse it.

And yet peradventure in all points it may not be so taken, but in such onely as may discouer his grossenes or his ignorance by some schollerly affectation: which thing is very irkesome to all men of good trayning, and specially to Courtiers. And yet for all that our maker may not be in all cases restrayned, but that he may both vse and also manifest his arte to his great praise, and need no more be ashamed thereof, than a shomaker to haue made a cleanly shoe or a Carpenter to haue buylt a faire house. Therefore to discusse and make this point somewhat cleerer, to weete, where arte ought to appeare, and where not, and when the naturall is more commendable than the artificiall in any humane action or workmanship, we wil examine it further by this distinction.

In some cases we say arte is an ayde and coadiutor to nature, and a furtherer of her actions to good effect, or peradventure a meane to supply her wants, by reinforcing the causes wherein shee is impotent and defectiue, as doth the arte of phisicke, by helping the naturall concoction, retention, distribution, expulsion, and other vertues, in a weake and vnhealthie bodie. Or as the good gardiner seasons his soyle by sundrie sorts of compost: as mucke or marle, clay or sande, and many times by bloud, or lees of oyle or wine, or stale, or perchaunce with more costly drugs: and waters his plants, and weedes his herbes and floures, and prunes his branches, and vnleaves his boughes to let in the sunne: and twentie other waies cherisheth them, and cureth their infirmities, and so makes that neuer, or very seldome any of them miscarry, but bring forth their flours and fruites in season. And in both these cases it is no smal praise for the Phisition & Gardiner to be called good and cunning artificers.

In another respect arte is not only an aide and coadiutor to nature in all her actions, but an alterer of them, and in some sort a surmounter of her skill, so as by meanes of it her owne effects shall appeare more beautifull or straunge and miraculous, as in both cases before remembred. The Phisition by the cordials hee will geue his patient, shall be able not onely to restore the decayed spirites of man and render him health, but also to prolong the terme of his life many yeares ouer and aboue the stint of his first and naturall constitution. And the Gardiner by his arte will not onely make an herbe, or flowr, or fruite, come forth in his season without impediment, but also will embellish the same in vertue, shape, odour and taste, that nature of her selfe woulde neuer haue done: as to make the single gilliflowre, or marigold, or daisie, double: and the white rose, redde, yellow, or carnation, a bitter mellon sweete; a sweete apple, soure; a plumme or cherrie without a stone; a peare without core or kernell, a goord or coucumber like to a horne, or any other figure hee will: any of which things nature could not doe without mans help and arte. These actions also are most singular, when they be most artificiall.

In another respect, we say arte is neither an aider nor a surmounter, but onely a bare immitatour of natures works, following and counterfeyting her actions and effects, as the Marmesot doth many countenances and gestures of man, of which sorte are the artes of painting and keruing, whereof one represents the naturall by light colour and shadow in the superficiall or flat, the other in body massife expressing the full and emptie, euen, extant, rabbated, hollow, or whatsoever other figure and passion of quantitie. So also the Alchimist counterfeits gold, siluer, and all other mettals, the Lapidarie pearles and pretious stones by glasse and other substances falsified, and sophisticate by arte. These men also be praised for their craft, and their credit is nothing empayred, to say that their conclusions and effects are very artificiall. Finally in another respect arte is as it were an encounter and contrary to nature, producing effects neither like to hers, nor by participation with her operations, nor by imitation of her paternes, but makes things and produceth effects altogether strange and diuerse, & of such forme & qualitie (nature alwaies supplying stuffe) as she neuer would nor could haue done of her selfe, as the carpenter that builds a house, the ioyner that makes a table or a bedstead, the tailor a garment, the Smith a locke or a key, and a number of like, in which case the workman gaineth reputation by his arte, and praise when it is best expressed & most apparant, & most studiously. Man also in all his actions that be not altogether naturall, but are gotten by study & discipline or exercise, as to daunce by measures, to sing by note, to play on the lute, and such like, it is a praise to be said an artificiall dauncer, singer, & player on instruments, because they be not exactly knowne or done, but by rules & precepts or teaching of schoolemasters. But in such actions as be so naturall & proper to man, as he may become excellent therein without any arte or imitation at all, (custome and exercise excepted, which are requisite to euery action not numbred among the vitall or animal) and wherein nature should seeme to do amisse, and man suffer reproch to be found destitute of them: in those to shew himselfe rather artificiall then naturall, were no lesse to be laughed at, then for one that can see well enough, to vse a paire of spectacles, or not to heare but by a trunke put to

his eare, nor feele without a paire of ennealed glooues, which things in deed helpe an infirme sence, but annoy the perfit, and therefore shewing a disabilitie naturall mooue rather to scorne then commendation, and to pitie sooner then to prayse. But what else is language and vtterance, and discourse & persuasion, and argument in man, then the vertues of a well constitute body and minde, little lesse naturall then his very sensuall actions, sauing that the one is perfit by nature at once, the other not without exercise & iteration? Peraduenture also it wil be granted, that a man sees better and discernes more brimly his collours, and heares and feeles more exactly by vse and often hearing and feeling and seing, & though it be better to see with spectacles then not to see at all, yet is their praise not egall nor in any mans iudgement comparable: no more is that which a Poet makes by arte and precepts rather then by naturall instinct: and that which he doth by long meditation rather then by a suddaine inspiration, or with great pleasure and facillitie then hardly (and as they are woont to say) in spite of Nature or Minerua, then which nothing can be more irksome or ridiculous.

And yet I am not ignorant that there be artes and methods both to speake and to perswade and also to dispute, and by which the naturall is in some sorte relieued, as th'eye by his spectacle, I say relieued in his imperfection, but not made more perfit then the naturall, in which respect I call those artes of Grammer, Logicke, and Rhetorick not bare imitations, as the painter or keruers craft and worke in a forraine subiect viz. a liuely purtraite in his table of wood, but by long and studious obseruation rather a repetition or reminiscens naturall, reduced into perfection, and made prompt by use and exercise. And so whatsoeuer a man speakes or perswades he doth it not by imitation artificially, but by obseruation naturally (though one follow another) because it is both the same and the like that nature doth suggest: but if a poppingay speake, she doth it by imitation of mans voyce artificially and not naturally being the like, but not the same that nature doth suggest to man. But now because our maker or Poet is to play many parts and not one alone, as first to deuise his plat or subiect, then to fashion his poeme, thirdly to vse his metricall proportions, and last of all to vtter with pleasure and delight, which restes in his maner of language and stile as hath bene said, whereof the many moodes and straunge phrases are called figures, it is not altogether with him as with the crafts man, nor altogether otherwise then with the crafts man, for in that he vseth his metricall proportions by appointed and harmonicall measures and distaunces, he is like the Carpenter or Ioyner, for borrowing their tymber and stuffe of nature, they appoint and order it by art otherwise then nature would doe, and worke effects in apparance contrary to hers. Also in that which the Poet speakes or reports of another mans tale or doings, as Homer of Priamus or Vlisses, he is as the painter or keruer that worke by imitation and representation in a forrein subiect, in that he speakes figuratiuely, or argues subtiltie, or perswades copiously and vehemently, he doth as the cunning gardiner that vsing nature as a coadiutor, furdres her conclusions & many times makes her effectes more absolute and straunge. But for that in our maker or Poet, which restes onely in deuise and issues from an excellent sharpe and quick inuention, holpen by a cleare and bright phantasie and imagination, he is not as the painter to counterfaite the naturall by the like effects and not the same, nor as the gardiner aiding nature to worke both the same and the like, nor as the Carpenter to worke effects vtterly vnlike, but euen as nature her selfe working by her owne peculiar vertue and proper instinct and not by example or meditation or exercise as all other artificers do, is then most admired when he is most naturall and least artificiall. And in the feates of his language and vtterance, because they hold as well of nature to be suggested and vttered as by arte to be polished and reformed. Therefore shall our Poet receaue prayse for both, but more by knowing of his arte then by vnseasonable vsing it, and be more commended for his naturall eloquence then for his artificiall, and more for his artificiall well desembled, then for the same ouermuch affected and grossely or vndiscretly bewrayed, as many makers and Oratours do.

The Conclusion.

And with this (my most gracious soueraigne Lady) I make an end, humbly beseeching your pardon, in that I haue presumed to hold your eares so long annoyed with a tedious trifle so as vnlesse it preecede more of your owne Princely and naturall mansuetude then of my merite. I feare greatly least you may thinck of me as the Philosopher Plato did of Anueris an inhabitant of the Citie Cirene, who being in troth a very actiue and artificiall man in driuing of a Princes Charriot or Coche (as your Maiestie might be) and knowing it himselfe well enough, comming one day into Platos schoole, and hauing heard him largely dispute in matters Philosophicall, I pray you (quoth he) geue me leaue also to say somewhat of myne arte, and in deede shewed so many trickes of his cunning how to lanche forth and stay, and chaunge pace, and turne and winde his Coche, this way and that way, vphill downe hill, and also in euen or rough ground, that he made the whole assemblie wonder at him. Quoth Plato being a graue personage,

verely in myne opinion this man should be vtterly vnfit for any seruice of greater importance then to driue a Coche. It is great pitie that so prettie a fellow, had not occupied his braynes in studies of more consequence. Now I pray God it be not thought so of me in describing the toyes of this our vulgar art. But when I consider how euery thing hath his estimation by oportunitie, and that it was but the studie of my yonger yeares in which vanitie raigned. Also that I write to the pleasure of a Lady and a most gracious Queene, and neither to Priestes nor to Prophetes or Philosophers. Besides finding by experience, that many times idlenesse is lesse harmefull then vnprofitable occupation, dayly seeing how these great aspiring myndes and ambitious heads of the world seriously searching to deale in matters of state, be often times so busie and earnest that they were better be vnoccupied and peradventure althgether idle, I presume so much vpon your Maiesties most milde and gracious iudgement howsoever you conceiue of myne abilitie to any better or greater seruice, that yet in this attempt ye wil allow of my loyall and good intent alwayes endeououring to do your Maiestie the best and greatest of those seruices I can.

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 of reference, otherwise called the figure of submission. 189 Parrisia, or the licentious. 190
 Anachmosis, or the importuner. 190 Paramologia, or figure of admittance. 190 Etiologia, or the
 tell-cause, otherwise called the reason render. 191 Dicheologia, or the figure of excuse. 192
 Noema, or the figure of close conceit. 193 Orismus, or the definer by difference. 193 Procatalepsis,
 or the presumptuous. 194 Paralepsis, or the passenger. 194 Commoratio, or figure of abode.
 194 Metastasis, or figure of remoue, otherwise called the flutter. 194 Parecuasis, or the straggler,
 otherwise called the figure of digression. 195 Expeditio, or the dispatcher. 195 Diologismus,
 or the right reasoner. 196 Gnome, or the director, otherwise called the sagesayer. 197
 Sinathrismus, or the heaping figure. 197 Apostrophe, or the turne tale. 198 Hipotiposis, or the
 counterfait, otherwise called the figure of representation. 199 Prosopographia, or the counterfet
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 212 Tautologia, or selfe saying. 213 Acyron, or the vncouth. 214 Pleonasmus, or fault of
 full speech. 215 Macrologia, or long language. 215 Periergia, or ouerlabor, otherwise called the
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FINIS.

6. 17th Century: John Donne. *Songs and Sonnets*

Song I

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot;

5

Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

10

If thou be'est born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
Till age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me

15

All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;

20

Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet,
Though she were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,

25

Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Song II

Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;

5

But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best,
To use my self in jest
Thus by feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,

10

And yet is here today,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make

15

Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,

20

Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to'advance.

25

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be

30

That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;

35

Destiny may take thy part,

And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep;
They who one another keep

40

Alive, ne'er parted be.

The Good Morrow.

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then,
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?

5

'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;

10

For love, all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an every where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let us possess our world, each hath one, and is one.

15

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?
What ever dies, was not mixed equally;

20

If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.

Woman's Constancy.

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
Tomorrow, when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say that now

5

We are not just those persons which we were?

Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths, true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,

10

Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change, and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could

15

Dispute, and conquer, if I would,
Which I abstain to do,
For by tomorrow, I may think so too.

The Sun Rising.

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains, call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?

5

Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
Late school-boys, and sour 'prentices,
Go tell court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices;
Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,

10

Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams, so reverend and strong
Why shouldst thou think?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long:

15

If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and tomorrow late, tell me,
Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

20

And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all states, and all princes, I;
Nothing else is.
Princes do but play us; compared to this,

All honour's mimic; all wealth alchemy.

25

Thou, sun art half as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus;
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;

30

This bed thy centre is, these walls, thy sphere.

The Indifferent.

I can love both fair and brown,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want
betrays,
Her who loves lonesome best, and her who masks and
plays,
Her whom the country formed, and whom the town,

5

Her who believes, and her who tries,
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

10

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you old vices spent, and now would find out
others?
Or doth a fear, that men are true, torment you?
Oh we are not, be not you so;

15

Let me, and do you, twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
Grow your fixed subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,

20

And by Love's sweetest part, variety, she swore
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no
more.
She went, examined, and returned ere long,
And said, «Alas, some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,

25

Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you.»

Love's Usury.

For every hour that thou wilt spare me now

I will allow,
Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown, my gray hairs equal be;

5

Till then, Love, let my body reign, and let
Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last year's relict: think that yet
We had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,

10

And at next nine
Keep midnight's promise; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
Only let me love none, no, not the sport;
>>>>>From country grass, to comfitures of Court,

15

Or city's quelque-choses, let report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good; if when I am old, I be
Inflamed by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame, or pain,

20

Thou covet, most at that age thou shalt gain.
Do thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
Spare me till then, I'll bear it, though she be
One that loves me.

The Canonization.

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,

Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five grey hairs, or ruined fortune flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts
improve;

5
 Take you a course, get you a place,
 Observe his Honour, or his Grace,
 Or the King's real, or his stamped face
 Contemplate; what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.

10
 Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?
 What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
 Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my veins fill

15
 Add one more to the plaguy bill?
 Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,
 Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;

20
 Call her one, me another fly;
 We are tapers too, and at our own cost die;
 And we in us find the eagle and the dove,
 The phoenix riddle hath more wit
 By us, we two being one, are it.

25
 So to one neutral thing both sexes fit:
 We die and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by his love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
 And if unfit for tombs and hearse

30
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
 And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
 We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
 As well a well wrought urne becomes
 The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs;

35
 And by these hymns all shall approve
 Us canonized for love:

And thus invoke us: «You whom reverend love
 Made one another's hermitage;
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;

40
 Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize,)
 Countries, towns, courts: beg from above

45
 A pattern of your love!»

The Triple Fool.

I am two fools, I know,
 For loving, and for saying so
 In whining poetry;
 But where's that wiseman that would not be I,

5
 If she would not deny?
 Then, as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my pains
 Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.

10
 Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
 For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art and voice to show,
 Doth set and sing my pain,

15
 And, by delighting many, frees again
 Grief, which verse did restrain.
 To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
 But not of such as pleases when 'tis read;
 Both are increased by such songs:

20
 For both their triumphs so are published;
 And I, which was two fools, do so grow three;
 Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

Lovers' Infiniteness.

If yet I have not all thy love,
 Dear, I shall never have it all,
 I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
 Nor can intreat one other tear to fall.

5
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent,
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love were partial,

10
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall

15
New love created be, by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, and letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For, this love was not vowed by thee.

20
And yet it was, thy gift being general,
The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more;

25
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in
store;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it:
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,

30
It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it:
But we will have a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to join them, so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

Air and Angels.

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be;

5

Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see,
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is

10
Love must not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lip, eye, and brow.

15
Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw, I had love's pinnace overfraught,
Every thy hair for love to work upon

20
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;
Then as an angel, face and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,

25
So thy love may be my love's sphere;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air and angels' purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

Break of Day.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie down, because 'twas night?

5
Love which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst, that it could say,

10
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so,

That I would not from her, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,

15
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

Confined Love.

Some man unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,

5
And thence a law did grow,
One should but one man know;
But are other creatures so?

Are sun, moon, or stars by law forbidden,
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?

10
Are birds divorced, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a-night?
Beasts do no jointures lose
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse than those.

15
Who e'er rigged fair ship to lie in harbours
And not to seek new lands, or not to deal withal?
Or built fair houses, set trees, and arbours,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good, unless

20
A thousand it possess,
But dost waste with greediness.

The Dream.

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for phantasy:

5
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it;
Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice,
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best,

10
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, waked me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'st truth) an angel, at first sight,

15
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamed, when thou
knew'st when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
I must confess, it could not choose but be

20
Profane, to think thee anything but thee.

Coming and staying showed thee, thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak, where fear's as strong as he;

25
'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, have.
Perchance as torches which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; then I

30
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A Valediction: Of Weeping.

Let me pour forth
My tears before thy face, whilst I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear,
And by this mintage they are something worth,

5
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee;

Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more;
When a tear falls, that thou falls which it bore,
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers
shore.

10
On a round ball
A workman that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all;
So doth each tear,

15
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mixed with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven
dissolved so.

O more than moon,

20
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere,
Weep me not dead, in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may do too soon;
Let not the wind
Example find,

25
To do me more harm, than it purposeth;
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most, is cruellest, and hastes the
other's death.

Love's Alchemy.

Some that have deeper digged love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie:
I have loved, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,

5
I should not find that hidden mystery;
Oh, 'tis imposture all:
And as no chemic yet the elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall

10
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,

But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we, for this vain bubble's shadow pay?

15
Ends love in this, that my man,
Can be as happy'as I can; if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?
That loving wretch that swears,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,

20
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit, they are but mummy,
possessed.

The Flea.

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
Me it sucked first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled be;

5
Confess it, this cannot be said
A sin, or shame, or loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than we would do.

10
Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, nay more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,

15
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to this, self murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since

20
Purpled thy nail, in blood of innocence?

In what could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor me the weaker now;

25

'Tis true, then learn how false fears be;
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

A Nocturnal upon St. Lucy's Day,
being the shortest day.

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucy's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks;
The sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;

5

The world's whole sap is sunk:
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interred; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compared with me, who am their epitaph.

10

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next spring:
For I am every dead thing,
In whom love wrought new alchemy.
For his art did express

15

A quintessence even from nothingness,
>>>>>From dull privations, and lean emptiness;
He ruined me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,

20

Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have;
I, by love's limbeck, am the grave
Of all that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drowned the whole world, us two; oft did we grow

25

To be two chaoses, when we did show
Care to aught else; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcases.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing the elixir grown;

30

Were I a man, that I were one
I needs must know; I should prefer,
If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means; yea plants, yea stones
detest,
And love; all, all some properties invest;

35

If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am none; nor will my sun renew.
You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser sun
At this time to the Goat is run

40

To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your summer all;
Since she enjoys her long night's festival,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her vigil, and her eve, since this

45

Both the year's, and the day's deep midnight is.

The Bait.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

5

There will the river whispering run
Warmed by thy eyes, more than the sun.
And there the enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath

10

Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen be'st loth

By sun or moon, thou darkenest both,

15

And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset

20

With strangling snare, or windowy net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

25

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish that is not caught thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

The Apparition.

When by thy scorn, O murderess, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free
>>>>>From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,

5

And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,

10

And in false sleep will from thee shrink,
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
A verier ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,

15

Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

A Valediction: forbidding Mourning.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:

5

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,

10

Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit

15

Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,

20

Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to aery thinness beat.

25

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,

30

Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;

35

Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end, where I begun.

The Ecstasy.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best;

5

Our hands were firmly cemented
With a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes, upon one double string;

So to' intergraft our hands, as yet

10

Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,

15

Our souls, (which to advance their state
Were gone out), hung 'twixt her, and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,

20

And we said nothing, all the day.

If any, so by love refined,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,

25

He (though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same)

Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This ecstasy doth unperplex

30

(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:

But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things, they know not what,

35

Love, these mixed souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poor, and scant,)

40

Redoubles still, and multiplies.

When love, with one another so
Interinanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controls.

45

We then, who are this new soul, know,
Of what we are composed and made,
For, th' atomies of which we grow,
Are souls, whom no change can invade.

But O alas, so long, so far

50

Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though they are not we, we are
The intelligences, they the sphere.

We owe them thanks, because they thus,
Did us, to us, at first convey,

55

Yielded their forces, sense, to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heavens' influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air,
So soul into the soul may flow,

60

Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot, which makes us man:

65

So must pure lovers' souls descend
T' affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.

To our bodies turn we then, that so

70

Weak men on love revealed may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,

75

Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change, when we're to bodies gone.

Love's Deity.

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.

5

But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be;
I must love her, that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it.

10

But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her, that loves me.

15

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative, as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of love.
Oh were we wakened by this tyranny

20

To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love might make me leave loving, or might try

25

A deeper plague, to make her love me too;
Which, since she loves before, I am loth to see.
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love, should love me.

The Funeral.

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,

5

For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that which, unto heav'n being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from
dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall

10

Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
Those hairs, which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't: expect she meant that I

15

By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're
condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me,
For since I am

Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry

20

If into other hands these reliques came.

As 'twas humility

T' afford to it all that a soul can do,

So 'tis some bravery

That, since you would have none of me, I bury some
of you.

The Primrose.

Upon this primrose hill,

Where, if heaven would distil

A shower of rain, each several drop might go

To his own primrose, and grow manna so;

5

And where their form and their infinity

Make a terrestrial galaxy,

As the small stars do in the sky:

I walk to find a true love; and I see

That 'tis not a mere woman, that is she,

10

But must, or more, or less than woman be.

Yet know I not, which flower

I wish; a six, or four;

For should my true love less than woman be

She were scarce anything; and then, should she

15

Be more than woman, she would get above

All thought of sex, and think to move

My heart to study her, and not to love;

Both these were monsters; since there must reside

Falsehood in woman, I could more abide,

20

She were by art than nature falsified.

Live primrose then, and thrive

With thy true number, five;

And woman, whom this flower doth represent,

With this mysterious number be content;

25

Ten is the farthest number; if half ten

Belong unto each woman, then

Each woman may take half us men;

Or if this will not serve their turn, since all

Numbers are odd, or even, and they fall

30

First into this, five, woman may take us all.

The Relic.

When my grave is broke up again

Some second guest to entertain,

(For graves have learned that woman-head

To be to more than one a bed)

5

And he that digs it, spies

A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,

Will he not let us alone,

And think that there a loving couple lies,

Who thought that this device might be some way

10

To make their souls, at the last busy day,

Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,

Where mis-devotion doth command,

Then he, that digs us up, will bring

15

Us to the Bishop, and the King,

To make us relics; then

Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I

A something else thereby;

All women shall adore us, and some men;

20

And since at such time miracles are sought,

I would have that age by this paper taught

What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First, we loved well and faithfully,

Yet knew not what we loved, nor why,

25

Difference of sex no more we knew,

Than our guardian angels do;

Coming and going, we

Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;

Our hands ne'er touched the seals,

30

Which nature, injured by late law, sets free:

These miracles we did; but now alas,

All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

The Damp.

When I am dead, and doctors know not why,
And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up to survey each part,
When they shall find your picture in my heart,

5

You think a sudden damp of love
Will through all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder, to the name of massacre.

Poor victories; but if you dare be brave,

10

And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th' enormous giant, your Disdain,
And let th' enchantress Honour next be slain,
And like a Goth and Vandal rise,
Deface records, and histories

15

Of your own arts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up as well as you
My giants, and my witches too,
Which are vast Constancy, and Secretness,

20

But these I neither look for, nor profess;
Kill me as woman, let me die
As a mere man; do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
Naked you have odds enough of any man.

The Dissolution.

She's dead; and all which die
To their first elements resolve;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.

5

My body then doth hers involve,
And those things whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdensome,

And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, sighs of air,

10

Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,
Which my materials be,
But near worn out by love's security,
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair,
And I might live long wretched so

15

But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as those active kings
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break:
This (which I am amazed that I can speak)

20

This death, hath with my store
My use increased.
And so my soul more earnestly released,
Will outstrip hers; as bullets flown before
A latter bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

The Prohibition.

Take heed of loving me,
At least remember, I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood, upon thy sighs and tears,

5

By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But, so great joy, our life at once outwears,
Then, lest thy love, by my death, frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,

10

Or too much triumph in the victory.
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.

15

Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet, love and hate me too,
So, these extremes shall neither's office do;

Love me, that I may die the gentler way;

20

Hate me, because thy love's too great for me;
Or let these two, themselves, not me decay;
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be;
Lest thou thy love and hate and me undo,
To let me live, Oh love and hate me too.

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, love, in love's philosophy.
These three hours that we have spent,
Walking here, two shadows went

5

Along with us, which we ourselves produced;
But, now the sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread;
And to brave clearness all things are reduced.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,

10

Disguises did, and shadows, flow,
From us, and our cares; but now 'tis not so.

That love has not attained the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except our loves at this noon stay,

15

We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others; these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint, and westwardly decline;

20

To me thou, falsely, thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day;
But oh, love's day is short, if love decay.

25

Love is a growing, or full constant light;
And his first minute, after noon, is night.

Self Love.

He that cannot choose but love,
And strives against it still,
Never shall my fancy move;
For he loves 'gainst his will;

5

Nor he which is all his own,
And can at pleasure choose,
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he list refuse.

Nor he that loves none but fair,

10

For such by all are sought;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his judgement then is naught:

Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jest or slave;

15

Nor a fool, for when others . . .
He can neither . . .

Nor he that still his mistress pays,
For she is thrall'd therefore:
Nor he that pays not, for he says

20

Within she's worth no more.

Is there then no kind of men
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In mine own self love.

Chapter 3.

Late Modernity

1. Samuel Johnson. *Preface to a Dictionary of the English Languages*

It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear of evil, than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure, without hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward. Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pionier of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which Learning and Genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other authour may aspire to praise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been yet granted to very few. I have, notwithstanding this discouragement, attempted a dictionary of the English language, which, while it was employed in the cultivation of every species of literature, has itself been hitherto neglected; suffered to spread, under the direction of chance, into wild exuberance; resigned to the tyranny of time and fashion; and exposed to the corruptions of ignorance, and caprices of innovation. When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetick without rules: wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selection; adulterations were to be detected, without a settled test of purity; and modes of expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers of classical reputation or acknowledged authority. Having therefore no assistance but from general grammar, I applied myself to the perusal of our writers; and noting whatever might be of use to ascertain or illustrate any word or phrase, accumulated in time the materials of a dictionary, which, by degrees, I reduced to method, establishing to myself, in the progress of the work, such rules as experience and analogy suggested to me; experience, which practice and observation were continually increasing; and analogy, which, though in some words obscure, was evident in others. In adjusting the ORTHOGRAPHY, which has been to this time unsettled and fortuitous, I found it necessary to distinguish those irregularities that are inherent in our tongue, and perhaps coeval with it, from others which the ignorance or negligence of later writers has produced. Every language has its anomalies, which, though inconvenient, and in themselves once unnecessary, must be tolerated among the imperfections of human things, and which require only to be registered, that they may not be increased, and ascertained, that they may not be confounded: but every language has likewise its improprieties and absurdities, which it is the duty of the lexicographer to correct or proscribe. As language was at its beginning merely oral, all words of necessary or common use were spoken before they were written; and while they were unfixed by any visible signs, must have been spoken with great diversity, as we now observe those who cannot read catch sounds imperfectly, and utter them negligently. When this wild and barbarous jargon was first reduced to an alphabet, every penman endeavoured to express, as he could, the sounds which he was accustomed to pronounce or to receive, and vitiated in writing such words as were already vitiated in speech. The powers of the letters, when they were applied to a new language, must have been vague and unsettled, and therefore different hands would exhibit the same sound by different combinations. >>>>From this uncertain pronunciation arise in a great part the various dialects of the same country, which will always be observed to grow fewer, and less different, as books are multiplied; and from this arbitrary representation of sounds by letters, proceeds that diversity of spelling observable in the Saxon remains, and I suppose in the first books of every nation, which perplexes or destroys analogy, and produces anomalous formations, that, being once incorporated, can never be afterward dismissed or reformed. Of this kind are the derivatives length from long, strength from strong, darling from dear, breadth from broad, from dry, drought, and from high, height, which Milton, in zeal for analogy, writes highth; Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una [Horace, Epistles, II. ii. 212]; to change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing. This uncertainty is most frequent in the vowels, which are so capriciously pronounced, and so differently modified, by accident or affectation, not only in every province, but in every mouth, that to them, as is well known to etymologists, little regard is to be shewn in the deduction of one language from another. Such defects are not errors in orthography, but spots of barbarity impressed so deep in the English language, that criticism can never wash them away: these, therefore, must be permitted to remain untouched; but many words have likewise been altered by accident, or depraved by ignorance, as the pronunciation of the vulgar has been weakly followed; and some still continue to be variously written, as authours differ in their care or skill: of these it was proper to enquire

the true orthography, which I have always considered as depending on their derivation, and have therefore referred them to their original languages: thus I write *enchant*, *enchantment*, *enchanter*, after the French and *incantation* after the Latin; thus *entire* is chosen rather than *intire*, because it passed to us not from the Latin *integer*, but from the French *entier*. Of many words it is difficult to say whether they were immediately received from the Latin or the French, since at the time when we had dominions in France, we had Latin service in our churches. It is, however, my opinion, that the French generally supplied us; for we have few Latin words, among the terms of domestick use, which are not French; but many French, which are very remote from Latin. Even in words of which the derivation is apparent, I have been often obliged to sacrifice uniformity to custom; thus I write, in compliance with a numberless majority, *convey* and *inveigh*, *deceit* and *receipt*, *fancy* and *phantom*; sometimes the derivative varies from the primitive, as *explain* and *explanation*, *repeat* and *repetition*. Some combinations of letters having the same power are used indifferently without any discoverable reason of choice, as in *choak*, *choke*; *soap*, *sope*; *jewel*, *fuel*, and many others; which I have sometimes inserted twice, that those who search for them under either form, may not search in vain. In examining the orthography of any doubtful word, the mode of spelling by which it is inserted in the series of the dictionary, is to be considered as that to which I give, perhaps not often rashly, the preference. I have left, in the examples, to every authour his own practice unmolested, that the reader may balance suffrages, and judge between us: but this question is not always to be determined by reputed or by real learning; some men, intent upon greater things, have thought little on sounds and derivations; some, knowing in the ancient tongues, have neglected those in which our words are commonly to be sought. Thus Hammond writes *fecibleness* for *feasibleness*, because I suppose he imagined it derived immediately from the Latin; and some words, such as *dependant*, *dependent*, *dependence*, *dependence*, vary their final syllable, as one or another language is present to the writer. In this part of the work, where caprice has long wanted without controul, and vanity sought praise by petty reformation, I have endeavoured to proceed with a scholar's reverence for antiquity, and a grammarian's regard to the genius of our tongue. I have attempted few alterations, and among those few, perhaps the greater part is from the modern to the ancient practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those, whose thoughts have been perhaps employed too anxiously on verbal singularities, not to disturb, upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of their fathers. It has been asserted, that for the law to be KNOWN, is of more importance than to be RIGHT. Change, says Hooker, is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better. There is in constancy and stability a general and lasting advantage, which will always overbalance the slow improvements of gradual correction. Much less ought our written language to comply with the corruptions of oral utterance, or copy that which every variation of time or place makes different from itself, and imitate those changes, which will again be changed, while imitation is employed in observing them. This recommendation of steadiness and uniformity does not proceed from an opinion, that particular combinations of letters have much influence on human happiness; or that truth may not be successfully taught by modes of spelling fanciful And erroneous: I am not yet so lost in lexicography, as to I forget that WORDS ARE THE DAUGHTERS OF EARTH, AND THAT THINGS ARE THE SONS OF HEAVEN. Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas: I wish, however, that the instrument might be less apt to decay, and that signs might be permanent, like the things which they denote. In settling the orthography, I have not wholly neglected the pronunciation, which I have directed, by printing an accent upon the acute or elevated syllable. It will sometimes be found, that the accent is placed by the authour quoted, on a different syllable from that marked in the alphabetical series; it is then to be understood, that custom has varied, or that the authour has, in my opinion, pronounced wrong. Short directions are sometimes given where the sound of letters is irregular; and if they are sometimes omitted, defect in such minute observations will be more easily excused, than superfluity. In the investigation both of the orthography and signification of words, their ETYMOLOGY was necessarily to be considered, and they were therefore to be divided into primitives and derivatives. A primitive word, is that which can be traced no further to any English root; thus *circumspect*, *circumvent*, *circumstance*, *delude*, *concave* and *complicate*, though compounds in the Latin, are to us primitives. Derivatives are all those that can be referred to any word in English of greater simplicity. The derivatives I have referred to their primitives, with an accuracy sometimes needless; for who does not see that remoteness comes from remote, lovely from love, concavity from concave, and demonstrative from demonstrate? but this grammatical exuberance the scheme of my work did not allow me to repress. It is of great importance in examining the general fabrick of a language, to trace one word from another, by noting the usual modes of derivation and inflection; and uniformity must be preserved in systematical works, though sometimes at the expence of particular propriety. Among other derivatives I have been careful to insert and elucidate the anomalous plurals of nouns and preterites of verbs, which in the Teutonick dialects are very frequent, and though familiar to those who have always used them, interrupt and embarrass the learners of our language. The two languages from which our primitives have been derived are the Roman and Teutonick: under the Roman I comprehend the French and provincial tongues; and under the Teutonick range the Saxon, German, and all their kindred dialects. Most of our polysyllables are Roman, and our

words of one syllable are very often Teutonic. In assigning the Roman original, it has perhaps sometimes happened that I have mentioned only the Latin, when the word was borrowed from the French, and considering myself as employed only in the illustration of my own language, I have not been very careful to observe whether the Latin word be pure or barbarous, or the French elegant or obsolete. For the Teutonic etymologies, I am commonly indebted to Junius and Skinner, the only names which I have forbore to quote when I copied their books; not that I might appropriate their labours or usurp their honours, but that I might spare a perpetual repetition by one general acknowledgment. Of these, whom I ought not to mention but with the reverence due to instructors and benefactors, Junius appears to have excelled in extent of learning, and Skinner in rectitude of understanding. Junius was accurately skilled in all the northern languages. Skinner probably examined the ancient and remoter dialects only by occasional inspection into dictionaries; but the learning of Junius is often of no other use than to show him a track by which he may deviate from his purpose, to which Skinner always presses forward by the shortest way. Skinner is often ignorant, but never ridiculous: Junius is always full of knowledge; but his variety distracts his judgment, and his learning is very frequently disgraced by his absurdities. The votaries of the northern muses will not perhaps easily restrain their indignation, when they find the name of Junius thus degraded by a disadvantageous comparison; but whatever reverence is due to his diligence, or his attainments, it can be no criminal degree of censoriousness to charge that etymologist with want of judgment, who can seriously derive dream from drama, because life is a drama, and a drama is a dream? and who declares with a tone of defiance, that no man can fail to derive moan from [in greek], monos, single or solitary, who considers that grief naturally loves to be alone. [Footnote: That I may not appear to have spoken too irreverently of Junius, I have here subjoined a few Specimens of his etymological extravagance. BANISH. religare, ex banno vel territorio exigere, in exilium agere. G. bannir. It. bandire, bandeggiare. H. bandir. B. bannen. AEvi medii s criptores bannire dicebant. V. Spelm. in Bannum & in Banleuga. Quoniam vero regionum urbiumq; limites arduis plerumq; montibus, altis fluminibus, longis deniq; flexuosisq; angustissimarum viarum anfractibus includebantur, fieri potest id genus limites ban did ab eo quod [word in Greek] & [word in Greek] Tarentinis olim, sicuti tradit Hesychius, vocabantur [words in Greek], "obliquae ac minime in rectum tendentes viae." Ac fortasse quoque huc facit quod [word in Greek], eodem Hesychio teste, dicebant [words in greek] montes arduos. EMPTY, emtie, vacuus, inanis. A. S. AEmtiz. Nescio an sint ab [word in Greek] vel [word in Greek]. Vomo, evomo, vomitu evacuo. Videtur interim etymologiam hanc non obscure firmare codex Rush. Mat. xii. 22. ubi antique scriptum invenimus [unknown language]. "Invenit cam vacantem." HILL, mons, collis. A. S. hyll. Quod videri potest abscissum ex [word in Greek] vel [word in Greek]. Collis, tumulus, locus in plano editor. Hom. II. b. v. 811, [words in Greek]. Ubi auctori brevium scholiorum [words in Greek]. NAP, to take a nap. Dormire, condormiscere. Cym. heppian. A. S. hnaeppan. Quod postremum videri potest desumptum ex [word in Greek], obscuritas, tenebrae: nihil enim aeque solet conciliare somnum, quam caliginosa profundae noctis obscuritas. STAMMERER, Balbus, blaesus. Goth. STAMMS. A. S. stamer, stamur. D. stam. B. stameler. Su. stamma. Isl. stamr. Sunt a [word in Greek] vel [word in Greek] nimia loquacitate alios offendere; quod impedit loquentes libentissime garrere soleant; vel quod aliis nimii semper videantur, etiam parcissime loquentes.] Our knowledge of the northern literature is so scanty, that of words undoubtedly Teutonic the original is not always to be found in any ancient language; and I have therefore inserted Dutch or German substitutes, which I consider not as radical but parallel, not as the parents, but sisters of the English. The words which are represented as thus related by descent or cognation, do not always agree in sense; for it is incident to words, as to their authours, to degenerate from their ancestors, and to change their manners when they change their country. It is sufficient, in etymological enquiries, if the senses of kindred words be found such as may easily pass into each other, or such as may both be referred to one general idea. The etymology, so far as it is yet known, was easily found in the volumes where it is particularly and professedly delivered; and, by proper attention to the rules of derivation, the orthography was soon adjusted. But to COLLECT the WORDS of our language was a task of greater difficulty: the deficiency of dictionaries was immediately apparent; and when they were exhausted, what was yet wanting must be sought by fortuitous and unguided excursions into books, and gleaned as industry should find, or chance should offer it, in the boundless chaos of a living speech. My search, however, has been either skilful or lucky; for I have much augmented the vocabulary. As my design was a dictionary, common or appellative, I have omitted all words which have relation to proper names; such as Arian, Socinian, Calvinist, Benedictine, Mahometan; but have retained those of a more general nature, as Heathen, Pagan. Of the terms of art I have received such as could be found either in books of science or technical dictionaries; and have often inserted, from philosophical writers, words which are supported perhaps only by a single authority, and which being not admitted into general use, stand yet as candidates or probationers, and must depend for their adoption on the suffrage of futurity. The words which our authours have introduced by their knowledge of foreign languages, or ignorance of their own, by vanity or wantonness, by compliance with fashion or lust of innovation, I have registred as they occurred, though commonly only to censure them, and warn others against the folly of naturalizing useless foreigners to the injury of the natives. I have not

rejected any by design, merely because they were unnecessary or exuberant; but have received those which by different writers have been differently formed, as viscid, and viscosity, viscous, and viscosity. Compounded or double words I have seldom noted, except when they obtain a signification different from that which the components have in their simple state. Thus highwayman, woodman, and horsecourser, require an explanation; but of thieflike or coachdriver no notice was needed, because the primitives contain the meaning of the compounds. Words arbitrarily formed by a constant and settled analogy, like diminutive adjectives in ish, as greenish, bluish, adverbs in ly, as dully, openly, substantives in ness, as vileness, faultiness, were less diligently sought, and sometimes have been omitted, when I had no authority that invited me to insert them; not that they are not genuine and regular offsprings of English roots, but because their relation to the primitive being always the same, their signification cannot be mistaken. The verbal nouns in ing, such as the keeping of the castle, the leading of the army, are always neglected, or placed only to illustrate the sense of the verb, except when they signify things as well as actions, and have therefore a plural number, as dwelling, living; or have an absolute and abstract signification, as colouring, painting, learning. The participles are likewise omitted, unless, by signifying rather habit or quality than action, they take the nature of adjectives; as a thinking man, a man of prudence; a pacing horse, a horse that can pace: these I have ventured to call participial adjectives. But neither are these always inserted, because they are commonly to be understood, without any danger of mistake, by consulting the verb. Obsolete words are admitted, when they are found in authours not obsolete, or when they have any force or beauty that may deserve revival. As composition is one of the chief characteristics of a language, I have endeavoured to make some reparation for the universal negligence of my predecessors, by inserting great numbers of compounded words, as may be found under after, fore, new, night, fair, and many more. These, numerous as they are, might be multiplied, but that use and curiosity are here satisfied, and the frame of our language and modes of our combination amply discovered. Of some forms of composition, such as that by which re is prefixed to note repetition, and un to signify contrariety or privation, all the examples cannot be accumulated, because the use of these particles, if not wholly arbitrary, is so little limited, that they are hourly affixed to new words as occasion requires, or is imagined to require them. There is another kind of composition more frequent in our language than perhaps in any other, from which arises to foreigners the greatest difficulty. We modify the signification of many verbs by a particle subjoined; as to come off, to escape by a fetch; to fall on, to attack; to fall off, to apostatize; to break off, to stop abruptly; to bear out, to justify; to fall in, to comply; to give over, to cease; to set off, to embellish; to set in, to begin a continual tenour; to set out, to begin a course or journey; to take off, to copy; with innumerable expressions of the same kind, of which some appear wildly irregular, being so far distant from the sense of the simple words, that no sagacity will be able to trace the steps by which they arrived at the present use. These I have noted with great care; and though I cannot flatter myself that the collection is complete, I believe I have so far assisted the students of our language, that this kind of phraseology will be no longer insuperable; and the combinations of verbs and particles, by chance omitted, will be easily explained by comparison with those that may be found. Many words yet stand supported only by the name of Bailey, Ainsworth, Philips, or the contracted Dict. for Dictionaries subjoined; of these I am not always certain that they are read in any book but the works of lexicographers. Of such I have omitted many, because I had never read them; and many I have inserted, because they may perhaps exist, though they have escaped my notice: they are, however, to be yet considered as resting only upon the credit of former dictionaries. Others, which I considered as useful, or know to be proper, though I could not at present support them by authorities, I have suffered to stand upon my own attestation, claiming the same privilege with my predecessors of being sometimes credited without proof. The words, thus selected and disposed, are grammatically considered; they are referred to the different parts of speech; traced, when they are irregularly inflected, through their various terminations; and illustrated by observations, not indeed of great or striking importance, separately considered, but necessary to the elucidation of our language, and hitherto neglected or forgotten by English grammarians. That part of my work on which I expect malignity most frequently to fasten, is the explanation; in which I cannot hope to satisfy those, who are perhaps not inclined to be pleased, since I have not always been able to satisfy myself. To interpret a language by itself is very difficult; many words cannot be explained by synonymes, because the idea signified by them has not more than one appellation; nor by paraphrase, because simple ideas cannot be described. When the nature of things is unknown, or the notion unsettled and indefinite, and various in various minds, the words by which such notions are conveyed, or such things denoted, will be ambiguous and perplexed. And such is the fate of hapless lexicography, that not only darkness, but light, impedes and distresses it; things may be not only too little, but too much known, to be happily illustrated. To explain, requires the use of terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found; for as nothing can be proved but by supposing something intuitively known, and evident without proof, so nothing can be defined but by the use of words too plain to admit a definition. Other words there are, of which the sense is too subtle and evanescent to be fixed in a paraphrase; such are all those which are by the grammarians termed expletives, and, in dead languages, are suffered to pass for empty

sounds, of no other use than to fill a verse, or to modulate a period, but which are easily perceived in living tongues to have power and emphasis, though it be sometimes such as no other form of expression can convey. My labour has likewise been much increased by a class of verbs too frequent in the English language, of which the signification is so loose and general, the use so vague and indeterminate, and the senses detorted so widely from the first idea, that it is hard to trace them through the maze of variation, to catch them on the brink of utter inanity, to circumscribe them by any limitations, or interpret them by any words of distinct and settled meaning; such are bear, break, come, cast, full, get, give, do, put, set, go, run, make, take, turn, throw. If of these the whole power is not accurately delivered, it must be remembered, that while our language is yet living, and variable by the caprice of every one that speaks it, these words are hourly shifting their relations, and can no more be ascertained in a dictionary, than a grove, in the agitation of a storm, can be accurately delineated from its picture in the water. The particles are among all nations applied with so great latitude, that they are not easily reducible under any regular scheme of explication: this difficulty is not less, nor perhaps greater, in English, than in other languages. I have laboured them with diligence, I hope with success; such at least as can be expected in a task, which no man, however learned or sagacious, has yet been able to perform. Some words there are which I cannot explain, because I do not understand them; these might have been omitted very often with little inconvenience, but I would not so far indulge my vanity as to decline this confession: for when Tully owns himself ignorant whether *lessus*, in the twelve tables, means a funeral song, or mourning garment; and Aristotle doubts whether [word in Greek] in the *Iliad*, signifies a mule, or muleteer, I may surely, without shame, leave some obscurities to happier industry, or future information. The rigour of interpretative lexicography requires that the explanation, and the word explained, should always be reciprocal; this I have always endeavoured, but could not always attain. Words are seldom exactly synonymous; a new term was not introduced, but because the former was thought inadequate: names, therefore, have often many ideas, but few ideas have many names. It was then necessary to use the proximate word, for the deficiency of single terms can very seldom be supplied by circumlocution; nor is the inconvenience great of such mutilated interpretations, because the sense may easily be collected entire from the examples. In every word of extensive use, it was requisite to mark the progress of its meaning, and show by what gradations of intermediate sense it has passed from its primitive to its remote and accidental signification; so that every foregoing explanation should tend to that which follows, and the series be regularly concatenated from the first notion to the last. This is specious, but not always practicable; kindred senses may be so interwoven, that the perplexity cannot be disentangled, nor any reason be assigned why one should be ranged before the other. When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their nature collateral? The shades of meaning sometimes pass imperceptibly into each other; so that though on one side they apparently differ, yet it is impossible to mark the point of contact. Ideas of the same race, though not exactly alike, are sometimes so little different, that no words can express the dissimilitude, though the mind easily perceives it, when they are exhibited together; and sometimes there is such a confusion of acceptations, that discernment is wearied, and distinction puzzled, and perseverance herself hurries to an end, by crowding together what she cannot separate. These complaints of difficulty will, by those that have never considered words beyond their popular use, be thought only the jargon of a man willing to magnify his labours, and procure veneration to his studies by involution and obscurity. But every art is obscure to those that have not learned it: this uncertainty of terms, and commixture of ideas, is well known to those who have joined philosophy with grammar; and if I have not expressed them very clearly, it must be remembered that I am speaking of that which words are insufficient to explain. The original sense of words is often driven out of use by their metaphorical acceptations, yet must be inserted for the sake of a regular origination. Thus I know not whether *ardour* is used for material heat, or whether *flagrant*, in English, ever signifies the same with burning; yet such are the primitive ideas of these words, which are therefore set first, though without examples, that the figurative senses may be commodiously deduced. Such is the exuberance of signification which many words have obtained, that it was scarcely possible to collect all their senses; sometimes the meaning of derivatives must be sought in the mother term, and sometimes deficient explanations of the primitive may be supplied in the train of derivation. In any case of doubt or difficulty, it will be always proper to examine all the words of the same race; for some words are slightly passed over to avoid repetition, some admitted easier and clearer explanation than others, and all will be better understood, as they are considered in greater variety of structures and relations. All the interpretations of words are not written with the same skill, or the same happiness: things equally easy in themselves, are not all equally easy to any single mind. Every writer of a long work commits errors, where there appears neither ambiguity to mislead, nor obscurity to confound him; and in a search like this, many felicities of expression will be casually overlooked, many convenient parallels will be forgotten, and many particulars will admit improvement from a mind utterly unequal to the whole performance. But many seeming faults are to be imputed rather to the nature of the undertaking, than the negligence of the performer. Thus some explanations are unavoidably reciprocal or circular, as hind, the female of the stag; stag, the male of the hind: sometimes easier words are changed into harder, as burial

into sepulture or interment, drier into desiccative, dryness into siccity or aridity, fit into paroxysm; for the easiest word, whatever it be, can never be translated into one more easy. But easiness and difficulty are merely relative, and if the present prevalence of our language should invite foreigners to this dictionary, many will be assisted by those words which now seem only to increase or produce obscurity. For this reason I have endeavoured frequently to join a Teutonick and Roman interpretation, as to cheer, to gladden, or exhilarate, that every learner of English may be assisted by his own tongue. The solution of all difficulties, and the supply of all defects, must be sought in the examples, subjoined to the various senses of each word, and ranged according to the time of their authours. When first I collected these authorities, I was desirous that every quotation should be useful to some other end than the illustration of a word; I therefore extracted from philosophers principles of science; from historians remarkable facts; from chymists complete processes; from divines striking exhortations; and from poets beautiful descriptions. Such is design, while it is yet at a distance from execution. When the time called upon me to range this accumulation of elegance and wisdom into an alphabetical series, I soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student, and was forced to depart from my scheme of including all that was pleasing or useful in English literature, and reduce my transcripts very often to clusters of words, in which scarcely any meaning is retained; thus to the weariness of copying, I was condemned to add the vexation of expunging. Some passages I have yet spared, which may relieve the labour of verbal searches, and intersperse with verdure and flowers the dusty desarts of barren philology. The examples, thus mutilated, are no longer to be considered as conveying the sentiments or doctrine of their authours; the word for the sake of which they are inserted, with all its appendant clauses, has been carefully preserved; but it may sometimes happen, by hasty detraction, that the general tendency of the sentence may be changed: the divine may desert his tenets, or the philosopher his system. Some of the examples have been taken from writers who were never mentioned as masters of elegance or models of stile; but words must be sought where they are used; and in what pages, eminent for purity, can terms of manufacture or agriculture be found? Many quotations serve no other purpose, than that of proving the bare existence of words, and are therefore selected with less scrupulousness than those which are to teach their structures and relations. My purpose was to admit no testimony of living authours, that I might not be misled by partiality, and that none of my cotemporaries might have reason to complain; nor have I departed from this resolution, but when some performance of uncommon excellence excited my veneration, when my memory supplied me, from late books, with an example that was wanting, or when my heart, in the tenderness of friendship, solicited admission for a favourite name. So far have I been from any care to grace my pages with modern decorations, that I have studiously endeavoured to collect examples and authorities from the writers before the restoration, whose works I regard as the wells of English undefiled, as the pure sources of genuine diction. Our language, for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original Teutonick character, and deviating towards a Gallick structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recal it, by making our ancient volumes the ground-work of stile, admitting among the additions of later times, only such as may supply real deficiencies, such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idioms. But as every language has a time of rudeness antecedent to perfection, as well as of false refinement and declension, I have been cautious lest my zeal for antiquity might drive me into times too remote, and crowd my book with words now no longer understood. I have fixed Sidney's work for the boundary, beyond which I make few excursions. From the authours which rose in the time of Elizabeth, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from Hooker and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from Raleigh; the dialect of poetry and fiction from Spenser and Sidney; and the diction of common life from Shakespeare, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of English words, in which they might be expressed. It is not sufficient that a word is found, unless it be so combined as that its meaning is apparently determined by the tract and tenour of the sentence; such passages I have therefore chosen, and when it happened that any authour gave a definition of a term, or such an explanation as is equivalent to a definition, I have placed his authority as a supplement to my own, without regard to the chronological order, that is otherwise observed. Some words, indeed, stand unsupported by any authority, but they are commonly derivative nouns or adverbs, formed from their primitives by regular and constant analogy, or names of things seldom occurring in books, or words of which I have reason to doubt the existence. There is more danger of censure from the multiplicity than paucity of examples; authorities will sometimes seem to have been accumulated without necessity or use, and perhaps some will be found, which might, without loss, have been omitted. But a work of this kind is not hastily to be charged with superfluities: those quotations, which to careless or unskilful perusers appear only to repeat the same sense, will often exhibit, to a more accurate examiner, diversities of signification, or, at least, afford different shades of the same meaning: one will shew the word applied to persons, another to things; one will express an ill, another a good, and a third a neutral sense; one will prove the expression genuine from an ancient authour; another will shew it elegant from a modern: a doubtful authority is corroborated by another of more credit; an

ambiguous sentence is ascertained by a passage clear and determinate; the word, how often soever repeated, appears with new associates and in different combinations, and every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language. When words are used equivocally, I receive them in either sense; when they are metaphorical, I adopt them in their primitive acceptation. I have sometimes, though rarely, yielded to the temptation of exhibiting a genealogy of sentiments, by shewing how one authour copied the thoughts and diction of another: such quotations are indeed little more than repetitions, which might justly be censured, did they not gratify the mind, by affording a kind of intellectual history. The various syntactical structures occurring in the examples have been carefully noted; the licence or negligence with which many words have been hitherto used, has made our stile capricious and indeterminate; when the different combinations of the same word are exhibited together, the preference is readily given to propriety, and I have often endeavoured to direct the choice. Thus have I laboured by settling the orthography, displaying the analogy, regulating the structures, and ascertaining the signification of English words, to perform all the parts of a faithful lexicographer: but I have not always executed my own scheme, or satisfied my own expectations. The work, whatever proofs of diligence and attention it may exhibit, is yet capable of many improvements: the orthography which I recommend is still controvertible, the etymology which I adopt is uncertain, and perhaps frequently erroneous; the explanations are sometimes too much contracted, and sometimes too much diffused, the significations are distinguished rather with subtilty than skill, and the attention is harrassed with unnecessary minuteness. The examples are too often injudiciously truncated, and perhaps sometimes, I hope very rarely, alleged in a mistaken sense; for in making this collection I trusted more to memory, than, in a state of disquiet and embarrassment, memory can contain, and purposed to supply at the review what was left incomplete in the first transcription. Many terms appropriated to particular occupations, though necessary and significant, are undoubtedly omitted; and of the words most studiously considered and exemplified, many senses have escaped observation. Yet these failures, however frequent, may admit extenuation and apology. To have attempted much is always laudable, even when the enterprize is above the strength that undertakes it: To rest below his own aim is incident to every one whose fancy is active, and whose views are comprehensive; nor is any man satisfied with himself because he has done much, but because he can conceive little. When first I engaged in this work, I resolved to leave neither words nor things unexamined, and pleased myself with a prospect of the hours which I should revel away in feasts of literature, with the obscure recesses of northern learning, which I should enter and ransack; the treasures with which I expected every search into those neglected mines to reward my labour, and the triumph with which I should display my acquisitions to mankind. When I had thus enquired into the original of words, I resolved to show likewise my attention to things; to pierce deep into every science, to enquire the nature of every substance of which I inserted the name, to limit every idea by a definition strictly logical, and exhibit every production of art or nature in an accurate description, that my book might be in place of all other dictionaries whether appellative or technical. But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer. I soon found that it is too late to look for instruments, when the work calls for execution, and that whatever abilities I had brought to my task, with those I must finally perform it. To deliberate whenever I doubted, to enquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the undertaking without end, and, perhaps, without much improvement; for I did not find by my first experiments, that that I had not of my own was easily to be obtained: I saw that one enquiry only gave occasion to another, that book referred to book, that to search was not always to find, and to find was not always to be informed; and that thus to persue perfection, was, like the first inhabitants of Arcadia, to chace the sun, which, when they had reached the hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same distance from them. I then contracted my design, determining to confide in myself, and no longer to solicit auxiliaries, which produced more incumbrance than assistance: by this I obtained at least one advantage, that I set limits to my work, which would in time be ended, though not completed. Despondency has never so far prevailed as to depress me to negligence; some faults will at last appear to be the effects of anxious diligence and persevering activity. The nice and subtle ramifications of meaning were not easily avoided by a mind intent upon accuracy, and convinced of the necessity of disentangling combinations, and separating similitudes. Many of the distinctions which to common readers appear useless and idle, will be found real and important by men versed in the school philosophy, without which no dictionary shall ever be accurately compiled, or skilfully examined. Some senses however there are, which, though not the same, are yet so nearly allied, that they are often confounded. Most men think indistinctly, and therefore cannot speak with exactness; and consequently some examples might be indifferently put to either signification: this uncertainty is not to be imputed to me, who do not form, but register the language; who do not teach men how they should think, but relate how they have hitherto expressed their thoughts. The imperfect sense of some examples I lamented, but could not remedy, and hope they will be compensated by innumerable passages selected with propriety, and preserved with exactness; some shining with sparks of imagination, and some replete with treasures of wisdom. The orthography and etymology, though imperfect, are not imperfect for want of care, but because care will not always be successful, and recollection or information come too late for use. That many terms of art and manufacture are

omitted, must be frankly acknowledged; but for this defect I may boldly allege that it was unavoidable: I could not visit caverns to learn the miner's language, nor take a voyage to perfect my skill in the dialect of navigation, nor visit the warehouses of merchants, and shops of artificers, to gain the names of wares, tools and operations, of which no mention is found in books; what favourable accident, or easy enquiry brought within my reach, has not been neglected; but it had been a hopeless labour to glean up words, by courting living information, and contesting with the sullenness of one, and the roughness of another. To furnish the academicians della Crusca with words of this kind, a series of comedies called *la Fiera*, or the Fair, was professedly written by Buonaroti; but I had no such assistant, and therefore was content to want what they must have wanted likewise, had they not luckily been so supplied. Nor are all words which are not found in the vocabulary, to be lamented as omissions. Of the laborious and mercantile part of the people, the diction is in a great measure casual and mutable; many of their terms are formed for some temporary or local convenience, and though current at certain times and places, are in others utterly unknown. This fugitive cant, which is always in a state of increase or decay, cannot be regarded as any part of the durable materials of a language, and therefore must be suffered to perish with other things unworthy of preservation. Care will sometimes betray to the appearance of negligence. He that is catching opportunities which seldom occur, will suffer those to pass by unregarded, which he expects hourly to return; he that is searching for rare and remote things, will neglect those that are obvious and familiar: thus many of the most common and cursory words have been inserted with little illustration, because in gathering the authorities, I forbore to copy those which I thought likely to occur whenever they were wanted. It is remarkable that, in reviewing my collection, I found the word *sea* unexemplified. Thus it happens, that in things difficult there is danger from ignorance, and in things easy from confidence; the mind, afraid of greatness, and disdainful of littleness, hastily withdraws herself from painful searches, and passes with scornful rapidity over tasks not adequate to her powers, sometimes too secure for caution, and again too anxious for vigorous effort; sometimes idle in a plain path, and sometimes distracted in labyrinths, and dissipated by different intentions. A large work is difficult because it is large, even though all its parts might singly be performed with facility; where there are many things to be done, each must be allowed its share of time and labour, in the proportion only which it bears to the whole; nor can it be expected, that the stones which form the dome of a temple, should be squared and polished like the diamond of a ring. Of the event of this work, for which, having laboured it with so much application, I cannot but have some degree of parental fondness, it is natural to form conjectures. Those who have been persuaded to think well of my design, will require that it should fix our language, and put a stop to those alterations which time and chance have hitherto been suffered to make in it without opposition. With this consequence I will confess that I flattered myself for a while; but now begin to fear that I have indulged expectation which neither reason nor experience can justify. When we see men grow old and die at a certain time one after another, from century to century, we laugh at the elixir that promises to prolong life to a thousand years; and with equal justice may the lexicographer be derided, who being able to produce no example of a nation that has preserved their words and phrases from mutability, shall imagine that his dictionary can embalm his language, and secure it from corruption and decay, that it is in his power to change sublunary nature, and clear the world at once from folly, vanity, and affectation. With this hope, however, academies have been instituted, to guard the avenues of their languages, to retain fugitives, and repulse intruders; but their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain; sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraints; to enchain syllables, and to lash the wind, are equally the undertakings of pride, unwilling to measure its desires by its strength. The French language has visibly changed under the inspection of the academy; the stile of Amelot's translation of Father Paul is observed by Le Courayer to be *un peu passe*; and no Italian will maintain that the diction of any modern writer is not perceptibly different from that of Boccace, Machiavel, or Caro. Total and sudden transformations of a language seldom happen; conquests and migrations are now very rare: but there are other causes of change, which, though slow in their operation, and invisible in their progress, are perhaps as much superiour to human resistance, as the revolutions of the sky, or intumescence of the tide. Commerce, however necessary, however lucrative, as it depraves the manners, corrupts the language; they that have frequent intercourse with strangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themselves, must in time learn a mingled dialect, like the jargon which serves the traffickers on the Mediterranean and Indian coasts. This will not always be confined to the exchange, the warehouse, or the port, but will be communicated by degrees to other ranks of the people, and be at last incorporated with the current speech. There are likewise internal causes equally forcible. The language most likely to continue long without alteration, would be that of a nation raised a little, and but a little above barbarity, secluded from strangers, and totally employed in procuring the conveniencies of life; either without books, or, like some of the Mahometan countries, with very few: men thus busied and unlearned, having only such words as common use requires, would perhaps long continue to express the same notions by the same signs. But no such constancy can be expected in a people polished by arts, and classed by subordination, where one part of the community is sustained and accommodated by the labour of the other. Those who have much leisure to think, will always be enlarging the stock of ideas, and every increase of

knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new words, or combinations of words. When the mind is unchained from necessity, it will range after convenience; when it is left at large in the fields of speculation, it will shift opinions; as any custom is disused, the words that expressed it must perish with it; as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate speech in the same proportion as it alters practice. As by the cultivation of various sciences, a language is amplified, it will be more furnished with words deflected from original sense; the geometrician will talk of a courtier's zenith, or the excentrick virtue of a wild hero, and the physician of sanguine expectations and phlegmatick delays. Copiousness of speech will give opportunities to capricious choice, by which some words will be preferred, and others degraded; vicissitudes of fashion will enforce the use of new, or extend the signification of known terms. The tropes of poetry will make hourly encroachments, and the metaphorical will become the current sense: pronunciation will be varied by levity or ignorance, and the pen must at length comply with the tongue; illiterate writers will at one time or other, by publick infatuation, rise into renown, who, not knowing the original import of words, will use them with colloquial licentiousness, confound distinction, and forget propriety. As politeness increases, some expressions will be considered as too gross and vulgar for the delicate, others as too formal and ceremonious for the gay and airy; new phrases are therefore adopted, which must, for the same reasons, be in time dismissed. Swift, in his petty treatise on the English language, allows that new words must sometimes be introduced, but proposes that none should be suffered to become obsolete. But what makes a word obsolete, more than general agreement to forbear it? and how shall it be continued, when it conveys an offensive idea, or recalled again into the mouths of mankind, when it has once become unfamiliar by disuse, and displeasing by unfamiliarity? There is another cause of alteration more prevalent than any other, which yet in the present state of the world cannot be obviated. A mixture of two languages will produce a third distinct from both, and they will always be mixed, where the chief part of education, and the most conspicuous accomplishment, is skill in ancient or in foreign tongues. He that has long cultivated another language, will find its words and combinations croud upon his memory; and haste and negligence, refinement and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms and exotick expressions. The great pest of speech is frequency of translation. No book was ever turned from one language into another, without imparting something of its native idiom; this is the most mischievous and comprehensive innovation; single words may enter by thousands, and the fabrick of the tongue continue the same, but new phraseology changes much at once; it alters not the single stones of the building, but the order of the columns. If an academy should be established for the cultivation of our stile, which I, who can never wish to see dependance multiplied, hope the spirit of English liberty will hinder or destroy, let them, instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour, with all their influence, to stop the licence of translatours, whose idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of France. If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated: tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration; we have long preserved our constitution, let us make some struggles for our language. In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authours: whether I shall add any thing by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time: much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if by my assistance foreign nations, and distant ages, gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle. When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promised to myself: a few wild blunders, and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance in contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert; who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding, and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he, whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task, which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprize vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts tomorrow. In this work, when it shall be found that much

is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the authour, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academick bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge, and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians, did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied criticks of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its oeconomy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds: I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

THE END

2. 18th Century: Jonathan Swift. *A Modest Proposal*

It is a melancholy object to those, who walk through this great town, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads and cabin-doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants who, as they grow up, either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country, to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes. I think it is agreed by all parties, that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom, a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap and easy method of making these children sound and useful members of the common-wealth, would deserve so well of the publick, as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars: it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age, who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them, as those who demand our charity in the streets. As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years, upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropt from its dam, may be supported by her milk, for a solar year, with little other nourishment: at most not above the value of two shillings, which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner, as, instead of being a charge upon their parents, or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall, on the contrary, contribute to the feeding, and partly to the cloathing of many thousands. There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us, sacrificing the poor innocent babes, I doubt, more to avoid the expence than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couple, who are able to maintain their own children, (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom) but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand, for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain an hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, How this number shall be reared, and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses, (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing till they arrive at six years old; except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers: As I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me, that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old, is no saleable commodity, and even when they come to this age, they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half a crown at most, on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriments and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection. I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricasie, or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to publick consideration, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children, already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine, and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a

circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore, one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune, through the kingdom, always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump, and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium, that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, encreaseth to 28 pounds. I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children. Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolifick dyet, there are more children born in Roman Catholick countries about nine months after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants, is at least three to one in this kingdom, and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend, or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants, the mother will have eight shillings neat profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child. Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flea the carcass; the skin of which, artificially dressed, will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our City of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose, in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs. A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased, in discoursing on this matter, to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said, that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supply'd by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age, nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service: And these to be disposed of by their parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend, and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our school-boys, by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable, and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission, be a loss to the publick, because they soon would become breeders themselves: And besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice, (although indeed very unjustly) as a little bordering upon cruelty, which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well soever intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed, that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Salmanaazor, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London, above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality, as a prime dainty; and that, in his time, the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the Emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes, cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at a play-house and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for; the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed; and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken, to ease the nation of so grievous an incumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known, that

they are every day dying, and rotting, by cold and famine, and filth, and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition. They cannot get work, and consequently pine away from want of nourishment, to a degree, that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it, and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance. For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of Papists, with whom we are yearly over-run, being the principal breeders of the nation, as well as our most dangerous enemies, and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good Protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country, than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate. Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to a distress, and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown. Thirdly, Whereas the maintainance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old, and upwards, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby encreased fifty thousand pounds per annum, besides the profit of a new dish, introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom, who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among our selves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, besides the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year. Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns, where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection; and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating; and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please. Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards, or enforced by laws and penalties. It would encrease the care and tenderness of mothers towards their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the publick, to their annual profit instead of expence. We should soon see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives, during the time of their pregnancy, as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, or sow when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barrel'd beef: the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well grown, fat yearly child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a Lord Mayor's feast, or any other publick entertainment. But this, and many others, I omit, being studious of brevity. Supposing that one thousand families in this city, would be constant customers for infants flesh, besides others who might have it at merry meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand. I can think of no one objection, that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged, that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and 'twas indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual Kingdom of Ireland, and for no other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon Earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: Of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound: Of using neither cloaths, nor household furniture, except what is of our own growth and manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: Of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: Of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence and temperance: Of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from Laplanders, and the inhabitants of Topinamboo: Of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: Of being a little cautious not to sell our country and consciences for nothing: Of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy towards their tenants. Lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shop-keepers, who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods,

would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, 'till he hath at least some glympse of hope, that there will ever be some hearty and sincere attempt to put them into practice. But, as to my self, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal, which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expence and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, and flesh being of too tender a consistence, to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country, which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion, as to reject any offer, proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, As things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for a hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, There being a round million of creatures in humane figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock, would leave them in debt two million of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession, to the bulk of farmers, cottagers and labourers, with their wives and children, who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old, in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes, as they have since gone through, by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor cloaths to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of intailing the like, or greater miseries, upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the publick good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children, by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

3. 19th Century: Thomas Robert Malthus. *An Essay on the Principle of Population*

Chapter 1

Question stated - Little prospect of a determination of it, from the enmity of the opposing parties - The principal argument against the perfectibility of man and of society has never been fairly answered - Nature of the difficulty arising from population - Outline of the principal argument of the Essay.

Chapter 2

The different ratio in which population and food increase - The necessary effects of these different ratios of increase - Oscillation produced by them in the condition of the lower classes of society - Reasons why this oscillation has not been so much observed as might be expected - Three propositions on which the general argument of the Essay depends - The different states in which mankind have been known to exist proposed to be examined with reference to these three propositions.

Chapter 3

The savage or hunter state shortly reviewed - The shepherd state, or the tribes of barbarians that overran the Roman Empire - The superiority of the power of population to the means of subsistence - the cause of the great tide of Northern Emigration.

Chapter 4

State of civilized nations - Probability that Europe is much more populous now than in the time of Julius Caesar - Best criterion of population - Probable error of Hume in one the criterions that he proposes as assisting in an estimate of Population - Slow increase of population at present in most of the states of Europe - The two principal checks to population - The first, or preventive check examined with regard to England.

Chapter 5

The second, or positive check to population examined, in England - The true cause why the immense sum collected in England for the poor does not better their condition - The powerful tendency of the poor laws to defeat their own purpose - Palliative of the distresses of the poor proposed - The absolute impossibility, from the fixed laws of our nature, that the pressure of want can ever be completely removed from the lower classes of society - All the checks to population may be resolved into misery or vice.

Chapter 6

New colonies - Reasons for their rapid increase - North American Colonies - Extraordinary instance of increase in the back settlements - Rapidity with which even old states recover the ravages of war, pestilence, famine, or the convulsions of nature.

Chapter 7

A probable cause of epidemics - Extracts from Mr. Suessmilch's tables - Periodical returns of sickly seasons to be expected in certain cases - Proportion of births to burials for short periods in any country an inadequate criterion of the real average increase of population - Best criterion of a permanent increase of population - Great frugality of living one of the causes of the famines of China and Indostan - Evil tendency of one of the clauses in Mr. Pitt's Poor Bill - Only one proper way of encouraging population - Causes of the Happiness of nations - Famine, the last and most dreadful mode by which nature represses a redundant population - The three propositions considered as established.

Chapter 8

Mr. Wallace - Error of supposing that the difficulty arising from population is at a great distance - Mr. Condorcet's sketch of the progress of the human mind - Period when the oscillation, mentioned by Mr. Condorcet, ought to be applied to the human race.

Chapter 9

Mr. Condorcet's conjecture concerning the organic perfectibility of man, and the indefinite prolongation of human life - Fallacy of the argument, which infers an unlimited progress from a partial improvement, the limit of which cannot be ascertained, illustrated in the breeding of animals, and the cultivation of plants.

Chapter 10

Mr. Godwin's system of equality - Error of attributing all the vices of mankind to human institutions - Mr. Godwin's first answer to the difficulty arising from population totally insufficient - Mr. Godwin's beautiful system of equality supposed to be realized - In utter destruction simply from the principle of population in so short a time as thirty years.

Chapter 11

Mr. Godwin's conjecture concerning the future extinction of the passion between the sexes - Little apparent grounds for such a conjecture - Passion of love not inconsistent either with reason or virtue.

Chapter 12

Mr. Godwin's conjecture concerning the indefinite prolongation of human life - Improper inference drawn from the effects of mental stimulants on the human frame, illustrated in various instances - Conjectures not founded on any indications in the past not to be considered as philosophical conjectures - Mr. Godwin's and Mr. Condorcet's conjecture respecting the approach of man towards immortality on earth, a curious instance of the inconsistency of scepticism.

Chapter 13

Error of Mr. Godwin is considering man too much in the light of a being merely rational - In the compound being, man, the passions will always act as disturbing forces in the decisions of the understanding - Reasonings of Mr. Godwin on the subject of coercion - Some truths of a nature not to be communicated from one man to another.

Chapter 14

Mr. Godwin's five propositions respecting political truth, on which his whole work hinges, not established - Reasons we have for supposing, from the distress occasioned by the principle of population, that the vices and moral weakness of man can never be wholly eradicated - Perfectibility, in the sense in which Mr. Godwin uses the term, not applicable to man - Nature of the real perfectibility of man illustrated.

Chapter 15

Models too perfect may sometimes rather impede than promote improvement - Mr. Godwin's essay on 'Avarice and Profusion' - Impossibility of dividing the necessary labour of a society amicably among all - Invectives against labour may produce present evil, with little or no chance of producing future good - An accession to the mass of agricultural labour must always be an advantage to the labourer.

Chapter 16

Probable error of Dr Adam Smith in representing every increase of the revenue or stock of a society as an increase in the funds for the maintenance of labour - Instances where an increase of wealth can have no tendency to better the condition of the labouring poor - England has increased in riches without a proportional increase in the funds for the maintenance of labour - The state of the poor in China would not be improved by an increase of wealth from manufactures.

Chapter 17

Question of the proper definition of the wealth of a state - Reason given by the French economists for considering all manufacturers as unproductive labourers, not the true reason - The labour of artificers and manufacturers sufficiently productive to individuals, though not to the state - A remarkable passage in Dr Price's two volumes of Observations - Error of Dr Price in attributing the happiness and rapid population of America, chiefly, to its peculiar state of civilization - No advantage can be expected from shutting our eyes to the difficulties in the way to the improvement of society.

Chapter 18

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Chapter 19

The sorrows of life necessary to soften and humanize the heart - The excitement of social sympathy often produce characters of a higher order than the mere possessors of talents - Moral evil probably necessary to the production of moral excellence - Excitements from intellectual wants continually kept up by the infinite variety of nature, and the obscurity that involves metaphysical subjects - The difficulties in revelation to be accounted for upon this principle - The degree of evidence which the scriptures contain, probably, best suited to the improvements of the human faculties, and the moral amelioration of mankind - The idea that mind is created by excitements seems to account for the existence of natural and moral evil.

4. 19th Century: Walter Bagehot. *The English Constitution*

No. I.

Introduction to the Second Edition.

There is a great difficulty in the way of a writer who attempts to sketch a living Constitution--a Constitution that is in actual work and power. The difficulty is that the object is in constant change. An historical writer does not feel this difficulty: he deals only with the past; he can say definitely, the Constitution worked in such and such a manner in the year at which he begins, and in a manner in such and such respects different in the year at which he ends; he begins with a definite point of time and ends with one also. But a contemporary writer who tries to paint what is before him is puzzled and a perplexed: what he sees is changing daily. He must paint it as it stood at some one time, or else he will be putting side by side in his representations things which never were contemporaneous in reality. The difficulty is the greater because a writer who deals with a living Government naturally compares it with the most important other living Governments, and these are changing too; what he illustrates are altered in one way, and his sources of illustration are altered probably in a different way. This difficulty has been constantly in my way in preparing a second edition of this book. It describes the English Constitution as it stood in the years 1865 and 1866. Roughly speaking, it describes its working as it was in the time of Lord Palmerston; and since that time there have been many changes, some of spirit and some of detail. In so short a period there have rarely been more changes. If I had given a sketch of the Palmerston time as a sketch of the present time, it would have been in many points untrue; and if I had tried to change the sketch of seven years since into a sketch of the present time, I should probably have blurred the picture and have given something equally unlike both. The best plan in such a case is, I think, to keep the original sketch in all essentials as it was at first written, and to describe shortly such changes either in the Constitution itself, or in the Constitutions compared with it, as seem material. There are in this book various expressions which allude to persons who were living and to events which were happening when it first appeared; and I have carefully preserved these. They will serve to warn the reader what time he is reading about, and to prevent his mistaking the date at which the likeness was attempted to be taken. I proceed to speak of the changes which have taken place either in the Constitution itself or in the competing institutions which illustrate it.

It is too soon as yet to attempt to estimate the effect of the Reform Act of 1867. The people enfranchised under it do not yet know their own power; a single election, so far from teaching us how they will use that power, has not been even enough to explain to them that they have such power. The Reform Act of 1832 did not for many years disclose its real consequences; a writer in 1836, whether he approved or disapproved of them, whether he thought too little of or whether he exaggerated them, would have been sure to be mistaken in them. A new Constitution does not produce its full effect as long as all its subjects were reared under an old Constitution, as long as its statesmen were trained by that old Constitution. It is not really tested till it comes to be worked by statesmen and among a people neither of whom are guided by a different experience. In one respect we are indeed particularly likely to be mistaken as to the effect of the last Reform Bill. Undeniably there has lately been a great change in our politics. It is commonly said that "there is not a brick of the Palmerston House standing". The change since 1865 is a change not in one point but in a thousand points; it is a change not of particular details but of pervading spirit. We are now quarrelling as to the minor details of an Education Act; in Lord Palmerston's time no such Act could have passed. In Lord Palmerston's time Sir George Grey said that the disestablishment of the Irish Church would be an "act of Revolution"; it has now been disestablished by great majorities, with Sir George Grey himself assenting. A new world has arisen which is not as the old world; and we naturally ascribe the change to the Reform Act. But this is a complete mistake. If there had been no Reform Act at all there would, nevertheless, have been a great change in English politics. There has been a change of the sort which, above all, generates other changes--a change of generation. Generally one generation in politics succeeds another almost silently; at every moment men of all ages between thirty and seventy have considerable influence; each year removes many old men, makes all others older, brings in many new. The transition is so gradual that we hardly perceive it. The board of directors of the political company has a few slight changes every year, and therefore the shareholders are conscious of no abrupt change. But sometimes there IS an abrupt change. It occasionally happens that several ruling directors who are about the same age live on for many years, manage the company all through those years, and then go off the scene almost together. In that case the affairs of the company are apt to alter much, for good or for evil; sometimes it becomes more successful, sometimes it is ruined, but it hardly ever stays as it was. Something like this happened before 1865. All through the period between 1832 and 1865, the pre-'32 statesmen--if I may so call them--Lord Derby, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, retained

great power. Lord Palmerston to the last retained great prohibitive power. Though in some ways always young, he had not a particle of sympathy with the younger generation; he brought forward no young men; he obstructed all that young men wished. In consequence, at his death a new generation all at once started into life; the pre-'32 all at once died out. Most of the new politicians were men who might well have been Lord Palmerston's grandchildren. He came into Parliament in 1806, they entered it after 1856. Such an enormous change in the age of the workers necessarily caused a great change in the kind of work attempted and the way in which it was done. What we call the "spirit" of politics is more surely changed by a change of generation in the men than by any other change whatever. Even if there had been no Reform Act, this single cause would have effected grave alterations. The mere settlement of the Reform question made a great change too. If it could have been settled by any other change, or even without any change, the instant effect of the settlement would still have been immense. New questions would have appeared at once. A political country is like an American forest; you have only to cut down the old trees, and immediately new trees come up to replace them; the seeds were waiting in the ground, and they began to grow as soon as the withdrawal of the old ones brought in light and air. These new questions of themselves would have made a new atmosphere, new parties, new debates. Of course I am not arguing that so important an innovation as the Reform Act of 1867 will not have very great effects. It must, in all likelihood, have many great ones. I am only saying that as yet we do not know what those effects are; that the great evident change since 1865 is certainly not strictly due to it; probably is not even in a principal measure due to it; that we have still to conjecture what it will cause and what it will not cause.

The principal question arises most naturally from a main doctrine of these essays. I have said that Cabinet government is possible in England because England was a deferential country. I meant that the nominal constituency was not the real constituency; that the mass of the "ten-pound" house-holders did not really form their own opinions, and did not exact of their representatives an obedience to those opinions; that they were in fact guided in their judgment by the better educated classes; that they preferred representatives from those classes, and gave those representatives much licence. If a hundred small shopkeepers had by miracle been added to any of the '32 Parliaments, they would have felt outcasts there. Nothing could be more unlike those Parliaments than the average mass of the constituency from which they were chosen. I do not of course mean that the ten-pound householders were great admirers of intellect or good judges of refinement. We all know that, for the most part, they were not so at all; very few Englishmen are. They were not influenced by ideas, but by facts; not by things impalpable, but by things palpable. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they were influenced by rank and wealth. No doubt the better sort of them believed that those who were superior to them in these indisputable respects were superior also in the more intangible qualities of sense and knowledge. But the mass of the old electors did not analyse very much: they liked to have one of their "betters" to represent them; if he was rich they respected him much; and if he was a lord, they liked him the better. The issue put before these electors was, Which of two rich people will you choose? And each of those rich people was put forward by great parties whose notions were the notions of the rich--whose plans were their plans. The electors only selected one or two wealthy men to carry out the schemes of one or two wealthy associations. So fully was this so, that the class to whom the great body of the ten-pound householders belonged--the lower middle class--was above all classes the one most hardly treated in the imposition of the taxes. A small shopkeeper, or a clerk who just, and only just, was rich enough to pay income tax, was perhaps the only severely taxed man in the country. He paid the rates, the tea, sugar, tobacco, malt, and spirit taxes, as well as the income tax, but his means were exceedingly small.

Curiously enough the class which in theory was omnipotent, was the only class financially ill-treated. Throughout the history of our former Parliaments the constituency could no more have originated the policy which those Parliaments selected than they could have made the solar system. As I have endeavoured to show in this volume, the deference of the old electors to their betters was the only way in which our old system could be maintained. No doubt countries can be imagined in which the mass of the electors would be thoroughly competent to form good opinions; approximations to that state happily exist. But such was not the state of the minor English shopkeepers. They were just competent to make a selection between two sets of superior ideas; or rather--for the conceptions of such people are more personal than abstract--between two opposing parties, each professing a creed of such ideas. But they could do no more. Their own notions, if they had been cross-examined upon them, would have been found always most confused and often most foolish. They were competent to decide an issue selected by the higher classes, but they were incompetent to do more. The grave question now is, How far will this peculiar old system continue and how far will it be altered? I am afraid I must put aside at once the idea that it will be altered entirely

and altered for the better. I cannot expect that the new class of voters will be at all more able to form sound opinions on complex questions than the old voters. There was indeed an idea--a very prevalent idea when the first edition of this book was published--that there then was an unrepresented class of skilled artisans who could form superior opinions on national matters, and ought to have the means of expressing them. We used to frame elaborate schemes to give them such means. But the Reform Act of 1867 did not stop at skilled labour; it enfranchised unskilled labour too. And no one will contend that the ordinary working man who has no special skill, and who is only rated because he has a house, can judge much of intellectual matters. The messenger in an office is not more intelligent than the clerks, not better educated, but worse; and yet the messenger is probably a very superior specimen of the newly enfranchised classes. The average can only earn very scanty wages by coarse labour. They have no time to improve themselves, for they are labouring the whole day through; and their early education was so small that in most cases it is dubious whether even if they had much time, they could use it to good purpose. We have not enfranchised a class less needing to be guided by their betters than the old class; on the contrary, the new class need it more than the old.

The real question is, Will they submit to it, will they defer in the same way to wealth and rank, and to the higher qualities of which these are the rough symbols and the common accompaniments? There is a peculiar difficulty in answering this question. Generally, the debates upon the passing of an Act contain much valuable instruction as to what may be expected of it. But the debates on the Reform Act of 1867 hardly tell anything. They are taken up with technicalities as to the ratepayers and the compound householder. Nobody in the country knew what was being done. I happened at the time to visit a purely agricultural and Conservative county, and I asked the local Tories, "Do you understand this Reform Bill? Do you know that your Conservative Government has brought in a Bill far more Radical than any former Bill, and that it is very likely to be passed?" The answer I got was, "What stuff you talk! How can it be a Radical Reform Bill? Why, BRIGHT opposes it!" There was no answering that in a way which a "common jury" could understand. The Bill was supported by the Times and opposed by Mr. Bright; and therefore the mass of the Conservatives and of common moderate people, without distinction of party, had no conception of the effect. They said it was "London nonsense" if you tried to explain it to them. The nation indeed generally looks to the discussions in Parliament to enlighten it as to the effect of Bills. But in this case neither party, as a party, could speak out. Many, perhaps most of the intelligent Conservatives, were fearful of the consequences of the proposal; but as it was made by the heads of their own party, they did not like to oppose it, and the discipline of party carried them with it. On the other side, many, probably most of the intelligent Liberals, were in consternation at the Bill; they had been in the habit for years of proposing Reform Bills; they knew the points of difference between each Bill, and perceived that this was by far the most sweeping which had ever been proposed by any Ministry. But they were almost all unwilling to say so. They would have offended a large section in their constituencies if they had resisted a Tory Bill because it was too democratic; the extreme partisans of democracy would have said, "The enemies of the people have confidence enough in the people to entrust them with this power, but you, a 'Liberal,' and a professed friend of the people, have not that confidence; if that is so, we will never vote for you again". Many Radical members who had been asking for years for household suffrage were much more surprised than pleased at the near chance of obtaining it; they had asked for it as bargainers ask for the highest possible price, but they never expected to get it.

Altogether the Liberals, or at least the extreme Liberals, were much like a man who has been pushing hard against an opposing door, till, on a sudden, the door opens, the resistance ceases, and he is thrown violently forward. Persons in such an unpleasant predicament can scarcely criticise effectually, and certainly the Liberals did not so criticise. We have had no such previous discussions as should guide our expectations from the Reform Bill, nor such as under ordinary circumstances we should have had. Nor does the experience of the last election much help us. The circumstances were too exceptional. In the first place, Mr. Gladstone's personal popularity was such as has not been seen since the time of Mr. Pitt, and such as may never be seen again. Certainly it will very rarely be seen. A bad speaker is said to have been asked how he got on as a candidate. "Oh," he answered, "when I do not know what to say, I say 'Gladstone,' and then they are sure to cheer, and I have time to think." In fact, that popularity acted as a guide both to constituencies and to members. The candidates only said they would vote with Mr. Gladstone, and the constituencies only chose those who said so. Even the minority could only be described as anti-Gladstone, just as the majority could only be described as pro-Gladstone. The remains, too, of the old electoral organisation were exceedingly powerful; the old voters voted as they had been told, and the new voters mostly voted with them. In extremely few cases was there any new and contrary organisation. At the last election, the trial of the new system

hardly began, and, as far as it did begin, it was favoured by a peculiar guidance. In the meantime our statesmen have the greatest opportunities they have had for many years, and likewise the greatest duty. They have to guide the new voters in the exercise of the franchise; to guide them quietly, and without saying what they are doing, but still to guide them. The leading statesmen in a free country have great momentary power. They settle the conversation of mankind. It is they who, by a great speech or two, determine what shall be said and what shall be written for long after. They, in conjunction with their counsellors, settle the programme of their party--the "platform," as the Americans call it, on which they and those associated with them are to take their stand for the political campaign. It is by that programme, by a comparison of the programmes of different statesmen, that the world forms its judgment. The common ordinary mind is quite unfit to fix for itself what political question it shall attend to; it is as much as it can do to judge decently of the questions which drift down to it, and are brought before it; it almost never settles its topics; it can only decide upon the issues of those topics.

And in settling what these questions shall be, statesmen have now especially a great responsibility if they raise questions which will excite the lower orders of mankind; if they raise questions on which those orders are likely to be wrong; if they raise questions on which the interest of those orders is not identical with, or is antagonistic to, the whole interest of the State, they will have done the greatest harm they can do. The future of this country depends on the happy working of a delicate experiment, and they will have done all they could to vitiate that experiment. Just when it is desirable that ignorant men, new to politics, should have good issues, and only good issues, put before them, these statesmen will have suggested bad issues. They will have suggested topics which will bind the poor as a class together; topics which will excite them against the rich; topics the discussion of which in the only form in which that discussion reaches their ear will be to make them think that some new law can make them comfortable--that it is the present law which makes them uncomfortable--that Government has at its disposal an inexhaustible fund out of which it can give to those who now want without also creating elsewhere other and greater wants. If the first work of the poor voters is to try to create a "poor man's paradise," as poor men are apt to fancy that Paradise, and as they are apt to think they can create it, the great political trial now beginning will simply fail. The wide gift of the elective franchise will be a great calamity to the whole nation, and to those who gain it as great a calamity as to any. I do not of course mean that statesmen can choose with absolute freedom what topics they will deal with and what they will not. I am of course aware that they choose under stringent conditions. In excited states of the public mind they have scarcely a discretion at all; the tendency of the public perturbation determines what shall and what shall not be dealt with. But, upon the other hand, in quiet times statesmen have great power; when there is no fire lighted, they can settle what fire shall be lit. And as the new suffrage is happily to be tried in a quiet time, the responsibility of our statesmen is great because their power is great too. And the mode in which the questions dealt with are discussed is almost as important as the selection of these questions. It is for our principal statesmen to lead the public, and not to let the public lead them.

No doubt when statesmen live by public favour, as ours do, this is a hard saying, and it requires to be carefully limited. I do not mean that our statesmen should assume a pedantic and doctrinaire tone with the English people; if there is anything which English people thoroughly detest, it is that tone exactly. And they are right in detesting it; if a man cannot give guidance and communicate instruction formally without telling his audience "I am better than you; I have studied this as you have not," then he is not fit for a guide or an instructor. A statesman who should show that *gaucherie* would exhibit a defect of imagination, and expose an incapacity for dealing with men which would be a great hindrance to him in his calling. But much argument is not required to guide the public, still less a formal exposition of that argument. What is mostly needed is the manly utterance of clear conclusions; if a statesman gives these in a felicitous way (and if with a few light and humorous illustrations, so much the better), he has done his part. He will have given the text, the scribes in the newspapers will write the sermon. A statesman ought to show his own nature, and talk in a palpable way what is to him important truth. And so he will both guide and benefit the nation. But if, especially at a time when great ignorance has an unusual power in public affairs, he chooses to accept and reiterate the decisions of that ignorance, he is only the hireling of the nation, and does little save hurt it. I shall be told that this is very obvious, and that everybody knows that 2 and 2 make 4, and that there is no use in inculcating it. But I answer that the lesson is not observed in fact; people do not so do their political sums. Of all our political dangers, the greatest I conceive is that they will neglect the lesson. In plain English, what I fear is that both our political parties will bid for the support of the working man; that both of them will promise to do as he likes if he will only tell them what it is; that, as he now holds the casting vote in our affairs, both parties will beg and pray him to give that vote to them. I can conceive of nothing more corrupting or worse for a set of poor ignorant

people than that two combinations of well-taught and rich men should constantly offer to defer to their decision, and compete for the office of executing it. Vox populi will be Vox diaboli if it is worked in that manner. And, on the other hand, my imagination conjures up a contrary danger.

I can conceive that questions BEING raised which, if continually agitated, would combine the working men as a class together, the higher orders might have to consider whether they would concede the measure that would settle such questions, or whether they would risk the effect of the working men's combination. No doubt the question cannot be easily discussed in the abstract; much must depend on the nature of the measures in each particular case; on the evil they would cause if conceded; on the attractiveness of their idea to the working classes if refused. But in all cases it must be remembered that a political combination of the lower classes, as such and for their own objects, is an evil of the first magnitude; that a permanent combination of them would make them (now that so many of them have the suffrage) supreme in the country; and that their supremacy, in the state they now are, means the supremacy of ignorance over instruction and of numbers over knowledge. So long as they are not taught to act together, there is a chance of this being averted, and it can only be averted by the greatest wisdom and the greatest foresight in the higher classes. They must avoid, not only every evil, but every appearance of evil; while they have still the power they must remove, not only every actual grievance, but, where it is possible, every seeming grievance too; they must willingly concede every claim which they can safely concede, in order that they may not have to concede unwillingly some claim which would impair the safety of the country. This advice, too, will be said to be obvious; but I have the greatest fear that, when the time comes, it will be cast aside as timid and cowardly. So strong are the combative propensities of man that he would rather fight a losing battle than not fight at all. It is most difficult to persuade people that by fighting they may strengthen the enemy, yet that would be so here; since a losing battle--especially a long and well-fought one--would have thoroughly taught the lower orders to combine, and would have left the higher orders face to face with an irritated, organised, and superior voting power. The courage which strengthens an enemy and which so loses, not only the present battle, but many after battles, is a heavy curse to men and nations.

In one minor respect, indeed, I think we may see with distinctness the effect of the Reform Bill of 1867. I think it has completed one change which the Act of 1832 began; it has completed the change which that Act made in the relation of the House of Lords to the House of Commons. As I have endeavoured in this book to explain, the literary theory of the English Constitution is on this point quite wrong as usual. According to that theory, the two Houses are two branches of the legislature, perfectly equal and perfectly distinct. But before the Act of 1832 they were not so distinct; there was a very large and a very strong common element. By their commanding influence in many boroughs and counties the Lords nominated a considerable part of the Commons; the majority of the other part were the richer gentry--men in most respects like the Lords, and sympathising with the Lords. Under the Constitution as it then was the two Houses were not in their essence distinct; they were in their essence similar; they were, in the main, not Houses of contrasted origin, but Houses of like origin. The predominant part of both was taken from the same class--from the English gentry, titled and untitled. By the Act of 1832 this was much altered. The aristocracy and the gentry lost their predominance in the House of Commons; that predominance passed to the middle class. The two Houses then became distinct, but then they ceased to be co-equal. The Duke of Wellington, in a most remarkable paper, has explained what pains he took to induce the Lords to submit to their new position, and to submit, time after time, their will to the will of the Commons. The Reform Act of 1867 has, I think, unmistakably completed the effect which the Act of 1832 began, but left unfinished. The middle class element has gained greatly by the second change, and the aristocratic element has lost greatly. If you examine carefully the lists of members, especially of the most prominent members, of either side of the House, you will not find that they are in general aristocratic names. Considering the power and position of the titled aristocracy, you will perhaps be astonished at the small degree in which it contributes to the active part of our governing assembly.

The spirit of our present House of Commons is plutocratic, not aristocratic; its most prominent statesmen are not men of ancient descent or of great hereditary estate; they are men mostly of substantial means, but they are mostly, too, connected more or less closely with the new trading wealth. The spirit of the two Assemblies has become far more contrasted than it ever was. The full effect of the Reform Act of 1832 was indeed postponed by the cause which I mentioned just now. The statesmen who worked the system which was put up had themselves been educated under the system which was pulled down. Strangely enough, their predominant guidance lasted as long as the system which they created. Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, Lord Derby, died or else lost their influence within a

year or two of 1867. The complete consequences of the Act of 1832 upon the House of Lords could not be seen while the Commons were subject to such aristocratic guidance. Much of the change which might have been expected from the Act of 1832 was held in suspense, and did not begin till that measure had been followed by another of similar and greater power. The work which the Duke of Wellington in part performed has now, therefore, to be completed also. He met the half difficulty; we have to surmount the whole one. We have to frame such tacit rules, to establish such ruling but unenacted customs, as will make the House of Lords yield to the Commons when and as often as our new Constitution requires that it should yield. I shall be asked, How often is that, and what is the test by which you know it? I answer that the House of Lords must yield whenever the opinion of the Commons is also the opinion of the nation, and when it is clear that the nation has made up its mind. Whether or not the nation has made up its mind is a question to be decided by all the circumstances of the case, and in the common way in which all practical questions are decided. There are some people who lay down a sort of mechanical test; they say the House of Lords should be at liberty to reject a measure passed by the Commons once or more, and then if the Commons send it up again and again, infer that the nation is determined. But no important practical question in real life can be uniformly settled by a fixed and formal rule in this way. This rule would prove that the Lords might have rejected the Reform Act of 1832. Whenever the nation was both excited and determined, such a rule would be an acute and dangerous political poison. It would teach the House of Lords that it might shut its eyes to all the facts of real life and decide simply by an abstract formula. If in 1832 the Lords had so acted, there would have been a revolution. Undoubtedly there is a general truth in the rule. Whether a bill has come up once only, or whether it has come up several times, is one important fact in judging whether the nation is determined to have that measure enacted; it is an indication, but it is only one of the indications. There are others equally decisive. The unanimous voice of the people may be so strong, and may be conveyed through so many organs, that it may be assumed to be lasting.

Englishmen are so very miscellaneous, that that which has REALLY convinced a great and varied majority of them for the present may fairly be assumed to be likely to continue permanently to convince them. One sort might easily fall into a temporary and erroneous fanaticism, but all sorts simultaneously are very unlikely to do so. I should venture so far as to lay down for an approximate rule, that the House of Lords ought, on a first-class subject, to be slow?-- very slow--in rejecting a Bill passed even once by a large majority of the House of Commons. I would not of course lay this down as an unvarying rule; as I have said, I have for practical purposes no belief in unvarying rules. Majorities may be either genuine or fictitious, and if they are not genuine, if they do not embody the opinion of the representative as well as the opinion of the constituency, no one would wish to have any attention paid to them. But if the opinion of the nation be strong and be universal, if it be really believed by members of Parliament, as well as by those who send them to Parliament, in my judgment the Lords should yield at once, and should not resist it. My main reason is one which has not been much urged. As a theoretical writer I can venture to say, what no elected member of Parliament, Conservative or Liberal, can venture to say, that I am exceedingly afraid of the ignorant multitude of the new constituencies. I wish to have as great and as compact a power as possible to resist it. But a dissension between the Lords and Commons divides that resisting power; as I have explained, the House of Commons still mainly represents the plutocracy, the Lords represent the aristocracy. The main interest of both these classes is now identical, which is to prevent or to mitigate the rule of uneducated numbers. But to prevent it effectually, they must not quarrel among themselves; they must not bid one against the other for the aid of their common opponent. And this is precisely the effect of a division between Lords and Commons. The two great bodies of the educated rich go to the constituencies to decide between them, and the majority of the constituencies now consist of the uneducated poor.

This cannot be for the advantage of any one. In doing so besides the aristocracy forfeit their natural position?--that by which they would gain most power, and in which they would do most good. They ought to be the heads of the plutocracy. In all countries new wealth is ready to worship old wealth, if old wealth will only let it, and I need not say that in England new wealth is eager in its worship. Satirist after satirist has told us how quick, how willing, how anxious are the newly-made rich to associate with the ancient rich. Rank probably in no country whatever has so much "market" value as it has in England just now. Of course there have been many countries in which certain old families, whether rich or poor, were worshipped by whole populations with a more intense and poetic homage; but I doubt if there has ever been any in which all old families and all titled families received more ready observance from those who were their equals, perhaps their superiors, in wealth, their equals in culture, and their inferiors only in descent and rank. The possessors of the "material" distinctions of life, as a political economist would class them,

rush to worship those who possess the IMmaterial distinctions. Nothing can be more politically useful than such homage, if it be skilfully used; no folly can be idler than to repel and reject it. The worship is the more politically important because it is the worship of the political superior for the political inferior. At an election the non-titled are much more powerful than the titled. Certain individual peers have, from their great possessions, great electioneering influence, but, as a whole, the House of Peers is not a principal electioneering force. It has so many poor men inside it, and so many rich men outside it, that its electioneering value is impaired. Besides, it is in the nature of the curious influence of rank to work much more on men singly than on men collectively; it is an influence which most men--at least most Englishmen--feel very much, but of which most Englishmen are somewhat ashamed. Accordingly, when any number of men are collected together, each of whom worships rank in his heart, the whole body will patiently hear--in many cases will cheer and approve--some rather strong speeches against rank. Each man is a little afraid that his "sneaking kindness for a lord," as Mr. Gladstone put it, be found out; he is not sure how far that weakness is shared by those around him. And thus Englishmen easily find themselves committed to anti-aristocratic sentiments which are the direct opposite of their real feeling, and their collective action may be bitterly hostile to rank while the secret sentiment of each separately is especially favourable to rank.

In 1832 the close boroughs, which were largely held by peers, and were still more largely supposed to be held by them, were swept away with a tumult of delight; and in another similar time of great excitement, the Lords themselves, if they deserve it, might pass away. The democratic passions gain by fomenting a diffused excitement, and by massing men in concourses; the aristocratic sentiments gain by calm and quiet, and act most on men by themselves, in their families, and when female influence is not absent. The overt electioneering power of the Lords does not at all equal its real social power. The English plutocracy, as is often said of something yet coarser, must be "humoured, not drove"; they may easily be impelled against the aristocracy, though they respect it very much; and as they are much stronger than the aristocracy, they might, if angered, even destroy it; though in order to destroy it, they must help to arouse a wild excitement among the ignorant poor, which, if once roused, may not be easily calmed, and which may be fatal to far more than its beginners intend. This is the explanation of the anomaly which puzzles many clever lords. They think, if they do not say, "Why are we pinned up here? Why are we not in the Commons where we could have so much more power? Why is this nominal rank given us, at the price of substantial influence? If we prefer real weight to unreal prestige, why may we not have it?" The reply is, that the whole body of the Lords have an incalculably greater influence over society while there is still a House of Lords, than they would have if the House of Lords were abolished; and that though one or two clever young peers might do better in the Commons, the old order of peers, young and old, clever and not clever, is much better where it is. The selfish instinct of the mass of peers on this point is a keener and more exact judge of the real world than the fine intelligence of one or two of them. If the House of Peers ever goes, it will go in a storm, and the storm will not leave all else as it is. It will not destroy the House of Peers and leave the rich young peers, with their wealth and their titles, to sit in the Commons.

It would probably sweep all titles before it--at least all legal titles--and somehow or other it would break up the curious system by which the estates of great families all go to the eldest son. That system is a very artificial one; you may make a fine argument for it, but you cannot make a loud argument, an argument which would reach and rule the multitude. The thing looks like injustice, and in a time of popular passion it would not stand. Much short of the compulsory equal division of the Code Napoleon, stringent clauses might be provided to obstruct and prevent these great aggregations of property. Few things certainly are less likely than a violent tempest like this to destroy large and hereditary estates. But then, too, few things are less likely than an outbreak to destroy the House of Lords--my point is, that a catastrophe which levels one will not spare the other. I conceive, therefore, that the great power of the House of Lords should be exercised very timidly and very cautiously. For the sake of keeping the headship of the plutocracy, and through that of the nation, they should not offend the plutocracy; the points upon which they have to yield are mostly very minor ones, and they should yield many great points rather than risk the bottom of their power. They should give large donations out of income, if by so doing they keep, as they would keep, their capital intact. The Duke of Wellington guided the House of Lords in this manner for years, and nothing could prosper better for them or for the country, and the Lords have only to go back to the good path in which he directed them. The events of 1870 caused much discussion upon life peerages, and we have gained this great step, that whereas the former leader of the Tory party in the Lords--Lord Lyndhurst--defeated the last proposal to make life peers, Lord Derby, when leader of that party, desired to create them. As I have given in this book what seemed to me good reasons for making them, I need not repeat those reasons here; I need only say how the notion stands in my

judgment now. I cannot look on life peerages in the way in which some of their strongest advocates regard them; I cannot think of them as a mode in which a permanent opposition or a contrast between the Houses of Lords and Commons is to be remedied. To be effectual in that way, life peerages must be very numerous. Now the House of Lords will never consent to a very numerous life peerage without a storm; they must be in terror to do it, or they will not do it. And if the storm blows strongly enough to do so much, in all likelihood it will blow strongly enough to do much more. If the revolution is powerful enough and eager enough to make an immense number of life peers, probably it will sweep away the hereditary principle in the Upper Chamber entirely. Of course one may fancy it to be otherwise; we may conceive of a political storm just going to a life-peerage limit, and then stopping suddenly. But in politics we must not trouble ourselves with exceedingly exceptional accidents; it is quite difficult enough to count on and provide for the regular and plain probabilities.

To speak mathematically, we may easily miss the permanent course of the political curve if we engross our minds with its cusps and conjugate points. Nor, on the other hand, can I sympathise with the objection to life peerages which some of the Radical party take and feel. They think it will strengthen the Lords, and so make them better able to oppose the Commons; they think, if they do not say: "The House of Lords is our enemy and that of all Liberals; happily the mass of it is not intellectual; a few clever men are born there which we cannot help, but we will not 'vaccinate' it with genius; we will not put in a set of clever men for their lives who may as likely as not turn against us". This objection assumes that clever peers are just as likely to oppose the Commons as stupid peers. But this I deny. Most clever men who are in such a good place as the House of Lords plainly is, will be very unwilling to lose it if they can help it; at the clear call of a great duty they might lose it, but only at such a call. And it does not take a clever man to see that systematic opposition of the Commons is the only thing which can endanger the Lords, or which will make an individual peer cease to be a peer. The greater you make the SENSE of the Lords, the more they will see that their plain interest is to make friends of the plutocracy, and to be the chiefs of it, and not to wish to oppose the Commons where that plutocracy rules. It is true that a completely new House of Lords, mainly composed of men of ability, selected because they were able, might very likely attempt to make ability the predominant power in the State, and to rival, if not conquer, the House of Commons, where the standard of intelligence is not much above the common English average. But in the present English world such a House of Lords would soon lose all influence. People would say, "it was too clever by half," and in an Englishman's mouth that means a very severe censure. The English people would think it grossly anomalous if their elected assembly of rich men were thwarted by a nominated assembly of talkers and writers. Sensible men of substantial means are what we wish to be ruled by, and a peerage of genius would not compare with it in power. It is true, too, that at present some of the cleverest peers are not so ready as some others to agree with the Commons. But it is not unnatural that persons of high rank and of great ability should be unwilling to bend to persons of lower rank, and of certainly not greater ability. A few of such peers (for they are very few) might say, "We had rather not have our peerage if we are to buy it at the price of yielding". But a life peer who had fought his way up to the peers, would never think so. Young men who are born to rank may risk it, not middle-aged or old men who have earned their rank.

A moderate number of life peers would almost always counsel moderation to the Lords, and would almost always be right in counselling it. Recent discussions have also brought into curious prominence another part of the Constitution. I said in this book that it would very much surprise people if they were only told how many things the Queen could do without consulting Parliament, and it certainly has so proved, for when the Queen abolished Purchase in the Army by an act of prerogative (after the Lords had rejected the bill for doing so), there was a great and general astonishment. But this is nothing to what the Queen can by law do without consulting Parliament. Not to mention other things, she could disband the army (by law she cannot engage more than a certain number of men, but she is not obliged to engage any men); she could dismiss all the officers, from the General Commanding-in-Chief downwards; she could dismiss all the sailors too; she could sell off all our ships of war and all our naval stores; she could make a peace by the sacrifice of Cornwall, and begin a war for the conquest of Brittany. She could make every citizen in the United Kingdom, male or female, a peer; she could make every parish in the United Kingdom a "university"; she could dismiss most of the civil servants; she could pardon all offenders. In a word, the Queen could by prerogative upset all the action of civil government within the Government, could disgrace the nation by a bad war or peace, and could, by disbanding our forces, whether land or sea, leave us defenceless against foreign nations. Why do we not fear that she would do this, or any approach to it? Because there are two checks--one ancient and coarse, the other modern and delicate. The first is the check of impeachment. Any Minister who advised the Queen so to use her prerogative as to endanger the safety of the realm, might be impeached for high

treason, and would be so. Such a Minister would, in our technical law, be said to have levied, or aided to levy, "war against the Queen". This counsel to her so to use her prerogative would by the Judge be declared to be an act of violence against herself, and in that peculiar but effectual way the offender could be condemned and executed. Against all gross excesses of the prerogative this is a sufficient protection. But it would be no protection against minor mistakes; any error of judgment committed bona fide, and only entailing consequences which one person might say were good, and another say were bad, could not be so punished. It would be possible to impeach any Minister who disbanded the Queen's army, and it would be done for certain.

But suppose a Minister were to reduce the army or the navy much below the contemplated strength--suppose he were only to spend upon them one-third of the amount which Parliament had permitted him to spend--suppose a Minister of Lord Palmerston's principles were suddenly and while in office converted to the principles of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, and were to act on those principles, he could not be impeached. The law of treason neither could nor ought to be enforced against an act which was an error of judgment, not of intention--which was in good faith intended not to impair the well-being of the State, but to promote and augment it. Against such misuses of the prerogative our remedy is a change of Ministry. And in general this works very well. Every Minister looks long before he incurs that penalty, and no one incurs it wantonly. But, nevertheless, there are two defects in it. The first is that it may not be a remedy at all; it may be only a punishment. A Minister may risk his dismissal; he may do some act difficult to undo, and then all which may be left will be to remove and censure him. And the second is that it is only one House of Parliament which has much to say to this remedy, such as it is; the House of Commons only can remove a Minister by a vote of censure. Most of the Ministries for thirty years have never possessed the confidence of the Lords, and in such cases a vote of censure by the Lords could therefore have but little weight; it would be simply the particular expression of a general political disapproval. It would be like a vote of censure on a Liberal Government by the Carlton, or on a Tory Government by the Reform Club. And in no case has an adverse vote by the Lords the same decisive effect as a vote of the Commons; the Lower House is the ruling and the choosing House, and if a Government really possesses that, it thoroughly possesses nine-tenths of what it requires. The support of the Lords is an aid and a luxury; that of the Commons is a strict and indispensable necessary. These difficulties are particularly raised by questions of foreign policy. On most domestic subjects, either custom or legislation has limited the use of the prerogative. The mode of governing the country, according to the existing laws, is mostly worn into a rut, and most administrations move in it because it is easier to move there than anywhere else. Most political crises--the decisive votes, which determine the fate of Government--are generally either on questions of foreign policy or of new laws; and the questions of foreign policy come out generally in this way, that the Government has already done something, and that it is for the one part of the legislature alone--for the House of Commons, and not for the House of Lords--to say whether they have or have not forfeited their place by the treaty they have made.

I think every one must admit that this is not an arrangement which seems right on the face of it. Treaties are quite as important as most laws, and to require the elaborate assent of representative assemblies to every word of the law, and not to consult them even as to the essence of the treaty, is *prima facie* ludicrous. In the older forms of the English Constitution, this may have been quite right; the power was then really lodged in the Crown, and because Parliament met very seldom, and for other reasons, it was then necessary that, on a multitude of points, the Crown should have much more power than is amply sufficient for it at present. But now the real power is not in the Sovereign, it is in the Prime Minister and in the Cabinet--that is, in the hands of a committee appointed by Parliament, and of the chairman of that committee. Now, beforehand, no one would have ventured to suggest that a committee of Parliament on foreign relations should be able to commit the country to the greatest international obligations without consulting either Parliament or the country. No other select committee has any comparable power; and considering how carefully we have fettered and limited the powers of all other subordinate authorities, our allowing so much discretionary power on matters peculiarly dangerous and peculiarly delicate to rest in the sole charge of one secret committee is exceedingly strange. No doubt it may be beneficial; many seeming anomalies are so, but at first sight it does not look right. I confess that I should see no advantage in it if our two Chambers were sufficiently homogeneous and sufficiently harmonious. On the contrary, if those two Chambers were as they ought to be, I should believe it to be a great defect. If the administration had in both Houses a majority--not a mechanical majority ready to accept anything, but a fair and reasonable one, predisposed to think the Government right, but not ready to find it to be so in the face of facts and in opposition to whatever might occur; if a good Government were thus placed, I should think it decidedly better that the agreements of the administration with foreign powers should

be submitted to Parliament. They would then receive that which is best for all arrangements of business, an understanding and sympathising criticism, but still a criticism. The majority of the legislature, being well disposed to the Government, would not "find" against it except it had really committed some big and plain mistake. But if the Government had made such a mistake, certainly the majority of the legislature would find against it. In a country fit for Parliamentary institutions, the partisanship of members of the legislature never comes in manifest opposition to the plain interest of the nation; if it did, the nation being (as are all nations capable of Parliamentary institutions) constantly attentive to public affairs, would inflict on them the maximum Parliamentary penalty at the next election and at many future elections. It would break their career.

No English majority dare vote for an exceedingly bad treaty; it would rather desert its own leader than ensure its own ruin. And an English minority, inheriting a long experience of Parliamentary affairs, would not be exceedingly ready to reject a treaty made with a foreign Government. The leaders of an English Opposition are very conversant with the school-boy maxim, "Two can play at that fun". They know that the next time they are in office the same sort of sharp practice may be used against them, and therefore they will not use it. So strong is this predisposition, that not long since a subordinate member of the Opposition declared that the "front benches" of the two sides of the House--that is, the leaders of the Government and the leaders of the Opposition--were in constant tacit league to suppress the objections of independent members. And what he said is often quite true. There are often seeming objections which are not real objections; at least, which are, in the particular cases, outweighed by counter-considerations; and these "independent members," having no real responsibility, not being likely to be hurt themselves if they make a mistake, are sure to blurt out, and to want to act upon. But the responsible heads of the party who may have to decide similar things, or even the same things themselves, will not permit it. They refuse, out of interest as well as out of patriotism, to engage the country in a permanent foreign scrape, to secure for themselves and their party a momentary home advantage. Accordingly, a Government which negotiated a treaty would feel that its treaty would be subject certainly to a scrutiny, but still to a candid and lenient scrutiny; that it would go before judges, of whom the majority were favourable, and among whom the most influential part of the minority were in this case much opposed to excessive antagonism. And this seems to be the best position in which negotiators can be placed, namely, that they should be sure to have to account to considerate and fair persons, but not to have to account to inconsiderate and unfair ones. At present the Government which negotiates a treaty can hardly be said to be accountable to any one. It is sure to be subjected to vague censure. Benjamin Franklin said, "I have never known a peace made, even the most advantageous, that was not censured as inadequate, and the makers condemned as injudicious or corrupt. 'Blessed are the peace-makers' is, I suppose, to be understood in the other world, for in this they are frequently cursed." And this is very often the view taken now in England of treaties.

There being nothing practical in the Opposition--nothing likely to hamper them hereafter--the leaders of Opposition are nearly sure to suggest every objection. The thing is done and cannot be undone, and the most natural wish of the Opposition leaders is to prove that if they had been in office, and it therefore had been theirs to do it, they could have done it much better. On the other hand, it is quite possible that there may be no real criticism on a treaty at all; or the treaty has been made by the Government, and as it cannot be unmade by any one, the Opposition may not think it worth while to say much about it. The Government, therefore, is never certain of any criticism; on the contrary, it has a good chance of escaping criticism; but if there be any criticism the Government must expect it to be bitter, sharp, and captious--made as an irresponsible objector would make it, and not as a responsible statesman, who may have to deal with a difficulty if he make it, and therefore will be cautious how he says anything which may make it. This is what happens in common cases; and in the uncommon--the ninety-ninth case in a hundred--in which the Opposition hoped to turn out the Government because of the alleged badness of the treaty they have made, the criticism is sure to be of the most undesirable character, and to say what is most offensive to foreign nations. All the practised acumen of anti-Government writers and speakers is sure to be engaged in proving that England has been imposed upon--that, as was said in one case, "The moral and the intellectual qualities have been divided; that our negotiation had the moral, and the negotiation on the other side the intellectual," and so on. The whole pitch of party malice is then expended, because there is nothing to check the party in opposition. The treaty has been made, and though it may be censured, and the party which made it ousted, yet the difficulty it was meant to cure is cured, and the opposing party, if it takes office, will not have that difficulty to deal with. In abstract theory these defects in our present practice would seem exceedingly great, but in practice they are not so. English statesmen and English parties have really a great patriotism; they can rarely be persuaded even by their passions or their

interest to do anything contrary to the real interest of England, or anything which would lower England in the eyes of foreign nations. And they would seriously hurt themselves if they did.

But still these are the real tendencies of our present practice, and these are only prevented by qualities in the nation and qualities in our statesmen, which will just as much exist if we change our practice. It certainly would be in many ways advantageous to change it. If we require that in some form the assent of Parliament shall be given to such treaties, we should have a real discussion prior to the making of such treaties. We should have the reasons for the treaty plainly stated, and also the reasons against it. At present, as we have seen, the discussion is unreal. The thing is done and cannot be altered; and what is said often ought not to be said because it is captious, and what is not said ought as often to be said because it is material. We should have a manlier and plainer way of dealing with foreign policy, if Ministers were obliged to explain clearly their foreign contracts before they were valid, just as they have to explain their domestic proposals before they can become laws. The objections to this are, as far as I know, three, and three only. First, that it would not be always desirable for Ministers to state clearly the motives which induced them to agree to foreign compacts. "Treaties," it is said, "are in one great respect different from laws, they concern not only the Government which binds, the nation so bound, but a third party too--a foreign country--and the feelings of that country are to be considered as well as our own. And that foreign country will, probably, in the present state of the world be a despotic one, where discussion is not practised, where it is not understood, where the expressions of different speakers are not accurately weighed, where undue offence may easily be given." This objection might be easily avoided by requiring that the discussion upon treaties in Parliament like that discussion in the American Senate should be "in secret session," and that no report should be published of it. But I should, for my own part, be rather disposed to risk a public debate. Despotic nations now cannot understand England; it is to them an anomaly "chartered by Providence"; they have been time out of mind puzzled by its institutions, vexed at its statesmen, and angry at its newspapers. A little more of such perplexity and such vexation does not seem to me a great evil. And if it be meant, as it often is meant, that the whole truth as to treaties cannot be spoken out, I answer, that neither can the whole truth as to laws.

All important laws affect large "vested interests"; they touch great sources of political strength; and these great interests require to be treated as delicately, and with as nice a manipulation of language, as the feelings of any foreign country. A Parliamentary Minister is a man trained by elaborate practice not to blurt out crude things, and an English Parliament is an assembly which particularly dislikes anything gauche or anything imprudent. They would still more dislike it if it hurt themselves and the country as well as the speaker. I am, too, disposed to deny entirely that there can be any treaty for which adequate reasons cannot be given to the English people, which the English people ought to make. A great deal of the reticence of diplomacy had, I think history shows, much better be spoken out. The worst families are those in which the members never really speak their minds to one another; they maintain an atmosphere of unreality, and every one always lives in an atmosphere of suppressed ill-feeling. It is the same with nations. The parties concerned would almost always be better for hearing the substantial reasons which induced the negotiators to make the treaty, and the negotiators would do their work much better, for half the ambiguities in treaties are caused by the negotiators not liking the fact or not taking the pains to put their own meaning distinctly before their own minds. And they would be obliged to make it plain if they had to defend it and argue on it before a great assembly. Secondly, it may be objected to the change suggested that Parliament is not always sitting, and that if treaties required its assent, it might have to be sometimes summoned out of season, or the treaties would have to be delayed. And this is as far as it goes a just objection, but I do not imagine that it goes far. The great bulk of treaties could wait a little without harm, and in the very few cases when urgent haste is necessary, an autumn session of Parliament could well be justified, for the occasion must be of grave and critical importance. Thirdly, it may be said that if we required the consent of both Houses of Parliament to foreign treaties before they were valid we should much augment the power of the House of Lords. And this is also, I think, a just objection as far as it goes. The House of Lords, as it cannot turn out the Ministry for making treaties, has in no case a decisive weight in foreign policy, though its debates on them are often excellent; and there is a real danger at present in giving it such weight. They are not under the same guidance as the House of Commons.

In the House of Commons, of necessity, the Ministry has a majority, and the majority will agree to the treaties the leaders have made if they fairly can. They will not be anxious to disagree with them. But the majority of the House of Lords may always be, and has lately been generally an opposition majority, and therefore the treaty may be submitted to critics exactly pledged to opposite views. It might be like submitting the design of an architect known

to hold "mediaeval principles" to a committee wedded to "classical principles". Still, upon the whole, I think the augmentation of the power of the peers might be risked without real fear of serious harm. Our present practice, as has been explained, only works because of the good sense of those by whom it is worked, and the new practice would have to rely on a similar good sense and practicality too. The House of Lords must deal with the assent to treaties as they do with the assent to laws; they must defer to the voice of the country and the authority of the Commons even in cases where their own judgment might guide them otherwise. In very vital treaties probably, being Englishmen, they would be of the same mind as the rest of Englishmen. If in such cases they showed a reluctance to act as the people wished, they would have the same lesson taught them as on vital and exciting questions of domestic legislation, and the case is not so likely to happen, for on these internal and organic questions the interest and the feeling of the peers is often presumably opposed to that of other classes--they may be anxious not to relinquish the very power which other classes are anxious to acquire; but in foreign policy there is no similar antagonism of interest--a peer and a non-peer have presumably in that matter the same interest and the same wishes. Probably, if it were considered to be desirable to give to Parliament a more direct control over questions of foreign policy than it possesses now, the better way would be not to require a formal vote to the treaty clause by clause. This would entail too much time, and would lead to unnecessary changes in minor details. It would be enough to let the treaty be laid upon the table of both Houses, say for fourteen days, and to acquire validity unless objected to by one House or other before that interval had expired. II. This is all which I think I need say on the domestic events which have changed, or suggested changes, in the English Constitution since this book was written. But there are also some foreign events which have illustrated it, and of these I should like to say a few words. Naturally, the most striking of these illustrative changes comes from France. Since 1789 France has always been trying political experiments, from which others may profit much, though as yet she herself has profited little. She is now trying one singularly illustrative of the English Constitution. When the first edition of this book was published I had great difficulty in persuading many people that it was possible in a non-monarchical State, for the real chief of the practical executive--the Premier as we should call him--to be nominated and to be removable by the vote of the National Assembly.

The United States and its copies were the only present and familiar Republics, and in these the system was exactly opposite. The executive was there appointed by the people as the legislature was too. No conspicuous example of any other sort of Republic then existed. But now France has given an example--M. Thiers is (with one exception) just the *chef du pouvoir executif* that I endeavoured more than once in this book to describe. He is appointed by and is removable by the Assembly. He comes down and speaks in it just as our Premier does; he is responsible for managing it just as our Premier is. No one can any longer doubt the possibility of a republic in which the executive and the legislative authorities were united and fixed; no one can assert such union to be the incommunicable attribute of a Constitutional Monarchy. But, unfortunately, we can as yet only infer from this experiment that such a Constitution is possible; we cannot as yet say whether it will be bad or good. The circumstances are very peculiar, and that in three ways. First, the trial of a specially Parliamentary Republic, of a Republic where Parliament appoints the Minister, is made in a nation which has, to say the least of it, no peculiar aptitude for Parliamentary Government; which has possibly a peculiar inaptitude for it. In the last but one of these essays I have tried to describe one of the mental conditions of Parliamentary Government, which I call "rationality," by which I do not mean reasoning power, but rather the power of hearing the reasons of others, of comparing them quietly with one's own reasons, and then being guided by the result. But a French Assembly is not easy to reason with. Every assembly is divided into parties and into sections of parties, and in France each party, almost every section of a party, begins not to clamour but to scream, and to scream as only Frenchmen can, as soon as it hears anything which it particularly dislikes. With an Assembly in this temper, real discussion is impossible, and Parliamentary government is impossible too, because the Parliament can neither choose men nor measures. The French assemblies under the Restored Monarchy seem to have been quieter, probably because being elected from a limited constituency they did not contain so many sections of opinion; they had fewer irritants and fewer species of irritability. But the assemblies of the '48 Republic were disorderly in the extreme. I saw the last myself, and can certify that steady discussion upon a critical point was not possible in it. There was not an audience willing to hear.

The Assembly now sitting at Versailles is undoubtedly also, at times, most tumultuous, and a Parliamentary government in which it governs must be under a peculiar difficulty, because as a sovereign it is unstable, capricious, and unruly. The difficulty is the greater because there is no check, or little, from the French nation upon the Assembly. The French, as a nation, do not care for or appreciate Parliamentary government. I have endeavoured to

explain how difficult it is for inexperienced mankind to take to such a government; how much more natural, that is, how much more easy to uneducated men is loyalty to a monarch. A nation which does not expect good from a Parliament, cannot check or punish a Parliament. France expects, I fear, too little from her Parliaments ever to get what she ought. Now that the suffrage is universal, the average intellect and the average culture of the constituent bodies are excessively low; and even such mind and culture as there is has long been enslaved to authority; the French peasant cares more for standing well with his present prefet than for anything else whatever; he is far too ignorant to check and watch his Parliament, and far too timid to think of doing either if the executive authority nearest to him does not like it. The experiment of a strictly Parliamentary Republic--of a Republic where the Parliament appoints the executive--is being tried in France at an extreme disadvantage, because in France a Parliament is unusually likely to be bad, and unusually likely also to be free enough to show its badness. Secondly, the present polity of France is not a copy of the whole effective part of the British Constitution, but only a part of it. By our Constitution nominally the Queen, but really the Prime Minister, has the power of dissolving the Assembly. But M. Thiers has no such power; and therefore, under ordinary circumstances, I believe, the policy would soon become unmanageable. The result would be, as I have tried to explain, that the Assembly would be always changing its Ministry, that having no reason to fear the penalty which that change so often brings in England, they would be ready to make it once a month. Caprice is the characteristic vice of miscellaneous assemblies, and without some check their selection would be unceasingly mutable. This peculiar danger of the present Constitution of France has however been prevented by its peculiar circumstances. The Assembly have not been inclined to remove M. Thiers, because in their lamentable present position they could not replace M. Thiers.

He has a monopoly of the necessary reputation. It is the Empire--the Empire which he always opposed--that has done him this kindness. For twenty years no great political reputation could arise in France. The Emperor governed and no one member could show a capacity for government. M. Rouher, though of vast real ability, was in the popular idea only the Emperor's agent; and even had it been otherwise, M. Rouher, the one great man of Imperialism, could not have been selected as a head of the Government, at a moment of the greatest reaction against the Empire. Of the chiefs before the twenty years' silence, of the eminent men known to be able to handle Parliaments and to govern Parliaments, M. Thiers was the only one still physically able to begin again to do so. The miracle is, that at seventy-four even he should still be able. As no other great chief of the Parliament regime existed, M. Thiers is not only the best choice, but the only choice. If he were taken away, it would be most difficult to make any other choice, and that difficulty keeps him where he is. At every crisis the Assembly feels that after M. Thiers "the deluge," and he lives upon that feeling. A change of the President, though legally simple, is in practice all but impossible; because all know that such a change might be a change, not only of the President, but of much more too: that very probably it might be a change of the polity--that it might bring in a Monarchy or an Empire. Lastly, by a natural consequence of the position, M. Thiers does not govern as a Parliamentary Premier governs. He is not, he boasts that he is not, the head of a party. On the contrary, being the one person essential to all parties, he selects Ministers from all parties, he constructs a Cabinet in which no one Minister agrees with any other in anything, and with all the members of which he himself frequently disagrees. The selection is quite in his hand. Ordinarily a Parliamentary Premier cannot choose; he is brought in by a party; he is maintained in office by a party; and that party requires that as they aid him, he shall aid them; that as they give him the very best thing in the State, he shall give them the next best things. But M. Thiers is under no such restriction. He can choose as he likes, and does choose. Neither in the selection of his Cabinet nor in the management of the Chamber, is M. Thiers guided as a similar person in common circumstances would have to be guided. He is the exception of a moment; he is not the example of a lasting condition.

For these reasons, though we may use the present Constitution of France as a useful aid to our imaginations, in conceiving of a purely Parliamentary Republic, of a monarchy minus the monarch, we must not think of it as much more. It is too singular in its nature and too peculiar in its accidents to be a guide to anything except itself. In this essay I made many remarks on the American Constitution, in comparison with the English; and as to the American Constitution we have had a whole world of experience since I first wrote. My great object was to contrast the office of President as an executive officer and to compare it with that of a Prime Minister; and I devoted much space to showing that in one principal respect the English system is by far the best. The English Premier being appointed by the selection, and being removable at the pleasure, of the preponderant Legislative Assembly, is sure to be able to rely on that Assembly. If he wants legislation to aid his policy he can obtain that legislation; he can carry out that policy. But the American President has no similar security. He is elected in one way, at one time, and Congress (no

matter which House) is elected in another way, at another time. The two have nothing to bind them together, and in matter of fact, they continually disagree. This was written in the time of Mr. Lincoln, when Congress, the President, and all the North were united as one man in the war against the South. There was then no patent instance of mere disunion. But between the time when the essays were first written in the Fortnightly, and their subsequent junction into a book, Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, and Mr. Johnson, the Vice-President, became President, and so continued for nearly four years. At such a time the characteristic evils of the Presidential system were shown most conspicuously. The President and the Assembly, so far from being (as it is essential to good government that they should be) on terms of close union, were not on terms of common courtesy. So far from being capable of a continuous and concerted co-operation they were all the while trying to thwart one another. He had one plan for the pacification of the South and they another; they would have nothing to say to his plans, and he vetoed their plans as long as the Constitution permitted, and when they were, in spite of him, carried, he, as far as he could (and this was very much), embarrassed them in action.

The quarrel in most countries would have gone beyond the law, and come to blows; even in America, the most law-loving of countries, it went as far as possible within the law. Mr. Johnson described the most popular branch of the legislature-- the House of Representatives--as a body "hanging on the verge of government"; and that House impeached him criminally, in the hope that in that way they might get rid of him civilly. Nothing could be so conclusive against the American Constitution, as a Constitution, as that incident. A hostile legislature and a hostile executive were so tied together, that the legislature tried, and tried in vain, to rid itself of the executive by accusing it of illegal practices. The legislature was so afraid of the President's legal power that it unfairly accused him of acting beyond the law. And the blame thus cast on the American Constitution is so much praise to be given to the American political character. Few nations, perhaps scarcely any nation, could have borne such a trial so easily and so perfectly. This was the most striking instance of disunion between the President and the Congress that has ever yet occurred, and which probably will ever occur. Probably for very many years the United States will have great and painful reason to remember that at the moment of all their history, when it was most important to them to collect and concentrate all the strength and wisdom of their policy on the pacification of the South, that policy was divided by a strife in the last degree unseemly and degrading. But it will be for a competent historian hereafter to trace out this accurately and in detail; the time is yet too recent, and I cannot pretend that I know enough to do so. I cannot venture myself to draw the full lessons from these events; I can only predict that when they are drawn, those lessons will be most important, and most interesting. There is, however, one series of events which have happened in America since the beginning of the Civil War, and since the first publication of these essays, on which I should wish to say something in detail--I mean the financial events. These lie within the scope of my peculiar studies, and it is comparatively easy to judge of them, since whatever may be the case with refined statistical reasoning, the great results of money matters speak to and interest all mankind. And every incident in this part of American financial history exemplifies the contrast between a Parliamentary and Presidential government.

The distinguishing quality of Parliamentary government is, that in each stage of a public transaction there is a discussion; that the public assist at this discussion; that it can, through Parliament, turn out an administration which is not doing as it likes, and can put in an administration which will do as it likes. But the characteristic of a Presidential government is, in a multitude of cases, that there is no such discussion; that when there is a discussion the fate of Government does not turn upon it, and, therefore, the people do not attend to it; that upon the whole the administration itself is pretty much doing as it likes, and neglecting as it likes, subject always to the check that it must not too much offend the mass of the nation. The nation commonly does not attend, but if by gigantic blunders you make it attend, it will remember it and turn you out when its time comes; it will show you that your power is short, and so on the instant weaken that power; it will make your present life in office unbearable and uncomfortable by the hundred modes in which a free people can, without ceasing, act upon the rulers which it elected yesterday, and will have to reject or re-elect to-morrow. In finance the most striking effect in America has, on the first view of it, certainly been good. It has enabled the Government to obtain and to keep a vast surplus of revenue over expenditure. Even before the Civil War it did this--from 1837 to 1857. Mr. Wells tells us that, strange as it may seem, "there was not a single year in which the unexpended balance in the National Treasury--derived from various sources--at the end of the year, was not in excess of the total expenditure of the preceding year; while in not a few years the unexpended balance was absolutely greater than the sum of the entire expenditure of the twelve months preceding". But this history before the war is nothing to what has happened since. The following are the surpluses of revenue over expenditure since the end of the Civil War:--

Year ending June 30. Surplus. (pounds)

| | |
|----------------|------------|
| 1866 | 5,593,000 |
| 1867 | 21,586,000 |
| 1868 | 4,242,000 |
| 1869 | 7,418,000 |
| 1870 | 18,627,000 |
| 1871 | 16,712,000 |

No one who knows anything of the working of Parliamentary government, will for a moment imagine that any Parliament would have allowed any executive to keep a surplus of this magnitude. In England, after the French war, the Government of that day, which had brought it to a happy end, which had the glory of Waterloo, which was in consequence exceedingly strong, which had besides elements of strength from close boroughs and Treasury influence such as certainly no Government has ever had since, and such perhaps as no Government ever had before--that Government proposed to keep a moderate surplus and to apply it to the reduction of the debt, but even this the English Parliament would not endure. The administration with all its power derived both from good and evil had to yield; the income tax was abolished, with it went the surplus, and with the surplus all chance of any considerable reduction of the debt for that time. In truth taxation is so painful that in a sensitive community which has strong organs of expression and action, the maintenance of a great surplus is excessively difficult. The Opposition will always say that it is unnecessary, is uncalled for, is injudicious; the cry will be echoed in every constituency; there will be a series of large meetings in the great cities; even in the smaller constituencies there will mostly be smaller meetings; every member of Parliament will be pressed upon by those who elect him; upon this point there will be no distinction between town and country, the country gentleman and the farmer disliking high taxes as much as any in the towns. To maintain a great surplus by heavy taxes to pay off debt has never yet in this country been possible, and to maintain a surplus of the American magnitude would be plainly impossible.

Some part of the difference between England and America arises undoubtedly not from political causes but from economical. America is not a country sensitive to taxes; no great country has perhaps ever been so unsensitive in this respect; certainly she is far less sensitive than England. In reality America is too rich; daily industry there is too common, too skilful, and too productive, for her to care much for fiscal burdens. She is applying all the resources of science and skill and trained labour, which have been in long ages painfully acquired in old countries, to develop with great speed the richest soil and the richest mines of new countries; and the result is untold wealth. Even under a Parliamentary government such a community could and would bear taxation much more easily than Englishmen ever would. But difference of physical character in this respect is of little moment in comparison with difference of political constitution. If America was under a Parliamentary government, she would soon be convinced that in maintaining this great surplus and in paying this high taxation she would be doing herself great harm. She is not performing a great duty, but perpetrating a great injustice. She is injuring posterity by crippling and displacing industry, far more than she is aiding it by reducing the taxes it will have to pay. In the first place, the maintenance of the present high taxation compels the retention of many taxes which are contrary to the maxims of free-trade. Enormous customs duties are necessary, and it would be all but impossible to impose equal excise duties even if the Americans desired it. In consequence, besides what the Americans pay to the Government, they are paying a great deal to some of their own citizens, and so are rearing a set of industries which never ought to have existed, which are bad speculations at present because other industries would have paid better, and which may cause a great loss out of pocket hereafter when the debt is paid off and the fostering tax withdrawn. Then probably industry will return to its natural channel, the artificial trade will be first depressed, then discontinued, and the fixed capital employed in the trade will all be depreciated and much of it be worthless. Secondly, all taxes on trade and manufacture are injurious in various ways to them.

You cannot put on a great series of such duties without cramping trade in a hundred ways and without diminishing their productiveness exceedingly. America is now working in heavy fetters, and it would probably be better for her to lighten those fetters even though a generation or two should have to pay rather higher taxes. Those generations would really benefit, because they would be so much richer that the slightly increased cost of government would never be perceived. At any rate, under a Parliamentary government this doctrine would have been incessantly

inculcated; a whole party would have made it their business to preach it, would have made incessant small motions in Parliament about it, which is the way to popularise their view. And in the end I do not doubt that they would have prevailed. They would have had to teach a lesson both pleasant and true, and such lessons are soon learned. On the whole, therefore, the result of the comparison is that a Presidential government makes it much easier than the Parliamentary to maintain a great surplus of income over expenditure, but that it does not give the same facility for examining whether it be good or not good to maintain a surplus, and, therefore, that it works blindly, maintaining surpluses when they do extreme harm just as much as when they are very beneficial. In this point the contrast of Presidential with Parliamentary government is mixed; one of the defects of Parliamentary government probably is the difficulty under it of maintaining a surplus revenue to discharge debt, and this defect Presidential government escapes, though at the cost of being likely to maintain that surplus upon inexpedient occasions as well as upon expedient. But in all other respects a Parliamentary government has in finance an unmixed advantage over the Presidential in the incessant discussion. Though in one single case it produces evil as well as good, in most cases it produces good only. And three of these cases are illustrated by recent American experience. First, as Mr. Goldwin Smith--no unfavourable judge of anything American--justly said some years since, the capital error made by the United States Government was the "Legal Tender Act," as it is called, by which it made inconvertible paper notes issued by the Treasury the sole circulating medium of the country. The temptation to do this was very great, because it gave at once a great war fund when it was needed, and with no pain to any one. If the notes of a Government supersede the metallic currency medium of a country to the extent of \$80,000,000, this is equivalent to a recent loan of \$80,000,000 to the Government for all purposes within the country.

Whenever the precious metals are not required, and for domestic purposes in such a case they are not required, notes will buy what the Government want, and it can buy to the extent of its issue. But, like all easy expedients out of a great difficulty, it is accompanied by the greatest evils; if it had not been so, it would have been the regular device in such cases, and the difficulty would have been no difficulty at all; there would have been a known easy way out of it. As is well known, inconvertible paper issued by Government is sure to be issued in great quantities, as the American currency soon was; it is sure to be depreciated as against coin; it is sure to disturb values and to derange markets; it is certain to defraud the lender; it is certain to give the borrower more than he ought to have. In the case of America there was a further evil. Being a new country, she ought in her times of financial want to borrow of old countries; but the old countries were frightened by the probable issue of unlimited inconvertible paper, and they would not lend a shilling. Much more than the mercantile credit of America was thus lost. The great commercial houses in England are the most natural and most effectual conveyers of intelligence from other countries to Europe. If they had been financially interested in giving in a sound report as to the progress of the war, a sound report we should have had. But as the Northern States raised no loans in Lombard Street (and could raise none because of their vicious paper money), Lombard Street did not care about them, and England was very imperfectly informed of the progress of the civil struggle, and on the whole matter, which was then new and very complex, England had to judge without having her usual materials for judgment, and (since the guidance of the "City" on political matter is very quietly and imperceptibly given) without knowing she had not those materials. Of course, this error might have been committed, and perhaps would have been committed under a Parliamentary government. But if it had, its effects would ere long have been thoroughly searched into and effectually frustrated. The whole force of the greatest inquiring machine and the greatest discussing machine which the world has ever known would have been directed to this subject. In a year or two the American public would have had it forced upon them in every form till they must have comprehended it.

But under the Presidential form of government, and owing to the inferior power of generating discussion, the information given to the American people has been imperfect in the extreme. And in consequence, after nearly ten years of painful experience, they do not now understand how much they have suffered from their inconvertible currency. But the mode in which the Presidential government of America managed its taxation during the Civil War, is even a more striking example of its defects. Mr. Wells tells us:-- "In the outset all direct or internal taxation was avoided, there having been apparently an apprehension on the part of Congress, that inasmuch as the people had never been accustomed to it, and as all machinery for assessment and collection was wholly wanting, its adoption would create discontent, and thereby interfere with a vigorous prosecution of hostilities. Congress, therefore, confined itself at first to the enactment of measures looking to an increase of revenue from the increase of indirect taxes upon imports; and it was not until four months after the actual outbreak of hostilities that a direct tax of \$20,000,000 per annum was apportioned among the States, and an income tax of 3 per cent. on the excess of all

incomes over \$800 was provided for; the first being made to take effect practically eight, and the second ten months after date of enactment. Such laws of course took effect, and became immediately operative in the loyal States only, and produced but comparatively little revenue; and although the range of taxation was soon extended, the whole receipts from all sources by the Government for the second year of the war, from excise, income, stamp, and all other internal taxes, were less than \$42,000,000; and that, too, at a time when the expenditures were in excess \$60,000,000 per month, or at the rate of over \$700,000,000 per annum. And as showing how novel was this whole subject of direct and internal taxation to the people, and how completely the Government officials were lacking in all experience in respect to it, the following incident may be noted. The Secretary of the Treasury, in his report for 1863, stated that, with a view of determining his resources, he employed a very competent person, with the aid of practical men, to estimate the probable amount of revenue to be derived from each department of internal taxation for the previous year. The estimate arrived at was \$85,000,000, but the actual receipts were only \$37,000,000." Now, no doubt, this might have happened under a Parliamentary government.

But, then, many members of Parliament, the entire Opposition in Parliament, would have been active to unravel the matter. All the principles of finance would have been worked and propounded. The light would have come from above, not from below--it would have come from Parliament to the nation instead of from the nation to Parliament. But exactly the reverse happened in America. Mr. Wells goes on to say:-- "The people of the loyal States were, however, more determined and in earnest in respect to this matter of taxation than were their rulers; and before long the popular discontent at the existing state of things was openly manifest. Every where the opinion was expressed that taxation in all possible forms should immediately, and to the largest extent, be made effective and imperative; and Congress spurred up, and right fully relying on public sentiment to sustain their action, at last took up the matter resolutely and in earnest, and devised and inaugurated a system of internal and direct taxation, which for its universality and peculiarities has probably no parallel in anything which has heretofore been recorded in civil history, or is likely to be experienced hereafter. The one necessity of the situation was revenue, and to obtain it speedily and in large amounts through taxation the only principle recognised--if it can be called a principle--was akin to that recommended to the traditionary Irishman on his visit to Donnybrook Fair, 'Wherever you see a head hit it'. Wherever you find an article, a product, a trade, a profession, or a source of income, tax it! And so an edict went forth to this effect, and the people cheerfully submitted. Incomes under \$5,000 were taxed 5 per cent., with an exemption of \$600 and house rent actually paid; these exemptions being allowed on this ground, that they represented an amount sufficient at the time to enable a small family to procure the bare necessities of life, and thus take out from the operation of the law all those who were dependent upon each day's earnings to supply each day's needs. Incomes in excess of \$5,000 and not in excess of \$10,000 were taxed 2 1/2 per cent. in addition; and incomes over \$10,000 5 per cent. additional, without any abeyance or exemptions whatever." Now this is all contrary to and worse than what would have happened under a Parliamentary government. The delay to tax would not have occurred under it: the movement by the country to get taxation would never have been necessary under it. The excessive taxation accordingly imposed would not have been permitted under it. The last point I think I need not labour at length. The evils of a bad tax are quite sure to be pressed upon the ears of Parliament in season and out of season; the few persons who have to pay it are thoroughly certain to make themselves heard. The sort of taxation tried in America, that of taxing everything, and seeing what every thing would yield, could not have been tried under a Government delicately and quickly sensitive to public opinion. I do not apologise for dwelling at length upon these points, for the subject is one of transcendent importance.

The practical choice of first-rate nations is between the Presidential government and the Parliamentary; no State can be first-rate which has not a government by discussion, and those are the only two existing species of that government. It is between them that a nation which has to choose its government must choose. And nothing therefore can be more important than to compare the two, and to decide upon the testimony of experience, and by facts, which of them is the better. THE POPLARS, WIMBLEDON: June 20, 1872. NO. II. THE CABINET. "On all great subjects," says Mr. Mill, "much remains to be said," and of none is this more true than of the English Constitution. The literature which has accumulated upon it is huge. But an observer who looks at the living reality will wonder at the contrast to the paper description. He will see in the life much which is not in the books; and he will not find in the rough practice many refinements of the literary theory. It was natural--perhaps inevitable--that such an under growth of irrelevant ideas should gather round the British Constitution. Language is the tradition of nations; each generation describes what it sees, but it uses words transmitted from the past. When a great entity like the British Constitution has continued in connected outward sameness, but hidden inner change, for many ages,

every generation inherits a series of inapt words--of maxims once true, but of which the truth is ceasing or has ceased. As a man's family go on muttering in his maturity incorrect phrases derived from a just observation of his early youth, so, in the full activity of an historical constitution, its subjects repeat phrases true in the time of their fathers, and inculcated by those fathers, but now true no longer. Or, if I may say so, an ancient and ever-altering constitution is like an old man who still wears with attached fondness clothes in the fashion of his youth: what you see of him is the same; what you do not see is wholly altered.

There are two descriptions of the English Constitution which have exercised immense influence, but which are erroneous. First, it is laid down as a principle of the English polity, that in it the legislative, the executive, and the judicial powers are quite divided--that each is entrusted to a separate person or set of persons--that no one of these can at all interfere with the work of the other. There has been much eloquence expended in explaining how the rough genius of the English people, even in the middle ages, when it was especially rude, carried into life and practice that elaborate division of functions which philosophers had suggested on paper, but which they had hardly hoped to see except on paper. Secondly, it is insisted that the peculiar excellence of the British Constitution lies in a balanced union of three powers. It is said that the monarchical element, the aristocratic element, and the democratic element, have each a share in the supreme sovereignty, and that the assent of all three is necessary to the action of that sovereignty. Kings, lords, and commons, by this theory, are alleged to be not only the outward form, but the inner moving essence, the vitality of the Constitution. A great theory, called the theory of "Checks and Balances," pervades an immense part of political literature, and much of it is collected from or supported by English experience. Monarchy, it is said, has some faults, some bad tendencies, aristocracy others, democracy, again, others; but England has shown that a Government can be constructed in which these evil tendencies exactly check, balance, and destroy one another--in which a good whole is constructed not simply in spite of, but by means of, the counteracting defects of the constituent parts. Accordingly, it is believed that the principal characteristics of the English Constitution are inapplicable in countries where the materials for a monarchy or an aristocracy do not exist. That Constitution is conceived to be the best imaginable use of the political elements which the great majority of States in modern Europe inherited from the mediaeval period. It is believed that out of these materials nothing better can be made than the English Constitution; but it is also believed that the essential parts of the English Constitution cannot be made except from these materials. Now these elements are the accidents of a period and a region; they belong only to one or two centuries in human history, and to a few countries.

The United States could not have become monarchical, even if the Constitutional Convention had decreed it, even if the component States had ratified it. The mystic reverence, the religious allegiance, which are essential to a true monarchy, are imaginative sentiments that no legislature can manufacture in any people. These semi-filial feelings in Government are inherited just as the true filial feelings in common life. You might as well adopt a father as make a monarchy: the special sentiment of longing to the one is as incapable of voluntary creation as the peculiar affection belonging to the other. If the practical part of the English Constitution could only be made out of a curious accumulation of mediaeval materials, its interest would be half historical, and its imitability very confined. No one can approach to an understanding of the English institutions, or of others, which, being the growth of many centuries, exercise a wide sway over mixed populations, unless he divide them into two classes. In such constitutions there are two parts (not indeed separable with microscopic accuracy, for the genius of great affairs abhors nicety of division): first, those which excite and preserve the reverence of the population--the DIGNIFIED parts, if I may so call them; and next, the EFFICIENT parts--those by which it, in fact, works and rules. There are two great objects which every constitution must attain to be successful, which every old and celebrated one must have wonderfully achieved: every constitution must first GAIN authority, and then USE authority; it must first win the loyalty and confidence of mankind, and then employ that homage in the work of government. There are indeed practical men who reject the dignified parts of Government. They say, we want only to attain results, to do business: a constitution is a collection of political means for political ends, and if you admit that any part of a constitution does no business, or that a simpler machine would do equally well what it does, you admit that this part of the constitution, however dignified or awful it may be, is nevertheless in truth useless. And other reasoners, who distrust this bare philosophy, have propounded subtle arguments to prove that these dignified parts of old Governments are cardinal components of the essential apparatus, great pivots of substantial utility; and so they manufactured fallacies which the plainer school have well exposed.

But both schools are in error. The dignified parts of Government are those which bring it force--which attract its motive power. The efficient parts only employ that power. The comely parts of a Government HAVE need, for they are those upon which its vital strength depends. They may not do anything definite that a simpler polity would not do better; but they are the preliminaries, the needful prerequisites of ALL work. They raise the army, though they do not win the battle. Doubtless, if all subjects of the same Government only thought of what was useful to them, and if they all thought the same thing useful, and all thought that same thing could be attained in the same way, the efficient members of a constitution would suffice, and no impressive adjuncts would be needed. But the world in which we live is organised far otherwise. The most strange fact, though the most certain in nature, is the unequal development of the human race. If we look back to the early ages of mankind, such as we seem in the faint distance to see them-- if we call up the image of those dismal tribes in lake villages, or on wretched beaches--scarcely equal to the commonest material needs, cutting down trees slowly and painfully with stone tools, hardly resisting the attacks of huge, fierce animals--without culture, without leisure, without poetry, almost without thought--destitute of morality, with only a sort of magic for religion; and if we compare that imagined life with the actual life of Europe now, we are overwhelmed at the wide contrast--we can scarcely conceive ourselves to be of the same race as those in the far distance. There used to be a notion--not so much widely asserted as deeply implanted, rather pervadingly latent than commonly apparent in political philosophy--that in a little while, perhaps ten years or so, all human beings might, without extraordinary appliances, be brought to the same level. But now, when we see by the painful history of mankind at what point we began, by what slow toil, what favourable circumstances, what accumulated achievements, civilised man has become at all worthy in any degree so to call himself--when we realise the tedium of history and the painfulness of results--our perceptions are sharpened as to the relative steps of our long and gradual progress. We have in a great community like England crowds of people scarcely more civilised than the majority of two thousand years ago; we have others, even more numerous, such as the best people were a thousand years since. The lower orders, the middle orders, are still, when tried by what is the standard of the educated "ten thousand," narrow-minded, unintelligent, incurious. It is useless to pile up abstract words.

Those who doubt should go out into their kitchens. Let an accomplished man try what seems to him most obvious, most certain, most palpable in intellectual matters, upon the housemaid and the footman, and he will find that what he says seems unintelligible, confused, and erroneous--that his audience think him mad and wild when he is speaking what is in his own sphere of thought the dullest platitude of cautious soberness. Great communities are like great mountains--they have in them the primary, secondary, and tertiary strata of human progress; the characteristics of the lower regions resemble the life of old times rather than the present life of the higher regions. And a philosophy which does not ceaselessly remember, which does not continually obtrude, the palpable differences of the various parts, will be a theory radically false, because it has omitted a capital reality-- will be a theory essentially misleading, because it will lead men to expect what does not exist, and not to anticipate that which they will find. Every one knows these plain facts, but by no means every one has traced their political importance. When a State is constituted thus, it is not true that the lower classes will be wholly absorbed in the useful; on the contrary, they do not like anything so poor. No orator ever made an impression by appealing to men as to their plainest physical wants, except when he could allege that those wants were caused by some one's tyranny. But thousands have made the greatest impression by appealing to some vague dream of glory, or empire, or nationality. The ruder sort of men--that is, men at ONE stage of rudeness--will sacrifice all they hope for, all they have, THEMSELVES, for what is called an idea--for some attraction which seems to transcend reality, which aspires to elevate men by an interest higher, deeper, wider than that of ordinary life. But this order of men are uninterested in the plain, palpable ends of government; they do not prize them; they do not in the least comprehend how they should be attained. It is very natural, therefore, that the most useful parts of the structure of government should by no means be those which excite the most reverence. The elements which excite the most easy reverence will be the THEATRICAL elements--those which appeal to the senses, which claim to be embodiments of the greatest human ideas, which boast in some cases of far more than human origin.

That which is mystic in its claims; that which is occult in its mode of action; that which is brilliant to the eye; that which is seen vividly for a moment, and then is seen no more; that which is hidden and unhidden; that which is specious, and yet interesting, palpable in its seeming, and yet professing to be more than palpable in its results; this, howsoever its form may change, or however we may define it or describe it, is the sort of thing--the only sort--which yet comes home to the mass of men. So far from the dignified parts of a constitution being necessarily the most useful, they are likely, according to outside presumption, to be the least so; for they are likely to be adjusted to the

lowest orders--those likely to care least and judge worst about what IS useful. There is another reason which, in an old constitution like that of England, is hardly less important. The most intellectual of men are moved quite as much by the circumstances which they are used to as by their own will. The active voluntary part of a man is very small, and if it were not economised by a sleepy kind of habit, its results would be null. We could not do every day out of our own heads all we have to do. We should accomplish nothing, for all our energies would be frittered away in minor attempts at petty improvement. One man, too, would go off from the known track in one direction, and one in another; so that when a crisis came requiring massed combination, no two men would be near enough to act together. It is the dull traditional habit of mankind that guides most men's actions, and is the steady frame in which each new artist must set the picture that he paints. And all this traditional part of human nature is, *ex vi termini*, most easily impressed and acted on by that which is handed down. Other things being equal, yesterday's institutions are by far the best for to-day; they are the most ready, the most influential, the most easy to get obeyed, the most likely to retain the reverence which they alone inherit, and which every other must win. The most imposing institutions of mankind are the oldest; and yet so changing is the world, so fluctuating are its needs, so apt to lose inward force, though retaining outward strength, are its best instruments, that we must not expect the oldest institutions to be now the most efficient. We must expect what is venerable to acquire influence because of its inherent dignity; but we must not expect it to use that influence so well as new creations apt for the modern world, instinct with its spirit, and fitting closely to its life.

The brief description of the characteristic merit of the English Constitution is, that its dignified parts are very complicated and somewhat imposing, very old and rather venerable; while its efficient part, at least when in great and critical action, is decidedly simple and rather modern. We have made, or rather stumbled on, a constitution which--though full of every species of incidental defect, though of the worst workmanship in all out-of-the-way matters of any constitution in the world--yet has two capital merits: it contains a simple efficient part which, on occasion, and when wanted, can work more simply and easily, and better, than any instrument of government that has yet been tried; and it contains likewise historical, complex, august, theatrical parts, which it has inherited from a long past--which take the multitude--which guide by an insensible but an omnipotent influence the associations of its subjects. Its essence is strong with the strength of modern simplicity; its exterior is august with the Gothic grandeur of a more imposing age. Its simple essence may, *mutatis mutandis*, be transplanted to many very various countries, but its august outside--what most men think it is--is narrowly confined to nations with an analogous history and similar political materials. The efficient secret of the English Constitution may be described as the close union, the nearly complete fusion, of the executive and legislative powers. No doubt by the traditional theory, as it exists in all the books, the goodness of our constitution consists in the entire separation of the legislative and executive authorities, but in truth its merit consists in their singular approximation. The connecting link is the Cabinet. By that new word we mean a committee of the legislative body selected to be the executive body. The legislature has many committees, but this is its greatest. It chooses for this, its main committee, the men in whom it has most confidence. It does not, it is true, choose them directly; but it is nearly omnipotent in choosing them indirectly. A century ago the Crown had a real choice of Ministers, though it had no longer a choice in policy. During the long reign of Sir R. Walpole he was obliged not only to manage Parliament but to manage the palace. He was obliged to take care that some court intrigue did not expel him from his place. The nation then selected the English policy, but the Crown chose the English Ministers.

They were not only in name, as now, but in fact, the Queen's servants. Remnants, important remnants, of this great prerogative still remain. The discriminating favour of William IV. made Lord Melbourne head of the Whig party when he was only one of several rivals. At the death of Lord Palmerston it is very likely that the Queen may have the opportunity of fairly choosing between two, if not three statesmen. But, as a rule, the nominal Prime Minister is chosen by the legislature, and the real Prime Minister for most purposes--the leader of the House of Commons--almost without exception is so. There is nearly always some one man plainly selected by the voice of the predominant party in the predominant house of the legislature to head that party, and consequently to rule the nation. We have in England an elective first magistrate as truly as the Americans have an elective first magistrate. The Queen is only at the head of the dignified part of the Constitution. The Prime Minister is at the head of the efficient part. The Crown is, according to the saying, the "fountain of honour"; but the Treasury is the spring of business. Nevertheless, our first magistrate differs from the American. He is not elected directly by the people; he is elected by the representatives of the people. He is an example of "double election". The legislature chosen, in name, to make laws, in fact finds its principal business in making and in keeping an executive. The leading Minister so selected has

to choose his associates, but he only chooses among a charmed circle. The position of most men in Parliament forbids their being invited to the Cabinet; the position of a few men ensures their being invited. Between the compulsory list whom he must take, and the impossible list whom he cannot take, a Prime Minister's independent choice in the formation of a Cabinet is not very large; it extends rather to the division of the Cabinet offices than to the choice of Cabinet Ministers. Parliament and the nation have pretty well settled who shall have the first places; but they have not discriminated with the same accuracy which man shall have which place. The highest patronage of a Prime Minister is, of course, a considerable power, though it is exercised under close and imperative restrictions--though it is far less than it seems to be when stated in theory, or looked at from a distance. The Cabinet, in a word, is a board of control chosen by the legislature, out of persons whom it trusts and knows, to rule the nation. The particular mode in which the English Ministers are selected; the fiction that they are, in any political sense, the Queen's servants; the rule which limits the choice of the Cabinet to the members of the legislature--are accidents unessential to its definition--historical incidents separable from its nature. Its characteristic is that it should be chosen by the legislature out of persons agreeable to and trusted by the legislature.

Naturally these are principally its own members--but they need not be exclusively so. A Cabinet which included persons not members of the legislative assembly might still perform all useful duties. Indeed the peers, who constitute a large element in modern Cabinets, are members, now- a-days, only of a subordinate assembly. The House of Lords still exercises several useful functions; but the ruling influence--the deciding faculty--has passed to what, using the language of old times, we still call the lower house--to an assembly which, though inferior as a dignified institution, is superior as an efficient institution. A principal advantage of the House of Lords in the present age indeed consists in its thus acting as a reservoir of Cabinet Ministers. Unless the composition of the House of Commons were improved, or unless the rules requiring Cabinet Ministers to be members of the legislature were relaxed, it would undoubtedly be difficult to find, without the lords, a sufficient supply of chief Ministers. But the detail of the composition of a Cabinet, and the precise method of its choice, are not to the purpose now. The first and cardinal consideration is the definition of a Cabinet. We must not bewilder ourselves with the inseparable accidents until we know the necessary essence. A Cabinet is a combining committee--a hyphen which joins, a buckle which fastens, the legislative part of the State to the executive part of the State. In its origin it belongs to the one, in its functions it belongs to the other. The most curious point about the Cabinet is that so very little is known about it. The meetings are not only secret in theory, but secret in reality. By the present practice, no official minute in all ordinary cases is kept of them. Even a private note is discouraged and disliked. The House of Commons, even in its most inquisitive and turbulent moments, would scarcely permit a note of a Cabinet meeting to be read. No Minister who respected the fundamental usages of political practice would attempt to read such a note. The committee which unites the law-making power to the law- executing power--which, by virtue of that combination, is, while it lasts and holds together, the most powerful body in the State--is a committee wholly secret. No description of it, at once graphic and authentic, has ever been given. It is said to be sometimes like a rather disorderly board of directors, where many speak and few listen--though no one knows. [Footnote: It is said that at the end of the Cabinet which agreed to propose a fixed duty on corn, Lord Melbourne put his back to the door and said, "Now is it to lower the price of corn or isn't it? It is not much matter which we say, but mind, we must all say THE SAME." This is the most graphic story of a Cabinet I ever heard, but I cannot vouch for its truth Lord Melbourne's is a character about which men make stories.]

But a Cabinet, though it is a committee of the legislative assembly, is a committee with a power which no assembly would--unless for historical accidents, and after happy experience--have been persuaded to entrust to any committee. It is a committee which can dissolve the assembly which appointed it; it is a committee with a suspensive veto--a committee with a power of appeal. Though appointed by one Parliament, it can appeal if it chooses to the next. Theoretically, indeed, the power to dissolve Parliament is entrusted to the sovereign only; and there are vestiges of doubt whether in ALL cases a sovereign is bound to dissolve Parliament when the Cabinet asks him to do so. But neglecting such small and dubious exceptions, the Cabinet which was chosen by one House of Commons has an appeal to the next House of Commons. The chief committee of the legislature has the power of dissolving the predominant part of that legislature--that which at a crisis is the supreme legislature. The English system, therefore, is not an absorption of the executive power by the legislative power; it is a fusion of the two. Either the Cabinet legislates and acts, or else it can dissolve. It is a creature, but it has the power of destroying its creators. It is an executive which can annihilate the legislature, as well as an executive which is the nominee of the legislature. It was made, but it can unmake; it was derivative in its origin, but it is destructive in its action. This fusion of the legislative

and executive functions may, to those who have not much considered it, seem but a dry and small matter to be the latent essence and effectual secret of the English Constitution; but we can only judge of its real importance by looking at a few of its principal effects, and contrasting it very shortly with its great competitor, which seems likely, unless care be taken, to outstrip it in the progress of the world. That competitor is the Presidential system. The characteristic of it is that the President is elected from the people by one process, and the House of Representatives by another. The independence of the legislative and executive powers is the specific quality of Presidential government, just as their fusion and combination is the precise principle of Cabinet government. First, compare the two in quiet times. The essence of a civilised age is, that administration requires the continued aid of legislation. One principal and necessary kind of legislation is taxation. The expense of civilised government is continually varying. It must vary if the Government does its duty. The miscellaneous estimates of the English Government contain an inevitable medley of changing items. Education, prison discipline, art, science, civil contingencies of a hundred kinds, require more money one year and less another. The expense of defence--the naval and military estimates--vary still more as the danger of attack seems more or less imminent, as the means of retarding such danger become more or less costly. If the persons who have to do the work are not the same as those who have to make the laws, there will be a controversy between the two sets of persons. The tax-imposers are sure to quarrel with the tax-requirers.

The executive is crippled by not getting the laws it needs, and the legislature is spoiled by having to act without responsibility: the executive becomes unfit for its name, since it cannot execute what it decides on; the legislature is demoralised by liberty, by taking decisions of which others (and not itself) will suffer the effects. In America so much has this difficulty been felt that a semi-connection has grown up between the legislature and the executive. When the Secretary of the Treasury of the Federal Government wants a tax he consults upon it with the chairman of the Financial Committee of Congress. He cannot go down to Congress himself and propose what he wants; he can only write a letter and send it. But he tries to get a chairman of the Finance Committee who likes his tax;--through that chairman he tries to persuade the committee to recommend such tax; by that committee he tries to induce the house to adopt that tax. But such a chain of communications is liable to continual interruptions; it may suffice for a single tax on a fortunate occasion, but will scarcely pass a complicated budget--we do not say in a war or a rebellion--we are now comparing the Cabinet system and the Presidential system in quiet times--but in times of financial difficulty. Two clever men never exactly agreed about a budget. We have by present practice an Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer talking English finance at Calcutta, and an English one talking Indian finance in England. But the figures are never the same, and the views of policy are rarely the same. One most angry controversy has amused the world, and probably others scarcely less interesting are hidden in the copious stores of our Anglo-Indian correspondence. But relations something like these must subsist between the head of a finance committee in the legislature, and a finance Minister in the executive. [Footnote: It is worth observing that even during the short existence of the Confederate Government these evils distinctly showed themselves. Almost the last incident at the Richmond Congress was an angry financial correspondence with Jefferson Davis.] They are sure to quarrel, and the result is sure to satisfy neither.

And when the taxes do not yield as they were expected to yield, who is responsible? Very likely the Secretary of the Treasury could not persuade the chairman--very likely the chairman could not persuade his committee--very likely the committee could not persuade the assembly. Whom, then, can you punish--whom can you abolish--when your taxes run short? There is nobody save the legislature, a vast miscellaneous body difficult to punish, and the very persons to inflict the punishment. Nor is the financial part of administration the only one which requires in a civilised age the constant support and accompaniment of facilitating legislation. All administration does so. In England, on a vital occasion, the Cabinet can compel legislation by the threat of resignation, and the threat of dissolution; but neither of these can be used in a Presidential State. There the legislature cannot be dissolved by the executive Government; and it does not heed a resignation, for it has not to find the successor. Accordingly, when a difference of opinion arises, the legislature is forced to fight the executive, and the executive is forced to fight the legislative; and so very likely they contend to the conclusion of their respective terms. [Footnote: I leave this passage to stand as it was written, just after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and when every one said Mr. Johnson would be very hostile to the South.] There is, indeed, one condition of things in which this description, though still approximately true, is, nevertheless, not exactly true; and that is, when there is nothing to fight about. Before the rebellion in America, owing to the vast distance of other States, and the favourable economic condition of the country, there were very few considerable objects of contention; but if that government had been tried by English

legislation of the last thirty years, the discordant action of the two powers, whose constant cooperation is essential to the best government, would have shown itself much more distinctly. Nor is this the worst. Cabinet government educates the nation; the Presidential does not educate it, and may corrupt it. It has been said that England invented the phrase, "Her Majesty's Opposition"; that it was the first Government which made a criticism of administration as much a part of the polity as administration itself. This critical opposition is the consequence of Cabinet government. The great scene of debate, the great engine of popular instruction and political controversy, is the legislative assembly. A speech there by an eminent statesman, a party movement by a great political combination, are the best means yet known for arousing, enlivening, and teaching a people.

The Cabinet system ensures such debates, for it makes them the means by which statesmen advertise themselves for future and confirm themselves in present Governments. It brings forward men eager to speak, and gives them occasions to speak. The deciding catastrophes of Cabinet governments are critical divisions preceded by fine discussions. Everything which is worth saying, everything which ought to be said, most certainly WILL be said. Conscientious men think they ought to persuade others; selfish men think they would like to obtrude themselves. The nation is forced to hear two sides--all the sides, perhaps, of that which most concerns it. And it likes to hear--it is eager to know. Human nature despises long arguments which come to nothing--heavy speeches which precede no motion--abstract disquisitions which leave visible things where they were. But all men heed great results, and a change of Government is a great result. It has a hundred ramifications; it runs through society; it gives hope to many, and it takes away hope from many. It is one of those marked events which, by its magnitude and its melodrama, impress men even too much. And debates which have this catastrophe at the end of them--or may so have it--are sure to be listened to, and sure to sink deep into the national mind. Travellers even in the Northern States of America, the greatest and best of Presidential countries, have noticed that the nation was "not specially addicted to politics"; that they have not a public opinion finished and chastened as that of the English has been finished and chastened. A great many hasty writers have charged this defect on the "Yankee race," on the Anglo-American character; but English people, if they had no motive to attend to politics, certainly would not attend to politics. At present there is BUSINESS in their attention. They assist at the determining crisis; they arrest or help it. Whether the Government will go out or remain is determined by the debate, and by the division in Parliament. And the opinion out of doors, the secret pervading disposition of society, has a great influence on that division. The nation feels that its judgment is important, and it strives to judge. It succeeds in deciding because the debates and the discussions give it the facts and the arguments. But under a Presidential government, a nation has, except at the electing moment, no influence; it has not the ballot-box before it; its virtue is gone, and it must wait till its instant of despotism again returns. It is not incited to form an opinion like a nation under a Cabinet government; nor is it instructed like such a nation. There are doubtless debates in the legislature, but they are prologues without a play. There is nothing of a catastrophe about them; you can not turn out the Government.

The prize of power is not in the gift of the legislature, and no one cares for the legislature. The executive, the great centre of power and place, sticks irremovable; you cannot change it in any event. The teaching apparatus which has educated our public mind, which prepares our resolutions, which shapes our opinions, does not exist. No Presidential country needs to form daily delicate opinions, or is helped in forming them. It might be thought that the discussions in the press would supply the deficiencies in the Constitution; that by a reading people especially, the conduct of their Government would be as carefully watched, that their opinions about it would be as consistent, as accurate, as well considered, under a Presidential as under a Cabinet polity. But the same difficulty oppresses the press which oppresses the legislature. It can DO NOTHING. It cannot change the administration; the executive was elected for such and such years, and for such and such years it must last. People wonder that so literary a people as the Americans--a people who read more than any people who ever lived, who read so many newspapers--should have such bad newspapers. The papers are not so good as the English, because they have not the same motive to be good as the English papers. At a political "crisis," as we say--that is, when the fate of an administration is unfixed, when it depends on a few votes yet unsettled, upon a wavering and veering opinion--effective articles in great journals become of essential moment. The Times has made many ministries. When, as of late, there has been a long continuance of divided Parliaments, of Governments which were without "brute voting power," and which depended on intellectual strength, the support of the most influential organ of English opinion has been of critical moment. If a Washington newspaper could have turned out Mr. Lincoln, there would have been good writing and fine argument in the Washington newspapers. But the Washington newspapers can no more remove a President during his term of place than the Times can remove a lord mayor during his year of office. Nobody cares for a debate in Congress

which "comes to nothing," and no one reads long articles which have no influence on events. The Americans glance at the heads of news, and through the paper. They do not enter upon a discussion. They do not think of entering upon a discussion which would be useless.

After saying that the division of the legislature and the executive in Presidential governments weakens the legislative power, it may seem a contradiction to say that it also weakens the executive power. But it is not a contradiction. The division weakens the whole aggregate force of Government--the entire imperial power; and therefore it weakens both its halves. The executive is weakened in a very plain way. In England a strong Cabinet can obtain the concurrence of the legislature in all acts which facilitate its administration; it is itself, so to say, the legislature. But a President may be hampered by the Parliament, and is likely to be hampered. The natural tendency of the members of every legislature is to make themselves conspicuous. They wish to gratify an ambition laudable or blamable; they wish to promote the measures they think best for the public welfare; they wish to make their WILL felt in great affairs. All these mixed motives urge them to oppose the executive. They are embodying the purposes of others if they aid; they are advancing their own opinions if they defeat: they are first if they vanquish; they are auxiliaries if they support. The weakness of the American executive used to be the great theme of all critics before the Confederate rebellion. Congress and committees of Congress of course impeded the executive when there was no coercive public sentiment to check and rule them. But the Presidential system not only gives the executive power an antagonist in the legislative power, and so makes it weaker; it also enfeebles it by impairing its intrinsic quality. A Cabinet is elected by a legislature; and when that legislature is composed of fit persons, that mode of electing the executive is the very best. It is a case of secondary election, under the only conditions in which secondary election is preferable to primary. Generally speaking, in an electioneering country (I mean in a country full of political life, and used to the manipulation of popular institutions), the election of candidates to elect candidates is a farce. The Electoral College of America is so. It was intended that the deputies when assembled should exercise a real discretion, and by independent choice select the President. But the primary electors take too much interest. They only elect a deputy to vote for Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Breckenridge, and the deputy only takes a ticket, and drops that ticket in an urn. He never chooses or thinks of choosing. He is but a messenger--a transmitter; the real decision is in those who choose him--who chose him because they knew what he would do. It is true that the British House of Commons is subject to the same influences. Members are mostly, perhaps, elected because they will vote for a particular Ministry, rather than for purely legislative reasons.

But--and here is the capital distinction--the functions of the House of Commons are important and CONTINUOUS. It does not, like the Electoral College in the United States, separate when it has elected its ruler; it watches, legislates, seats and unseats ministries, from day to day. Accordingly it is a REAL electoral body. The Parliament of 1857, which, more than any other Parliament of late years, was a Parliament elected to support a particular premier--which was chosen, as Americans might say, upon the "Palmerston ticket"--before it had been in existence two years, dethroned Lord Palmerston. Though selected in the interest of a particular Ministry, it in fact destroyed that Ministry. A good Parliament, too, is a capital choosing body. If it is fit to make laws for a country, its majority ought to represent the general average intelligence of that country; its various members ought to represent the various special interests, special opinions, special prejudices, to be found in that community. There ought to be an advocate for every particular sect, and a vast neutral body of no sect--homogeneous and judicial, like the nation itself. Such a body, when possible, is the best selector of executives that can be imagined. It is full of political activity; it is close to political life; it feels the responsibility of affairs which are brought as it were to its threshold; it has as much intelligence as the society in question chances to contain. It is, what Washington and Hamilton strove to create, an electoral college of the picked men of the nation. The best mode of appreciating its advantages is to look at the alternative. The competing constituency is the nation itself, and this is, according to theory and experience, in all but the rarest cases, a bad constituency. Mr. Lincoln, at his second election, being elected when all the Federal States had set their united hearts on one single object, was voluntarily reelected by an actually choosing nation. He embodied the object in which every one was absorbed. But this is almost the only Presidential election of which so much can be said. In almost all cases the President is chosen by a machinery of caucuses and combinations too complicated to be perfectly known, and too familiar to require description. He is not the choice of the nation, he is the choice of the wire-pullers. A very large constituency in quiet times is the necessary, almost the legitimate, subject of electioneering management: a man cannot know that he does not throw his vote away except he votes as part of some great organisation; and if he votes as a part, he abdicates his electoral function in favour of the managers of that association. The nation, even if it chose for itself, would, in some degree, be an unskilled body; but

when it does not choose for itself, but only as latent agitators wish, it is like a large, lazy man, with a small vicious mind,--it moves slowly and heavily, but it moves at the bidding of a bad intention; it "means LITTLE, but it means that little ILL."

And, as the nation is less able to choose than a Parliament, so it has worse people to choose out of. The American legislators of the last century have been much blamed for not permitting the Ministers of the President to be members of the assembly; but, with reference to the specific end which they had in view, they saw clearly and decided wisely. They wished to keep "the legislative branch absolutely distinct from the executive branch"; they believed such a separation to be essential to a good constitution; they believed such a separation to exist in the English, which the wisest of them thought the best Constitution. And, to the effectual maintenance of such a separation, the exclusion of the President's Ministers from the legislature is essential. If they are not excluded they become the executive, they eclipse the President himself. A legislative chamber is greedy and covetous; it acquires as much, it concedes as little as possible. The passions of its members are its rulers; the law-making faculty, the most comprehensive of the imperial faculties, is its instrument; it will take the administration if it can take it. Tried by their own aims, the founders of the United States were wise in excluding the Ministers from Congress. But though this exclusion is essential to the Presidential system of government, it is not for that reason a small evil. It causes the degradation of public life. Unless a member of the legislature be sure of something more than speech, unless he is incited by the hope of action, and chastened by the chance of responsibility, a first-rate man will not care to take the place, and will not do much if he does take it. To belong to a debating society adhering to an executive (and this is no inapt description of a congress under a Presidential Constitution) is not an object to stir a noble ambition, and is a position to encourage idleness. The members of a Parliament excluded from office can never be comparable, much less equal, to those of a Parliament not excluded from office. The Presidential Government, by its nature, divides political life into two halves, an executive half and a legislative half; and, by so dividing it, makes neither half worth a man's having--worth his making it a continuous career--worthy to absorb, as Cabinet government absorbs, his whole soul. The statesmen from whom a nation chooses under a Presidential system are much inferior to those from whom it chooses under a Cabinet system, while the selecting apparatus is also far less discerning. All these differences are more important at critical periods, because government itself is more important. A formed public opinion, a respectable, able, and disciplined legislature, a well-chosen executive, a Parliament and an administration not thwarting each other, but co-operating with each other, are of greater consequence when great affairs are in progress than when small affairs are in progress--when there is much to do than when there is little to do. But in addition to this, a Parliamentary or Cabinet Constitution possesses an additional and special advantage in very dangerous times. It has what we may call a reserve of power fit for and needed by extreme exigencies. The principle of popular government is that the supreme power, the determining efficacy in matters political, resides in the people--not necessarily or commonly in the whole people, in the numerical majority, but in a CHOSEN people, a picked and selected people. It is so in England; it is so in all free countries. Under a Cabinet Constitution at a sudden emergency this people can choose a ruler for the occasion. It is quite possible and even likely that he would not be ruler before the occasion. The great qualities, the imperious will, the rapid energy, the eager nature fit for a great crisis are not required--are impediments--in common times; A Lord Liverpool is better in everyday politics than a Chatham--a Louis Philippe far better than a Napoleon.

By the structure of the world we often want, at the sudden occurrence of a grave tempest, to change the helmsman--to replace the pilot of the calm by the pilot of the storm. In England we have had so few catastrophes since our Constitution attained maturity, that we hardly appreciate this latent excellence. We have not needed a Cavour to rule a revolution--a representative man above all men fit for a great occasion, and by a natural legal mode brought in to rule. But even in England, at what was the nearest to a great sudden crisis which we have had of late years--at the Crimean difficulty--we used this inherent power. We abolished the Aberdeen Cabinet, the ablest we have had, perhaps, since the Reform Act--a Cabinet not only adapted, but eminently adapted, for every sort of difficulty save the one it had to meet--which abounded in pacific discretion, and was wanting only in the "daemonic element"; we chose a statesman, who had the sort of merit then wanted, who, when he feels the steady power of England behind him, will advance without reluctance, and will strike without restraint. As was said at the time, "We turned out the Quaker, and put in the pugilist". But under a Presidential government you can do nothing of the kind. The American Government calls itself a Government of the supreme people; but at a quick crisis, the time when a sovereign power is most needed, you cannot FIND the supreme people. You have got a Congress elected for one fixed period, going out perhaps by fixed instalments, which cannot be accelerated or retarded--you have a President chosen for a fixed

period, and immovable during that period: all the arrangements are for STATED times. There is no ELASTIC element, everything is rigid, specified, dated. Come what may, you can quicken nothing, and can retard nothing. You have bespoken your Government in advance, and whether it suits you or not, whether it works well or works ill, whether it is what you want or not, by law you must keep it. In a country of complex foreign relations it would mostly happen that the first and most critical year of every war would be managed by a peace Premier, and the first and most critical years of peace by a war Premier. In each case the period of transition would be irrevocably governed by a man selected not for what he was to introduce, but what he was to change--for the policy he was to abandon, not for the policy he was to administer. The whole history of the American Civil War--a history which has thrown an intense light on the working of a Presidential government at the time when government is most important--is but a vast continuous commentary on these reflections. It would, indeed, be absurd to press against Presidential government AS SUCH the singular defect by which Vice-President Johnson has become President--by which a man elected to a sinecure is fixed in what is for the moment the most important administrative part in the political world.

This defect, though most characteristic of the expectations [Footnote: The framers of the Constitution expected that the vice-president would be elected by the Electoral College as the second wisest man in the country. The vice-presidency being a sinecure, a second-rate man agreeable to the wire-pullers is always smuggled in. The chance of succession to the presidency is too distant to be thought of.] of the framers of the Constitution and of its working, is but an accident of this particular case of Presidential government, and no necessary ingredient in that government itself. But the first election of Mr. Lincoln is liable to no such objection. It was a characteristic instance of the natural working of such a government upon a great occasion. And what was that working? It may be summed up--it was government by an UNKNOWN QUANTITY. Hardly any one in America had any living idea what Mr. Lincoln was like, or any definite notion what he would do. The leading statesmen under the system of Cabinet government are not only household words, but household IDEAS. A conception, not, perhaps, in all respects a true but a most vivid conception of what Mr. Gladstone is like, or what Lord Palmerston is like, runs through society. We have simply no notion what it would be to be left with the visible sovereignty in the hands of an unknown man. The notion of employing a man of unknown smallness at a crisis of unknown greatness is to our minds simply ludicrous. Mr. Lincoln, it is true, happened to be a man, if not of eminent ability, yet of eminent justness. There was an inner depth of Puritan nature which came out under suffering, and was very attractive. But success in a lottery is no argument for lotteries. What were the chances against a person of Lincoln's antecedents, elected as he was, proving to be what he was? Such an incident is, however, natural to a Presidential government. The President is elected by processes which forbid the election of known men, except at peculiar conjunctures, and in moments when public opinion is excited and despotic; and consequently if a crisis comes upon us soon after he is elected, inevitably we have government by an unknown quantity--the superintendence of that crisis by what our great satirist would have called "Statesman X". Even in quiet times, government by a President, is, for the several various reasons which have been stated, inferior to government by a Cabinet; but the difficulty of quiet times is nothing as compared with the difficulty of unquiet times. The comparative deficiencies of the regular, common operation of a Presidential government are far less than the comparative deficiencies in time of sudden trouble--the want of elasticity, the impossibility of a dictatorship, the total absence of a REVOLUTIONARY RESERVE. This contrast explains why the characteristic quality of Cabinet Governments--the fusion of the executive power with the legislative power--is of such cardinal importance. I shall proceed to show under what form and with what adjuncts it exists in England.

NO. III.

THE MONARCHY.

I.

The use of the Queen, in a dignified capacity, is incalculable. Without her in England, the present English Government would fail and pass away. Most people when they read that the Queen walked on the slopes at Windsor--that the Prince of Wales went to the Derby-- have imagined that too much thought and prominence were given to little things. But they have been in error; and it is nice to trace how the actions of a retired widow and an unemployed youth become of such importance. The best reason why Monarchy is a strong government is, that it is an intelligible government. The mass of mankind understand it, and they hardly anywhere in the world understand any other. It is often said that men are ruled by their imaginations; but it would be truer to say they are governed by the weakness of their imaginations. The nature of a constitution, the action of an assembly, the play of parties, the

unseen formation of a guiding opinion, are complex facts, difficult to know and easy to mistake. But the action of a single will, the fiat of a single mind, are easy ideas: anybody can make them out, and no one can ever forget them. When you put before the mass of mankind the question, "Will you be governed by a king, or will you be governed by a constitution?" the inquiry comes out thus--" Will you be governed in a way you understand, or will you be governed in a way you do not understand?" The issue was put to the French people; they were asked, "Will you be governed by Louis Napoleon, or will you be governed by an assembly?" The French people said, "We will be governed by the one man we can imagine, and not by the many people we cannot imagine".

The best mode of comprehending the nature of the two Governments, is to look at a country in which the two have within a comparatively short space of years succeeded each other. "The political condition," says Mr. Grote, "which Grecian legend everywhere presents to us, is in its principal features strikingly different from that which had become universally prevalent among the Greeks in the time of the Peloponnesian War. Historical oligarchy, as well as democracy, agreed in requiring a certain established system of government, comprising the three elements of specialised functions, temporary functionaries, and ultimate responsibility (under some forms or other) to the mass of qualified citizens-- either a Senate or an Ecclesia, or both. There were, of course, many and capital distinctions between one Government and another, in respect to the qualification of the citizen, the attributes and efficiency of the general assembly, the admissibility to power, etc.; and men might often be dissatisfied with the way in which these questions were determined in their own city. But in the mind of every man, some determining rule or system-- something like what in modern times is called a CONSTITUTION--was indispensable to any Government entitled to be called legitimate, or capable of creating in the mind of a Greek a feeling of moral obligation to obey it. The functionaries who exercise authority under it might be more or less competent or popular; but his personal feelings towards them were commonly lost in his attachment or aversion to the general system. If any energetic man could by audacity or craft break down the Constitution, and render himself permanent ruler according to his own will and pleasure, even though he might govern well, he could never inspire the people with any sentiment of duty towards him: his sceptre was illegitimate from the beginning, and even the taking of his life, far from being interdicted by that moral feeling which condemned the shedding of blood in other cases, was considered meritorious: he could not even be mentioned in the language except by a name ([word in Greek], despot) which branded him as an object of mingled fear and dislike. "If we carry our eyes back from historical to legendary Greece, we find a picture the reverse of what has been here sketched. We discern a government in which there is little or no scheme or system, still less any idea of responsibility to the governed, but in which the mainspring of obedience on the part of the people consists in their personal feeling and reverence towards the chief. We remark, first and foremost, the King; next, a limited number of subordinate kings or chiefs; afterwards, the mass of armed freemen, husbandmen, artisans, freebooters, &c.; lowest of all, the free labourers for hire and the bought slaves. The King is not distinguished by any broad, or impassable boundary from the other chiefs, to each of whom the title Basileus is applicable as well as to himself: his supremacy has been inherited from his ancestors, and passes by inheritance, as a general rule, to his eldest son, having been conferred upon the family as a privilege by the favour of Zeus. In war, he is the leader, foremost in personal prowess, and directing all military movements; in peace, he is the general protector of the injured and oppressed; he offers up moreover those public prayers and sacrifices which are intended to obtain for the whole people the favour of the gods. An ample domain is assigned to him as an appurtenance of his lofty position, and the produce of his fields and his cattle is consecrated in part to an abundant, though rude hospitality. Moreover he receives frequent presents, to avert his enmity, to conciliate his favour, or to buy off his exactions; and when plunder is taken from the enemy, a large previous share, comprising probably the most alluring female captive, is reserved for him apart from the general distribution. "Such is the position of the King in the heroic times of Greece--the only person (if we except the herald, and priests, each both special and subordinate) who is then presented to us as clothed with any individual authority--the person by whom all the executive functions, then few in number, which the society requires, are either performed or directed. His personal ascendancy--derived from Divine countenance bestowed both upon himself individually and upon his race, and probably from accredited Divine descent--is the salient feature in the picture: the people hearken to his voice, embrace his propositions, and obey his orders: not merely resistance, but even criticism upon his acts, is generally exhibited in an odious point of view, and is indeed never heard of except from some one or more of the subordinate princes."

The characteristic of the English Monarchy is that it retains the feelings by which the heroic kings governed their rude age, and has added the feelings by which the Constitutions of later Greece ruled in more refined ages. We are a more mixed people than the Athenians, or probably than any political Greeks. We have progressed more unequally.

The slaves in ancient times were a separate order; not ruled by the same laws, or thoughts, as other men. It was not necessary to think of them in making a constitution: it was not necessary to improve them in order to make a constitution possible. The Greek legislator had not to combine in his polity men like the labourers of Somersetshire, and men like Mr. Grote. He had not to deal with a community in which primitive barbarism lay as a recognised basis to acquired civilisation. WE HAVE. We have no slaves to keep down by special terrors and independent legislation. But we have whole classes unable to comprehend the idea of a constitution--unable to feel the least attachment to impersonal laws. Most do indeed vaguely know that there are some other institutions besides the Queen, and some rules by which she governs. But a vast number like their minds to dwell more upon her than upon anything else, and therefore she is inestimable. A republic has only difficult ideas in government; a Constitutional Monarchy has an easy idea too; it has a comprehensible element for the vacant many, as well as complex laws and notions for the inquiring few. A FAMILY on the throne is an interesting idea also. It brings down the pride of sovereignty to the level of petty life. No feeling could seem more childish than the enthusiasm of the English at the marriage of the Prince of Wales. They treated as a great political event, what, looked at as a matter of pure business, was very small indeed. But no feeling could be more like common human nature as it is, and as it is likely to be. The women--one half the human race at least--care fifty times more for a marriage than a ministry. All but a few cynics like to see a pretty novel touching for a moment the dry scenes of the grave world. A princely marriage is the brilliant edition of a universal fact, and, as such, it rivets mankind. We smile at the Court Circular; but remember how many people read the Court Circular! Its use is not in what it says, but in those to whom it speaks. They say that the Americans were more pleased at the Queen's letter to Mrs. Lincoln, than at any act of the English Government. It was a spontaneous act of intelligible feeling in the midst of confused and tiresome business. Just so a royal family sweetens politics by the seasonable addition of nice and pretty events. It introduces irrelevant facts into the business of government, but they are facts which speak to "men's bosoms" and employ their thoughts.

To state the matter shortly, royalty is a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions. A Republic is a government in which that attention is divided between many, who are all doing uninteresting actions. Accordingly, so long as the human heart is strong and the human reason weak, royalty will be strong because it appeals to diffused feeling, and Republics weak because they appeal to the understanding. Secondly. The English Monarchy strengthens our Government with the strength of religion. It is not easy to say why it should be so. Every instructed theologian would say that it was the duty of a person born under a Republic as much to obey that Republic as it is the duty of one born under a Monarchy to obey the monarch. But the mass of the English people do not think so; they agree with the oath of allegiance; they say it is their duty to obey the "Queen," and they have but hazy notions as to obeying laws without a queen. In former times, when our Constitution was incomplete, this notion of local holiness in one part was mischievous. All parts were struggling, and it was necessary each should have its full growth. But superstition said one should grow where it would, and no other part should grow without its leave. The whole cavalier party said it was their duty to obey the king, whatever the king did. There was to be "passive obedience" to him, and there was no religious obedience due to any one else. He was the "Lord's anointed," and no one else had been anointed at all. The Parliament, the laws, the press were human institutions; but the Monarchy was a Divine institution. An undue advantage was given to a part of the Constitution, and therefore the progress of the whole was stayed. After the Revolution this mischievous sentiment was much weaker. The change of the line of sovereigns was at first conclusive, If there was a mystic right in any one, that right was plainly in James II.; if it was an English duty to obey any one whatever he did, he was the person to be so obeyed; if there was an inherent inherited claim in any king, it was in the Stuart king to whom the crown had come by descent, and not in the Revolution king to whom it had come by vote of Parliament. All through the reign of William III. there was (in common speech) one king whom man had made, and another king whom God had made. The king who ruled had no consecrated loyalty to build upon; although he ruled in fact, according to sacred theory there was a king in France who ought to rule. But it was very hard for the English people, with their plain sense and slow imagination, to keep up a strong sentiment of veneration for a foreign adventurer. He lived under the protection of a French king; what he did was commonly stupid, and what he left undone was very often wise. As soon as Queen Anne began to reign there was a change of feeling; the old sacred sentiment began to cohere about her. There were indeed difficulties which would have baffled most people; but an Englishman whose heart is in a matter is not easily baffled.

Queen Anne had a brother living and a father living, and by every rule of descent, their right was better than hers. But many people evaded both claims. They said James II. had "run away," and so abdicated, though he only ran

away because he was in duress and was frightened, and though he claimed the allegiance of his subjects day by day. The Pretender, it was said, was not legitimate, though the birth was proved by evidence which any Court of Justice would have accepted. The English people were "out of" a sacred monarch, and so they tried very hard to make a new one. Events, however, were too strong for them. They were ready and eager to take Queen Anne as the stock of a new dynasty; they were ready to ignore the claims of her father and the claims of her brother, but they could not ignore the fact that at the critical period she had no children. She had once had thirteen, but they all died in her lifetime, and it was necessary either to revert to the Stuarts or to make a new king by Act of Parliament. According to the Act of Settlement passed by the Whigs, the crown was settled on the descendants of the "Princess Sophia" of Hanover, a younger daughter of a daughter of James I. There were before her James II., his son, the descendants of a daughter of Charles I., and elder children of her own mother. But the Whigs passed these over because they were Catholics, and selected the Princess Sophia, who, if she was anything, was a Protestant. Certainly this selection was statesmanlike, but it could not be very popular. It was quite impossible to say that it was the duty of the English people to obey the House of Hanover upon any principles which do not concede the right of the people to choose their rulers, and which do not degrade monarchy from its solitary pinnacle of majestic reverence, and make it one only among many expedient institutions. If a king is a useful public functionary who may be changed, and in whose place you may make another, you cannot regard him with mystic awe and wonder; and if you are bound to worship him, of course you cannot change him. Accordingly, during the whole reigns of George I. and George II. the sentiment of religious loyalty altogether ceased to support the Crown. The prerogative of the king had no strong party to support it; the Tories, who naturally would support it, disliked the actual king; and the Whigs, according to their creed, disliked the king's office. Until the accession of George III. the most vigorous opponents of the Crown were the country gentlemen, its natural friends, and the representatives of quiet rural districts, where loyalty is mostly to be found, if anywhere. But after the accession of George III. the common feeling came back to the same point as in Queen Anne's time. The English were ready to take the new young prince as the beginning of a sacred line of sovereigns, just as they had been willing to take an old lady, who was the second cousin of his great-great-grandmother. So it is now. If you ask the immense majority of the Queen's subjects by what right she rules, they would never tell you that she rules by Parliamentary right, by virtue of 6 Anne, c. 7. They will say she rules by "God's grace"; they believe that they have a mystic obligation to obey her. When her family came to the Crown it was a sort of treason to maintain the inalienable right of lineal sovereignty, for it was equivalent to saying that the claim of another family was better than hers: but now, in the strange course of human events, that very sentiment has become her surest and best support.

But it would be a great mistake to believe that at the accession of George III. the instinctive sentiment of hereditary loyalty at once became as useful as now. It began to be powerful, but it hardly began to be useful. There was so much harm done by it as well as so much good, that it is quite capable of being argued whether on the whole it was beneficial or hurtful. Throughout the greater part of his life George III. was a kind of "consecrated obstruction". Whatever he did had a sanctity different from what any one else did, and it perversely happened that he was commonly wrong. He had as good intentions as any one need have, and he attended to the business of his country, as a clerk with his bread to get attends to the business of his office. But his mind was small, his education limited, and he lived in a changing time. Accordingly, he was always resisting what ought to be, and prolonging what ought not to be. He was the sinister but sacred assailant of half his ministries; and when the French Revolution excited the horror of the world, and proved democracy to be "impious," the piety of England concentrated upon him, and gave him tenfold strength. The Monarchy by its religious sanction now confirms all our political order; in George III.'s time it confirmed little except itself. It gives now a vast strength to the entire Constitution, by enlisting on its behalf the credulous obedience of enormous masses; then it lived aloof, absorbed all the holiness into itself, and turned over all the rest of the polity to the coarse justification of bare expediency. A principal reason why the Monarchy so well consecrates our whole state is to be sought in the peculiarity many Americans and many utilitarians smile at. They laugh at this "extra," as the Yankee called it, at the solitary transcendent element. They quote Napoleon's saying, "that he did not wish to be fatted in idleness," when he refused to be grand elector in Sieyes' Constitution, which was an office copied, and M. Thiers says, well copied, from constitutional monarchy. But such objections are wholly wrong. No doubt it was absurd enough in the Abbe Sieyes to propose that a new institution, inheriting no reverence, and made holy by no religion, should be created to fill the sort of post occupied by a constitutional king in nations of monarchical history. Such an institution, far from being so august as to spread reverence around it, is too novel and artificial to get reverence for itself; if, too, the absurdity could anyhow be augmented, it was so by offering an office of inactive uselessness and pretended sanctity to Napoleon, the most active man in France, with

the greatest genius for business, only not sacred, and exclusively fit for action. But the blunder of Sieyes brings the excellence of real monarchy to the best light. When a monarch can bless, it is best that he should not be touched. It should be evident that he does no wrong. He should not be brought too closely to real measurement.

He should be aloof and solitary. As the functions of English royalty are for the most part latent, it fulfils this condition. It seems to order, but it never seems to struggle. It is commonly hidden like a mystery, and sometimes paraded like a pageant, but in neither case is it contentious. The nation is divided into parties, but the crown is of no party. Its apparent separation from business is that which removes it both from enmities and from desecration, which preserves its mystery, which enables it to combine the affection of conflicting parties--to be a visible symbol of unity to those still so imperfectly educated as to need a symbol. Thirdly. The Queen is the head of our society. If she did not exist the Prime Minister would be the first person in the country. He and his wife would have to receive foreign ministers, and occasionally foreign princes, to give the first parties in the country; he and she would be at the head of the pageant of life; they would represent England in the eyes of foreign nations; they would represent the Government of England in the eyes of the English. It is very easy to imagine a world in which this change would not be a great evil. In a country where people did not care for the outward show of life, where the genius of the people was untheatrical, and they exclusively regarded the substance of things, this matter would be trifling. Whether Lord and Lady Derby received the foreign ministers, or Lord and Lady Palmerston, would be a matter of indifference; whether they gave the nicest parties would be important only to the persons at those parties. A nation of unimpressible philosophers would not care at all how the externals of life were managed. Who is the showman is not material unless you care about the show. But of all nations in the world the English are perhaps the least a nation of pure philosophers. It would be a very serious matter to us to change every four or five years the visible head of our world. We are not now remarkable for the highest sort of ambition; but we are remarkable for having a great deal of the lower sort of ambition and envy. The House of Commons is thronged with people who get there merely for "social purposes," as the phrase goes; that is, that they and their families may go to parties else impossible. Members of Parliament are envied by thousands merely for this frivolous glory, as a thinker calls it. If the highest post in conspicuous life were thrown open to public competition, this low sort of ambition and envy would be fearfully increased. Politics would offer a prize too dazzling for mankind; clever base people would strive for it, and stupid base people would envy it. Even now a dangerous distinction is given by what is exclusively called public life.

The newspapers describe daily and incessantly a certain conspicuous existence; they comment on its characters, recount its details, investigate its motives, anticipate its course. They give a precedent and a dignity to that world which they do not give to any other. The literary world, the scientific world, the philosophic world, not only are not comparable in dignity to the political world, but in comparison are hardly worlds at all. The newspaper makes no mention of them, and could not mention them. As are the papers, so are the readers; they, by irresistible sequence and association, believe that those people who constantly figure in the papers are cleverer, abler, or at any rate, somehow higher, than other people. "I wrote books," we heard of a man saying, "for twenty years, and I was nobody; I got into Parliament, and before I had taken my seat I had become somebody." English politicians are the men who fill the thoughts of the English public: they are the actors on the scene, and it is hard for the admiring spectators not to believe that the admired actor is greater than themselves. In this present age and country it would be very dangerous to give the slightest addition to a force already perilously great. If the highest social rank was to be scrambled for in the House of Commons, the number of social adventurers there would be incalculably more numerous, and indefinitely more eager.

5. 19th Century: John Henry Newman. The Idea of a University.

John Henry Newman

The Idea of a University

Introductory Note

John Henry Newman was born in London, February 21, 1801. Going up to Oxford at sixteen, he gained a scholarship at Trinity College, and after graduation became fellow and tutor of Oriel, then the most alive, intellectually, of the Oxford colleges. He took orders, and in 1828 was appointed vicar of St. Mary's, the university church. In 1832 he had to resign his tutorship on account of a difference of opinion with the head of the college as to his duties and responsibilities, Newman regarding his function as one of a "substantially religious nature." Returning to Oxford the next year from a journey on the Continent, he began, in cooperation with R. H. Froude and others, the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," a series of pamphlets which gave a name to the "Tractarian" or "Oxford" movement for the defence of the "doctrine of apostolical succession and the integrity of the Prayer-Book." After several years of agitation, during which Newman came to exercise an extraordinary influence in Oxford, the movement and its leader fell under the official ban of the university and of the Anglican bishops, and Newman withdrew from Oxford, feeling that the Anglican Church had herself destroyed the defences which he had sought to build for her. In October, 1845, he was received into the Roman Church. The next year he went to Rome, and on his return introduced into England the institute of the Oratory. In 1854 he went to Dublin for four years as rector of the new Catholic university, and while there wrote his volume on the "Idea of a University," in which he expounds with wonderful clearness of thought and beauty of language his view of the aim of education. In 1879 he was created cardinal in recognition of his services to the cause of religion in England, and in 1890 he died. Of the history of Newman's religious opinions and influence no hint can be given here. The essays which follow do, indeed, imply important and fundamental elements of his system of belief; but they can be taken in detachment as the exposition of a view of the nature and value of culture by a man who was himself the fine flower of English university training and a master of English prose.

The Idea of a University

I. What is a University?

If I were asked to describe as briefly and popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or "School of Universal Learning." This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot;-- from all parts; else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge? and in one spot; else, how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description; but such as this a University seems to be in its essence, a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse, through a wide extent of country. There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a University, then a University does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular medium, out of many which might be adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is, the *littera scripta*, are one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and

diversified and persistent a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them; but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained for ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onwards to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are strewn, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts; and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by informing us by their placards where we can at once cheaply purchase it. I allow all this, and much more; such certainly is our popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, whenever men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade, is called "a good article," when they aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of learning, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble initiation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of great centres of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found to hold good in all those departments or aspects of society, which possess an interest sufficient to bind men together, or to constitute what is called "a world." It holds in the political world, and in the high world, and in the religious world; and it holds also in the literary and scientific world. If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we have reason for saying this, viz.:--that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *littera scripta* is that of being a record of truth, and an authority of appeal, and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher; but that, if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any branch of knowledge which is diversified and complicated, we must consult the living man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and anything I may say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis;--perhaps we may suggest, that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or can hit upon the very difficulties which are severally felt by each reader in succession. Or again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, and the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at the moment, and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or Dresden: you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype, which takes off the course of thought, and the form, lineaments, and features of truth, as completely and minutely, as the optical instrument reproduces the sensible object; we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom, we must repair to the fountain, and drink there. Portions of it may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books; but the fulness is in one place alone. It is in such assemblages and congregations of intellect that books themselves, the masterpieces of human genius, are written, or at least originated. The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point are so ready, that I should think it tiresome to proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have done justice to the doctrine which it has been intended to enforce. For instance, the polished manners and high-bred bearing which are so difficult of attainment, and so strictly personal when attained,--which are so much admired in society, from society are acquired. All that goes to constitute a gentleman,--the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the talent of not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candour and consideration, the openness of hand;--these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity; but the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books? are they not necessarily acquired, where they are to be found, in high society? The very nature of the case leads us to say so; you cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with; you cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some school of manners. Well, and is it not so in matter of fact? The metropolis, the court, the great houses of the land, are the centres to which at stated times the country comes up, as to shrines of refinement and good taste; and then in due time the country goes back again home, enriched with a portion of the social accomplishments, which those very visits serve to call out and heighten in the gracious

dispensers of them. We are unable to conceive how the "gentlemanlike" can otherwise be maintained; and maintained in this way it is. And now a second instance: and here too I am going to speak without personal experience of the subject I am introducing. I admit I have not been in Parliament, any more than I have figured in the *_beau monde_*; yet I cannot but think that statesmanship, as well as high breeding, is learned, not by books, but in certain centres of education. If it be not presumption to say so, Parliament puts a clever man *_au courant_* with politics and affairs of state in a way surprising to himself. A member of the Legislature, if tolerably observant, begins to see things with new eyes, even though his views undergo no change. Words have a meaning now, and ideas a reality, such as they had not before. He hears a vast deal in public speeches and private conversation, which is never put into print. The bearings of measures and events, the action of parties, and the persons of friends and enemies, are brought out to the man who is in the midst of them with a distinctness, which the most diligent perusal of newspapers will fail to impart to them. It is access to the fountain-heads of political wisdom and experience, it is daily intercourse, of one kind or another, with the multitude who go up to them, it is familiarity with business, it is access to the contributions of fact and opinion thrown together by many witnesses from many quarters, which does this for him. However, I need not account for a fact, to which it is sufficient to appeal; that the Houses of Parliament and the atmosphere around them are a sort of University of politics. As regards the world of science, we find a remarkable instance of the principle which I am illustrating, in the periodical meetings for its advance, which have arisen in the course of the last twenty years, such as the British Association. Such gatherings would to many persons appear at first sight simply preposterous. Above all subjects of study, Science is conveyed, is propagated, by books, or by private teaching; experiments and investigations are conducted in silence; discoveries are made in solitude. What have philosophers to do with festive celebrities, and panegyrical solemnities with mathematical and physical truth? Yet on a closer attention to the subject, it is found that not even scientific thought can dispense with the suggestions, the instruction, the stimulus, the sympathy, the intercourse with mankind on a large scale, which such meetings secure. A fine time of year is chosen, when days are long, skies are bright, the earth smiles, and all nature rejoices; a city or town is taken by turns, of ancient name or modern opulence, where buildings are spacious and hospitality hearty. The novelty of place and circumstance, the excitement of strange, or the refreshment of well-known faces, the majesty of rank or of genius, the amiable charities of men pleased both with themselves and with each other; the elevated spirits, the circulation of thought, the curiosity; the morning sections, the outdoor exercise, the well-furnished, well-earned board, the not ungraceful hilarity, the evening circle; the brilliant lecture, the discussions or collisions or guesses of great men one with another, the narratives of scientific processes, of hopes, disappointments, conflicts, and successes, the splendid eulogistic orations; these and the like constituents of the annual celebration, are considered to do something real and substantial for the advance of knowledge which can be done in no other way. Of course they can but be occasional; they answer to the annual Act, or Commencement, or Commemoration of a University, not to its ordinary condition; but they are of a University nature; and I can well believe in their utility. They issue in the promotion of a certain living and, as it were, bodily communication of knowledge from one to another, of a general interchange of ideas, and a comparison and adjustment of science with science, of an enlargement of mind, intellectual and social, of an ardent love of the particular study, which may be chosen by each individual, and a noble devotion to its interests. Such meetings, I repeat, are but periodical, and only partially represent the idea of a University. The bustle and whirl which are their usual concomitants, are in ill keeping with the order and gravity of earnest intellectual education. We desiderate means of instruction which involve no interruption of our ordinary habits; nor need we seek it long, for the natural course of things brings it about, while we debate over it. In every great country, the metropolis itself becomes a sort of necessary University, whether we will or no. As the chief city is the seat of the court, of high society, of politics, and of law, so as a matter of course is it the seat of letters also; and at this time, for a long term of years, London and Paris are in fact and in operation Universities, though in Paris its famous University is no more, and in London a University scarcely exists except as a board of administration. The newspapers, magazines, reviews, journals, and periodicals of all kinds, the publishing trade, the libraries, museums, and academies there found, the learned and scientific societies, necessarily invest it with the functions of a University; and that atmosphere of intellect, which in a former age hung over Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, has, with the change of times, moved away to the centre of civil government. Thither come up youths from all parts of the country, the students of law, medicine, and the fine arts, and the *_employés_* and *_attachés_* of literature. There they live, as chance determines; and they are satisfied with their temporary home, for they find in it all that was promised to them there. They have not come in vain, as far as their own object in coming is concerned. They have not learned any particular religion, but they have learned their own particular profession well. They have, moreover, become acquainted with the habits, manners, and opinions of their place of sojourn, and done their part in maintaining the tradition of them. We cannot then be without virtual Universities; a metropolis is such: the simple question is, whether the education sought and given should be based on principle, formed upon rule, directed to the highest ends, or left to the random succession of masters and schools, one after another, with a

melancholy waste of thought and an extreme hazard of truth. Religious teaching itself affords us an illustration of our subject to a certain point. It does not indeed seat itself merely in centres of the world; this is impossible from the nature of the case. It is intended for the many, not the few; its subject matter is truth necessary for us, not truth recondite and rare; but it concurs in the principle of a University so far as this, that its great instrument, or rather organ, has ever been that which nature prescribes in all education, the personal presence of a teacher, or, in theological language, Oral Tradition. It is the living voice, the breathing form, the expressive countenance, which preaches, which catechises. Truth, a subtle, invisible, manifold spirit, is poured into the mind of the scholar by his eyes and ears, through his affections, imagination, and reason; it is poured into his mind and is sealed up there in perpetuity, by propounding and repeating it, by questioning and requestioning, by correcting and explaining, by progressing and then recurring to first principles, by all those ways which are implied in the word "catechising." In the first ages, it was a work of long time; months, sometimes years, were devoted to the arduous task of disabusing the mind of the incipient Christian of its pagan errors, and of moulding it upon the Christian faith. The Scriptures indeed were at hand for the study of those who could avail themselves of them; but St. Irenaeus does not hesitate to speak of whole races, who had been converted to Christianity, without being able to read them. To be unable to read or write was in those times no evidence of want of learning: the hermits of the deserts were, in this sense of the word, illiterate; yet the great St. Anthony, though he knew not letters, was a match in disputation for the learned philosophers who came to try him. Didymus again, the great Alexandrian theologian, was blind. The ancient discipline, called the *_Disciplina Arcani_*, involved the same principle. The more sacred doctrines of Revelation were not committed to books but passed on by successive tradition. The teaching on the Blessed Trinity and the Eucharist appears to have been so handed down for some hundred years; and when at length reduced to writing, it has filled many folios, yet has not been exhausted. But I have said more than enough in illustration; I end as I began;--a University is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind everywhere; you must go to some great city or emporium for it. There you have all the choicest productions of nature and art all together, which you find each in its own separate place elsewhere. All the riches of the land, and of the earth, are carried up thither; there are the best markets, and there the best workmen. It is the centre of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival talents, and the standard of things rare and precious. It is the place for seeing galleries of first-rate pictures, and for hearing wonderful voices and performers of transcendent skill. It is the place for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness and unity go together; excellence implies a centre. And such, for the third or fourth time, is a University; I hope I do not weary out the reader by repeating it. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions; in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and is a missionary and a preacher, displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation. It is this and a great deal more, and demands a somewhat better head and hand than mine to describe it well. Such is a University in its idea and in its purpose; such in good measure has it before now been in fact. Shall it ever be again? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, in the name of St. Patrick, to attempt it.

II Site of a University

If we would know what a University is, considered in its elementary idea, we must betake ourselves to the first and most celebrated home of European literature and source of European civilization, to the bright and beautiful Athens,--Athens, whose schools drew to her bosom, and then sent back again to the business of life, the youth of the Western World for a long thousand years. Seated on the verge of the continent, the city seemed hardly suited for the duties of a central metropolis of knowledge; yet, what it lost in convenience of approach, it gained in its neighbourhood to the traditions of the mysterious East, and in the loveliness of the region in which it lay. Hither, then, as to a sort of ideal land, where all archetypes of the great and the fair were found in substantial being, and all departments of truth explored, and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited, where taste and philosophy were

majestically enthroned as in a royal court, where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius, where professors were rulers, and princes did homage, hither flocked continually from the very corners of the *_orbis terrarum_*, the many-tongued generation, just rising, or just risen into manhood, in order to gain wisdom. Pisistratus had in an early age discovered and nursed the infant genius of his people, and Cimon, after the Persian war, had given it a home. That war had established the naval supremacy of Athens; she had become an imperial state; and the Ionians, bound to her by the double chain of kindred and of subjection, were importing into her both their merchandize and their civilization. The arts and philosophy of the Asiatic coast were easily carried across the sea, and there was Cimon, as I have said, with his ample fortune, ready to receive them with due honours. Not content with patronizing their professors, he built the first of those noble porticos, of which we hear so much in Athens, and he formed the groves, which in process of time became the celebrated Academy. Planting is one of the most graceful, as in Athens it was one of the most beneficent, of employments. Cimon took in hand the wild wood, pruned and dressed it, and laid it out with handsome walks and welcome fountains. Nor, while hospitable to the authors of the city's civilization, was he ungrateful to the instruments of her prosperity. His trees extended their cool, umbrageous branches over the merchants, who assembled in the Agora, for many generations. Those merchants certainly had deserved that act of bounty; for all the while their ships had been carrying forth the intellectual fame of Athens to the western world. Then commenced what may be called her University existence. Pericles, who succeeded Cimon both in the government and in the patronage of art, is said by Plutarch to have entertained the idea of making Athens the capital of federated Greece: in this he failed, but his encouragement of such men as Phidias and Anaxagoras led the way to her acquiring a far more lasting sovereignty over a far wider empire. Little understanding the sources of her own greatness, Athens would go to war: peace is the interest of a seat of commerce and the arts; but to war she went; yet to her, whether peace or war, it mattered not. The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away,--they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there,--Athens, the city of mind,--as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young, as ever she had been. Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Aegean, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Boeotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Boeotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dulness of the Boeotian intellect: on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not;--it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face even of a more bare and rugged country. A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain,--Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full;--such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that that olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell, how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Aegean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Simian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore,--he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all,

except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun;--our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery choking sands, learned at once what a real University must be, by coming to understand the sort of country, which was its suitable home. Nor was this all that a University required, and found in Athens. No one, even there, could live on poetry. If the students at that famous place had nothing better than bright hues and soothing sounds, they would not have been able or disposed to turn their residence there to much account. Of course they must have the means of living, nay, in a certain sense, of enjoyment; if Athens was to be an Alma Mater at the time, or to remain afterwards a pleasant thought in their memory. And so they had: be it recollected Athens was a port, and a mart of trade, perhaps the first in Greece; and this was very much to the point, when a number of strangers were ever flocking to it, whose combat was to be with intellectual, not physical difficulties, and who claimed to have their bodily wants supplied, that they might be at leisure to set about furnishing their minds. Now, barren as was the soil of Attica, and bare the face of the country, yet it had only too many resources for an elegant, nay luxurious abode there. So abundant were the imports of the place, that it was a common saying, that the productions, which were found singly elsewhere, were brought all together in Athens. Corn and wine, the staple of subsistence in such a climate, came from the isles of the Aegean; fine wool and carpeting from Asia Minor; slaves, as, now, from the Euxine, and timber too; and iron and brass from the coasts of the Mediterranean. The Athenian did not condescend to manufactures himself, but encouraged them in others; and a population of foreigners caught at the lucrative occupation both for home consumption and for exportation. Their cloth, and other textures for dress and furniture, and their hardware--for instance, armour--were in great request. Labour was cheap; stone and marble in plenty; and the taste and skill, which at first were devoted to public buildings, as temples and porticos, were in course of time applied to the mansions of public men. If nature did much for Athens, it is undeniable that art did much more. Here some one will interrupt me with the remark: "By the bye, where are we, and whither are we going?--what has all this to do with a University? at least what has it to do with education? It is instructive doubtless; but still how much has it to do with your subject?" Now I beg to assure the reader that I am most conscientiously employed upon my subject; and I should have thought every one would have seen this: however, since the objection is made, I may be allowed to pause awhile, and show distinctly the drift of what I have been saying, before I go farther. What has this to do with my subject! why, the question of the site is the very first that comes into consideration, when a Stadium Generale is contemplated; for that site should be a liberal and noble one; who will deny it? All authorities agree in this, and very little reflection will be sufficient to make it clear. I recollect a conversation I once had on this very subject with a very eminent man. I was a youth of eighteen, and was leaving my University for the Long Vacation, when I found myself in company in a public conveyance with a middle-aged person, whose face was strange to me. However, it was the great academical luminary of the day, whom afterwards I knew very well. Luckily for me, I did not suspect it; and luckily too, it was a fancy of his, as his friends knew, to make himself on easy terms especially with stage-coach companions. So, what with my flippancy and his condescension, I managed to hear many things which were novel to me at the time; and one point which he was strong upon, and was evidently fond of urging, was the material pomp and circumstance which should environ a great seat of learning. He considered it was worth the consideration of the government, whether Oxford should not stand in a domain of its own. An ample range, say four miles in diameter, should be turned into wood and meadow, and the University should be approached on all sides by a magnificent park, with fine trees in groups and groves and avenues, and with glimpses and views of the fair city, as the traveller drew near it. There is nothing surely absurd in the idea, though it would cost a round sum to realise it. What has a better claim to the purest and fairest possessions of nature, than the seat of wisdom? So thought my coach companion; and he did but express the tradition of ages and the instinct of mankind. For instance, take the great University of Paris. That famous school engrossed as its territory the whole south bank of the Seine, and occupied one half, and that the pleasanter half, of the city. King Louis had the island pretty well as his own,--it was scarcely more than a fortification; and the north of the river was given over to the nobles and citizens to do what they could with its marshes; but the eligible south, rising from the stream, which swept around its base, to the fair summit of St. Genevieve, with its broad meadows, its vineyards and its gardens, and with the sacred elevation of Montmartre confronting it, all this was the inheritance of the University. There was that pleasant Pratum, stretching along the river's bank, in which the students for centuries took their recreation, which Alcuin seems to mention in his farewell verses to Paris, and which has given a name to the great Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés. For long years it was devoted to the purposes of innocent and healthy enjoyment; but evil times came on the University; disorder arose within its precincts, and the fair meadow became the scene of

party brawls; heresy stalked through Europe, and Germany and England no longer sending their contingent of students, a heavy debt was the consequence to the academical body. To let their land was the only resource left to them: buildings rose upon it, and spread along the green sod, and the country at length became town. Great was the grief and indignation of the doctors and masters, when this catastrophe occurred. "A wretched sight," said the Proctor of the German nation, "a wretched sight, to witness the sale of that ancient manor, whither the Muses were wont to wander for retirement and pleasure. Whither shall the youthful student now betake himself, what relief will he find for his eyes, wearied with intense reading, now that the pleasant stream is taken from him?" Two centuries and more have passed since this complaint was uttered; and time has shown that the outward calamity, which it recorded, was but the emblem of the great moral revolution, which was to follow; till the institution itself has followed its green meadows, into the region of things which once were and now are not. And in like manner, when they were first contemplating a University in Belgium, some centuries ago, "Many," says Lipsius, "suggested Mechlin, as an abode salubrious and clean, but Louvain was preferred, as for other reasons, so because no city seemed from the disposition of place and people, more suitable for learned leisure. Who will not approve the decision? Can a site be healthier or more pleasant? The atmosphere pure and cheerful; the spaces open and delightful; meadows, fields, vines, groves, nay, I may say, a *_rus in urbe_*. Ascend and walk round the walls; what do you look down upon? Does not the wonderful and delightful variety smooth the brow and soothe the mind? You have corn, and apples, and grapes; sheep and oxen; and birds chirping or singing. Now carry your feet or your eyes beyond the walls; there are streamlets, the river meandering along; country-houses, convents, the superb fortress; copses or woods fill up the scene, and spots for simple enjoyment." And then he breaks out into poetry:

Salvete Athenae nostrae, Athens Belgicae,
 Te Gallus, te Germanus, et te Sarmata
 Invisit, et Britannus, et te duplicis
 Hispaniae alumnus, etc.

Extravagant, then, and wayward as might be the thought of my learned coach companion, when, in the nineteenth century, he imagined, Norman-wise, to turn a score of villages into a park or pleasaunce, still, the waywardness of his fancy is excused by the justness of his principle; for certainly, such as he would have made it, a University ought to be. Old Antony-a-Wood, discoursing on the demands of a University, had expressed the same sentiment long before him; as Horace in ancient times, with reference to Athens itself, when he spoke of seeking truth "in the *_groves_* of Academe." And to Athens, as will be seen, Wood himself appeals, when he would discourse of Oxford. Among "those things which are required to make a University," he puts down,-- "First, a good and pleasant site, where there is a wholesome and temperate constitution of the air; composed with waters, springs or wells, woods and pleasant fields; which being obtained, those commodities are enough to invite students to stay and abide there. As the Athenians in ancient times were happy for their conveniences, so also were the Britons, when by a remnant of the Grecians that came amongst them, they or their successors selected such a place in Britain to plant a school or schools therein, which for its pleasant situation was afterwards called Bellositum or Bellosite, now Oxford, privileged with all those conveniences before mentioned." By others the local advantages of that University have been more philosophically analyzed;--for instance, with a reference to its position in the middle of southern England; its situation on several islands in a broad plain, through which many streams flowed; the surrounding marshes, which, in times when it was needed, protected the city from invaders; its own strength as a military position; its easy communication with London, nay with the sea, by means of the Thames; while the London fortifications hindered pirates from ascending the stream, which all the time was so ready and convenient for a descent. Alas! for centuries past that city has lost its prime honour and boast, as a servant and soldier of the Truth. Once named the second school of the Church, second only to Paris, the foster-mother of St. Edmund, St. Richard, St. Thomas Cantilupe, the theatre of great intellects, of Scotus the subtle Doctor, of Hales the irrefragable, of Occam the special, of Bacon the admirable, of Middleton the solid, and of Bradwardine the profound, Oxford has now lapsed to that level of mere human loveliness, which in its highest perfection we admire in Athens. Nor would it have a place, now or hereafter, in these pages, nor would it occur to me to speak its name, except that, even in its sorrowful deprivation, it still retains so much of that outward lustre, which, like the brightness on the prophet's face, ought to be a ray from an illumination within, as to afford me an illustration of the point on which I am engaged, viz., what should be the material dwelling-place and appearance, the local circumstances, and the secular concomitants of a great University. Pictures are drawn in tales of romance, of spirits seemingly too beautiful in their fall to be really fallen, and the holy Pope at Rome, Gregory, in fact, and not in fiction, looked upon the blue eyes and golden hair of the fierce Saxon youth in the slave market, and pronounced them Angels, not Angles; and the spell which this once loyal daughter of the Church still exercises upon the foreign visitor, even now when her true glory is departed,

suggests to us how far more majestic and more touching, how brimful of indescribable influence would be the presence of a University, which was planted within, not without Jerusalem,--an influence, potent as her truth is strong, wide as her sway is world-wide, and growing, not lessening, by the extent of space over which its attraction would be exerted. Let the reader then listen to the words of the last learned German, who has treated of Oxford, and judge for himself if they do not bear me out, in what I have said of the fascination which the very face and smile of a University possess over those who come within its range. "There is scarce a spot in the world," says Huber, "that bears an historical stamp so deep and varied as Oxford; where so many noble memorials of moral and material power coöperating to an honourable end, meet the eye all at once. He who can be proof against the strong emotions which the whole aspect and genius of the place tend to inspire, must be dull, thoughtless, uneducated, or of very perverted views. Others will bear us witness, that, even side by side with the Eternal Rome, the Alma Mater of Oxford may be fitly named, as producing a deep, a lasting, and peculiar impression. "In one of the most fertile districts of the Queen of the Seas, whom nature has so richly blessed, whom for centuries past no footstep of foreign armies has desecrated, lies a broad green vale, where the Cherwell and the Isis mingle their full, clear waters. Here and there primeval elms and oaks overshadow them; while in their various windings they encircle gardens, meadows, and fields, villages, cottages, farm-houses, and country-seats, in motley mixture. In the midst rises a mass of mighty buildings, the general character of which varies between convent, palace, and castle. Some few Gothic church-towers and Romaic domes, it is true, break through the horizontal lines; yet the general impression at a distance and at first sight, is essentially different from that of any of the towns of the middle ages. The outlines are far from being so sharp, so angular, so irregular, so fantastical; a certain softness, a peculiar repose, reigns in those broader, terrace-like rising masses. Only in the creations of Claude Lorraine or Poussin could we expect to find a spot to compare with the prevailing character of this picture, especially when lit up by a favourable light. The principal masses consist of Colleges, the University buildings, and the city churches; and by the side of these the city itself is lost on distant view. But on entering the streets, we find around us all the signs of an active and prosperous trade. Rich and elegant shops in profusion afford a sight to be found nowhere but in England; but with all this glitter and show, they sink into a modest, and, as it were, a menial attitude, by the side of the grandly severe memorials of the higher intellectual life, memorials which have been growing out of that life from almost the beginning of Christianity itself. Those rich and elegant shops are, as it were, the domestic offices of these palaces of learning, which ever rivet the eye of the observer, while all besides seems perforce to be subservient to them. Each of the larger and more ancient Colleges looks like a separate whole--an entire town, whose walls and monuments proclaim the vigorous growth of many centuries; and the town itself has happily escaped the lot of modern beautifying, and in this respect harmonizes with the Colleges." There are those who, having felt the influence of this ancient School, and being smitten with its splendour and its sweetness, ask wistfully, if never again it is to be Catholic, or whether at least some footing for Catholicity may not be found there. All honour and merit to the charitable and zealous hearts who so inquire! Nor can we dare to tell what in time to come may be the inscrutable purposes of that grace, which is ever more comprehensive than human hope and aspiration. But for me, from the day I left its walls, I never, for good or bad, have had anticipation of its future; and never for a moment have I had a wish to see again a place, which I have never ceased to love, and where I lived for nearly thirty years. Nay, looking at the general state of things at this day, I desiderate for a School of the Church, if an additional School is to be granted to us, a more central position than Oxford has to show. Since the age of Alfred and of the first Henry, the world has grown, from the west and south of Europe, into four or five continents; and I look for a city less inland than that old sanctuary, and a country closer upon the highway of the seas. I look towards a land both old and young; old in its Christianity, young in the promise of its future; a nation, which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it; a Church, which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the island I am gazing on, become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigour, and Spain in enthusiasm; and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards every one else. The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situate in a beautiful bay and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing University, which for a while had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its first founders and servants were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers, and the fountain-head of their Christianity, students are flocking from East, West, and South, from America and Australia and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotion not yet discovered, and last, though not least, from England,--all speaking one tongue, all owning one faith, all eager for one large true wisdom; and thence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry over all the earth "peace to men of good will."

III. University Life at Athens

However apposite may have been the digression into which I was led when I had got about half through the foregoing Chapter, it has had the inconvenience of what may be called running me off the rails; and now that I wish to proceed from the point at which it took place, I shall find some trouble, if I may continue the metaphor, in getting up the steam again, or if I may change it, in getting into the swing of my subject. It has been my desire, were I able, to bring before the reader what Athens may have been, viewed as what we have since called a University; and to do this, not with any purpose of writing a panegyric on a heathen city, or of denying its many deformities, or of concealing what was morally base in what was intellectually great, but just the contrary, of representing things as they really were; so far, that is, as to enable him to see what a University is, in the very constitution of society and in its own idea, what is its nature and object, and what it needs of aid and support external to itself to complete that nature and to secure that object. So now let us fancy our Scythian, or Armenian, or African, or Italian, or Gallic student, after tossing on the Saronic waves, which would be his more ordinary course to Athens, at last casting anchor at Piraeus. He is of any condition or rank of life you please, and may be made to order, from a prince to a peasant. Perhaps he is some Cleanthes, who has been a boxer in the public games. How did it ever cross his brain to betake himself to Athens in search of wisdom? or, if he came thither by accident, how did the love of it ever touch his heart? But so it was, to Athens he came with three drachms in his girdle, and he got his livelihood by drawing water, carrying loads, and the like servile occupations. He attached himself, of all philosophers, to Zeno the Stoic,--to Zeno, the most high-minded, the most haughty of speculators; and out of his daily earnings the poor scholar brought his master the daily sum of an obolus, in payment for attending his lectures. Such progress did he make, that on Zeno's death he actually was his successor in his school; and, if my memory does not play me false, he is the author of a hymn to the Supreme Being, which is one of the noblest effusions of the kind in classical poetry. Yet, even when he was the head of a school, he continued in his illiberal toil as if he had been a monk; and, it is said, that once, when the wind took his pallium, and blew it aside, he was discovered to have no other garment at all;--something like the German student who came up to Heidelberg with nothing upon him but a great coat and a pair of pistols. Or it is another disciple of the Porch,--Stoic by nature, earlier than by profession,--who is entering the city; but in what different fashion he comes! It is no other than Marcus, Emperor of Rome and philosopher. Professors long since were summoned from Athens for his service, when he was a youth, and now he comes, after his victories in the battle field, to make his acknowledgments at the end of life, to the city of wisdom, and to submit himself to an initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. Or it is a young man of great promise as an orator, were it not for his weakness of chest, which renders it necessary that he should acquire the art of speaking without over-exertion, and should adopt a delivery sufficient for the display of his rhetorical talents on the one hand, yet merciful to his physical resources on the other. He is called Cicero; he will stop but a short time, and will pass over to Asia Minor and its cities, before he returns to continue a career which will render his name immortal; and he will like his short sojourn at Athens so well, that he will take good care to send his son thither at an earlier age than he visited it himself. But see where comes from Alexandria (for we need not be very solicitous about anachronisms), a young man from twenty to twenty-two, who has narrowly escaped drowning on his voyage, and is to remain at Athens as many as eight or ten years, yet in the course of that time will not learn a line of Latin, thinking it enough to become accomplished in Greek composition, and in that he will succeed. He is a grave person, and difficult to make out; some say he is a Christian, something or other in the Christian line his father is for certain. His name is Gregory, he is by country a Cappadocian, and will in time become preëminently a theologian, and one of the principal Doctors of the Greek Church. Or it is one Horace, a youth of low stature and black hair, whose father has given him an education at Rome above his rank in life, and now is sending him to finish it at Athens; he is said to have a turn for poetry: a hero he is not, and it were well if he knew it; but he is caught by the enthusiasm of the hour, and goes off campaigning with Brutus and Cassius, and will leave his shield behind him on the field of Philippi. Or it is a mere boy of fifteen: his name Eunapius; though the voyage was not long, sea sickness, or confinement, or bad living on board the vessel, threw him into a fever, and, when the passengers landed in the evening at Piraeus, he could not stand. His countrymen who accompanied him, took him up among them and carried him to the house of the great teacher of the day, Proaeresius, who was a friend of the captain's, and whose fame it was which drew the enthusiastic youth to Athens. His companions understand the sort of place they are in, and, with the license of academic students, they break into the philosopher's house, though he appears to have retired for the night, and proceed to make themselves free of it, with an absence of ceremony, which is only not impudence, because Proaeresius takes it so easily. Strange introduction for our stranger to a seat of learning, but not out of keeping with Athens; for what could you expect of a place where there was a mob of youths and not even the pretence of control;

where the poorer lived any how, and got on as they could, and the teachers themselves had no protection from the humours and caprices of the students who filled their lecture-halls? However, as to this Eunapius, Proaeresius took a fancy to the boy, and told him curious stories about Athenian life. He himself had come up to the University with one Hephaestion, and they were even worse off than Cleanthes the Stoic; for they had only one cloak between them, and nothing whatever besides, except some old bedding; so when Proaeresius went abroad, Hephaestion lay in bed, and practised himself in oratory; and then Hephaestion put on the cloak, and Proaeresius crept under the coverlet. At another time there was so fierce a feud between what would be called "town and gown" in an English University, that the Professors did not dare lecture in public, for fear of ill treatment. But a freshman like Eunapius soon got experience for himself of the ways and manners prevalent in Athens. Such a one as he had hardly entered the city, when he was caught hold of by a party of the academic youth, who proceeded to practise on his awkwardness and his ignorance. At first sight one wonders at their childishness; but the like conduct obtained in the medieval Universities; and not many months have passed away since the journals have told us of sober Englishmen, given to matter-of-fact calculations, and to the anxieties of money-making, pelting each other with snowballs on their own sacred territory, and defying the magistracy, when they would interfere with their privilege of becoming boys. So I suppose we must attribute it to something or other in human nature. Meanwhile, there stands the new-comer, surrounded by a circle of his new associates, who forthwith proceed to frighten, and to banter, and to make a fool of him, to the extent of their wit. Some address him with mock politeness, others with fierceness; and so they conduct him in solemn procession across the Agora to the Baths; and as they approach, they dance about him like madmen. But this was to be the end of his trial, for the Bath was a sort of initiation; he thereupon received the pallium, or University gown, and was suffered by his tormentors to depart in peace. One alone is recorded as having been exempted from this persecution; it was a youth graver and loftier than even St. Gregory himself: but it was not from his force of character, but at the instance of Gregory, that he escaped. Gregory was his bosom-friend, and was ready in Athens to shelter him when he came. It was another Saint and Doctor; the great Basil, then, (it would appear,) as Gregory, but a catechumen of the Church. But to return to our freshman. His troubles are not at an end, though he has got his gown upon him. Where is he to lodge? whom is he to attend? He finds himself seized, before he well knows where he is, by another party of men, or three or four parties at once, like foreign porters at a landing, who seize on the baggage of the perplexed stranger, and thrust half a dozen cards into his unwilling hands. Our youth is plied by the hangers-on of professor this, or sophist that, each of whom wishes the fame or the profit of having a houseful. We will say that he escapes from their hands;--but then he will have to choose for himself where he will put up; and, to tell the truth, with all the praise I have already given, and the praise I shall have to give, to the city of mind, nevertheless, between ourselves, the brick and wood which formed it, the actual tenements, where flesh and blood had to lodge (always excepting the mansions of great men of the place), do not seem to have been much better than those of Greek or Turkish towns, which are at this moment a topic of interest and ridicule in the public prints. A lively picture has lately been set before us of Gallipoli. Take, says the writer, a multitude of the dilapidated outhouses found in farm-yards in England, of the rickety old wooden tenements, the cracked, shutterless structures of planks and tiles, the sheds and stalls, which our bye lanes, or fish-markets, or river-sides can supply; tumble them down on the declivity of a bare bald hill; let the spaces between house and house, thus accidentally determined, be understood to form streets, winding of course for no reason, and with no meaning, up and down the town; the roadway always narrow, the breadth never uniform, the separate houses bulging or retiring below, as circumstances may have determined, and leaning forward till they meet overhead;--and you have a good idea of Gallipoli. I question whether this picture would not nearly correspond to the special seat of the Muses in ancient times. Learned writers assure us distinctly that the houses of Athens were for the most part small and mean; that the streets were crooked and narrow; that the upper stories projected over the roadway; and that staircases, balustrades, and doors that opened outwards, obstructed it;--a remarkable coincidence of description. I do not doubt at all, though history is silent, that that roadway was jolting to carriages, and all but impassable; and that it was traversed by drains, as freely as any Turkish town now. Athens seems in these respects to have been below the average cities of its time. "A stranger," says an ancient, "might doubt, on the sudden view, if really he saw Athens." I grant all this, and much more, if you will; but, recollect, Athens was the home of the intellectual, and beautiful; not of low mechanical contrivances, and material organization. Why stop within your lodgings counting the rents in your wall or the holes in your tiling, when nature and art call you away? You must put up with such a chamber, and a table, and a stool, and a sleeping board, any where else in the three continents; one place does not differ from another indoors; your magalia in Africa, or your grottos in Syria are not perfection. I suppose you did not come to Athens to swarm up a ladder, or to grope about a closet: you came to see and to hear, what hear and see you could not elsewhere. What food for the intellect is it possible to procure indoors, that you stay there looking about you? do you think to read there? where are your books? do you expect to purchase books at Athens--you are much out in your calculations. True it is, we at this day, who live in the nineteenth century, have the books of Greece as a perpetual memorial; and

copies there have been, since the time that they were written; but you need not go to Athens to procure them, nor would you find them in Athens. Strange to say, strange to the nineteenth century, that in the age of Plato and Thucydides, there was not, it is said, a bookshop in the whole place: nor was the book trade in existence till the very time of Augustus. Libraries, I suspect, were the bright invention of Attalus or the Ptolemies; I doubt whether Athens had a library till the reign of Hadrian. It was what the student gazed on, what he heard, what he caught by the magic of sympathy, not what he read, which was the education furnished by Athens. He leaves his narrow lodging early in the morning; and not till night, if even then, will he return. It is but a crib or kennel,--in which he sleeps when the weather is inclement or the ground damp; in no respect a home. And he goes out of doors, not to read the day's newspaper, or to buy the gay shilling volume, but to imbibe the invisible atmosphere of genius, and to learn by heart the oral traditions of taste. Out he goes; and, leaving the tumble-down town behind him, he mounts the Acropolis to the right, or he turns to the Areopagus on the left. He goes to the Parthenon to study the sculptures of Phidias; to the temple of the Dioscuri to see the paintings of Polygnotus. We indeed take our Sophocles or Aeschylus out of our coat-pocket; but, if our sojourner at Athens would understand how a tragic poet can write, he must betake himself to the theatre on the south, and see and hear the drama literally in action. Or let him go westward to the Agora, and there he will hear Lysias or Andocides pleading, or Demosthenes haranguing. He goes farther west still, along the shade of those noble planes, which Cimon has planted there; and he looks around him at the statues and porticos and vestibules, each by itself a work of genius and skill, enough to be the making of another city. He passes through the city gate, and then he is at the famous Ceramicus; here are the tombs of the mighty dead; and here, we will suppose, is Pericles himself, the most elevated, the most thrilling of orators, converting a funeral oration over the slain into a philosophical panegyric of the living. Onwards he proceeds still; and now he has come to that still more celebrated Academe, which has bestowed its own name on Universities down to this day; and there he sees a sight which will be graven on his memory till he dies. Many are the beauties of the place, the groves, and the statues, and the temple, and the stream of the Cephissus flowing by; many are the lessons which will be taught him day after day by teacher or by companion; but his eye is just now arrested by one object; it is the very presence of Plato. He does not hear a word that he says; he does not care to hear; he asks neither for discourse nor disputation; what he sees is a whole, complete in itself, not to be increased by addition, and greater than anything else. It will be a point in the history of his life; a stay for his memory to rest on, a burning thought in his heart, a bond of union with men of like mind, ever afterwards. Such is the spell which the living man exerts on his fellows, for good or for evil. How nature impels us to lean upon others, making virtue, or genius, or name, the qualification for our doing so! A Spaniard is said to have travelled to Italy, simply to see Livy; he had his fill of gazing, and then went back again home. Had our young stranger got nothing by his voyage but the sight of the breathing and moving Plato, had he entered no lecture-room to hear, no gymnasium to converse, he had got some measure of education, and something to tell of to his grandchildren. But Plato is not the only sage, nor the sight of him the only lesson to be learned in this wonderful suburb. It is the region and the realm of philosophy. Colleges were the inventions of many centuries later; and they imply a sort of cloistered life, or at least a life of rule, scarcely natural to an Athenian. It was the boast of the philosophic statesman of Athens, that his countrymen achieved by the mere force of nature and the love of the noble and the great, what other people aimed at by laborious discipline; and all who came among them were submitted to the same method of education. We have traced our student on his wanderings from the Acropolis to the Sacred Way; and now he is in the region of the schools. No awful arch, no window of many-coloured lights marks the seats of learning there or elsewhere; philosophy lives out of doors. No close atmosphere oppresses the brain or inflames the eyelid; no long session stiffens the limbs. Epicurus is reclining in his garden; Zeno looks like a divinity in his porch; the restless Aristotle, on the other side of the city, as if in antagonism to Plato, is walking his pupils off their legs in his Lyceum by the Ilyssus. Our student has determined on entering himself as a disciple of Theophrastus, a teacher of marvellous popularity, who has brought together two thousand pupils from all parts of the world. He himself is of Lesbos; for masters, as well as students, come hither from all regions of the earth,--as befits a University. How could Athens have collected hearers in such numbers, unless she had selected teachers of such power? it was the range of territory, which the notion of a University implies, which furnished both the quantity of the one, and the quality of the other. Anaxagoras was from Ionia, Carneades from Africa, Zeno from Cyprus, Protagoras from Thrace, and Gorgias from Sicily. Andromachus was a Syrian, Proaeresius an Armenian, Hilarius a Bithynian, Philiscus a Thessalian, Hadrian a Syrian. Rome is celebrated for her liberality in civil matters; Athens was as liberal in intellectual. There was no narrow jealousy, directed against a Professor, because he was not an Athenian; genius and talent were the qualifications; and to bring them to Athens, was to do homage to it as a University. There was a brotherhood and a citizenship of mind. Mind came first, and was the foundation of the academical polity; but it soon brought along with it, and gathered round itself, the gifts of fortune and the prizes of life. As time went on, wisdom was not always sentenced to the bare cloak of Cleanthes; but beginning in rags, it ended in fine linen. The Professors became honourable and rich; and the students ranged themselves under their names, and were proud of calling

themselves their countrymen. The University was divided into four great nations, as the medieval antiquarian would style them; and in the middle of the fourth century, Proaeresius was the leader or proctor of the Attic, Hephaestion of the Oriental, Epiphanius of the Arabic, and Diophantus of the Pontic. Thus the Professors were both patrons of clients, and hosts and *proxeni* of strangers and visitors, as well as masters of the schools: and the Cappadocian, Syrian, or Sicilian youth who came to one or other of them, would be encouraged to study by his protection, and to aspire by his example. Even Plato, when the schools of Athens were not a hundred years old, was in circumstances to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*. He had a villa out at Heraclea; and he left his patrimony to his school, in whose hands it remained, not only safe, but fructifying, a marvellous phenomenon in tumultuous Greece, for the long space of eight hundred years. Epicurus too had the property of the Gardens where he lectured; and these too became the property of his sect. But in Roman times the chairs of grammar, rhetoric, politics, and the four philosophies, were handsomely endowed by the State; some of the Professors were themselves statesmen or high functionaries, and brought to their favourite study senatorial rank or Asiatic opulence. Patrons such as these can compensate to the freshman, in whom we have interested ourselves, for the poorness of his lodging and the turbulence of his companions. In every thing there is a better side and a worse; in every place a disreputable set and a respectable, and the one is hardly known at all to the other. Men come away from the same University at this day, with contradictory impressions and contradictory statements, according to the society they have found there; if you believe the one, nothing goes on there as it should be: if you believe the other, nothing goes on as it should *not*. Virtue, however, and decency are at least in the minority everywhere, and under some sort of a cloud or disadvantage; and this being the case, it is so much gain whenever an Herodes Atticus is found, to throw the influence of wealth and station on the side even of a decorous philosophy. A consular man, and the heir of an ample fortune, this Herod was content to devote his life to a professorship, and his fortune to the patronage of literature. He gave the sophist Polemo about eight thousand pounds, as the sum is calculated, for three declamations. He built at Athens a stadium six hundred feet long, entirely of white marble, and capable of admitting the whole population. His theatre, erected to the memory of his wife, was made of cedar wood curiously carved. He had two villas, one at Marathon, the place of his birth, about ten miles from Athens, the other at Cephissia, at the distance of six; and thither he drew to him the *élite*, and at times the whole body of the students. Long arcades, groves of trees, clear pools for the bath, delighted and recruited the summer visitor. Never was so brilliant a lecture-room as his evening banqueting-hall; highly connected students from Rome mixed with the sharp-witted provincial of Greece or Asia Minor; and the flippant sciolist, and the nondescript visitor, half philosopher, half tramp, met with a reception, courteous always, but suitable to his deserts. Herod was noted for his repartees; and we have instances on record of his setting down, according to the emergency, both the one and the other. A higher line, though a rarer one, was that allotted to the youthful Basil. He was one of those men who seem by a sort of fascination to draw others around them even without wishing it. One might have deemed that his gravity and his reserve would have kept them at a distance; but, almost in spite of himself, he was the centre of a knot of youths, who, pagans as most of them were, used Athens honestly for the purpose for which they professed to seek it; and, disappointed and displeased with the place himself, he seems nevertheless to have been the means of their profiting by its advantages. One of these was Sophronius, who afterwards held a high office in the State: Eusebius was another, at that time the bosom-friend of Sophronius, and afterwards a Bishop. Celsus too is named, who afterwards was raised to the government of Cilicia by the Emperor Julian. Julian himself, in the sequel of unhappy memory, was then at Athens, and known at least to St. Gregory. Another Julian is also mentioned, who was afterwards commissioner of the land tax. Here we have a glimpse of the better kind of society among the students of Athens; and it is to the credit of the parties composing it, that such young men as Gregory and Basil, men as intimately connected with Christianity, as they were well known in the world, should hold so high a place in their esteem and love. When the two saints were departing, their companions came around them with the hope of changing their purpose. Basil persevered; but Gregory relented, and turned back to Athens for a season.

6. 19th Century: Edward Everett Hale. *The South American Editor*

Edward Everett Hale

The South American Editor

[I am tempted to include this little burlesque in this collection simply in memory of the Boston Miscellany, the magazine in which it was published, which won for itself a brilliant reputation in its short career. There was not a large staff of writers for the Miscellany, but many of the names then unknown have since won distinction. To quote them in the accidental order in which I find them in the table of contents, where they are arranged by the alphabetical order of the several papers, the Miscellany contributors were Edward Everett, George Lunt, Nathan Hale, Jr., Nathaniel Hawthorne, N.P. Willis, W.W. Story, J.R. Lowell, C.N. Emerson, Alexander H. Everett, Sarah P. Hale, W.A. Jones, Cornelius Matthews, Mrs. Kirkland, J.W. Ingraham, H.T. Tuckerman, Evert A. Duyckinck, Francis A. Durivage, Mrs. J. Webb, Charles F. Powell, Charles W. Storey, Lucretia P. Hale, Charles F. Briggs, William E. Channing, Charles Lanman, G.H. Hastings, and Elizabeth B. Barrett, now Mrs. Browning, some of whose earliest poems were published in this magazine. These are all the contributors whose names appear, excepting the writers of a few verses. They furnished nine tenths of the contents of the magazine. The two Everetts, Powell, William Story, and my brother, who was the editor, were the principal contributors. And I am tempted to say that I think they all put some of their best work upon this magazine. The misfortune of the Miscellany, I suppose, was that its publishers had no capital. They had to resort to the claptraps of fashion-plates and other engravings, in the hope of forcing an immediate sale upon persons who, caring for fashion-plates, did not care for the literary character of the enterprise. It gave a very happy escape-pipe, however, for the high spirits of some of us who had just left college, and, through my brother's kindness, I was sometimes permitted to contribute to the journal. In memory of those early days of authorship, I select "The South American Editor" to publish here. For the benefit of the New York Observer, I will state that the story is not true. And lest any should complain that it advocates elopements, I beg to observe, in the seriousness of mature life, that the proposed elopement did not succeed, and that the parties who proposed it are represented as having no guardians or keepers but themselves. The article was first published in 1842.]

* * * * *

It is now more than six years since I received the following letter from an old classmate of mine, Harry Barry, who had been studying divinity, and was then a settled minister. It was an answer to a communication I had sent him the week before.

"TOPSHAM, R.I. January 22, 1836.

"To say the truth, my dear George, your letter startled me a little. To think that I, scarcely six months settled in the profession, should be admitted so far into the romance of it as to unite forever two young runaways like yourself and Miss Julia What's-her-name is at least curious. But, to give you your due, you have made a strong case of it, and as Miss ---- (what is her name, I have not yours at hand) is not under any real guardianship, I do not see but I am perfectly justified in complying with your rather odd request. You see I make a conscientious matter of it.

"Write me word when it shall be, and I will be sure to be ready. Jane is of course in my counsels, and she will make your little wife feel as much at home as in her father's parlor. Trust us for secrecy.

"I met her last week--"

But the rest of the letter has nothing to do with the story.

The elopement alluded to in it (if the little transaction deserves so high-sounding a name) was, in every sense of the words, strictly necessary. Julia Wentworth had resided for years with her grandfather, a pragmatic old gentleman, to whom from pure affection she had long yielded an obedience which he would have had no right to extort, and which he was sometimes disposed to abuse. He had declared in the most ingenuous manner that she should never marry with his consent any man of less fortune than her own would be; and on his consent rested the prospect of her inheriting his property. Julia and I, however, care little for money now, we cared still less then; and her own little property and my own little salary made us esteem ourselves entirely independent of the old gentleman and his will.

His intention respecting the poor girl's marriage was thundered in her ears at least once a week, so that we both knew that I had no need to make court to him, indeed, I had never seen him, always having met her in walking, or in the evening at party, spectacle, concert, or lecture. He had lately been more domineering than usual, and I had but little difficulty in persuading the dear girl to let me write to Harry Barry, to make the arrangement to which he assented in the letter which I have copied above. The reasoning which I pressed upon her is obvious. We loved each other,--the old gentleman could not help that; and as he managed to make us very uncomfortable in Boston, in the existing state of affairs, we naturally came to the conclusion that the sooner we changed that state the better. Our excursion to Topsham would, we supposed, prove a very disagreeable business to him; but we knew it would result very agreeably for us, and so, though with a good deal of maidenly compunction and granddaughterly compassion on Julia's part, we outvoted him.

I have said that I had no fortune to enable me to come near the old gentleman's beau ideal of a grandson-in-law. I was then living on my salary as a South American editor. Does the reader know what that is? The South American editor of a newspaper has the uncontrolled charge of its South American news. Read any important commercial paper for a month, and at the end of it tell me if you have any clear conception of the condition of the various republics (!) of South America. If you have, it is because that journal employs an individual for the sole purpose of setting them in the clearest order before you, and that individual is its South American editor. The general-news editor of the paper will keep the run of all the details of all the histories of all the rest of the world, but he hardly attempts this in addition. If he does, he fails. It is therefore necessary, from the most cogent reasons, that any American news office which has a strong regard for the consistency or truth of its South American intelligence shall employ some person competent to take the charge which I held in the establishment of the Boston Daily Argus at the time of which I am speaking. Before that enterprising paper was sold, I was its "South American man"; this being my only employment, excepting that by a special agreement, in consideration of an addition to my salary, I was engaged to attend to the news from St. Domingo, Guatemala, and Mexico.[F]

Monday afternoon, just a fortnight after I received Harry Barry's letter, in taking my afternoon walk round the Common, I happened to meet Julia. I always walked in the same direction when I was alone. Julia always preferred to go the other way; it was the only thing in which we differed. When we were together I always went her way of course, and liked it best.

I had told her, long before, all about Harry's letter, and the dear girl in this walk, after a little blushing and sighing, and half faltering and half hesitating and feeling uncertain, yielded to my last and warmest persuasions, and agreed to go to Mrs. Pollexfen's ball that evening, ready to leave it with me in my buggy sleigh, for a three hours' ride to Topsham, where we both knew Harry would be waiting for us. I do not know how she managed to get through tea that evening with her lion of a grandfather, for she could not then cover her tearful eyes with a veil as she did through the last half of our walk together. I know that I got through my tea and such like ordinary affairs by skipping them. I made all my arrangements, bade Gage and Streeter be ready with the sleigh at my lodgings (fortunately only two doors from Mrs. Pollexfen's) at half-past nine o'clock, and was the highest spirited of men when, on returning to those lodgings myself at eight o'clock, I found the following missives from the Argus office, which had been accumulating through the afternoon.

No. 1.

"4 o'clock, P.M.

"DEAR SIR:--The southern mail, just in, brings Buenos Ayres papers six days later, by the Medora, at Baltimore.

"In haste, J.C."

(Mr. C. was the gentleman who opened the newspapers, and arranged the deaths and marriages; he always kindly sent for me when I was out of the way.)

No. 2.

"5 o'clock, P.M.

"DEAR SIR:--The U.S. ship Preble is in at Portsmouth; latest from Valparaiso. The mail is not sorted.

"Yours, J.D."

(Mr. D. arranged the ship news for the Argus.)

No. 3.

"6 o'clock, p.m.

"DEAR SIR:--I boarded, this morning, off Cape Cod, the Blunderhead, from Carthagen, and have a week's later papers.

"Truly yours, J.E."

(Mr. E. was the enterprising commodore of our news-boats.)

No. 4.

"6-1/4 o'clock, P.M.

"DEAR SIR:--I have just opened accidentally the enclosed letter, from our correspondent at Panama. You will see that it bears a New Orleans post-mark. I hope it may prove exclusive.

"Yours, J.F."

(Mr. F. was general editor of the Argus.)

No. 5.

"6-1/2 o'clock, P.M.

"DEAR SIR:--A seaman, who appears to be an intelligent man, has arrived this morning at New Bedford, and says he has later news of the rebellion in Ecuador than any published. The Rosina (his vessel) brought no papers. I bade him call at your room at eight o'clock, which he promised to do.

"Truly yours, J.G."

(Mr. G. was clerk in the Argus counting-room.)

No 6.

"7-1/2 o'clock, P.M.

"Dear Sir:--The papers by the Ville de Lyon, from Havre, which I have just received, mention the reported escape of M. Bonpland from Paraguay, the presumed death of Dr. Francia, the probable overthrow of the government, the possible establishment of a republic, and a great deal more than I understand in the least.

"These papers had not come to hand when I wrote you this afternoon. I have left them on your desk at the office.

"In haste, J.F."

I was taken all aback by this mass of odd-looking little notes. I had spent the afternoon in drilling Singleton, the kindest of friends, as to what he should do in any probable contingency of news of the next forty-eight hours, for I did not intend to be absent on a wedding tour even longer than that time; but I felt that Singleton was entirely unequal to such a storm of intelligence as this; and, as I hurried down to the office, my chief sensation was that of gratitude that the cloud had broken before I was out of the way; for I knew I could do a great deal in an hour, and I had faith that I might slur over my digest as quickly as possible, and be at Mrs. Pollexfen's within the time arranged.

I rushed into the office in that state of zeal in which a man may do anything in almost no time. But first, I had to go into the conversation-room, and get the oral news from my sailor; then Mr. H.; from one of the little news-boats, came to me in high glee, with some

Venezuela Gazettes, which he had just extorted from a skipper, who, with great plausibility, told him that he knew his vessel had brought no news, for she never had before. (N.B. In this instance she was the only vessel to sail, after a three months' blockade.) And then I had handed to me by Mr. J., one of the commercial gentlemen, a private letter from Rio Janeiro, which had been lent him. After these delays, with full

materials, I sprang to work--read, read, read; wonder, wonder, wonder; guess, guess, guess; scratch, scratch, scratch; and scribble, scribble, scribble, make the only transcript I can give of the operations which followed. At first, several of the other gentlemen in the room sat around me; but soon Mr. C., having settled the deaths and marriages, and the police and municipal reporters immediately after him, screwed out their lamps and went home; then the editor himself, then the legislative reporters, then the commercial editors, then the ship-news conductor, and left me alone.

I envied them that they got through so much earlier than usual, but scratched on, only interrupted by the compositors coming in for the pages of my copy as I finished them; and finally, having made my last translation from the last Boletin Extraordinario, sprang up, shouting, "Now for Mrs. P.'s," and looked at my watch. It was half past one! [G] I thought of course it had stopped,--no; and my last manuscript page was numbered twenty-eight! Had I been writing there five hours? Yes!

Reader, when you are an editor, with a continent's explosions to describe, you will understand how one may be unconscious of the passage of time.

I walked home, sad at heart. There was no light in all Mr. Wentworth's house; there was none in any of Mrs. Pollexfen's windows;[H] and the last carriage of her last relation had left her door. I stumbled up stairs in the dark, and threw myself on my bed. What should I say, what could I say, to Julia? Thus pondering, I fell asleep.

If I were writing a novel, I should say that, at a late hour the next day, I listlessly drew aside the azure curtains of my couch, and languidly rang a silver bell which stood on my dressing-table, and received from a page dressed in an Oriental costume the notes and letters which had been left for me since morning, and the newspapers of the day.

I am not writing a novel.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, I arose and went down to breakfast. As I sat at the littered table which every one else had left, dreading to attack my cold coffee and toast, I caught sight of the morning papers, and received some little consolation from them. There was the Argus with its three columns and a half of "Important from South America," while none of the other papers had a square of any intelligibility excepting what they had copied from the Argus the day before. I felt a grim smile creeping over my face as I observed this signal triumph of our paper, and ventured to take a sip of the black broth as I glanced down my own article to see if there were any glaring misprints in it. Before I took the second sip, however, a loud peal at the door-bell announced a stranger, and, immediately after, a note was brought in for me which I knew was in Julia's hand-writing.

"DEAR GEORGE:--Don't be angry; it was not my fault, really it was not. Grandfather came home just as I was leaving last night, and was so angry, and said I should not go to the party, and I had to sit with him all the evening. Do write to me or let me see you; do something--"

What a load that note took off my mind! And yet, what must the poor girl have suffered! Could the old man suspect? Singleton was true to me as steel, I knew. He could not have whispered,--nor Barry; out that Jane, Barry's wife. O woman! woman! what newsmongers they are! Here were Julia and I, made miserable for life, perhaps, merely that Jane Barry might have a good story to tell. What right had Barry to a wife? Not four years out of college, and hardly settled in his parish. To think that I had been fool enough to trust even him with the particulars of my all-important secret! But here I was again interrupted, coffee-cup still full, toast still untasted, by another missive.

"Tuesday morning.

"SIR:--I wish to see you this morning. Will you call upon me, or appoint a time and place where I may meet you?

"Yours, JEDEDIAH WENTWORTH."

"Send word by the bearer."

"Tell Mr. Wentworth I will call at his house at eleven o'clock."

The cat was certainly out; Mrs. Barry had told, or some one else had, who I did not know and hardly cared. The scene was to come now, and I was almost glad of it. Poor Julia! what a time she must have had with the old bear!

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At eleven o'clock I was ushered into Mr. Wentworth's sitting-room. Julia was there, but before I had even spoken to her the old gentleman came bustling across the room, with his "Mr. Hackmatack, I suppose"; and then followed a formal introduction between me and her, which both of us bore with the most praiseworthy fortitude and composure, neither evincing, even by a glance, that we had ever seen or heard of each other before. Here was another weight off my mind and Julia's. I had wronged poor Mrs. Barry. The secret was not out--what could he want? It very soon appeared.

After a minute's discussion of the weather, the snow, and the thermometer, the old gentleman drew up his chair to mine, with "I think, sir, you are connected with the Argus office?"

"Yes, sir; I am its South American editor."

"Yes!" roared the old man, in a sudden rage. "Sir, I wish South America was sunk in the depths of the sea!"

"I am sure I do, sir," replied I, glancing at Julia, who did not, however, understand me. I had not fully passed out of my last night's distress.

My sympathizing zeal soothed the old gentleman a little, and he said more coolly, in an undertone: "Well, sir, you are well informed, no doubt; tell me, in strict secrecy, sir, between you and me, do you—do you place full credit--entire confidence in the intelligence in this morning's paper?"

"Excuse me, sir; what paper do you allude to? Ah! the Argus, I see. Certainly, sir; I have not the least doubt that it is perfectly correct."

"No doubt, sir! Do you mean to insult me?--Julia, I told you so; he says there is no doubt it is true. Tell me again there is some mistake, will you?" The poor girl had been trying to soothe him with the constant remark of uninformed people, that the newspapers are always in the wrong. He turned from her, and rose from his chair in a positive rage.

She was half crying. I never saw her more distressed. What did all this mean? Were one, two, or all of us crazy?

It soon appeared. After pacing the length of the room once or twice, Wentworth came up to me again, and, attempting to appear cool, said between his closed lips: "Do you say you have no doubt that Rio Janeiro is strictly blockaded?"

"Not the slightest in the world," said I, trying to seem unconcerned.

"Not the slightest, sir? What are you so impudent and cool about it for? Do you think you are talking of the opening of a rose-bud or the death of a mosquito? Have you no sympathy with the sufferings of a fellow-creature? Why, sir!" and the old man's teeth chattered as he spoke, "I have five cargoes of flour on their way to Rio, and their captains will--Damn it, sir, I shall lose the whole venture."

The secret was out. The old fool had been sending flour to Rio, knowing as little of the state of affairs there as a child.

"And do you really mean, sir," continued the old man, "that there is an embargo in force in Monte Video?"

"Certainly, sir; but I'm very sorry for it."

"Sorry for it! of course you are;--and that all foreigners are sent out of Buenos Ayres?"

"Undoubtedly, sir. I wish--"

"Who does not wish so? Why, sir, my corresponding friends there are half across the sea by this time. I wish Rosas was in--and that the Indians have risen near Maranham?"

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"Undoubtedly! I tell you, sir, I have two vessels waiting for cargoes of India-rubbers there, under a blunder-headed captain, who will do nothing he has not been bidden to,--obey his orders if he breaks his owners. You smile, sir? Why, I should have made thirty thousand dollars this winter, sir, by my India-rubbers, if we had not had this devilish mild, open weather, you and Miss Julia there have been praising so. But next winter must be a severe one, and with those India-rubbers I should have made--But now those Indians,--pshaw! And a revolution in Chili?"

"Yes, sir."

"No trade there! And in Venezuela?"

"Yes, sir"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir! Sir, I am ruined. Say 'Yes, sir,' to that. I have thirteen vessels at this moment in the South American trade, sir; say 'Yes, sir,' to that. Half of them will be taken by the piratical scoundrels; say 'Yes, sir,' to that. Their insurance will not cover them; say 'Yes, sir,' to that. The other half will forfeit their cargoes, or sell them for next to nothing; say 'Yes, sir,' to that. I tell you I am a ruined man, and I wish the South America, and your daily Argus, and you--"

Here the old gentleman's old-school breeding got the better of his rage, and he sank down in his arm-chair, and, bursting into tears, said: "Excuse me, sir,--excuse me, sir,--I am too warm." We all sat for a few moments in silence, but then I took my share of the conversation. I wish you could have seen the old man's face light up little by little, as I showed him that to a person who understood the politics and condition of the mercurial country with which he had ignorantly attempted to trade, his condition was not near so bad as he thought it; that though one port was blockaded, another was opened; that though one revolution thwarted him, a few weeks would show another which would favor him; that the goods which, as he saw, would be worthless at the port to which he had sent them, would be valuable elsewhere; that the vessels which would fail in securing the cargoes he had ordered could secure others; that the very revolutions and wars which troubled him would require in some instances large government purchases, perhaps large contracts for freight, possibly even for passage,--his vessels might be used for transports; that the very excitement of some districts might be made to turn to our advantage; that, in short, there were a thousand chances open to him which skilful agents could readily improve. I reminded him that a quick run in a clipper schooner could carry directions to half these skippers of his, to whom, with an infatuation which I could not and cannot conceive, he had left no discretion, and who indeed were to be pardoned if they could use none, seeing the tumult as they did with only half an eye. I talked to him for half an hour, and went into details to show that my plans were not impracticable. The old gentleman grew brighter and brighter, and Julia, as I saw, whenever I stole a glance across the room, felt happier and happier. The poor girl had had a hard time since he had first heard this news whispered the evening before. His difficulties were not over, however; for when I talked to him of the necessity of sending out one or two skilful agents immediately to take the personal superintendence of his complicated affairs, the old man sighed, and said he had no skilful agents to send. With his customary suspicion, he had no partners, and had never intrusted his clerks with any general insight into his business. Besides, he considered them all, like his captains, blunder-headed to the last degree. I believe it was an idea of Julia's, communicated to me in an eager, entreating glance, which induced me to propose myself as one of these confidential agents, and to be responsible for the other. I thought, as I spoke, of Singleton, to whom I knew I could explain my plans in full, and whose mercantile experience would make him a valuable coadjutor. The old gentleman accepted my offer eagerly. I told him that twenty-four hours were all I wanted to prepare myself. He immediately took measures for the charter of two little clipper schooners which lay in port then; and before two days were past, Singleton and I were on our voyage to South America. Imagine, if you can, how these two days were spent. Then, as now, I could prepare for any journey in twenty minutes, and of course I had no little time at my disposal for last words with Mr. and--Miss Wentworth. How I won on the old gentleman's heart in those two days! How he praised me to Julia, and then, in as natural affection, how he praised her to me! And how Julia and I smiled through our tears, when, in the last good-bys, he said he was too old to write or read any but business letters, and charged me and her to keep up a close correspondence, which on one side should tell all that I saw and did, and on the other hand remind me of all at home.

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I have neither time nor room to give the details of that South American expedition. I have no right to. There were revolutions accomplished in those days without any object in the world's eyes; and, even in mine, only serving to sell certain cargoes of long cloths and flour. The details of those outbreaks now told would make some patriotic presidents tremble in their seats; and I have no right to betray confidence at whatever rate I purchased it. Usually, indeed, my feats and Singleton's were only obtaining the best information and communicating the most speedy instructions to Mr. Wentworth's vessels, which were made to move from port to port with a rapidity and intricacy of movement which none besides us two understood in the least. It was in that expedition that I travelled almost alone across the continent. I was, I think, the first white man who ever passed through the mountain path of Xamaulipas, now so famous in all the Chilian picturesque annuals. I was carrying directions for some vessels which had gone round the Cape; and what a time Burrows and Wheatland and I had a week after, when we rode into the public square of Valparaiso shouting, "Muera la Constitucion,--Viva Libertad!" by our own unassisted lungs actually raising a rebellion, and, which was of more importance, a prohibition on foreign flour, while Bahamarra and his army were within a hundred miles of us. How those vessels came up the harbor, and how we unloaded them, knowing that at best our revolution could only last five days! But as I said, I must be careful, or I shall be telling other people's secrets. The result of that expedition was that those thirteen vessels all made good outward voyages, and all but one or two eventually made profitable home voyages. When I returned home, the old gentleman received me with open arms. I had rescued, as he said, a large share of that fortune which he valued so highly. To say the truth, I felt and feel that he had planned his voyages so blindly, that, without some wiser head than his, they would never have resulted in anything. They were his last, as they were almost his first, South American ventures. He

returned to his old course of more methodical trading for the few remaining years of his life. They were, thank Heaven, the only taste of mercantile business which I ever had. Living as I did, in the very sunshine of Mr. Wentworth's favor, I went through the amusing farce of paying my addresses to Julia in approved form, and in due time received the old gentleman's cordial assent to our union, and his blessing upon it. In six months after my return, we were married; the old man as happy as a king. He would have preferred a little that the ceremony should have been performed by Mr. B----, his friend and pastor, but readily assented to my wishes to call upon a dear and early friend of my own. Harry Barry came from Topsham and performed the ceremony, "assisted by Rev. Mr. B."

G.H.

ARGUS COTTAGE, April 1, 1842.

7. 20th Century: Susan Glaspell. One of Those Impossible Americans

Susan Glaspell

One of Those Impossible Americans

"N'avez-vous pas--" she was bravely demanding of the clerk when she saw that the bulky American who was standing there helplessly dangling two flaming red silk stockings which a copiously coiffured young woman assured him were bien chic was edging nearer her. She was never so conscious of the truly American quality of her French as when a countryman was at hand. The French themselves had an air of "How marvellously you speak!" but fellow Americans listened superciliously in an "I can do better than that myself" manner which quite untied the Gallic twist in one's tongue. And so, feeling her French was being compared, not with mere French itself, but with an arrogant new American brand thereof, she moved a little around the corner of the counter and began again in lower voice: "Mais, n'avez--" "Say, Young Lady," a voice which adequately represented the figure broke in, "you, aren't French, are you?" She looked up with what was designed for a haughty stare. But what is a haughty stare to do in the face of a broad grin? And because it was such a long time since a grin like that had been grinned at her it happened that the stare gave way to a dimple, and the dimple to a laughing: "Is it so bad as that?" "Oh, not your French," he assured her. "You talk it just like the rest of them. In fact, I should say, if anything--a little more so. But do you know,"--confidentially--"I can just spot an American girl every time!" "How?" she could not resist asking, and the modest black hose she was thinking of purchasing dangled against his gorgeous red ones in friendliest fashion. "Well, Sir--I don't know. I don't think it can be the clothes,"--judicially surveying her. "The clothes," murmured Virginia, "were bought in Paris." "Well, you've got me. Maybe it's the way you wear 'em. Maybe it's 'cause you look as if you used to play tag with your brother. Something--anyhow--gives a fellow that 'By jove there's an American girl!' feeling when he sees you coming round the corner." "But why--?" "Lord--don't begin on why. You can say why to anything. Why don't the French talk English? Why didn't they lay Paris out at right angles? Now look here, Young Lady, for that matter--why can't you help me buy some presents for my wife? There'd be nothing wrong about it," he hastened to assure her, "because my wife's a mighty fine woman." The very small American looked at the very large one. Now Virginia was a well brought up young woman. Her conversations with strange men had been confined to such things as, "Will you please tell me the nearest way to--?" but preposterously enough--she could not for the life of her have told why--frowning upon this huge American--fat was the literal word--who stood there with puckered-up face swinging the flaming hose would seem in the same shameful class with snubbing the little boy who confidently asked her what kind of ribbon to buy for his mother. "Was it for your wife you were thinking of buying these red stockings?" she ventured. "Sure. What do you think of 'em? Look as if they came from Paris all right, don't they?" "Oh, they look as though they came from Paris, all right," Virginia repeated, a bit grimly. "But do you know"--this quite as to that little boy who might be buying the ribbon--"American women don't always care for all the things that look as if they came from Paris. Is your wife--does she care especially for red stockings?" "Don't believe she ever had a pair in her life. That's why I thought it might please her." Virginia looked down and away. There were times when dimples made things hard for one. Then she said, with gentle gravity: "There are quite a number of women in America who don't care much for red stockings. It would seem too bad, wouldn't it, if after you got these clear home your wife should turn out to be one of those people? Now, I think these grey stockings are lovely. I'm sure any woman would love them. She could wear them with grey suede slippers and they would be so soft and pretty." "Um--not very lively looking, are they? You see I want something to cheer her up. She--well she's not been very well lately and I thought something--oh something with a lot of dash in it, you know, would just fill the bill. But look here. We'll take both. Sure--that's the way out of it. If she don't like the red, she'll like the grey, and if she don't like the--You like the grey ones, don't you? Then here"--picking up two pairs of the handsomely embroidered grey stockings and handing them to the clerk--"One," holding up his thumb to denote one--"me,"--a vigorous pounding of the chest signifying me. "One"--holding up his forefinger and pointing to the girl--"mademoiselle." "Oh no--no--no!" cried Virginia, her face instantly the colour of the condemned stockings. Then, standing straight: "Certainly not." "No? Just as you say," he replied good humouredly. "Like to have you have 'em. Seems as if strangers in a strange land oughtn't to stand on ceremony." The clerk was bending forward holding up the stockings alluringly. "Pour mademoiselle, n'est-ce-pas?" "Mais--non!" pronounced Virginia, with emphasis. There followed an untranslatable gesture. "How droll!" shoulder and outstretched hands were saying. "If the kind gentleman wishes to give mademoiselle the joli bas --!" His face had puckered up again. Then suddenly it unpuckered. "Tell you what you might do," he solved it. "Just take 'em along and send them to your mother. Now your mother might be real glad to have 'em." Virginia stared. And then an awful thing happened. What she was thinking about was the letter she could send with the

stockings. "Mother dear," she would write, "as I stood at the counter buying myself some stockings to-day along came a nice man--a stranger to me, but very kind and jolly--and gave me--" There it was that the awful thing happened. Her dimple was showing--and at thought of its showing she could not keep it from showing! And how could she explain why it was showing without its going on showing? And how--? But at that moment her gaze fell upon the clerk, who had taken the dimple as signal to begin putting the stockings in a box. The Frenchwoman's eyebrows soon put that dimple in its proper place. "And so the petite Americaine was not too--oh, not too--" those French eyebrows were saying. All in an instant Virginia was something quite different from a little girl with a dimple. "You are very kind," she was saying, and her mother herself could have done it no better, "but I am sure our little joke had gone quite far enough. I bid you good-morning". And with that she walked regally over to the glove counter, leaving red and grey and black hosiery to their own destinies. "I loathe them when their eyebrows go up," she fumed. "Now his weren't going up--not even in his mind." She could not keep from worrying about him. "They'll just 'do' him," she was sure. "And then laugh at him in the bargain. A man like that has no business to be let loose in a store all by himself." And sure enough, a half hour later she came upon him up in the dress department. Three of them had gathered round to "do" him. They were making rapid headway, their smiling deference scantily concealing their amused contempt. The spectacle infuriated Virginia. "They just think they can work us!" she stormed. "They think we're easy. I suppose they think he's a fool. I just wish they could get him in a business deal! I just wish--!" "I can assure you, sir," the English-speaking manager of the department was saying, "that this garment is a wonderful value. We are able to let you have it at so absurdly low a figure because--" Virginia did not catch why it was they were able to let him have it at so absurdly low a figure, but she did see him wipe his brow and look helplessly around. "Poor thing," she murmured, almost tenderly, "he doesn't know what to do. He just does need somebody to look after him." She stood there looking at his back. He had a back a good deal like the back of her chum's father at home. Indeed there were various things about him suggested "home." Did one want one's own jeered at? One might see crudities one's self, but was one going to have supercilious outsiders coughing those sham coughs behind their hypocritical hands? "For seven hundred francs," she heard the suave voice saying. Seven hundred francs! Virginia's national pride, or, more accurately, her national rage, was lashed into action. It was with very red cheeks that the small American stepped stormily to the rescue of her countryman. "Seven hundred francs for that?" she jeered, right in the face of the enraged manager and stiffening clerks. "Seven hundred francs--indeed! Last year's model--a hideous colour, and "--picking it up, running it through her fingers and tossing it contemptuously aside--"abominable stuff!" "Gee, but I'm grateful to you!" he breathed, again wiping his brow. "You know, I was a little leery of it myself." The manager, quivering with rage and glaring uglily, stepped up to Virginia. "May I ask--?" But the fat man stepped in between--he was well qualified for that position. "Cut it out, partner. The young lady's a friend of mine--see? She's looking out for me--not you. I don't want your stuff, anyway." And taking Virginia serenely by the arm he walked away. "This was no place to buy dresses," said she crossly. "Well, I wish I knew where the places were to buy things," he replied, humbly, forlornly. "Well, what do you want to buy?" demanded she, still crossly. "Why, I want to buy some nice things for my wife. Something the real thing from Paris, you know. I came over from London on purpose. But Lord,"--again wiping his brow--"a fellow doesn't know where to go." "Oh well," sighed Virginia, long-sufferingly, "I see I'll just have to take you. There doesn't seem any way out of it. It's evident you can't go alone. Seven hundred francs!" "I suppose it was too much," he conceded meekly. "I tell you I will be grateful if you'll just stay by me a little while. I never felt so up against it in all my life." "Now, a very nice thing to take one's wife from Paris," began Virginia didactically, when they reached the sidewalk, "is lace." "L--ace? Um! Y--es, I suppose lace is all right. Still it never struck me there was anything so very lively looking about lace." "'Lively looking' is not the final word in wearing apparel," pronounced Virginia in teacher-to-pupil manner. "Lace is always in good taste, never goes out of style, and all women care for it. I will take you to one of the lace shops." "Very well," acquiesced he, truly chastened. "Here, let's get in this cab." Virginia rode across the Seine looking like one pondering the destinies of nations. Her companion turned several times to address her, but it would have been as easy for a soldier to slap a general on the back. Finally she turned to him. "Now when we get there," she instructed, "don't seem at all interested in things. Act--oh, bored, you know, and seeming to want to get me away. And when they tell the price, no matter what they say, just--well sort of groan and hold your head and act as though you are absolutely overcome at the thought of such an outrage." "U--m. You have to do that here to get--lace?" "You have to do that here to get anything---at the price you should get it. You, and people who go shopping the way you do, bring discredit upon the entire American nation." "That so? Sorry. Never meant to do that. All right, Young Lady, I'll do the best I can. Never did act that way, but suppose I can, if the rest of them do." "Groan and hold my head," she heard him murmuring as they entered the shop. He proved an apt pupil. It may indeed be set down that his aptitude was their undoing. They had no sooner entered the shop than he pulled out his watch and uttered an exclamation of horror at the sight of the time. Virginia could scarcely look at the lace, so insistently did he keep waving the watch before her. His contempt for everything shown was open and emphatic. It

was also articulate. Virginia grew nervous, seeing the real red showing through in the Frenchwoman's cheeks. And when the price was at last named--a price which made Virginia jubilant--there burst upon her outraged ears something between a jeer and a howl of rage, the whole of it terrifyingly done in the form of a groan; she looked at her companion to see him holding up his hands and wobbling his head as though it had been suddenly loosened from his spine, cast one look at the Frenchwoman--then fled, followed by her groaning compatriot. "I didn't mean you to act like _that_!" she stormed. "Why, I did just what you told me to! Seemed to me I was following directions to the letter. Don't think for a minute _I'm_ going to bring discredit on the American nation! Not a bad scheme--taking out my watch that way, was it?" "Oh, beautiful _scheme_. I presume you notice, however, that we have no lace." They walked half a block in silence. "Now I'll take you to another shop," she then volunteered, in a turning the other cheek fashion, "and here please do nothing at all. Please just--sit." "Sort of as if I was feeble-minded, eh?" "Oh, don't _try_ to look feeble-minded," she begged, alarmed at seeming to suggest any more parts; "just sit there--as if you were thinking of something very far away." "Say, Young Lady, look here; this is very nice, being put on to the tricks of the trade, but the money end of it isn't cutting much ice, and isn't there any way you can just _buy_ things--the way you do in Cincinnati? Can't you get their stuff without making a comic opera out of it?" "No, you can't," spoke relentless Virginia; "not unless you want them to laugh and say 'Aren't Americans fools?' the minute the door is shut." "Fools--eh? I'll show them a thing or two!" "Oh, please show them nothing here! Please just--sit." While employing her wiles to get for three hundred and fifty francs a yoke and scarf aggregating four hundred, she chanced to look at her American friend. Then she walked rapidly to the rear of the shop, buried her face in her handkerchief, and seemed making heroic efforts to sneeze. Once more he was following directions to the letter. Chin resting on hands, hands resting on stick, the huge American had taken on the beatific expression of a seventeen-year-old girl thinking of something "very far away." Virginia was long in mastering the sneeze. On the sidewalk she presented him with the package of lace and also with what she regarded the proper thing in the way of farewell speech. She supposed it _was_ hard for a man to go shopping alone; she could see how hard it would be for her own father; indeed it was seeing how difficult it would be for her father had impelled her to go with him, a stranger. She trusted his wife would like the lace; she thought it very nice, and a bargain. She was glad to have been of service to a fellow countryman who seemed in so difficult a position. But he did not look as impressed as one to whom a farewell speech was being made should look. In fact, he did not seem to be hearing it. Once more, and in earnest this time, he appeared to be thinking of something very far away. Then all at once he came back, and it was in anything but a far-away voice he began, briskly: "Now look here, Young Lady, I don't doubt but this lace is great stuff. You say so, and I haven't seen man, woman or child on this side of the Atlantic knows as much as you do. I'm mighty grateful for the lace--don't you forget that, but just the same--well, now I'll tell you. I have a very special reason for wanting something a little livelier than lace. Something that seems to have Paris written on it in red letters--see? Now, where do you get the kind of hats you see some folks wearing, and where do you get the dresses--well, it's hard to describe 'em, but the kind they have in pictures marked 'Breezes from Paris'? You see--_S-ay!_ --_what_ do you think of _that_?" "That" was in a window across the street. It was an opera cloak. He walked toward it, Virginia following. "Now _there_," he turned to her, his large round face all aglow, "is what I want." It was yellow; it was long; it was billowy; it was insistently and recklessly regal. "That's the ticket!" he gloated. "Of course," began Virginia, "I don't know anything about it. I am in a very strange position, not knowing what your wife likes or--or has. This is the kind of thing everything has to go _with_ or one wouldn't--one couldn't--" "Sure! Good idea. We'll just get everything to go with it." "It's the sort of thing one doesn't see worn much outside of Paris--or New York. If one is--now my mother wouldn't care for that coat at all." Virginia took no little pride in that tactful finish. "Can't sidetrack me!" he beamed. "I _want_ it. Very thing I'm after, Young Lady." "Well, of course you will have no difficulty in buying the coat without me," said she, as a dignified version of "I wash my hands of you." "You can do here as you said you wished to do, simply go in and pay what they ask. There would be no use trying to get it cheap. They would know that anyone who wanted it would"--she wanted to say "have more money than they knew what to do with," but contented herself with, "be able to pay for it." But when she had finished she looked at him; at first she thought she wanted to laugh, and then it seemed that wasn't what she wanted to do after all. It was like saying to a small boy who was one beam over finding a tin horn: "Oh well, take the horn if you want to, but you can't haul your little red waggon while you're blowing the horn." There seemed something peculiarly inhuman about taking the waggon just when he had found the horn. Now if the waggon were broken, then to take away the horn would leave the luxury of grief. But let not shadows fall upon joyful moments. With the full ardour of her femininity she entered into the purchasing of the yellow opera cloak. They paid for that decorative garment the sum of two thousand five hundred francs. It seemed it was embroidered, and the lining was--anyway, they paid it. And they took it with them. He was going to "take no chances on losing it." He was leaving Paris that night and held that during his stay he had been none too impressed with either Parisian speed or Parisian veracity. Then they bought some "Breezes from Paris," a dress that would "go with" the coat. It was violet velvet, and contributed to the sense of doing one's uttermost; and

hats--"the kind you see some folks wearing." One was the rainbow done into flowers, and the other the kind of black hat to outdo any rainbow. "If you could just give me some idea what type your wife is," Virginia was saying, from beneath the willow plumes. "Now you see this hat quite overpowers me. Do you think it will overpower her?" "Guess not. Anyway, if it don't look right on her head she may enjoy having it around to look at." Virginia stared out at him. The oddest man! As if a hat were any good at all if it didn't look right on one's head! Upon investigation--though yielding to his taste she was still vigilant as to his interests--Virginia discovered a flaw in one of the plumes. The sylph in the trailing gown held volubly that it did not fait rien; the man with the open purse said he couldn't see that it figured much, but the small American held firm. That must be replaced by a perfect plume or they would not take the hat. And when she saw who was in command the sylph as volubly acquiesced that naturellement it must be tout a fait perfect. She would send out and get one that would be oh! so, so, so perfect. It would take half an hour. "Tell you what we'll do," Virginia's friend proposed, opera cloak tight under one arm, velvet gown as tight under the other, "I'm tired--hungry--thirsty; feel like a ham sandwich--and something. I'm playing you out, too. Let's go out and get a bite and come back for the so, so, so perfect hat." She hesitated. But he had the door open, and if he stood holding it that way much longer he was bound to drop the violet velvet gown. She did not want him to drop the velvet gown and furthermore, she would like a cup of tea. There came into her mind a fortifying thought about the relative deaths of sheep and lambs. If to be killed for the sheep were indeed no worse than being killed for the lamb, and if a cup of tea went with the sheep and nothing at all with the lamb--? So she agreed. "There's a nice little tea-shop right round the corner. We girls often go there." "Tea? Like tea? All right, then"--and he started manfully on. But as she entered the tea-shop she was filled with keen sense of the desirableness of being slain for the lesser animal. For, cosily installed in their favourite corner, were "the girls." Virginia had explained to these friends some three hours before that she could not go with them that afternoon as she must attend a musicale some friends of her mother's were giving. Being friends of her mother's, she expatiated, she would have to go. Recollecting this, also for the first time remembering the musicale, she bowed with the hauteur of self-consciousness. Right there her friend contributed to the tragedy of a sheep's death by dropping the yellow opera cloak. While he was stooping to pick it up the violet velvet gown slid backward and Virginia had to steady it until he could regain position. The staring in the corner gave way to tittering--and no dying sheep had ever held its head more haughtily. The death of this particular sheep proved long and painful. The legs of Virginia's friend and the legs of the tea-table did not seem well adapted to each other. He towered like a human mountain over the dainty thing, twisting now this way and now that. It seemed Providence--or at least so much of it as was represented by the management of that shop--had never meant fat people to drink tea. The table was rendered further out of proportion by having a large box piled on either side of it. Expansively, and not softly, he discoursed of these things. What did they think a fellow was to do with his knees? Didn't they sell tea enough to afford any decent chairs? Did all these women pretend to really like tea? Virginia's sense of humour rallied somewhat as she viewed him eating the sandwiches. Once she had called them doll-baby sandwiches; now that seemed literal: tea-cups, petit gateau, the whole service gave the fancy of his sitting down to a tea-party given by a little girl for her dollies. But after a time he fell silent, looking around the room. And when he broke that pause his voice was different. "These women here, all dressed so fine, nothing to do but sit around and eat this folderol, they have it easy--don't they?" The bitterness in it, and a faint note of wistfulness, puzzled her. Certainly he had money. "And the husbands of these women," he went on; "lots of 'em, I suppose, didn't always have so much. Maybe some of these women helped out in the early days when things weren't so easy. Wonder if the men ever think how lucky they are to be able to get it back at 'em?" She grew more bewildered. Wasn't he "getting it back?" The money he had been spending that day! "Young Lady," he said abruptly, "you must think I'm a queer one." She murmured feeble protest. "Yes, you must. Must wonder what I want with all this stuff, don't you?" "Why, it's for your wife, isn't it?" she asked, startled. "Oh yes, but you must wonder. You're a shrewd one, Young Lady; judging the thing by me, you must wonder." Virginia was glad she was not compelled to state her theory. Loud and common and impossible were terms which had presented themselves, terms which she had fought with kind and good-natured and generous. Their purchases she had decided were to be used, not for a knock, but as a crashing pound at the door of the society of his town. For her part, Virginia hoped the door would come down. "And if you knew that probably this stuff would never be worn at all, that ten to one it would never do anything more than lie round on chairs--then you would think I was queer, wouldn't you?" She was forced to admit that that would seem rather strange. "Young Lady, I believe I'll tell you about it. Never do talk about it to hardly anybody, but I feel as if you and I were pretty well acquainted--we've been through so much together." She smiled at him warmly; there was something so real about him when he talked that way. But his look then frightened her. It seemed for an instant as though he would brush the tiny table aside and seize some invisible thing by the throat. Then he said, cutting off each word short: "Young Lady, what do you think of this? I'm worth more 'an a million dollars--and my wife gets up at five o'clock every morning to do washing and scrubbing." "Oh, it's not that she has to," he answered her look, "but she thinks she has to. See? Once we were poor. For twenty

years we were poor as dirt. Then she did have to do things like that. Then I struck it. Or rather, it struck me. Oil. Oil on a bit of land I had. I had just sense enough to make the most of it; one thing led to another--well, you're not interested in that end of it. But the fact is that now we're rich. Now she could have all the things that these women have--Lord A'mighty she could lay abed every day till noon if she wanted to! But--you see?--it got her--those hard, lonely, grinding years took her. She's"--he shrunk from the terrible word and faltered out--"her mind's not--" There was a sobbing little flutter in Virginia's throat. In a dim way she was glad to see that the girls were going. She could not have them laughing at him--now. "Well, you can about figure out how it makes me feel," he continued, and looking into his face now it was as though the spirit redeemed the flesh. "You're smart. You can see it without my callin' your attention to it. Last time I went to see her I had just made fifty thousand on a deal. And I found her down on her knees thinking she was scrubbing the floor!" Unconsciously Virginia's hand went out, following the rush of sympathy and understanding. "But can't they--restrain her?" she murmured. "Makes her worse. Says she's got it to do--frets her to think she's not getting it done." "But isn't there some way?" she whispered. "Some way to make her know?" He pointed to the large boxes. "That," he said simply, "is the meaning of those. It's been seven years--but I keep on trying." She was silent, the tears too close for words. And she had thought it cheap ambition!--vulgar aspiration--silly show--vanity! "Suppose you thought I was a queer one, talking about lively looking things. But you see now? Thought it might attract her attention, thought something real gorgeous like this might impress money on her. Though I don't know,"--he seemed to grow weary as he told it; "I got her a lot of diamonds, thinking they might interest her, and she thought she'd stolen 'em, and they had to take them away." Still the girl did not speak. Her hand was shading her eyes. "But there's nothing like trying. Nothing like keeping right on trying. And anyhow--a fellow likes to think he's taking his wife something from Paris." They passed before her in their heartbreaking folly, their tragic uselessness, their lovable absurdity and stinging irony--those things they had bought that afternoon: an opera cloak--a velvet dress--those hats--red silk stockings. The mockery of them wrung her heart. Right there in the tea-shop Virginia was softly crying. "Oh, now that's too bad," he expostulated clumsily. "Why, look here, Young Lady, I didn't mean you to take it so hard." When she had recovered herself he told her much of the story. And the thing which revealed him--glorified him--was less the grief he gave to it than the way he saw it. "It's the cursed unfairness of it," he concluded. "When you consider it's all because she did those things--when you think of her bein' bound to 'em for life just because she was too faithful doin' 'em--when you think that now--when I could give her everything these women have got!--she's got to go right on worrying about baking the bread and washing the dishes--did it for me when I was poor--and now with me rich she can't get out of it--and I can't reach her--oh, it's rotten! I tell you it's rotten! Sometimes I can just hear my money laugh at me! Sometimes I get to going round and round in a circle about it till it seems I'm going crazy myself." "I think you are a--a noble man," choked Virginia. That disconcerted him. "Oh Lord--don't think that. No, Young Lady, don't try to make any plaster saint out of me. My life goes on. I've got to eat, drink and be merry. I'm built that way. But just the same my heart on the inside's pretty sore, Young Lady. I want to tell you that the whole inside of my heart is sore as a boil!" They were returning for the hats. Suddenly Virginia stopped, and it was a soft-eyed and gentle Virginia who turned to him after the pause. "There are lovely things to be bought in Paris for women who aren't well. Such soft, lovely things to wear in your room. Not but what I think these other things are all right. As you say, they may--interest her. But they aren't things she can use just now, and wouldn't you like her to have some of those soft lovely things she could actually wear? They might help most of all. To wake in the morning and find herself in something so beautiful--" "Where do you get 'em?" he demanded promptly. And so they went to one of those shops which have, more than all the others, enshrined Paris in feminine hearts. And never was lingerie selected with more loving care than that which Virginia picked out that afternoon. A tear fell on one particularly lovely robe de nuit--so soothingly soft, so caressingly luxurious, it seemed that surely it might help bring release from the bondage of those crushing years. As they were leaving they were given two packages. "Just the kimona thing you liked," he said, "and a trinket or two. Now that we're such good friends, you won't feel like you did this morning." "And if I don't want them myself, I might send them to my mother," Virginia replied, a quiver in her laugh at her own little joke. He had put her in her cab; he had tried to tell her how much he thanked her; they had said good-bye and the cocher had cracked his whip when he came running after her. "Why, Young Lady," he called out, "we don't know each other's names." She laughed and gave hers. "Mine's William P. Johnson," he said. "Part French and part Italian. But now look here, Young Lady--or I mean, Miss Clayton. A fellow at the hotel was telling me something last night that made me sick. He said American girls sometimes got awfully up against it here. He said one actually starved last year. Now, I don't like that kind of business. Look here, Young Lady, I want you to promise that if you--you or any of your gang--get up against it you'll cable William P. Johnson, of Cincinnati, Ohio." The twilight grey had stolen upon Paris. And there was a mist which the street lights only penetrated a little way--as sometimes one's knowledge of life may only penetrate life a very little way. Her cab stopped by a blockade, she watched the burly back of William P. Johnson disappearing into the mist. The red box which held the yellow opera cloak she

could see longer than all else. "You never can tell," murmured Virginia. "It just goes to show that you never can tell." And whatever it was you never could tell had brought to Virginia's girlish face the tender knowingness of the face of a woman.

8. 20th Century: Bertrand Russell. *On Denoting*

By a 'denoting phrase' I mean a phrase such as any one of the following: a man, some man, any man, every man, all men, the present King of England, the presenting King of France, the center of mass of the solar system at the first instant of the twentieth century, the revolution of the earth round the sun, the revolution of the sun round the earth. Thus a phrase is denoting solely in virtue of its form. We may distinguish three cases: (1) A phrase may be denoting, and yet not denote anything; e.g., 'the present King of France'. (2) A phrase may denote one definite object; e.g., 'the present King of England' denotes a certain man. (3) A phrase may denote ambiguously; e.g. 'a man' denotes not many men, but an ambiguous man. The interpretation of such phrases is a matter of considerably difficulty; indeed, it is very hard to frame any theory not susceptible of formal refutation. All the difficulties with which I am acquainted are met, so far as I can discover, by the theory which I am about to explain.

The subject of denoting is of very great importance, not only in logic and mathematics, but also in the theory of knowledge. For example, we know that the center of mass of the solar system at a definite instant is some definite point, and we can affirm a number of propositions about it; but we have no immediate acquaintance with this point, which is only known to us by description. The distinction between acquaintance and knowledge about is the distinction between the things we have presentations of, and the things we only reach by means of denoting phrases. It often happens that we know that a certain phrase denotes unambiguously, although we have no acquaintance with what it denotes; this occurs in the above case of the center of mass. In perception we have acquaintance with objects of perception, and in thought we have acquaintance with objects of a more abstract logical character; but we do not necessarily have acquaintance with the objects denoted by phrases composed of words with whose meanings we are acquainted. To take a very important instance: there seems no reason to believe that we are ever acquainted with other people's minds, seeing that these are not directly perceived; hence what we know about them is obtained through denoting. All thinking has to start from acquaintance; but it succeeds in thinking about many things with which we have no acquaintance. The course of my argument will be as follows. I shall begin by stating the theory I intend to advocate 1); I shall then discuss the theories of Frege and Meinong, showing why neither of them satisfies me; then I shall give the grounds in favor of my theory; and finally I shall briefly indicate the philosophical consequences of my theory.

My theory, briefly, is as follows. I take the notion of the variable as fundamental; I use ' $C(x)$ ' to mean a proposition 2) in which x is a constituent, where x , the variable, is essentially and wholly undetermined. Then we can consider the two notions ' $C(x)$ is always true' and ' $C(x)$ is sometimes true' 3). Then everything and nothing and something (which are the most primitive of denoting phrases) are to be interpreted as follows:

$C(\text{everything})$ means ' $C(x)$ is always true';

$C(\text{nothing})$ means ' $C(x)$ is false" is always true';

$C(\text{something})$ means 'It is false that " $C(x)$ is false" is always true.' 4)

Here the notion ' $C(x)$ is always true' is taken as ultimate and indefinable, and the others are defined by means of it. Everything, nothing, and something are not assumed to have any meaning in isolation, but a meaning is assigned to every proposition in which they occur. This is the principle of the theory of denoting I wish to advocate: that denoting phrases never have any meaning in themselves, but that every proposition in whose verbal expression they occur has a meaning. The difficulties concerning denoting are, I believe, all the result of a wrong analysis of propositions whose verbal expressions contain denoting phrases. The proper analysis, if I am not mistaken, may be further set forth as follows.

Suppose now we wish to interpret the proposition, 'I met a man'. If this is true, I met some definite man; but that is not what I affirm. What I affirm is, according to the theory I advocate:

' "I met x , and x is human" is not always false'.

Generally, defining the class of men as the class of objects having the predicate human, we say that:

' $C(a \text{ man})$ ' means '" $C(x)$ and x is human" is not always false'.

This leaves 'a man', by itself, wholly destitute of meaning, but gives a meaning to every proposition in whose verbal expression 'a man' occurs.

Consider next the proposition 'all men are mortal'. This proposition is really hypothetical 5) and states that if anything is a man, it is mortal. That is, it states that if x is a man, x is mortal, whatever x may be. Hence, substituting ' x is human' for ' x is a man', we find:

'All men are mortal' means ' "If x is human, x is mortal" is always true.'

This is what is expressed in symbolic logic by saying that 'all men are mortal' means " x is human" implies " x is mortal" for all values of x '. More generally, we say:

'C(all men)' means "If x is human, then $C(x)$ is true" is always true'.

Similarly

'C(no men)' means "If x is human, then $C(x)$ is false" is always true'.

'C(some men)' will mean the same as 'C(a man)', and

'C(a man 6))' means 'It is false that " $C(x)$ and x is human" is always false'.

'C(every man)' will mean the same as 'C(all men)'.

It remains to interpret phrases containing the. These are by far the most interesting and difficult of denoting phrases. Take as an instance 'the father of Charles II was executed'. This asserts that there was an x who was the father of Charles II and was executed. Now the, when it is strictly used, involves uniqueness; we do, it is true, speak of 'the son of So-and-so' even when So-and-so has several sons, but it would be more correct to say 'a son of So-and-so'. Thus for our purposes we take the as involving uniqueness. Thus when we say ' x was the father of Charles II' we not only assert that x had a certain relation to Charles II, but also that nothing else had this relation. The relation in question, without the assumption of uniqueness, and without any denoting phrases, is expressed by ' x begat Charles II'. To get an equivalent of ' x was the father of Charles II', we must add 'If y is other than x , y did not beget Charles II', or, what is equivalent, 'If y begat Charles II, y is identical with x '. Hence ' x is the father of Charles II' becomes: ' x begat Charles II; and "If y begat Charles II, y is identical with x " is always true of y '.

Thus 'the father of Charles II was executed' becomes: 'It is not always false of x that x begat Charles II and that x was executed and that "if y begat Charles II, y is identical with x " is always true of y '. This may seem a somewhat incredible interpretation; but I am not at present giving reasons, I am merely stating the theory. To interpret 'C(the father of Charles II)', where C stands for any statement about him, we have only to substitute $C(x)$ for ' x was executed' in the above. Observe that, according to the above interpretation, whatever statement C may be, 'C(the father of Charles II)' implies: 'It is not always false of x that "if y begat Charles II, y is identical with x " is always true of y ', which is what is expressed in common language by 'Charles II had one father and no more'. Consequently if this condition fails, every proposition of the form 'C(the father of Charles II)' is false. Thus e.g. every proposition of the form 'C(the present King of France)' is false. This is a great advantage to the present theory. I shall show later that it is not contrary to the law of contradiction, as might be at first supposed. The above gives a reduction of all propositions in which denoting phrases occur to forms in which no such phrases occur. Why it is imperative to effect such a reduction, the subsequent discussion will endeavor to show.

The evidence for the above theory is derived from the difficulties which seem unavoidable if we regard denoting phrases as standing for genuine constituents of the propositions in whose verbal expressions they occur. Of the possible theories which admit such constituents the simplest is that of Meinong 7). This theory regards any grammatically correct denoting phrase as standing for an object. Thus 'the present King of France', 'the round square', etc., are supposed to be genuine objects. It is admitted that such objects do not subsist, but nevertheless they are supposed to be objects. This is in itself a difficult view; but the chief objection is that such objects, admittedly, are apt to infringe the law of contradiction. It is contended, for example, that the present King of France exists, and also does not exist; that the round square is round, and also not round, etc. But this is intolerable; and if any theory can be found to avoid this result, it is surely to be preferred.

The above breach of the law of contradiction is avoided by Frege's theory. He distinguishes, in a denoting phrase, two elements, which we may call the meaning and the denotation 8). Thus 'the center of mass of the solar system at the beginning of the twentieth century' is highly complex in meaning, but its denotation is a certain point, which is simple. The solar system, the twentieth century, etc., are constituents of the meaning; but the denotation has no constituents at all 9). One advantage of this distinction is that it shows why it is often worth while to assert identity. If we say 'Scott is the author of Waverley,' we assert an identity of denotation with a difference of meaning. I shall, however, not repeat the grounds in favor of this theory, as I have urged its claims elsewhere (loc. cit.), and am now concerned to dispute those claims.

One of the first difficulties that confront us, when we adopt the view that denoting phrases express a meaning and denote a denotation 10), concerns the cases in which the denotation appears to be absent. If we say 'the King of England is bald', that is, it would seem, not a statement about the complex meaning 'the King of England', but about the actual man denoted by the meaning. But now consider 'the king of France is bald'. By parity of form, this also ought to be about the denotation of the phrase 'the King of France'. But this phrase, though it has a meaning provided 'the King of England' has a meaning, has certainly no denotation, at least in any obvious sense. Hence one would suppose that 'the King of France is bald' ought to be nonsense; but it is not nonsense, since it is plainly false. Or again consider such a proposition as the following: 'If u is a class which has only one member, then that one member is a member of u', or as we may state it, 'If u is a unit class, the u is a u'. This proposition ought to be always true, since the conclusion is true whenever the hypothesis is true. But 'the u' is a denoting phrase, and it is the denotation, not the meaning, that is said to be a u. Now u is not a unit class, 'the u' seems to denote nothing; hence our proposition would seem to become nonsense as soon as u is not a unit class.

Now it is plain that such propositions do not become nonsense merely because their hypotheses are false. The King in *The Tempest* might say, 'If Ferdinand is not drowned, Ferdinand is my only son'. Now 'my only son' is a denoting phrase, which, on the face of it, has a denotation when, and only when, I have exactly one son. But the above statement would nevertheless have remained true if Ferdinand had been in fact drowned. Thus we must either provide a denotation in cases in which it is at first sight absent, or we must abandon the view that denotation is what is concerned in propositions which contain denoting phrases. The latter is the course that I advocate. The former course may be taken, as Meinong, by admitting objects which do not subsist, and denying that they obey the law of contradiction; this, however, is to be avoided if possible. Another way of taking the same course (so far as our present alternative is concerned) is adopted by Frege, who provides by definition some purely conventional denotation for the cases in which otherwise there would be none. Thus 'the King of France', is to denote the null-class; 'the only son of Mr. So-and-so' (who has a fine family of ten), is to denote the class of all his sons; and so on. But this procedure, though it may not lead to actual logical error, is plainly artificial, and does not give an exact analysis of the matter. Thus if we allow that denoting phrases, in general, have the two sides of meaning and denotation, the cases where there seems to be no denotation cause difficulties both on the assumption that there really is a denotation and on the assumption that there really is none.

A logical theory may be tested by its capacity for dealing with puzzles, and it is a wholesome plan, in thinking about logic, to stock the mind with as many puzzles as possible, since these serve much the same purpose as is served by experiments in physical science. I shall therefore state three puzzles which a theory as to denoting ought to be able to solve; and I shall show later that my theory solves them.

(1) If a is identical with b, whatever is true of the one is true of the other, and either may be substituted for the other in any proposition without altering the truth or falsehood of that proposition. Now George IV wished to know whether Scott was the author of *Waverley*; and in fact Scott was the author of *Waverley*. Hence we may substitute Scott for the author of 'Waverley', and thereby prove that George IV wished to know whether Scott was Scott. Yet an interest in the law of identity can hardly be attributed to the first gentleman of Europe.

(2) By the law of the excluded middle, either 'A is B' or 'A is not B' must be true. Hence either 'the present King of France is bald' or 'the present King of France is not bald' must be true. Yet if we enumerated the things that are bald, and then the things that are not bald, we should not find the present King of France in either list. Hegelians, who love a synthesis, will probably conclude that he wears a wig.

(3) Consider the proposition 'A differs from B'. If this is true, there is a difference between A and B, which fact may be expressed in the form 'the difference between A and B subsists'. But if it is false that A differs from B, then there is no difference between A and B, which fact may be expressed in the form 'the difference between A and B does not subsist'. But how can a non-entity be the subject of a proposition? 'I think, therefore I am' is no more evident than 'I am the subject of a proposition, therefore I am'; provided 'I am' is taken to assert subsistence or being (11), not existence. Hence, it would appear, it must always be self-contradictory to deny the being of anything; but we have seen, in connexion with Meinong, that to admit being also sometimes leads to contradictions. Thus if A and B do not differ, to suppose either that there is, or that there is not, such an object as 'the difference between A and B' seems equally impossible.

The relation of the meaning to the denotation involves certain rather curious difficulties, which seem in themselves sufficient to prove that the theory which leads to such difficulties must be wrong.

When we wish to speak about the meaning of a denoting phrase, as opposed to its denotation, the natural mode of doing so is by inverted commas. Thus we say:

The center of mass of the solar system is a point, not a denoting complex;
 'The center of mass of the solar system' is a denoting complex, not a point.

Or again,

The first line of Gray's Elegy states a proposition.
 'The first line of Gray's Elegy' does not state a proposition.

Thus taking any denoting phrase, say C, we wish to consider the relation between C and 'C', where the difference of the two is of the kind exemplified in the above two instances.

We say, to begin with, that when C occurs it is the denotation that we are speaking about; but when 'C' occurs, it is the meaning. Now the relation of meaning and denotation is not merely linguistic through the phrase: there must be a logical relation involved, which we express by saying that the meaning denotes the denotation. But the difficulty which confronts us is that we cannot succeed in both preserving the connexion of meaning and denotation and preventing them from being one and the same; also that the meaning cannot be got at except by means of denoting phrases. This happens as follows. The one phrase C was to have both meaning and denotation. But if we speak of 'the meaning of C', that gives us the meaning (if any) of the denotation. 'The meaning of the first line of Gray's Elegy' is the same as 'The meaning of "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day"', and is not the same as 'The meaning of "the first line of Gray's Elegy"'. Thus in order to get the meaning we want, we must speak not of 'the meaning of C', but 'the meaning of "C"', which is the same as 'C' by itself. Similarly 'the denotation of C' does not mean the denotation we want, but means something which, if it denotes at all, denotes what is denoted by the denotation we want. For example, let 'C' be 'the denoting complex occurring in the second of the above instances'. Then

C = 'the first line of Gray's Elegy', and

the denotation of C = The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. But what we meant to have as the denotation was 'the first line of Gray's Elegy'. Thus we have failed to get what we wanted.

The difficulty in speaking of the meaning of a denoting complex may be stated thus: The moment we put the complex in a proposition, the proposition is about the denotation; and if we make a proposition in which the subject is 'the meaning of C', then the subject is the meaning (if any) of the denotation, which was not intended. This leads us to say that, when we distinguish meaning and denotation, we must be dealing with the meaning: the meaning has denotation and is a complex, and there is not something other than the meaning, which can be called the complex, and be said to have both meaning and denotation. The right phrase, on the view in question, is that some meanings have denotations.

But this only makes our difficulty in speaking of meanings more evident. For suppose that C is our complex; then we are to say that C is the meaning of the complex. Nevertheless, whenever C occurs without inverted commas, what is said is not true of the meaning, but only of the denotation, as when we say: The center of mass of the solar system is a point. Thus to speak of C itself, i.e. to make a proposition about the meaning, our subject must not be C, but something which denotes C. Thus 'C', which is what we use when we want to speak of the meaning, must not be the meaning, but must be something which denotes the meaning. And C must not be a constituent of this complex (as it is of 'the meaning of C'); for if C occurs in the complex, it will be its denotation, not its meaning, that will occur, and there is no backward road from denotations to meaning, because every object can be denoted by an infinite number of different denoting phrases.

Thus it would seem that 'C' and C are different entities, such that 'C' denotes C; but this cannot be an explanation, because the relation of 'C' to C remains wholly mysterious; and where are we to find the denoting complex 'C' which is to denote C? Moreover, when C occurs in a proposition, it is not only the denotation that occurs (as we shall see in the next paragraph); yet, on the view in question, C is only the denotation, the meaning being wholly relegated to 'C'. This is an inextricable tangle, and seems to prove that the whole distinction between meaning and denotation has been wrongly conceived.

That the meaning is relevant when a denoting phrase occurs in a proposition is formally proved by the puzzle about the author of Waverley. The proposition 'Scott was the author of Waverley' has a property not possessed by 'Scott was Scott', namely the property that George IV wished to know whether it was true. Thus the two are not identical propositions; hence the meaning of 'the author of Waverley' must be relevant as well as the denotation, if we adhere to the point of view to which this distinction belongs. Yet, as we have just seen, so long as we adhere to this point of view, we are compelled to hold that only the denotation is relevant. Thus the point of view in question must be abandoned.

It remains to show how all the puzzles we have been considering are solved by the theory explained at the beginning of this article.

According to the view which I advocate, a denoting phrase is essentially part of a sentence, and does not, like most single words, have any significance on its own account. If I say 'Scott was a man', that is a statement of the form 'x was a man', and it has 'Scott' for its subject. But if I say 'the author of Waverley was a man', that is not a statement of the form 'x was a man', and does not have 'the author of Waverley' for its subject. Abbreviating the statement made at the beginning of this article, we may put, in place of 'the author of Waverley was a man', the following: 'One and only one entity wrote Waverley, and that one was a man'. (this is not so strictly what is meant as what was said earlier; but it is easier to follow.) And speaking generally, suppose we wish to say that the author of Waverley had property f, what we wish to say is equivalent to 'One and only one entity wrote Waverley, and that one had the property f'.

The explanation of denotation is now as follows. Every proposition in which 'the author of Waverley' occurs being explained as above, the proposition 'Scott was the author of Waverley' (i.e. 'Scott was identical with the author of Waverley') becomes 'One and only one entity wrote Waverley, and Scott was identical with that one'; or, reverting to the wholly explicit form: 'It is not always false of x that x wrote Waverley, that it is always true of y that if y wrote Waverley y is identical with x, and that Scott is identical with x.' Thus if 'C' is a denoting phrase, it may happen that there is one entity x (there cannot be more than one) for which the proposition 'x is identical with C' is true, this proposition being interpreted as above. We may then say that the entity x is the denotation of the phrase 'C'. Thus Scott is the denotation of 'the author of Waverley'. The 'C' in inverted commas will be merely the phrase, not anything that can be called the meaning. The phrase per se has no meaning, because in any proposition in which it occurs the proposition, fully expressed, does not contain the phrase, which has been broken up.

The puzzle about George IV's curiosity is now seen to have a very simple solution. The proposition 'Scott was the author of Waverley', which was written out in its unabbreviated form in the preceding paragraph, does not contain any constituent 'the author of Waverley' for which we could substitute 'Scott'. This does not interfere with the truth of inferences resulting from making what is verbally the substitution of 'Scott' for 'the author of Waverley',

so long as 'the author of Waverley' has what I call a primary occurrence in the proposition considered. The difference of primary and secondary occurrences of denoting phrases is as follows: When we say: 'George IV wished to know whether so-and-so', or when we say 'So-and-so is surprising' or 'So-and-so is true', etc., the 'so-and-so' must be a proposition. Suppose now that 'so-and-so' contains a denoting phrase. We may either eliminate this denoting phrase from the subordinate proposition 'so-and-so', or from the whole proposition in which 'so-and-so' is a mere constituent. Different propositions result according to which we do. I have heard of a touchy owner of a yacht to whom a guest, on first seeing it, remarked, 'I thought your yacht was larger than it is'; and the owner replied, 'No, my yacht is not larger than it is'. What the guest meant was, 'The size that I thought your yacht was is greater than the size your yacht is'; the meaning attributed to him is, 'I thought the size of your yacht was greater than the size of your yacht'. To return to George IV and Waverley, when we say 'George IV wished to know whether Scott was the author of Waverley' we normally mean 'George IV wished to know whether one and only one man wrote Waverley and Scott was that man'; but we may also mean: 'One and only one man wrote Waverley, and George IV wished to know whether Scott was that man'. In the latter, 'the author of Waverley' has a primary occurrence; in the former, a secondary. The latter might be expressed by 'George IV wished to know, concerning the man who in fact wrote Waverley, whether he was Scott'. This would be true, for example, if George IV had seen Scott at a distance, and had asked 'Is that Scott?'. A secondary occurrence of a denoting phrase may be defined as one in which the phrase occurs in a proposition *p* which is a mere constituent of the proposition we are considering, and the substitution for the denoting phrase is to be effected in *p*, and not in the whole proposition concerned. The ambiguity as between primary and secondary occurrences is hard to avoid in language; but it does no harm if we are on our guard against it. In symbolic logic it is of course easily avoided.

The distinction of primary and secondary occurrences also enables us to deal with the question whether the present King of France is bald or not bald, and general with the logical status of denoting phrases that denote nothing. If 'C' is a denoting phrase, say 'the term having the property F', then

'C has property f' means 'one and only one term has the property F, and that one has the property f'. 12)

If now the property F belongs to no terms, or to several, it follows that 'C has property f' is false for all values of f. Thus 'the present King of France is not bald' is false if it means

'There is an entity which is now King of France and is not bald',

but is true if it means

'It is false that there is an entity which is now King of France and is bald'.

That is, 'the King of France is not bald' is false if the occurrence of 'the King of France' is primary, and true if it is secondary. Thus all propositions in which 'the King of France' has a primary occurrence are false: the denials of such propositions are true, but in them 'the King of France' has a secondary occurrence. Thus we escape the conclusion that the King of France has a wig.

We can now see also how to deny that there is such an object as the difference between A and B in the case when A and B do not differ. If A and B do differ, there is only and only one entity *x* such that '*x* is the difference between A and B' is a true proposition; if A and B do not differ, there is no such entity *x*. Thus according to the meaning of denotation lately explained, 'the difference between A and B' has a denotation when A and B differ, but not otherwise. This difference applies to true and false propositions generally. If '*a R b*' stands for '*a* has the relation R to *b*', then when *a R b* is true, there is such an entity as the relation R between *a* and *b*; when *a R b* is false, there is no such entity. Thus out of any proposition we can make a denoting phrase, which denotes an entity if the proposition is true, but does not denote an entity if the proposition is false. E.g., it is true (at least we will suppose so) that the earth revolves round the sun, and false that the sun revolves round the earth; hence 'the revolution of the earth round the sun' denotes an entity, while 'the revolution of the sun round the earth' does not denote an entity 13).

The whole realm of non-entities, such as 'the round square', 'the even prime other than 2', 'Apollo', 'Hamlet', etc., can now be satisfactorily dealt with. All these are denoting phrases which do not denote anything. A proposition

about Apollo means what we get by substituting what the classical dictionary tells us is meant by Apollo, say 'the sun-god'. All propositions in which Apollo occurs are to be interpreted by the above rules for denoting phrases. If 'Apollo' has a primary occurrence, the proposition containing the occurrence is false; if the occurrence is secondary, the proposition may be true. So again 'the round square is round' means 'there is one and only one entity x which is round and square, and that entity is round', which is a false proposition, not, as Meinong maintains, a true one. 'The most perfect Being has all perfections; existence is a perfection; therefore the most perfect Being exists' becomes:

'There is one and only one entity x which is most perfect; that one has all perfections; existence is a perfection; therefore that one exists.'

As a proof, this fails for want of a proof of the premiss 'there is one and only one entity x which is most perfect' 14).

Mr. MacColl (*Mind*, N.S., No. 54, and again No. 55, page 401) regards individuals as of two sorts, real and unreal; hence he defines the null-class as the class consisting of all unreal individuals. This assumes that such phrases as 'the present King of France', which do not denote a real individual, do, nevertheless, denote an individual, but an unreal one. This is essentially Meinong's theory, which we have seen reason to reject because it conflicts with the law of contradiction. With our theory of denoting, we are able to hold that there are no unreal individuals; so that the null-class is the class containing no members, not the class containing as members all unreal individuals.

It is important to observe the effect of our theory on the interpretation of definitions which proceed by means of denoting phrases. Most mathematical definitions are of this sort; for example ' $m-n$ means the number which, added to n , gives m '. Thus $m-n$ is defined as meaning the same as a certain denoting phrase; but we agreed that denoting phrases have no meaning in isolation. Thus what the definition really ought to be is: 'Any proposition containing $m-n$ is to mean the proposition which results from substituting for " $m-n$ " "the number which, added to n , gives m ".' The resulting proposition is interpreted according to the rules already given for interpreting propositions whose verbal expression contains a denoting phrase. In the case where m and n are such that there is one and only one number x which, added to n , gives m , there is a number x which can be substituted for $m-n$ in any proposition contain $m-n$ without altering the truth or falsehood of the proposition. But in other cases, all propositions in which ' $m-n$ ' has a primary occurrence are false.

The usefulness of identity is explained by the above theory. No one outside of a logic-book ever wishes to say ' x is x ', and yet assertions of identity are often made in such forms as 'Scott was the author of Waverley' or 'thou are the man'. The meaning of such propositions cannot be stated without the notion of identity, although they are not simply statements that Scott is identical with another term, the author of Waverley, or that thou are identical with another term, the man. The shortest statement of 'Scott is the author of Waverley' seems to be 'Scott wrote Waverley 15); and it is always true of y that if y wrote Waverley, y is identical with Scott'. It is in this way that identity enters into 'Scott is the author of Waverley'; and it is owing to such uses that identity is worth affirming.

One interesting result of the above theory of denoting is this: when there is an anything with which we do not have immediate acquaintance, but only definition by denoting phrases, then the propositions in which this thing is introduced by means of a denoting phrase do not really contain this thing as a constituent, but contain instead the constituents expressed by the several words of the denoting phrase. Thus in every proposition that we can apprehend (i.e. not only in those whose truth or falsehood we can judge of, but in all that we can think about), all the constituents are really entities with which we have immediate acquaintance. Now such things as matter (in the sense in which matter occurs in physics) and the minds of other people are known to us only by denoting phrases, i.e. we are not acquainted with them, but we know them as what has such and such properties. Hence, although we can form propositional functions $C(x)$ which must hold of such and such a material particle, or of So-and-so's mind, yet we are not acquainted with the propositions which affirm these things that we know must be true, because we cannot apprehend the actual entities concerned. What we know is 'So-and-so has a mind which has such and such properties' but we do not know 'A has such and such properties', where A is the mind in question. In such a case, we know the properties of a thing without having acquaintance with the thing itself, and without, consequently, knowing any single proposition of which the thing itself is a constituent.

Of the many other consequences of the view I have been advocating, I will say nothing. I will only beg the reader not to make up his mind against the view - as he might be tempted to do, on account of its apparently excessive complication - until he has attempted to construct a theory of his own on the subject of denotation. This attempt, I believe, will convince him that, whatever the true theory may be, it cannot have such a simplicity as one might have expected beforehand.

1)

I have discussed this subject in Principles of Mathematics, Chap. V, and sect. 476. The theory there advocated is very nearly the same as Frege's, and is quite different from the theory to be advocated in what follows.

2)

More exactly, a propositional function.

3)

The second of these can be defined by means of the first, if we take it to mean, 'It is not true that "C(x) is false" is always true'.

4)

I shall sometimes use, instead of this complicated phrase, the phrase 'C(x) is not always false', or 'C(x) is sometimes true', supposed defined to mean the same as the complicated phrase.

5)

As has been ably argued in Mr. Bradley's Logic, Book I, Chap. II.

6)

Psychologically, 'C(a man)' has a suggestion of only one, and 'C(some men)' has a suggestion of more than one; but we may neglect these suggestions in a preliminary sketch.

7)

See "Untersuchungen zur Gegenstandstheorie und Psychologie" (Leipzig, 1904) the first three articles (by Meinong, Ameseder and Mally respectively).

8)

See his "Über Sinn und Bedeutung," Zeitschrift für Phil. und Phil. Kritik, Vol. 100.

9)

Frege distinguishes the two elements of meaning and denotation everywhere, and not only in complex denoting phrases. Thus it is the meanings of the constituents of a denoting complex that enter into its meaning, not their denotation. In the proposition 'Mont Blanc is over 1,000 meters high', it is, according to him, the meaning of 'Mont Blanc', not the actual mountain, that is a constituent of the meaning of the proposition.

10)

In this theory, we shall say that the denoting phrase expresses a meaning; and we shall say both of the phrase and of the meaning that they denote a denotation. In the other theory, which I advocate, there is no meaning, and only sometimes a denotation.

11)

I use these as synonyms.

12)

This is the abbreviated, not the stricter, interpretation.

13)

The propositions from which such entities are derived are not identical either with these entities or with the propositions that these entities have being.

14)

The argument can be made to prove validly that all members of the class of most perfect Beings exist; it can also be proved formally that this class cannot have more than one member; but, taking the definition of perfection as possession of all positive predicates, it can be proved almost equally formally that the class does not have even one member.

15)

I quote Robert Charles Marsh's introduction to this paper in "Logic and Knowledge":

G. E. Moore has pointed out that Russell's 'shortest statement' at the close of the paper is faulty because of the ambiguity of the verb 'to write'. 'Scott is the author of Waverley' does not, therefore, have the same meaning as 'Scott wrote Waverley', since Scott (like blind Milton) may be the author of the work without being the person who literally wrote it for the first time. Russell has accepted this correction 'with equanimity'. The right to feel patronizing about this slip is reserved by law to those who have done as much for philosophy as Russell and Moore.

9. Arnold Bennett. *Literary Taste: How to Form It*

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Chapter I

THE AIM

At the beginning a misconception must be removed from the path. Many people, if not most, look on literary taste as an elegant accomplishment, by acquiring which they will complete themselves, and make themselves finally fit as members of a correct society. They are secretly ashamed of their ignorance of literature, in the same way as they would be ashamed of their ignorance of etiquette at a high entertainment, or of their inability to ride a horse if suddenly called upon to do so. There are certain things that a man ought to know, or to know about, and literature is one of them: such is their idea. They have learnt to dress themselves with propriety, and to behave with propriety on all occasions; they are fairly "up" in the questions of the day; by industry and enterprise they are succeeding in their vocations; it behoves them, then, not to forget that an acquaintance with literature is an indispensable part of a self-respecting man's personal baggage. Painting doesn't matter; music doesn't matter very much. But "everyone is supposed to know" about literature. Then, literature is such a charming distraction! Literary taste thus serves two purposes: as a certificate of correct culture and as a private pastime. A young professor of mathematics, immense at mathematics and games, dangerous at chess, capable of Haydn on the violin, once said to me, after listening to some chat on books, "Yes, I must take up literature." As though saying: "I was rather forgetting literature. However, I've polished off all these other things. I'll have a shy at literature now." This attitude, or any attitude which resembles it, is wrong. To him who really comprehends what literature is, and what the function of literature is, this attitude is simply ludicrous. It is also fatal to the formation of literary taste. People who regard literary taste simply as an accomplishment, and literature simply as a distraction, will never truly succeed either in acquiring the accomplishment or in using it half-acquired as a distraction; though the one is the most perfect of distractions, and though the other is unsurpassed by any other accomplishment in elegance or in power to impress the universal snobbery of civilised mankind. Literature, instead of being an accessory, is the fundamental *sine qua non* of complete living. I am extremely anxious to avoid rhetorical exaggerations. I do not think I am guilty of one in asserting that he who has not been "presented to the freedom" of literature has not wakened up out of his prenatal sleep. He is merely not born. He can't see; he can't hear; he can't feel, in any full sense. He can only eat his dinner. What more than anything else annoys people who know the true function of literature, and have profited thereby, is

the spectacle of so many thousands of individuals going about under the delusion that they are alive, when, as a fact, they are no nearer being alive than a bear in winter. I will tell you what literature is! No--I only wish I could. But I can't. No one can. Gleams can be thrown on the secret, inklings given, but no more. I will try to give you an inkling. And, to do so, I will take you back into your own history, or forward into it. That evening when you went for a walk with your faithful friend, the friend from whom you hid nothing-- or almost nothing...! You were, in truth, somewhat inclined to hide from him the particular matter which monopolised your mind that evening, but somehow you contrived to get on to it, drawn by an overpowering fascination. And as your faithful friend was sympathetic and discreet, and flattered you by a respectful curiosity, you proceeded further and further into the said matter, growing more and more confidential, until at last you cried out, in a terrific whisper: "My boy, she is simply miraculous!" At that moment you were in the domain of literature. Let me explain. Of course, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, she was not miraculous. Your faithful friend had never noticed that she was miraculous, nor had about forty thousand other fairly keen observers. She was just a girl. Troy had not been burnt for her. A girl cannot be called a miracle. If a girl is to be called a miracle, then you might call pretty nearly anything a miracle.... That is just it: you might. You can. You ought. Amid all the miracles of the universe you had just wakened up to one. You were full of your discovery. You were under a divine impulsion to impart that discovery. You had a strong sense of the marvellous beauty of something, and you had to share it. You were in a passion about something, and you had to vent yourself on somebody. You were drawn towards the whole of the rest of the human race. Mark the effect of your mood and utterance on your faithful friend. He knew that she was not a miracle. No other person could have made him believe that she was a miracle. But you, by the force and sincerity of your own vision of her, and by the fervour of your desire to make him participate in your vision, did for quite a long time cause him to feel that he had been blind to the miracle of that girl. You were producing literature. You were alive. Your eyes were unlid, your ears were unstopped, to some part of the beauty and the strangeness of the world; and a strong instinct within you forced you to tell someone. It was not enough for you that you saw and heard. Others had to see and hear. Others had to be wakened up. And they were! It is quite possible--I am not quite sure-- that your faithful friend the very next day, or the next month, looked at some other girl, and suddenly saw that she, too, was miraculous! The influence of literature! The makers of literature are those who have seen and felt the miraculous interestingness of the universe. And the greatest makers of literature are those whose vision has been the widest, and whose feeling has been the most intense. Your own fragment of insight was accidental, and perhaps temporary. *Their* lives are one long ecstasy of denying that the world is a dull place. Is it nothing to you to learn to understand that the world is not a dull place? Is it nothing to you to be led out of the tunnel on to the hill-side, to have all your senses quickened, to be invigorated by the true savour of life, to feel your heart beating under that correct necktie of yours? These makers of literature render you their equals. The aim of literary study is not to amuse the hours of leisure; it is to awake oneself, it is to be alive, to intensify one's capacity for pleasure, for sympathy, and for comprehension. It is not to affect one hour, but twenty-four hours. It is to change utterly one's relations with the world. An understanding appreciation of literature means an understanding appreciation of the world, and it means nothing else. Not isolated and unconnected parts of life, but all of life, brought together and correlated in a synthetic map! The spirit of literature is unifying; it joins the candle and the star, and by the magic of an image shows that the beauty of the greater is in the less. And, not content with the disclosure of beauty and the bringing together of all things whatever within its focus, it enforces a moral wisdom by the tracing everywhere of cause and effect. It consoles doubly-- by the revelation of unsuspected loveliness, and by the proof that our lot is the common lot. It is the supreme cry of the discoverer, offering sympathy and asking for it in a single gesture. In attending a University Extension Lecture on the sources of Shakespeare's plots, or in studying the researches of George Saintsbury into the origins of English prosody, or in weighing the evidence for and against the assertion that Rousseau was a scoundrel, one is apt to forget what literature really is and is for. It is well to remind ourselves that literature is first and last a means of life, and that the enterprise of forming one's literary taste is an enterprise of learning how best to use this means of life. People who don't want to live, people who would sooner hibernate than feel intensely, will be wise to eschew literature. They had better, to quote from the finest passage in a fine poem, "sit around and eat blackberries." The sight of a "common bush afire with God" might upset their nerves.

Chapter II

YOUR PARTICULAR CASE

The attitude of the average decent person towards the classics of his own tongue is one of distrust--I had almost said, of fear. I will not take the case of Shakespeare, for Shakespeare is "taught" in schools; that is to say, the Board of

Education and all authorities pedagogic bind themselves together in a determined effort to make every boy in the land a lifelong enemy of Shakespeare. (It is a mercy they don't "teach" Blake.) I will take, for an example, Sir Thomas Browne, as to whom the average person has no offensive juvenile memories. He is bound to have read somewhere that the style of Sir Thomas Browne is unsurpassed by anything in English literature. One day he sees the **Religio Medici** in a shop-window (or, rather, outside a shop-window, for he would hesitate about entering a bookshop), and he buys it, by way of a mild experiment. He does not expect to be enchanted by it; a profound instinct tells him that Sir Thomas Browne is "not in his line"; and in the result he is even less enchanted than he expected to be. He reads the introduction, and he glances at the first page or two of the work. He sees nothing but words. The work makes no appeal to him whatever. He is surrounded by trees, and cannot perceive the forest. He puts the book away. If Sir Thomas Browne is mentioned, he will say, "Yes, very fine!" with a feeling of pride that he has at any rate bought and inspected Sir Thomas Browne. Deep in his heart is a suspicion that people who get enthusiastic about Sir Thomas Browne are vain and conceited **poseurs**. After a year or so, when he has recovered from the discouragement caused by Sir Thomas Browne, he may, if he is young and hopeful, repeat the experiment with Congreve or Addison. Same sequel! And so on for perhaps a decade, until his commerce with the classics finally expires! That, magazines and newish fiction apart, is the literary history of the average decent person. And even your case, though you are genuinely preoccupied with thoughts of literature, bears certain disturbing resemblances to the drab case of the average person. You do not approach the classics with gusto-- anyhow, not with the same gusto as you would approach a new novel by a modern author who had taken your fancy. You never murmured to yourself, when reading Gibbon's **Decline and Fall** in bed: "Well, I really must read one more chapter before I go to sleep!" Speaking generally, the classics do not afford you a pleasure commensurate with their renown. You peruse them with a sense of duty, a sense of doing the right thing, a sense of "improving yourself," rather than with a sense of gladness. You do not smack your lips; you say: "That is good for me." You make little plans for reading, and then you invent excuses for breaking the plans. Something new, something which is not a classic, will surely draw you away from a classic. It is all very well for you to pretend to agree with the verdict of the elect that **Clarissa Harlowe** is one of the greatest novels in the world--a new Kipling, or even a new number of a magazine, will cause you to neglect **Clarissa Harlowe**, just as though Kipling, etc., could not be kept for a few days without turning sour! So that you have to ordain rules for yourself, as: "I will not read anything else until I have read Richardson, or Gibbon, for an hour each day." Thus proving that you regard a classic as a pill, the swallowing of which merits jam! And the more modern a classic is, the more it resembles the stuff of the year and the less it resembles the classics of the centuries, the more easy and enticing do you find that classic. Hence you are glad that George Eliot, the Brontës, Thackeray, are considered as classics, because you really **do** enjoy them. Your sentiments concerning them approach your sentiments concerning a "rattling good story" in a magazine. I may have exaggerated--or, on the other hand, I may have understated-- the unsatisfactory characteristics of your particular case, but it is probable that in the mirror I hold up you recognise the rough outlines of your likeness. You do not care to admit it; but it is so. You are not content with yourself. The desire to be more truly literary persists in you. You feel that there is something wrong in you, but you cannot put your finger on the spot. Further, you feel that you are a bit of a sham. Something within you continually forces you to exhibit for the classics an enthusiasm which you do not sincerely feel. You even try to persuade yourself that you are enjoying a book, when the next moment you drop it in the middle and forget to resume it. You occasionally buy classical works, and do not read them at all; you practically decide that it is enough to possess them, and that the mere possession of them gives you a **cachet**. The truth is, you are a sham. And your soul is a sea of uneasy remorse. You reflect: "According to what Matthew Arnold says, I ought to be perfectly mad about Wordsworth's **Prelude**. And I am not. Why am I not? Have I got to be learned, to undertake a vast course of study, in order to be perfectly mad about Wordsworth's **Prelude**? Or am I born without the faculty of pure taste in literature, despite my vague longings? I do wish I could smack my lips over Wordsworth's **Prelude** as I did over that splendid story by H. G. Wells, **The Country of the Blind**, in the **Strand Magazine**!"... Yes, I am convinced that in your dissatisfied, your diviner moments, you address yourself in these terms. I am convinced that I have diagnosed your symptoms. Now the enterprise of forming one's literary taste is an agreeable one; if it is not agreeable it cannot succeed. But this does not imply that it is an easy or a brief one. The enterprise of beating Colonel Bogey at golf is an agreeable one, but it means honest and regular work. A fact to be borne in mind always! You are certainly not going to realise your ambition--and so great, so influential an ambition!--by spasmodic and half-hearted effort. You must begin by making up your mind adequately. You must rise to the height of the affair. You must approach a grand undertaking in the grand manner. You ought to mark the day in the calendar as a solemnity. Human nature is weak, and has need of tricky aids, even in the pursuit of happiness. Time will be necessary to you, and time regularly and sacredly set apart. Many people affirm that they cannot be regular, that regularity numbs them. I think this is true of a very few people, and that in the rest the objection to regularity is merely an attempt to excuse idleness. I am inclined to think that you personally are capable

of regularity. And I am sure that if you firmly and constantly devote certain specific hours on certain specific days of the week to this business of forming your literary taste, you will arrive at the goal much sooner. The simple act of resolution will help you. This is the first preliminary. The second preliminary is to surround yourself with books, to create for yourself a bookish atmosphere. The merely physical side of books is important--more important than it may seem to the inexperienced. Theoretically (save for works of reference), a student has need for but one book at a time. Theoretically, an amateur of literature might develop his taste by expending sixpence a week, or a penny a day, in one sixpenny edition of a classic after another sixpenny edition of a classic, and he might store his library in a hat-box or a biscuit-tin. But in practice he would have to be a monster of resolution to succeed in such conditions. The eye must be flattered; the hand must be flattered; the sense of owning must be flattered. Sacrifices must be made for the acquisition of literature. That which has cost a sacrifice is always endeared. A detailed scheme of buying books will come later, in the light of further knowledge. For the present, buy--buy whatever has received the *imprimatur* of critical authority. Buy without any immediate reference to what you will read. Buy! Surround yourself with volumes, as handsome as you can afford. And for reading, all that I will now particularly enjoin is a general and inclusive tasting, in order to attain a sort of familiarity with the look of "literature in all its branches." A turning over of the pages of a volume of Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, the third for preference, may be suggested as an admirable and a diverting exercise. You might mark the authors that flash an appeal to you.

Chapter III

WHY A CLASSIC IS A CLASSIC

The large majority of our fellow-citizens care as much about literature as they care about aeroplanes or the programme of the Legislature. They do not ignore it; they are not quite indifferent to it. But their interest in it is faint and perfunctory; or, if their interest happens to be violent, it is spasmodic. Ask the two hundred thousand persons whose enthusiasm made the vogue of a popular novel ten years ago what they think of that novel now, and you will gather that they have utterly forgotten it, and that they would no more dream of reading it again than of reading Bishop Stubbs's *Select Charters*. Probably if they did read it again they would not enjoy it--not because the said novel is a whit worse now than it was ten years ago; not because their taste has improved--but because they have not had sufficient practice to be able to rely on their taste as a means of permanent pleasure. They simply don't know from one day to the next what will please them. In the face of this one may ask: Why does the great and universal fame of classical authors continue? The answer is that the fame of classical authors is entirely independent of the majority. Do you suppose that if the fame of Shakespeare depended on the man in the street it would survive a fortnight? The fame of classical authors is originally made, and it is maintained, by a passionate few. Even when a first-class author has enjoyed immense success during his lifetime, the majority have never appreciated him so sincerely as they have appreciated second-rate men. He has always been reinforced by the ardour of the passionate few. And in the case of an author who has emerged into glory after his death the happy sequel has been due solely to the obstinate perseverance of the few. They could not leave him alone; they would not. They kept on savouring him, and talking about him, and buying him, and they generally behaved with such eager zeal, and they were so authoritative and sure of themselves, that at last the majority grew accustomed to the sound of his name and placidly agreed to the proposition that he was a genius; the majority really did not care very much either way. And it is by the passionate few that the renown of genius is kept alive from one generation to another. These few are always at work. They are always rediscovering genius. Their curiosity and enthusiasm are exhaustless, so that there is little chance of genius being ignored. And, moreover, they are always working either for or against the verdicts of the majority. The majority can make a reputation, but it is too careless to maintain it. If, by accident, the passionate few agree with the majority in a particular instance, they will frequently remind the majority that such and such a reputation has been made, and the majority will idly concur: "Ah, yes. By the way, we must not forget that such and such a reputation exists." Without that persistent memory-jogging the reputation would quickly fall into the oblivion which is death. The passionate few only have their way by reason of the fact that they are genuinely interested in literature, that literature matters to them. They conquer by their obstinacy alone, by their eternal repetition of the same statements. Do you suppose they could prove to the man in the street that Shakespeare was a great artist? The said man would not even understand the terms they employed. But when he is told ten thousand times, and generation after generation, that Shakespeare was a great artist, the said man believes--not by reason, but by faith. And he too repeats that Shakespeare was a great artist, and he buys the complete works of Shakespeare and puts them on his shelves, and he goes to see the marvellous stage-effects which accompany *King Lear* or *Hamlet*, and comes back religiously convinced that Shakespeare was a great artist. All because the passionate few could not keep their admiration of Shakespeare to themselves. This is not cynicism; but truth. And it is important that those

who wish to form their literary taste should grasp it. What causes the passionate few to make such a fuss about literature? There can be only one reply. They find a keen and lasting pleasure in literature. They enjoy literature as some men enjoy beer. The recurrence of this pleasure naturally keeps their interest in literature very much alive. They are for ever making new researches, for ever practising on themselves. They learn to understand themselves. They learn to know what they want. Their taste becomes surer and surer as their experience lengthens. They do not enjoy to-day what will seem tedious to them to-morrow. When they find a book tedious, no amount of popular clatter will persuade them that it is pleasurable; and when they find it pleasurable no chill silence of the street-crowds will affect their conviction that the book is good and permanent. They have faith in themselves. What are the qualities in a book which give keen and lasting pleasure to the passionate few? This is a question so difficult that it has never yet been completely answered. You may talk lightly about truth, insight, knowledge, wisdom, humour, and beauty. But these comfortable words do not really carry you very far, for each of them has to be defined, especially the first and last. It is all very well for Keats in his airy manner to assert that beauty is truth, truth beauty, and that that is all he knows or needs to know. I, for one, need to know a lot more. And I never shall know. Nobody, not even Hazlitt nor Sainte-Beuve, has ever finally explained why he thought a book beautiful. I take the first fine lines that come to hand--

The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy--

and I say that those lines are beautiful, because they give me pleasure. But why? No answer! I only know that the passionate few will, broadly, agree with me in deriving this mysterious pleasure from those lines. I am only convinced that the liveliness of our pleasure in those and many other lines by the same author will ultimately cause the majority to believe, by faith, that W. B. Yeats is a genius. The one reassuring aspect of the literary affair is that the passionate few are passionate about the same things. A continuance of interest does, in actual practice, lead ultimately to the same judgments. There is only the difference in width of interest. Some of the passionate few lack catholicity, or, rather, the whole of their interest is confined to one narrow channel; they have none left over. These men help specially to vitalise the reputations of the narrower geniuses: such as Crashaw. But their active predilections never contradict the general verdict of the passionate few; rather they reinforce it. A classic is a work which gives pleasure to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature. It lives on because the minority, eager to renew the sensation of pleasure, is eternally curious and is therefore engaged in an eternal process of rediscovery. A classic does not survive for any ethical reason. It does not survive because it conforms to certain canons, or because neglect would not kill it. It survives because it is a source of pleasure, and because the passionate few can no more neglect it than a bee can neglect a flower. The passionate few do not read "the right things" because they are right. That is to put the cart before the horse. "The right things" are the right things solely because the passionate few *like* reading them. Hence--and I now arrive at my point-- the one primary essential to literary taste is a hot interest in literature. If you have that, all the rest will come. It matters nothing that at present you fail to find pleasure in certain classics. The driving impulse of your interest will force you to acquire experience, and experience will teach you the use of the means of pleasure. You do not know the secret ways of yourself: that is all. A continuance of interest must inevitably bring you to the keenest joys. But, of course, experience may be acquired judiciously or injudiciously, just as Putney may be reached *via* Walham Green or *via* St. Petersburg.

Chapter IV

WHERE TO BEGIN

I wish particularly that my readers should not be intimidated by the apparent vastness and complexity of this enterprise of forming the literary taste. It is not so vast nor so complex as it looks. There is no need whatever for the inexperienced enthusiast to confuse and frighten himself with thoughts of "literature in all its branches." Experts and pedagogues (chiefly pedagogues) have, for the purpose of convenience, split literature up into divisions and subdivisions-- such as prose and poetry; or imaginative, philosophic, historical; or elegiac, heroic, lyric; or religious and profane, etc., *ad infinitum*. But the greater truth is that literature is all one--and indivisible. The idea of the unity of literature should be well planted and fostered in the head. All literature is the expression of feeling, of passion, of emotion, caused by a sensation of the interestingness of life. What drives a historian to write history? Nothing but the overwhelming impression made upon him by the survey of past times. He is forced into an attempt to reconstitute the picture for others. If hitherto you have failed to perceive that a historian is a being in strong emotion, trying to convey his emotion to others, read the passage in the *Memoirs* of Gibbon, in which he describes how he

finished the **Decline and Fall**. You will probably never again look upon the **Decline and Fall** as a "dry" work. What applies to history applies to the other "dry" branches. Even Johnson's Dictionary is packed with emotion. Read the last paragraph of the preface to it: "In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed.... It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed...." And so on to the close: "I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wish to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds: I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise." Yes, tranquillity; but not frigid! The whole passage, one of the finest in English prose, is marked by the heat of emotion. You may discover the same quality in such books as Spencer's **First Principles**. You may discover it everywhere in literature, from the cold fire of Pope's irony to the blasting temperatures of Swinburne. Literature does not begin till emotion has begun. There is even no essential, definable difference between those two great branches, prose and poetry. For prose may have rhythm. All that can be said is that verse will scan, while prose will not. The difference is purely formal. Very few poets have succeeded in being so poetical as Isaiah, Sir Thomas Browne, and Ruskin have been in prose. It can only be stated that, as a rule, writers have shown an instinctive tendency to choose verse for the expression of the very highest emotion. The supreme literature is in verse, but the finest achievements in prose approach so nearly to the finest achievements in verse that it is ill work deciding between them. In the sense in which poetry is best understood, all literature is poetry-- or is, at any rate, poetical in quality. Macaulay's ill-informed and unjust denunciations live because his genuine emotion made them into poetry, while his **Lays of Ancient Rome** are dead because they are not the expression of a genuine emotion. As the literary taste develops, this quality of emotion, restrained or loosed, will be more and more widely perceived at large in literature. It is the quality that must be looked for. It is the quality that unifies literature (and all the arts). It is not merely useless, it is harmful, for you to map out literature into divisions and branches, with different laws, rules, or canons. The first thing is to obtain some possession of literature. When you have actually felt some of the emotion which great writers have striven to impart to you, and when your emotions become so numerous and puzzling that you feel the need of arranging them and calling them by names, then--and not before--you can begin to study what has been attempted in the way of classifying and ticketing literature. Manuals and treatises are excellent things in their kind, but they are simply dead weight at the start. You can only acquire really useful general ideas by first acquiring particular ideas, and putting those particular ideas together. You cannot make bricks without straw. Do not worry about literature in the abstract, about theories as to literature. Get at it. Get hold of literature in the concrete as a dog gets hold of a bone. If you ask me where you ought to begin, I shall gaze at you as I might gaze at the faithful animal if he inquired which end of the bone he ought to attack. It doesn't matter in the slightest degree where you begin. Begin wherever the fancy takes you to begin. Literature is a whole. There is only one restriction for you. You must begin with an acknowledged classic; you must eschew modern works. The reason for this does not imply any depreciation of the present age at the expense of past ages. Indeed, it is important, if you wish ultimately to have a wide, catholic taste, to guard against the too common assumption that nothing modern will stand comparison with the classics. In every age there have been people to sigh: "Ah, yes. Fifty years ago we had a few great writers. But they are all dead, and no young ones are arising to take their place." This attitude of mind is deplorable, if not silly, and is a certain proof of narrow taste. It is a surety that in 1959 gloomy and egregious persons will be saying: "Ah, yes. At the beginning of the century there were great poets like Swinburne, Meredith, Francis Thompson, and Yeats. Great novelists like Hardy and Conrad. Great historians like Stubbs and Maitland, etc., etc. But they are all dead now, and whom have we to take their place?" It is not until an age has receded into history, and all its mediocrity has dropped away from it, that we can see it as it is-- as a group of men of genius. We forget the immense amount of twaddle that the great epochs produced. The total amount of fine literature created in a given period of time differs from epoch to epoch, but it does not differ much. And we may be perfectly sure that our own age will make a favourable impression upon that excellent judge, posterity. Therefore, beware of disparaging the present in your own mind. While temporarily ignoring it, dwell upon the idea that its chaff contains about as much wheat as any similar quantity of chaff has contained wheat. The reason why you must avoid modern works at the beginning is simply that you are not in a position to choose among modern works. Nobody at all is quite in a position to choose with certainty among modern works. To sift the wheat from the chaff is a process that takes an exceedingly long time. Modern works have to pass before the bar of the taste of successive generations. Whereas, with classics, which have been through the ordeal, almost the reverse is the case. **Your taste has to pass before the bar of the classics.** That is the point. If you differ with a classic, it is you who are wrong, and not the book. If you differ with a modern work, you may be wrong or you may be right, but no judge is authoritative enough to decide. Your taste is unformed. It needs guidance, and it needs authoritative guidance. Into the business of forming literary taste faith enters. You probably will not specially care for a particular classic at first. If you did care for it at first, your taste, so far as that classic is concerned, would be formed, and our

hypothesis is that your taste is not formed. How are you to arrive at the stage of caring for it? Chiefly, of course, by examining it and honestly trying to understand it. But this process is materially helped by an act of faith, by the frame of mind which says: "I know on the highest authority that this thing is fine, that it is capable of giving me pleasure. Hence I am determined to find pleasure in it." Believe me that faith counts enormously in the development of that wide taste which is the instrument of wide pleasures. But it must be faith founded on unassailable authority.

Chapter V

HOW TO READ A CLASSIC

Let us begin experimental reading with Charles Lamb. I choose Lamb for various reasons: He is a great writer, wide in his appeal, of a highly sympathetic temperament; and his finest achievements are simple and very short. Moreover, he may usefully lead to other and more complex matters, as will appear later. Now, your natural tendency will be to think of Charles Lamb as a book, because he has arrived at the stage of being a classic. Charles Lamb was a man, not a book. It is extremely important that the beginner in literary study should always form an idea of the man behind the book. The book is nothing but the expression of the man. The book is nothing but the man trying to talk to you, trying to impart to you some of his feelings. An experienced student will divine the man from the book, will understand the man by the book, as is, of course, logically proper. But the beginner will do well to aid himself in understanding the book by means of independent information about the man. He will thus at once relate the book to something human, and strengthen in his mind the essential notion of the connection between literature and life. The earliest literature was delivered orally direct by the artist to the recipient. In some respects this arrangement was ideal. Changes in the constitution of society have rendered it impossible. Nevertheless, we can still, by the exercise of the imagination, hear mentally the accents of the artist speaking to us. We must so exercise our imagination as to feel the man behind the book. Some biographical information about Lamb should be acquired. There are excellent short biographies of him by Canon Ainger in the **Dictionary of National Biography**, in Chambers's **Encyclopædia**, and in Chambers's **Cyclopædia of English Literature**. If you have none of these (but you ought to have the last), there are Mr. E. V. Lucas's exhaustive **Life** (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), and, cheaper, Mr. Walter Jerrold's **Lamb** (Bell and Sons, 1s.); also introductory studies prefixed to various editions of Lamb's works. Indeed, the facilities for collecting materials for a picture of Charles Lamb as a human being are prodigious. When you have made for yourself such a picture, read the **Essays of Elia** by the light of it. I will choose one of the most celebrated, **Dream Children: A Reverie**. At this point, kindly put my book down, and read **Dream Children**. Do not say to yourself that you will read it later, but read it now. When you have read it, you may proceed to my next paragraph. You are to consider **Dream Children** as a human document. Lamb was nearing fifty when he wrote it. You can see, especially from the last line, that the death of his elder brother, John Lamb, was fresh and heavy on his mind. You will recollect that in youth he had had a disappointing love-affair with a girl named Ann Simmons, who afterwards married a man named Bartrum. You will know that one of the influences of his childhood was his grandmother Field, housekeeper of Blakesware House, in Hertfordshire, at which mansion he sometimes spent his holidays. You will know that he was a bachelor, living with his sister Mary, who was subject to homicidal mania. And you will see in this essay, primarily, a supreme expression of the increasing loneliness of his life. He constructed all that preliminary tableau of paternal pleasure in order to bring home to you in the most poignant way his feeling of the solitude of his existence, his sense of all that he had missed and lost in the world. The key of the essay is one of profound sadness. But note that he makes his sadness beautiful; or, rather, he shows the beauty that resides in sadness. You watch him sitting there in his "bachelor arm-chair," and you say to yourself: "Yes, it was sad, but it was somehow beautiful." When you have said that to yourself, Charles Lamb, so far as you are concerned, has accomplished his chief aim in writing the essay. How exactly he produces his effect can never be fully explained. But one reason of his success is certainly his regard for truth. He does not falsely idealise his brother, nor the relations between them. He does not say, as a sentimentalist would have said, "Not the slightest cloud ever darkened our relations;" nor does he exaggerate his solitude. Being a sane man, he has too much common-sense to assemble all his woes at once. He might have told you that Bridget was a homicidal maniac; what he does tell you is that she was faithful. Another reason of his success is his continual regard for beautiful things and fine actions, as illustrated in the major characteristics of his grandmother and his brother, and in the detailed description of Blakesware House and the gardens thereof. Then, subordinate to the main purpose, part of the machinery of the main purpose, is the picture of the children--real children until the moment when they fade away. The traits of childhood are accurately and humorously put in again and again: "Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'That would be foolish indeed.' " "Here little Alice spread her hands." "Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary

movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted." "Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous." "Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes." "Here the children fell a-crying...and prayed me to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother." And the exquisite: "Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be upbraiding." Incidentally, while preparing his ultimate solemn effect, Lamb has inspired you with a new, intensified vision of the wistful beauty of children--their imitativeness, their facile and generous emotions, their anxiety to be correct, their ingenuous haste to escape from grief into joy. You can see these children almost as clearly and as tenderly as Lamb saw them. For days afterwards you will not be able to look upon a child without recalling Lamb's portrayal of the grace of childhood. He will have shared with you his perception of beauty. If you possess children, he will have renewed for you the charm which custom does very decidedly stale. It is further to be noticed that the measure of his success in picturing the children is the measure of his success in his main effect. The more real they seem, the more touching is the revelation of the fact that they do not exist, and never have existed. And if you were moved by the reference to their "pretty dead mother," you will be still more moved when you learn that the girl who would have been their mother is not dead and is not Lamb's. As, having read the essay, you reflect upon it, you will see how its emotional power over you has sprung from the sincere and unexaggerated expression of actual emotions exactly remembered by someone who had an eye always open for beauty, who was, indeed, obsessed by beauty. The beauty of old houses and gardens and aged virtuous characters, the beauty of children, the beauty of companionships, the softening beauty of dreams in an arm-chair--all these are brought together and mingled with the grief and regret which were the origin of the mood. Why is **Dream Children** a classic? It is a classic because it transmits to you, as to generations before you, distinguished emotion, because it makes you respond to the throb of life more intensely, more justly, and more nobly. And it is capable of doing this because Charles Lamb had a very distinguished, a very sensitive, and a very honest mind. His emotions were noble. He felt so keenly that he was obliged to find relief in imparting his emotions. And his mental processes were so sincere that he could neither exaggerate nor diminish the truth. If he had lacked any one of these three qualities, his appeal would have been narrowed and weakened, and he would not have become a classic. Either his feelings would have been deficient in supreme beauty, and therefore less worthy to be imparted, or he would not have had sufficient force to impart them; or his honesty would not have been equal to the strain of imparting them accurately. In any case, he would not have set up in you that vibration which we call pleasure, and which is supereminently caused by vitalising participation in high emotion. As Lamb sat in his bachelor arm-chair, with his brother in the grave, and the faithful homicidal maniac by his side, he really did think to himself, "This is beautiful. Sorrow is beautiful. Disappointment is beautiful. Life is beautiful. **I must tell them.** I must make them understand." Because he still makes you understand he is a classic. And now I seem to hear you say, "But what about Lamb's famous literary style? Where does that come in?"

Chapter VI

THE QUESTION OF STYLE

In discussing the value of particular books, I have heard people say-- people who were timid about expressing their views of literature in the presence of literary men: "It may be bad from a literary point of view, but there are very good things in it." Or: "I dare say the style is very bad, but really the book is very interesting and suggestive." Or: "I'm not an expert, and so I never bother my head about good style. All I ask for is good matter. And when I have got it, critics may say what they like about the book." And many other similar remarks, all showing that in the minds of the speakers there existed a notion that style is something supplementary to, and distinguishable from, matter; a sort of notion that a writer who wanted to be classical had first to find and arrange his matter, and then dress it up elegantly in a costume of style, in order to please beings called literary critics. This is a misapprehension. Style cannot be distinguished from matter. When a writer conceives an idea he conceives it in a form of words. That form of words constitutes his style, and it is absolutely governed by the idea. The idea can only exist in words, and it can only exist in one form of words. You cannot say exactly the same thing in two different ways. Slightly alter the expression, and you slightly alter the idea. Surely it is obvious that the expression cannot be altered without altering the thing expressed! A writer, having conceived and expressed an idea, may, and probably will, "polish it up." But what does he polish up? To say that he polishes up his style is merely to say that he is polishing up his idea, that he has discovered faults or imperfections in his idea, and is perfecting it. An idea exists in proportion as it is expressed; it exists when it is expressed, and not before. It expresses itself. A clear idea is expressed clearly, and a vague idea vaguely. You need but take your own case and your own speech. For just as science is the development of common-sense, so is literature the development of common daily speech. The difference between science and common-sense

is simply one of degree; similarly with speech and literature. Well, when you "know what you think," you succeed in saying what you think, in making yourself understood. When you "don't know what to think," your expressive tongue halts. And note how in daily life the characteristics of your style follow your mood; how tender it is when you are tender, how violent when you are violent. You have said to yourself in moments of emotion: "If only I could write--," etc. You were wrong. You ought to have said: "If only I could *think*-- on this high plane." When you have thought clearly you have never had any difficulty in saying what you thought, though you may occasionally have had some difficulty in keeping it to yourself. And when you cannot express yourself, depend upon it that you have nothing precise to express, and that what incommodes you is not the vain desire to express, but the vain desire to *think* more clearly. All this just to illustrate how style and matter are co-existent, and inseparable, and alike. You cannot have good matter with bad style. Examine the point more closely. A man wishes to convey a fine idea to you. He employs a form of words. That form of words is his style. Having read, you say: "Yes, this idea is fine." The writer has therefore achieved his end. But in what imaginable circumstances can you say: "Yes, this idea is fine, but the style is not fine"? The sole medium of communication between you and the author has been the form of words. The fine idea has reached you. How? In the words, by the words. Hence the fineness must be in the words. You may say, superiorly: "He has expressed himself clumsily, but I can *see* what he means." By what light? By something in the words, in the style. That something is fine. Moreover, if the style is clumsy, are you sure that you can see what he means? You cannot be quite sure. And at any rate, you cannot see distinctly. The "matter" is what actually reaches you, and it must necessarily be affected by the style. Still further to comprehend what style is, let me ask you to think of a writer's style exactly as you would think of the gestures and manners of an acquaintance. You know the man whose demeanour is "always calm," but whose passions are strong. How do you know that his passions are strong? Because he "gives them away" by some small, but important, part of his demeanour, such as the twitching of a lip or the whitening of the knuckles caused by clenching the hand. In other words, his demeanour, fundamentally, is not calm. You know the man who is always "smoothly polite and agreeable," but who affects you unpleasantly. Why does he affect you unpleasantly? Because he is tedious, and therefore disagreeable, and because his politeness is not real politeness. You know the man who is awkward, shy, clumsy, but who, nevertheless, impresses you with a sense of dignity and force. Why? Because mingled with that awkwardness and so forth *is* dignity. You know the blunt, rough fellow whom you instinctively guess to be affectionate-- because there is "something in his tone" or "something in his eyes." In every instance the demeanour, while perhaps seeming to be contrary to the character, is really in accord with it. The demeanour never contradicts the character. It is one part of the character that contradicts another part of the character. For, after all, the blunt man *is* blunt, and the awkward man *is* awkward, and these characteristics are defects. The demeanour merely expresses them. The two men would be better if, while conserving their good qualities, they had the superficial attributes of smoothness and agreeableness possessed by the gentleman who is unpleasant to you. And as regards this latter, it is not his superficial attributes which are unpleasant to you; but his other qualities. In the end the character is shown in the demeanour; and the demeanour is a consequence of the character and resembles the character. So with style and matter. You may argue that the blunt, rough man's demeanour is unfair to his tenderness. I do not think so. For his churlishness is really very trying and painful, even to the man's wife, though a moment's tenderness will make her and you forget it. The man really is churlish, and much more often than he is tender. His demeanour is merely just to his character. So, when a writer annoys you for ten pages and then enchants you for ten lines, you must not explode against his style. You must not say that his style won't let his matter "come out." You must remember the churlish, tender man. The more you reflect, the more clearly you will see that faults and excellences of style are faults and excellences of matter itself. One of the most striking illustrations of this neglected truth is Thomas Carlyle. How often has it been said that Carlyle's matter is marred by the harshness and the eccentricities of his style? But Carlyle's matter is harsh and eccentric to precisely the same degree as his style is harsh and eccentric. Carlyle was harsh and eccentric. His behaviour was frequently ridiculous, if it were not abominable. His judgments were often extremely bizarre. When you read one of Carlyle's fierce diatribes, you say to yourself: "This is splendid. The man's enthusiasm for justice and truth is glorious." But you also say: "He is a little unjust and a little untruthful. He goes too far. He lashes too hard." These things are not the style; they are the matter. And when, as in his greatest moments, he is emotional and restrained at once, you say: "This is the real Carlyle." Kindly notice how perfect the style has become! No harshnesses or eccentricities now! And if that particular matter is the "real" Carlyle, then that particular style is Carlyle's "real" style. But when you say "real" you would more properly say "best." "This is the best Carlyle." If Carlyle had always been at his best he would have counted among the supreme geniuses of the world. But he was a mixture. His style is the expression of the mixture. The faults are only in the style because they are in the matter. You will find that, in classical literature, the style always follows the mood of the matter. Thus, Charles Lamb's essay on **Dream Children** begins quite simply, in a calm, narrative manner, enlivened by a certain quippishness concerning the children. The style is grave when great-grandmother Field is the subject, and when the

author passes to a rather elaborate impression of the picturesque old mansion it becomes as if it were consciously beautiful. This beauty is intensified in the description of the still more beautiful garden. But the real dividing point of the essay occurs when Lamb approaches his elder brother. He unmistakably marks the point with the phrase: "Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone", I told how," etc. Henceforward the style increases in fervour and in solemnity until the culmination of the essay is reached: "And while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech...." Throughout, the style is governed by the matter. "Well," you say, "of course it is. It couldn't be otherwise. If it were otherwise it would be ridiculous. A man who made love as though he were preaching a sermon, or a man who preached a sermon as though he were teasing schoolboys, or a man who described a death as though he were describing a practical joke, must necessarily be either an ass or a lunatic." Just so. You have put it in a nutshell. You have disposed of the problem of style so far as it can be disposed of. But what do those people mean who say: "I read such and such an author for the beauty of his style alone"? Personally, I do not clearly know what they mean (and I have never been able to get them to explain), unless they mean that they read for the beauty of sound alone. When you read a book there are only three things of which you may be conscious: (1) The significance of the words, which is inseparably bound up with the thought. (2) The look of the printed words on the page--I do not suppose that anybody reads any author for the visual beauty of the words on the page. (3) The sound of the words, either actually uttered or imagined by the brain to be uttered. Now it is indubitable that words differ in beauty of sound. To my mind one of the most beautiful words in the English language is "pavement." Enunciate it, study its sound, and see what you think. It is also indubitable that certain combinations of words have a more beautiful sound than certain other combinations. Thus Tennyson held that the most beautiful line he ever wrote was: The mellow ouzel fluting in the elm. Perhaps, as sound, it was. Assuredly it makes a beautiful succession of sounds, and recalls the bird-sounds which it is intended to describe. But does it live in the memory as one of the rare great Tennysonian lines? It does not. It has charm, but the charm is merely curious or pretty. A whole poem composed of lines with no better recommendation than that line has would remain merely curious or pretty. It would not permanently interest. It would be as insipid as a pretty woman who had nothing behind her prettiness. It would not live. One may remark in this connection how the merely verbal felicities of Tennyson have lost our esteem. Who will now proclaim the *Idylls of the King* as a masterpiece? Of the thousands of lines written by him which please the ear, only those survive of which the matter is charged with emotion. No! As regards the man who professes to read an author "for his style alone," I am inclined to think either that he will soon get sick of that author, or that he is deceiving himself and means the author's general temperament--not the author's verbal style, but a peculiar quality which runs through all the matter written by the author. Just as one may like a man for something which is always coming out of him, which one cannot define, and which is of the very essence of the man. In judging the style of an author, you must employ the same canons as you use in judging men. If you do this you will not be tempted to attach importance to trifles that are negligible. There can be no lasting friendship without respect. If an author's style is such that you cannot *respect* it, then you may be sure that, despite any present pleasure which you may obtain from that author, there is something wrong with his matter, and that the pleasure will soon cloy. You must examine your sentiments towards an author. If when you have read an author you are pleased, without being conscious of aught but his mellifluousness, just conceive what your feelings would be after spending a month's holiday with a merely mellifluous man. If an author's style has pleased you, but done nothing except make you giggle, then reflect upon the ultimate tediousness of the man who can do nothing but jest. On the other hand, if you are impressed by what an author has said to you, but are aware of verbal clumsinesses in his work, you need worry about his "bad style" exactly as much and exactly as little as you would worry about the manners of a kindhearted, keen-brained friend who was dangerous to carpets with a tea-cup in his hand. The friend's antics in a drawing-room are somewhat regrettable, but you would not say of him that his manners were bad. Again, if an author's style dazzles you instantly and blinds you to everything except its brilliant self, ask your soul, before you begin to admire his matter, what would be your final opinion of a man who at the first meeting fired his personality into you like a broadside. Reflect that, as a rule, the people whom you have come to esteem communicated themselves to you gradually, that they did not begin the entertainment with fireworks. In short, look at literature as you would look at life, and you cannot fail to perceive that, essentially, the style is the man. Decidedly you will never assert that you care nothing for style, that your enjoyment of an author's matter is unaffected by his style. And you will never assert, either, that style alone suffices for you. If you are undecided upon a question of style, whether leaning to the favourable or to the unfavourable, the most prudent course is to forget that literary style exists. For, indeed, as style is understood by most people who have not analysed their impressions under the influence of literature, there *is* no such thing as literary style. You cannot divide literature into two elements and say: This is matter and that style. Further, the significance and the worth of literature are to be comprehended and assessed in the same way as the significance and the worth of any other phenomenon: by the

exercise of common-sense. Common-sense will tell you that nobody, not even a genius, can be simultaneously vulgar and distinguished, or beautiful and ugly, or precise and vague, or tender and harsh. And common-sense will therefore tell you that to try to set up vital contradictions between matter and style is absurd. When there is a superficial contradiction, one of the two mutually-contradicting qualities is of far less importance than the other. If you refer literature to the standards of life, common-sense will at once decide which quality should count heaviest in your esteem. You will be in no danger of weighing a mere maladroitness of manner against a fine trait of character, or of letting a graceful deportment blind you to a fundamental vacuity. When in doubt, ignore style, and think of the matter as you would think of an individual.

Chapter VII

WRESTLING WITH AN AUTHOR

Having disposed, so far as is possible and necessary, of that formidable question of style, let us now return to Charles Lamb, whose essay on **Dream Children** was the originating cause of our inquiry into style. As we have made a beginning of Lamb, it will be well to make an end of him. In the preliminary stages of literary culture, nothing is more helpful, in the way of kindling an interest and keeping it well alight, than to specialise for a time on one author, and particularly on an author so frankly and curiously "human" as Lamb is. I do not mean that you should imprison yourself with Lamb's complete works for three months, and read nothing else. I mean that you should regularly devote a proportion of your learned leisure to the study of Lamb until you are acquainted with all that is important in his work and about his work. (You may buy the complete works in prose and verse of Charles and Mary Lamb, edited by that unsurpassed expert Mr. Thomas Hutchison, and published by the Oxford University Press, in two volumes for four shillings the pair!) There is no reason why you should not become a modest specialist in Lamb. He is the very man for you; neither voluminous, nor difficult, nor uncomfortably lofty; always either amusing or touching; and--most important-- himself passionately addicted to literature. You cannot like Lamb without liking literature in general. And you cannot read Lamb without learning about literature in general; for books were his hobby, and he was a critic of the first rank. His letters are full of literariness. You will naturally read his letters; you should not only be infinitely diverted by them (there are no better epistles), but you should receive from them much light on the works. It is a course of study that I am suggesting to you. It means a certain amount of sustained effort. It means slightly more resolution, more pertinacity, and more expenditure of brain-tissue than are required for reading a newspaper. It means, in fact, "work." Perhaps you did not bargain for work when you joined me. But I do not think that the literary taste can be satisfactorily formed unless one is prepared to put one's back into the affair. And I may prophesy to you, by way of encouragement, that, in addition to the advantages of familiarity with masterpieces, of increased literary knowledge, and of a wide introduction to the true bookish atmosphere and "feel" of things, which you will derive from a comprehensive study of Charles Lamb, you will also be conscious of a moral advantage--the very important and very inspiring advantage of really "knowing something about something." You will have achieved a definite step; you will be proudly aware that you have put yourself in a position to judge as an expert whatever you may hear or read in the future concerning Charles Lamb. This legitimate pride and sense of accomplishment will stimulate you to go on further; it will generate steam. I consider that this indirect moral advantage even outweighs, for the moment, the direct literary advantages. Now, I shall not shut my eyes to a possible result of your diligent intercourse with Charles Lamb. It is possible that you may be disappointed with him. It is--shall I say?-- almost probable that you will be disappointed with him, at any rate partially. You will have expected more joy in him than you have received. I have referred in a previous chapter to the feeling of disappointment which often comes from first contacts with the classics. The neophyte is apt to find them--I may as well out with the word--dull. You may have found Lamb less diverting, less interesting, than you hoped. You may have had to whip yourself up again and again to the effort of reading him. In brief, Lamb has not, for you, justified his terrific reputation. If a classic is a classic because it gives **pleasure** to succeeding generations of the people who are most keenly interested in literature, and if Lamb frequently strikes you as dull, then evidently there is something wrong. The difficulty must be fairly fronted, and the fronting of it brings us to the very core of the business of actually forming the taste. If your taste were classical you would discover in Lamb a continual fascination; whereas what you in fact do discover in Lamb is a not unpleasant flatness, enlivened by a vague humour and an occasional pathos. You ought, according to theory, to be enthusiastic; but you are apathetic, or, at best, half-hearted. There is a gulf. How to cross it? To cross it needs time and needs trouble. The following considerations may aid. In the first place, we have to remember that, in coming into the society of the classics in general and of Charles Lamb in particular, we are coming into the society of a mental superior. What happens usually in such a

case? We can judge by recalling what happens when we are in the society of a mental inferior. We say things of which he misses the import; we joke, and he does not smile; what makes him laugh loudly seems to us horseplay or childish; he is blind to beauties which ravish us; he is ecstatic over what strikes us as crude; and his profound truths are for us trite commonplaces. His perceptions are relatively coarse; our perceptions are relatively subtle. We try to make him understand, to make him see, and if he is aware of his inferiority we may have some success. But if he is not aware of his inferiority, we soon hold our tongues and leave him alone in his self-satisfaction, convinced that there is nothing to be done with him. Every one of us has been through this experience with a mental inferior, for there is always a mental inferior handy, just as there is always a being more unhappy than we are. In approaching a classic, the true wisdom is to place ourselves in the position of the mental inferior, aware of mental inferiority, humbly stripping off all conceit, anxious to rise out of that inferiority. Recollect that we always regard as quite hopeless the mental inferior who does not suspect his own inferiority. Our attitude towards Lamb must be: "Charles Lamb was a greater man than I am, cleverer, sharper, subtler, finer, intellectually more powerful, and with keener eyes for beauty. I must brace myself to follow his lead." Our attitude must resemble that of one who cocks his ear and listens with all his soul for a distant sound. To catch the sound we really must listen. That is to say, we must read carefully, with our faculties on the watch. We must read slowly and perseveringly. A classic has to be wooed and is worth the wooing. Further, we must disdain no assistance. I am not in favour of studying criticism of classics before the classics themselves. My notion is to study the work and the biography of a classical writer together, and then to read criticism afterwards. I think that in reprints of the classics the customary "critical introduction" ought to be put at the end, and not at the beginning, of the book. The classic should be allowed to make his own impression, however faint, on the virginal mind of the reader. But afterwards let explanatory criticism be read as much as you please. Explanatory criticism is very useful; nearly as useful as pondering for oneself on what one has read! Explanatory criticism may throw one single gleam that lights up the entire subject. My second consideration (in aid of crossing the gulf) touches the quality of the pleasure to be derived from a classic. It is never a violent pleasure. It is subtle, and it will wax in intensity, but the idea of violence is foreign to it. The artistic pleasures of an uncultivated mind are generally violent. They proceed from exaggeration in treatment, from a lack of balance, from attaching too great an importance to one aspect (usually superficial), while quite ignoring another. They are gross, like the joy of Worcester sauce on the palate. Now, if there is one point common to all classics, it is the absence of exaggeration. The balanced sanity of a great mind makes impossible exaggeration, and, therefore, distortion. The beauty of a classic is not at all apt to knock you down. It will steal over you, rather. Many serious students are, I am convinced, discouraged in the early stages because they are expecting a wrong kind of pleasure. They have abandoned Worcester sauce, and they miss it. They miss the coarse *tang*. They must realise that indulgence in the *tang* means the sure and total loss of sensitiveness--sensitiveness even to the *tang* itself. They cannot have crudeness and fineness together. They must choose, remembering that while crudeness kills pleasure, fineness ever intensifies it.

Chapter VIII

SYSTEM IN READING

You have now definitely set sail on the sea of literature. You are afloat, and your anchor is up. I think I have given adequate warning of the dangers and disappointments which await the unwary and the sanguine. The enterprise in which you are engaged is not facile, nor is it short. I think I have sufficiently predicted that you will have your hours of woe, during which you may be inclined to send to perdition all writers, together with the inventor of printing. But if you have become really friendly with Lamb; if you know Lamb, or even half of him; if you have formed an image of him in your mind, and can, as it were, hear him brilliantly stuttering while you read his essays or letters, then certainly you are in a fit condition to proceed and you want to know in which direction you are to proceed. Yes, I have caught your terrified and protesting whisper: "I hope to heaven he isn't going to prescribe a Course of English Literature, because I feel I shall never be able to do it!" I am not. If your object in life was to be a University Extension Lecturer in English literature, then I should prescribe something drastic and desolating. But as your object, so far as I am concerned, is simply to obtain the highest and most tonic form of artistic pleasure of which you are capable, I shall not prescribe any regular course. Nay, I shall venture to dissuade you from any regular course. No man, and assuredly no beginner, can possibly pursue a historical course of literature without wasting a lot of weary time in acquiring mere knowledge which will yield neither pleasure nor advantage. In the choice of reading the individual must count; caprice must count, for caprice is often the truest index to the individuality. Stand defiantly on your own feet, and do not excuse yourself to yourself. You do not exist in order to honour literature by

becoming an encyclopædia of literature. Literature exists for your service. Wherever you happen to be, that, for you, is the centre of literature. Still, for your own sake you must confine yourself for a long time to recognised classics, for reasons already explained. And though you should not follow a course, you must have a system or principle. Your native sagacity will tell you that caprice, left quite unfettered, will end by being quite ridiculous. The system which I recommend is embodied in this counsel: Let one thing lead to another. In the sea of literature every part communicates with every other part; there are no land-locked lakes. It was with an eye to this system that I originally recommended you to start with Lamb. Lamb, if you are his intimate, has already brought you into relations with a number of other prominent writers with whom you can in turn be intimate, and who will be particularly useful to you. Among these are Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt. You cannot know Lamb without knowing these men, and some of them are of the highest importance. From the circle of Lamb's own work you may go off at a tangent at various points, according to your inclination. If, for instance, you are drawn towards poetry, you cannot, in all English literature, make a better start than with Wordsworth. And Wordsworth will send you backwards to a comprehension of the poets against whose influence Wordsworth fought. When you have understood Wordsworth's and Coleridge's **Lyrical Ballads**, and Wordsworth's defence of them, you will be in a position to judge poetry in general. If, again, your mind hankers after an earlier and more romantic literature, Lamb's **Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakspeare** has already, in an enchanting fashion, piloted you into a vast gulf of "the sea which is Shakspeare." Again, in Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt you will discover essayists inferior only to Lamb himself, and critics perhaps not inferior. Hazlitt is unsurpassed as a critic. His judgments are convincing and his enthusiasm of the most catching nature. Having arrived at Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt, you can branch off once more at any one of ten thousand points into still wider circles. And thus you may continue up and down the centuries as far as you like, yea, even to Chaucer. If you chance to read Hazlitt on **Chaucer and Spenser**, you will probably put your hat on instantly and go out and buy these authors; such is his communicating fire! I need not particularise further. Commencing with Lamb, and allowing one thing to lead to another, you cannot fail to be more and more impressed by the peculiar suitability to your needs of the Lamb entourage and the Lamb period. For Lamb lived in a time of universal rebirth in English literature. Wordsworth and Coleridge were re-creating poetry; Scott was re-creating the novel; Lamb was re-creating the human document; and Hazlitt, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and others were re-creating criticism. Sparks are flying all about the place, and it will be not less than a miracle if something combustible and indestructible in you does not take fire. I have only one cautionary word to utter. You may be saying to yourself: "So long as I stick to classics I cannot go wrong." You can go wrong. You can, while reading naught but very fine stuff, commit the grave error of reading too much of one kind of stuff. Now there are two kinds, and only two kinds. These two kinds are not prose and poetry, nor are they divided the one from the other by any differences of form or of subject. They are the inspiring kind and the informing kind. No other genuine division exists in literature. Emerson, I think, first clearly stated it. His terms were the literature of "power" and the literature of "knowledge." In nearly all great literature the two qualities are to be found in company, but one usually predominates over the other. An example of the exclusively inspiring kind is Coleridge's **Kubla Khan**. I cannot recall any first-class example of the purely informing kind. The nearest approach to it that I can name is Spencer's **First Principles**, which, however, is at least once highly inspiring. An example in which the inspiring quality predominates is **Ivanhoe**; and an example in which the informing quality predominates is Hazlitt's essays on Shakespeare's characters. You must avoid giving undue preference to the kind in which the inspiring quality predominates or to the kind in which the informing quality predominates. Too much of the one is enervating; too much of the other is desiccating. If you stick exclusively to the one you may become a mere debauchee of the emotions; if you stick exclusively to the other you may cease to live in any full sense. I do not say that you should hold the balance exactly even between the two kinds. Your taste will come into the scale. What I say is that neither kind must be neglected. Lamb is an instance of a great writer whom anybody can understand and whom a majority of those who interest themselves in literature can more or less appreciate. He makes no excessive demand either on the intellect or on the faculty of sympathetic emotion. On both sides of Lamb, however, there lie literatures more difficult, more recondite. The "knowledge" side need not detain us here; it can be mastered by concentration and perseverance. But the "power" side, which comprises the supreme productions of genius, demands special consideration. You may have arrived at the point of keenly enjoying Lamb and yet be entirely unable to "see anything in" such writings as **Kubla Khan** or Milton's **Comus**; and as for **Hamlet** you may see nothing in it but a sanguinary tale "full of quotations." Nevertheless it is the supreme productions which are capable of yielding the supreme pleasures, and which **will** yield the supreme pleasures when the pass-key to them has been acquired. This pass-key is a comprehension of the nature of poetry.

VERSE

There is a word, a "name of fear," which rouses terror in the heart of the vast educated majority of the English-speaking race. The most valiant will fly at the mere utterance of that word. The most broad-minded will put their backs up against it. The most rash will not dare to affront it. I myself have seen it empty buildings that had been full; and I know that it will scatter a crowd more quickly than a hose-pipe, hornets, or the rumour of plague. Even to murmur it is to incur solitude, probably disdain, and possibly starvation, as historical examples show. That word is "poetry." The profound objection of the average man to poetry can scarcely be exaggerated. And when I say the average man, I do not mean the "average sensual man"--any man who gets on to the top of the omnibus; I mean the average lettered man, the average man who does care a little for books and enjoys reading, and knows the classics by name and the popular writers by having read them. I am convinced that not one man in ten who reads, reads poetry--at any rate, knowingly. I am convinced, further, that not one man in ten who goes so far as knowingly to *buy* poetry ever reads it. You will find everywhere men who read very widely in prose, but who will say quite callously, "No, I never read poetry." If the sales of modern poetry, distinctly labelled as such, were to cease entirely to-morrow not a publisher would fail; scarcely a publisher would be affected; and not a poet would die--for I do not believe that a single modern English poet is living to-day on the current proceeds of his verse. For a country which possesses the greatest poetical literature in the world this condition of affairs is at least odd. What makes it odder is that, occasionally, very occasionally, the average lettered man will have a fit of idolatry for a fine poet, buying his books in tens of thousands, and bestowing upon him immense riches. As with Tennyson. And what makes it odder still is that, after all, the average lettered man does not truly dislike poetry; he only dislikes it when it takes a certain form. He will read poetry and enjoy it, provided he is not aware that it is poetry. Poetry can exist authentically either in prose or in verse. Give him poetry concealed in prose and there is a chance that, taken off his guard, he will appreciate it. But show him a page of verse, and he will be ready to send for a policeman. The reason of this is that, though poetry may come to pass either in prose or in verse, it does actually happen far more frequently in verse than in prose; nearly all the very greatest poetry is in verse; verse is identified with the very greatest poetry, and the very greatest poetry can only be understood and savoured by people who have put themselves through a considerable mental discipline. To others it is an exasperating weariness. Hence chiefly the fearful prejudice of the average lettered man against the mere form of verse. The formation of literary taste cannot be completed until that prejudice has been conquered. My very difficult task is to suggest a method of conquering it. I address myself exclusively to the large class of people who, if they are honest, will declare that, while they enjoy novels, essays, and history, they cannot "stand" verse. The case is extremely delicate, like all nervous cases. It is useless to employ the arts of reasoning, for the matter has got beyond logic; it is instinctive. Perfectly futile to assure you that verse will yield a higher percentage of pleasure than prose! You will reply: "We believe you, but that doesn't help us." Therefore I shall not argue. I shall venture to prescribe a curative treatment (doctors do not argue); and I beg you to follow it exactly, keeping your nerve and your calm. Loss of self-control might lead to panic, and panic would be fatal. First: Forget as completely as you can all your present notions about the nature of verse and poetry. Take a sponge and wipe the slate of your mind. In particular, do not harass yourself by thoughts of metre and verse forms. Second: Read William Hazlitt's essay "On Poetry in General." This essay is the first in the book entitled *Lectures on the English Poets*. It can be bought in various forms. I think the cheapest satisfactory edition is in Routledge's "New Universal Library" (price 1s. net). I might have composed an essay of my own on the real harmless nature of poetry in general, but it could only have been an echo and a deterioration of Hazlitt's. He has put the truth about poetry in a way as interesting, clear, and reassuring as anyone is ever likely to put it. I do not expect, however, that you will instantly gather the full message and enthusiasm of the essay. It will probably seem to you not to "hang together." Still, it will leave bright bits of ideas in your mind. Third: After a week's interval read the essay again. On a second perusal it will appear more persuasive to you. Fourth: Open the Bible and read the fortieth chapter of Isaiah. It is the chapter which begins, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," and ends, "They shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." This chapter will doubtless be more or less familiar to you. It cannot fail (whatever your particular *ism*) to impress you, to generate in your mind sensations which you recognise to be of a lofty and unusual order, and which you will admit to be pleasurable. You will probably agree that the result of reading this chapter (even if your particular *ism* is opposed to its authority) is finer than the result of reading a short story in a magazine or even an essay by Charles Lamb. Now the pleasurable sensations induced by the fortieth chapter of Isaiah are among the sensations usually induced by high-class poetry. The writer of it was a very great poet, and what he wrote is a very great poem. Fifth: After having read it, go back to Hazlitt, and see if you can find anything in Hazlitt's lecture which throws light on the psychology of your own emotions upon reading Isaiah. Sixth: The next step is into unmistakable verse. It is to read one of Wordsworth's short narrative poems, *The Brothers*. There are

editions of Wordsworth at a shilling, but I should advise the "Golden Treasury" Wordsworth (2s. 6d. net), because it contains the famous essay by Matthew Arnold, who made the selection. I want you to read this poem aloud. You will probably have to hide yourself somewhere in order to do so, for, of course, you would not, as yet, care to be overheard spouting poetry. Be good enough to forget that **The Brothers** is poetry. **The Brothers** is a short story, with a plain, clear plot. Read it as such. Read it simply for the story. It is very important at this critical stage that you should not embarrass your mind with preoccupations as to the **form** in which Wordsworth has told his story. Wordsworth's object was to tell a story as well as he could: just that. In reading aloud do not pay any more attention to the metre than you feel naturally inclined to pay. After a few lines the metre will present itself to you. Do not worry as to what kind of metre it is. When you have finished the perusal, examine your sensations.... Your sensations after reading this poem, and perhaps one or two other narrative poems of Wordsworth, such as **Michael**, will be different from the sensations produced in you by reading an ordinary, or even a very extraordinary, short story in prose. They may not be so sharp, so clear and piquant, but they will probably be, in their mysteriousness and their vagueness, more impressive. I do not say that they will be diverting. I do not go so far as to say that they will strike you as pleasing sensations. (Be it remembered that I am addressing myself to an imaginary tyro in poetry.) I would qualify them as being "disturbing." Well, to disturb the spirit is one of the greatest aims of art. And a disturbance of spirit is one of the finest pleasures that a highly-organised man can enjoy. But this truth can only be really learnt by the repetitions of experience. As an aid to the more exhaustive examination of your feelings under Wordsworth, in order that you may better understand what he was trying to effect in you, and the means which he employed, I must direct you to Wordsworth himself. Wordsworth, in addition to being a poet, was unsurpassed as a critic of poetry. What Hazlitt does for poetry in the way of creating enthusiasm Wordsworth does in the way of philosophic explanation. And Wordsworth's explanations of the theory and practice of poetry are written for the plain man. They pass the comprehension of nobody, and their direct, unassuming, and calm simplicity is extremely persuasive. Wordsworth's chief essays in throwing light on himself are the "Advertisement," "Preface," and "Appendix" to **Lyrical Ballads**; the letters to Lady Beaumont and "the Friend" and the "Preface" to the Poems dated 1815. All this matter is strangely interesting and of immense educational value. It is the first-class expert talking at ease about his subject. The essays relating to **Lyrical Ballads** will be the most useful for you. You will discover these precious documents in a volume entitled **Wordsworth's Literary Criticism** (published by Henry Frowde, 2s. 6d.), edited by that distinguished Wordsworthian Mr. Nowell C. Smith. It is essential that the student of poetry should become possessed, honestly or dishonestly, either of this volume or of the matter which it contains. There is, by the way, a volume of Wordsworth's prose in the Scott Library (1s.). Those who have not read Wordsworth on poetry can have no idea of the naïve charm and the helpful radiance of his expounding. I feel that I cannot too strongly press Wordsworth's criticism upon you. Between Wordsworth and Hazlitt you will learn all that it behoves you to know of the nature, the aims, and the results of poetry. It is no part of my scheme to dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" of Wordsworth and Hazlitt. I best fulfil my purpose in urgently referring you to them. I have only a single point of my own to make-- a psychological detail. One of the main obstacles to the cultivation of poetry in the average sensible man is an absurdly inflated notion of the ridiculous. At the bottom of that man's mind is the idea that poetry is "silly." He also finds it exaggerated and artificial; but these two accusations against poetry can be satisfactorily answered. The charge of silliness, of being ridiculous, however, cannot be refuted by argument. There is no logical answer to a guffaw. This sense of the ridiculous is merely a bad, infantile habit, in itself grotesquely ridiculous. You may see it particularly in the theatre. Not the greatest dramatist, not the greatest composer, not the greatest actor can prevent an audience from laughing uproariously at a tragic moment if a cat walks across the stage. But why ruin the scene by laughter? Simply because the majority of any audience is artistically childish. This sense of the ridiculous can only be crushed by the exercise of moral force. It can only be cowed. If you are inclined to laugh when a poet expresses himself more powerfully than you express yourself, when a poet talks about feelings which are not usually mentioned in daily papers, when a poet uses words and images which lie outside your vocabulary and range of thought, then you had better take yourself in hand. You have to decide whether you will be on the side of the angels or on the side of the nincompoops. There is no surer sign of imperfect development than the impulse to snigger at what is unusual, naïve, or exuberant. And if you choose to do so, you can detect the cat walking across the stage in the sublimest passages of literature. But more advanced souls will grieve for you. The study of Wordsworth's criticism makes the seventh step in my course of treatment. The eighth is to return to those poems of Wordsworth's which you have already perused, and read them again in the full light of the author's defence and explanation. Read as much Wordsworth as you find you can assimilate, but do not attempt either of his long poems. The time, however, is now come for a long poem. I began by advising narrative poetry for the neophyte, and I shall persevere with the prescription. I mean narrative poetry in the restricted sense; for epic poetry is narrative. **Paradise Lost** is narrative; so is **The Prelude**. I suggest neither of these great works. My choice falls on Elizabeth Browning's **Aurora Leigh**. If you once work yourself "into" this poem, interesting yourself primarily (as

with Wordsworth) in the events of the story, and not allowing yourself to be obsessed by the fact that what you are reading is "poetry"--if you do this, you are not likely to leave it unfinished. And before you reach the end you will have encountered *en route* pretty nearly all the moods of poetry that exist: tragic, humorous, ironic, elegiac, lyric--everything. You will have a comprehensive acquaintance with a poet's mind. I guarantee that you will come safely through if you treat the work as a novel. For a novel it effectively is, and a better one than any written by Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot. In reading, it would be well to mark, or take note of, the passages which give you the most pleasure, and then to compare these passages with the passages selected for praise by some authoritative critic. *Aurora Leigh* can be got in the "Temple Classics" (1s. 6d.), or in the "Canterbury Poets" (1s.). The indispensable biographical information about Mrs. Browning can be obtained from Mr. J. H. Ingram's short Life of her in the "Eminent Women" Series (1s. 6d.), or from *Robert Browning*, by William Sharp ("Great Writers" Series, 1s.). This accomplished, you may begin to choose your poets. Going back to Hazlitt, you will see that he deals with, among others, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Chatterton, Burns, and the Lake School. You might select one of these, and read under his guidance. Said Wordsworth: "I was impressed by the conviction that there were four English poets whom I must have continually before me as examples--Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton." (A word to the wise!) Wordsworth makes a fifth to these four. Concurrently with the careful, enthusiastic study of one of the undisputed classics, modern verse should be read. (I beg you to accept the following statement: that if the study of classical poetry inspires you with a distaste for modern poetry, then there is something seriously wrong in the method of your development.) You may at this stage (and not before) commence an inquiry into questions of rhythm, verse-structure, and rhyme. There is, I believe, no good, concise, cheap handbook to English prosody; yet such a manual is greatly needed. The only one with which I am acquainted is Tom Hood the younger's *Rules of Rhyme: A Guide to English Versification*. Again, the introduction to Walker's *Rhyming Dictionary* gives a fairly clear elementary account of the subject. Ruskin also has written an excellent essay on verse-rhythms. With a manual in front of you, you can acquire in a couple of hours a knowledge of the formal principles in which the music of English verse is rooted. The business is trifling. But the business of appreciating the inmost spirit of the greatest verse is tremendous and lifelong. It is not something that can be "got up."

Chapter X

BROAD COUNSELS

I have now set down what appear to me to be the necessary considerations, recommendations, exhortations, and dehortations in aid of this delicate and arduous enterprise of forming the literary taste. I have dealt with the theory of literature, with the psychology of the author, and--quite as important--with the psychology of the reader. I have tried to explain the author to the reader and the reader to himself. To go into further detail would be to exceed my original intention, with no hope of ever bringing the constantly-enlarging scheme to a logical conclusion. My aim is not to provide a map, but a compass--two very different instruments. In the way of general advice it remains for me only to put before you three counsels which apply more broadly than any I have yet offered to the business of reading. You have within yourself a touchstone by which finally you can, and you must, test every book that your brain is capable of comprehending. Does the book seem to you to be sincere and true? If it does, then you need not worry about your immediate feelings, or the possible future consequences of the book. You will ultimately like the book, and you will be justified in liking it. Honesty, in literature as in life, is the quality that counts first and counts last. But beware of your immediate feelings. Truth is not always pleasant. The first glimpse of truth is, indeed, usually so disconcerting as to be positively unpleasant, and our impulse is to tell it to go away, for we will have no truck with it. If a book arouses your genuine contempt, you may dismiss it from your mind. Take heed, however, lest you confuse contempt with anger. If a book really moves you to anger, the chances are that it is a good book. Most good books have begun by causing anger which disguised itself as contempt. Demanding honesty from your authors, you must see that you render it yourself. And to be honest with oneself is not so simple as it appears. One's sensations and one's sentiments must be examined with detachment. When you have violently flung down a book, listen whether you can hear a faint voice saying within you: "It's true, though!" And if you catch the whisper, better yield to it as quickly as you can. For sooner or later the voice will win. Similarly, when you are hugging a book, keep your ear cocked for the secret warning: "Yes, but it isn't true." For bad books, by flattering you, by caressing, by appealing to the weak or the base in you, will often persuade you what fine and splendid books they are. (Of course, I use the word "true" in a wide and essential significance. I do not necessarily mean true to literal fact; I mean true to the plane of experience in which the book moves. The truthfulness of *Ivanhoe*, for example, cannot be estimated by the same standards as the truthfulness of Stubbs's *Constitutional History*.) In reading a book, a sincere questioning of oneself, "Is it

true?" and a loyal abiding by the answer, will help more surely than any other process of ratiocination to form the taste. I will not assert that this question and answer are all-sufficient. A true book is not always great. But a great book is never untrue. My second counsel is: In your reading you must have in view some definite aim--some aim other than the wish to derive pleasure. I conceive that to give pleasure is the highest end of any work of art, because the pleasure procured from any art is tonic, and transforms the life into which it enters. But the maximum of pleasure can only be obtained by regular effort, and regular effort implies the organisation of that effort. Open-air walking is a glorious exercise; it is the walking itself which is glorious. Nevertheless, when setting out for walking exercise, the sane man generally has a subsidiary aim in view. He says to himself either that he will reach a given point, or that he will progress at a given speed for a given distance, or that he will remain on his feet for a given time. He organises his effort, partly in order that he may combine some other advantage with the advantage of walking, but principally in order to be sure that the effort shall be an adequate effort. The same with reading. Your paramount aim in poring over literature is to enjoy, but you will not fully achieve that aim unless you have also a subsidiary aim which necessitates the measurement of your energy. Your subsidiary aim may be æsthetic, moral, political, religious, scientific, erudite; you may devote yourself to a man, a topic, an epoch, a nation, a branch of literature, an idea--you have the widest latitude in the choice of an objective; but a definite objective you must have. In my earlier remarks as to method in reading, I advocated, without insisting on, regular hours for study. But I both advocate and insist on the fixing of a date for the accomplishment of an allotted task. As an instance, it is not enough to say: "I will inform myself completely as to the Lake School." It is necessary to say: "I will inform myself completely as to the Lake School before I am a year older." Without this precautionary steeling of the resolution the risk of a humiliating collapse into futility is enormously magnified. My third counsel is: Buy a library. It is obvious that you cannot read unless you have books. I began by urging the constant purchase of books-- any books of approved quality, without reference to their immediate bearing upon your particular case. The moment has now come to inform you plainly that a bookman is, amongst other things, a man who possesses many books. A man who does not possess many books is not a bookman. For years literary authorities have been favouring the literary public with wondrously selected lists of "the best books"--the best novels, the best histories, the best poems, the best works of philosophy--or the hundred best or the fifty best of all sorts. The fatal disadvantage of such lists is that they leave out large quantities of literature which is admittedly first-class. The bookman cannot content himself with a selected library. He wants, as a minimum, a library reasonably complete in all departments. With such a basis acquired, he can afterwards wander into those special byways of book-buying which happen to suit his special predilections. Every Englishman who is interested in any branch of his native literature, and who respects himself, ought to own a comprehensive and inclusive library of English literature, in comely and adequate editions. You may suppose that this counsel is a counsel of perfection. It is not. Mark Pattison laid down a rule that he who desired the name of book-lover must spend five per cent. of his income on books. The proposal does not seem extravagant, but even on a smaller percentage than five the average reader of these pages may become the owner, in a comparatively short space of time, of a reasonably complete English library, by which I mean a library containing the complete works of the supreme geniuses, representative important works of all the first-class men in all departments, and specimen works of all the men of the second rank whose reputation is really a living reputation to-day. The scheme for a library, which I now present, begins before Chaucer and ends with George Gissing, and I am fairly sure that the majority of people will be startled at the total inexpensiveness of it. So far as I am aware, no such scheme has ever been printed before.

Chapter XI

AN ENGLISH LIBRARY: PERIOD I* (*For much counsel and correction in the matter of editions and prices I am indebted to my old and valued friend, Charles Young, head of the firm of Lamley & Co., booksellers, South Kensington.)

For the purposes of book-buying, I divide English literature, not strictly into historical epochs, but into three periods which, while scarcely arbitrary from the historical point of view, have nevertheless been calculated according to the space which they will occupy on the shelves and to the demands which they will make on the purse:

- I. From the beginning to John Dryden, or roughly, to the end of the seventeenth century.
- II. From William Congreve to Jane Austen, or roughly, the eighteenth century.

III. From Sir Walter Scott to the last deceased author who is recognised as a classic, or roughly, the nineteenth century.

Period III. will bulk the largest and cost the most; not necessarily because it contains more absolutely great books than the other periods (though in my opinion it **does**), but because it is nearest to us, and therefore fullest of interest for us.

I have not confined my choice to books of purely literary interest-- that is to say, to works which are primarily works of literary art. Literature is the vehicle of philosophy, science, morals, religion, and history; and a library which aspires to be complete must comprise, in addition to imaginative works, all these branches of intellectual activity. Comprising all these branches, it cannot avoid comprising works of which the purely literary interest is almost nil. On the other hand, I have excluded from consideration:--

i. Works whose sole importance is that they form a link in the chain of development. For example, nearly all the productions of authors between Chaucer and the beginning of the Elizabethan period, such as Gower, Hoccleve, and Skelton, whose works, for sufficient reason, are read only by professors and students who mean to be professors.

ii. Works not originally written in English, such as the works of that very great philosopher Roger Bacon, of whom this isle ought to be prouder than it is. To this rule, however, I have been constrained to make a few exceptions. Sir Thomas More's **Utopia** was written in Latin, but one does not easily conceive a library to be complete without it. And could one exclude Sir Isaac Newton's **Principia**, the masterpiece of the greatest physicist that the world has ever seen? The law of gravity ought to have, and does have, a powerful sentimental interest for us.

iii. Translations from foreign literature into English.

Here, then, are the lists for the first period:

PROSE WRITERS

| | | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---|----|----|----|
| Bede, <i>*Ecclesiastical History*</i> Temple Classics | | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Sir Thomas Malory, <i>*Morte d'Arthur*</i> Everyman's Library (4 vols.) | 0 | 4 | 0 | |
| Sir Thomas More, <i>*Utopia*</i> Scott Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| George Cavendish, <i>*Life of Cardinal Wolsey*</i> New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | | |
| | 0 | | | |
| Richard Hakluyt, <i>*Voyages*</i> Everyman's Library (8 vols.) | 0 | 8 | 0 | |
| Richard Hooker, <i>*Ecclesiastical Polity*</i> Everyman's Library (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | | |
| | 0 | | | |
| FRANCIS BACON, <i>*Works*</i> Newnes's Thin-paper Classics | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Thomas Dekker, <i>*Gull's Horn-Book*</i> King's Classics | | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Lord Herbert of Cherbury, <i>*Autobiography*</i> Scott Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| John Selden, <i>*Table-Talk*</i> New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Thomas Hobbes, <i>*Leviathan*</i> New Universal Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| James Howell, <i>*Familiar Letters*</i> Temple Classics (3 vols.) | 0 | 4 | 6 | |
| SIR THOMAS BROWNE, <i>*Religio Medici*</i> , etc.: Everyman's Library | | 0 | 1 | |
| | 0 | | | |
| Jeremy Taylor, <i>*Holy Living and Holy Dying*</i> Temple Classics (3 vols.) | | 0 | 4 | |
| | 6 | | | |
| Izaak Walton, <i>*Compleat Angler*</i> Everyman's Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| JOHN BUNYAN, <i>*Pilgrim's Progress*</i> World's Classics | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Sir William Temple, <i>*Essay on Gardens of Epicurus*</i> King's Classics | 0 | 1 | | |
| | 6 | | | |
| John Evelyn, <i>*Diary*</i> Everyman's Library (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| Samuel Pepys, <i>*Diary*</i> Everyman's Library (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| | | £2 | 1 | 6 |

The principal omission from the above list is **The Paston Letters**, which I should probably have included had the enterprise of publishers been sufficient to put an edition on the market at a cheap price. Other omissions include the works of Caxton and Wyclif, and such books as Camden's **Britannia**, Ascham's **Schoolmaster**, and Fuller's **Worthies**, whose lack of first-rate value as literature is not adequately compensated by their historical interest. As to the Bible, in the first place it is a translation, and in the second I assume that you already possess a copy.

POETS.

| | | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---|----|----|-----|
| <i>*Beowulf*</i> , Routledge's London Library | | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| GEOFFREY CHAUCER, <i>*Works:*</i> Globe Edition | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Nicolas Udall, <i>*Ralph Roister-Doister:*</i> Temple Dramatists | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| EDMUND SPENSER, <i>*Works:*</i> Globe Edition | | | 0 | 3 6 |
| Thomas Lodge, <i>*Rosalynde:*</i> Caxton Series | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Robert Greene, <i>*Tragical Reign of Selimus:*</i> Temple Dramatists | | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| Michael Drayton, <i>*Poems:*</i> Newnes's Pocket Classics | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, <i>*Works:*</i> New Universal Library | | | 0 | 1 0 |
| WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, <i>*Works:*</i> Globe Edition | | | 0 | 3 6 |
| Thomas Campion, <i>*Poems:*</i> Muses' Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Ben Jonson, <i>*Plays:*</i> Canterbury Poets | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| John Donne, <i>*Poems:*</i> Muses' Library (2 vols.) | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| John Webster, Cyril Tourneur, <i>*Plays:*</i> Mermaid Series | | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Philip Massinger, <i>*Plays:*</i> Cunningham Edition | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Beaumont and Fletcher, <i>*Plays: a Selection:*</i> Canterbury Poets | | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| John Ford, <i>*Plays:*</i> Mermaid Series | | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| George Herbert, <i>*The Temple:*</i> Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| ROBERT HERRICK, <i>*Poems:*</i> Muses' Library (2 vols.) | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Edmund Waller, <i>*Poems:*</i> Muses' Library (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| Sir John Suckling, <i>*Poems:*</i> Muses' Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Abraham Cowley, <i>*English Poems:*</i> Cambridge University Press | | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| Richard Crashaw, <i>*Poems:*</i> Muses' Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Henry Vaughan, <i>*Poems:*</i> Methuen's Little Library | 0 | 1 | 6 | |
| Samuel Butler, <i>*Hudibras:*</i> Cambridge University Press | | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| JOHN MILTON, <i>*Poetical Works:*</i> Oxford Cheap Edition | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| JOHN MILTON, <i>*Select Prose Works:*</i> Scott Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Andrew Marvell, <i>*Poems:*</i> Methuen's Little Library | 0 | 1 | 6 | |
| John Dryden, <i>*Poetical Works:*</i> Globe Edition | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| [Thomas Percy], <i>*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry:*</i> | | | | |
| Everyman's Library (2 vols.) | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Arber's <i>*"Spenser" Anthology:*</i> Oxford University Press | | 0 | 2 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| Arber's <i>*"Jonson" Anthology:*</i> Oxford University Press | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Arber's <i>*"Shakspeare" Anthology:*</i> Oxford University Press | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| | | £3 | 7 | 6 |

There were a number of brilliant minor writers in the seventeenth century whose best work, often trifling in bulk, either scarcely merits the acquisition of a separate volume for each author, or cannot be obtained at all in a modern edition. Such authors, however, may not be utterly neglected in the formation of a library. It is to meet this difficulty that I have included the last three volumes on the above list. Professor Arber's anthologies are full of rare pieces, and comprise admirable specimens of the verse of Samuel Daniel, Giles Fletcher, Countess of Pembroke, James I., George Peele, Sir Walter Raleigh, Thomas Sackville, Sir Philip Sidney, Drummond of Hawthornden, Thomas Heywood, George Wither, Sir Henry Wotton, Sir William Davenant, Thomas Randolph, Frances Quarles, James Shirley, and other greater and lesser poets. I have included all the important Elizabethan dramatists except John

Marston, all the editions of whose works, according to my researches, are out of print. In the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods talent was so extraordinarily plentiful that the standard of excellence is quite properly raised, and certain authors are thus relegated to the third, or excluded, class who in a less fertile period would have counted as at least second-class.

SUMMARY OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

| | | | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------|----|-----------------|----|----|----|
| 19 prose authors in | 36 | volumes costing | 2 | 1 | 6 |
| 29 poets in | 36 | " " | 3 | 7 | 6 |
| 48 | 72 | | £5 | 9 | 0 |

In addition, scores of authors of genuine interest are represented in the anthologies.

The prices given are gross, and in many instances there is a 25 per cent. discount to come off. All the volumes can be procured immediately at any bookseller's.

Chapter XII

AN ENGLISH LIBRARY: PERIOD II

After dealing with the formation of a library of authors up to John Dryden, I must logically arrange next a scheme for the period covered roughly by the eighteenth century. There is, however, no reason why the student in quest of a library should follow the chronological order. Indeed, I should advise him to attack the nineteenth century before the eighteenth, for the reason that, unless his taste happens to be peculiarly "Augustan," he will obtain a more immediate satisfaction and profit from his acquisitions in the nineteenth century than in the eighteenth. There is in eighteenth-century literature a considerable proportion of what I may term "unattractive excellence," which one must have for the purposes of completeness, but which may await actual perusal until more pressing and more human books have been read. I have particularly in mind the philosophical authors of the century.

PROSE WRITERS.

| | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|----|----|-----|
| JOHN LOCKE, *Philosophical Works:* Bohn's Edition (2 vols.) | | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| SIR ISAAC NEWTON, *Principia* (sections 1, 2, and 3): Macmillan's | 0 | 12 | 0 | |
| Gilbert Burnet, *History of His Own Time:* Everyman's Library | | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| William Wycherley, *Best Plays:* Mermaid Series | | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| WILLIAM CONGREVE, *Best Plays:* Mermaid Series | | | 0 | 2 6 |
| Jonathan Swift, *Tale of a Tub:* Scott Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels:* Temple Classics | | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| DANIEL DEFOE, *Robinson Crusoe:* World's Classics | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| DANIEL DEFOE, *Journal of the Plague Year:* Everyman's Library | | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, *Essays:* Scott Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| William Law, *Serious Call:* Everyman's Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Lady Mary W. Montagu, *Letters:* Everyman's Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| George Berkeley, *Principles of Human Knowledge:* | | | | |
| New Universal Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| SAMUEL RICHARDSON, *Clarissa* (abridged): Routledge's Edition | | 0 | 2 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| John Wesley, *Journal:* Everyman's Library (4 vols.) | | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| HENRY FIELDING, *Tom Jones:* Routledge's Edition | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| HENRY FIELDING, *Amelia:* Routledge's Edition | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| HENRY FIELDING, *Joseph Andrews:* Routledge's Edition | | 0 | 2 | 0 |

| | | | | |
|--|----|---|---|---|
| David Hume, *Essays:* World's Classics | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| LAURENCE STERNE, *Tristram Shandy:* World's Classics | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| LAURENCE STERNE, *Sentimental Journey:* New Universal Library | | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| Horace Walpole, *Castle of Otranto:* King's Classics | 0 | 1 | 6 | |
| Tobias Smollett, *Humphrey Clinker:* Routledge's Edition | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| Tobias Smollett, *Travels through France and Italy:* World's Classics | 0 | 1 | | |
| 0 | | | | |
| ADAM SMITH, *Wealth of Nations:* World's Classics (2 vols.) | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the Poets:* World's Classics (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| Samuel Johnson, *Rasselas:* New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| JAMES BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson:* Everyman's Library (2 vols.) | | 0 | 2 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| Oliver Goldsmith, *Works:* Globe Edition | 0 | 3 | 6 | |
| Henry Mackenzie, *The Man of Feeling:* Cassell's National Library | 0 | 0 | 6 | |
| Sir Joshua Reynolds, *Discourses on Art:* Scott Library | | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the French Revolution:* Scott Library | 0 | 1 | | |
| 0 | | | | |
| Edmund Burke, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents:* New Universal Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| EDWARD GIBBON, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire:* World's Classics (7 vols.) | 0 | 7 | 0 | |
| Thomas Paine, *Rights of Man:* Watts and Co.'s Edition | | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, *Plays:* World's Classics | | | 0 | 1 |
| Fanny Burney, *Evelina:* Everyman's Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Gilbert White, *Natural History of Selborne:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Arthur Young, *Travels in France:* York Library | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Mungo Park, *Travels:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Jeremy Bentham, *Introduction to the Principles of Morals:* Clarendon Press | | 0 | 6 | 6 |
| THOMAS ROBERT MALTHUS, *Essay on the Principle of Population:* Ward, Lock's Edition | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| William Godwin, *Caleb Williams:* Newnes's Edition | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Maria Edgeworth, *Helen:* Macmillan's Illustrated Edition | 0 | 2 | 6 | |
| JANE AUSTEN, *Novels:* Nelson's New Century Library (2 vols.) | | 0 | 4 | |
| 0 | | | | |
| James Morier, *Hadji Baba:* Macmillan's Illustrated Novels | 0 | 2 | 6 | |
| | £5 | 1 | 0 | |

The principal omissions here are Jeremy Collier, whose outcry against the immorality of the stage is his slender title to remembrance; Richard Bentley, whose scholarship principally died with him, and whose chief works are no longer current; and "Junius," who would have been deservedly forgotten long ago had there been a contemporaneous Sherlock Holmes to ferret out his identity.

POETS.

| | £ | s. | d. | |
|--|---|----|----|---|
| Thomas Otway, *Venice Preserved:* Temple Dramatists | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Matthew Prior, *Poems on Several Occasions:* Cambridge English Classics | 0 | 4 | 6 | |
| John Gay, *Poems:* Muses' Library (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| ALEXANDER POPE, *Works:* Globe Edition | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Isaac Watts, *Hymns:* Any hymn-book | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| James Thomson, *The Seasons:* Muses' Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Charles Wesley, *Hymns:* Any hymn-book | 0 | 1 | 0 | |

| | | | | |
|--|----|---|---|---|
| THOMAS GRAY, Samuel Johnson, William Collins, *Poems:* | | | | |
| Muses' Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| James Macpherson (Ossian), *Poems:* | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Canterbury Poets | | | | |
| THOMAS CHATTERTON, *Poems:* | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Muses' Library (2 vols.) | | | | |
| WILLIAM COWPER, *Poems:* | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Canterbury Poets | | | | |
| WILLIAM COWPER, *Letters:* | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| World's Classics | | | | |
| George Crabbe, *Poems:* | 0 | 1 | 6 | |
| Methuen's Little Library | | | | |
| WILLIAM BLAKE, *Poems:* | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Muses' Library | | | | |
| William Lisle Bowles, Hartley Coleridge, *Poems:* | | | | |
| Canterbury Poets | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| ROBERT BURNS, *Works:* | 0 | 3 | 6 | |
| Globe Edition | £1 | 7 | 0 | |

SUMMARY OF THE PERIOD.

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|----|---------------------|---|----|----|----|
| | | | | £ | s. | d. |
| 39 prose-writers | in | 60 volumes, costing | 5 | 1 | 0 | |
| 18 poets | " | 18 " | 1 | 7 | 0 | |
| 57 | | 78 | | £6 | 8 | 0 |

Chapter XIII

AN ENGLISH LIBRARY: PERIOD III

The catalogue of necessary authors of this third and last period being so long, it is convenient to divide the prose writers into Imaginative and Non-imaginative. In the latter half of the period the question of copyright affects our scheme to a certain extent, because it affects prices. Fortunately it is the fact that no single book of recognised first-rate general importance is conspicuously dear. Nevertheless, I have encountered difficulties in the second rank; I have dealt with them in a spirit of compromise. I think I may say that, though I should have included a few more authors had their books been obtainable at a reasonable price, I have omitted none that I consider indispensable to a thoroughly representative collection. No living author is included. Where I do not specify the edition of a book the original copyright edition is meant.

PROSE WRITERS: IMAGINATIVE.

| | | | | |
|--|---|---|----|----|
| | | £ | s. | d. |
| SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Waverley, Heart of Midlothian, Quentin Durward, | | | | |
| Redgauntlet, Ivanhoe:* | 0 | 5 | 0 | |
| Everyman's Library (5 vols.) | | | | |
| SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Marmion*, etc.: Canterbury Poets | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Charles Lamb, *Works in Prose and Verse:* | 0 | 4 | | |
| Clarendon Press (2 vols.) | | | | |
| Charles Lamb, *Letters:* | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Newnes's Thin-Paper Classics | | | | |
| Walter Savage Landor, *Imaginary Conversations:* | | 0 | 1 | |
| Scott Library | | | | |
| Walter Savage Landor, *Poems:* | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Canterbury Poets | | | | |
| Leigh Hunt, *Essays and Sketches:* | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| World's Classics | | | | |
| Thomas Love Peacock, *Principal Novels:* | | | | |
| New Universal Library (2 vols.) | | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Mary Russell Mitford, *Our Village:* | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Scott Library | | | | |
| Michael Scott, *Tom Cringle's Log:* | 0 | 2 | | |
| Macmillan's Illustrated Novels | | | | |
| Frederick Marryat, *Mr. Midshipman Easy:* | | 0 | 1 | |
| Everyman's Library | | | | |
| John Galt, *Annals of the Parish:* | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Everyman's Library | | | | |

| | | | |
|--|----|---|----|
| Susan Ferrier, *Marriage:* Routledge's edition | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Douglas Jerrold, *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures:* World's Classics | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | |
| Lord Lytton, *Last Days of Pompeii:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | |
| William Carleton, *Stories:* Scott Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Charles James Lever, *Harry Lorrequer:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Harrison Ainsworth, *The Tower of London:* New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| George Henry Borrow, *Bible in Spain, Lavengro:* | | | |
| New Universal Library (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Lord Beaconsfield, *Sybil, Coningsby:* | | | |
| Lane's New Pocket Library (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| W. M. THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair, Esmond:* Everyman's Library (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | |
| 0 | | | |
| W. M. THACKERAY, *Barry Lyndon*, and *Roundabout Papers*, etc.: | | | |
| Nelson's New Century Library | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| CHARLES DICKENS, *Works:* Everyman's Library (18 vols.) | | 0 | 18 |
| 0 | | | |
| Charles Reade, *The Cloister and the Hearth:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Anthony Trollope, *Barchester Towers, Framley Parsonage:* | | | |
| Lane's New Pocket Library (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Charles Kingsley, *Westward Ho!:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Henry Kingsley, *Ravenshoe:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre, Shirley, Villette, Professor, | | | |
| and Poems:* World's Classics (4 vols.) | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights:* World's Classics | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Elizabeth Gaskell, *Cranford:* World's Classics | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Elizabeth Gaskell, *Life of Charlotte Brontë* | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| George Eliot, *Adam Bede, Silas Marner, The Mill on the Floss:* | | | |
| Everyman's Library (3 vols.) | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| G. J. Whyte-Melville, *The Gladiators:* New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | |
| Alexander Smith, *Dreamthorpe:* New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| George Macdonald, *Malcolm* | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Walter Pater, *Imaginary Portraits* | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White* | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| R. D. Blackmore, *Lorna Doone:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Samuel Butler, *Erewhon:* Fifield's Edition | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Laurence Oliphant, *Altiora Peto* | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Margaret Oliphant, *Salem Chapel:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Richard Jefferies, *Story of My Heart* | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Lewis Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland:* Macmillan's Cheap Edition | 0 | 1 | |
| 0 | | | |
| John Henry Shorthouse, *John Inglesant:* Macmillan's Pocket Classics | 0 | 2 | |
| 0 | | | |
| R. L. Stevenson, *Master of Ballantrae, Virginibus Puerisque:* | | | |
| Pocket Edition (2 vols.) | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| George Gissing, *The Odd Women:* Popular Edition (bound) | 0 | 0 | 7 |
| | £5 | 0 | 1 |

Names such as those of Charlotte Yonge and Dinah Craik are omitted intentionally.

PROSE WRITERS: NON-IMAGINATIVE.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---|----|-----|
| William Hazlitt, *Spirit of the Age:* World's Classics 0 | 0 | 1 | |
| William Hazlitt, *English Poets and Comic Writers:* Bohn's Library 0 6 | 3 | | |
| Francis Jeffrey, *Essays from Edinburgh Review:* New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Thomas de Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*, etc.: Scott Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Sydney Smith, *Selected Papers:* Scott Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| George Finlay, *Byzantine Empire:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| John G. Lockhart, *Life of Scott:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Agnes Strickland, *Life of Queen Elizabeth:* Everyman's Library 0 | 0 | 1 | |
| Hugh Miller, *Old Red Sandstone:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| J. H. Newman, *Apologia pro vita sua:* New Universal Library 0 | 0 | 1 | |
| Lord Macaulay, *History of England*, (3), *Essays* (2): Everyman's Library (5 vols.) | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| A. P. Stanley, *Memorials of Canterbury:* Everyman's Library 0 | 0 | 1 | |
| THOMAS CARLYLE, *French Revolution* (2), *Cromwell* (3), *Sartor Resartus and Heroes and Hero-Worship* (1): Everyman's Library (6 vols.) | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| THOMAS CARLYLE, *Latter-day Pamphlets:* Chapman and Hall's Edition 0 | 0 | 1 | |
| CHARLES DARWIN, *Origin of Species:* Murray's Edition | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| CHARLES DARWIN, *Voyage of the Beagle:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| A. W. Kinglake, *Eothen:* New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| John Stuart Mill, *Auguste Comte and Positivism:* New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| John Brown, *Horæ Subsecivæ:* World's Classics | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| John Brown, *Rab and His Friends:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Sir Arthur Helps, *Friends in Council:* New Universal Library 0 | 0 | 1 | |
| Mark Pattison, *Life of Milton:* English Men of Letters Series 0 | 0 | 1 | |
| F. W. Robertson, *On Religion and Life:* Everyman's Library 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Benjamin Jowett, *Interpretation of Scripture:* Routledge's London Library | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| George Henry Lewes, *Principles of Success in Literature:* Scott Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Alexander Bain, *Mind and Body* | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| James Anthony Froude, *Dissolution of the Monasteries*, etc.: New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Mary Wollstonecraft, *Vindication of the Rights of Women:* Scott Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| John Tyndall, *Glaciers of the Alps:* Everyman's Library 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Sir Henry Maine, *Ancient Law:* New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| JOHN RUSKIN, *Seven Lamps* (1), *Sesame and Lilies* (1), *Stones of Venice* (3): George Allen's Cheap Edition (5 vols.) 0 | 0 | 5 | |
| HERBERT SPENCER, *First Principles* (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| HERBERT SPENCER, *Education* | | 0 | 1 0 |
| Sir Richard Burton, *Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Mecca:* Bohn's Edition (2 vols.) 0 | 7 | 0 | |

| | | | | |
|--|----|----|---|---|
| J. S. Speke, *Sources of the Nile:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | | |
| 0 | | | | |
| Thomas Henry Huxley, *Essays:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| E. A. Freeman, *Europe:* Macmillan's Primers | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| WILLIAM STUBBS, *Early Plantagenets* | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| Walter Bagehot, *Lombard Street* | 0 | 3 | 6 | |
| Richard Holt Hutton, *Cardinal Newman* | 0 | 3 | 6 | |
| Sir John Seeley, *Ecce Homo:* New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| David Masson, *Thomas de Quincey:* English Men of Letters Series | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| John Richard Green, *Short History of the English People* | 0 | 8 | 6 | |
| Sir Leslie Stephen, *Pope:* English Men of Letters Series | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Lord Acton, *On the Study of History* | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Mandell Creighton, *The Age of Elizabeth* | 0 | 2 | 6 | |
| F. W. H. Myers, *Wordsworth:* English Men of Letters Series | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| | £4 | 10 | 6 | |

The following authors are omitted, I think justifiably:--Hallam, Whewell, Grote, Faraday, Herschell, Hamilton, John Wilson, Richard Owen, Stirling Maxwell, Buckle, Oscar Wilde, P. G. Hamerton, F. D. Maurice, Henry Sidgwick, and Richard Jebb. Lastly, here is the list of poets. In the matter of price per volume it is the most expensive of all the lists. This is due to the fact that it contains a larger proportion of copyright works. Where I do not specify the edition of a book, the original copyright edition is meant:

POETS.

| | £ | s. | d. | |
|--|---|----|----|---|
| WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *Poetical Works:* Oxford Edition | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *Literary Criticism:* Nowell Smith's Edition | 0 | 2 | 6 | |
| Robert Southey, *Poems:* Canterbury Poets | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Robert Southey, *Life of Nelson:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| S. T. COLERIDGE, *Poetical Works:* Newnes's Thin-Paper Classics | 0 | 2 | | |
| 0 | | | | |
| S. T. COLERIDGE, *Biographia Literaria:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| S. T. COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakspeare:* Everyman's Library | 0 | 1 | | |
| 0 | | | | |
| JOHN KEATS, *Poetical Works:* Oxford Edition | 0 | 3 | 6 | |
| PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, *Poetical Works:* Oxford Edition | | 0 | 3 | |
| 6 | | | | |
| LORD BYRON, *Poems:* E. Hartley Coleridge's Edition | 0 | 6 | 0 | |
| LORD BYRON, *Letters:* Scott Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Thomas Hood, *Poems:* World's Classics | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| James and Horace Smith, *Rejected Addresses:* | | | | |
| New Universal Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| John Keble, *The Christian Year:* Canterbury Poets | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| George Darley, *Poems:* Muses' Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| T. L. Beddoes, *Poems:* Muses' Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Thomas Moore, *Selected Poems:* Canterbury Poets | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| James Clarence Mangan, *Poems:* D. J. O'Donoghue's Edition | 0 | 3 | 6 | |
| W. Mackworth Praed, *Poems:* Canterbury Poets | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| R. S. Hawker, *Cornish Ballads:* C. E. Byles's Edition | 0 | 5 | | |
| 0 | | | | |
| Edward FitzGerald, *Omar Khaayyám:* Golden Treasury Series | 0 | 2 | 6 | |
| P. J. Bailey, *Festus:* Routledge's Edition | 0 | 3 | 6 | |
| Arthur Hugh Clough, *Poems:* Muses' Library | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| LORD TENNYSON, *Poetical Works:* Globe Edition | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| ROBERT BROWNING, *Poetical Works:* World's Classics (2 vols.) | 0 | 2 | | |
| 0 | | | | |

| | | | | |
|--|----|---|---|---|
| Elizabeth Browning, *Aurora Leigh:* Temple Classics | 0 | 1 | 6 | |
| Elizabeth Browning, *Shorter Poems:* Canterbury Poets | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| P. B. Marston, *Song-tide:* Canterbury Poets | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Aubrey de Vere, *Legends of St. Patrick:* | | | | |
| Cassell's National Library | 0 | 0 | 6 | |
| MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Poems:* Golden Treasury Series | | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Essays:* Everyman's Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Coventry Patmore, *Poems:* Muses' Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Sydney Dobell, *Poems:* Canterbury Poets | 0 | 1 | 0 | |
| Eric Mackay, *Love-letters of a Violinist:* Canterbury Poets | 0 | 1 | | |
| 0 | | | | |
| T. E. Brown, *Poems* | | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| C. S. Calverley, *Verses and Translations* | 0 | 1 | 6 | |
| D. G. ROSSETTI, *Poetical Works* | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Christina Rossetti, *Selected Poems:* Golden Treasury Series | 0 | 2 | | |
| 6 | | | | |
| James Thomson, *City of Dreadful Night* | | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Jean Ingelow, *Poems:* Red Letter Library | 0 | 1 | 6 | |
| William Morris, *The Earthly Paradise* | | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| William Morris, *Early Romances:* Everyman's Library | | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Augusta Webster, *Selected Poems* | | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| W. E. Henley, *Poetical Works* | | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Francis Thompson, *Selected Poems* | | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| | £5 | 7 | 0 | |

Poets whom I have omitted after hesitation are: Ebenezer Elliott, Thomas Woolner, William Barnes, Gerald Massey, and Charles Jeremiah Wells. On the other hand, I have had no hesitation about omitting David Moir, Felicia Hemans, Aytoun, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Sir Lewis Morris. I have included John Keble in deference to much enlightened opinion, but against my inclination. There are two names in the list which may be somewhat unfamiliar to many readers. James Clarence Mangan is the author of *My Dark Rosaleen*, an acknowledged masterpiece, which every library must contain. T. E. Brown is a great poet, recognised as such by a few hundred people, and assuredly destined to a far wider fame. I have included FitzGerald because *Omar Khayyám* is much less a translation than an original work.

SUMMARY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

| | | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|-----|----|---|
| 83 prose-writers, in | 141 volumes, costing | £ 9 | 10 | 7 |
| 38 poets " | 46 " " | 5 | 7 | 0 |
| 121 | 187 | £14 | 17 | 7 |

GRAND SUMMARY OF COMPLETE LIBRARY.

| | Authors. | Volumes. | Price. | | |
|-----------------------|----------|----------|--------|----|---|
| 1. To Dryden | 48 | 72 | £ 5 | 9 | 0 |
| 2. Eighteenth Century | 57 | 78 | 6 | 8 | 0 |
| 3. Nineteenth Century | 121 | 187 | £14 | 17 | 7 |
| | 226 | 337 | £26 | 14 | 7 |

I think it will be agreed that the total cost of this library is surprisingly small. By laying out the sum of sixpence a day for three years you may become the possessor of a collection of books which, for range and completeness in all branches of literature, will bear comparison with libraries far more imposing, more numerous, and more expensive. I have mentioned the question of discount. The discount which you will obtain (even from a bookseller in a small town) will be more than sufficient to pay for Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, three volumes, price 30s. net. This work is indispensable to a bookman. Personally, I owe it much. When you have read, wholly or in part, a majority of these three hundred and thirty-five volumes, *with enjoyment*, you may begin to whisper to

yourself that your literary taste is formed; and you may pronounce judgment on modern works which come before the bar of your opinion in the calm assurance that, though to err is human, you do at any rate know what you are talking about.

Chapter XIV

MENTAL STOCKTAKING

Great books do not spring from something accidental in the great men who wrote them. They are the effluence of their very core, the expression of the life itself of the authors. And literature cannot be said to have served its true purpose until it has been translated into the actual life of him who reads. It does not succeed until it becomes the vehicle of the vital. Progress is the gradual result of the unending battle between human reason and human instinct, in which the former slowly but surely wins. The most powerful engine in this battle is literature. It is the vast reservoir of true ideas and high emotions--and life is constituted of ideas and emotions. In a world deprived of literature, the intellectual and emotional activity of all but a few exceptionally gifted men would quickly sink and retract to a narrow circle. The broad, the noble, the generous would tend to disappear for want of accessible storage. And life would be correspondingly degraded, because the fallacious idea and the petty emotion would never feel the upward pull of the ideas and emotions of genius. Only by conceiving a society without literature can it be clearly realised that the function of literature is to raise the plain towards the top level of the peaks. Literature exists so that where one man has lived finely ten thousand may afterwards live finely. It is a means of life; it concerns the living essence. Of course, literature has a minor function, that of passing the time in an agreeable and harmless fashion, by giving momentary faint pleasure. Vast multitudes of people (among whom may be numbered not a few habitual readers) utilise only this minor function of literature; by implication they class it with golf, bridge, or soporifics. Literary genius, however, had no intention of competing with these devices for fleeting the empty hours; and all such use of literature may be left out of account. You, O serious student of many volumes, believe that you have a sincere passion for reading. You hold literature in honour, and your last wish would be to debase it to a paltry end. You are not of those who read because the clock has just struck nine and one can't go to bed till eleven. You are animated by a real desire to get out of literature all that literature will give. And in that aim you keep on reading, year after year, and the grey hairs come. But amid all this steady tapping of the reservoir, do you ever take stock of what you have acquired? Do you ever pause to make a valuation, in terms of your own life, of that which you are daily absorbing, or imagine you are absorbing? Do you ever satisfy yourself by proof that you are absorbing anything at all, that the living waters, instead of vitalising you, are not running off you as though you were a duck in a storm? Because, if you omit this mere business precaution, it may well be that you, too, without knowing it, are little by little joining the triflers who read only because eternity is so long. It may well be that even your alleged sacred passion is, after all, simply a sort of drug-habit. The suggestion disturbs and worries you. You dismiss it impatiently; but it returns.

How (you ask, unwillingly) can a man perform a mental stocktaking?

How can he put a value on what he gets from books? How can he effectively test, in cold blood, whether he is receiving from literature all that literature has to give him?

The test is not so vague, nor so difficult, as might appear.

If a man is not thrilled by intimate contact with nature: with the sun, with the earth, which is his origin and the arouser of his acutest emotions--

If he is not troubled by the sight of beauty in many forms--

If he is devoid of curiosity concerning his fellow-men
and his fellow-animals--

If he does not have glimpses of the unity of all things
in an orderly progress--

If he is chronically "querulous, dejected, and envious"--

If he is pessimistic--

If he is of those who talk about "this age of shams," "this age without ideals," "this hysterical age," and this heaven-knows-what-age--

Then that man, though he reads undisputed classics for twenty hours a day, though he has a memory of steel, though he rivals Porson in scholarship and Sainte-Beuve in judgment, is not receiving from literature what literature has to give. Indeed, he is chiefly wasting his time. Unless he can read differently, it were better for him if he sold all his books, gave to the poor, and played croquet. He fails because he has not assimilated into his existence the vital essences which genius put into the books that have merely passed before his eyes; because genius has offered him faith, courage, vision, noble passion, curiosity, love, a thirst for beauty, and he has not taken the gift; because genius has offered him the chance of living fully, and he is only half alive, for it is only in the stress of fine ideas and emotions that a man may be truly said to live. This is not a moral invention, but a simple fact, which will be attested by all who know what that stress is.

What! You talk learnedly about Shakespeare's sonnets! Have you heard Shakespeare's terrific shout:

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.

And yet, can you see the sun over the viaduct at Loughborough Junction of a morning, and catch its rays in the Thames off Dewar's whisky monument, and not shake with the joy of life? If so, you and Shakespeare are not yet in communication. What! You pride yourself on your beautiful edition of Casaubon's translation of *Marcus Aurelius*, and you savour the cadences of the famous:

This day I shall have to do with an idle, curious man, with an unthankful man, a railer, a crafty, false, or an envious man. All these ill qualities have happened unto him, through ignorance of that which is truly good and truly bad. But I that understand the nature of that which is good, that it only is to be desired, and of that which is bad, that it only is truly odious and shameful: who know, moreover, that this transgressor, whosoever he be, is my kinsman, not by the same blood and seed, but by participation of the same reason and of the same divine particle-- how can I be hurt?... And with these cadences in your ears you go and quarrel with a cabman!

You would be ashamed of your literary self to be caught in ignorance of Whitman, who wrote:

Now understand me well--it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

And yet, having achieved a motor-car, you lose your temper when it breaks down half-way up a hill!

You know your Wordsworth, who has been trying to teach you about:

The Upholder of the tranquil soul
That tolerates the indignities of Time
And, from the centre of Eternity
All finite motions over-ruling, lives
In glory immutable.

But you are capable of being seriously unhappy when your suburban train selects a tunnel for its repose!

And the A. V. of the Bible, which you now read, not as your forefathers read it, but with an æsthetic delight, especially in the Apocrypha! You remember:

Whatsoever is brought upon thee, take cheerfully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate. For gold is tried in the fire and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.

And yet you are ready to lie down and die because a woman has scorned you!
Go to!

You think some of my instances approach the ludicrous? They do. They are meant to do so. But they are no more ludicrous than life itself. And they illustrate in the most workaday fashion how you can test whether your literature fulfils its function of informing and transforming your existence.

I say that if daily events and scenes do not constantly recall and utilise the ideas and emotions contained in the books which you have read or are reading; if the memory of these books does not quicken the perception of beauty, wherever you happen to be, does not help you to correlate the particular trifle with the universal, does not smooth out irritation and give dignity to sorrow--then you are, consciously or not, unworthy of your high vocation as a bookman. You may say that I am preaching a sermon. The fact is, I am. My mood is a severely moral mood. For when I reflect upon the difference between what books have to offer and what even relatively earnest readers take the trouble to accept from them, I am appalled (or should be appalled, did I not know that the world is moving) by the sheer inefficiency, the bland, complacent failure of the earnest reader. I am like yourself, the spectacle of inefficiency rouses my holy ire.

Before you begin upon another masterpiece, set out in a row the masterpieces which you are proud of having read during the past year. Take the first on the list, that book which you perused in all the zeal of your New Year resolutions for systematic study. Examine the compartments of your mind. Search for the ideas and emotions which you have garnered from that book. Think, and recollect when last something from that book recurred to your memory apropos of your own daily commerce with humanity. Is it history--when did it throw a light for you on modern politics? Is it science--when did it show you order in apparent disorder, and help you to put two and two together into an inseparable four? Is it ethics--when did it influence your conduct in a twopenny-halfpenny affair between man and man? Is it a novel--when did it help you to "understand all and forgive all"? Is it poetry--when was it a magnifying glass to disclose beauty to you, or a fire to warm your cooling faith? If you can answer these questions satisfactorily, your stocktaking as regards the fruit of your traffic with that book may be reckoned satisfactory. If you cannot answer them satisfactorily, then either you chose the book badly or your impression that you *read* it is a mistaken one. When the result of this stocktaking forces you to the conclusion that your riches are not so vast as you thought them to be, it is necessary to look about for the causes of the misfortune. The causes may be several. You may have been reading worthless books. This, however, I should say at once, is extremely unlikely. Habitual and confirmed readers, unless they happen to be reviewers, seldom read worthless books. In the first place, they are so busy with books of proved value that they have only a small margin of leisure left for very modern works, and generally, before they can catch up with the age, Time or the critic has definitely threshed for them the wheat from the chaff. No! Mediocrity has not much chance of hoodwinking the serious student. It is less improbable that the serious student has been choosing his books badly. He may do this in two ways--absolutely and relatively. Every reader of long standing has been through the singular experience of suddenly *seeing* a book with which his eyes have been familiar for years. He reads a book with a reputation and thinks: "Yes, this is a good book. This book gives me pleasure." And then after an interval, perhaps after half a lifetime, something mysterious happens to his mental sight. He picks up the book again, and sees a new and profound significance in every sentence, and he says: "I was perfectly blind to this book before." Yet he is no cleverer than he used to be. Only something has happened to him. Let a gold watch be discovered by a supposititious man who has never heard of watches. He has a sense of beauty. He admires the watch, and takes pleasure in it. He says: "This is a beautiful piece of bric-à-brac; I fully appreciate this delightful trinket." Then imagine his feelings when someone comes along with the key; imagine the light flooding his brain. Similar incidents occur in the eventful life of the constant reader. He has no key, and never suspects that there exists such a thing as a key. That is what I call a choice absolutely bad. The choice is relatively bad when, spreading over a number of books, it pursues no order, and thus results in a muddle of faint impressions each blurring the rest. Books must be allowed to help one another; they must be skilfully called in to each other's aid. And that this may be accomplished some guiding principle is necessary. "And what," you demand, "should that guiding principle be?" How do I know? Nobody, fortunately, can make your principles for you. You have to make them for yourself. But I will venture upon this general observation: that in the mental world what counts is not numbers but co-ordination. As regards facts and ideas, the great mistake made by

the average well-intentioned reader is that he is content with the names of things instead of occupying himself with the causes of things. He seeks answers to the question What? instead of to the question Why? He studies history, and never guesses that all history is caused by the facts of geography. He is a botanical expert, and can take you to where the **Sibthorpia europæa** grows, and never troubles to wonder what the earth would be without its cloak of plants. He wanders forth of starlit evenings and will name you with unction all the constellations from Andromeda to the Scorpion; but if you ask him why Venus can never be seen at midnight, he will tell you that he has not bothered with the scientific details. He has not learned that names are nothing, and the satisfaction of the lust of the eye a trifle compared to the imaginative vision of which scientific "details" are the indispensable basis. Most reading, I am convinced, is unphilosophical; that is to say, it lacks the element which more than anything else quickens the poetry of life. Unless and until a man has formed a scheme of knowledge, be it a mere skeleton, his reading must necessarily be unphilosophical. He must have attained to some notion of the inter-relations of the various branches of knowledge before he can properly comprehend the branch in which he specialises. If he has not drawn an outline map upon which he can fill in whatever knowledge comes to him, as it comes, and on which he can trace the affinity of every part with every other part, he is assuredly frittering away a large percentage of his efforts. There are certain philosophical works which, once they are mastered, seem to have performed an operation for cataract, so that he who was blind, having read them, henceforward sees cause and effect working in and out everywhere. To use another figure, they leave stamped on the brain a chart of the entire province of knowledge. Such a work is Spencer's **First Principles**. I know that it is nearly useless to advise people to read **First Principles**. They are intimidated by the sound of it; and it costs as much as a dress-circle seat at the theatre. But if they would, what brilliant stocktakings there might be in a few years! Why, if they would only read such detached essays as that on "Manners and Fashion," or "The Genesis of Science" (in a sixpenny volume of Spencer's **Essays**, published by Watts and Co.), the magic illumination, the necessary power of "synthetising" things, might be vouchsafed to them. In any case, the lack of some such disciplinary, co-ordinating measure will amply explain many disastrous stocktakings. The manner in which one single ray of light, one single precious hint, will clarify and energise the whole mental life of him who receives it, is among the most wonderful and heavenly of intellectual phenomena. Some men search for that light and never find it. But most men never search for it. The superlative cause of disastrous stocktakings remains, and it is much more simple than the one with which I have just dealt. It consists in the absence of meditation. People read, and read, and read, blandly unconscious of their effrontery in assuming that they can assimilate without any further effort the vital essence which the author has breathed into them. They cannot. And the proof that they do not is shown all the time in their lives. I say that if a man does not spend at least as much time in actively and definitely thinking about what he has read as he has spent in reading, he is simply insulting his author. If he does not submit himself to intellectual and emotional fatigue in classifying the communicated ideas, and in emphasising on his spirit the imprint of the communicated emotions--then reading with him is a pleasant pastime and nothing else. This is a distressing fact. But it is a fact. It is distressing, for the reason that meditation is not a popular exercise. If a friend asks you what you did last night, you may answer, "I was reading," and he will be impressed and you will be proud. But if you answer, "I was meditating," he will have a tendency to smile and you will have a tendency to blush. I know this. I feel it myself. (I cannot offer any explanation.) But it does not shake my conviction that the absence of meditation is the main origin of disappointing stocktakings.

Chapter 4.

The History of English Literature

1. Henry A. Beers. *Brief History of English and American Literature*

Henry A. Beers

Brief History of English and American Literature

INTRODUCTION.

At the request of the publishers the undersigned has prepared this Introduction and two Supplementary Chapters on the Religious and Theological Literature of Great Britain and the United States. To the preacher in his preparation for the pulpit, and also to the general reader and student of religious history, the pursuit of the study of literature is a necessity. The sermon itself is a part of literature, must have its literary finish and proportions, and should give ample proof of a familiarity with the masterpieces of the English tongue. The world of letters presents to even the casual reader a rich and varied profusion of fascinating and luscious fruit. But to the earnest student who explores with thorough research and sympathetic mind the intellectual products of countries and times other than his own, the infinite variety, so strikingly apparent to the superficial observer, resolves itself into a beautiful and harmonious unity. Literature is the record of the struggles and aspirations of man in the boundless universe of thought. As in physics the correlation and conservation of force bind all the material sciences together into one, so in the world of intellect all the diverse departments of mental life and action find their common bond in literature. Even the {4} signs and formulas of the mathematician and the chemist are but abbreviated forms of writing--the stenography of those exact sciences. The simple chronicles of the annalist, the flowing verses of the poet, clothing his thought with winged words, the abstruse propositions of the philosopher, the smiting protests of the bold reformer, either in Church or State, the impassioned appeal of the advocate at the bar of justice, the argument of the legislator on behalf of his measures, the very cry of inarticulate pain of those who suffer under the oppression of cruelty, all have their literature. The minister of the Gospel, whose mission is to man in his highest and holiest relations, must know the best that human thought has produced if he would successfully reach and influence the thoughtful and inquiring. Perhaps our best service here will be to suggest a method of pursuing a course of study in literature, both English and American. The following work of Professor Beers touches but lightly and scarcely more than opens these broad and inviting fields, which are ever growing richer and more fascinating. While man continues to think he will weave the fabric of the mental loom into infinitely varied and beautiful designs. In the general outlines of a plan of literary study which is to cover the entire history of English and American literature, the following directions, it is hoped, will be of value. 1. Fix the great landmarks, the general periods--each {5} marked by some towering leader, around whom other contemporary writers may be grouped. In Great Britain the several and successive periods might thus be well designated by such authors as Geoffrey Chaucer or John Wiclif, Thomas More or Henry Howard, Edmund Spenser or Sir Walter Raleigh, William Shakspeare or Francis Bacon, John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, John Dryden or John Locke, Joseph Addison or Joseph Butler, Samuel Johnson or Oliver Goldsmith, William Cowper or John Wesley, Walter Scott or Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth or Thomas Chalmers, Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Carlyle, or William Makepeace Thackeray. A similar list for American literature would place as leaders in letters: Thomas Hooker or Thomas Shepard, Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, Philip Freneau, Noah Webster or James Kent, James Fenimore Cooper or Washington Irving, Ralph Waldo Emerson or Edward Everett, Joseph Addison Alexander or William Ellery Channing, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, or Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2. The prosecution of the study might be carried on in one or more of several ways, according either to the purpose in view or the tastes of the student. Attention might profitably be concentrated on the literature of a given period and worked out in detail by taking up individual authors, or by classifying all the writers of the period {6} on the basis of the character of their writings, such as poetry, history, belles-lettres, theology, essays, and the like. 3. Again, the literature of a period might be studied with reference to its influence on the religious, commercial, political, or social life of the people among whom it has circulated; or as the result of certain forces which have preceded its production. It is well worth the time and effort to trace the influence of one

author upon another or many others, who, while maintaining their individuality, have been either in style or method of production unconsciously molded by their _confères_ of the pen. The divisions of writers may, again, be made with reference to their opinions and associations in the different departments of life where they have wrought their active labors, such as in politics, religion, moral reform, or educational questions. The influence of the great writers in the languages of the Continent upon the literature of England and America affords another theme of absorbing interest, and has its peculiarly good results in bringing the student into close brotherhood with the fruitful and cultured minds of every land. In fact, the possible applications of the study of literature are so many and varied that the ingenuity of any earnest student may devise such as the exigencies of his own work may require.

JOHN F. HURST,

Washington.

PREFACE.

In so brief a history of so rich a literature, the problem is how to get room enough to give, not an adequate impression--that is impossible--but any impression at all of the subject. To do this I have crowded out everything but _belles-lettres_. Books in philosophy, history, science, etc., however important in the history of English thought, receive the merest incidental mention, or even no mention at all. Again, I have omitted the literature of the Anglo-Saxon period, which is written in a language nearly as hard for a modern Englishman to read as German is, or Dutch. Caedmon and Cynewulf are no more a part of English literature than Vergil and Horace are of Italian. I have also left out {8} the vernacular literature of the Scotch before the time of Burns. Up to the date of the union Scotland was a separate kingdom, and its literature had a development independent of the English, though parallel with it. In dividing the history into periods, I have followed, with some modifications, the divisions made by Mr. Stopford Brooke in his excellent little _Primer of English Literature_. A short reading course is appended to each chapter.

HENRY A. BEERS.

OUTLINE SKETCH

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE CONQUEST TO CHAUCER.

1066-1400.

The Norman conquest of England, in the 11th century, made a break in the natural growth of the English language and literature. The old English or Anglo-Saxon had been a purely Germanic speech, with a complicated grammar and a full set of inflections. For three hundred years following the battle of Hastings this native tongue was driven from the king's court and the courts of law, from parliament, school, and university. During all this time there were two languages spoken in England. Norman French was the birth-tongue of the upper classes and English of the lower. When the latter finally got the better in the struggle, and became, about the middle of the 14th century, the national speech of all England, it was no longer the English of King Alfred. It was a new language, a grammarless tongue, almost wholly {12} stripped of its inflections. It had lost a half of its old words, and had filled their places with French equivalents. The Norman lawyers had introduced legal terms; the ladies and courtiers, words of dress and courtesy. The knight had imported the vocabulary of war and of the chase. The master-builders of the Norman castles and cathedrals contributed technical expressions proper to the architect and the mason. The art of cooking

was French. The naming of the living animals, *_ox, swine, sheep, deer,* was left to the Saxon churl who had the herding of them, while the dressed meats, *_beef, pork, mutton, venison,* received their baptism from the table-talk of his Norman master. The four orders of begging friars, and especially the Franciscans or Gray Friars, introduced into England in 1224, became intermediaries between the high and the low. They went about preaching to the poor, and in their sermons they intermingled French with English. In their hands, too, was almost all the science of the day; their *_medicine_, _botany_, and _astronomy_* displaced the old nomenclature of *_leechdom_, _wort-cunning_, and _star-craft_*. And, finally, the translators of French poems often found it easier to transfer a foreign word bodily than to seek out a native synonym, particularly when the former supplied them with a rhyme. But the innovation reached even to the commonest words in every-day use, so that *_voice_* drove out *_steven_*, *_poor_* drove out *_earm_*, and *_color_*, *_use_*, and *_place_* made good their footing beside *_hue_*, {13} *_wont_*, and *_stead_*. A great part of the English words that were left were so changed in spelling and pronunciation as to be practically new. Chaucer stands, in date, midway between King Alfred and Alfred Tennyson, but his English differs vastly more from the former's than from the latter's. To Chaucer Anglo-Saxon was as much a dead language as it is to us. The classical Anglo-Saxon, moreover, had been the Wessex dialect, spoken and written at Alfred's capital, Winchester. When the French had displaced this as the language of culture, there was no longer a "king's English" or any literary standard. The sources of modern standard English are to be found in the East Midland, spoken in Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and neighboring shires. Here the old Anglian had been corrupted by the Danish settlers, and rapidly threw off its inflections when it became a spoken and no longer a written language, after the Conquest. The West Saxon, clinging more tenaciously to ancient forms, sunk into the position of a local dialect; while the East Midland, spreading to London, Oxford, and Cambridge, became the literary English in which Chaucer wrote. The Normans brought in also new intellectual influences and new forms of literature. They were a cosmopolitan people, and they connected England with the continent. Lanfranc and Anselm, the first two Norman archbishops of Canterbury, were learned and splendid prelates of a {14} type quite unknown to the Anglo-Saxons. They introduced the scholastic philosophy taught at the University of Paris, and the reformed discipline of the Norman abbeys. They bound the English Church more closely to Rome, and officered it with Normans. English bishops were deprived of their sees for illiteracy, and French abbots were set over monasteries of Saxon monks. Down to the middle of the 14th century the learned literature of England was mostly in Latin, and the polite literature in French. English did not at any time altogether cease to be a written language, but the extant remains of the period from 1066 to 1200 are few and, with one exception, unimportant. After 1200 English came more and more into written use, but mainly in translations, paraphrases, and imitations of French works. The native genius was at school, and followed awkwardly the copy set by its master. The Anglo-Saxon poetry, for example, had been rhythmical and alliterative. It was commonly written in lines containing four rhythmical accents and with three of the accented syllables alliterating.

*_R_este hine thâ _r_úm-heort; _r_éced hlifade
_G_eáp and _g_öld-fâh, gäst inne swäf.*

Rested him then the great-hearted; the hall towered
Roomy and gold-bright, the guest slept within.

This rude energetic verse the Saxon *_scôp_* had sung to his harp or *_glee-beam_*, dwelling on the {15} emphatic syllables, passing swiftly over the others which were of undetermined number and position in the line. It was now displaced by the smooth metrical verse with rhymed endings, which the French introduced and which our modern poets use, a verse fitted to be recited rather than sung. The old English alliterative verse continued, indeed, in occasional use to the 16th century. But it was linked to a forgotten literature and an obsolete dialect, and was doomed to give way. Chaucer lent his great authority to the more modern verse system, and his own literary models and inspirers were all foreign, French or Italian. Literature in England began to be once more English and truly national in the hands of Chaucer and his contemporaries, but it was the literature of a nation cut off from its own past by three centuries of foreign rule. The most noteworthy English document of the 11th and 12th centuries was the continuation of the Anglo-Saxon chronicle. Copies of these annals, differing somewhat among themselves, had been kept at the monasteries in Winchester, Abingdon, Worcester, and elsewhere. The yearly entries were mostly brief, dry records of passing events, though occasionally they become full and animated. The fen country of Cambridge and Lincolnshire was a region of monasteries. Here were the great abbeys of Peterborough and Croyland and Ely minster. One of the earliest English songs tells how the savage heart of the Danish {16} king Cnut was softened by the singing of the monks in Ely.

Merie sungen muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut chyning reu ther by;
Roweth, cnihtes, noer the land,
And here we thes muneches sang.

It was among the dikes and marshes of this fen country that the bold outlaw Hereward, "the last of the English," held out for some years against the conqueror. And it was here, in the rich abbey of Burch or Peterborough, the ancient Medeshamstede (meadow-homestead) that the chronicle was continued for nearly a century after the Conquest, breaking off abruptly in 1154, the date of King Stephen's death. Peterborough had received a new Norman abbot, Turolf, "a very stern man," and the entry in the chronicle for 1170 tells how Hereward and his gang, with his Danish backers, thereupon plundered the abbey of its treasures, which were first removed to Ely, and then carried off by the Danish fleet and sunk, lost, or squandered. The English in the later portions of this Peterborough chronicle becomes gradually more modern, and falls away more and more from the strict grammatical standards of the classical Anglo-Saxon. It is a most valuable historical monument, and some passages of it are written with great vividness, notably the sketch of William the Conqueror put down in the year of his death (1086) by one who had "looked upon him and at another time dwelt in his court." {17} "He who was before a rich king, and lord of many a land, he had not then of all his land but a piece of seven feet. . . . Likewise he was a very stark man and a terrible, so that one durst do nothing against his will. . . . Among other things is not to be forgotten the good peace that he made in this land, so that a man might fare over his kingdom with his bosom full of gold unhurt. He set up a great deer preserve, and he laid laws therewith that whoso should slay hart or hind, he should be blinded. As greatly did he love the tall deer as if he were their father." With the discontinuance of the Peterborough annals, English history written in English prose ceased for three hundred years. The thread of the nation's story was kept up in Latin chronicles, compiled by writers partly of English and partly of Norman descent. The earliest of these, such as Ordericus Vitalis, Simeon of Durham, Henry of Huntingdon, and William of Malmesbury, were contemporary with the later entries of the Saxon chronicle. The last of them, Matthew of Westminster, finished his work in 1273. About 1300 Robert, a monk of Gloucester, composed a chronicle in English verse, following in the main the authority of the Latin chronicles, and he was succeeded by other rhyming chroniclers in the 14th century. In the hands of these the true history of the Saxon times was overlaid with an ever-increasing mass of fable and legend. All real knowledge of the period {18} dwindled away until in Capgrave's *Chronicle of England*, written in prose in 1463-64, hardly any thing of it is left. In history as in literature the English had forgotten their past, and had turned to foreign sources. It is noteworthy that Shakspeare, who borrowed his subjects and his heroes sometimes from authentic English history, sometimes from the legendary history of ancient Britain, Denmark, and Scotland, as in *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, ignores the Saxon period altogether. And Spenser, who gives in his second book of the *Faerie Queene*, a *resumé* of the reigns of fabulous British kings--the supposed ancestors of Queen Elizabeth, his royal patron--has nothing to say of the real kings of early England. So completely had the true record faded away that it made no appeal to the imaginations of our most patriotic poets. The Saxon Alfred had been dethroned by the British Arthur, and the conquered Welsh had imposed their fictitious genealogies upon the dynasty of the conquerors. In the *Roman de Rou*, a verse chronicle of the dukes of Normandy, written by the Norman Wace, it is related that at the battle of Hastings the French *jongleur*, Taillefer, spurred out before the van of William's army, tossing his lance in the air and chanting of "Charlemagne and of Roland, of Oliver and the peers who died at Roncesvals." This incident is prophetic of the victory which Norman song, no less than Norman arms, was to win over England. The lines which Taillefer {19} sang were from the *Chanson de Roland*, the oldest and best of the French hero sagas. The heathen Northmen, who had ravaged the coasts of France in the 10th century, had become in the course of one hundred and fifty years, completely identified with the French. They had accepted Christianity, intermarried with the native women, and forgotten their own Norse tongue. The race thus formed was the most brilliant in Europe. The warlike, adventurous spirit of the vikings mingled in its blood with the French nimbleness of wit and fondness for display. The Normans were a nation of knights-errant, with a passion for prowess and for courtesy. Their architecture was at once strong and graceful. Their women were skilled in embroidery, a splendid sample of which is preserved in the famous Bayeux tapestry, in which the conqueror's wife, Matilda, and the ladies of her court wrought the history of the Conquest. This national taste for decoration expressed itself not only in the ceremonious pomp of feast and chase and tourney, but likewise in literature. The most characteristic contribution of the Normans to English poetry were the metrical romances or chivalry tales. These were sung or recited by the minstrels, who were among the retainers of every great feudal baron, or by the *jongleurs*, who wandered from court to castle. There is a whole literature of these *romans d'aventure* in the Anglo-Norman dialect of French. Many of them are {20} very long--often thirty, forty, or fifty thousand lines--written sometimes in a strophic form, sometimes in long Alexandrines, but commonly in the short, eight-syllabled rhyming couplet. Numbers of them were turned into English verse in the 13th, 14th, and

15th centuries. The translations were usually inferior to the originals. The French *_trouvere_* (finder or poet) told his story in a straight-forward, prosaic fashion, omitting no details in the action and unrolling endless descriptions of dresses, trappings, gardens, etc. He invented plots and situations full of fine possibilities by which later poets have profited, but his own handling of them was feeble and prolix. Yet there was a simplicity about the old French language and a certain elegance and delicacy in the diction of the *_trouveres_* which the rude, unformed English failed to catch. The heroes of these romances were of various climes: Guy of Warwick, and Richard the Lion Heart of England, Havelok the Dane, Sir Troilus of Troy, Charlemagne, and Alexander. But, strangely enough, the favorite hero of English romance was that mythical Arthur of Britain, whom Welsh legend had celebrated as the most formidable enemy of the Sassenach invaders and their victor in twelve great battles. The language and literature of the ancient Cymry or Welsh had made no impression on their Anglo-Saxon conquerors. There are a few Welsh borrowings in the English speech, such as *_bard_* and *_druid_*; but in the old Anglo-Saxon literature there are {21} no more traces of British song and story than if the two races had been sundered by the ocean instead of being borderers for over six hundred years. But the Welsh had their own national traditions, and after the Norman Conquest these were set free from the isolation of their Celtic tongue and, in an indirect form, entered into the general literature of Europe. The French came into contact with the old British literature in two places: in the Welsh marches in England and in the province of Brittany in France, where the population is of Cymric race and spoke, and still to some extent speaks, a Cymric dialect akin to the Welsh. About 1140 Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Benedictine monk, seemingly of Welsh descent, who lived at the court of Henry the First and became afterward bishop of St. Asaph, produced in Latin a so-called *_Historia Britonum_* in which it was told how Brutus, the great grandson of Aeneas, came to Britain, and founded there his kingdom called after him, and his city of New Troy (Troynovant) on the site of the later London. An air of historic gravity was given to this tissue of Welsh legends by an exact chronology and the genealogy of the British kings, and the author referred, as his authority, to an imaginary Welsh book given him, as he said, by a certain Walter, archdeacon of Oxford. Here appeared that line of fabulous British princes which has become so familiar to modern readers in the plays of Shakspeare and the poems of Tennyson: Lear and his {22} three daughters; Cymbeline, Gorboduc, the subject of the earliest regular English tragedy, composed by Sackville and acted in 1562; Locrine and his Queen Gwendolen, and his daughter Sabrina, who gave her name to the river Severn, was made immortal by an exquisite song in Milton's *_Comus_*, and became the heroine of the tragedy of *_Locrine_*, once attributed to Shakspeare; and above all, Arthur, the son of Uther Pendragon, and the founder of the Table Round. In 1155 Wace, the author of the *_Roman de Rou_*, turned Geoffrey's work into a French poem entitled *_Brut d' Angleterre_*, "brut" being a Welsh word meaning chronicle. About the year 1200 Wace's poem was Englished by Layamon, a priest of Arley Regis, on the border stream of Severn. Layamon's *_Brut_* is in thirty thousand lines, partly alliterative and partly rhymed, but written in pure Saxon English with hardly any French words. The style is rude but vigorous, and, at times, highly imaginative. Wace had amplified Geoffrey's chronicle somewhat, but Layamon made much larger additions, derived, no doubt, from legends current on the Welsh border. In particular the story of Arthur grew in his hands into something like fullness. He tells of the enchantments of Merlin, the wizard; of the unfaithfulness of Arthur's queen, Guenever; and the treachery of his nephew, Modred. His narration of the last great battle between Arthur and Modred; of the wounding of the king--"fifteen fiendly wounds he had, one might in the least {23} three gloves thrust--"; and of the little boat with "two women therein, wonderly dight," which came to bear him away to Avalun and the Queen Argante, "sheenest of all elves," whence he shall come again, according to Merlin's prophecy, to rule the Britons; all this left little, in essentials, for Tennyson to add in his *_Death of Arthur_*. This new material for fiction was eagerly seized upon by the Norman romancers. The story of Arthur drew to itself other stories which were afloat. Walter Map, a gentleman of the Court of Henry II., in two French prose romances, connected with it the church legend of the Sangreal, or holy cup, from which Christ had drunk at his last supper, and which Joseph of Arimathea had afterward brought to England. Then it miraculously disappeared and became thenceforth the occasion of knightly quest, the mystic symbol of the object of the soul's desire, an adventure only to be achieved by the maiden knight, Galahad, the son of the great Launcelot, who in the romances had taken the place of Modred in Geoffrey's history, as the paramour of Queen Guenever. In like manner the love-story of Tristan and Isolde was joined by other romancers to the Arthur-Saga. This came probably from Brittany or Cornwall. Thus there grew up a great epic cycle of Arthurian romance, with a fixed shape and a unity and vitality which have prolonged it to our own day and rendered it capable of a deeper and more spiritual treatment and a more artistic {24} handling by such modern English poets as Tennyson in his *_Idyls of the King_*, by Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and many others. There were innumerable Arthur romances in prose and verse, in Anglo-Norman and continental French dialects, in English, in German, and in other tongues. But the final form which the Saga took in mediaeval England was the prose *_Morte Dartur_* of Sir Thomas Malory, composed at the close of the 15th century. This was a digest of the earlier romances and is Tennyson's main authority. Beside the literature of the knight was the literature of the cloister. There is a

considerable body of religious writing in early English, consisting of homilies in prose and verse, books of devotion, like the *Ancren Riwe* (Rule of anchoresses), 1225; the *Ayenbite of Inwyt* (Remorse of Conscience), 1340, both in prose; the *Handlyng Synne*, 1303; the *Cursor Mundi*, 1320; and the *Pricke of Conscience*, 1340, in verse; metrical renderings of the Psalter, the Pater Noster, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, the Gospels for the Day, such as the *Ormulum*, or Book of Orm, 1205; legends and miracles of saints; poems in praise of virginity, on the contempt of the world, on the five joys of the Virgin, the five wounds of Christ, the eleven pains of hell, the seven deadly sins, the fifteen tokens of the coming judgment, and dialogues between the soul and the body. These were the work not only of the monks, but also of the begging friars, and in {25} smaller part of the secular or parish clergy. They are full of the ascetic piety and superstition of the Middle Age, the childish belief in the marvelous, the allegorical interpretation of Scripture texts, the grotesque material horrors of hell with its grisly fiends, the vileness of the human body and the loathsome details of its corruption after death. Now and then a single poem rises above the tedious and hideous barbarism of the general level of this monkish literature, either from a more intensely personal feeling in the poet, or from an occasional grace or beauty in his verse. A poem so distinguished is, for example, *A Luve Ron* (A Love Counsel) by the Minorite friar, Thomas de Hales, one stanza of which recalls the French poet Villon's *Balade of Dead Ladies*, with its refrain.

"Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?"

"Where are the snows of yester year?

Where is Paris and Heleyn

That weren so bright and fair of blee[1]

Amadas, Tristan, and Idéyne

Yseudé and allé the,[2]

Hector with his sharpé main,

And Caesar rich in worldés fee?

They beth ygliden out of the reign[3]

As the shaft is of the dee." [4]

A few early English poems on secular subjects are also worthy of mention, among others, *The Owl and the Nightingale*, generally assigned to the reign of Henry III. (1216-1272), an *Estrif*, {26} or dispute, in which the owl represents the ascetic and the nightingale the aesthetic view of life. The debate is conducted with much animation and a spirited use of proverbial wisdom. *The Land of Cokaygne* is an amusing little poem of some two hundred lines, belonging to the class of *fabliaux*, short humorous tales or satirical pieces in verse. It describes a lubber-land, or fool's paradise, where the geese fly down all roasted on the spit, bringing garlic in the bills for their dressing, and where there is a nunnery upon a river of sweet milk, and an abbey of white monks and gray, whose walls, like the hall of little King Pepin, are "of pie-crust and pastry crust," with flouren cakes for the shingles and fat puddings for the pins. There are a few songs dating from about 1300, and mostly found in a single collection (Harl, MS., 2253), which are almost the only English verse before Chaucer that has any sweetness to a modern ear. They are written in French strophic forms in the southern dialect, and sometimes have an intermixture of French and Latin lines. They are musical, fresh, simple, and many of them very pretty. They celebrate the gladness of spring with its cuckoos and throstle-cocks, its daisies and woodruff.

"When the nightingale sings the woodés waxen green

Leaf and grass and blossom spring in Averil, I ween,

And love is to my herté gone with a spear so keen,

Night and day my blood it drinks my herté doth me tene." [5]

{27} Others are love complaints to "Alysoun" or some other lady whose "name is in a note of the nightingale;" whose eyes are as gray as glass, and her skin as "red as rose on ris." [6] Some employ a burden or refrain.

"Blow, northern wind,

Blow thou me, my sweeting.

Blow, northern wind, blow, blow, blow!"

Others are touched with a light melancholy at the coming of winter.

"Winter wakeneth all my care
Now these leavës waxeth bare.
Oft I sigh and mournë sare
When it cometh in my thought
Of this worldes joy, how it goeth all to nought"

Some of these poems are love songs to Christ or the Virgin, composed in the warm language of earthly passion. The sentiment of chivalry united with the ecstatic reveries of the cloister had produced Mariolatry and the imagery of the Song of Solomon, in which Christ woos the soul, had made this feeling of divine love familiar. Toward the end of the 13th century a collection of lives of saints, a sort of English *Golden Legend*, was prepared at the great abbey of Gloucester for use on saints' days. The legends were chosen partly from the hagiology of the Church Catholic, as the lives of Margaret, Christopher, and Michael; partly from the calendar of the English Church, as the {28} lives of St. Thomas of Canterbury, of the Anglo-Saxons, Dunstan, Swithin--who is mentioned by Shakspeare--and Kenelm, whose life is quoted by Chaucer in the *Nonne Presto's Tale*. The verse was clumsy and the style monotonous, but an imaginative touch here and there has furnished a hint to later poets. Thus the legend of St. Brandan's search for the earthly paradise has been treated by Matthew Arnold and William Morris. About the middle of the 14th century there was a revival of the Old English alliterative verse in romances like *William and the Werewolf*, and *Sir Gawayne*, and in religious pieces such as *Clannesse* (purity), *Patience*, and *The Perle*, the last named a mystical poem of much beauty, in which a bereaved father sees a vision of his daughter among the glorified. Some of these employed rhyme as well as alliteration. They are in the West Midland dialect, although Chaucer implies that alliteration was most common in the north. "I am a sotherne man," says the parson in the *Canterbury Tales*. "I cannot geste rom, ram, ruf, by my letter." But the most important of the alliterative poems was the *Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman*. In the second half of the 14th century French had ceased to be the mother-tongue of any considerable part of the population of England. By a statute of Edward III., in 1362, it was displaced from the law courts. By 1386 English had taken its place in the schools. The {29} Anglo-Norman dialect had grown corrupt, and Chaucer contrasts the French of Paris with the provincial French spoken by his prioress, "after the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe." The native English genius was also beginning to assert itself, roused in part, perhaps, by the English victories in the wars of Edward III. against the French. It was the bows of the English yeomanry that won the fight at Crecy, fully as much as the prowess of the Norman baronage. But at home the times were bad. Heavy taxes and the repeated visitations of the pestilence, or Black Death, pressed upon the poor and wasted the land. The Church was corrupt; the mendicant orders had grown enormously wealthy, and the country was eaten up by a swarm of begging friars, pardoners, and apparitors. The social discontent was fermenting among the lower classes, which finally issued in the communistic uprising of the peasantry, under Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. This state of things is reflected in the *Vision of Piers Plowman*, written as early as 1362, by William Langland, a tonsured clerk of the west country. It is in form an allegory, and bears some resemblance to the later and more famous allegory of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The poet falls asleep on the Malvern Hills, in Worcestershire, and has a vision of a "fair field full of folk," representing the world with its various conditions of men. There were pilgrims and palmers; hermits with hooked staves, who went to Walsingham--and {30} their wenches after them--great lubbers and long that were loth to work: friars glossing the Gospel for their own profit; pardoners cheating the people with relics and indulgences; parish priests who forsook their parishes--that had been poor since the pestilence time--and went to London to sing there for simony; bishops, archbishops, and deacons, who got themselves fat clerkships in the Exchequer, or King's Bench; in short, all manner of lazy and corrupt ecclesiastics. A lady, who represents holy Church, then appears to the dreamer, explains to him the meaning of his vision, and reads him a sermon the text of which is, "When all treasure is tried, truth is the best." A number of other allegorical figures are next introduced, Conscience, Reason, Meed, Simony, Falsehood, etc., and after a series of speeches and adventures, a second vision begins in which the seven deadly sins pass before the poet in a succession of graphic impersonations, and finally all the characters set out on a pilgrimage in search of St. Truth, finding no guide to direct them save Piers the Plowman, who stands for the simple, pious laboring man, the sound heart of the English common folk. The poem was originally in eight divisions or "passus," to which was added a continuation in three parts, *Vita Do Wel*, *Do Bet*, and *Do Best*. About 1377 the whole was greatly enlarged by the author. *Piers Plowman* was the first extended literary work after the Conquest which was purely English in character. It owed nothing to France but the {31} allegorical cast which the *Roman de la Rose* had made fashionable in both countries. But even here such personified abstractions as Langland's Fair-speech and Work-when-time-is, remind us less of the Fraunchise, Bel-amour, and Fals-semblaunt of the French courtly allegories than of Bunyan's Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and even of such Puritan names as Praise-God Barebones, and Zeal-of-the-land Busy. The poem is full of English moral

seriousness, of shrewd humor, the hatred of a lie, the homely English love for reality. It has little unity of plan, but is rather a series of episodes, discourses, parables, and scenes. It is all astir with the actual life of the time. We see the gossips gathered in the ale-house of Betun the brewster, and the pastry cooks in the London streets crying "Hote pies, hote! Good gees and gryes. Go we dine, go we!" Had Langland not linked his literary fortunes with an uncouth and obsolescent verse, and had he possessed a finer artistic sense and a higher poetic imagination, his book might have been, like Chaucer's, among the lasting glories of our tongue. As it is, it is forgotten by all but professional students of literature and history. Its popularity in its own day is shown by the number of MSS. which are extant, and by imitations, such as *Piers the Plowman's Crede* (1394), and the *Plowman's Tale*, for a long time wrongly inserted in the *Canterbury Tales*. Piers became a kind of typical figure, like the French peasant, *Jacques Bonhomme*, and was {32} appealed to as such by the Protestant reformers of the 16th century. The attack upon the growing corruptions of the Church was made more systematically, and from the stand-point of a theologian rather than of a popular moralist and satirist, by John Wyclif, the rector of Lutterworth and professor of Divinity in Baliol College, Oxford. In a series of Latin and English tracts he made war against indulgences, pilgrimages, images, oblations, the friars, the pope, and the doctrine of transubstantiation. But his greatest service to England was his translation of the Bible, the first complete version in the mother tongue. This he made about 1380, with the help of Nicholas Hereford, and a revision of it was made by another disciple, Purvey, some ten years later. There was no knowledge of Hebrew or Greek in England at that time, and the Wiclifite versions were made not from the original tongues, but from the Latin Vulgate. In his anxiety to make his rendering close, and mindful, perhaps, of the warning in the Apocalypse, "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life," Wiclif followed the Latin order of construction so literally as to make rather awkward English, translating, for example, *Quid sibi vult hoc somnium?* by *What to itself wole this sweven?* Purvey's revision was somewhat freer and more idiomatic. In the reigns of Henry IV. and V. it was forbidden to read or to have any {33} of Wiclif's writings. Such of them as could be seized were publicly burned. In spite of this, copies of his Bible circulated secretly in great numbers. Forshall and Madden, in their great edition (1850), enumerate one hundred and fifty MSS. which had been consulted by them. Later translators, like Tyndale and the makers of the Authorized Version, or "King James' Bible" (1611), followed Wiclif's language in many instances; so that he was, in truth, the first author of our biblical dialect and the founder of that great monument of noble English which has been the main conservative influence in the mother-tongue, holding it fast to many strong, pithy words and idioms that would else have been lost. In 1415; some thirty years after Wiclif's death, by decree of the Council of Constance, his bones were dug up from the soil of Lutterworth chancel and burned, and the ashes cast into the Swift. "The brook," says Thomas Fuller, in his *Church History*, "did convey his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." Although the writings thus far mentioned are of very high interest to the student of the English language, and the historian of English manners and culture, they cannot be said to have much importance as mere literature. But in Geoffrey Chaucer (died 1400) we meet with a poet of the first rank, whose works are increasingly read and {34} will always continue to be a source of delight and refreshment to the general reader as well as a "well of English undefiled" to the professional man of letters. With the exception of Dante, Chaucer was the greatest of the poets of mediaeval Europe, and he remains one of the greatest of English poets, and certainly the foremost of English story-tellers in verse. He was the son of a London vintner, and was in his youth in the service of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, one of the sons of Edward III. He made a campaign in France in 1359-60, when he was taken prisoner. Afterward he was attached to the court and received numerous favors and appointments. He was sent on several diplomatic missions by the king, three of them to Italy, where, in all probability, he made the acquaintance of the new Italian literature, the writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. He was appointed at different times Comptroller of the Wool Customs, Comptroller of Petty Customs, and Clerk of the Works. He sat for Kent in Parliament, and he received pensions from three successive kings. He was a man of business as well as books, and he loved men and nature no less than study. He knew his world; he "saw life steadily and saw it whole." Living at the center of English social and political life, and resorting to the court of Edward III., then the most brilliant in Europe, Chaucer was an eye-witness of those feudal pomps which fill the high-colored pages of his contemporary, the French chronicler, {35} Froissart. His description of a tournament in the *Knight's Tale* is unexcelled for spirit and detail. He was familiar with dances, feasts, and state ceremonies, and all the life of the baronial castle, in bower and hall, the "trompes with the loude minstralcie," the heralds, the ladies, and the squires, "What hawkës sitten on the perch above, What houndës liggen on the floor adown." But his sympathy reached no less the life of the lowly, the poor widow in her narrow cottage, and that "trewe swynkere and a good," the plowman whom Langland had made the hero of his vision. He is, more than all English poets, the poet of the lusty spring, of "Aprille with her showres sweet" and the "foulës song," of "May with all her floures and her greenë," of the new leaves in the wood, and the meadows new powdered with the daisy, the mystic Marguerite of his

Legend of Good Women. A fresh vernal air blows through all his pages. In Chaucer's earlier works, such as the translation of the Romaunt of the Rose (if that be his), the Boke of the Duchesse, the Parlament of Foules, the Hous of Fame, as well as in the Legend of Good Women, which was later, the inspiration of the French court poetry of the 13th and 14th centuries is manifest. He retains in them the mediaeval machinery of allegories and dreams, the elaborate descriptions of palaces, {36} temples, portraitures, etc., which had been made fashionable in France by such poems as Guillaume de Lorris's Roman de la Rose, and Jean Machault's La Fontaine Amoureuse. In some of these the influence of Italian poetry is also perceptible. There are suggestions from Dante, for example, in the Parlament of Foules and the Hous of Fame, and Troilus and Cresseide is a free handling rather than a translation of Boccaccio's Filostrato. In all of these there are passages of great beauty and force. Had Chaucer written nothing else, he would still have been remembered as the most accomplished English poet of his time, but he would not have risen to the rank which he now occupies, as one of the greatest English poets of all time. This position he owes to his masterpiece, the Canterbury Tales. Here he abandoned the imitation of foreign models and the artificial literary fashions of his age, and wrote of real life from his own ripe knowledge of men and things. The Canterbury Tales are a collection of stories written at different times, but put together, probably, toward the close of his life. The frame-work into which they are fitted is one of the happiest ever devised. A number of pilgrims who are going on horseback to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, meet at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, a suburb of London. The jolly host of the Tabard, Harry Bailey, proposes that on their way to Canterbury, each of the company shall tell two tales, and two more on their way back, and {37} that the one who tells the best shall have a supper at the cost of the rest when they return to the inn. He himself accompanies them as judge and "reporter." In the setting of the stories there is thus a constant feeling of movement and the air of all outdoors. The little "head-links" and "end-links" which bind them together, give incidents of the journey and glimpses of the talk of the pilgrims, sometimes amounting, as in the prologue of the Wife of Bath, to full and almost dramatic character-sketches. The stories, too, are dramatically suited to the narrators. The general prologue is a series of such character-sketches, the most perfect in English poetry. The portraits of the pilgrims are illuminated with the soft brilliancy and the minute loving fidelity of the miniatures in the old missals, and with the same quaint precision in traits of expression and in costume. The pilgrims are not all such as one would meet nowadays at an English inn. The presence of a knight, a squire, a yeoman archer, and especially of so many kinds of ecclesiastics, a nun, a friar, a monk, a pardoner, and a sompnour or apparitor, reminds us that the England of that day must have been less like Protestant England, as we know it, than like the Italy of some thirty years ago. But however the outward face of society may have changed, the Canterbury pilgrims remain, in Chaucer's description, living and universal types of human nature. The Canterbury Tales are twenty-four in number. There were {38} thirty-two pilgrims, so that if finished as designed the whole collection would have numbered one hundred and twenty-eight stories. Chaucer is the bright consummate flower of the English Middle Age. Like many another great poet, he put the final touch to the various literary forms that he found in cultivation. Thus his Knight's Tale, based upon Boccaccio's Teseide, is the best of English mediaeval romances. And yet the Rime of Sir Thopas, who goes seeking an elf queen for his mate, and is encountered by the giant Sir Olifaunt, burlesques these same romances with their impossible adventures and their tedious rambling descriptions. The tales of the prioress and the second nun are saints' legends. The Monk's Tale is a set of dry, moral apologues in the manner of his contemporary, the "moral Gower." The stories told by the reeve, miller, friar, sompnour, shipman, and merchant, belong to the class of fabliaux, a few of which existed in English, such as Dame Siriz, the Lay of the Ash, and the Land of Cokaygne, already mentioned. The Nonne Prestre's Tale, likewise, which Dryden modernized with admirable humor, was of the class of fabliaux, and was suggested by a little poem in forty lines, Dou Coc et Werpil, by Marie de France, a Norman poetess of the 13th century. It belonged, like the early English poem of The Fox and the Wolf, to the popular animal-saga of Reynard the Fox. The Franklin's Tale, whose scene is Brittany, and the Wife of Bath's {39} Tale, which is laid in the time of the British Arthur, belong to the class of French lais, serious metrical tales shorter than the romance and of Breton origin, the best representatives of which are the elegant and graceful lais of Marie de France. Chaucer was our first great master of laughter and of tears. His serious poetry is full of the tenderest pathos. His loosest tales are delightfully humorous and life-like. He is the kindest of satirists. The knavery, greed, and hypocrisy of the begging friars and the sellers of indulgences are exposed by him as pitilessly as by Langland and Wiclif, though his mood is not like theirs, one of stern, moral indignation, but rather the good-natured scorn of a man of the world. His charity is broad enough to cover even the corrupt sompnour of whom he says, "And yet in sooth he was a good felawe." Whether he shared Wiclif's opinions is unknown, but John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster and father of Henry IV., who was Chaucer's life-long patron, was likewise Wiclif's great upholder against the persecution of the bishops. It is, perhaps, not without significance that the poor parson in the Canterbury Tales, the only one of his ecclesiastical pilgrims whom Chaucer treats with respect, is suspected by the host of the Tabard to be a "loller," that is, a Lollard, or disciple of Wiclif, and that because he objects to the

jovial inn-keeper's swearing "by Goddes bones." {40} Chaucer's English is nearly as easy for a modern reader as Shakspeare's, and few of his words have become obsolete. His verse, when rightly read, is correct and melodious. The early English was, in some respects, more "sweet upon the tongue" than the modern language. The vowels had their broad Italian sounds, and the speech was full of soft gutturals and vocalic syllables, like the endings *ēn*, *ēs*, and *ē*, which made feminine rhymes and kept the consonants from coming harshly together. Great poet as Chaucer was, he was not quite free from the literary weakness of his time. He relapses sometimes into the babbling style of the old chroniclers and legend writers; cites "auctours" and gives long catalogues of names and objects with a *naïve* display of learning; and introduces vulgar details in his most exquisite passages. There is something childish about almost all the thought and art of the Middle Ages--at least outside of Italy, where classical models and traditions never quite lost their hold. But Chaucer's artlessness is half the secret of his wonderful ease in story-telling, and is so engaging that, like a child's sweet unconsciousness, one would not wish it otherwise. The *Canterbury Tales* had shown of what high uses the English language was capable, but the curiously trilingual condition of literature still continued. French was spoken in the proceedings of Parliament as late as the reign of Henry {41} VI. (1422-1471). Chaucer's contemporary, John Gower, wrote his *Vox Clamantis* in Latin, his *Speculum Meditantis* (a lost poem), and a number of *ballades* in Parisian French, and his *Confessio Amantis* (1393) in English. The last named is a dreary, pedantic work, in some 15,000 smooth, monotonous, eight-syllabled couplets, in which Grande Amour instructs the lover how to get the love of Bel Pucell.

1. Early English Literature. By Bernhard ten Brink. Translated from the German by H. M. Kennedy. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1883.
2. Morris and Skeat's Specimens of Early English. (Clarendon Press Series.) Oxford.
3. Langland's Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman. Wright's Edition; or Skeat's, in Early English Text Society publications.
4. Chaucer: Canterbury Tales. Tyrwhitt's Edition; or Wright's, in Percy Society publications.
5. Complete Writings. Morris's Edition. 6 vols. (In Aldine Series.)

[1] Hue.

[2] Those.

[3] Realm.

[4] Bowstring.

[5] Pain.

[6] Branch.

{42}

CHAPTER II.

FROM CHAUCER TO SPENSER.

1400-1599.

The 15th century was a barren period in English literary history. It was nearly two hundred years after Chaucer's death before any poet came, whose name can be written in the same line with his. He was followed at once by a number of imitators who caught the trick of his language and verse, but lacked the genius to make any fine use of them. The manner of a true poet may be learned, but his style, in the high sense of the word, remains his own secret. Some of the poems which have been attributed to Chaucer and printed in editions of his works, as the *_Court of Love_*, the *_Flower and the Leaf_*, the *_Cuckow and the Nightingale_*, are now regarded by many scholars as the work of later writers. If not Chaucer's, they are of Chaucer's school, and the first two, at least, are very pretty poems after the fashion of his minor pieces, such as the *_Boke of the Duchesse_* and the *_Parlament of Foules_*. Among his professed disciples was Thomas Occleve, a dull rhymmer, who, in his *_Governail of Princes_*, a didactic poem translated from the Latin {43} about 1413, drew, or caused to be drawn, on the margin of his MS. a colored portrait of his "maister dere and fader reverent,"

"This londes verray tresour and richesse,
 Dethe by thy dethe hath harm irreparable
 Unto us done; hir vengeable duresse
 Dispoiled hath this londe of the swetnesse
 Of Rhetoryk."

Another versifier of this same generation was John Lydgate, a Benedictine monk, of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, a very prolix writer, who composed, among other things, the *_Story of Thebes_*, as an addition to the *_Canterbury Tales_*. His ballad of *_London Lyckpenny_*, recounting the adventures of a countryman who goes to the law courts at Westminster in search of justice, "But for lack of mony I could not speede," is of interest for the glimpse that it gives us of London street life. Chaucer's influence wrought more fruitfully in Scotland, whither it was carried by James I., who had been captured by the English when a boy of eleven, and brought up at Windsor as a prisoner of State. There he wrote during the reign of Henry V. (1413-1422) a poem in six cantos, entitled the *_King's Quhair_* (King's Book), in Chaucer's seven lined stanza which had been employed by Lydgate in his *_Falls of Princes_* (from Boccaccio), and which was afterward called {44} the "rime royal," from its use by King James. The *_King's Quhair_* tells how the poet, on a May morning, looks from the window of his prison chamber into the castle garden full of alleys, hawthorn hedges, and fair arbors set with "The sharpē, greenē, sweetē juniper." He was listening to "the little sweetē nightingale," when suddenly casting down his eyes he saw a lady walking in the garden, and at once his "heart became her thrall." The incident is precisely like Palamon's first sight of Emily in Chaucer's *_Knight's Tale_*, and almost in the very words of Palamon, the poet addresses his lady:

"Ah, sweet, are ye a worldly crēature
 Or heavenly thing in likeness of natūre?
 Or are ye very Nature, the goddēss,
 That have depainted with your heavenly hand
 This garden full of flowrēs as they stand?"

Then, after a vision in the taste of the age, in which the royal prisoner is transported in turn to the courts of *_Venus_*, *_Minerva_*, and *_Fortune_*, and receives their instruction in the duties belonging to Love's service, he wakes from sleep and a white turtle-dove brings to his window a spray of red gillyflowers, whose leaves are inscribed, in golden letters, with a message of encouragement. James I. may be reckoned among the English poets. He mentions Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate as his masters. His education was English, and so was the dialect of his poem, although the {45} unique MS. of it is in the Scotch spelling. The *_King's Quhair_* is somewhat overlaid with ornament and with the fashionable allegorical devices, but it is, upon the whole, a rich and tender love song, the best specimen of court poetry between the time of Chaucer and the time of Spenser. The lady who walked in the garden on that May morning was Jane Beaufort, niece to Henry IV. She was married to her poet after his release from captivity and became Queen of Scotland in 1424. Twelve years later James was murdered by Sir Robert Graham and his Highlanders, and his wife, who strove to defend him, was wounded by the assassins. The story of the murder has been told of late by D. G. Rossetti, in his ballad, *_The King's Tragedy_*. The whole life of this princely singer was, like his poem, in the very spirit of romance. The effect of all this imitation of Chaucer was to fix a standard of literary style, and to confirm the authority of the East-Midland English in which he had written. Though the poets of the 15th century were not overburdened with genius, they had, at least, a definite model to follow. As in the 14th

century, metrical romances continued to be translated from the French, homilies and saints' legends and rhyming chronicles were still manufactured. But the poems of Occleve and Lydgate and James I. had helped to polish and refine the tongue and to prolong the Chaucerian tradition. The literary English never again slipped {46} back into the chaos of dialects which had prevailed before Chaucer. In the history of every literature the development of prose is later than that of verse. The latter being, by its very form, artificial, is cultivated as a fine art, and its records preserved in an early stage of society, when prose is simply the talk of men, and not thought worthy of being written and kept. English prose labored under the added disadvantage of competing with Latin, which was the cosmopolitan tongue and the medium of communication between scholars of all countries. Latin was the language of the Church, and in the Middle Ages churchman and scholar were convertible terms. The word clerk meant either priest or scholar. Two of the Canterbury Tales are in prose, as is also the Testament of Love, formerly ascribed to Chaucer, and the style of all these is so feeble, wandering, and unformed that it is hard to believe that they were written by the same man who wrote the Knight's Tale and the story of Griselda. The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville--the forerunner of that great library of Oriental travel which has enriched our modern literature--was written, according to its author, first in Latin, then in French, and, lastly, in the year 1356, translated into English for the behoof of "lordes and knyghtes and othere noble and worthi men, that conne not Latyn but litylle." The author professed to have spent over thirty years in Eastern travel, to have penetrated as far {47} as Farther India and the "iles that ben abouten Indi," to have been in the service of the Sultan of Babylon in his wars against the Bedouins, and, at another time, in the employ of the Great Khan of Tartary. But there is no copy of the Latin version of his travels extant; the French seems to be much later than 1356, and the English MS. to belong to the early years of the fifteenth century, and to have been made by another hand. Recent investigations make it probable that Maundeville borrowed his descriptions of the remoter East from many sources, and particularly from the narrative of Odoric, a Minorite friar of Lombardy, who wrote about 1330. Some doubt is even cast upon the existence of any such person as Maundeville. Whoever wrote the book that passes under his name, however, would seem to have visited the Holy Land, and the part of the "voiage" that describes Palestine and the Levant is fairly close to the truth. The rest of the work, so far as it is not taken from the tales of other travelers, is a diverting tissue of fables about gryfouns that fly away with yokes of oxen, tribes of one-legged Ethiopians who shelter themselves from the sun by using their monstrous feet as umbrellas, etc. During the 15th century English prose was gradually being brought into a shape fitting it for more serious uses. In the controversy between the Church and the Lollards Latin was still mainly employed, but Wiclif had written some of his tracts in English, and, in 1449, Reginald Peacock, Bishop of {48} St. Asaph, contributed, in English, to the same controversy, The Represser of Overmuch Blaming of the Clergy. Sir John Fortescue, who was chief-justice of the king's bench from 1442-1460, wrote during the reign of Edward IV. a book on the Difference between Absolute and Limited Monarchy, which may be regarded as the first treatise on political philosophy and constitutional law in the language. But these works hardly belong to pure literature, and are remarkable only as early, though not very good, examples of English prose in a barren time. The 15th century was an era of decay and change. The Middle Age was dying, Church and State were slowly disintegrating under the new intellectual influences that were working secretly under ground. In England the civil wars of the Red and White Roses were breaking up the old feudal society by decimating and impoverishing the baronage, thus preparing the way for the centralized monarchy of the Tudors. Toward the close of that century, and early in the next, happened the four great events, or series of events, which freed and widened men's minds, and, in a succession of shocks, overthrew the mediaeval system of life and thought. These were the invention of printing, the Renaissance, or revival of classical learning, the discovery of America, and the Protestant Reformation. William Caxton, the first English printer, learned the art in Cologne. In 1476 he set up his press and sign, a red pole, in the Almonry at Westminster. Just before the introduction of printing the demand {49} for MS. copies had grown very active, stimulated, perhaps, by the coming into general use of linen paper instead of the more costly parchment. The scriptoria of the monasteries were the places where the transcribing and illuminating of MSS. went on, professional copyists resorting to Westminster Abbey, for example, to make their copies of books belonging to the monastic library. Caxton's choice of a spot was, therefore, significant. His new art for multiplying copies began to supersede the old method of transcription at the very head-quarters of the MS. makers. The first book that bears his Westminster imprint was the Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers, translated from the French by Anthony Woodville, Lord Rivers, a brother-in-law of Edward IV. The list of books printed by Caxton is interesting, as showing the taste of the time, as he naturally selected what was most in demand. The list shows that manuals of devotion and chivalry were still in chief request, books like the Order of Chivalry, Faits of Arms, and the Golden Legend, which last Caxton translated himself, as well as Reynard the Fox, and a French version of the Aeneid. He also printed, with continuations of his own, revisions of several early chronicles, and editions of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate. A translation of Cicero on Friendship, made directly from the Latin, by Thomas Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, was printed by Caxton, but no edition of a classical author in the original. The new

learning of the Renaissance had not, as {50} yet, taken much hold in England. Upon the whole, the productions of Caxton's press were mostly of a kind that may be described as mediaeval, and the most important of them, if we except his edition of Chaucer, was that "noble and joyous book," as Caxton called it, *Le Morte Darthur*, written by Sir Thomas Malory in 1469, and printed by Caxton in 1485. This was a compilation from French Arthur romances, and was by far the best English prose that had yet been written. It may be doubted, indeed, whether, for purposes of simple story telling, the picturesque charm of Malory's style has been improved upon. The episode which lends its name to the whole romance, the death of Arthur, is most impressively told, and Tennyson has followed Malory's narrative closely, even to such details of the scene as the little chapel by the sea, the moonlight, and the answer which Sir Bedivere made the wounded king, when bidden to throw Excalibur into the water, "'What saw thou there?' said the king. 'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan.'"

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds

And the wild water lapping on the crag."

And very touching and beautiful is the oft-quoted lament of Sir Ector over Launcelot, in Malory's final chapter: "'Ah, Launcelot,' he said, 'thou were head of all Christian knights; and now I dare say,' said Sir Ector, 'thou, Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly {51} knight's hand; and thou were the courtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among press of knights; and thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest.'" Equally good, as an example of English prose narrative, was the translation made by John Bourchier, Lord Berners, of that most brilliant of the French chroniclers, Chaucer's contemporary, Sir John Froissart. Lord Berners was the English governor of Calais, and his version of Froissart's *Chronicles* was made in 1523-25, at the request of Henry VIII. In these two books English chivalry spoke its last genuine word. In Sir Philip Sidney the character of the knight was merged into that of the modern gentleman. And although tournaments were still held in the reign of Elizabeth, and Spenser cast his *Faery Queene* into the form of a chivalry romance, these were but a ceremonial survival and literary tradition from an order of things that had passed away. How antagonistic the new classical culture was to the vanished ideal of the Middle Age may be read in *Toxophilus*, a treatise on archery published in 1545, by Roger Ascham, a Greek lecturer in Cambridge, and the {52} tutor of the Princess Elizabeth and of Lady Jane Grey. "In our forefathers' time, when Papistry as a standing pool covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue saving certain books of chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton canons: as one, for example, *Morte Arthure*, the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and *Morte Arthure* received into the prince's chamber." The fashionable school of courtly allegory, first introduced into England by the translation of the *Romaunt of the Rose*, reached its extremity in Stephen Hawes's *Passetyme of Pleasure*, printed by Caxton's successor, Wynkyn de Worde, in 1517. This was a dreary and pedantic poem, in which it is told how Graunde Amoure, after a long series of adventures and instructions among such shadowy personages as Verite, Observaunce, Falshed, and Good Operacion, finally won the love of La Belle Pucel. Hawes was the last English poet of note whose culture was exclusively mediaeval. His contemporary, John Skelton, mingled the old fashions with the new classical learning. In his *Bowge of Courte* (Court Entertainment or Dole), and in others of his earlier pieces, he used, like Hawes, Chaucer's seven-lined stanza. But his later {53} poems were mostly written in a verse of his own invention, called after him *Skeltonical*. This was a sort of glorified doggerel, in short, swift, ragged lines, with occasional intermixture of French and Latin. "Her beautye to augment.

Dame Nature hath her lent
A warte upon her cheke,
Who so lyst to seke
In her vysage a skar,
That semyth from afar
Lyke to the radyant star,
All with favour fret,
So properly it is set.
She is the vyolet,
The daysy delectable,

The columbine commendable,
 The jelofer amyable;
 For this most goodly floure,
 This blossom of fressh colour,
 So Jupiter me succour,
 She florysheth new and new
 In beaute and vertew;
 _Hac claritate gemina,
 O gloriosa femina, etc. _"

Skelton was a rude railing rhymers, a singular mixture of a true and original poet with a buffoon; coarse as Rabelais, whimsical, obscure, but always vivacious. He was the rector of Diss, in Norfolk, but his profane and scurrilous wit seems rather out of keeping with his clerical character. His *_Tunnyng of Elynoure Rummyng_* is a study of very low life, reminding one slightly of Burns's *_Jolly {54} Beggars_*. His *_Phyllyp Sparowe_* is a sportive, pretty, fantastic elegy on the death of a pet bird belonging to Mistress Joanna Scroupe, of Carowe, and has been compared to the Latin poet Catullus's elegy on Lesbia's sparrow. In *_Speke_*, *_Parrot_*, and *_Why Come ye not to Courte?_* he assailed the powerful Cardinal Wolsey with the most ferocious satire, and was, in consequence, obliged to take sanctuary at Westminster, where he died in 1529. Skelton was a classical scholar, and at one time tutor to Henry VIII. The great humanist, Erasmus, spoke of him as the "one light and ornament of British letters." Caxton asserts that he had read Virgil, Ovid, and Tully, and quaintly adds, "I suppose he hath dronken of Elycon's well." In refreshing contrast with the artificial court poetry of the 15th and first three quarters of the 16th century, was the folk-poetry, the popular ballad literature which was handed down by oral tradition. The English and Scotch ballads were narrative songs, written in a variety of meters, but chiefly in what is known as the ballad stanza.

"In somer, when the shawes[1] be sheyne,[2]
 And leves be large and longe,
 Hit is full merry in feyre forést
 To here the foullys song.

"To se the dere draw to the dale,
 And leve the hilles hee,[3]
 And shadow them in the leves grene,
 Under the grene-wode tree."

[55]

It is not possible to assign a definite date to these ballads. They lived on the lips of the people, and were seldom reduced to writing till many years after they were first composed and sung. Meanwhile they underwent repeated changes, so that we have numerous versions of the same story. They belonged to no particular author, but, like all folk-lore, were handled freely by the unknown poets, minstrels, and ballad reciters, who modernized their language, added to them, or corrupted them, and passed them along. Coming out of an uncertain past, based on some dark legend of heart-break or bloodshed, they bear no poet's name, but are *_ferae naturae_*, and have the flavor of wild game. In the forms in which they are preserved few of them are older than the 17th century, or the latter part of the 16th century, though many, in their original shape, are, doubtless, much older. A very few of the Robin Hood ballads go back to the 15th century, and to the same period is assigned the charming ballad of the *_Nut Brown Maid_* and the famous border ballad of *_Chevy Chase_*, which describes a battle between the retainers of the two great houses of Douglas and Percy. It was this song of which Sir Philip Sidney wrote, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas but I found myself more moved than by a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crouder, [4] with no rougher voice than rude style." But the style of the ballads was not always rude. {56} In their compressed energy of expression, in the impassioned abrupt, yet indirect way in which they tell their tale of grief and horror, there reside often a tragic power and art superior to any English poetry that had been written since Chaucer, superior even to Chaucer in the quality of intensity. The true home of the ballad literature was "the north country," and especially the Scotch border, where the constant forays of moss-troopers and the raids and private warfare of the lords of the marches supplied many traditions of heroism, like those celebrated in the old poem of the *_Battle of Otterbourne_*, and in the *_Hunting of the Cheviot_*, or *_Chevy Chase_*, already mentioned. Some of these

are Scotch and others English; the dialect of Lowland Scotland did not, in effect, differ much from that of Northumberland and Yorkshire, both descended alike from the old Northumbrian of Anglo-Saxon times. Other ballads were shortened, popular versions of the chivalry romances which were passing out of fashion among educated readers in the 16th century, and now fell into the hands of the ballad makers. Others preserved the memory of local countryside tales, family feuds, and tragic incidents, partly historical and partly legendary, associated often with particular spots. Such are, for example, *The Dowie Dens of Yarrow*, *Fair Helen of Kirkconnell*, *The Forsaken Bride*, and *The Twa Corbies*. Others, again, have a coloring of popular superstition, like the beautiful ballad concerning {57} *Thomas of Ersyldoune*, who goes in at Eldon Hill with an Elf queen and spends seven years in fairy land. But the most popular of all the ballads were those which cluster about the name of that good outlaw, Robin Hood, who, with his merry men, hunted the forest of merry Sherwood, where he killed the king's deer and waylaid rich travelers, but was kind to poor knights and honest workmen. Robin Hood is the true ballad hero, the darling of the common people, as Arthur was of the nobles. The names of his Confessor, Friar Tuck; his mistress, Maid Marian; his companions, Little John, Scathelock, and Much, the Miller's son, were as familiar as household words. Langland, in the 14th century, mentions "rimes of Robin Hood," and efforts have been made to identify him with some actual personage, as with one of the dispossessed barons who had been adherents of Simon de Montfort in his war against Henry III. But there seems to be nothing historical about Robin Hood. He was a creation of the popular fancy. The game laws under the Norman kings were very oppressive, and there were, doubtless, dim memories still cherished among the Saxon masses of Hereward and Edric the Wild, who had defied the power of the Conqueror, as well as of later freebooters, who had taken to the woods and lived by plunder. Robin Hood was a thoroughly national character. He had the English love of fair-play, the English readiness to shake hands and {58} make up, and keep no malice when worsted in a square fight. He beat and plundered the rich bishops and abbots, who had more than their share of wealth, but he was generous and hospitable to the distressed, and lived a free and careless life in the good green wood. He was a mighty archer, with those national weapons, the long-bow and the cloth-yard-shaft. He tricked and baffled legal authority in the person of the proud sheriff of Nottingham, thereby appealing to that secret sympathy with lawlessness and adventure which marked the free-born, vigorous yeomanry of England. And finally the scenery of the forest gives a poetic background and a never-failing charm to the exploits of "the old Robin Hood of England" and his merry men. The ballads came, in time, to have certain tricks of style, such as are apt to characterize a body of anonymous folk-poetry. Such is their use of conventional epithets; "the red, red gold," "the good, green wood," "the gray goose wing." Such are certain recurring terms of phrase like, "But out and spak their stepmother." Such is, finally, a kind of sing-song repetition, which doubtless helped the ballad singer to memorize his stock, as, for example,

"She had'na pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twae."

{59}

Or again,

"And mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn;
An mony ane sings o' Robin Hood,
Kens little whare he was born.

It was na in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower;
But it was in the gude green wood,
Amang the lily flower."

Copies of some of these old ballads were hawked about in the 16th century, printed in black letter, "broad sides," or single sheets. Wynkyn de Worde printed, in 1489, *A Lytell Geste of Robin Hood*, which is a sort of digest of earlier ballads on the subject. In the 17th century a few of the English popular ballads were collected in miscellanies, called *Garlands*. Early in the 18th century the Scotch poet, Allan Ramsay, published a number of Scotch ballads in the *Evergreen* and *Tea-Table Miscellany*. But no large and important collection was put forth until Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, a book which had a powerful influence upon Wordsworth and Walter Scott. In Scotland some excellent ballads in the ancient manner were written in the 18th century, such as Jane Elliott's *Lament* for

Flodden_, and the fine ballad of Sir Patrick Spence. Walter Scott's *Proud Maisie is in the Wood*, is a perfect reproduction of the pregnant, indirect method of the old ballad makers. In 1453 Constantinople was taken by the Turks, {60} and many Greek scholars, with their MSS., fled into Italy, where they began teaching their language and literature, and especially the philosophy of Plato. There had been little or no knowledge of Greek in western Europe during the Middle Ages, and only a very imperfect knowledge of the Latin classics. Ovid and Statius were widely read, and so was the late Latin poet, Boethius, whose *De Consolatione Philosophiae* had been translated into English by King Alfred and by Chaucer. Little was known of Vergil at first hand, and he was popularly supposed to have been a mighty wizard, who made sundry works of enchantment at Rome, such as a magic mirror and statue. Caxton's so-called translation of the *Aeneid* was in reality nothing but a version of a French romance based on Vergil's epic. Of the Roman historians, orators, and moralists, such as Livy, Tacitus, Caesar, Cicero, and Seneca, there was an almost entire ignorance, as also of poets like Horace, Lucretius, Juvenal, and Catullus. The gradual rediscovery of the remains of ancient art and literature which took place in the 15th century, and largely in Italy, worked an immense revolution in the mind of Europe. MSS. were brought out of their hiding places, edited by scholars and spread abroad by means of the printing-press. Statues were dug up and placed in museums, and men became acquainted with a civilization far more mature than that of the Middle Age, and with models of perfect {61} workmanship in letters and the fine arts. In the latter years of the 15th century a number of Englishmen learned Greek in Italy and brought it back with them to England. William Grocyn and Thomas Linacre, who had studied at Florence under the refugee, Demetrius Chalcondylas, began teaching Greek, at Oxford, the former as early as 1491. A little later John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's and the founder of St. Paul's School, and his friend, William Lily, the grammarian and first master of St. Paul's (1500), also studied Greek abroad, Colet in Italy, and Lily at Rhodes and in the city of Rome. Thomas More, afterward the famous chancellor of Henry VIII., was among the pupils of Grocyn and Linacre at Oxford. Thither also, in 1497, came in search of the new knowledge, the Dutchman, Erasmus, who became the foremost scholar of his time. From Oxford the study spread to the sister university, where the first English Grecian of his day, Sir Jno. Cheke, who "taught Cambridge and King Edward Greek," became the incumbent of the new professorship founded about 1540. Among his pupils was Roger Ascham, already mentioned, in whose time St. John's College, Cambridge, was the chief seat of the new learning, of which Thomas Nash testifies that it "was as an universitie within itself; having more candles light in it, every winter morning before four of the clock, than the four of clock bell gave strokes." Greek was not introduced at the universities without violent {62} opposition from the conservative element, who were nicknamed Trojans. The opposition came in part from the priests, who feared that the new study would sow seeds of heresy. Yet many of the most devout churchmen were friends of a more liberal culture, among them Thomas More, whose Catholicism was undoubted and who went to the block for his religion. Cardinal Wolsey, whom More succeeded as chancellor, was also a munificent patron of learning and founded Christ Church College, at Oxford. Popular education at once felt the impulse of the new studies, and over twenty endowed grammar schools were established in England in the first twenty years of the 16th century. Greek became a passion even with English ladies. Ascham in his *Schoolmaster*, a treatise on education, published in 1570, says, that Queen Elisabeth "readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day, than some prebendarie of this Church doth read Latin in a whole week." And in the same book he tells how calling once upon Lady Jane Grey, at Brodegate, in Leicestershire, he "found her in her chamber reading *Phaedon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delite as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in *Bocace*," and when he asked her why she had not gone hunting with the rest, she answered, "I wisse, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato." Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, as well as his earlier book, *Toxophilus*, a Platonic dialogue on archery, bristles with quotations from the Greek and Latin {63} classics, and with that perpetual reference to the authority of antiquity on every topic that he touches, which remained the fashion in all serious prose down to the time of Dryden. One speedy result of the new learning was fresh translations of the Scriptures into English, out of the original tongues. In 1525 William Tyndal printed at Cologne and Worms his version of the New Testament from the Greek. Ten years later Miles Coverdale made, at Zurich, a translation of the whole Bible from the German and the Latin. These were the basis of numerous later translations, and the strong beautiful English of Tyndal's *Testament* is preserved for the most part in our Authorized Version (1611). At first it was not safe to make or distribute these early translations in England. Numbers of copies were brought into the country, however, and did much to promote the cause of the Reformation. After Henry VIII. had broken with the Pope the new English Bible circulated freely among the people. Tyndal and Sir Thomas More carried on a vigorous controversy in English upon some of the questions at issue between the Church and the Protestants. Other important contributions to the literature of the Reformation were the homely sermons preached at Westminster and at Paul's Cross by Bishop Hugh Latimer, who was burned at Oxford in the reign of Bloody Mary. The English Book of Common Prayer was compiled in 1549-52. More was, perhaps, the best {64} representative of a group of scholars who wished to enlighten and reform the Church from inside, but who refused to follow Henry VIII. in his breach with Rome. Dean

Colet and John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, belonged to the same company, and Fisher was beheaded in the same year (1535) with More, and for the same offense, namely, refusing to take the oath to maintain the act confirming the king's divorce from Catherine of Arragon and his marriage with Anne Boleyn. More's philosophy is best reflected in his *Utopia*, the description of an ideal commonwealth, modeled on Plato's Republic, and printed in 1516. The name signifies "no place" (*Outopos*), and has furnished an adjective to the language. The *Utopia* was in Latin, but More's *History of Edward V. and Richard III.*, written in 1513, though not printed till 1557, was in English. It is the first example in the tongue of a history as distinguished from a chronicle; that is, it is a reasoned and artistic presentation of an historic period, and not a mere chronological narrative of events. The first three quarters of the 16th century produced no great original work of literature in England. It was a season of preparation, of education. The storms of the Reformation interrupted and delayed the literary renaissance through the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary. When Elizabeth came to the throne, in 1558, a more settled order of things began, and a period of great national prosperity and {65} glory. Meanwhile the English mind had been slowly assimilating the new classical culture, which was extended to all classes of readers by the numerous translations of Greek and Latin authors. A fresh poetic impulse came from Italy. In 1557 appeared *Tottel's Miscellany*, containing songs and sonnets by a "new company of courtly makers." Most of the pieces in the volume had been written years before, by gentlemen of Henry VIII.'s court, and circulated in MS. The two chief contributors were Sir Thomas Wiat, at one time English ambassador to Spain, and that brilliant noble, Henry Howard, the Earl of Surrey, who was beheaded in 1547 for quartering the king's arms with his own. Both of them were dead long before their work was printed. The pieces in *Tottel's Miscellany* show very clearly the influence of Italian poetry. We have seen that Chaucer took subjects and something more from Boccaccio and Petrarch. But the sonnet, which Petrarch had brought to great perfection, was first introduced into England by Wiat. There was a great revival of sonneteering in Italy in the 16th century, and a number of Wiat's poems were adaptations of the sonnets and *canzoni* of Petrarch and later poets. Others were imitations of Horace's satires and epistles. Surrey introduced the Italian blank verse into English in his translation of two books of the *Aeneid*. The love poetry of *Tottel's Miscellany* is polished and artificial, like the models which it followed. Dante's {66} Beatrice was a child, and so was Petrarch's Laura. Following their example, Surrey addressed his love complaints, by way of compliment, to a little girl of the noble Irish family of Geraldine. The Amourists, or love sonneters, dwelt on the metaphysics of the passion with a tedious minuteness, and the conventional nature of their sighs and complaints may often be guessed by an experienced reader from the titles of their poems: "Description of the restless state of a lover, with suit to his lady to rue on his dying heart;" "Hell tormenteth not the damned ghosts so sore as unkindness the lover;" "The lover prayeth not to be disdained, refused, mistrusted, nor forsaken," etc. The most genuine utterance of Surrey was his poem written while imprisoned in Windsor--a cage where so many a song-bird has grown vocal. And Wiat's little piece of eight lines, "Of his Return from Spain," is worth reams of his amatory affectations. Nevertheless the writers in *Tottel's Miscellany* were real reformers of English poetry. They introduced new models of style and new metrical forms, and they broke away from the mediaeval traditions which had hitherto obtained. The language had undergone some changes since Chaucer's time, which made his scansion obsolete. The accent of many words of French origin, like *natüre*, *couräge*, *virtüe*, *matére*, had shifted to the first syllable, and the *e* of the final syllables *ës*, *ën*, *ëd*, and *ë*, had largely disappeared. But the language of poetry tends {67} to keep up archaisms of this kind, and in Stephen Hawes, who wrote a century after Chaucer, we still find such lines as these:

"But he my strokës might right well endure,
He was so great and huge of puissáncē." [5]

Hawes's practice is variable in this respect, and so is his contemporary, Skelton's. But in Wiat and Surrey, who wrote only a few years later, the reader first feels sure that he is reading verse pronounced quite in the modern fashion.

But Chaucer's example still continued potent. Spenser revived many of his obsolete words, both in his pastorals and in his *Faery Queene*, thereby imparting an antique remoteness to his diction, but incurring Ben Jonson's censure, that he "writ no language." A poem that stands midway between Spenser and late mediaeval work of Chaucer's school--such as Hawes's *Passeytyme of Pleasure*--was the *Induction* contributed by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, in 1563 to a collection of narrative poems called the *Mirroure for Magistrates*. The whole series was the work of many hands, modeled upon Lydgate's *Falls of Princes* (taken from Boccaccio), and was designed as a warning to great men of the fickleness of fortune. The *Induction* is the only noteworthy part of it. It was an allegory, written in Chaucer's seven-lined stanza and described with a somber imaginative power, the figure of Sorrow, her abode {68} in the "griesly lake" of Avernus and her attendants, Remorse, Dread, Old Age, etc. Sackville was the author of the first regular English tragedy, *Gorboduc*, and it was at his request that Ascham

wrote the *Schoolmaster*. Italian poetry also fed the genius of Edmund Spenser (1552-99). While a student at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, he had translated some of the *Visions of Petrarch*, and the *Visions of Bellay*, a French poet, but it was only in 1579 that the publication of his *Shepherd's Calendar* announced the coming of a great original poet, the first since Chaucer. The *Shepherd's Calendar* was a pastoral in twelve eclogues--one for each month in the year. There had been a great revival of pastoral poetry in Italy and France, but, with one or two insignificant exceptions, Spenser's were the first bucolics in English. Two of his eclogues were paraphrases from Clement Marot, a French Protestant poet, whose psalms were greatly in fashion at the court of Francis I. The pastoral machinery had been used by Vergil and by his modern imitators, not merely to portray the loves of Strephon and Chloe, or the idyllic charms of rustic life; but also as a vehicle of compliment, elegy, satire, and personal allusion of many kinds. Spenser, accordingly, alluded to his friends, Sidney and Harvey, as the shepherds, Astrophel and Hobbinol, paid court to Queen Elizabeth as Cynthia, and introduced, in the form of anagrams, names of the High-Church Bishop of London, Aylmer, {69} and the Low-Church Archbishop Grindal. The conventional pastoral is a somewhat delicate exotic in English poetry, and represents a very unreal Arcadia. Before the end of the 17th century the squeak of the oaten pipe had become a burden, and the only piece of the kind which it is easy to read without some impatience is Milton's wonderful *Lycidas*. The *Shepherd's Calendar*, however, though it belonged to an artificial order of literature, had the unmistakable stamp of genius in its style. There was a broad, easy mastery of the resources of language, a grace, fluency, and music which were new to English poetry. It was written while Spenser was in service with the Earl of Leicester, and enjoying the friendship of his nephew, the all-accomplished Sidney, and was, perhaps, composed at the latter's country seat of Penshurst. In the following year Spenser went to Ireland as private secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, who had just been appointed Lord Deputy of that kingdom. After filling several clerkships in the Irish government, Spenser received a grant of the castle and estate of Kilcolman, a part of the forfeited lands of the rebel Earl of Desmond. Here, among landscapes richly wooded, like the scenery of his own fairy land, "under the cool shades of the green alders by the Mulla's shore," Sir Walter Raleigh found him, in 1589, busy upon his *Faery Queene*. In his poem, *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, Spenser tells, in pastoral language, how "the shepherd of the {70} ocean" persuaded him to go to London, where he presented him to the Queen, under whose patronage the first three books of his great poem were printed, in 1590. A volume of minor poems, entitled *Complaints*, followed in 1591, and the three remaining books of the *Faery Queene* in 1596. In 1595-96 he published also his *Daphnida*, *Prothalamion*, and the four hymns *On Love* and *Beauty*, and *On Heavenly Love* and *Heavenly Beauty*. In 1598, in Tyrone's rebellion, Kilcolman Castle was sacked and burned, and Spenser, with his family, fled to London, where he died in January, 1599. The *Faery Queene* reflects, perhaps, more fully than any other English work, the many-sided literary influences of the renaissance. It was the blossom of a richly composite culture. Its immediate models were Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, the first forty cantos of which were published in 1515, and Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, printed in 1581. Both of these were, in subject, romances of chivalry, the first based upon the old Charlemagne epos--Orlando being identical with the hero of the French *Chanson de Roland*--the second upon the history of the first Crusade, and the recovery of the Holy City from the Saracen. But in both of them there was a splendor of diction and a wealth of coloring quite unknown to the rude mediaeval romances. Ariosto and Tasso wrote with the great epics of Homer and Vergil constantly in mind, and all about them was the brilliant light of Italian art, in its early freshness {71} and power. The *Faery Queene*, too, was a tale of knight-errantry. Its hero was King Arthur, and its pages swarm with the familiar adventures and figures of Gothic romance; distressed ladies and their champions, combats with dragons and giants, enchanted castles, magic rings, charmed wells, forest hermitages, etc. But side by side with these appear the fictions of Greek mythology and the personified abstractions of fashionable allegory. Knights, squires, wizards, hamadryads, satyrs, and river gods, Idleness, Gluttony, and Superstition jostle each other in Spenser's fairy land. Descents to the infernal shades, in the manner of Homer and Vergil, alternate with descriptions of the Palace of Pride in the manner of the *Romaunt of the Rose*. But Spenser's imagination was a powerful spirit, and held all these diverse elements in solution. He removed them to an ideal sphere "apart from place, withholding time," where they seem all alike equally real, the dateless conceptions of the poet's dream. The poem was to have been "a continued allegory or dark conceit," in twelve books, the hero of each book representing one of the twelve moral virtues. Only six books and the fragment of a seventh were written. By way of complimenting his patrons and securing contemporary interest, Spenser undertook to make his allegory a double one, personal and historical, as well as moral or abstract. Thus Gloriana, the Queen of Faery, stands not only for Glory but for Elizabeth, {72} to whom the poem was dedicated. Prince Arthur is Leicester, as well as Magnificence. Duessa is Falsehood, but also Mary Queen of Scots. Grantorto is Philip II. of Spain. Sir Artegal is Justice, but likewise he is Arthur Grey de Wilton. Other characters shadow forth Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Henry IV. of France, etc.; and such public events as the revolt of the Spanish Netherlands, the Irish rebellion, the execution of Mary Stuart, and the rising of the northern Catholic houses against Elizabeth are told in parable. In this way the

poem reflects the spiritual struggle of the time, the warfare of young England against Popery and Spain. The allegory is not always easy to follow. It is kept up most carefully in the first two books, but it sat rather lightly on Spenser's conscience, and is not of the essence of the poem. It is an ornament put on from the outside and detachable at pleasure. The "Spenserian stanza," in which the *Faery Queene* was written, was adapted from the *ottava rima* of Ariosto. Spenser changed somewhat the order of the rimes in the first eight lines and added a ninth line of twelve syllables, thus affording more space to the copious luxuriance of his style and the long-drawn sweetness of his verse. It was his instinct to dilate and elaborate every image to the utmost, and his similes, especially--each of which usually fills a whole stanza--have the pictorial amplitude of Homer's. Spenser was, in fact, a great painter. His poetry {73} is almost purely sensuous. The personages in the *Faery Queene* are not characters, but richly colored figures, moving to the accompaniment of delicious music, in an atmosphere of serene remoteness from the earth. Charles Lamb said that he was the poet's poet, that is, he appealed wholly to the artistic sense and to the love of beauty. Not until Keats did another English poet appear so filled with the passion for all outward shapes of beauty, so exquisitely alive to all impressions of the senses. Spenser was, in some respects, more an Italian than an English poet. It is said that the Venetian gondoliers still sing the stanzas of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. It is not easy to imagine the Thames bargees chanting passages from the *Faery Queene*. Those English poets who have taken strongest hold upon their public have done so by their profound interpretation of our common life. But Spenser escaped altogether from reality into a region of pure imagination. His aerial creations resemble the blossoms of the epiphytic orchids, which have no root in the soil, but draw their nourishment from the moisture of the air.

"_Their_ birth was of the womb of morning dew,
And _their_ conception of the glorious prime."

Among the minor poems of Spenser the most delightful were his *Prothalamion* and *Epithalamion*. The first was a "spousal verse," made for the double wedding of the Ladies Catherine and {74} Elizabeth Somerset, whom the poet figures as two white swans that come swimming down the Thames, whose surface the nymphs strew with lilies, till it appears "like a bride's chamber-floor." "Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song," is the burden of each stanza. The *Epithalamion* was Spenser's own marriage song, written to crown his series of *Amoretti*, or love sonnets, and is the most splendid hymn of triumphant love in the language. Hardly less beautiful than these was *Muiopotmos*; or, the Fate of the Butterfly, an addition to the classical myth of Arachne, the spider. The four hymns in praise of *Love* and *Beauty*, *Heavenly Love* and *Heavenly Beauty*, are also stately and noble poems, but by reason of their abstractness and the Platonic mysticism which they express, are less generally pleasing than the others mentioned. Allegory and mysticism had no natural affiliation with Spenser's genius. He was a seer of visions, of *images* full, brilliant, and distinct, and not like Bunyan, Dante, or Hawthorne, a projector into bodily shapes of *ideas*, typical and emblematic, the shadows which haunt the conscience and the mind.

1. A First Sketch of English Literature. By Henry Morley.
2. English Writers. By the same. Vol. iii. From Chaucer to Dunbar.
- {75}
3. Skeat's Specimens of English Literature, 1594-1579. Clarendon Press Series.
4. Morte Darthur. Globe Edition.
5. Child's English and Scottish Ballads. 8 vols.
6. Hale's edition of Spenser. Globe.
7. "A Royal Poet." Irving's Sketch-Book.

[2] Bright.

[3] High.

[4] Fiddler.

[5] Trisyllable--like *_creature_*, *_neighbour_*, etc, in Chaucer.

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CHAPTER III.

THE AGE OF SHAKSPERE.

1564-1616.

The great age of English poetry opened with the publication of Spenser's *_Shepherd's Calendar_*, in 1579, and closed with the printing of Milton's *_Samson Agonistes_*, in 1671. Within this period of little less than a century English thought passed through many changes, and there were several successive phases of style in our imaginative literature. Milton, who acknowledged Spenser as his master, and who was a boy of eight years at Shakspeare's death, lived long enough to witness the establishment of an entirely new school of poets, in the persons of Dryden and his contemporaries. But, roughly speaking, the dates above given mark the limits of one literary epoch, which may not improperly be called the Elizabethan. In strictness the Elizabethan age ended with the queen's death, in 1603. But the poets of the succeeding reigns inherited much of the glow and splendor which marked the diction of their forerunners; and "the spacious times of great Elisabeth" have been, by courtesy, prolonged to the year of the Restoration (1660). There is a certain likeness {77} in the intellectual products of the whole period, a largeness of utterance, and a high imaginative cast of thought which stamp them all alike with the queen's seal. Nor is it by any undue stretch of the royal prerogative that the name of the monarch has attached itself to the literature of her reign and of the reigns succeeding hers. The expression "Victorian poetry" has a rather absurd sound when one considers how little Victoria counts for in the literature of her time. But in Elizabethan poetry the maiden queen is really the central figure. She is Cynthia, she is Thetis, great queen of shepherds and of the sea; she is Spenser's Gloriana, and even Shakspeare, the most impersonal of poets, paid tribute to her in *_Henry VIII_*, and, in a more delicate and indirect way, in the little allegory introduced into *_Midsummer Night's Dream_*.

"That very time I marked--but thou could'st not--
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow
As he would pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery dart
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free"--

an allusion to Leicester's unsuccessful suit for Elisabeth's hand.

The praises of the queen, which sound through {78} all the poetry of her time, seem somewhat overdone to a modern reader. But they were not merely the insipid language of courtly compliment. England had never before had a female sovereign, except in the instance of the gloomy and bigoted Mary. When she was succeeded by her more brilliant sister, the gallantry of a gallant and fantastic age was poured at the latter's feet, the sentiment of chivalry mingling itself with loyalty to the crown. The poets idealized Elisabeth. She was to Spenser, to Sidney, and to Raleigh, not merely a woman and a virgin queen, but the champion of Protestantism, the lady of young England, the heroine of the conflict against popery and Spain. Moreover Elisabeth was a great woman. In spite of the vanity, caprice, and ingratitude which disfigured her character, and the vacillating, tortuous policy which often

distinguished her government, she was at bottom a sovereign of large views, strong will, and dauntless courage. Like her father, she "loved a _man_," and she had the magnificent tastes of the Tudors. She was a patron of the arts, passionately fond of shows and spectacles, and sensible to poetic flattery. In her royal progresses through the kingdom, the universities and the nobles and the cities vied with one another in receiving her with plays, revels, masques, and triumphs, in the mythological taste of the day. "When the queen paraded through a country town," says Warton, the historian of English poetry, "almost every {79} pageant was a pantheon. When she paid a visit at the house of any of her nobility, at entering the hall she was saluted by the Penates. In the afternoon, when she condescended to walk in the garden, the lake was covered with tritons and nereids; the pages of the family were converted into wood-nymphs, who peeped from every bower; and the footmen gamboled over the lawns in the figure of satyrs. When her majesty hunted in the park she was met by Diana who, pronouncing our royal prude to be the brightest paragon of unspotted chastity, invited her to groves free from the intrusions of Acteon." The most elaborate of these entertainments of which we have any notice, were, perhaps, the games celebrated in her honor by the Earl of Leicester, when she visited him at Kenilworth, in 1575. An account of these was published by a contemporary poet, George Gascoigne, *_The Princely Pleasures at the Court of Kenilworth_*, and Walter Scott has made them familiar to modern readers in his novel of *_Kenilworth_*. Sidney was present on this occasion, and, perhaps, Shakspeare, then a boy of eleven, and living at Stratford, not far off, may have been taken to see the spectacle, may have seen Neptune, riding on the back of a huge dolphin in the castle lake, speak the copy of verses in which he offered his trident to the empress of the sea, and may have

"heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Utter such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at the sound."

{80} But in considering the literature of Elisabeth's reign it will be convenient to speak first of the prose. While following up Spenser's career to its close (1599), we have, for the sake of unity of treatment, anticipated somewhat the literary history of the twenty years preceding. In 1579 appeared a book which had a remarkable influence on English prose. This was John Lyly's *_Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit_*. It was in form a romance, the history of a young Athenian who went to Naples to see the world and get an education; but it is in substance nothing but a series of dialogues on love, friendship, religion, etc., written in language which, from the title of the book, has received the name of *_Euphuism_*. This new English became very fashionable among the ladies, and "that beauty in court which could not parley Euphuism," says a writer of 1632, "was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French." Walter Scott introduced a Euphuist into his novel the *_Monastery_*, but the peculiar jargon which Sir Piercie Shafton is made to talk is not at all like the real Euphuism. That consisted of antithesis, alliteration, and the profuse illustration of every thought by metaphors borrowed from a kind of fabulous natural history. "Descend into thine own conscience and consider with thyself the great difference between staring and stark-blind, wit and wisdom, love and lust; be merry, but with modesty; be sober, but not too sullen; {81} be valiant, but not too venturesome." "I see now that, as the fish *_Scolopidus_* in the flood *_Araxes_* at the waxing of the moon is as white as the driven snow, and at the waning as black as the burnt coal; so Euphues, which at the first increasing of our familiarity was very zealous, is now at the last cast become most faithless." Besides the fish *_Scolopidus_*, the favorite animals of Lyly's menagerie are such as the chameleon, which, "though he have most guts draweth least breath;" the bird *_Piralis_*, "which sitting upon white cloth is white, upon green, green;" and the serpent *_Porphyrus_*, which, "though he be full of poison, yet having no teeth, hurteth none but himself." Lyly's style was pithy and sententious, and his sentences have the air of proverbs or epigrams. The vice of Euphuism was its monotony. On every page of the book there was something pungent, something quotable; but many pages of such writing became tiresome. Yet it did much to form the hitherto loose structure of English prose, by lending it point and polish. His carefully balanced periods were valuable lessons in rhetoric, and his book became a manual of polite conversation and introduced that fashion of witty repartee, which is evident enough in Shakspeare's comic dialogue. In 1580 appeared the second part, *_Euphues and his England_*, and six editions of the whole work were printed before 1598. Lyly had many imitators. In Stephen Gosson's *_School {82} of Abuse_*, a tract directed against the stage and published about four months later than the first part of *Euphues*, the language is distinctly Euphuistic. The dramatist, Robert Greene, published, in 1587, his *_Menaphon; Camilla's Alarum to Slumbering Euphues_*, and his *_Euphues's Censure to Philautus_*. His brother dramatist, Thomas Lodge, published, in 1590, *_Rosalynde: Euphues's Golden Legacy_*, from which Shakspeare took the plot of *_As You Like It_*. Shakspeare and Ben Jonson both quote from *_Euphues_* in their plays, and Shakspeare was really writing Euphuism, when he wrote such a sentence as "Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true." That knightly gentleman, Philip Sidney, was a true type of the lofty aspiration and

manifold activity of Elizabethan England. He was scholar, poet, courtier, diplomatist, statesman, soldier, all in one. Educated at Oxford and then introduced at court by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, he had been sent to France when a lad of eighteen, with the embassy which went to treat of the queen's proposed marriage to the Duke of Alencon, and was in Paris at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572. Afterward he had traveled through Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands, had gone as ambassador to the Emperor's Court, and every-where won golden opinions. In 1580, while visiting his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, at Wilton, he wrote, for her pleasure, the *_Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia_*, which {83} remained in MS. till 1590. This was a pastoral romance, after the manner of the Italian *_Arcadia_* of Sanazzaro, and the *_Diana Enamorada_* of Montemayor, a Portuguese author. It was in prose, but intermixed with songs and sonnets, and Sidney finished only two books and a portion of a third. It describes the adventures of two cousins, Musidorus and Pyrocles, who are wrecked on the coast of Sparta. The plot is very involved and is full of the stock episodes of romance: disguises, surprises, love intrigues, battles, jousts and single combats. Although the insurrection of the Helots against the Spartans forms a part of the story, the *Arcadia* is not the real *Arcadia* of the Hellenic Peloponnesus, but the fanciful country of pastoral romance, an unreal clime, like the Faery Land of Spenser. Sidney was our first writer of poetic prose. The poet Drayton says that he

"did first reduce

Our tongue from Lyly's writing, then in use,
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words and idle similes."

Sidney was certainly no Euphuist, but his style was as "Italianated" as Lyly's, though in a different way. His English was too pretty for prose. His "Sidneian showers of sweet discourse" sowed every page of the *_Arcadia_* with those flowers of conceit, those sugared fancies which his contemporaries loved, but which the taste of a severer {84} age finds insipid. This splendid vice of the Elisabethan writers appears in Sidney, chiefly in the form of an excessive personification. If he describes a field full of roses, he makes "the roses add such a ruddy show unto it, as though the field were bashful at his own beauty." If he describes ladies bathing in a stream, he makes the water break into twenty bubbles, as "not content to have the picture of their face in large upon him, but he would in each of those bubbles set forth the miniature of them." And even a passage which should be tragic, such as the death of his heroine, Parthenia, he embroiders with conceits like these: "For her exceeding fair eyes having with continued weeping got a little redness about them, her round sweetly swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbor Death; in her cheeks the whiteness striving by little and little to get upon the rosiness of them; her neck, a neck indeed of alabaster, displaying the wound which with most dainty blood labored to drown his own beauties; so as here was a river of purest red, there an island of perfectest white," etc. The *_Arcadia_*, like *_Euphues_*, was a lady's book. It was the favorite court romance of its day, but it surfeits a modern reader with its sweetness, and confuses him with its tangle of adventures. The lady for whom it was written was the mother of that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom Shakspeare's sonnets are thought to have been {85} dedicated. And she was the subject of Ben Jonson's famous epitaph.

"Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Sidney's *_Defense of Poesy_*, composed in 1581, but not printed till 1595, was written in manlier English than the *_Arcadia_*, and is one of the very few books of criticism belonging to a creative and uncritical time. He was also the author of a series of love sonnets, *_Astrophel and Stella_*, in which he paid Platonic court to the Lady Penelope Rich (with whom he was not at all in love), according to the conventional usage of the amourists. Sidney died in 1586, from a wound received in a cavalry charge at Zutphen, where he was an officer in the English contingent, sent to help the Dutch against Spain. The story has often been told of his giving his cup of water to a wounded soldier with the words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Sidney was England's darling, and there was hardly a poet in the land from whom his death did not obtain "the meed of some melodious tear." Spenser's *_Ruins of Time_* were among the number of these funeral songs; but the best of them all was by one Matthew Royden, concerning whom little is known. {86} Another typical Englishman of Elisabeth's reign was Walter Raleigh, who was even more versatile than Sidney, and more representative of the restless spirit of romantic adventure, mixed with cool, practical

enterprise that marked the times. He fought against the Queen's enemies by land and sea in many quarters of the globe; in the Netherlands and in Ireland against Spain, with the Huguenot Army against the League in France. Raleigh was from Devonshire, the great nursery of English seamen. He was half-brother to the famous navigator, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and cousin to another great captain, Sir Richard Grenville. He sailed with Gilbert on one of his voyages against the Spanish treasure fleet, and in 1591 he published a report of the fight, near the Azores, between Grenville's ship, the *Revenue*, and fifteen great ships of Spain, an action, said Francis Bacon, "memorable even beyond credit, and to the height of some heroical fable." Raleigh was active in raising a fleet against the Spanish Armada of 1588. He was present in 1596 at the brilliant action in which the Earl of Essex "singed the Spanish king's beard," in the harbor of Cadiz. The year before he had sailed to Guiana, in search of the fabled *El Dorado*, destroying on the way the Spanish town of San José, in the West Indies; and on his return he published his *Discovery of the Empire of Guiana*. In 1597 he captured the town of Fayal, in the Azores. He took a prominent part in colonizing {87} Virginia, and he introduced tobacco and the potato plant into Europe. America was still a land of wonder and romance, full of rumors, nightmares, and enchantments. In 1580, when Francis Drake, "the Devonshire Skipper," had dropped anchor in Plymouth harbor, after his voyage around the world, the enthusiasm of England had been mightily stirred. These narratives of Raleigh, and the similar accounts of the exploits of the bold sailors, Davis, Hawkins, Frobisher, Gilbert, and Drake; but especially the great cyclopedia of nautical travel, published by Richard Hakluyt, in 1589, *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries made by the English Nation*, worked powerfully on the imaginations of the poets. We see the influence of this literature of travel in the *Tempest*, written undoubtedly after Shakspeare had been reading the narrative of Sir George Somers's shipwreck on the Bermudas or "Isles of Devils." Raleigh was not in favor with Elizabeth's successor, James I. He was sentenced to death on a trumped-up charge of high treason. The sentence hung over him until 1618, when it was revived against him and he was beheaded. Meanwhile, during his twelve years' imprisonment in the Tower, he had written his *magnum opus*, the *History of the World*. This is not a history, in the modern sense, but a series of learned dissertations on law, government, theology, magic, war, etc. A chapter with such a caption as the following {88} would hardly be found in a universal history nowadays: "Of their opinion which make Paradise as high as the moon; and of others which make it higher than the middle region of the air." The preface and conclusion are noble examples of Elisabethan prose, and the book ends with an oft-quoted apostrophe to Death. "O eloquent, just: and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou has persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *hic jacet*." Although so busy a man, Raleigh found time to be a poet. Spenser calls him "the summer's nightingale," and George Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesy* (1589), finds his "vein most lofty, insolent, and passionate." Puttenham used *insolent* in its old sense, *uncommon*; but this description is hardly less true, if we accept the word in its modern meaning. Raleigh's most notable verses, *The Lie*, are a challenge to the world, inspired by indignant pride and the weariness of life--the *sæva indignatio* of Swift. The same grave and caustic melancholy, the same disillusion marks his quaint poem, *The Pilgrimage*. It is remarkable how many of the verses among his few poetical remains are asserted in the MSS. or by tradition to have been "made by Sir Walter {89} Raleigh the night before he was beheaded." Of one such poem the assertion is probably true, namely, the lines "found in his Bible in the gate-house at Westminster."

"Even such is Time, that takes in trust,
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays as but with earth and dust;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

The strictly *literary* prose of the Elisabethan period bore a small proportion to the verse. Many entire departments of prose literature were as yet undeveloped. Fiction was represented--outside of the *Arcadia* and *Euphues* already mentioned--chiefly by tales translated or imitated from Italian *novelle*. George Turberville's *Tragical Tales* (1566) was a collection of such stories, and William Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1576-1577) a similar collection from Boccaccio's *Decameron* and the novels of Bandello. These translations are mainly of interest, as having furnished plots to the English dramatists. Lodge's *Rosalind* and Robert Greene's *Pandosto*, the sources

respectively of Shakspeare's As You Like It and Winter's Tale, are short pastoral romances, not without prettiness in their artificial way. The satirical pamphlets of Thomas Nash and his fellows, against "Martin Marprelate," an anonymous writer, or {90} company of writers, who attacked the bishops, are not wanting in wit, but are so cumbered with fantastic whimsicalities, and so bound up with personal quarrels, that oblivion has covered them. The most noteworthy of them were Nash's Piers Penniless's Supplication to the Devil, Lyly's Pap with a Hatchet, and Greene's Groat's Worth of Wit. Of books which were not so much literature as the material of literature, mention may be made of the Chronicle of England, compiled by Ralph Holinshed in 1577. This was Shakspeare's English history, and its strong Lancastrian bias influenced Shakspeare in his representation of Richard III. and other characters in his historical plays. In his Roman tragedies Shakspeare followed closely Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's Lives, made in 1579 from the French version of Jacques Amyot. Of books belonging to other departments than pure literature, the most important was Richard Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, the first four books of which appeared in 1594. This was a work on the philosophy of law and a defense, as against the Presbyterians, of the government of the English Church by bishops. No work of equal dignity and scope had yet been published in English prose. It was written in sonorous, stately and somewhat involved periods, in a Latin rather than an English idiom, and it influenced strongly the diction of later writers, such as Milton and Sir Thomas Browne. Had the Ecclesiastical Polity been written one hundred, or perhaps even fifty, {91} years earlier, it would doubtless have been written in Latin. The life of Francis Bacon, "the father of inductive philosophy," as he has been called--better, the founder of inductive logic--belongs to English history, and the bulk of his writings, in Latin and English, to the history of English philosophy. But his volume of Essays was a contribution to general literature. In their completed form they belong to the year 1625, but the first edition was printed in 1597 and contained only ten short essays, each of them rather a string of pregnant maxims--the text for an essay--than that developed treatment of a subject which we now understand by the word essay. They were, said their author, "as grains of salt that will rather give you an appetite than offend you with satiety." They were the first essays so-called in the language. "The word," said Bacon, "is late, but the thing is ancient." The word he took from the French essais of Montaigne, the first two books of which had been published in 1592. Bacon testified that his essays were the most popular of his writings because they "came home to men's business and bosoms." Their alternate title explains their character: Counsels Civil and Moral, that is, pieces of advice touching the conduct of life, "of a nature whereof men shall find much in experience, little in books." The essays contain the quintessence of Bacon's practical wisdom, his wide knowledge of the world of {92} men. The truth and depth of his sayings, and the extent of ground which they cover, as well as the weighty compactness of his style, have given many of them the currency of proverbs. "Revenge is a kind of wild justice." "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." Bacon's reason was illuminated by a powerful imagination, and his noble English rises now and then, as in his essay On Death, into eloquence--the eloquence of pure thought, touched gravely and afar off by emotion. In general, the atmosphere of his intellect is that lumen siccum which he loved to commend, "not drenched or bloodied by the affections." Dr. Johnson said that the wine of Bacon's writings was a dry wine. A popular class of books in the 17th century were "characters" or "witty descriptions of the properties of sundry persons," such as the Good Schoolmaster, the Clown, the Country Magistrate; much as in some modern Heads of the People where Douglas Jerrold or Leigh Hunt sketches the Medical Student, the Monthly Nurse, etc. A still more modern instance of the kind is George Eliot's Impressions of Theophrastus Such, which derives its title from the Greek philosopher, Theophrastus, whose character-sketches were the original models of this kind of literature. The most popular character-book in Europe in the 17th century was La Bruyère's Caractères. But {93} this was not published till 1588. In England the fashion had been set in 1614, by the Characters of Sir Thomas Overbury, who died by poison the year before his book was printed. One of Overbury's sketches--the Fair and Happy Milkmaid--is justly celebrated for its old-world sweetness and quaintness. "Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and, in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet." England was still merry England in the times of good Queen Bess, and rang with old songs, such as kept this milkmaid company; songs, said Bishop Joseph Hall, which were "sung to the wheel and sung unto the pail." Shakspeare loved their simple minstrelsy; he put some of them into the mouth of Ophelia, and scattered snatches of {94} them through his plays, and wrote others like them himself:

"Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
 That old and antique song we heard last night,
 Methinks it did relieve my passion much,
 More than light airs and recollected terms
 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
 Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain.
 The knitters and the spinners in the sun
 And the free maids that weave their threads with bones
 Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth
 And dallies with the innocence of love
 Like the old age."

Many of these songs, so natural, fresh, and spontaneous, together with sonnets and other more elaborate forms of lyrical verse, were printed in miscellanies, such as the *Passionate Pilgrim*, *England's Helicon*, and Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*. Some were anonymous, or were by poets of whom little more is known than their names. Others were by well-known writers, and others, again, were strewn through the plays of Lyly, Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and other dramatists. Series of love sonnets, like Spenser's *Amoretti* and Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, were written by Shakspeare, Daniel, Drayton, Drummond, Constable, Watson, and others, all dedicated to some mistress real or imaginary. Pastorals, too, were written in great number, such as William Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* and *Shephers' Pipe* (1613-1616) and Marlowe's charmingly rococo little idyl, {95} *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, which Shakspeare quoted in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and to which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a reply. There were love stories in verse, like Arthur Brooke's *Romeo and Juliet* (the source of Shakspeare's tragedy), Marlowe's fragment, *Hero and Leander*, and Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and *Rape of Lucrece*, the first of these on an Italian and the other three on classical subjects, though handled in any thing but a classical manner. Wordsworth said finely of Shakspeare, that he "could not have written an epic: he would have died of a plethora of thought." Shakspeare's two narrative poems, indeed, are by no means models of their kind. The current of the story is choked at every turn, though it be with golden sand. It is significant of his dramatic habit of mind that dialogue and soliloquy usurp the place of narration, and that, in the *Rape of Lucrece* especially, the poet lingers over the analysis of motives and feelings, instead of hastening on with the action, as Chaucer, or any born story-teller, would have done. In Marlowe's poem there is the same spendthrift fancy, although not the same subtlety. In the first two divisions of the poem the story does, in some sort, get forward; but in the continuation, by George Chapman (who wrote the last four "sestiaids"), the path is utterly lost, "with woodbine and the gadding vine o'ergrown." One is reminded that modern poetry, if it has {96} lost in richness, has gained in directness, when one compares any passage in Marlowe and Chapman's *Hero and Leander* with Byron's ringing lines:

"The wind is high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water,
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter."

Marlowe's continuator, Chapman, wrote a number of plays, but he is best remembered by his royal translation of Homer, issued in parts from 1598-1615. This was not so much a literal translation of the Greek, as a great Elizabethan poem, inspired by Homer. It has Homer's fire, but not his simplicity; the energy of Chapman's fancy kindling him to run beyond his text into all manner of figures and conceits. It was written, as has been said, as Homer would have written if he had been an Englishman of Chapman's time. Certainly all later versions--Pope's and Cowper's and Lord Derby's and Bryant's--seem pale against the glowing exuberance of Chapman's English. His verse was not the heroic line of ten syllables, chosen by most of the standard translators, but the long fourteen-syllabled measure, which degenerates easily into sing-song in the hands of a feeble metrist. In Chapman it is often harsh, but seldom tame, and in many passages it reproduces wonderfully the ocean-like roll of Homer's hexameters.
 {97}

"From his bright helm and shield did burn a most unwearied fire,
 Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp, whose brightness men admire,
 Past all the other host of stars when, with his cheerful face,
 Fresh washed in lofty ocean waves, he doth the sky enchain."

Keats's fine ode, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, is well-known. Fairfax's version of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* (1600) is one of the best metrical translations in the language. The national pride in the achievements of Englishmen, by land and sea, found expression, not only in prose chronicles and in books, like Stow's *Survey of London*, and Harrison's *Description of England* (prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicle*), but in long historical and descriptive poems, like William Warner's *Albion's England*, 1586; Samuel Daniel's *History of the Civil Wars*, 1595-1602; Michael Drayton's *Baron's Wars*, 1596, *England's Heroical Epistles*, 1598, and *Polyolbion*, 1613. The very plan of these works was fatal to their success. It is not easy to digest history and geography into poetry. Drayton was the most considerable poet of the three, but his *Polyolbion* was nothing more than "a gazeteer in rime," a topographical survey of England and Wales, with tedious personifications of rivers, mountains, and valleys, in thirty books and nearly one hundred thousand lines. It was Drayton who said of Marlowe, that he "had in him those brave translunary things that the first poets had;" and there are brave {98} things in Drayton, but they are only occasional passages, oases among dreary wastes of sand. His *Agincourt* is a spirited war-song, and his *Nymphidia*; or, *Court of Faery*, is not unworthy of comparison with Drake's *Culprit Fay*, and is interesting as bringing in Oberon and Robin Goodfellow, and the popular fairy lore of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The "well-linguaged Daniel," of whom Ben Jonson said that he was "a good honest man, but no poet," wrote, however, one fine meditative piece, his *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland*, a sermon apparently on the text of the Roman poet Lucretius's famous passage in praise of philosophy, "Suave mari magno, turbantibus aequora ventis," etc.

But the Elizabethan genius found its fullest and truest expression in the drama. It is a common phenomenon in the history of literature that some old literary form or mold will run along for centuries without having any thing poured into it worth keeping, until the moment comes when the genius of the time seizes it and makes it the vehicle of immortal thought and passion. Such was in England the fortune of the stage play. At a time when Chaucer was writing character-sketches that were really dramatic, the formal drama consisted of rude miracle plays that had no literary quality whatever. These were taken from the Bible and acted at first by the priests as illustrations of Scripture history and additions to the {99} church service on feasts and saints' days. Afterward the town guilds, or incorporated trades, took hold of them and produced them annually on scaffolds in the open air. In some English cities, as Coventry and Chester, they continued to be performed almost to the close of the 16th century. And in the celebrated Passion Play, at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, we have an instance of a miracle play that has survived to our own day. These were followed by the moral plays, in which allegorical characters, such as Clergy, Lusty Juventus, Riches, Folly, and Good Demeanance, were the persons of the drama. The comic character in the miracle plays had been the Devil, and he was retained in some of the moralities side by side with the abstract vice, who became the clown or fool of Shaksperian comedy. The "formal Vice, Iniquity," as Shakspeare calls him, had it for his business to belabor the roaring Devil with his wooden sword

. . "with his dagger of lath
In his rage and his wrath
Cries 'Aha!' to the Devil,
'Pare your nails, Goodman Evil!'"

He survives also in the harlequin of the pantomimes, and in Mr. Punch, of the puppet shows, who kills the Devil and carries him off on his back, when the latter is sent to fetch him to hell for his crimes.

Masques and interludes--the latter a species of {100} short farce--were popular at the Court of Henry VIII. Elisabeth was often entertained at the universities or at the inns of court with Latin plays, or with translations from Seneca, Euripides, and Ariosto. Original comedies and tragedies began to be written, modeled upon Terence, and Seneca, and chronicle histories founded on the annals of English kings. There was a Master of the Revels at court, whose duty it was to select plays to be performed before the queen, and these were acted by the children of the Royal Chapel, or by the choir boys of St. Paul's Cathedral. These early plays are of interest to students of the history of the drama, and throw much light upon the construction of later plays, like Shakspeare's; but they are rude and inartistic, and without any literary quality. There were also private companies of actors maintained by wealthy noblemen, like the Earl of Leicester, and bands of strolling players, who acted in inn-yards and bear-gardens. It was not until stationary theaters were built and stock companies of actors regularly licensed and established, that any plays were produced which deserve the name of literature. In 1576 the first play-house was built in London. This was the *Black Friars*, which was located within the liberties of the dissolved monastery of the Black Friars, in order to be

outside of the jurisdiction of the Mayor and Corporation, who were Puritan, and determined in their opposition to the stage. For the same reason the {101} _Theater_ and the _Curtain_ were built in the same year, outside the city walls in Shoreditch. Later the _Rose_, the _Globe_, and the _Swan_, were erected on the Bankside, across the Thames, and play-goers resorting to them were accustomed to "take boat." These early theaters were of the rudest construction. The six-penny spectators, or "groundlings," stood in the yard, or pit, which had neither floor nor roof. The shilling spectators sat on the stage, where they were accommodated with stools and tobacco pipes, and whence they chaffed the actors or the "opposed rascality" in the yard. There was no scenery, and the female parts were taken by boys. Plays were acted in the afternoon. A placard, with the letters "Venice," or "Rome," or whatever, indicated the place of the action. With such rude appliances must Shakspeare bring before his audience the midnight battlements of Elsinore and the moonlit garden of the Capulets. The dramatists had to throw themselves upon the imagination of their public, and it says much for the imaginative temper of the public of that day, that it responded to the appeal. It suffered the poet to transport it over wide intervals of space and time, and "with aid of some few foot and half-foot words, fight over York and Lancaster's long jars." Pedantry undertook, even at the very beginnings of the Elisabethan drama, to shackle it with the so-called rules of Aristotle, or classical unities of time and place, {102} to make it keep violent action off the stage and comedy distinct from tragedy. But the playwrights appealed from the critics to the truer sympathies of the audience, and they decided for freedom and action, rather than restraint and recitation. Hence our national drama is of Shakspeare, and not of Racine. By 1603 there were twelve play-houses in London in full blast, although the city then numbered only one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Fresh plays were produced every year. The theater was more to the Englishman of that time than it has ever been before or since. It was his club, his novel, his newspaper all in one. No great drama has ever flourished apart from a living stage, and it was fortunate that the Elisabethan dramatists were, almost all of them, actors and familiar with stage effect. Even the few exceptions, like Beaumont and Fletcher, who were young men of good birth and fortune, and not dependent on their pens, were probably intimate with the actors, lived in a theatrical atmosphere, and knew practically how plays should be put on. It had now become possible to earn a livelihood as an actor and playwright. Richard Burbage and Edward Alleyn, the leading actors of their generation, made large fortunes. Shakspeare himself made enough from his share in the profits of the _Globe_ to retire with a competence, some seven years before his death, and purchase a handsome {103} property in his native Stratford. Accordingly, shortly after 1580, a number of men of real talent began to write for the stage as a career. These were young graduates of the universities, Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Kyd, Lyly, Lodge, and others, who came up to town and led a Bohemian life as actors and playwrights. Most of them were wild and dissipated, and ended in wretchedness. Peele died of a disease brought on by his evil courses; Greene, in extreme destitution, from a surfeit of Rhenish wine and pickled herring; and Marlowe was stabbed in a tavern brawl. The Euphuist Lyly produced eight plays from 1584 to 1601. They were written for court entertainments, in prose and mostly on mythological subjects. They have little dramatic power, but the dialogue is brisk and vivacious, and there are several pretty songs in them. All the characters talk Euphuism. The best of these was _Alexander and Campaspe_, the plot of which is briefly as follows. Alexander has fallen in love with his beautiful captive, Campaspe, and employs the artist Apelles to paint her portrait. During the sittings, Apelles becomes enamored of his subject and declares his passion, which is returned. Alexander discovers their secret, but magnanimously forgives the treason and joins the lovers' hands. The situation is a good one, and capable of strong treatment in the hands of a real dramatist. But Lyly slips smoothly over the crisis of the action and, in place of passionate scenes, gives {104} us clever discourses and soliloquies, or, at best, a light interchange of question and answer, full of conceits, repartees, and double meanings. For example:

"_Apel_. Whom do you love best in the world?

"_Camp_. He that made me last in the world.

"_Apel_. That was a God.

"_Camp_. I had thought it had been a man," etc.

Lyly's service to the drama consisted in his introduction of an easy and sparkling prose as the language of high comedy, and Shakspeare's indebtedness to the fashion thus set is seen in such passages as the wit combats between Benedict and Beatrice in _Much Ado about Nothing_, greatly superior as they are to any thing of the kind in Lyly. The most important of the dramatists, who were Shakspeare's forerunners, or early contemporaries, was Christopher or--as he was familiarly called--Kit Marlowe. Born in the same year with Shakspeare (1564), he died in 1593, at

which date his great successor is thought to have written no original plays, except the *Comedy of Errors* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. Marlowe first popularized blank verse as the language of tragedy in his *Tamburlaine*, written before 1587, and in subsequent plays he brought it to a degree of strength and flexibility which left little for Shakspeare to do but to take it as he found it. *Tamburlaine* was a crude, violent piece, full of exaggeration and bombast, but with passages here and there of splendid {105} declamation, justifying Ben Jonson's phrase, "Marlowe's mighty line." Jonson, however, ridiculed, in his *Discoveries*, the "scenical strutting and furious vociferation" of Marlowe's hero; and Shakspeare put a quotation from *Tamburlaine* into the mouth of his ranting Pistol. Marlowe's *Edward II.* was the most regularly constructed and evenly written of his plays. It was the best historical drama on the stage before Shakspeare, and not undeserving of the comparison which it has provoked with the latter's *Richard II.* But the most interesting of Marlowe's plays, to a modern reader, is the *Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*. The subject is the same as in Goethe's *Faust*, and Goethe, who knew the English play, spoke of it as greatly planned. The opening of Marlowe's *Faustus* is very similar to Goethe's. His hero, wearied with unprofitable studies, and filled with a mighty lust for knowledge and the enjoyment of life, sells his soul to the Devil in return for a few years of supernatural power. The tragic irony of the story might seem to lie in the frivolous use which Faustus makes of his dearly bought power, wasting it in practical jokes and feats of legerdemain; but of this Marlowe was probably unconscious. The love story of Margaret, which is the central point of Goethe's drama, is entirely wanting in Marlowe's, and so is the subtle conception of Goethe's Mephistophiles. Marlowe's handling of the supernatural is materialistic and downright, as befitted an age which believed in witchcraft. The {106} greatest part of the English *Faustus* is the last scene, in which the agony and terror of suspense with which the magician awaits the stroke of the clock that signals his doom are powerfully drawn.

"O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike.
O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!"

Marlowe's genius was passionate and irregular. He had no humor, and the comic portions of *Faustus* are scenes of low buffoonery.

George Peele's masterpiece, *David and Bethsabe*, was also, in many respects, a fine play, though its beauties were poetic rather than dramatic, consisting not in the characterization--which is feeble--but in the eastern luxuriance of the imagery. There is one noble chorus--

"O proud revolt of a presumptuous man," etc.

which reminds one of passages in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, and occasionally Peele rises to such high Aeschylean audacities as this:

"At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt,
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
Sit ever burning on his hateful bones."

Robert Greene was a very unequal writer. His plays are slovenly and careless in construction, and he puts classical allusions into the mouths of milkmaids and serving boys, with the grotesque pedantry and want of keeping common among the {107} playwrights of the early stage. He has, notwithstanding, in his comedy parts, more natural lightness and grace than either Marlowe or Peele. In his *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and his *Pinner of Wakefield*, there is a fresh breath, as of the green English country, in such passages as the description of Oxford, the scene at Harleston Fair, and the picture of the dairy in the keeper's lodge at merry Fressingfield. In all these ante-Shaksperian dramatists there was a defect of art proper to the first comers in a new literary departure. As compared not only with Shakspeare, but with later writers, who had the inestimable advantage of his example, their work was full of imperfection, hesitation, experiment. Marlowe was probably, in native genius, the equal at least of Fletcher or Webster, but his plays, as a whole, are certainly not equal to theirs. They wrote in a more developed state of the art. But the work of this early school settled the shape which the English drama was to take. It fixed the practice and traditions of the national theater. It decided that the drama was to deal with the whole of life, the real and the ideal, tragedy and comedy, prose and verse, in the same play, without limitations of time, place, and action. It decided that

the English play was to be an action, and not a dialogue, bringing boldly upon the mimic scene feasts, dances, processions, hangings, riots, plays within plays, drunken revels, beatings, battle, murder, and sudden death. It established blank verse, {108} with occasional riming couplets at the close of a scene or of a long speech, as the language of the tragedy and high comedy parts, and prose as the language of the low comedy and "business" parts. And it introduced songs, a feature of which Shakspeare made exquisite use. Shakspeare, indeed, like all great poets, invented no new form of literature, but touched old forms to finer purposes, refining every thing, discarding nothing. Even the old chorus and dumb show he employed, though sparingly, as also the old jig, or comic song, which the clown used to give between the acts. Of the life of William Shakspeare, the greatest dramatic poet of the world, so little is known that it has been possible for ingenious persons to construct a theory--and support it with some show of reason--that the plays which pass under his name were really written by Bacon or some one else. There is no danger of this paradox ever making serious headway, for the historical evidence that Shakspeare wrote Shakspeare's plays, though not overwhelming, is sufficient. But it is startling to think that the greatest creative genius of his day, or perhaps of all time, was suffered to slip out of life so quietly that his title to his own works could even be questioned only two hundred and fifty years after the event. That the single authorship of the Homeric poems should be doubted is not so strange, for Homer is almost prehistoric. But Shakspeare was a modern Englishman, and at the time of his death the first English colony in {109} America was already nine years old. The important known facts of his life can be told almost in a sentence. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, married when he was eighteen, went to London probably in 1587, and became an actor, playwright, and stockholder in the company which owned the Blackfriars and the Globe Theaters. He seemingly prospered in his calling and retired about 1609 to Stratford, where he lived in the house that he had bought some years before, and where he died in 1616. His *Venus and Adonis* was printed in 1593, the *Rape of Lucrece* in 1594, and his *Sonnets* in 1609. So far as is known, only eighteen of the thirty-seven plays generally attributed to Shakspeare were printed during his life-time. These were printed singly, in quarto shape, and were little more than stage books, or librettos. The first collected edition of his works was the so-called "First Folio" of 1623, published by his fellow-actors, Heming and Condell. No contemporary of Shakspeare thought it worth while to write a life of the stage-player. There are a number of references to him in the literature of the time; some generous, as in Ben Jonson's well-known verses; others singularly unappreciative, like Webster's mention of "the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakspeare." But all these together do not begin to amount to the sum of what was said about Spenser, or Sidney, or Raleigh, or Ben Jonson. There is, indeed, nothing to show that his contemporaries understood what a man they had {110} among them in the person of "Our English Terence, Mr. Will Shakespeare!" The age, for the rest, was not a self-conscious one, nor greatly given to review writing and literary biography. Nor is there enough of self-revelation in Shakspeare's plays to aid the reader in forming a notion of the man. He lost his identity completely in the characters of his plays, as it is the duty of a dramatic writer to do. His sonnets have been examined carefully in search of internal evidence as to his character and life, but the speculations founded upon them have been more ingenious than convincing. Shakspeare probably began by touching up old plays. *Henry VI.* and the bloody tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*, if Shakspeare's at all, are doubtless only his revision of pieces already on the stage. The *Taming of the Shrew* seems to be an old play worked over by Shakspeare and some other dramatist, and traces of another hand are thought to be visible in parts of *Henry VIII.*, *Pericles*, and *Timon of Athens*. Such partnerships were common among the Elisabethan dramatists, the most illustrious example being the long association of Beaumont and Fletcher. The plays in the First Folio were divided into histories, comedies, and tragedies, and it will be convenient to notice them briefly in that order. It was a stirring time when the young adventurer came to London to try his fortune. Elisabeth had finally thrown down the gage of battle to Catholic Europe, by the execution of Mary Stuart, in 1587. {111} The following year saw the destruction of the colossal Armada, which Spain had sent to revenge Mary's death, and hard upon these events followed the gallant exploits of Grenville, Essex, and Raleigh. That Shakspeare shared the exultant patriotism of the times, and the sense of their aloofness from the continent of Europe, which was now born in the breasts of Englishmen, is evident from many a passage in his plays.

"This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in a silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
England, bound in with the triumphant sea!"

His English histories are ten in number. Of these *King John* and *Henry VIII.* are isolated plays. The others form a consecutive series, in the following order: *Richard III.*, the two parts of *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, the three

parts of Henry VI., and Richard III. This series may be divided into two, each forming a tetralogy, or group of four plays. In the first the subject is the rise of the house of Lancaster. But the power of the Red Rose was founded in usurpation. In the second group, accordingly, comes the Nemesis, in the civil wars of the Roses, reaching their catastrophe in the downfall of both Lancaster and York, and the tyranny of Gloucester. The happy conclusion is finally reached in the last play of the series, when this new usurper is overthrown in turn, and Henry {112} VII., the first Tudor sovereign, ascends the throne, and restores the Lancastrian inheritance, purified, by bloody atonement, from the stain of Richard II.'s murder. These eight plays are, as it were, the eight acts of one great drama; and if such a thing were possible, they should be represented on successive nights, like the parts of a Greek trilogy. In order of composition, the second group came first. Henry VI. is strikingly inferior to the others. Richard III. is a good acting play, and its popularity has been sustained by a series of great tragedians, who have taken the part of the king. But, in a literary sense, it is unequal to Richard II., or the two parts of Henry IV. The latter is unquestionably Shakspeare's greatest historical tragedy, and it contains his master-creation in the region of low comedy, the immortal Falstaff. The constructive art with which Shakspeare shaped history into drama is well seen in comparing his King John with the two plays on that subject, which were already on the stage. These, like all the other old "Chronicle histories," such as Thomas Lord Cromwell and the Famous Victories of Henry V., follow a merely chronological, or biographical, order, giving events loosely, as they occurred, without any unity of effect, or any reference to their bearing on the catastrophe. Shakspeare's order was logical. He compressed and selected, disregarding the fact of history oftentimes, in favor of the higher truth of fiction; bringing together a crime and its punishment, as cause and effect, even {113} though they had no such relation in the chronicle, and were separated, perhaps, by many years. Shakspeare's first two comedies were experiments. Love's Labour's Lost was a play of manners, with hardly any plot. It brought together a number of humors, that is, oddities and affectations of various sorts, and played them off on one another, as Ben Jonson afterward did in his comedies of humor. Shakspeare never returned to this type of play, unless, perhaps, in the Taming of the Shrew. There the story turned on a single "humor," Katherine's bad temper, just as the story in Jonson's Silent Woman turned on Morose's hatred of noise. The Taming of the Shrew is, therefore, one of the least Shaksperian of Shakspeare's plays; a bourgeois, domestic comedy, with a very narrow interest. It belongs to the school of French comedy, like Moliere's Malade Imaginaire, not to the romantic comedy of Shakspeare and Fletcher. The Comedy of Errors was an experiment of an exactly opposite kind. It was a play, purely of incident; a farce, in which the main improbability being granted, namely, that the twin Antipholi and twin Dromios are so alike that they cannot be distinguished, all the amusing complications follow naturally enough. There is little character-drawing in the play. Any two pairs of twins, in the same predicament, would be equally droll. The fun lies in the situation. This was a comedy of the Latin school, and resembled the Menaechmi of Plautus. Shakspeare never returned to this type of {114} play, though there is an element of "errors" in Midsummer Night's Dream. In the Two Gentlemen of Verona he finally hit upon that species of romantic comedy which he may be said to have invented or created out of the scattered materials at hand in the works of his predecessors. In this play, as in the Merchant of Venice, Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado about Nothing, As You Like It, Twelfth Night, Winters Tale, All's Well that Ends Well, Measure for Measure, and the Tempest, the plan of construction is as follows. There is one main intrigue carried out by the high comedy characters, and a secondary intrigue, or underplot, by the low comedy characters. The former is by no means purely comic, but admits the presentation of the noblest motives, the strongest passions, and the most delicate graces of romantic poetry. In some of the plays it has a prevailing lightness and gayety, as in As You Like It and Twelfth Night. In others, like Measure for Measure, it is barely saved from becoming tragedy by the happy close. Shylock certainly remains a tragic figure, even to the end, and a play like Winter's Tale, in which the painful situation is prolonged for years, is only technically a comedy. Such dramas, indeed, were called, on many of the title-pages of the time, "tragi-comedies." The low comedy interlude, on the other hand, was broadly comic. It was cunningly interwoven with the texture of the play, sometimes loosely, and by way of variety or relief, as in the episode of {115} Touchstone and Audrey, in As You Like It; sometimes closely, as in the case of Dogberry and Verges, in Much Ado about Nothing, where the blundering of the watch is made to bring about the denouement of the main action. The Merry Wives of Windsor is an exception to this plan of construction. It is Shakspeare's only play of contemporary, middle-class English life, and is written almost throughout in prose. It is his only pure comedy, except the Taming of the Shrew. Shakspeare did not abandon comedy when writing tragedy, though he turned it to a new account. The two species graded into one another. Thus Cymbeline is, in its fortunate ending, really as much of a comedy as Winter's Tale--to which its plot bears a resemblance--and is only technically a tragedy, because it contains a violent death. In some of the tragedies, as Macbeth and Julius Caesar, the comedy element is reduced to a minimum. But in others, as Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet, it heightens the tragic feeling by the irony of contrast. Akin to this is the use to which Shakspeare put the old Vice, or Clown, of the moralities. The Fool in Lear, Touchstone in As You Like It, and Thersites in Troilus and Cressida, are a sort

of parody of the function of the Greek chorus, commenting the action of the drama with scraps of bitter, or half-crazy, philosophy, and wonderful gleams of insight into the depths of man's nature. The earliest of Shakspeare's tragedies, unless *Titus Andronicus* be his, was, doubtless, *Romeo and Juliet*, which is full of the passion and poetry of youth and of first love. It contains a large proportion of riming lines, which is usually a sign in Shakspeare of early work. He dropped rime more and more in his later plays, and his blank verse grew freer and more varied in its pauses and the number of its feet. *Romeo and Juliet* is also unique, among his tragedies, in this respect, that the catastrophe is brought about by a fatality, as in the Greek drama. It was Shakspeare's habit to work out his tragic conclusions from within, through character, rather than through external chances. This is true of all the great tragedies of his middle life, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, in every one of which the catastrophe is involved in the character and actions of the hero. This is so, in a special sense, in *Hamlet*, the subtlest of all Shakspeare's plays, and if not his masterpiece, at any rate the one which has most attracted and puzzled the greatest minds. It is observable that in Shakspeare's comedies there is no one central figure, but that, in passing into tragedy, he intensified and concentrated the attention upon a single character. This difference is seen, even in the naming of the plays; the tragedies always take their titles from their heroes, the comedies never. Somewhat later, probably, than the tragedies already mentioned, were the three Roman plays, *Julius Caesar*, *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is characteristic of Shakspeare that he invented the plot of none of his plays, but took material that he found at hand. In these Roman tragedies, he followed Plutarch closely, and yet, even in so doing, gave, if possible, a greater evidence of real creative power than when he borrowed a mere outline of a story from some Italian novelist. It is most instructive to compare *Julius Caesar* with Ben Jonson's *Catiline and Sejanus*. Jonson was careful not to go beyond his text. In *Catiline* he translates almost literally the whole of Cicero's first oration against Catiline. Sejanus is a mosaic of passages, from Tacitus and Suetonius. There is none of this dead learning in Shakspeare's play. Having grasped the conception of the characters of Brutus, Cassius, and Mark Anthony, as Plutarch gave them, he pushed them out into their consequences in every word and act, so independently of his original, and yet so harmoniously with it, that the reader knows that he is reading history, and needs no further warrant for it than Shakspeare's own. *Timon of Athens* is the least agreeable and most monotonous of Shakspeare's undoubted tragedies, and *Troilus and Cressida*, said Coleridge, is the hardest to characterize. The figures of the old Homeric world fare but hardly under the glaring light of modern standards of morality which Shakspeare turns upon them. Ajax becomes a stupid bully, Ulysses a crafty politician, and swift-footed Achilles a vain and sulky chief of faction. In losing their ideal remoteness, the heroes of the *Iliad* lose their poetic quality, and the lover of Homer experiences an unpleasant disenchantment. {118} It was customary in the 18th century to speak of Shakspeare as a rude though prodigious genius. Even Milton could describe him as "warbling his native wood-notes wild." But a truer criticism, beginning in England with Coleridge, has shown that he was also a profound artist. It is true that he wrote for his audiences, and that his art is not every-where and at all points perfect. But a great artist will contrive, as Shakspeare did, to reconcile practical exigencies, like those of the public stage, with the finer requirements of his art. Strained interpretations have been put upon this or that item in Shakspeare's plays; and yet it is generally true that some deeper reason can be assigned for his method in a given case than that "the audience liked puns," or, "the audience liked ghosts." Compare, for example, his delicate management of the supernatural with Marlowe's procedure in *Faustus*. Shakspeare's age believed in witches, elves, and apparitions; and yet there is always something shadowy or allegorical in his use of such machinery. The ghost in *Hamlet* is merely an embodied suspicion. Banquo's wraith, which is invisible to all but Macbeth, is the haunting of an evil conscience. The witches in the same play are but the promptings of ambition, thrown into a human shape, so as to become actors in the drama. In the same way, the fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream* are the personified caprices of the lovers, and they are unseen by the human characters, whose likes and dislikes they control, save in the instance where {119} Bottom is "translated" (that is, becomes mad) and has sight of the invisible world. So in the *Tempest*, Ariel is the spirit of the air and Caliban of the earth, ministering, with more or less of unwillingness, to man's necessities. Shakspeare is the most universal of writers. He touches more men at more points than Homer, or Dante, or Goethe. The deepest wisdom, the sweetest poetry, the widest range of character, are combined in his plays. He made the English language an organ of expression unexcelled in the history of literature. Yet he is not an English poet simply, but a world-poet. Germany has made him her own, and the Latin races, though at first hindered in a true appreciation of him by the canons of classical taste, have at length learned to know him. An ever-growing mass of Shaksperian literature, in the way of comment and interpretation, critical, textual, historical, or illustrative, testifies to the durability and growth of his fame. Above all, his plays still keep, and probably always will keep, the stage. It is common to speak of Shakspeare and the other Elisabethan dramatists as if they stood, in some sense, on a level. But in truth there is an almost measureless distance between him and all his contemporaries. The rest shared with him in the mighty influences of the age. Their plays are touched here and there with the power and splendor of which they were all joint heirs. But, as a whole, they are obsolete. They live in books, but not in the hearts and on the tongues of

men. The {120} most remarkable of the dramatists contemporary with Shakspeare was Ben Jonson, whose robust figure is in striking contrast with the other's gracious impersonality. Jonson was nine years younger than Shakspeare. He was educated at Westminster School, served as a soldier in the low countries, became an actor in Henslowe's company, and was twice imprisoned--once for killing a fellow-actor in a duel, and once for his part in the comedy of *Eastward Hoe*, which gave offense to King James. He lived down to the times of Charles I. (1635), and became the acknowledged arbiter of English letters and the center of convivial wit combats at the *Mermaid*, the *Devil*, and other famous London taverns.

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life." [1]

The inscription on his tomb, in Westminster Abbey, is simply

"O rare Ben Jonson!"

Jonson's comedies were modeled upon the *vetus comaedia* of Aristophanes, which was satirical in purpose, and they belonged to an entirely different school from Shakspeare's. They were classical and not romantic, and were pure comedies, admitting {121} no admixture of tragic motives. There is hardly one lovely or beautiful character in the entire range of his dramatic creations. They were comedies not of character, in the high sense of the word, but of manners or humors. His design was to lash the follies and vices of the day, and his *dramatis persona* consisted for the most part of gulls, impostors, fops, cowards, swaggering braggarts, and "Pauls men." In his first play, *Every Man in his Humor* (acted in 1598), in *Every Man Out of his Humor*, *Bartholomew Fair*, and indeed, in all of his comedies, his subject was the "spongy humors of the time," that is, the fashionable affectations, the whims, oddities, and eccentric developments of London life. His procedure was to bring together a number of these fantastic humorists, to play them off upon each other, involve them in all manner of comical misadventures, and render them utterly ridiculous and contemptible. There was thus a perishable element in his art, for manners change; and however effective this exposure of contemporary affectations may have been, before an audience of Jonson's day, it is as hard for a modern reader to detect his points as it will be for a reader two hundred years hence to understand the satire upon the aesthetic craze in such pieces of the present day, as *Patience* or the *Colonel*. Nevertheless, a patient reader, with the help of copious foot-notes, can gradually put together for himself an image of that world of obsolete humors in which Jonson's comedy dwells, and can admire the dramatist's solid good {122} sense, his great learning, his skill in construction, and the astonishing fertility of his invention. His characters are not revealed from within, like Shakspeare's, but built up painfully from outside by a succession of minute, laborious particulars. The difference will be plainly manifest if such a character as Slender, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, be compared with any one of the inexhaustible variety of idiots in Jonson's plays; with Master Stephen, for example, in *Every Man in his Humor*; or, if Falstaff be put side by side with Captain Bobadil, in the same comedy, perhaps Jonson's masterpiece in the way of comic caricature. *Cynthia's Revels* was a satire on the courtiers and the *Poetaster* on Jonson's literary enemies. The *Alchemist* was an exposure of quackery, and is one of his best comedies, but somewhat overweighted with learning. *Volpone* is the most powerful of all his dramas, but is a harsh and disagreeable piece; and the state of society which it depicts is too revolting for comedy. The *Silent Woman* is, perhaps, the easiest of all Jonson's plays for a modern reader to follow and appreciate. There is a distinct plot to it, the situation is extremely ludicrous, and the emphasis is laid upon single humor or eccentricity, as in some of Moliere's lighter comedies, like *Le Malade Imaginaire*, or *Le Médecin malgré lui*. In spite of his heaviness in drama, Jonson had a light enough touch in lyric poetry. His songs have not the careless sweetness of Shakspeare's, but they have a grace of their own. Such pieces as his {123} *Love's Triumph*, *Hymn to Diana*, *The Noble Mind*, and the adaptation from *Philostratus*, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and many others entitle their author to rank among the first English lyrists. Some of these occur in his two collections of miscellaneous verse, the *Forest* and *Underwoods*; others in the numerous masques which he composed. These were a species of entertainment, very popular at the court of James I., combining dialogue with music, intricate dances, and costly scenery. Jonson left an unfinished pastoral drama, the *Sad Shepherd*, which, though not equal to Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, contains passages of great beauty, one, especially, descriptive of the shepherdess "Earine,

Who had her very being and her name With the first buds and breathings of the spring, Born with the primrose and the violet And earliest roses blown."

1. Ward's History of English Dramatic Literature.
 2. Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.
 3. The Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montrose. Edited by J. Hannah.
 4. Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. (First and Second Books.)
 5. Bacon's Essays. Edited by W. Aldis Wright
- {124}
6. The Cambridge Shakspeare. [Clark & Wright.]
 7. Charles Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.
 8. Ben Jonson's Volpone and Silent Woman. (Cunningham's or Gifford's Edition.)

[1] Francis Beaumont. _Letter to Ben Jonson_.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE AGE OF MILTON.

1608-1674.

The Elisabethan age proper closed with the death of the queen, and the accession of James I., in 1603, but the literature of the fifty years following was quite as rich as that of the half-century that had passed since she came to the throne, in 1557. The same qualities of thought and style which had marked the writers of her reign, prolonged themselves in their successors, through the reigns of the first two Stuart kings and the Commonwealth. Yet there was a change in _spirit_. Literature is only one of the many forms in which the national mind expresses itself. In periods of political revolution, literature, leaving the serene air of fine art, partakes the violent agitation of the times. There were seeds of civil and religious discord in Elisabethan England. As between the two parties in the Church there was a compromise and a truce rather than a final settlement. The Anglican doctrine was partly Calvinistic and partly Arminian. The form of government was Episcopal, but there was a large body of Presbyterians in the Church who desired a change. In {126} the ritual and ceremonies many "rags of popery" had been retained, which the extreme reformers wished to tear away. But Elisabeth was a worldly-minded woman, impatient of theological disputes. Though circumstances had made her the champion of Protestantism in Europe, she kept many Catholic notions, disapproved, for example, of the marriage of priests, and hated sermons. She was jealous of her prerogative in the State, and in the Church she enforced uniformity. The authors of the _Martin Marprelate_ pamphlets against the bishops, were punished by death or imprisonment. While the queen lived things were kept well together and England was at one in face of the common foe. Admiral Howard, who commanded the English naval forces against the Armada, was a Catholic. But during the reigns of James I. (1603-1625) and Charles I. (1625-1649) Puritanism grew stronger through repression. "England," says the historian Green, "became the people of a book, and that book the Bible." The power of the king was used to impose the power of the bishops upon the English and Scotch Churches until religious discontent became also political discontent, and finally overthrew the throne. The writers of this period divided more and more into two hostile camps. On the side of Church and king was the bulk of the learning and genius of the time. But on the side of free religion and the Parliament were the stern conviction, the fiery zeal, the excited imagination of English Puritanism. The {127} spokesman of this movement was Milton, whose great figure dominates the literary history of his generation, as Shakspeare's does of the generation preceding.

The drama went on in the course marked out for it by Shakspeare's example, until the theaters were closed, by Parliament, in 1642. Of the Stuart dramatists, the most important were Beaumont and Fletcher, all of whose plays were produced during the reign of James I. These were fifty-three in number, but only thirteen of them were joint productions. Francis Beaumont was twenty years younger than Shakspeare, and died a few years before him. He was the son of a judge of the Common Pleas. His collaborator, John Fletcher, a son of the bishop of London, was five years older than Beaumont, and survived him nine years. He was much the more prolific of the two and wrote alone some forty plays. Although the life of one of these partners was conterminous with Shakspeare's, their works exhibit a later phase of the dramatic art. The Stuart dramatists followed the lead of Shakspeare rather than of Ben Jonson. Their plays, like the former's, belong to the romantic drama. They present a poetic and idealized version of life, deal with the highest passions and the wildest buffoonery, and introduce a great variety of those daring situations and incidents which we agree to call romantic. But while Shakspeare seldom or never overstepped the modesty of nature, his successors ran into every license. They {128} sought to stimulate the jaded appetite of their audience by exhibiting monstrosities of character, unnatural lusts, subtleties of crime, virtues and vices both in excess. Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are much easier and more agreeable reading than Ben Jonson's. Though often loose in their plots and without that consistency in the development of their characters which distinguished Jonson's more conscientious workmanship, they are full of graceful dialogue and beautiful poetry. Dryden said that after the Restoration two of their plays were acted for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's throughout the year, and he added, that they "understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet can ever paint as they have done." Wild debauchery was certainly not the mark of a gentleman in Shakspeare, nor was it altogether so in Beaumont and Fletcher. Their gentlemen are gallant and passionate lovers, gay cavaliers, generous, courageous, courteous--according to the fashion of their times--and sensitive on the point of honor. They are far superior to the cold-blooded rakes of Dryden and the Restoration comedy. Still the manners and language in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are extremely licentious, and it is not hard to sympathize with the objections to the theater expressed by the Puritan writer, William Prynne, who, after denouncing the long hair of the cavaliers in his tract, The {129} Unloveliness of Lovelocks, attacked the stage, in 1633, with Histrio-mastix: the Player's Scourge; an offense for which he was fined, imprisoned, pilloried, and had his ears cropped. Coleridge said that Shakspeare was coarse, but never gross. He had the healthy coarseness of nature herself. But Beaumont and Fletcher's pages are corrupt. Even their chaste women are immodest in language and thought. They use not merely that frankness of speech which was a fashion of the times, but a profusion of obscene imagery which could not proceed from a pure mind. Chastity with them is rather a bodily accident than a virtue of the heart, says Coleridge. Among the best of their light comedies are The Chances, The Scornful Lady, The Spanish Curate, and Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. But far superior to these are their tragedies and tragi-comedies, The Maia's Tragedy, Philaster, A King and No King--all written jointly--and Valentinian and Thierry and Theodore, written by Fletcher alone, but perhaps, in part, sketched out by Beaumont. The tragic masterpiece of Beaumont and Fletcher is The Maid's Tragedy, a powerful but repulsive play, which sheds a singular light not only upon its authors' dramatic methods, but also upon the attitude toward royalty favored by the doctrine of the divine right of kings, which grew up under the Stuarts. The heroine, Evadne, has been in secret a mistress of the king, who marries her to Amintor, a gentleman of his court, {130} because, as she explains to her bridegroom, on the wedding night,

"I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honorable."

This scene is, perhaps, the most affecting and impressive in the whole range of Beaumont and Fletcher's drama. Yet when Evadne names the king as her paramour, Amintor exclaims:

"O thou hast named a word that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful. In that sacred name
'The king' there lies a terror. What frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please; till when, let us
Suffer and wait."

And the play ends with the words

"On lustful kings,
Unlooked-for sudden deaths from heaven are sent,
But cursed is he that is their instrument."

Aspatia, in this tragedy, is a good instance of Beaumont and Fletcher's pathetic characters. She is troth-plight wife to Amintor, and after he, by the king's command, has forsaken her for Evadne, she disguises herself as a man, provokes her unfaithful lover to a duel, and dies under his sword, blessing the hand that killed her. This is a common type in Beaumont and Fletcher, and was drawn originally from Shakspeare's *Ophelia*. All their good women have the instinctive fidelity of a dog, and a superhuman patience and devotion, {131} a "gentle forlornness" under wrongs, which is painted with an almost feminine tenderness. In *Philaster, or Love Lies Bleeding*, Euphrasia, conceiving a hopeless passion for Philaster—who is in love with Arethusa—puts on the dress of a page and enters his service. He employs her to carry messages to his lady-love, just as Viola, in *Twelfth Night*, is sent by the Duke to Olivia. Philaster is persuaded by slanderers that his page and his lady have been unfaithful to him, and in his jealous fury he wounds Euphrasia with his sword. Afterward, convinced of the boy's fidelity, he asks forgiveness, whereto Euphrasia replies,

"Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts. 'Tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away."

Beaumont and Fletcher's love-lorn maids wear the willow very sweetly, but in all their piteous passages there is nothing equal to the natural pathos—the pathos which arises from the deep springs of character—of that one brief question and answer in *King Lear*.

"*Lear*. So young and so untender?

"*Cordelia*. So young, my lord, and true."

The disguise of a woman in man's apparel is a common incident in the romantic drama; and the fact, that on the Elisabethan stage the female parts were taken by boys, made the deception easier. Viola's situation in *Twelfth Night* is precisely similar to Euphrasia's, but there is a {132} difference in the handling of the device which is characteristic of a distinction between Shakspeare's art and that of his contemporaries. The audience in *Twelfth Night* is taken into confidence and made aware of Viola's real nature from the start, while Euphrasia's *incognito* is preserved till the fifth act, and then disclosed by an accident. This kind of mystification and surprise was a trick below Shakspeare. In this instance, moreover, it involved a departure from dramatic probability. Euphrasia could, at any moment, by revealing her identity, have averted the greatest sufferings and dangers from Philaster, Arethusa, and herself, and the only motive for her keeping silence is represented to have been a feeling of maidenly shame at her position. Such strained and fantastic motives are too often made the pivot of the action in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragi-comedies. Their characters have not the depth and truth of Shakspeare's, nor are they drawn so sharply. One reads their plays with pleasure and remembers here and there a passage of fine poetry, or a noble or lovely trait. But their characters, as wholes, leave a fading impression. Who, even after a single reading or representation, ever forgets Falstaff, or Shylock, or *King Lear*? The moral inferiority of Beaumont and Fletcher is well seen in such a play as *A King and No King*. Here Arbaces falls in love with his sister, and, after a furious conflict in his own mind, finally succumbs to his guilty passion. He is rescued from {133} the consequences of his weakness by the discovery that Panthea is not, in fact, his sister. But this is to cut the knot and not to untie it. It leaves the *denouement* to chance, and not to those moral forces through which Shakspeare always wrought his conclusions. Arbaces has failed, and the piece of luck which keeps his failure innocent is rejected by every right-feeling spectator. In one of John Ford's tragedies, the situation which in *A King and No King* is only apparent, becomes real, and incest is boldly made the subject of the play. Ford pushed the morbid and unnatural in character and passion into even wilder extremes than Beaumont and Fletcher. His best play, the *Broken Heart*, is a prolonged and unrelieved torture of the feelings. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* is the best English pastoral drama. Its choral songs are richly and sweetly modulated, and the influence of the whole poem upon Milton is very apparent in his *Comus*. *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, written by Beaumont and Fletcher jointly, was the first burlesque comedy in the language, and is excellent fooling. Beaumont and Fletcher's blank verse is musical, but

less masculine than Marlowe's or Shakspeare's, by reason of their excessive use of extra syllables and feminine endings. In John Webster the fondness for the abnormal and sensational themes, which beset the Stuart stage, showed itself in the exaggeration of the terrible into the horrible. Fear, in Shakspeare--as in {134} the great murder scene in *Macbeth*--is a pure passion; but in Webster it is mingled with something physically repulsive. Thus his *Duchess of Malfi* is presented in the dark with a dead man's hand, and is told that it is the hand of her murdered husband. She is shown a dance of madmen and, "behind a traverse, the artificial figures of her children, appearing as if dead." Treated in this elaborate fashion, that "terror," which Aristotle said it was one of the objects of tragedy to move, loses half its dignity. Webster's images have the smell of the charnel house about them.

"She would not after the report keep fresh
As long as flowers on graves."
"We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
That, ruined, yield no echo.
O this gloomy world!
In what a shadow or deep pit of darkness
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live!"

Webster had an intense and somber genius. In diction he was the most Shaksperian of the Elisabethan dramatists, and there are sudden gleams of beauty among his dark horrors, which light up a whole scene with some abrupt touch of feeling.

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young,"

says the brother of the Duchess, when he has procured her murder and stands before the corpse. *Vittoria Corombona* is described in the old editions as "a night-piece," and it should, indeed, be {135} acted by the shuddering light of torches, and with the cry of the screech-owl to punctuate the speeches. The scene of Webster's two best tragedies was laid, like many of Ford's, Cyril Tourneur's, and Beaumont and Fletcher's, in Italy--the wicked and splendid Italy of the Renaissance, which had such a fascination for the Elisabethan imagination. It was to them the land of the Borgias and the Cenci; of families of proud nobles, luxurious, cultivated, but full of revenges and ferocious cunning; subtle poisoners, who killed with a perfumed glove or fan; parricides, atheists, committers of unnamable crimes, and inventors of strange and delicate varieties of sin. But a very few have here been mentioned of the great host of dramatists who kept the theaters busy through the reigns of Elisabeth, James I., and Charles I. The last of the race was James Shirley, who died in 1666, and whose thirty-eight plays were written during the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth. In the miscellaneous prose and poetry of this period there is lacking the free, exulting, creative impulse of the elder generation, but there is a soberer feeling and a certain scholarly choiceness which commend themselves to readers of bookish tastes. Even that quaintness of thought, which is a mark of the Commonwealth writers, is not without its attraction for a nice literary palate. Prose became now of greater relative importance than ever before. Almost every distinguished writer of {136} the time lent his pen to one or the other party in the great theological and political controversy of the time. There were famous theologians, like Hales, Chillingworth, and Baxter; historians and antiquaries, like Selden, Knolles, and Cotton; philosophers, such as Hobbes, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and More, the Platonist; and writers in rural science--which now entered upon its modern, experimental phase, under the stimulus of Bacon's writings--among whom may be mentioned Wallis, the mathematician; Boyle, the chemist, and Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. These are outside of our subject, but in the strictly literary prose of the time, the same spirit of roused inquiry is manifest, and the same disposition to a thorough and exhaustive treatment of a subject which is proper to the scientific attitude of mind. The line between true and false science, however, had not yet been drawn. The age was pedantic, and appealed too much to the authority of antiquity. Hence we have such monuments of perverse and curious erudition as Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621; and Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, 1646. The former of these was the work of an Oxford scholar, an astrologer, who cast his own horoscope, and a victim himself of the atrabilious humor, from which he sought relief in listening to the ribaldry of barge-men, and in compiling this *Anatomy*, in which the causes, symptoms, prognostics, and cures of {137} melancholy are considered in numerous partitions, sections, members, and subsections. The work is a mosaic of quotations. All literature is ransacked for anecdotes and instances, and the book has thus become a mine of out-of-the-way learning, in which later writers have dug. Lawrence Sterne helped himself freely to Burton's treasures, and Dr. Johnson said that the *Anatomy* was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he

wished to rise. The vulgar and common errors which Sir Thomas Browne set himself to refute, were such as these: That dolphins are crooked, that Jews stink, that a man hath one rib less than a woman, that Xerxes's army drank up rivers, that cicades are bred out of cuckoo-spittle, that Hannibal split Alps with vinegar, together with many similar fallacies touching Pope Joan, the Wandering Jew, the decuman or tenth wave, the blackness of negroes, Friar Bacon's brazen head, etc. Another book in which great learning and ingenuity were applied to trifling ends, was the same author's *Garden of Cyrus*; or, the Quincuncial Lozenge or Network Plantations of the Ancients, in which a mystical meaning is sought in the occurrence throughout nature and art of the figure of the quincunx or lozenge. Browne was a physician of Norwich, where his library, museum, aviary, and botanic garden were thought worthy of a special visit by the Royal Society. He was an antiquary and a naturalist, and deeply read in the schoolmen and the Christian fathers. He was {138} a mystic, and a writer of a rich and peculiar imagination, whose thoughts have impressed themselves upon many kindred minds, like Coleridge, De Quincey, and Emerson. Two of his books belong to literature, *Religio Medici*, published in 1642, and *Hydriotaphia*; or, *Urn Burial*, 1658, a discourse upon rites of burial and incineration, suggested by some Roman funeral urns, dug up in Norfolk. Browne's style, though too highly Latinized, is a good example of Commonwealth prose, that stately, cumbrous, brocaded prose, which had something of the flow and measure of verse, rather than the quicker, colloquial movement of modern writing. Browne stood aloof from the disputes of his time, and in his very subjects there is a calm and meditative remoteness from the daily interests of men. His *Religio Medici* is full of a wise tolerance and a singular elevation of feeling. "At the sight of a cross, or crucifix, I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour." "They only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming." "They go the fairest way to heaven, that would serve God without a hell." "All things are artificial, for Nature is the art of God." The last chapter of the *Urn Burial* is an almost rithmical descant on mortality and oblivion. The style kindles slowly into a somber eloquence. It is the most impressive and extraordinary passage in the prose literature of the time. Browne, like Hamlet, loved to "consider too curiously." His subtlety {139} led him to "pose his apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity--with incarnation and resurrection;" and to start odd inquiries; "what song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women;" or whether, after Lazarus was raised from the dead, "his heir might lawfully detain his inheritance." The quaintness of his phrase appears at every turn. "Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector." "Generations pass, while some trees stand, and old families survive not three oaks." "Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." One of the pleasantest of old English humorists is Thomas Fuller, who was a chaplain in the royal army during the civil war, and wrote, among other things, a *Church History of Britain*; a book of religious meditations, *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*, and a "character" book, *The Holy and Profane State*. His most important work, the *Worthies of England*, was published in 1662, the year after his death. This was a description of every English county; its natural commodities, manufactures, wonders, proverbs, etc., with brief biographies of its memorable persons. Fuller had a well-stored memory, sound piety, and excellent common sense. Wit was his leading intellectual trait, and the quaintness which he shared with his contemporaries appears in his writings in a fondness for puns, droll turns of expressions, and bits of eccentric {140} suggestion. His prose, unlike Browne's, Milton's, and Jeremy Taylor's, is brief, simple, and pithy. His dry vein of humor was imitated by the American Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, and by many of the English and New England divines of the 17th century. Jeremy Taylor was also a chaplain in the king's army, was several times imprisoned for his opinions, and was afterward made, by Charles II., Bishop of Down and Connor. He is a devotional rather than a theological writer, and his *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* are religious classics. Taylor, like Sidney, was a "warbler of poetic prose." He has been called the prose Spenser, and his English has the opulence, the gentle elaboration, the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of the poet of the *Faery Queene*. In fullness and resonance, Taylor's diction resembles that of the great orators, though it lacks their nervous energy. His pathos is exquisitely tender, and his numerous similes have Spenser's pictorial amplitude. Some of them have become commonplaces for admiration, notably his description of the flight of the skylark, and the sentence in which he compares the gradual awakening of the human faculties to the sunrise, which "first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills." Perhaps the most impressive single passage of Taylor's is the concluding chapter in {141} *Holy Dying*. From the midst of the sickening paraphernalia of death which he there accumulates, rises that delicate image of the fading rose, one of the most perfect things in its wording, in all our prose literature: "But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was as fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stock; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces." With the progress of knowledge and discussion many kinds of prose

literature, which were not absolutely new, now began to receive wider extension. Of this sort are the *Letters from Italy*, and other miscellanies included in the *Reliquiae Wottonianae*, or remains of Sir Henry Wotton, English ambassador at Venice in the reign of James I., and subsequently Provost of Eton College. Also the *Table Talk*--full of incisive remarks--left by John Selden, whom Milton pronounced the first scholar of his age, and who was a distinguished authority in legal antiquities and international law, furnished notes to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, and wrote upon Eastern religions, and upon the Arundel marbles. Literary biography was represented by the charming little *Lives* of good old Izaak Walton, the first {142} edition of whose *Compleat Angler* was printed in 1653. The lives were five in number, of Hooker, Wotton, Donne, Herbert, and Sanderson. Several of these were personal friends of the author, and Sir Henry Wotton was a brother of the angle. The *Compleat Angler*, though not the first piece of sporting literature in English, is unquestionably the most popular, and still remains a favorite with "all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling." As in Ascham's *Toxophilus*, the instruction is conveyed in dialogue form, but the technical part of the book is relieved by many delightful digressions. *Piscator* and his pupil *Venator* pursue their talk under a honeysuckle hedge or a sycamore tree during a passing shower. They repair, after the day's fishing, to some honest ale-house, with lavender in the window, and a score of ballads stuck about the wall, where they sing catches--"old-fashioned poetry but choicely good"--composed by the author or his friends, drink barley wine, and eat their trout or chub. They encounter milkmaids, who sing to them and give them a draft of the red cow's milk, and they never cease their praises of the angler's life, of rural contentment among the cowslip meadows, and the quiet streams of Thames, or Lea, or Shawford Brook. The decay of a great literary school is usually signalized by the exaggeration of its characteristic traits. The manner of the Elizabethan poets was {143} pushed into mannerism by their successors. That manner, at its best, was hardly a simple one, but in the Stuart and Commonwealth writers it became mere extravagance. Thus Phineas Fletcher--a cousin of the dramatist--composed a long Spenserian allegory, the *Purple Island*, descriptive of the human body. George Herbert and others made anagrams and verses shaped like an altar, a cross, or a pair of Easter wings. This group of poets was named, by Dr. Johnson, in his life of Cowley, the metaphysical school. Other critics have preferred to call them the fantastic or conceited school, the later Euphuists, or the English Marinists and Gongorists, after the poets Marino and Gongora, who brought this fashion to its extreme in Italy and in Spain. The English *conceptistas* were mainly clergymen of the established Church, Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, Quarles, and Herrick. But Crashaw was a Roman Catholic, and Cowley--the latest of them--a layman. The one who set the fashion was Dr. John Donne. Dean of St. Paul's, whom Dryden pronounced a great wit, but not a great poet, and whom Ben Jonson esteemed the best poet in the world for some things, but likely to be forgotten for want of being understood. Besides satires and epistles in verse, he composed amatory poems in his youth, and divine poems in his age, both kinds distinguished by such subtle obscurity, and far-fetched ingenuities, that they read like a series of puzzles. When this poet has occasion to write a valediction {144} to his mistress upon going into France, he compares their temporary separation to that of a pair of compasses: "Such wilt thou be to me, who must,

Like the other foot obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun."

If he would persuade her to marriage he calls her attention to a flea--

"Me it sucked first and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be."

He says that the flea is their marriage-temple, and bids her forbear to kill it lest she thereby commit murder, suicide, and sacrilege all in one. Donne's figures are scholastic and smell of the lamp. He ransacked cosmography, astrology, alchemy, optics, the canon law, and the divinity of the schoolmen for ink-horn terms and similes. He was in verse what Browne was in prose. He loved to play with distinctions, hyperboles, paradoxes, the very casuistry and dialectics of love or devotion.

"Thou canst not every day give me thy heart:
If thou canst give it then thou never gav'st it;
Love's riddles are that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home and thou with losing sav'st it."

Donne's verse is usually as uncouth as his thought. But there is a real passion slumbering under these ashy heaps of conceit, and occasionally {145} a pure flame darts up, as in the justly admired lines:

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheek and so divinely wrought
That one might almost say her body thought."

This description of Donne is true, with modifications, of all the metaphysical poets. They had the same forced and unnatural style. The ordinary laws of the association of ideas were reversed with them. It was not the nearest, but the remotest, association that was called up. "Their attempts," said Johnson, "were always analytic: they broke every image into fragments." The finest spirit among them was "holy George Herbert," whose *Temple* was published in 1633. The titles in this volume were such as the following: Christmas, Easter, Good Friday, Holy Baptism, The Cross, The Church Porch, Church Music, The Holy Scriptures, Redemption, Faith, Doomsday. Never since, except, perhaps, in Keble's *Christian Year*, have the ecclesiastic ideals of the Anglican Church--the "beauty of holiness"--found such sweet expression in poetry. The verses entitled *Virtue*-- "Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright," etc. are known to most readers, as well as the line,

"Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws, makes that
and the action fine."

The quaintly named pieces, the *Elixir*, the *Collar*, the *Pulley*, are full of deep thought and spiritual {146} feeling. But Herbert's poetry is constantly disfigured by bad taste. Take this passage from *Whitsunday*,

"Listen, sweet dove, unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings on me,
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing and fly away with thee,"

which is almost as ludicrous as the epitaph, written by his contemporary, Carew, on the daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, whose soul

... "grew so fast within
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubin."

Another of these Church poets was Henry Vaughan, "the Silurist," or Welshman, whose fine piece, the *Retreat*, has been often compared with Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*. Francis Quarles' *Divine Emblems* long remained a favorite book with religious readers, both in Old and New England. Emblem books, in which engravings of a figurative design were accompanied with explanatory letterpress in verse, were a popular class of literature in the 17th century. The most famous of them all were Jacob Catt's Dutch emblems. One of the most delightful of English lyric poets is Robert Herrick, whose *Hesperides*, 1633 has lately received such sympathetic illustration from the pencil of an American artist, Mr. E. A. Abbey. Herrick was a clergyman of the English Church, {147} and was expelled by the Puritans from his living, the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. The most quoted of his religious poems is, *How to Keep a True Lent*. But it may be doubted whether his tastes were prevailingly clerical; his poetry certainly was not. He was a disciple of Ben Jonson and his boon companion at

... "those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad.
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

Herrick's *Noble Numbers* seldom rises above the expression of a cheerful gratitude and contentment. He had not the subtlety and elevation of Herbert, but he surpassed him in the grace, melody, sensuous beauty, and fresh lyrical impulse of his verse. The conceits of the metaphysical school appear in Herrick only in the form of an occasional pretty quaintness. He is the poet of English parish festivals and of English flowers, the primrose, the whitethorn, the daffodil. He sang the praises of the country life, love songs to "Julia," and hymns of thanksgiving for simple blessings. He has been called the English Catullus, but he strikes rather the Horatian note of *Carpe diem*, and regret at the shortness of life and youth in many of his best-known poems, such as {148} *Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may*, and *To Corinna, To Go a Maying*. Abraham Cowley is now less remembered for his poetry than for his pleasant volume of *Essays*, published after the Restoration; but he was thought in his own time a better poet than Milton. His collection of love songs--the *Mistress*--is a mass of cold conceits, in the metaphysical manner; but his elegies on Crashaw and Harvey have much dignity and natural feeling. He introduced the Pindaric ode into English, and wrote an epic poem on a biblical subject--the *Davideis*--now quite unreadable. Cowley was a royalist and followed the exiled court to France. Side by side with the Church poets were the cavaliers--Carew, Waller, Lovelace, Suckling, L'Estrange, and others--gallant courtiers and officers in the royal army, who mingled love and loyalty in their strains. Colonel Richard Lovelace, who lost every thing in the king's service and was several times imprisoned, wrote two famous songs--*To Lucasta on going to the Wars*--in which occur the lines,
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

and *To Althaea from Prison*, in which he sings "the sweetness, mercy, majesty, and glories of his king," and declares that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Another of the cavaliers was sir John Suckling, who formed a plot to rescue the Earl of Stratford, raised a troop of horse {149} for Charles I., was impeached by the Parliament and fled to France. He was a man of wit and pleasure, who penned a number of gay trifles, but has been saved from oblivion chiefly by his exquisite *Ballad upon a Wedding*. Thomas Carew and Edmund Waller were poets of the same stamp--graceful and easy, but shallow in feeling. Waller, who followed the court to Paris, was the author of two songs, which are still favorites, *Go, Lovely Rose*, and *On a Girdle*, and he first introduced the smooth correct manner of writing in couplets, which Dryden and Pope carried to perfection. Gallantry rather than love was the inspiration of these courtly singers. In such verses as Carew's *Encouragements to a Lover*, and George Wither's *The Manly Heart*--

"If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

we see the revolt against the high, passionate, Sidneian love of the Elizabethan sonneteers, and the note of *persiflage* that was to mark the lyrical verse of the Restoration. But the poetry of the cavaliers reached its high-water mark in one fiery-hearted song by the noble and unfortunate James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, who invaded Scotland in the interest of Charles II., and was taken prisoner and put to death at Edinburgh in 1650.

"My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy."

{150} In language borrowed from the politics of the time, he cautions his mistress against *synods* or *committees* in her heart; swears to make her glorious by his pen and famous by his sword; and with that fine recklessness which distinguished the dashing troopers of Prince Rupert, he adds, in words that have been often quoted,

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

John Milton, the greatest English poet except Shakspeare, was born in London in 1608. His father was a scrivener, an educated man, and a musical composer of some merit. At his home Milton was surrounded with all the influences of a refined and well ordered Puritan household of the better class. He inherited his father's musical tastes, and during the latter part of his life, he spent a part of every afternoon in playing the organ. No poet has written more beautifully of music than Milton. One of his sonnets was addressed to Henry Lawes, the composer, who wrote the airs to the songs in *Comus*. Milton's education was most careful and thorough. He spent seven years at Cambridge where, from his personal beauty and fastidious habits, he was called "The lady of Christ's." At Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where his father had a country seat, he passed five years more, perfecting himself in his studies, and then traveled for fifteen months, {151} mainly in Italy, visiting Naples and Rome, but residing at Florence. Here he saw Galileo, a prisoner of the Inquisition "for thinking otherwise in astronomy than his Dominican and Franciscan licensors thought." Milton is the most scholarly and the most truly classical of English poets. His Latin verse, for elegance and correctness, ranks with Addison's; and his Italian poems were the admiration of the Tuscan scholars. But his learning appears in his poetry only in the form of a fine and chastened result, and not in laborious allusion and pedantic citation, as too often in Ben Jonson, for instance. "My father," he wrote, "destined me, while yet a little child, for the study of humane letters." He was also destined for the ministry, but, "coming to some maturity of years and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the Church, . . . I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence, before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing." Other hands than a bishop's were laid upon his head. "He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter," he says, "ought himself to be a true poem." And he adds that his "natural haughtiness" saved him from all impurity of living. Milton had a sublime self-respect. The dignity and earnestness of the Puritan gentleman blended in his training with the culture of the Renaissance. Born into an age of spiritual conflict, he dedicated his gift to the service of Heaven, and he became, like Heine, a valiant soldier in the war for {152} liberation. He was the poet of a cause, and his song was keyed to

"The Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders such as raised
To heighth of noblest temper, heroes old
Arming to battle."

On comparing Milton with Shakspeare, with his universal sympathies and receptive imagination, one perceives a loss in breadth, but a gain in intense personal conviction. He introduced a new note into English poetry, the passion for truth and the feeling of religious sublimity. Milton's was an heroic age, and its song must be lyric rather than dramatic; its singer must be in the fight and of it. Of the verses which he wrote at Cambridge, the most important was his splendid ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*. At Horton he wrote, among other things, the companion pieces, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, of a kind quite new in English, giving to the landscape an expression in harmony with two contrasted moods. *Comus*, which belongs to the same period, was the perfection of the Elisabethan court masque, and was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, on the occasion of the installation of the Earl of Bridgewater as Lord President of Wales. Under the guise of a skillful addition to the Homeric allegory of Circe, with her cup of enchantment, it was a Puritan song in praise of chastity and temperance. *Lycidas*, in like manner, was the perfection of the Elisabethan {153} pastoral elegy. It was contributed to a volume of memorial verses on the death of Edward King, a Cambridge friend of Milton's, who was drowned in the Irish Channel in 1637. In one stern strain, which is put into the mouth of St. Peter, the author "foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then at their height."

"But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more."

This was Milton's last utterance in English verse before the outbreak of the civil war, and it sounds the alarm of the impending struggle. In technical quality *Lycidas* is the most wonderful of all Milton's poems. The cunningly intricate harmony of the verse, the pressed and packed language with its fullness of meaning and allusion make it worthy of the minutest study. In these early poems, Milton, merely as a poet, is at his best. Something of the Elisabethan style still clings to them; but their grave sweetness, their choice wording, their originality in epithet, name, and phrase, were novelties of Milton's own. His English masters were Spenser, Fletcher, and Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas's *La Sepmaine*, but nothing of Spenser's prolixity, or Fletcher's effeminacy, or Sylvester's quaintness is found in Milton's pure, energetic diction. He inherited their beauties, but his taste had been tempered to a finer edge by his studies in Greek and Hebrew poetry. He was the last of the Elisabethans, and {154} his style was at once the crown of the old and a departure into the new. In masque, elegy, and sonnet, he set the seal to the

Elisabethan poetry, said the last word, and closed one great literary era. In 1639 the breach between Charles I. and his Parliament brought Milton back from Italy. "I thought it base to be traveling at my ease for amusement, while my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty." For the next twenty years he threw himself into the contest, and poured forth a succession of tracts, in English and Latin, upon the various public questions at issue. As a political thinker, Milton had what Bacon calls "the humor of a scholar." In a country of endowed grammar schools and universities hardly emerged from a mediaeval discipline and curriculum, he wanted to set up Greek gymnasias and philosophical schools, after the fashion of the Porch and the Academy. He would have imposed an Athenian democracy upon a people trained in the traditions of monarchy and episcopacy. At the very moment when England had grown tired of the Protectorate and was preparing to welcome back the Stuarts, he was writing *An Easy and Ready Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*. Milton acknowledged that in prose he had the use of his left hand only. There are passages of fervid eloquence, where the style swells into a kind of lofty chant, with a rhythmical rise and fall to it, as in parts of the English Book of Common Prayer. But in {155} general his sentences are long and involved, full of inventions and latinized constructions. Controversy at that day was conducted on scholastic lines. Each disputant, instead of appealing at once to the arguments of expediency and common sense, began with a formidable display of learning, ransacking Greek and Latin authors and the fathers of the Church for opinions in support of his own position. These authorities he deployed at tedious length and followed them up with heavy scurrilities and "excusations," by way of attack and defense. The dispute between Milton and Salmasius over the execution of Charles I. was like a duel between two knights in full armor striking at each other with ponderous maces. The very titles of these pamphlets are enough to frighten off a modern reader: *A Confutation of the Animadversions upon a Defense of a Humble Remonstrance against a Treatise, entitled Of Reformation*. The most interesting of Milton's prose tracts is his *Areopagitica: A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, 1644. The arguments in this are of permanent force; but if the reader will compare it, or Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, with Locke's *Letters on Toleration*, he will see how much clearer and more convincing is the modern method of discussion, introduced by writers like Hobbes and Locke and Dryden. Under the Protectorate Milton was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State. In the diplomatic correspondence which was his official duty, and in the composition of his tract, {156} *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, he overtasked his eyes, and in 1654 became totally blind. The only poetry of Milton's belonging to the years 1640-1660 are a few sonnets of the pure Italian form, mainly called forth by public occasions. By the Elisabethans the sonnet had been used mainly in love poetry. In Milton's hands, said Wordsworth, "the thing became a trumpet." Some of his were addressed to political leaders, like Fairfax, Cromwell, and Sir Henry Vane; and of these the best is, perhaps, the sonnet written on the massacre of the Vaudois Protestants--"a collect in verse," it has been called--which has the fire of a Hebrew prophet invoking the divine wrath upon the oppressors of Israel. Two were on his own blindness, and in these there is not one selfish repining, but only a regret that the value of his service is impaired--
"Will God exact day labor, light denied?"

After the restoration of the Stuarts, in 1660, Milton was for a while in peril, by reason of the part that he had taken against the king. But

"On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness and with dangers compassed round
And solitude,"

he bated no jot of heart or hope. Henceforth he becomes the most heroic and affecting figure in English literary history. Years before he had planned an epic poem on the subject of King {157} Arthur, and again a sacred tragedy on man's fall and redemption. These experiments finally took shape in *Paradise Lost*, which was given to the world in 1667. This is the epic of English Puritanism and of Protestant Christianity. It was Milton's purpose to

"assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men,"

or, in other words, to embody his theological system in verse. This gives a doctrinal rigidity and even dryness to parts of the *Paradise Lost*, which injure its effect as a poem. His "God the father turns a school divine:" his Christ, as has been wittily said, is "God's good boy:" the discourses of Raphael to Adam are scholastic lectures: Adam himself is too sophisticated for the state of innocence, and Eve is somewhat insipid. The real protagonist of the poem

is Satan, upon whose mighty figure Milton unconsciously bestowed something of his own nature, and whose words of defiance might almost have come from some Republican leader when the Good Old Cause went down.

"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost, the unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield."

But when all has been said that can be said in disparagement or qualification, *Paradise Lost* remains the foremost of English poems and the {158} sublimest of all epics. Even in those parts where theology encroaches most upon poetry, the diction, though often heavy, is never languid. Milton's blank verse in itself is enough to bear up the most prosaic theme, and so is his epic English, a style more massive and splendid than Shakspeare's, and comparable, like Tertullian's Latin, to a river of molten gold. Of the countless single beauties that sow his page

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Valombrosa,"

there is no room to speak, nor of the astonishing fullness of substance and multitude of thoughts which have caused the *Paradise Lost* to be called the book of universal knowledge. "The heat of Milton's mind," said Dr. Johnson, "might be said to sublimate his learning and throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts." The truth of this remark is clearly seen upon a comparison of Milton's description of the creation, for example, with corresponding passages in Sylvester's *Divine Weeks and Works* (translated from the Huguenot poet, Du Bartas), which was, in some sense, his original. But the most heroic thing in Milton's heroic poem is Milton. There are no strains in *Paradise Lost* so absorbing as those in which the poet breaks the strict epic bounds and speaks directly of himself, as in the majestic lament over his own blindness, and in the invocation to Urania, which open the third and seventh {159} books. Every-where, too, one reads between the lines. We think of the dissolute cavaliers, as Milton himself undoubtedly was thinking of them, when we read of "the sons of Belial flown with insolence and wine," or when the Puritan turns among the sweet landscapes of Eden, to denounce

"court amours
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain."

And we think of Milton among the triumphant royalists when we read of the Seraph Abdiel "faithful found among the faithless."

"Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
Superior, nor of violence feared aught:
And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed."

Paradise Regained and *Samson Agonistes* were published in 1671. The first of these treated in four books Christ's temptation in the wilderness, a subject that had already been handled in the Spenserian allegorical manner by Giles Fletcher, a brother of the Purple Islander, in his *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, 1610. The superiority of *Paradise Lost* to its sequel is not without significance. The Puritans were Old Testament men. Their God was the Hebrew Jehovah, whose single divinity the Catholic mythology had overlaid with the {160} figures of the Son, the Virgin Mary, and the saints. They identified themselves in thought with his chosen people, with the militant theocracy of the Jews. Their sword was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. "To your tents, O Israel," was the cry of the London mob when the bishops were committed to the Tower. And when the fog lifted, on the morning of the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell exclaimed, "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered: like as the sun riseth, so shalt thou drive them away." *Samson Agonistes*, though Hebrew in theme and in spirit, was in form a Greek tragedy. It had chorus and semi-chorus, and preserved the so-called dramatic unities; that is, the scene was unchanged, and there were no intervals of time between the acts. In accordance with the rules of the Greek theater,

but two speakers appeared upon the stage at once, and there was no violent action. The death of Samson is related by a messenger. Milton's reason for the choice of this subject is obvious. He himself was Samson, shorn of his strength, blind, and alone among enemies; given over

"to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude."

As Milton grew older he discarded more and more the graces of poetry, and relied purely upon the structure and the thought. In *Paradise Lost*, although there is little resemblance to Elisabethan work—such as one notices in *Comus* and the {161} Christmas hymn--yet the style is rich, especially in the earlier books. But in *Paradise Regained* it is severe to bareness, and in *Samson*, even to ruggedness. Like Michelangelo, with whose genius he had much in common, Milton became impatient of finish or of mere beauty. He blocked out his work in masses, left rough places and surfaces not filled in, and inclined to express his meaning by a symbol, rather than work it out in detail. It was a part of his austerity, his increasing preference for structural over decorative methods, to give up rime for blank verse. His latest poem, *Samson Agonistes*, a metrical study of the highest interest. Milton was not quite alone among the poets of his time in espousing the popular cause. Andrew Marvell, who was his assistant in the Latin secretaryship and sat in Parliament for Hull, after the Restoration, was a good Republican, and wrote a fine *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*. There is also a rare imaginative quality in his *Song of the Exiles in Bermuda*, *Thoughts in a Garden*, and *The Girl Describes her Fawn*. George Wither, who was imprisoned for his satires, also took the side of the Parliament, but there is little that is distinctively Puritan in his poetry.

1. Milton's Poetical Works. Edited by David Masson. Macmillan.

2. Selections from Milton's Prose. Edited by F. D. Myers. (Parchment Series.)

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3. England's Antiphon. By George Macdonald.

4. Robert Herrick's Hesperides.

5. Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* and *Hydriotaphia*. Edited by Willis Bund. Sampson Low & Co., 1873.

6. Thomas. Fuller's *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*.

7. Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*.

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CHAPTER V.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE DEATH OF POPE.

1660-1744.

The Stuart Restoration was a period of descent from poetry to prose, from passion and imagination to wit and understanding. The serious, exalted mood of the Civil War and the Commonwealth had spent itself and issued in disillusion. There followed a generation of wits, logical, skeptical, and prosaic, without earnestness, as without principle. The characteristic literature of such a time is criticism, satire, and burlesque, and such, indeed, continued

to be the course of English literary history for a century after the return of the Stuarts. The age was not a stupid one, but one of active inquiry. The Royal Society, for the cultivation of the natural sciences, was founded in 1662. There were able divines in the pulpit and at the universities--Barrow, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, South, and others: scholars, like Bentley; historians, like Clarendon and Burnet; scientists, like Boyle and Newton; philosophers, like Hobbes and Locke. But of poetry, in any high sense of the word, there was little between the time of Milton and the time of Goldsmith and Gray. {164} The English writers of this period were strongly influenced by the contemporary literature of France, by the comedies of Molière, the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, and the satires, epistles, and versified essays of Boileau. Many of the Restoration writers--Waller, Cowley, Davenant, Wycherley, Villiers, and others--had been in France during the exile, and brought back with them French tastes. John Dryden (1631-1700), who is the great literary figure of his generation, has been called the first of the moderns. From the reign of Charles II., indeed, we may date the beginnings of modern English life. What we call "society" was forming, the town, the London world. "Coffee, which makes the politician wise," had just been introduced, and the ordinaries of Ben Jonson's time gave way to coffee-houses, like Will's and Button's, which became the head-quarters of literary and political gossip. The two great English parties, as we know them to-day, were organized: the words Whig and Tory date from this reign. French etiquette and fashions came in and French phrases of convenience--such as coup de grace, bel esprit, etc.--began to appear in English prose. Literature became intensely urban and partisan. It reflected city life, the disputes of faction, and the personal quarrels of authors. The politics of the Great Rebellion had been of heroic proportions, and found fitting expression in song. But in the Revolution of 1688 the issues were constitutional and to be settled by the arguments of lawyers. Measures were in {165} question rather than principles, and there was little inspiration to the poet in Exclusion Bills and Acts of Settlement. Court and society, in the reign of Charles II. and James II., were shockingly dissolute, and in literature, as in life, the reaction against Puritanism went to great extremes. The social life of the time is faithfully reflected in the diary of Samuel Pepys. He was a simple-minded man, the son of a London tailor, and became, himself, secretary to the admiralty. His diary was kept in cipher, and published only in 1825. Being written for his own eye, it is singularly outspoken; and its naïve, gossipy, confidential tone makes it a most diverting book, as it is, historically, a most valuable one. Perhaps the most popular book of its time was Samuel Butler's Hudibras (1663-64), a burlesque romance in ridicule of the Puritans. The king carried a copy of it in his pocket, and Pepys testifies that it was quoted and praised on all sides. Ridicule of the Puritans was nothing new. Zeal-of-the-land Busy, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, is an early instance of the kind. There was nothing laughable about the earnestness of men like Cromwell, Milton, Algernon Sidney, and Sir Henry Vane. But even the French Revolution had its humors; and as the English Puritan Revolution gathered head and the extremer sectaries pressed to the front--Quakers, New Lights, Fifth Monarchy Men, Ranters, etc.--its grotesque sides came uppermost. Butler's hero is a Presbyterian Justice of the Peace {166} who sallies forth with his secretary, Ralpho--an Independent and Anabaptist--like Don Quixote with Sancho Panza, to suppress May games and bear-baitings. (Macaulay, it will be remembered, said that the Puritans disapproved of bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.) The humor of Hudibras is not of the finest. The knight and squire are discomfited in broadly comic adventures, hardly removed from the rough, physical drolleries of a pantomime or a circus. The deep heart-laughter of Cervantes, the pathos on which his humor rests, is, of course, not to be looked for in Butler. But he had wit of a sharp, logical kind, and his style surprises with all manner of verbal antics. He is almost as great a phrase-master as Pope, though in a coarser kind. His verse is a smart doggerel, and his poem has furnished many stock sayings, as, for example,

"'Tis strange what difference there can be
 'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

Hudibras has had many imitators, not the least successful of whom was the American John Trumbull, in his revolutionary satire M'Fingal, some couplets of which are generally quoted as Butler's, as, for example,

"No man e'er felt the halter draw
 With good opinion of the law."

The rebound against Puritanism is seen no less plainly in the drama of the Restoration, and the {167} stage now took vengeance for its enforced silence under the Protectorate. Two theaters were opened under the patronage, respectively, of the king and of his brother, the Duke of York. The manager of the latter, Sir William Davenant--who had fought on the king's side, been knighted for his services, escaped to France, and was afterward captured and

imprisoned in England for two years--had managed to evade the law against stage plays as early as 1656, by presenting his *Siege of Rhodes* as an "opera," with instrumental music and dialogue in recitative, after a fashion newly sprung up in Italy. This he brought out again in 1661, with the dialogue recast into riming couplets in the French fashion. Movable painted scenery was now introduced from France, and actresses took the female parts formerly played by boys. This last innovation was said to be at the request of the king, one of whose mistresses, the famous Nell Gwynne, was the favorite actress at the King's Theater. Upon the stage, thus reconstructed, the so-called "classical" rules of the French theater were followed, at least in theory. The Louis XIV. writers were not purely creative, like Shakspeare and his contemporaries in England, but critical and self-conscious. The Academy had been formed in 1636, for the preservation of the purity of the French language, and discussion abounded on the principles and methods of literary art. Corneille not only wrote tragedies, but essays on tragedy, and {168} one in particular on the *Three Unities*. Dryden followed his example in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesie* (1667), in which he treated of the unities, and argued for the use of rime in tragedy in preference to blank verse. His own practice varied. Most of his tragedies were written in rime, but in the best of them, *All for Love*, 1678, founded on Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, he returned to blank verse. One of the principles of the classical school was to keep comedy and tragedy distinct. The tragic dramatists of the Restoration, Dryden, Howard, Settle, Crowne, Lee, and others, composed what they called "heroic plays," such as the *Indian Emperor*, the *Conquest of Granada*, the *Duke of Lerma*, the *Empress of Morocco*, the *Destruction of Jerusalem*, *Nero*, and the *Rival Queens*. The titles of these pieces indicate their character. Their heroes were great historic personages. Subject and treatment were alike remote from nature and real life. The diction was stilted and artificial, and pompous declamation took the place of action and genuine passion. The tragedies of Racine seem chill to an Englishman brought up on Shakspeare, but to see how great an artist Racine was, in his own somewhat narrow way, one has but to compare his *Phedre*, or *Iphigenie*, with Dryden's ranting tragedy of *Tyrannic Love*. These bombastic heroic plays were made the subject of a capital burlesque, the *Rehearsal*, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, acted in 1671 at the King's Theater. The indebtedness of {169} the English stage to the French did not stop with a general adoption of its dramatic methods, but extended to direct imitation and translation. Dryden's comedy, *An Evening's Love*, was adapted from Thomas Corneille's *Le Feint Astrologue*, and his *Sir Martin Mar-all*, from Molière's *L'Etourdi*. Shadwell borrowed his *Miser* from Molière, and Otway made versions of Racine's *Bérénice* and Molière's *Fourberies de Scapin*. Wycherley's *Country Wife* and *Plain Dealer*, although not translations, were based, in a sense, upon Molière's *Ecole des Femmes* and *Le Misanthrope*. The only one of the tragic dramatists of the Restoration who prolonged the traditions of the Elisabethan stage, was Otway, whose *Venice Preserved*, written in blank verse, still keeps the boards. There are fine passages in Dryden's heroic plays, passages weighty in thought and nobly sonorous in language. There is one great scene (between Antony and Ventidius) in his *All for Love*. And one, at least, of his comedies, the *Spanish Friar*, is skillfully constructed. But his nature was not pliable enough for the drama, and he acknowledged that, in writing for the stage, he "forced his genius." In sharp contrast with these heroic plays was the comic drama of the Restoration, the plays of Wycherley, Killigrew, Etherege, Farquhar, Van Brugh, Congreve, and others; plays like the *Country Wife*, the *Parson's Wedding*, *She Would if She Could*, the *Beaux' Stratagem*, the *Relapse*, and the *Way of the World*. These were in prose, and represented {170} the gay world and the surface of fashionable life. Amorous intrigue was their constantly recurring theme. Some of them were written expressly in ridicule of the Puritans. Such was the *Committee* of Dryden's brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, the hero of which is a distressed gentleman, and the villain a London cit, and president of the committee appointed by Parliament to sit upon the sequestration of the estates of royalists. Such were also the *Roundheads* and the *Banished Cavaliers* of Mrs. Aphra Behn, who was a female spy in the service of Charles II., at Antwerp, and one of the coarsest of the Restoration comedians. The profession of piety had become so disagreeable that a shameless cynicism was now considered the mark of a gentleman. The ideal hero of Wycherley or Etherege was the witty young profligate, who had seen life, and learned to disbelieve in virtue. His highest qualities were a contempt for cant, physical courage, a sort of spendthrift generosity, and a good-natured readiness to back up a friend in a quarrel, or an amour. Virtue was *bourgeois*--reserved for London trades-people. A man must be either a rake or a hypocrite. The gentlemen were rakes, the city people were hypocrites. Their wives, however, were all in love with the gentlemen, and it was the proper thing to seduce them, and to borrow their husbands' money. For the first and last time, perhaps, in the history of the English drama, the sympathy of the audience was deliberately sought for the seducer and the rogue, and the laugh {171} turned against the dishonored husband and the honest man. (Contrast this with Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.) The women were represented as worse than the men--scheming, ignorant, and corrupt. The dialogue in the best of these plays was easy, lively, and witty; the situations in some of them audacious almost beyond belief. Under a thin varnish of good breeding, the sentiments and manners were really brutal. The loosest gallants of Beaumont and Fletcher's theater retain a fineness of feeling and that *politesse de coeur*--which marks the gentleman. They are poetic creatures, and

own a capacity for romantic passion. But the Manlys and Homers of the Restoration comedy have a prosaic, cold-blooded profligacy that disgusts. Charles Lamb, in his ingenious essay on "The Artificial Comedy of the Last Century," apologized for the Restoration stage, on the ground that it represented a world of whim and unreality in which the ordinary laws of morality had no application. But Macaulay answered truly, that at no time has the stage been closer in its imitation of real life. The theater of Wycherley and Etherege was but the counterpart of that social condition which we read of in Pepys's *Diary*, and in the *Memoirs* of the Chevalier de Grammont. This prose comedy of manners was not, indeed, "artificial" at all, in the sense in which the contemporary tragedy--the "heroic play"--was artificial. It was, on the contrary, far more natural, and, intellectually, of {172} much higher value. In 1698 Jeremy Collier, a non-juring Jacobite clergyman, published his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, which did much toward reforming the practice of the dramatists. The formal characteristics, without the immorality, of the Restoration comedy, re-appeared briefly in Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, 1772, and Sheridan's *Rival*, *School for Scandal*, and *Critic*, 1775-9, our last strictly "classical" comedies. None of this school of English comedians approached their model, Molière. He excelled his imitators not only in his French urbanity--the polished wit and delicate grace of his style--but in the dexterous unfolding of his plot, and in the wisdom and truth of his criticism of life, and his insight into character. It is a symptom of the false taste of the age that Shakspeare's plays were rewritten for the Restoration stage. Davenant made new versions of *Macbeth* and *Julius Caesar*, substituting rime for blank verse. In conjunction with Dryden, he altered the *Tempest*, complicating the intrigue by the introduction of a male counterpart to Miranda--a youth who had never seen a woman. Shadwell "improved" *Timon of Athens*, and Nahum Tate furnished a new fifth act to *King Lear*, which turned the play into a comedy! In the prologue to his doctored version of *Troilus and Cressida*, Dryden made the ghost of Shakspeare speak of himself as

"Untaught, unpracticed in a barbarous age."

{172} Thomas Rymer, whom Pope pronounced a good critic, was very severe upon Shakspeare in his *Remarks on the Tragedies of the Last Age*; and in his *Short View of Tragedy*, 1693, he said, "In the neighing of a horse or in the growling of a mastiff, there is more humanity than, many times, in the tragical flights of Shakspeare." "To Deptford by water," writes Pepys, in his diary for August 20, 1666, "reading Othello, Moor of Venice; which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play; but, having so lately read the *Adventures of Five Hours*, it seems a mean thing." In undramatic poetry the new school, both in England and in France, took its point of departure in a reform against the extravagances of the Marinists, or conceited poets, specially represented in England by Donne and Cowley. The new poets, both in their theory and practice, insisted upon correctness, clearness, polish, moderation, and good sense. Boileau's *L'Art Poétique*, 1673, inspired by Horace's *Ars Poetica*, was a treatise in verse upon the rules of correct composition, and it gave the law in criticism for over a century, not only in France, but in Germany and England. It gave English poetry a didactic turn and started the fashion of writing critical essays in riming couplets. The Earl of Mulgrave published two "poems" of this kind, an *Essay on Satire*, and an *Essay on Poetry*. The Earl of Roscommon--who, said Addison, "makes even rules a noble poetry"--made a metrical version of Horace's *Ars Poetica*, {174} and wrote an original *Essay on Translated Verse*. Of the same kind were Addison's epistle to Sacheverel, entitled *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, and Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, 1711, which was nothing more than versified maxims of rhetoric, put with Pope's usual point and brilliancy. The classicism of the 18th century, it has been said, was a classicism in red heels and a periwig. It was Latin rather than Greek; it turned to the least imaginative side of Latin literature and found its models, not in Vergil, Catullus, and Lucretius, but in the satires, epistles, and didactic pieces of Juvenal, Horace, and Persius. The chosen medium of the new poetry was the heroic couplet. This had, of course, been used before by English poets as far back as Chaucer. The greater part of the *Canterbury Tales* was written in heroic couplets. But now a new strength and precision were given to the familiar measure by imprisoning the sense within the limit of the couplet, and by treating each line as also a unit in itself. Edmund Waller had written verse of this kind as early as the reign of Charles I. He, said Dryden, "first showed us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs, which, in the verse of those before him, runs on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it." Sir John Denham, also, in his *Cooper's Hill*, 1643, had written such verse as this: "O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example as it is my theme!

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Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Here we have the regular flow, and the nice balance between the first and second member of each couplet, and the first and second part of each line, which characterized the verse of Dryden and Pope.

"Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long resounding march and energy divine."

Thus wrote Pope, using for the nonce the triplet and alexandrine by which Dryden frequently varied the couplet. Pope himself added a greater neatness and polish to Dryden's verse and brought the system to such monotonous perfection that he "made poetry a mere mechanic art." The lyrical poetry of this generation was almost entirely worthless. The dissolute wits of Charles the Second's court, Sedley, Rochester, Sackville, and the "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease" threw off a few amatory trifles; but the age was not spontaneous or sincere enough for genuine song. Cowley introduced the Pindaric ode, a highly artificial form of the lyric, in which the language was tortured into a kind of spurious grandeur, and the meter teased into a sound and fury, signifying nothing. Cowley's Pindarics were filled with something which passed for fire, but has now utterly gone out. Nevertheless, the fashion spread, and "he who could do nothing else," said Dr. Johnson, {176} "could write like Pindar." The best of these odes was Dryden's famous *Alexander's Feast*, written for a celebration of St. Cecilia's day by a musical club. To this same fashion, also, we owe Gray's two fine odes, the *Progress of Poesy* and the *Bard*, written a half-century later. Dryden was not so much a great poet, as a solid thinker, with a splendid mastery of expression, who used his energetic verse as a vehicle for political argument and satire. His first noteworthy poem, *Annus Mirabilis*, 1667, was a narrative of the public events of the year 1666, namely: the Dutch war and the great fire of London. The subject of *Absalom and Ahitophel* --the first part of which appeared in 1681--was the alleged plot of the Whig leader, the Earl of Shaftesbury, to defeat the succession of the Duke of York, afterward James II., by securing the throne to Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II. The parallel afforded by the story of Absalom's revolt against David was wrought out by Dryden with admirable ingenuity and keeping. He was at his best in satirical character-sketches, such as the brilliant portraits in this poem of Shaftesbury, as the false counselor, Ahitophel, and of the Duke of Buckingham as Zimri. The latter was Dryden's reply to the *Rehearsal*. *Absalom and Ahitophel* was followed by the *Medal*, a continuation of the same subject, and *Mac Flecknoe*, a personal onslaught on the "true blue Protestant poet," Thomas Shadwell, a political and literary foe of Dryden. Flecknoe, an {177} obscure Irish poetaster, being about to retire from the throne of duncedom, resolved to settle the succession upon his son, Shadwell, whose claims to the inheritance are vigorously asserted.

"The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense. . . .
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull
With this prophetic blessing--Be thou dull."

Dryden is our first great satirist. The formal satire had been written in the reign of Elisabeth by Donne, and by Joseph Hall, Bishop of Exeter, and subsequently by Marston, the dramatist, by Wither, Marvell, and others; but all of these failed through an over violence of language, and a purpose too pronouncedly moral. They had no lightness of touch, no irony and mischief. They bore down too hard, imitated Juvenal, and lashed English society in terms befitting the corruption of Imperial Rome. They denounced, instructed, preached, did every thing but satirize. The satirist must raise a laugh. Donne and Hall abused men in classes: priests were worldly, lawyers greedy, courtiers obsequious, etc. But the easy scorn of Dryden and the delightful malice of Pope gave a pungent personal interest to their sarcasm, infinitely more effective than these commonplaces of satire. Dryden was as happy in controversy as in satire, and is unexcelled in the power to reason in verse. His *Religio Laici*, 1682, was a poem in defense of the {178} English Church. But when James II. came to the throne Dryden turned Catholic and wrote the *Hind and Panther*, 1687, to vindicate his new belief. Dryden had the misfortune to be dependent upon royal patronage and upon a corrupt stage. He sold his pen to the court, and in his comedies he was heavily and deliberately lewd, a sin which he afterward acknowledged and regretted. Milton's "soul was like a star and dwelt apart," but Dryden wrote for the trampling multitude. He had a coarseness of moral fiber, but was not malignant in his satire, being of a large, careless, and forgetting nature. He had that masculine, enduring cast of mind which gathers heat and clearness from motion, and grows better with age. His *Fables* --modernizations from Chaucer and translations from Boccaccio--written the year before he died, are among his best works. Dryden is also our first critic of any importance. His critical essays were mostly written as prefaces or dedications to his poems and plays. But his *Essay on Dramatic Poesie*, which Dr. Johnson called our "first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing," was in the shape of a

Platonic dialogue. When not misled by the French classicism of his day, Dryden was an admirable critic, full of penetration and sound sense. He was the earliest writer, too, of modern literary prose. If the imitation of French models was an injury to poetry it was a benefit to prose. The best modern prose is French, and it was the essayists of the {179} Gallicised Restoration age--Cowley, Sir William Temple, and, above all, Dryden--who gave modern English prose that simplicity, directness, and colloquial air, which marks it off from the more artificial diction of Milton, Taylor, and Browne. A few books whose shaping influences lay in the past belong by their date to this period. John Bunyan, a poor tinker, whose reading was almost wholly in the Bible and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, imprisoned for twelve years in Bedford jail for preaching at conventicles, wrote and, in 1678, published his *Pilgrim's Progress*, the greatest of religious allegories. Bunyan's spiritual experiences were so real to him that they took visible concrete shape in his imagination as men, women, cities, landscapes. It is the simplest, the most transparent of allegories. Unlike the *Faery Queene*, the story of *Pilgrim's Progress* has no reason for existing apart from its inner meaning, and yet its reality is so vivid that children read of Vanity Fair and the Slough of Despond and Doubting Castle and the Valley of the Shadow of Death with the same belief with which they read of Crusoe's cave or Aladdin's palace. It is a long step from the Bedford tinker to the cultivated poet of *Paradise Lost*. They represent the poles of the Puritan party. Yet it may admit of a doubt, whether the Puritan epic is, in essentials, as vital and original a work as the Puritan allegory. They both came out quietly and made little noise at first. But the *Pilgrim's Progress* got at once {180} into circulation, and not even a single copy of the first edition remains. Milton, too--who received 10 pounds for the copyright of *Paradise Lost*--seemingly found that "fit audience though few" for which he prayed, as his poem reached its second impression in five years (1672). Dryden visited him in his retirement and asked leave to turn it into rime and put it on the stage as an opera. "Ay," said Milton, good humoredly, "you may tag my verses." And accordingly they appeared, duly tagged, in Dryden's operatic masque, the *State of Innocence*. In this startling conjunction we have the two ages in a nut-shell: the Commonwealth was an epic, the Restoration an opera. The literary period covered by the life of Pope, 1688-1744, is marked off by no distinct line from the generation before it. Taste continued to be governed by the precepts of Boileau and the French classical school. Poetry remained chiefly didactic and satirical, and satire in Pope's hands was more personal even than in Dryden's, and addressed itself less to public issues. The literature of the "Augustan age" of Queen Anne (1702-1714) was still more a literature of the town and of fashionable society than that of the Restoration had been. It was also closely involved with party struggles of Whig and Tory, and the ablest pens on either side were taken into alliance by the political leaders. Swift was in high favor with the Tory ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke, and his pamphlets, the *Public Spirit of the Whigs* and the {181} *Conduct of the Allies*, were rewarded with the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin. Addison became Secretary of State under a Whig government. Prior was in the diplomatic service. Daniel De Foe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719, was a prolific political writer, conducted his *Review* in the interest of the Whigs and was imprisoned and pilloried for his ironical pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. Steele, who was a violent writer on the Whig side, held various public offices, such as Commissioner of Stamps and Commissioner for Forfeited Estates, and sat in Parliament. After the Revolution of 1688 the manners and morals of English society were somewhat on the mend. The court of William and Mary, and of their successor, Queen Anne, set no such example of open profligacy as that of Charles II. But there was much hard drinking, gambling, dueling, and intrigue in London, and vice was fashionable till Addison partly preached and partly laughed it down in the *Spectator*. The women were mostly frivolous and uneducated, and not unfrequently fast. They are spoken of with systematic disrespect by nearly every writer of the time, except Steele. "Every woman," wrote Pope, "is at heart a rake." The reading public had now become large enough to make letters a profession. Dr. Johnson said that Pope was the first writer in whose case the book-seller took the place of the patron. His translation of Homer, published by subscription, brought him between eight and nine thousand {182} pounds and made him independent. But the activity of the press produced a swarm of poorly-paid hack-writers, penny-a-liners, who lived from hand to mouth and did small literary jobs to order. Many of these inhabited Grub Street, and their lampoons against Pope and others of their more successful rivals called out Pope's *Dunciad*, or epic of the dunces, by way of retaliation. The politics of the time were sordid and consisted mainly of an ignoble scramble for office. The Whigs were fighting to maintain the Act of Succession in favor of the House of Hanover, and the Tories were secretly intriguing with the exiled Stuarts. Many of the leaders, such as the great Whig champion, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, were without political principle or even personal honesty. The Church, too, was in a condition of spiritual deadness. Bishoprics and livings were sold and given to political favorites. Clergymen, like Swift and Lawrence Sterne, were worldly in their lives and immoral in their writings, and were practically unbelievers. The growing religious skepticism appeared in the Deist controversy. Numbers of men in high position were Deists; the Earl of Shaftesbury, for example, and Pope's brilliant friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, the head of the Tory ministry, whose political writings had much influence upon his young French acquaintance, Voltaire. Pope was a Roman Catholic, though there is little to show it in his writings, and the underlying thought of

his famous Essay {183} on Man was furnished him by Bolingbroke. The letters of the cold-hearted Chesterfield to his son were accepted as a manual of conduct, and La Rochefoucauld's cynical maxims were quoted as authority on life and human nature. Said Swift:

"As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true.
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind."

The succession which Dryden had willed to Congreve was taken up by Alexander Pope. He was a man quite unlike Dryden, sickly, deformed, morbidly precocious, and spiteful; nevertheless he joined on to and continued Dryden. He was more careful in his literary workmanship than his great forerunner, and in his Moral Essays and Satires he brought the Horatian epistle in verse, the formal satire and that species of didactic poem of which Boileau had given the first example, to an exquisite perfection of finish and verbal art. Dryden had translated Vergil, and so Pope translated Homer. The throne of the dunces, which Dryden had conferred upon Shadwell, Pope, in his Dunciad, passed on to two of his own literary foes, Theobald and Colley Cibber. There is a great waste of strength in this elaborate squib, and most of the petty writers, whose names it has preserved, as has been said, like flies in amber, are now quite unknown. But, although we have to read it with notes, to get the point of its allusions, it is easy to {184} see what execution it must have done at the time, and it is impossible to withhold admiration from the wit, the wickedness, the triumphant mischief of the thing. The sketch of Addison--who had offended Pope by praising a rival translation of Homer--as "Atticus," is as brilliant as any thing of the kind in Dryden. Pope's very malignity made his sting sharper than Dryden's. He secreted venom, and worked out his revenges deliberately, bringing all the resources of his art to bear upon the question of how to give the most pain most cleverly. Pope's masterpiece is, perhaps, the Rape of the Lock, a mock heroic poem, a "dwarf Iliad," recounting, in five cantos, a society quarrel, which arose from Lord Petre's cutting a lock of hair from the head of Mrs. Arabella Fermor. Boileau, in his Lutrin, had treated, with the same epic dignity, a dispute over the placing of the reading desk in a parish church. Pope was the Homer of the drawing-room, the boudoir, the tea-urn, the ombre-party, the sedan-chair, the parrot cage, and the lap-dogs. This poem, in its sparkle and airy grace, is the topmost blossom of a highly artificial society, the quintessence of whatever poetry was possible in those

"Teacup times of hood and hoop,
And when the patch was worn,"

with whose decorative features, at least, the recent Queen Anne revival has made this generation familiar. It may be said of it, as Thackeray said of {185} Gay's pastorals: "It is to poetry what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture, graceful, minikin, fantastic, with a certain beauty always accompanying them." The Rape of the Lock, perhaps, stops short of beauty, but it attains elegance and prettiness in a supreme degree. In imitation of the gods and goddesses in the Iliad, who intermeddle for or against the human characters, Pope introduced the Sylphs of the Rosicrucian philosophy. We may measure the distance between imagination and fancy, if we will compare these little filagree creatures with Shakspeare's elves, whose occupation it was

"To tread the ooze of the salt deep,
Or run upon the sharp wind of the north, . . .
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance their ringlets to the whispering wind."

Very different were the offices of Pope's fays:

"Our humble province is to tend the fair;
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious, care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale. . . .
Nay oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a flounce or add a furbelow."

Pope was not a great poet; it has been doubted whether he was a poet at all. He does not touch the heart, or stimulate the imagination, as the true poet always does. In the poetry of nature, and the poetry of passion, he was altogether impotent. {186} His Windsor Forest and his Pastorals are artificial and false, not written with "the eye upon the object." His epistle of Eloisa to Abelard is declamatory and academic, and leaves the reader cold. The only one of his poems which is at all possessed with feeling is his pathetic Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. But he was a great literary artist. Within the cramped and starched regularity of the heroic couplet, which the fashion of the time and his own habit of mind imposed upon him, he secured the largest variety of modulation and emphasis of which that verse was capable. He used antithesis, periphrasis, and climax with great skill. His example dominated English poetry for nearly a century, and even now, when a poet like Dr. Holmes, for example, would write satire or humorous verse of a dignified kind, he turns instinctively to the measure and manner of Pope. He was not a consecutive thinker, like Dryden, and cared less about the truth of his thought than about the pointedness of its expression. His language was closer-grained than Dryden's. His great art was the art of putting things. He is more quoted than any other English poet, but Shakspeare. He struck the average intelligence, the common sense of English readers, and furnished it with neat, portable formulas, so that it no longer needed to "vent its observation in mangled terms," but could pour itself out compactly, artistically, in little, ready-made molds. But his high-wrought brilliancy, this unceasing point, soon fatigue. His {187} poems read like a series of epigrams; and every line has a hit or an effect. >From the reign of Queen Anne date the beginnings of the periodical essay. Newspapers had been published since the time of the Civil War; at first irregularly, and then regularly. But no literature of permanent value appeared in periodical form until Richard Steele started the Tatler, in 1709. In this he was soon joined by his friend, Joseph Addison and in its successor the Spectator, the first number of which was issued March 1, 1711, Addison's contributions outnumbered Steele's. The Tatler was published on three, the Spectator on six, days of the week. The Tatler gave political news, but each number of the Spectator consisted of a single essay. The object of these periodicals was to reflect the passing humors of the time, and to satirize the follies and minor immoralities of the town. "I shall endeavor," wrote Addison, in the tenth paper of the Spectator, "to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality. . . . It was said of Socrates that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." Addison's satire was never personal. He was a moderate man, and did what he could to restrain Steele's intemperate party zeal. His character was dignified and pure, and his strongest emotion seems to have {188} been his religious feeling. One of his contemporaries called him "a parson in a tie wig," and he wrote several excellent hymns. His mission was that of censor of the public taste. Sometimes he lectures and sometimes he preaches, and in his Saturday papers, he brought his wide reading and nice scholarship into service for the instruction of his readers. Such was the series of essays, in which he gave an elaborate review of Paradise Lost. Such also was his famous paper, the Vision of Mirza, an oriental allegory of human life. The adoption of this slightly pedagogic tone was justified by the prevalent ignorance and frivolity of the age. But the lighter portions of the Spectator are those which have worn the best. Their style is at once correct and easy, and it is as a humorist, a sly observer of manners, and above all, a delightful talker, that Addison is best known to posterity. In the personal sketches of the members of the Spectator Club, of Will Honeycomb, Captain Sentry, Sir Andrew Freeport, and, above all, Sir Roger de Coverley, the quaint and honest country gentleman, may be found the nucleus of the modern prose fiction of character. Addison's humor is always a trifle grave. There is no whimsy, no frolic in it, as in Sterne or Lamb. "He thinks justly," said Dr. Johnson, "but he thinks faintly." The Spectator had a host of followers, from the somewhat heavy Rambler and Idler of Johnson, down to the Salmagundi papers of our own Irving, who was, perhaps, Addison's latest and {189} best literary descendant. In his own age Addison made some figure as a poet and dramatist. His Campaign, celebrating the victory of Blenheim, had one much-admired couplet, in which Marlborough was likened to the angel of tempest, who "Pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,

Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

His stately, classical tragedy, Cato, which was acted at Drury Lane Theater in 1712, with immense applause, was pronounced by Dr. Johnson "unquestionably the noblest production of Addison's genius." It is, notwithstanding, cold and tedious, as a whole, though it has some fine declamatory passages--in particular the soliloquy of Cato in the fifth act--

"It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well," etc.

The greatest of the Queen Anne wits, and one of the most savage and powerful satirists that ever lived, was Jonathan Swift. As secretary in the family of Sir William Temple, and domestic chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, he had known in youth the bitterness of poverty and dependence. Afterward he wrote himself into influence with the Tory ministry, and was promised a bishopric, but was put off with the deanery of St. Patrick's, and retired to Ireland to "die like a poisoned rat in a hole." His life was made tragical by the forecast of the madness which finally overtook him. "The stage darkened," said Scott, "ere the curtain fell." Insanity {190} deepened into idiocy and a hideous silence, and for three years before his death he spoke hardly ever a word. He had directed that his tombstone should bear the inscription, *Ubi saeva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit*. "So great a man he seems to me," wrote Thackeray, "that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling." Swift's first noteworthy publication was his *Tale of a Tub*, 1704, a satire on religious differences. But his great work was *Gulliver's Travels*, 1726, the book in which his hate and scorn of mankind, and the long rage of mortified pride and thwarted ambition found their fullest expression. Children read the voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag, to the flying island of Laputa and the country of the Houyhnhnms, as they read *Robinson Crusoe*, as stories of wonderful adventure. Swift had all of De Foe's realism, his power of giving veri-similitude to his narrative by the invention of a vast number of small, exact, consistent details. But underneath its fairy tales, *Gulliver's Travels* is a satire, far more radical than any of Dryden's or Pope's, because directed, not against particular parties or persons, but against human nature. In his account of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, Swift tries to show--looking first through one end of the telescope and then through the other--that human greatness, goodness, beauty disappear if the scale be altered a little. If men were six inches high instead of six feet--such is the logic of his tale--their wars, governments, science, religion--all their institutions, {191} in fine, and all the courage, wisdom, and virtue by which these have been built up, would appear laughable. On the other hand, if they were sixty feet high instead of six, they would become disgusting. The complexion of the finest ladies would show blotches, hairs, excrescences, and an overpowering effluvium would breathe from the pores of the skin. Finally, in his loathsome caricature of mankind, as Yahoos, he contrasts them to their shame with the beasts, and sets instinct above reason. The method of Swift's satire was grave irony. Among his minor writings in this kind are his *Argument against Abolishing Christianity*, his *Modest Proposal* for utilizing the surplus population of Ireland by eating the babies of the poor, and his *Predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff*. In the last he predicted the death of one Partridge, an almanac maker, at a certain day and hour. When the time set was past, he published a minute account of Partridge's last moments; and when the subject of this excellent fooling printed an indignant denial of his own death, Swift answered very temperately, proving that he was dead and remonstrating with him on the violence of his language. "To call a man a fool and villain, an impudent fellow, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his education." Swift wrote verses as well as prose, but their motive was the reverse of poetical. His gross and cynical humor vulgarized whatever it touched. He leaves us no illusions, {192} and not only strips his subject, but flays it and shows the raw muscles beneath the skin. He delighted to dwell upon the lowest bodily functions of human nature. "He saw bloodshot," said Thackeray.

1. Macaulay's Essay, The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration.
2. The Poetical Works of John Dryden. Globe Edition. Macmillan & Co.
3. Thackeray's English Humorists of the Last Century.
4. Sir Roger de Coverley. New York: Harper, 1878.
5. Swift's Tale of a Tub, Gulliver's Travels, Directions to Servants, Polite Conversation, The Great Question Debated, Verses on the Death of Dean Swift.
6. The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Globe Edition. Macmillan & Co.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE DEATH OF POPE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

1744-1789.

Pope's example continued potent for fifty years after his death. Especially was this so in satiric and didactic poetry. Not only Dr. Johnson's adaptations from *Juvenal*, London, 1738, and the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 1749, but Gifford's *Baviad*, 1791, and *Maeviad*, 1795, and Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, 1809, were in the verse and manner of Pope. In Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, 1781, Dryden and Pope are treated as the two greatest English poets. But long before this a revolution in literary taste had begun, a movement which is variously described as The Return to Nature, or The Rise of the New Romantic School. For nearly a hundred years poetry had dealt with manners and the life of towns, the gay, prosaic life of Congreve or of Pope. The sole concession to the life of nature was the old pastoral, which, in the hands of cockneys, like Pope and Ambrose Philips, who merely repeated stock descriptions at second or third hand, became even more artificial than a *Beggar's Opera* or a *Rape of the Lock*. These, at least, were true to their environment, and were natural, just *because* they were artificial. But the *Seasons* of James Thomson, published in installments from 1726-30, had opened a new field. Their theme was the English landscape, as varied by the changes of the year, and they were written by a true lover and observer of nature. Mark Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*, 1744, published the year of Pope's death, was written like the *Seasons*, in blank verse; and although its language had much of the formal, didactic cast of the Queen Anne poets, it pointed unmistakably in the new direction. Thomson had painted the soft beauties of a highly cultivated land--lawns, gardens, forest-preserves, orchards, and sheep-walks. But now a fresh note was struck in the literature, not of England alone, but of Germany and France--romanticism, the chief element in which was a love of the wild. Poets turned from the lameness of modern existence to savage nature and the heroic simplicity of life among primitive tribes. In France, Rousseau introduced the idea of the natural man, following his instincts in disregard of social conventions. In Germany Bodmer published, in 1753, the first edition of the old German epic, the *Nibelungen Lied*. Works of a similar tendency in England were the odes of William Collins and Thomas Gray, published between 1747-57, especially Collins's *Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands*, and Gray's *Bard*, a pindaric, in which the last survivor of the Welsh bards invokes vengeance on Edward I., the destroyer of his guild. Gray and Mason, his friend and editor, made translations from the ancient Welsh and Norse poetry. Thomas Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765, aroused a taste for old ballads. Richard Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, Thomas Warton's *History of English Poetry*, 1774-78, Tyrwhitt's critical edition of Chaucer, and Horace Walpole's Gothic romance, the *Castle of Otranto*, 1765, stimulated this awakened interest in the picturesque aspects of feudal life, and contributed to the fondness for supernatural and mediaeval subjects. James Beattie's *Minstrel*, 1771, described the educating influence of Scottish mountain scenery upon the genius of a young poet. But the most remarkable instances of this passion for wild nature and the romantic past were the *Poems of Ossian* and Thomas Chatterton's literary forgeries. In 1762 James Macpherson published the first installment of what professed to be a translation of the poems of Ossian, a Gaelic bard, whom tradition placed in the 3d century. Macpherson said that he made his version--including two complete epics, *Fingal* and *Temora*, from Gaelic MSS., which he had collected in the Scottish Highlands. A fierce controversy at once sprang up over the genuineness of these remains. Macpherson was challenged to produce his originals, and when, many years after, he published the Gaelic text, it was asserted that this was nothing but a translation of his own English into modern Gaelic. Of the MSS. which he professed to have found not a scrap remained: the Gaelic text was printed from transcriptions in Macpherson's handwriting or in that of his secretaries. But whether these poems were the work of Ossian or of Macpherson, they made a deep impression upon the time. Napoleon admired them greatly, and Goethe inserted passages from the "Songs of Selma" in his *Sorrows of Werther*. Macpherson composed--or translated--them in an abrupt, rhapsodical prose, resembling the English version of Job or of the prophecies of Isaiah. They filled the minds of their readers with images of vague sublimity and desolation; the mountain torrent, the mist on the hills, the ghosts of heroes half seen by the setting moon, the thistle in the ruined courts of chieftains, the grass whistling on the windy heath, the gray rock by the blue stream of Lutha, and the cliffs of sea-surrounded Gormal. "A tale of the times of old!" "Why, thou wanderer unseen! Thou bender of the thistle of Lora; why, thou breeze of the valley, hast thou left mine ear? I hear no distant roar of streams! No sound of the harp from the rock! Come, thou huntress of Lutha, Malvina, call back his soul to the bard. I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark billowy bay of U-thorno, where Fingal descends from Ocean, from the roar of winds. Few are the heroes of Morven in a land unknown." Thomas Chatterton, who died by his own hand {197} in 1770, at the age of seventeen, is one of the most wonderful examples of precocity in the history of literature. His father had been sexton of the ancient Church of St.

Mary Redcliff, in Bristol, and the boy's sensitive imagination took the stamp of his surroundings. He taught himself to read from a black-letter Bible. He drew charcoal sketches of churches, castles, knightly tombs, and heraldic blazonry. When only eleven years old, he began the fabrication of documents in prose and verse, which he ascribed to a fictitious Thomas Rowley, a secular priest at Bristol in the 15th century. Chatterton pretended to have found these among the contents of an old chest in the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliff's. The Rowley poems included two tragedies, *Aella* and *Goddwyn*, two cantos of a long poem on the *Battle of Hastings*, and a number of ballads and minor pieces. Chatterton had no precise knowledge of early English, or even of Chaucer. His method of working was as follows: He made himself a manuscript glossary of the words marked as archaic in Bailey's and Kersey's English dictionaries, composed his poems first in modern language, and then turned them into ancient spelling, and substituted here and there the old words in his glossary for their modern equivalents. Naturally he made many mistakes, and though Horace Walpole, to whom he sent some of his pieces, was unable to detect the forgery, his friends, Gray and Mason, to whom he submitted them, at once pronounced them {198} spurious. Nevertheless there was a controversy over Rowley, hardly less obstinate than that over Ossian, a controversy made possible only by the then almost universal ignorance of the forms, scansion, and vocabulary of early English poetry. Chatterton's poems are of little value in themselves, but they are the record of an industry and imitative quickness, marvelous in a mere child, and they show how, with the instinct of genius, he threw himself into the main literary current of his time. Discarding the couplet of Pope, the poets now went back for models to the Elizabethan writers. Thomas Warton published, in 1753, his *Observations on the Faerie Queene*. Beattie's *Minstrel*, Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, William Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, and John Dyer's *Fleece*, were all written in the Spenserian stanza. Shenstone gave a partly humorous effect to his poem by imitating Spenser's archaisms, and Thomson reproduced in many passages the copious harmony and luxuriant imagery of the *Faerie Queene*. The *Fleece* was a poem on English wool-growing, after the fashion of Vergil's *Georgics*. The subject was unfortunate, for, as Dr. Johnson said, it is impossible to make poetry out of serges and druggets. Dyer's *Grongar Hill*, which mingles reflection with natural description in the manner of Gray's *Elegy* written in a Country Churchyard, was composed in the octosyllabic verse of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Milton's minor poems, which had hitherto been neglected, {199} exercised a great influence on Collins and Gray. Collins's *Ode to Simplicity* was written in the stanza of Milton's *Nativity*, and his exquisite unrimed *Ode to Evening* was a study in versification, after Milton's translation of Horace's *Ode to Pyrrha*, in the original meters. Shakspeare began to be studied more reverently: numerous critical editions of his plays were issued, and Garrick restored his pure text to the stage. Collins was an enthusiastic student of Shakspeare, and one of his sweetest poems, the *Dirge in Cymbeline*, was inspired by the tragedy of *Cymbeline*. The verse of Gray, Collins, and the Warton brothers, abounds in verbal reminiscences of Shakspeare; but their genius was not allied to his, being exclusively lyrical, and not at all dramatic. The Muse of this romantic school was Fancy rather than Passion. A thoughtful melancholy, a gentle, scholarly pensiveness, the spirit of Milton's *Il Penseroso*, pervades their poetry. Gray was a fastidious scholar, who produced very little, but that little of the finest quality. His famous *Elegy*, expressing a meditative mood in language of the choicest perfection, is the representative poem of the second half of the 18th century, as the *Rape of the Lock* is of the first. The romanticists were quietists, and their scenery is characteristic. They loved solitude and evening, the twilight vale, the mossy hermitage, ruins, glens, and caves. Their style was elegant and academic, retaining a little of the stilted poetic diction of their classical {200} forerunners. Personification and periphrasis were their favorite mannerisms: Collins's Odes were largely addressed to abstractions, such as Fear, Pity, Liberty, Mercy, and Simplicity. A poet in their dialect was always a "bard;" a countryman was "the untutored swain," and a woman was a "nymph" or "the fair," just as in Dryden and Pope. Thomson is perpetually mindful of Vergil, and afraid to speak simply. He uses too many Latin epithets, like *amusive* and *precipitant*, and calls a fish-line "The floating line snatched from the hoary steed." They left much for Cowper and Wordsworth to do in the way of infusing the new blood of a strong, racy English into our exhausted poetic diction. Their poetry is impersonal, bookish, literary. It lacks emotional force, except now and then in Gray's immortal *Elegy*, in his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, in Collins's lines, *On the Death of Thomson*, and his little ode beginning, "How sleep the brave?" The new school did not lack critical expounders of its principles and practice. Joseph Warton published, in 1756, the first volume of his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, an elaborate review of Pope's writings *seriatim*, doing him certainly full justice, but ranking him below Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton. "Wit and satire," wrote Warton, "are transitory and perishable, but nature and passion are eternal. . . . He stuck to {201} describing modern manners; but those manners, because they are familiar, artificial, and polished, are, in their very nature, unfit for any lofty effort of the Muse. Whatever poetical enthusiasm he actually possessed he withheld and stifled. Surely it is no narrow and niggardly encomium to say, he is the great Poet of Reason, the first of Ethical authors in verse." Warton illustrated his critical positions by quoting freely not only from Spenser and Milton, but from recent poets, like Thomson, Gray, Collins, and Dyer. He testified that the Seasons had "been

very instrumental in diffusing a general taste for the beauties of nature and landscape." It was symptomatic of the change in literary taste that the natural or English school of landscape gardening now began to displace the French and Dutch fashion of clipped hedges, regular parterres, etc., and that Gothic architecture came into repute. Horace Walpole was a virtuoso in Gothic art, and in his castle, at Strawberry Hill, he made a collection of ancient armor, illuminated MSS., and bric-a-brac of all kinds. Gray had been Walpole's traveling companion in France and Italy, and the two had quarreled and separated, but were afterward reconciled. From Walpole's private printing-press, at Strawberry Hill, Gray's two "sister odes," the *Bard* and the *Progress of Poesy*, were first printed, in 1757. Both Gray and Walpole were good correspondents, and their printed letters are among the most delightful literature of the kind. {202} The central figure among the English men of letters of that generation was Samuel Johnson (1709-84), whose memory has been preserved less by his own writings than by James Boswell's famous *Life of Johnson*, published in 1791. Boswell was a Scotch laird and advocate, who first met Johnson in London, when the latter was fifty-four years old. Boswell was not a very wise or witty person, but he revered the worth and intellect which shone through his subject's uncouth exterior. He followed him about, note-book in hand, bore all his snubbings patiently, and made the best biography ever written. It is related that the doctor once said that if he thought Boswell meant to write *his* life, he should prevent it by taking *Boswell's*. And yet Johnson's own writings and this biography of him have changed places in relative importance so completely, that Carlyle predicted that the former would soon be reduced to notes on the latter; and Macaulay said that the man who was known to his contemporaries as a great writer was known to posterity as an agreeable companion. Johnson was one of those rugged, eccentric, self-developed characters, so common among the English. He was the son of a Lichfield book-seller, and after a course at Oxford, which was cut short by poverty, and an unsuccessful career as a school-master, he had come up to London, in 1737, where he supported himself for many years as a book-seller's hack. Gradually his great learning {203} and abilities, his ready social wit and powers as a talker, caused his company to be sought at the tables of those whom he called "the great." He was a clubbable man, and he drew about him at the tavern a group of the most distinguished intellects of the time, Edmund Burke, the orator and statesman, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the portrait painter, and David Garrick, the great actor, who had been a pupil in Johnson's school, near Lichfield. Johnson was the typical John Bull of the last century. His oddities, virtues, and prejudices were thoroughly English. He hated Frenchmen, Scotchmen, and Americans, and had a cockneyish attachment to London. He was a high Tory, and an orthodox churchman; he loved a lord in the abstract, and yet he asserted a sturdy independence against any lord in particular. He was deeply religious, but had an abiding fear of death. He was burly in person, and slovenly in dress, his shirt-frill always covered with snuff. He was a great diner out, an inordinate tea-drinker, and a voracious and untidy feeder. An inherited scrofula, which often took the form of hypochondria and threatened to affect his brain, deprived him of control over the muscles of his face. Boswell describes how his features worked, how he snorted, grunted, whistled, and rolled about in his chair when getting ready to speak. He records his minutest traits, such as his habit of pocketing the orange peels at the club, and his superstitious way of {204} touching all the posts between his house and the Mitre Tavern, going back to do it, if he skipped one by chance. Though bearish in his manners and arrogant in dispute, especially when talking "for victory," Johnson had a large and tender heart. He loved his ugly, old wife--twenty-one years his senior--and he had his house full of unfortunates--a blind woman, an invalid surgeon, a destitute widow, a negro servant--whom he supported for many years, and bore with all their ill-humors patiently. Among Johnson's numerous writings the ones best entitled to remembrance are, perhaps, his *Dictionary of the English Language*, 1755; his moral tale, *Rasselas*, 1759; the introduction to his *Edition of Shakspeare*, 1765; and his *Lives of the Poets*, 1781. Johnson wrote a sonorous, cadenced prose, full of big Latin words and balanced clauses. Here is a sentence, for example, from his *Visit to the Hebrides*: "We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavored, and would be foolish, if it were possible." The difference between his colloquial style and his book style is well illustrated in the instance cited by Macaulay. Speaking of Villier's *Rehearsal*, Johnson said, "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet;" then paused and {205} added--translating English into Johnsonese--"it has not vitality sufficient to preserve it from putrefaction." There is more of this in Johnson's *Rambler* and *Idler* papers than in his latest work, the *Lives of the Poets*. In this he showed himself a sound and judicious critic, though with decided limitations. His understanding was solid, but he was a thorough classicist, and his taste in poetry was formed on Pope. He was unjust to Milton and to his own contemporaries, Gray, Collins, Shenstone, and Dyer. He had no sense of the higher and subtler graces of romantic poetry, and he had a comical indifference to the "beauties of nature." When Boswell once ventured to remark that poor Scotland had, at least, some "noble, wild prospects," the doctor replied that the noblest prospect a Scotchman ever saw was the road that led to London. The English novel of real life had its origin at this time. Books like De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, *Captain Singleton*, *Journal of the Plague*, etc., were tales of incident and adventure

rather than novels. The novel deals primarily with character and with the interaction of characters upon one another, as developed by a regular plot. The first English novelist, in the modern sense of the word, was Samuel Richardson, a printer, who began authorship in his fiftieth year with his *Pamela*, the story of a young servant girl, who resisted the seductions of her master, and finally, as the reward of her virtue, became his wife. *Clarissa Harlowe*, {206} 1748, was the tragical history of a high spirited young lady, who being driven from home by her family, because she refused to marry the suitor selected for her, fell into the toils of Lovelace, an accomplished rake. After struggling heroically against every form of artifice and violence, she was at last drugged and ruined. She died of a broken heart, and Lovelace, borne down by remorse, was killed in a duel by a cousin of Clarissa. Sir *Charles Grandison*, 1753, was Richardson's portrait of an ideal fine gentleman, whose stately doings fill eight volumes, but who seems to the modern reader a bore and a prig. All of these novels were written in the form of letters passing between the characters, a method which fitted Richardson's subjective cast of mind. He knew little of life, but he identified himself intensely with his principal character and produced a strong effect by minute, accumulated touches. *Clarissa Harlowe* is his masterpiece, though even in that the situation is painfully prolonged, the heroine's virtue is self-conscious and rhetorical, and there is something almost ludicrously unnatural in the copiousness with which she pours herself out in gushing epistles to her female correspondent at the very moment when she is beset with dangers, persecuted, agonized, and driven nearly mad. In Richardson's novels appears, for the first time, that sentimentalism which now began to infect European literature. *Pamela* was translated into French and German, and fell in with that current {207} of popular feeling which found fullest expression in Rousseau's *Nouvelle Heloise*, 1759, and Goethe's *Leiden des Jungen Werther*, which set all the world a-weeping in 1774. Coleridge said that to pass from Richardson's books to those of Henry Fielding was like going into the fresh air from a close room heated by stoves. Richardson, it has been affirmed, knew *man*, but Fielding knew *men*. The latter's first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, 1742, was begun as a travesty of *Pamela*. The hero, a brother of Pamela, was a young footman in the employ of Lady Booby, from whom his virtue suffered a like assault to that made upon Pamela's by her master. This reversal of the natural situation was in itself full of laughable possibilities, had the book gone on simply as a burlesque. But the exuberance of Fielding's genius led him beyond his original design. This hero, leaving Lady Booby's service, goes traveling with good Parson Adams, and is soon engaged in a series of comical and rather boisterous adventures. Fielding had seen life, and his characters were painted from the life with a bold, free hand. He was a gentleman by birth, and had made acquaintance with society and the town in 1727, when he was a handsome, stalwart young fellow, with high animal spirits and a great appetite for pleasure. He soon ran himself into debt and began writing for the stage; married, and spent his wife's fortune, living for awhile in much splendor as a {208} country gentleman, and afterward in a reduced condition as a rural justice with a salary of 500 pounds of "the dirtiest money on earth." Fielding's masterpiece was *Tom Jones*, 1749, and it remains one of the best of English novels. Its hero is very much after Fielding's own heart, wild, spendthrift, warm-hearted, forgiving, and greatly in need of forgiveness. The same type of character, with the lines deepened, re-appears in Captain Booth, in *Amelia*, 1751, the heroine of which is a portrait of Fielding's wife. With *Tom Jones* is contrasted Blifil, the embodiment of meanness, hypocrisy, and cowardice. Sophia Western, the heroine, is one of Fielding's most admirable creations. For the regulated morality of Richardson, with its somewhat old-grannified air, Fielding substituted instinct. His virtuous characters are virtuous by impulse only, and his ideal of character is manliness. In *Jonathan Wild* the hero is a highwayman. This novel is ironical, a sort of prose mock-heroic, and is one of the strongest, though certainly the least pleasing, of Fielding's writings. Tobias Smollett was an inferior Fielding with a difference. He was a Scotch ship-surgeon and had spent some time in the West Indies. He introduced into fiction the now familiar figure of the British tar, in the persons of Tom Bowling and Commodore Trunnion, as Fielding had introduced, in *Squire Western*, the equally national type of the hard-swearing, deep-drinking, fox-hunting Tory squire. Both Fielding and Smollett were of the {209} hearty British "beef-and-beer" school; their novels are downright, energetic, coarse, and high-blooded; low life, physical life, runs riot through their pages--tavern brawls, the breaking of pates, and the off-hand courtship of country wenches. Smollett's books, such as *Roderick Random*, 1748, *Peregrine Pickle*, 1751, and *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, 1752, were more purely stories of broadly comic adventure than Fielding's. The latter's view of life was by no means idyllic; but with Smollett this English realism ran into vulgarity and a hard Scotch literalness, and character was pushed to caricature. "The generous wine of Fielding," says Taine, "in Smollett's hands becomes brandy of the dram-shop." A partial exception to this is to be found in his last and best novel, *Humphrey Clinker*, 1770. The influence of Cervantes and of the French novelist, Le Sage, who finished his *Adventures of Gil Blas* in 1735, are very perceptible in Smollett. A genius of much finer mold was Lawrence Sterne, the author of *Tristram Shandy*, 1759-67, and the *Sentimental Journey*, 1768. *Tristram Shandy* is hardly a novel: the story merely serves to hold together a number of characters, such as Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, conceived with rare subtlety and originality. Sterne's chosen province was the whimsical, and his great model was Rabelais. His books are full of digressions, breaks, surprises, innuendoes, double meanings, mystifications, and

all manner of odd turns. {210} Coleridge and Carlyle unite in pronouncing him a great humorist. Thackeray says that he was only a great jester. Humor is the laughter of the heart, and Sterne's pathos is closely interwoven with his humor. He was the foremost of English sentimentalists, and he had that taint of insincerity which distinguishes sentimentalism from genuine sentiment, like Goldsmith's, for example. Sterne, in life, was selfish, heartless, and untrue. A clergyman, his worldliness and vanity and the indecency of his writings were a scandal to the Church, though his sermons were both witty and affecting. He enjoyed the titillation of his own emotions, and he had practiced so long at detecting the latent pathos that lies in the expression of dumb things and of poor, patient animals, that he could summon the tear of sensibility at the thought of a discarded postchaise, a dead donkey, a starling in a cage, or of Uncle Toby putting a house fly out of the window, and saying, "There is room enough in the world for thee and me." It is a high proof of his cleverness that he generally succeeds in raising the desired feeling in his readers even from such trivial occasions. He was a minute philosopher, his philosophy was kindly, and he taught the delicate art of making much out of little. Less coarse than Fielding, he is far more corrupt. Fielding goes bluntly to the point; Sterne lingers among the temptations and suspends the expectation to tease and excite it. Forbidden fruit had a relish for him, and his pages {211} seduce. He is full of good sayings, both tender and witty. It was Sterne, for example, who wrote, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." A very different writer was Oliver Goldsmith, whose *Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, was the earliest, and is still one of the best, novels of domestic and rural life. The book, like its author, was thoroughly Irish, full of bulls and inconsistencies. Very improbable things happened in it with a cheerful defiance of logic. But its characters are true to nature, drawn with an idyllic sweetness and purity, and with touches of a most loving humor. Its hero, Dr. Primrose, was painted after Goldsmith's father, a poor clergyman of the English Church in Ireland, and the original, likewise, of the country parson in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, 1770, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year." This poem, though written in the fashionable couplet of Pope, and even containing a few verses contributed by Dr. Johnson--so that it was not at all in line with the work of the romanticists--did, perhaps, as much as any thing of Gray or of Collins to recall English poetry to the simplicity and freshness of country life. Except for the comedies of Sheridan and Goldsmith, and, perhaps, a few other plays, the stage had now utterly declined. The novel, which is dramatic in essence, though not in form, began to take its place, and to represent life, though less intensely, yet more minutely, than the theater could do. In the novelists of the 18th century, the life {212} of the people, as distinguished from "society" or the upper classes, began to invade literature. Richardson was distinctly a bourgeois writer, and his contemporaries--Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith--ranged over a wide variety of ranks and conditions. This is one thing which distinguishes the literature of the second half of the 18th century from that of the first, as well as in some degree from that of all previous centuries. Among the authors of this generation whose writings belonged to other departments of thought than pure literature may be mentioned, in passing, the great historian, Edward Gibbon, whose *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was published from 1776-88, and Edmund Burke, whose political speeches and pamphlets possess a true literary quality. The romantic poets had addressed the imagination rather than the heart. It was reserved for two men--a contrast to one another in almost every respect--to bring once more into British song a strong individual feeling, and with it a new warmth and directness of speech. These were William Cowper (1731-1800) and Robert Burns (1759-96). Cowper spoke out of his own life experience, his agony, his love, his worship and despair; and straightway the varnish that had glittered over all our poetry since the time of Dryden melted away. Cowper had scribbled verses when he was a young law student at the Middle Temple in London, and he had contributed to the *Olney Hymns*, published in 1779 by his friend and pastor, the Rev. John Newton; but {213} he only began to write poetry in earnest when he was nearly fifty years old. In 1782, the date of his first volume, he said, in a letter to a friend, that he had read but one English poet during the past twenty years. Perhaps, therefore, of all English poets of equal culture, Cowper owed the least impulse to books and the most to the need of uttering his inmost thoughts and feelings. Cowper had a most unhappy life. As a child, he was shy, sensitive, and sickly, and suffered much from bullying and flogging at a school whither he was sent after his mother's death. This happened when he was six years old; and in his affecting lines written *On Receipt of My Mother's Picture*, he speaks of himself as a "Wretch even then, life's journey just begun." In 1763 he became insane and was sent to an asylum, where he spent a year. Judicious treatment restored him to sanity, but he came out a broken man and remained for the rest of his life an invalid, unfitted for any active occupation. His disease took the form of religious melancholy. He had two recurrences of madness, and both times made attempts upon his life. At Huntingdon, and afterward at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, he found a home with the Unwin family, whose kindness did all which the most soothing and delicate care could do to heal his wounded spirit. His two poems *To Mary Unwin*, together with the lines on his mother's picture, were almost the first examples of deep {214} and tender sentiment in the lyrical poetry of the last century. Cowper found relief from the black thoughts that beset him only in an ordered round of quiet household occupations. He corresponded indefatigably, took long walks through the neighborhood, read, sang, and conversed with Mrs. Unwin and his friend, Lady Austin; and amused himself with carpentry,

gardening, and raising pets, especially hares, of which gentle animals he grew very fond. All these simple tastes, in which he found for a time a refuge and a sheltered happiness, are reflected in his best poem, *The Task*, 1785. Cowper is the poet of the family affections, of domestic life, and rural retirement; the laureate of the fireside, the tea-table, the evening lamp, the garden, the green-house, and the rabbit-coop. He draws with elegance and precision a chair, a clock, a harpsichord, a barometer, a piece of needle-work. But Cowper was an out-door as well as an in-door man. The Olney landscape was tame, a fat, agricultural region, where the sluggish Ouse wound between plowed fields and the horizon was bounded by low hills. Nevertheless Cowper's natural descriptions are at once more distinct and more imaginative than Thomson's. *The Task* reflects, also, the new philanthropic spirit, the enthusiasm of humanity, the feeling of the brotherhood of men to which Rousseau had given expression in France and which issued in the French Revolution. In England this was the time of Wilberforce, the antislavery agitator; of Whitefield, the eloquent revival preacher; {215} of John and Charles Wesley, and of the Evangelical and Methodist movements which gave new life to the English Church. John Newton, the curate of Olney and the keeper of Cowper's conscience, was one of the leaders of the Evangelicals; and Cowper's first volume of *Table Talk* and other poems, 1782, written under Newton's inspiration, was a series of sermons in verse, somewhat intolerant of all worldly enjoyments, such as hunting, dancing, and theaters. "God made the country and man made the town," he wrote. He was a moralizing poet, and his morality was sometimes that of the invalid and the recluse. Byron called him a "coddled poet." And, indeed, there is a suspicion of gruel and dressing-gowns about him. He lived much among women, and his sufferings had refined him to a feminine delicacy. But there is no sickliness in his poetry, and he retained a charming playful humor--displayed in his excellent comic ballad, *John Gilpin*; and Mrs. Browning has sung of him, "How when one by one sweet sounds and wandering lights departed He bore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted." At the close of the year 1786 a young Scotchman, named Samuel Rose, called upon Cowper at Olney, and left with him a small volume, which had appeared at Edinburgh during the past summer, entitled *Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns*. Cowper read the book through {216} twice, and, though somewhat bothered by the dialect, pronounced it a "very extraordinary production." This momentary flash, as of an electric spark, marks the contact not only of the two chief British poets of their generation, but of two literatures. Scotch poets, like Thomson and Beattie, had written in Southern English, and, as Carlyle said, *in vacuo*, that is, with nothing specially national in their work. Burns's sweet though rugged Doric first secured the vernacular poetry of his country a hearing beyond the border. He had, to be sure, a whole literature of popular songs and ballads behind him, and his immediate models were Allan Ramsay and Robert Ferguson; but these remained provincial, while Burns became universal. He was born in Ayrshire, on the banks of "bonny Doon," in a clay biggin not far from "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," the scene of the witch dance in *Tam O'Shanter*. His father was a hard-headed, God-fearing tenant farmer, whose life and that of his sons was a harsh struggle with poverty. The crops failed; the landlord pressed for his rent; for weeks at a time the family tasted no meat; yet this life of toil was lightened by love and homely pleasures. In the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, Burns has drawn a beautiful picture of his parents' household, the rest that came at the week's end, and the family worship about the "wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily." Robert was handsome, wild, and witty. He was universally susceptible, and his first songs, like his last, were of "the lasses." His head had been {217} stuffed, in boyhood, with "tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights," etc., told him by one Jenny Wilson, an old woman who lived in the family. His ear was full of ancient Scottish tunes, and as soon as he fell in love he began to make poetry as naturally as a bird sings. He composed his verses while following the plow or working in the stack-yard; or, at evening, balancing on two legs of his chair and watching the light of a peat fire play over the reeky walls of the cottage. Burns's love songs are in many keys, ranging from strains of the most pure and exalted passion, like *Ae Fond Kiss* and *To Mary in Heaven*, to such loose ditties as *When Januar' Winds* and *Green Grow the Rashes O*. Burns liked a glass almost as well as a lass, and at Mauchline, where he carried on a farm with his brother Gilbert, after their father's death, he began to seek a questionable relief from the pressure of daily toil and unkind fates, in the convivialities of the tavern. There, among the wits of the Mauchline Club, farmers' sons, shepherds from the uplands, and the smugglers who swarmed over the west coast, he would discuss politics and farming, recite his verses, and join in the singing and ranting, while "Bousin o'er the nappy, And gettin' fou and unco happy." To these experiences we owe not only those excellent drinking songs, *John Barleycorn* and *Willie* {218} *Brewed a Peck o' Maut*, but the headlong fun of *Tam O'Shanter*, and the visions, grotesquely terrible, of *Death and Dr. Hornbook*, and the dramatic humor of the *Jolly Beggars*. Cowper had celebrated "the cup which cheers but not inebriates." Burns sang the praises of *Scotch Drink*. Cowper was a stranger to Burns's high animal spirits, and his robust enjoyment of life. He had affections, but no passions. At Mauchline, Burns, whose irregularities did not escape the censure of the kirk, became involved, through his friendship with Gavin Hamilton, in the controversy between the Old Light and New Light clergy. His *Holy Fair*, *Holy Tulzie*, *Two Herds*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and *Address to the Unco Gude*, are satires against bigotry and hypocrisy. But in spite of

the rollicking profanity of his language, and the violence of his rebound against the austere religion of Scotland, Burns was at bottom deeply impressible by religious ideas, as may be seen from his *Prayer under the Pressure of Violent Anguish*, and *Prayer in Prospect of Death*. His farm turned out a failure, and he was on the eve of sailing for Jamaica, when the favor with which his volume of poems was received, stayed his departure, and turned his steps to Edinburgh. There the peasant poet was lionized for a winter season by the learned and polite society of the Scotch capital, with results in the end not altogether favorable to Burns's best interests. For when society finally turned the cold shoulder on {219} him, he had to go back to farming again, carrying with him a bitter sense of injustice and neglect. He leased a farm in Ellisland, in 1788, and some friends procured his appointment as exciseman for his district. But poverty, disappointment, irregular habits, and broken health clouded his last years, and brought him to an untimely death at the age of thirty-seven. He continued, however, to pour forth songs of unequaled sweetness and force. "The man sank," said Coleridge, "but the poet was bright to the last." Burns is the best of British song-writers. His songs are singable; they are not merely lyrical poems. They were meant to be sung, and they are sung. They were mostly set to old Scottish airs, and sometimes they were built up from ancient fragments of anonymous, popular poetry, a chorus, or stanza, or even a single line. Such are, for example, *Auld Lang Syne*, *My Heart's in the Highlands*, and *Landlady, Count the Lawin*. Burns had a great, warm heart. His sins were sins of passion, and sprang from the same generous soil that nourished his impulsive virtues. His elementary qualities as a poet were sincerity, a healthy openness to all impressions of the beautiful, and a sympathy which embraced men, animals, and the dumb objects of nature. His tenderness toward flowers and the brute creation may be read in his lines *To a Mountain Daisy*, *To a Mouse*, and *The Auld Farmer's New Year's Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie*. Next after love and good {220} fellowship, patriotism is the most frequent motive of his song. Of his national anthem, *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, Carlyle said: "So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman, or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war ode." Burns's politics were a singular mixture of sentimental toryism with practical democracy. A romantic glamour was thrown over the fortunes of the exiled Stuarts, and to have been "out" in '45 with the Young Pretender was a popular thing in parts of Scotland. To this purely poetic loyalty may be attributed such Jacobite ballads of Burns as *Over the Water to Charlie*. But his sober convictions were on the side of liberty and human brotherhood, and are expressed in the *Twa Dogs*, the *First Epistle to Davie*, and *A Man's a Man for a' that*. His sympathy with the Revolution led him to send four pieces of ordnance, taken from a captured smuggler, as a present to the French Convention, a piece of bravado which got him into difficulties with his superiors in the excise. The poetry which Burns wrote, not in dialect, but in the classical English, is in the stilted manner of his century, and his prose correspondence betrays his lack of culture by his constant lapse into rhetorical affectation and fine writing.

1. T. S. Perry's *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*.
2. James Thomson. *The Castle of Indolence*.
3. The Poems of Thomas Gray.
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4. William Collins. *Odes*.
5. The Six Chief Lives from Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. Edited by Matthew Arnold. Macmillan, 1878.
6. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* [abridged]. Henry Holt & Co., 1878.
7. Samuel Richardson. *Clarissa Harlowe*.
8. Henry Fielding. *Tom Jones*.
9. Tobias Smollett. *Humphrey Clinker*.
10. Lawrence Sterne. *Tristram Shandy*.
11. Oliver Goldsmith. *Vicar of Wakefield and Deserted Village*.

12. William Cowper. The Task and John Gilpin.

13. The Poems and Songs of Robert Burns.

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CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE DEATH OF SCOTT.

1789-1832.

The burst of creative activity at the opening of the 19th century has but one parallel in English literary history, namely, the somewhat similar flowering out of the national genius in the time of Elisabeth and the first two Stuart kings. The later age gave birth to no supreme poets, like Shakspeare and Milton. It produced no *Hamlet* and no *Paradise Lost*; but it offers a greater number of important writers, a higher average of excellence, and a wider range and variety of literary work than any preceding era. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats are all great names; while Southey, Landor, Moore, Lamb, and De Quincey would be noteworthy figures at any period, and deserve a fuller mention than can be here accorded them. But in so crowded a generation, selection becomes increasingly needful, and in the present chapter, accordingly, the emphasis will be laid upon the first-named group as not only the most important, but the most representative of the various tendencies of their time. {223} The conditions of literary work in this century have been almost unduly stimulating. The rapid advance in population, wealth, education, and the means of communication has vastly increased the number of readers. Every one who has any thing to say can say it in print, and is sure of some sort of a hearing. A special feature of the time is the multiplication of periodicals. The great London dailies, like the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, which were started during the last quarter of the 18th century, were something quite new in journalism. The first of the modern reviews, the *Edinburgh*, was established in 1802, as the organ of the Whig party in Scotland. This was followed by the *London Quarterly*, in 1808, and by *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1817, both in the Tory interest. The first editor of the *Edinburgh* was Francis Jeffrey, who assembled about him a distinguished corps of contributors, including the versatile Henry Brougham, afterward a great parliamentary orator and lord-chancellor of England, and the Rev. Sydney Smith, whose witty sayings are still current. The first editor of the *Quarterly* was William Gifford, a satirist, who wrote the *Baviad* and *Maeviad* in ridicule of literary affectations. He was succeeded in 1824 by James Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law of Walter Scott, and the author of an excellent *Life of Scott*. *Blackwood's* was edited by John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, who, under the pen-name of "Christopher North," contributed to his magazine a series {224} of brilliant, imaginary dialogues between famous characters of the day, entitled *Noctes Ambrosianae*, because they were supposed to take place at Ambrose's tavern in Edinburgh. These papers were full of a profuse, headlong eloquence, of humor, literary criticism, and personalities interspersed with songs expressive of a roystering and convivial Toryism and an uproarious contempt for Whigs and cockneys. These reviews and magazines, and others which sprang up beside them, became the *nuclei* about which the wit and scholarship of both parties gathered. Political controversy under the Regency and the reign of George IV. was thus carried on more regularly by permanent organs, and no longer so largely by privateering, in the shape of pamphlets, like Swift's *Public Spirit of the Whigs*, Johnson's *Taxation No Tyranny*, and Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. Nor did politics by any means usurp the columns of the reviews. Literature, art, science, the whole circle of human effort and achievement passed under review. *Blackwood's*, *Fraser's*, and the other monthlies, published stories, poetry, criticism, and correspondence--every thing, in short, which enters into the make-up of our magazines to-day, except illustrations. Two main influences, of foreign origin, have left their trace in the English writers of the first thirty years of the 19th century, the one communicated by contact with the new German literature of the latter half of the 18th century, and in particular {225} with the writings of Goethe, Schiller, and Kant; the other springing from the events of the French Revolution. The influence of German upon English literature in the 19th century was more intellectual and less formal than that of the Italian in the 16th and of the French in the 18th. In other words, the German writers furnished the English with ideas and ways of feeling rather than with models of style. Goethe and Schiller did not become subjects for

literary imitation as Molière, Racine, and Boileau had become in Pope's time. It was reserved for a later generation and for Thomas Carlyle to domesticate the diction of German prose. But the nature and extent of this influence can, perhaps, best be noted when we come to take up the authors of the time one by one. The excitement caused by the French Revolution was something more obvious and immediate. When the Bastille fell, in 1789, the enthusiasm among the friends of liberty and human progress in England was hardly less intense than in France. It was the dawn of a new day: the shackles were stricken from the slave; all men were free and all men were brothers, and radical young England sent up a shout that echoed the roar of the Paris mob. Wordsworth's lines on the *Fall of the Bastille*, Coleridge's *Fall of Robespierre* and *Ode to France*, and Southey's revolutionary drama, *Wat Tyler*, gave expression to the hopes and aspirations of the English democracy. In after life Wordsworth, looking back regretfully to those years of promise, {226} wrote his poem on the *French Revolution* as it appeared to Enthusiasts at its Commencement.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven. Oh times
In which the meager, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in romance."

Those were the days in which Wordsworth, then an under-graduate at Cambridge, spent a college vacation in tramping through France, landing at Calais on the eve of the very day (July 14, 1790) on which Louis XVI. signalized the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille by taking the oath of fidelity to the new Constitution. In the following year Wordsworth revisited France, where he spent thirteen months, forming an intimacy with the republican general, Beaulieu, at Orleans, and reaching Paris not long after the September massacres of 1792. Those were the days, too, in which young Southey and young Coleridge, having married sisters at Bristol, were planning a "Pantisocracy," or ideal community, on the banks of the Susquehanna, and denouncing the British government for going to war with the French Republic. This group of poets, who had met one another first in the south of England, came afterward to be called the Lake Poets, from their residence in the mountainous lake country of Westmoreland and Cumberland, with which their names, and that of Wordsworth, especially, are forever associated. The so-called "Lakers" {227} did not, properly speaking, constitute a school of poetry. They differed greatly from one another in mind and art. But they were connected by social ties and by religious and political sympathies. The excesses of the French Revolution, and the usurpation of Napoleon disappointed them, as it did many other English liberals, and drove them into the ranks of the reactionaries. Advancing years brought conservatism, and they became in time loyal Tories and orthodox Churchmen. William Wordsworth (1770-1850), the chief of the three, and, perhaps, on the whole, the greatest English poet since Milton, published his *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798. The volume contained a few pieces by his friend Coleridge--among them the *Ancient Mariner*--and its appearance may fairly be said to mark an epoch in the history of English poetry. Wordsworth regarded himself as a reformer of poetry; and in the preface to the second volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, he defended the theory on which they were composed. His innovations were twofold, in subject-matter, and in diction. "The principal object which I proposed to myself in these poems," he said, "was to choose incidents and situations from common life. Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity . . . and are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." Wordsworth discarded, in theory, the poetic diction of his predecessors, {228} and professed to use "a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation." He adopted, he said, the language of men in rustic life, "because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived." In the matter of poetic diction Wordsworth did not, in his practice, adhere to the doctrine of this preface. Many of his most admired poems, such as the *Lines* written near Tintern Abbey, the great *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, the *Sonnets*, and many parts of his longest poems, *The Excursion* and *The Prelude*, deal with philosophic thought and highly intellectualized emotions. In all of these and in many others the language is rich, stately, involved, and as remote from the "real language" of Westmoreland shepherds, as is the epic blank verse of Milton. On the other hand, in those of his poems which were consciously written in illustration of his theory, the affectation of simplicity, coupled with a defective sense of humor, sometimes led him to the selection of vulgar and trivial themes, and the use of language which is bald, childish, or even ludicrous. His simplicity is too often the simplicity of Mother Goose rather than of Chaucer. Instances of this occur in such poems as *Peter Bell*, the *Idiot Boy*, *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*, *Simon Lee*, and the *Wagoner*. But there are multitudes of Wordsworth's ballads and lyrics which are simple without being silly, and which, in their homeliness and clear {229} profundity, in their production of the strongest effects by the fewest strokes, are among the choicest modern examples of *pure*, as distinguished from decorated, art. Such

are (out of many) *_Ruth_*, *_Lucy_*, *_A Portrait, To a Highland Girl_*, *_The Reverie of Poor Susan_*, *_To the Cuckoo_*, *_The Reaper_*, *_We Are Seven_*, *_The Pet Lamb_*, *_The Fountain_*, *_The Two April Mornings_*, *_The Leech Gatherer_*, *_The Thorn_*, and *_Yarrow Revisited_*. Wordsworth was something of a Quaker in poetry, and loved the sober drabs and grays of life. Quietism was his literary religion, and the sensational was to him not merely vulgar, but almost wicked. "The human mind," he wrote, "is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants." He disliked the far-fetched themes and high-colored style of Scott and Byron. He once told Landor that all of Scott's poetry together was not worth sixpence. From action and passion he turned away to sing the inward life of the soul and the outward life of Nature. He said:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And again:

"Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me--her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears."

Wordsworth's life was outwardly uneventful. The companionship of the mountains and of his {230} own thoughts; the sympathy of his household; the lives of the dalesmen and cottagers about him furnished him with all the stimulus that he required.

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie:
His only teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

He read little, but reflected much, and made poetry daily, composing, by preference, out of doors, and dictating his verses to some member of his family. His favorite amanuensis was his sister Dorothy, a woman of fine gifts, to whom Wordsworth was indebted for some of his happiest inspirations. She was the subject of the poem beginning "Her eyes are wild," and her charming *_Memorials of a Tour in the Scottish Highlands_* records the origin of many of her brother's best poems. Throughout life Wordsworth was remarkably self-centered. The ridicule of the reviewers, against which he gradually made his way to public recognition, never disturbed his serene belief in himself, or in the divine message which he felt himself commissioned to deliver. He was a slow and serious person, a preacher as well as a poet, with a certain rigidity, not to say narrowness, of character. That plastic temperament which we associate with poetic genius Wordsworth either did not possess, or it hardened early. Whole sides of life were beyond the range of his sympathies. He {231} touched life at fewer points than Byron and Scott, but touched it more profoundly. It is to him that we owe the phrase "plain living and high thinking," as also a most noble illustration of it in his own practice. His was the wisest and deepest spirit among the English poets of his generation, though hardly the most poetic. He wrote too much, and, attempting to make every petty incident or reflection the occasion of a poem, he finally reached the point of composing verses *_On Seeing a Harp in the shape of a Needle Case_*, and on other themes more worthy of Mrs. Sigourney. In parts of his long blank-verse poems, *_The Excursion_*, 1814, and *_The Prelude_*--which was printed after his death in 1850, though finished as early as 1806--the poetry wears very thin and its place is taken by prosaic, tedious didacticism. These two poems were designed as portions of a still more extended work, *_The Recluse_*, which was never completed. *_The Excursion_* consists mainly of philosophical discussions on nature and human life between a school-master, a solitary, and an itinerant peddler. *_The Prelude_* describes the development of Wordsworth's own genius. In parts of *_The Excursion_* the diction is fairly Shaksperian.

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."

A passage not only beautiful in itself, but dramatically true, in the mouth of the bereaved mother {232} who utters it, to that human instinct which generalizes a private sorrow into a universal law. Much of The Prelude can hardly be called poetry at all, yet some of Wordsworth's loftiest poetry is buried among its dreary wastes, and now and then, in the midst of commonplaces, comes a flash of Miltonic splendor--like

"Golden cities ten months' journey deep
Among Tartarian wilds."

Wordsworth is, above all things, the poet of Nature. In this province he was not without forerunners. To say nothing of Burns and Cowper, there was George Crabbe, who had published his Village in 1783--fifteen years before the Lyrical Ballads--and whose last poem, Tales of the Hall, came out in 1819, five years after The Excursion. Byron called Crabbe "Nature's sternest painter, and her best." He was a minutely accurate delineator of the harsher aspects of rural life. He photographs a Gypsy camp; a common, with its geese and donkey; a salt marsh, a shabby village street, or tumble-down manse. But neither Crabbe nor Cowper has the imaginative lift of Wordsworth,

"The light that never was on sea or land
The consecration and the poet's dream."

In a note on a couplet in one of his earliest poems, descriptive of an oak tree standing dark against the sunset, Wordsworth says: "I recollect distinctly the very spot where this struck me. {233} The moment was important in my poetical history, for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, and I made a resolution to supply, in some degree, the deficiency." In later life he is said to have been impatient of any thing spoken or written by another about mountains, conceiving himself to have a monopoly of "the power of hills." But Wordsworth did not stop with natural description. Matthew Arnold has said that the office of modern poetry is the "moral interpretation of Nature." Such, at any rate, was Wordsworth's office. To him Nature was alive and divine. He felt, under the veil of phenomena,

"A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thought: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused."

He approached, if he did not actually reach, the view of Pantheism, which identifies God with Nature; and the mysticism of the Idealists, who identify Nature with the soul of man. This tendency was not inspired in Wordsworth by German philosophy. He was no metaphysician. In his rambles with Coleridge about Nether Stowey and Alfoxden, when both were young, they had, indeed, discussed Spinoza. And in the autumn of 1798, after the publication of the Lyrical Ballads, the two friends went together to Germany, where Wordsworth spent half a year. But the literature {234} and philosophy of Germany made little direct impression upon Wordsworth. He disliked Goethe, and he quoted with approval the saying of the poet Klopstock, whom he met at Hamburg, that he placed the romanticist Burger above both Goethe and Schiller. It was through Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), who was pre-eminently the thinker among the literary men of his generation, that the new German thought found its way into England. During the fourteen months which he spent in Germany--chiefly at Ratzburg and Göttingen--he had familiarized himself with the transcendental philosophy of Immanuel Kant and of his continuators, Fichte and Schelling, as well as with the general literature of Germany. On his return to England, he published, in 1800, a free translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, and through his writings, and more especially through his conversations, he became the conductor by which German philosophic ideas reached the English literary class. Coleridge described himself as being from boyhood a book-worm and a day-dreamer. He remained through life an omnivorous, though unsystematic, reader. He was helpless in practical affairs, and his native indolence and procrastination were increased by his indulgence in the opium habit. On his return to England, in 1800, he went to reside at Keswick, in the Lake Country, with his brother-in-law, Southey, whose industry supported both families. During his last nineteen {235} years Coleridge found an asylum under the roof of Mr. James Gilman, of Highgate, near London, whither many of the best young men in England were accustomed to resort to listen to Coleridge's wonderful talk. Talk, indeed, was the medium through which he mainly influenced his generation. It cost him an effort to put his thoughts on paper. His Table Talk--crowded with pregnant paragraphs--was taken down from his lips by his nephew, Henry Coleridge. His criticisms of Shakspeare are nothing but notes, made here and there, from a

course of lectures delivered before the Royal Institute, and never fully written out. Though only hints and suggestions, they are, perhaps, the most penetrative and helpful Shaksperian criticism in English. He was always forming projects and abandoning them. He projected a great work on Christian philosophy, which was to have been his magnum opus, but he never wrote it. He projected an epic poem on the fall of Jerusalem. "I schemed it at twenty-five," he said, "but, alas! venturum expectat." What bade fair to be his best poem, Christabel, is a fragment. Another strangely beautiful poem, Kubla Khan--which came to him, he said, in sleep--is even more fragmentary. And the most important of his prose remains, his Biographia Literaria, 1817, a history of his own opinions, breaks off abruptly. It was in his suggestiveness that Coleridge's great service to posterity resided. He was what J. S. Mill called a "seminal mind," and his thought {236} had that power of stimulating thought in others, which is the mark and the privilege of original genius. Many a man has owed to some sentence of Coleridge's, if not the awakening in himself of a new intellectual life, at least the starting of fruitful trains of reflection which have modified his whole view of certain great subjects. On every thing that he left is set the stamp of high mental authority. He was not, perhaps, primarily, he certainly was not exclusively, a poet. In theology, in philosophy, in political thought, and literary criticism, he set currents flowing which are flowing yet. The terminology of criticism, for example, is in his debt for many of those convenient distinctions--such as that between genius and talent, between wit and humor, between fancy and imagination--which are familiar enough now, but which he first introduced, or enforced. His definitions and apothegms we meet every-where. Such are, for example, the sayings: "Every man is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist." "Prose is words in their best order; poetry, the best words in the best order." And among the bits of subtle interpretation, that abound in his writings, may be mentioned his estimate of Wordsworth, in the Biographia Literaria, and his sketch of Hamlet's character--one with which he was personally in strong sympathy--in the Lectures on Shakspeare. The Broad-Church party, in the English Church, among whose most eminent exponents have been Frederic Robertson, Arnold of Rugby, {237} F. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, and the late Dean Stanley, traces its intellectual origin to Coleridge's Aids to Reflection; to his writings and conversations in general, and particularly to his ideal of a national Clerisy, as set forth in his essay on Church and State. In politics, as in religion, Coleridge's conservatism represents the reaction against the destructive spirit of the eighteenth century and the French revolution. To this root-and-branch democracy he opposed the view, that every old belief, or institution, such as the throne or the Church, had served some need, and had a rational idea at the bottom of it, to which it might be again recalled, and made once more a benefit to society, instead of a curse and an anachronism. As a poet, Coleridge has a sure, though slender, hold upon immortal fame. No English poet has "sung so wildly well" as the singer of Christabel and the Ancient Mariner. The former of these is, in form, a romance in a variety of meters, and in substance, a tale of supernatural possession, by which a lovely and innocent maiden is brought under the control of a witch. Though unfinished and obscure in intention, it haunts the imagination with a mystic power. Byron had seen Christabel in MS., and urged Coleridge to publish it. He hated all the "Lakers," but when, on parting from Lady Byron, he wrote his song,

"Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well,"

{238} he prefixed to it the noble lines from Coleridge's poem, beginning

"Alas! they had been friends in youth."

In that weird ballad, the Ancient Mariner, the supernatural is handled with even greater subtlety than in Christabel. The reader is led to feel that amid the loneliness of the tropic sea, the line between the earthly and the unearthly vanishes, and the poet leaves him to discover for himself whether the spectral shapes that the mariner saw were merely the visions of the calenture, or a glimpse of the world of spirits. Coleridge is one of our most perfect metrists. The poet Swinburne--than whom there can be no higher authority on this point (though he is rather given to exaggeration)--pronounces Kubla Khan, "for absolute melody and splendor, the first poem in the language." Robert Southey, the third member of this group, was a diligent worker and one of the most voluminous of English writers. As a poet, he was lacking in inspiration, and his big Oriental epics, Thalaba, 1801, and the Curse of Kehama, 1810, are little better than wax-work. Of his numerous works in prose, the Life of Nelson is, perhaps, the best, and is an excellent biography. Several other authors were more or less closely associated with the Lake Poets by residence or social affiliation. John Wilson, the editor of Blackwood's, lived for some time, when a young man, at Elleray, on the banks of Windermere. He was an {239} athletic man of out-door habits, an enthusiastic sportsman, and a lover of natural scenery. His admiration of Wordsworth was thought to have led him to imitation of the latter, in his Isle of Palms, 1812, and his other poetry. One of Wilson's companions, in his

mountain walks, was Thomas De Quincey, who had been led by his reverence for Wordsworth and Coleridge to take up his residence, in 1808, at Grasmere, where he occupied for many years the cottage from which Wordsworth had removed to Allan Bank. De Quincey was a shy, bookish little man, of erratic, nocturnal habits, who impresses one, personally, as a child of genius, with a child's helplessness and a child's sharp observation. He was, above all things, a magazinist. All his writings, with one exception, appeared first in the shape of contributions to periodicals; and his essays, literary criticisms, and miscellaneous papers are exceedingly rich and varied. The most famous of them was his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, published as a serial in the *London Magazine*, in 1821. He had begun to take opium, as a cure for the toothache, when a student at Oxford, where he resided from 1803 to 1808. By 1816 he had risen to eight thousand drops of laudanum a day. For several years after this he experienced the acutest misery, and his will suffered an entire paralysis. In 1821 he succeeded in reducing his dose to a comparatively small allowance, and in shaking off his torpor so as to become capable of literary work. {240} The most impressive effect of the opium habit was seen in his dreams, in the unnatural expansion of space and time, and the infinite repetition of the same objects. His sleep was filled with dim, vast images; measureless cavalcades deploying to the sound of orchestral music; an endless succession of vaulted halls, with staircases climbing to heaven, up which toiled eternally the same solitary figure. "Then came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives; darkness and light; tempest and human faces." Many of De Quincey's papers were autobiographical, but there is always something baffling in these reminiscences. In the interminable wanderings of his pen--for which, perhaps, opium was responsible--he appears to lose all trace of facts or of any continuous story. Every actual experience of his life seems to have been taken up into a realm of dream, and there distorted till the reader sees not the real figures, but the enormous, grotesque shadows of them, executing wild dances on a screen. An instance of this process is described by himself in his *Vision of Sudden Death*. But his unworldliness and faculty of vision-seeing were not inconsistent with the keenness of judgment and the justness and delicacy of perception displayed in his *Biographical Sketches* of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and other contemporaries: in his critical papers on *Pope*, *Milton*, *Lessing*, *Homer* and the *Homeridae*; his essay on *Style*; and his *Brief Appraisal of the Greek Literature*. His curious scholarship is seen in his articles on the *Toilet of a {241} Hebrew Lady*, and the *Casuistry of Roman Meals*; his ironical and somewhat elaborate humor in his essay on *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*. Of his narrative pieces the most remarkable is his *Revolt of the Tartars*, describing the flight of a Kalmuck tribe of six hundred thousand souls from Russia to the Chinese frontier: a great hegira or anabasis, which extended for four thousand miles over desert steppes infested with foes; occupied six months' time, and left nearly half of the tribe dead upon the way. The subject was suited to De Quincey's imagination. It was like one of his own opium visions, and he handled it with a dignity and force which make the history not altogether unworthy of comparison with Thucydides's great chapter on the Sicilian Expedition. An intimate friend of Southey was Walter Savage Landor, a man of kingly nature, of a leonine presence, with a most stormy and unreasonable temper, and yet with the courtliest graces of manner and with--said Emerson--a "wonderful brain, despotic, violent, and inexhaustible." He inherited wealth, and lived a great part of his life at Florence, where he died, in 1864, in his ninetieth year. Dickens, who knew him at Bath, in the latter part of his life, made a kindly caricature of him as Lawrence Boythorn, in *Bleak House*, whose "combination of superficial ferocity and inherent tenderness," testifies Henry Crabb Robinson, in his *Diary*, was true to the life. Landor is the most purely classical of English writers. Not merely his themes {242} but his whole way of thinking was pagan and antique. He composed, indifferently, in English or Latin, preferring the latter, if any thing, in obedience to his instinct for compression and exclusiveness. Thus portions of his narrative poem, *Gebir*, 1798, were written originally in Latin, and he added a Latin version, *Gebirius*, to the English edition. In like manner his *Hellenics*, 1847, were mainly translations from his Latin *Idyllia Heroica*, written years before. The Hellenic clearness and repose which were absent from his life, Landor sought in his art. His poems, in their restraint, their objectivity, their aloofness from modern feeling, have something chill and artificial. The verse of poets like Byron and Wordsworth is alive; the blood runs in it. But Landor's polished, clean-cut *intaglios* have been well described as "written in marble." He was a master of fine and solid prose. His *Pericles and Aspasia* consists of a series of letters passing between the great Athenian demagogue, the hetaira, Aspasia, her friend, Cleone of Miletus, Anaxagoras, the philosopher, and Pericles's nephew, Alcibiades. In this masterpiece the intellectual life of Athens, at its period of highest refinement, is brought before the reader with singular vividness, and he is made to breathe an atmosphere of high-bred grace, delicate wit, and thoughtful sentiment, expressed in English "of Attic choice." The *Imaginary Conversations*, 1824-1846, were Platonic dialogues between a great variety of historical characters; between, for example, Dante and Beatrice, Washington {243} and Franklin, Queen Elisabeth and Cecil, Xenophon and Cyrus the Younger, Bonaparte and the President of the Senate. Landor's writings have never been popular; they address an aristocracy of scholars; and Byron--whom Landor disliked and considered vulgar--sneered at the latter as a writer who "cultivated much private renown in the shape of Latin verses." He said of himself that he "never contended with a contemporary, but walked

alone on the far eastern uplands, meditating and remembering." A schoolmate of Coleridge, at Christ's Hospital, and his friend and correspondent through life, was Charles Lamb, one of the most charming of English essayists. He was an old bachelor, who lived alone with his sister Mary a lovable and intellectual woman, but subject to recurring attacks of madness. Lamb was "a notched and cropped scrivener, a votary of the desk," a clerk, that is, in the employ of the East India Company. He was of antiquarian tastes, an ardent play-goer, a lover of whist and of the London streets; and these tastes are reflected in his *Essays of Elia*, contributed to the *London Magazine* and reprinted in book form in 1823. From his mousing among the Elisabethan dramatists and such old humorists as Burton and Fuller, his own style imbibed a peculiar quaintness and pungency. His *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, 1808, is admirable for its critical insight. In 1802 he paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, in the Lake Country; but he felt or {244} affected a whimsical horror of the mountains, and said, "Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in." Among the best of his essays are *Dream Children*, *Poor Relations*, *The Artificial Comedy of the Last Century*, *Old China*, *Roast Pig*, *A Defense of Chimney-sweeps*, *A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis*, and *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*. The romantic movement, preluded by Gray, Collins, Chatterton, Macpherson, and others, culminated in Walter Scott (1771-1832). His passion for the medieval was first excited by reading Percy's *Reliques*, when he was a boy; and in one of his school themes he maintained that Ariosto was a greater poet than Homer. He began early to collect manuscript ballads, suits of armor, pieces of old plate, border-horns, and similar relics. He learned Italian in order to read the romancers--Ariosto, Tasso, Pulci, and Boiardo, preferring them to Dante. He studied Gothic architecture, heraldry, and the art of fortification, and made drawings of famous ruins and battle-fields. In particular he read eagerly every thing that he could lay hands on relating to the history, legends, and antiquities of the Scottish border--the vale of Tweed, Teviotdale, Ettrick Forest, and the Yarrow, of all which land he became the laureate, as Burns had been of Ayrshire and the "West Country." Scott, like Wordsworth, was an out-door poet. He spent much time in the saddle, and was fond of horses, dogs, hunting, and salmon-fishing. He had a keen {245} eye for the beauties of natural scenery, though "more especially," he admits, "when combined with ancient ruins or remains of our forefathers' piety or splendor." He had the historic imagination, and, in creating the historical novel, he was the first to throw a poetic glamour over European annals. In 1803 Wordsworth visited Scott at Lasswade, near Edinburgh; and Scott afterward returned the visit at Grasmere. Wordsworth noted that his guest was "full of anecdote and averse from disquisition." The Englishman was a moralist and much given to "disquisition," while the Scotchman was, above all things, a *raconteur*, and, perhaps, on the whole, the foremost of British story-tellers. Scott's Toryism, too, was of a different stripe from Wordsworth's, being rather the result of sentiment and imagination than of philosophy and reflection. His mind struck deep root in the past; his local attachments and family pride were intense. Abbotsford was his darling, and the expenses of this domain and of the baronial hospitality which he there extended to all comers were among the causes of his bankruptcy. The enormous toil which he exacted of himself, to pay off the debt of 117,000 pounds, contracted by the failure of his publishers, cost him his life. It is said that he was more gratified when the Prince Regent created him a baronet, in 1820, than by all the public recognition that he acquired as the author of the *Waverley Novels*. Scott was attracted by the romantic side of {246} German literature. His first published poem was a translation made in 1796 from Burger's wild ballad, *Leonora*. He followed this up with versions of the same poet's *Wilde Jäger*, of Goethe's violent drama of feudal life, *Götz Van Berlichingen*, and with other translations from the German, of a similar class. On his horseback trips through the border, where he studied the primitive manners of the Liddesdale people, and took down old ballads from the recitation of ancient dames and cottagers, he amassed the materials for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1802. But the first of his original poems was the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, published in 1805, and followed, in quick succession, by *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, the *Lord of the Isles*, and a volume of ballads and lyrical pieces, all issued during the years 1806-1814. The popularity won by this series of metrical romances was immediate and wide-spread. Nothing so fresh, or so brilliant, had appeared in English poetry for nearly two centuries. The reader was hurried along through scenes of rapid action, whose effect was heightened by wild landscapes and picturesque manners. The pleasure was a passive one. There was no deep thinking to perplex, no subtler beauties to pause upon; the feelings were stirred pleasantly, but not deeply; the effect was on the surface. The spell employed was novelty--or, at most, wonder--and the chief emotion aroused was breathless interest in the progress of the story. Carlyle said that Scott's genius was *in extenso*, {247} rather than *in intenso*, and that its great praise was its healthiness. This is true of his verse, but not altogether so of his prose, which exhibits deeper qualities. Some of Scott's most perfect poems, too, are his shorter ballads, like *Jock o' Hazeldean*, and *Proud Maisie is in the Wood*, which have a greater intensity and compression than his metrical tales. >From 1814 to 1831 Scott wrote and published the *Waverley* novels, some thirty in number; if we consider the amount of work done, the speed with which it was done, and the general average of excellence maintained, perhaps the most marvelous literary feat on record. The series was issued anonymously, and takes its name from the first number, *Waverley*, or *'Tis Sixty Years Since*. This was founded upon the rising

of the clans, in 1745, in support of the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, and it revealed to the English public that almost foreign country which lay just across their threshold, the Scottish Highlands. The *Waverley* novels remain, as a whole, unequalled as historical fiction, although, here and there a single novel, like George Eliot's *Romola*, or Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, or Kingsley's *Hypatia*, may have attained a place beside the best of them. They were a novelty when they appeared. English prose fiction had somewhat declined since the time of Fielding and Goldsmith. There were truthful, though rather tame, delineations of provincial life, like Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, 1811, and {248} *Pride and Prejudice*, 1813; or Maria Edgeworth's *Popular Tales*, 1804. On the other hand, there were Gothic romances, like the *Monk* of Matthew Gregory Lewis, to whose *Tales of Wonder* some of Scott's translations from the German had been contributed; or like Anne Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*. The great original of this school of fiction was Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, 1765, an absurd tale of secret trap-doors, subterranean vaults, apparitions of monstrous mailed figures and colossal helmets, pictures that descend from their frames, and hollow voices that proclaim the ruin of ancient families. Scott used the machinery of romance, but he was not merely a romancer, or a historical novelist even, and it is not, as Carlyle implies, the buff-belts and jerkins which principally interest us in his heroes. *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* and the *Talisman* are, indeed, romances pure and simple, and very good romances at that. But, in novels such as *Rob Roy*, the *Antiquary*, the *Heart of Midlothian*, and the *Bride of Lammermoor*, Scott drew from contemporary life, and from his intimate knowledge of Scotch character. The story is there, with its entanglement of plot and its exciting adventures, but there are also, as truly as in Shakspeare, though not in the same degree, the observation of life, the knowledge of men, the power of dramatic creation. No writer awakens in his readers a warmer personal affection than Walter Scott, the brave, honest, kindly gentleman, the noblest {249} figure among the literary men of his generation. Another Scotch poet was Thomas Campbell, whose *Pleasures of Hope*, 1799, was written in Pope's couplet, and in the stilted diction of the eighteenth century. *Gertrude of Wyoming*, 1809, a long narrative poem in Spenserian stanza, is untrue to the scenery and life of Pennsylvania, where its scene is laid. But Campbell turned his rhetorical manner and his clanking, martial verse to fine advantage in such pieces as *Hohenlinden*, *Ye Mariners of England*, and the *Battle of the Baltic*. These have the true lyric fire, and rank among the best English war-songs. When Scott was asked why he had left off writing poetry, he answered, "Byron bet me." George Gordon Byron (1788-1824) was a young man of twenty-four, when, on his return from a two years' sauntering through Portugal, Spain, Albania, Greece, and the Levant, he published, in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, 1812, a sort of poetic itinerary of his experiences and impressions. The poem took, rather to its author's surprise, who said that he woke one morning and found himself famous. *Childe Harold* opened a new field to poetry, the romance of travel, the picturesque aspects of foreign scenery, manners, and costumes. It is instructive of the difference between the two ages, in poetic sensibility to such things, to compare Byron's glowing imagery with Addison's tame *Letter from Italy*, written a century before. *Childe* {250} *Harold* was followed by a series of metrical tales, the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corsair*, *Lara*, the *Siege of Corinth*, *Parasina*, and *Prisoner of Chillon*, all written in the years 1813-1816. These poems at once took the place of Scott's in popular interest, dazzling a public that had begun to weary of chivalry romances, with pictures of Eastern life, with incidents as exciting as Scott's, descriptions as highly colored, and a much greater intensity of passion. So far as they depended for this interest upon the novelty of their accessories, the effect was a temporary one. Seraglios, divans, bulbuls, Gulistans, Zuleikas, and other Oriental properties, deluged English poetry for a time, and then subsided; even as the tide of moss-troopers, sorcerers, hermits, and feudal castles had already had its rise and fall. But there was a deeper reason for the impression made by Byron's poetry upon his contemporaries. He laid his finger right on the sore spot in modern life. He had the disease with which the time was sick, the world-weariness, the desperation which proceeded from "passion incapable of being converted into action." We find this tone in much of the literature which followed the failure of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. From the irritations of that period, the disappointment of high hopes for the future of the race, the growing religious disbelief, and the revolt of democracy and free thought against conservative reaction, sprang what Southey called the "Satanic {251} school," which spoke its loudest word in Byron. Titanic is the better word, for the rebellion was not against God, but Jupiter, that is, against the State, Church, and society of Byron's day; against George III., the Tory cabinet of Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, the bench of Bishops, London gossip, the British Constitution, and British cant. In these poems of Byron, and in his dramatic experiments, *Manfred* and *Cain*, there is a single figure--the figure of Byron under various masks--and one pervading mood, a restless and sardonic gloom, a weariness of life, a love of solitude, and a melancholy exaltation in the presence of the wilderness and the sea. Byron's hero is always represented as a man originally noble, whom some great wrong, by others, or some mysterious crime of his own, has blasted and embittered, and who carries about the world a seared heart and a somber brow. Harold--who may stand as a type of all his heroes--has run "through sin's labyrinth" and feeling the "fullness of satiety," is drawn abroad to roam, "the wandering exile of his own dark mind." The loss of a capacity for pure, unjaded emotion is the constant burden of

Byron's lament.

"No more, no more, O never more on me
The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew."

and again,

"O could I feel as I have felt--or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene;
{252}
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish tho' they be,
So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me."

This mood was sincere in Byron; but by cultivating it, and posing too long in one attitude, he became self-conscious and theatrical, and much of his serious poetry has a false ring. His example infected the minor poetry of the time, and it was quite natural that Thackeray--who represented a generation that had a very different ideal of the heroic--should be provoked into describing Byron as "a big, sulky dandy." Byron was well fitted by birth and temperament to be the spokesman of this fierce discontent. He inherited from his mother a haughty and violent temper, and profligate tendencies from his father. He was through life a spoiled child, whose main characteristic was willfulness. He liked to shock people by exaggerating his wickedness, or by perversely maintaining the wrong side of a dispute. But he had traits of bravery and generosity. Women loved him, and he made strong friends. There was a careless charm about him which fascinated natures as unlike each other as Shelley and Scott. By the death of the fifth Lord Byron without issue, Byron came into a title and estates at the age of ten. Though a liberal in politics he had aristocratic feelings, and was vain of his rank as he was of his beauty. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was idle and {253} dissipated, but did a great deal of miscellaneous reading. He took some of his Cambridge set--Hobhouse, Matthews, and others--to Newstead Abbey, his ancestral seat, where they filled the ancient cloisters with eccentric orgies. Byron was strikingly handsome. His face had a spiritual paleness and a classic regularity, and his dark hair curled closely to his head. A deformity in one of his feet was a mortification to him, though it did not greatly impair his activity, and he prided himself upon his powers as a swimmer. In 1815, when at the height of his literary and social éclat in London, he married. In February of the following year he was separated from Lady Byron, and left England forever, pursued by the execrations of outraged respectability. In this chorus of abuse there was mingled a share of cant; but Byron got, on the whole, what he deserved. From Switzerland, where he spent a summer by Lake Lemman, with the Shelleys; from Venice, Ravenna, Pisa, and Rome, scandalous reports of his intrigues and his wild debaucheries were wafted back to England, and with these came poem after poem, full of burning genius, pride, scorn, and anguish, and all hurling defiance at English public opinion. The third and fourth cantos of Childe Harold, 1816-1818, were a great advance upon the first two, and contain the best of Byron's serious poetry. He has written his name all over the continent of Europe, and on a hundred memorable spots has made the scenery his own. On the field of Waterloo, on "the castled {254} crag of Drachenfels," "by the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs, in the Coliseum at Rome, and among the "Isles of Greece," the tourist is compelled to see with Byron's eyes and under the associations of his pilgrimage. In his later poems, such as Beppo, 1818, and Don Juan, 1819-1823, he passed into his second manner, a mocking cynicism gaining ground upon the somewhat stagy gloom of his early poetry--Mephistophiles gradually elbowing out Satan. Don Juan, though morally the worst, is intellectually the most vital and representative of Byron's poems. It takes up into itself most fully the life of the time; exhibits most thoroughly the characteristic alternations of Byron's moods and the prodigal resources of wit, passion, and understanding, which--rather than imagination--were his prominent qualities as a poet. The hero, a graceless, amorous, stripling, goes wandering from Spain to the Greek islands and Constantinople, thence to St. Petersburg, and finally to England. Every-where his seductions are successful, and Byron uses him as a means of exposing the weakness of the human heart and the rottenness of society in all countries. In 1823, breaking away from his life of selfish indulgence in Italy, Byron threw himself into the cause of Grecian liberty, which he had sung so gloriously in the Isles of Greece. He died at Missolonghi, in the following year, of a fever contracted by exposure and overwork. Byron was a great poet but not a great literary {255} artist. He wrote negligently and with the ease of assured strength, his mind gathering heat as it moved, and pouring itself forth in reckless profusion. His work is diffuse and imperfect; much of it is melodrama or speech-making rather than true poetry. But on the other hand, much, very much of it, is unexcelled as the direct, strong, sincere utterance of personal feeling. Such is the quality of his best lyrics, like When We Two Parted, the Elegy on Thyrsa, Stanzas to Augusta, She Walks in Beauty, and of

innumerable passages, lyrical and descriptive, in his longer poems. He had not the wisdom of Wordsworth, nor the rich and subtle imagination of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats when they were at their best. But he had greater body and motive force than any of them. He is the strongest personality among English poets since Milton, though his strength was wasted by want of restraint and self-culture. In Milton the passion was there, but it was held in check by the will and the artistic conscience, made subordinate to good ends, ripened by long reflection, and finally uttered in forms of perfect and harmonious beauty. Byron's love of Nature was quite different in kind from Wordsworth's. Of all English poets he has sung most lyrically of that national theme, the sea, as witness among many other passages, the famous apostrophe to the ocean, which closes *Childe Harold*, and the opening of the third canto in the same poem,

"Once more upon the waters," etc.

{256} He had a passion for night and storm, because they made him forget himself.

"Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!"

Byron's literary executor and biographer was the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, a born song-writer, whose *Irish Melodies*, set to old native airs, are, like Burns's, genuine, spontaneous, singing, and run naturally to music. Songs such as the *Meeting of the Waters*, *The Harp of Tara*, *Those Evening Bells*, the *Light of Other Days*, *Araby's Daughter*, and the *Last Rose of Summer* were, and still are, popular favorites. Moore's Oriental romance, *Lalla Rookh*, 1817, is overladen with ornament and with a sugary sentiment that clogs the palate. He had the quick Irish wit, sensibility rather than passion, and fancy rather than imagination. Byron's friend, Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), was also in fiery revolt against all conventions and institutions, though his revolt proceeded not, as in Byron's case, from the turbulence of passions which brooked no restraint, but rather from an intellectual impatience of any kind of control. He was not, like Byron, a sensual man, but temperate and chaste. He was, indeed, in his life and in his poetry, as nearly a disembodied spirit as a human creature can be. The German poet, Heine, said that liberty was the religion of this century, {257} and of this religion Shelley was a worshiper. His rebellion against authority began early. He refused to fag at Eton, and was expelled from Oxford for publishing a tract on the *Necessity of Atheism*. At nineteen, he ran away with Harriet Westbrook, and was married to her in Scotland. Three years later he deserted her for Mary Godwin, with whom he eloped to Switzerland. Two years after this his first wife drowned herself in the Serpentine, and Shelley was then formally wedded to Mary Godwin. All this is rather startling, in the bare statement of it, yet it is not inconsistent with the many testimonies that exist, to Shelley's singular purity and beauty of character, testimonies borne out by the evidence of his own writings. Impulse with him took the place of conscience. Moral law, accompanied by the sanction of power, and imposed by outside authority, he rejected as a form of tyranny. His nature lacked robustness and ballast. Byron, who was at bottom intensely practical, said that Shelley's philosophy was too spiritual and romantic. Hazlitt, himself a Radical, wrote of Shelley: "He has a fire in his eye, a fever in his blood, a maggot in his brain, a hectic flutter in his speech, which mark out the philosophic fanatic. He is sanguine complexioned and shrill voiced." It was, perhaps, with some recollection of this last-mentioned trait of Shelley the man, that Carlyle wrote of Shelley the poet, that "the sound of him was shrieky," and that he had "filled the earth with an inarticulate wailing." {258} His career as a poet began characteristically enough, with the publication, while at Oxford, of a volume of political rimes, entitled *Margaret Nicholson's Remains*, Margaret Nicholson being the crazy woman who tried to stab George III. His boyish poem, *Queen Mab*, was published in 1813; *Alastor* in 1816, and the *Revolt of Islam*--his longest--in 1818, all before he was twenty-one. These were filled with splendid, though unsubstantial, imagery, but they were abstract in subject, and had the faults of incoherence and formlessness which make Shelley's longer poems wearisome and confusing. They sought to embody his social creed of Perfectionism, as well as a certain vague Pantheistic system of belief in a spirit of love in nature and man, whose presence is a constant source of obscurity in Shelley's verse. In 1818 he went to Italy, where the last four years of his life were passed, and where, under the influences of Italian art and poetry, his writing became deeper and stronger. He was fond of yachting, and spent much of his time upon the Mediterranean. In the summer of 1822, his boat was swamped in a squall off the Gulf of Spezzia, and Shelley's drowned body was washed ashore, and burned in the presence of Byron and Leigh Hunt. The ashes were entombed in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, with the epitaph, *Cor cordium*. Shelley's best and maturest work, nearly all of

which was done in Italy, includes his tragedy, *The Cenci*, 1819, and his lyrical drama, *Prometheus Unbound*, 1821. The first of these has a unity, and a definiteness of contour unusual with Shelley, and is, with the exception of some of Robert Browning's, the best English tragedy since Otway. *Prometheus* represented to Shelley's mind the human spirit fighting against divine oppression, and in his portrayal of this figure, he kept in mind not only the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, but the Satan of *Paradise Lost*. Indeed, in this poem, Shelley came nearer to the sublime than any English poet since Milton. Yet it is in lyrical, rather than in dramatic, quality that *Prometheus Unbound* is great. If Shelley be not, as his latest editor, Mr. Forman, claims him to be, the foremost of English lyrical poets, he is at least the most lyrical of them. He had, in a supreme degree, the "lyric cry." His vibrant nature trembled to every breath of emotion, and his nerves craved ever newer shocks; to pant, to quiver, to thrill, to grow faint in the spasm of intense sensation. The feminine cast observable in Shelley's portrait is borne out by this tremulous sensibility in his verse. It is curious how often he uses the metaphor of wings: of the winged spirit, soaring, like his skylark, till lost in music, rapture, light, and then falling back to earth. Three successive moods--longing, ecstasy, and the revulsion of despair--are expressed in many of his lyrics; as in the *Hymn to the Spirit of Nature*, in *Prometheus*, in the ode *To a Skylark*, and in the *Lines to an Indian Air*--Edgar Poe's favorite. His passionate desire to lose {260} himself in Nature, to become one with that spirit of love and beauty in the universe, which was to him in place of God, is expressed in the *Ode to the West Wind*, his most perfect poem:

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone.
 Sweet, though in sadness, be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!"

In the lyrical pieces already mentioned, together with *Adonais*, the lines *Written in the Euganean Hills*, *Epipsychidion*, *Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples*, *A Dream of the Unknown*, and many others, Shelley's lyrical genius reaches a rarer loveliness and a more faultless art than Byron's ever attained, though it lacks the directness and momentum of Byron. In Shelley's longer poems, intoxicated with the music of his own singing, he abandons himself wholly to the guidance of his imagination, and the verse seems to go on of itself, like the enchanted boat in *Alastor*, with no one at the helm. Vision succeeds vision in glorious but bewildering profusion; ideal landscapes and cities of cloud "pinnacled dim in the intense inane." These poems are like the water-falls in the Yosemite, which, tumbling from a height of several thousand feet, are shattered into foam by the air, and waved about over the valley. Very beautiful is this descending spray, and the rainbow dwells in its {261} bosom; but there is no longer any stream, nothing but an iridescent mist. The word *etherial*, best expresses the quality of Shelley's genius. His poetry is full of atmospheric effects; of the tricks which light plays with the fluid elements of water and air; of stars, clouds, rain, dew, mist, frost, wind, the foam of seas, the phases of the moon, the green shadows of waves, the shapes of flames, the "golden lightning of the setting sun." Nature, in Shelley, wants homeliness and relief. While poets like Wordsworth and Burns let in an ideal light upon the rough fields of earth, Shelley escapes into a "moonlight-colored" realm of shadows and dreams, among whose abstractions the heart turns cold. One bit of Wordsworth's mountain turf is worth them all. By the death of John Keats (1796-1821), whose elegy Shelley sang in *Adonais*, English poetry suffered an irreparable loss. His *Endymion*, 1818, though disfigured by mawkishness and by some affectations of manner, was rich in promise. Its faults were those of youth, the faults of exuberance and of a tremulous sensibility, which time corrects. *Hyperion*, 1820, promised to be his masterpiece, but he left it unfinished--"a Titanic torso"--because, as he said, "there were too many Miltonic inversions in it." The subject was the displacement, by Phoebus Apollo, of the ancient sun-god, Hyperion, the last of the Titans who retained his dominion. It was a theme of great capabilities, and the poem was begun by Keats, {262} with a strength of conception which leads to the belief that here was once more a really epic genius, had fate suffered it to mature. The fragment, as it stands--"that inlet to severe magnificence"--proves how rapidly Keats's diction was clarifying. He had learned to string up his looser chords. There is nothing maudlin in *Hyperion*; all there is in whole tones and in the grand manner, "as sublime as Aeschylus," said Byron, with the grave, antique simplicity, and something of modern sweetness interfused. Keats's father was a groom in a London livery-stable. The poet was apprenticed at fifteen to a surgeon. At school he had studied Latin, but not Greek. He, who of all English poets had the most purely Hellenic spirit, made acquaintance with Greek literature and art only through the medium of classical dictionaries, translations, and popular mythologies; and later through the marbles and casts in the British Museum. His friend, the artist Haydon, lent him a copy of Chapman's Homer, and the impression that it made upon him he recorded in his sonnet, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*. Other poems of the same inspiration are his three sonnets, *To Homer*, *On Seeing the Elgin Marbles*, *On a Picture of Leander*, *Lamia*, and the beautiful *Ode on a Grecian*

Urn_. But Keats's art was retrospective and eclectic, the blossom of a double root; and "golden-tongued Romance with serene lute" had her part in him, as well as the classics. In his seventeenth year he {263} had read the _Faery Queene_, and from Spenser he went on to a study of Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton. Then he took up Italian and read _Ariosto_. The influence of these studies is seen in his poem, _Isabella, or the Pot of Basil_, taken from a story of Boccaccio; in his wild ballad, _La Belle Dame sans Merci_; and in his love tale, the _Eve of Saint Agnes_, with its wealth of medieval adornment. In the _Ode to Autumn_, and _Ode to a Nightingale_, the Hellenic choiceness is found touched with the warmer hues of romance. There is something deeply tragic in the short story of Keats's life. The seeds of consumption were in him; he felt the stirrings of a potent genius, but knew that he could not wait for it to unfold, but must die

"Before high-piled books, in charactry
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain."

His disease was aggravated, possibly, by the stupid brutality with which the reviewers had treated _Endymion_; and certainly by the hopeless love which devoured him. "The very thing which I want to live most for," he wrote, "will be a great occasion of my death. If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me." In the autumn of 1820, his disease gaining apace, he went on a sailing vessel to Italy, accompanied by a single friend, a young artist named Severn. The change was of no avail, and he died at Rome a few weeks after, in his twenty-sixth year. {264} Keats was, above all things, the _artist_, with that love of the beautiful and that instinct for its reproduction which are the artist's divinest gifts. He cared little about the politics and philosophy of his day, and he did not make his poetry the vehicle of ideas. It was sensuous poetry, the poetry of youth and gladness. But if he had lived, and if, with wider knowledge of men and deeper experience of life, he had attained to Wordsworth's spiritual insight and to Byron's power of passion and understanding, he would have become a greater poet than either. For he had a style--a "natural magic"--which only needed the chastening touch of a finer culture to make it superior to any thing in modern English poetry and to force us back to Milton or Shakspeare for a comparison. His tombstone, not far from Shelley's, bears the inscription of his own choosing: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." But it would be within the limits of truth to say that it is written in large characters on most of our contemporary poetry. "Wordsworth," says Lowell, "has influenced most the ideas of succeeding poets; Keats their forms." And he has influenced these out of all proportion to the amount which he left, or to his intellectual range, by virtue of the exquisite quality of his technique.

1. Wordsworth's Poems. Chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold. London, 1879.

2. Poetry of Byron. Chosen and arranged by Matthew Arnold. London, 1881.

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3. Shelley. Julian and Maddalo, Prometheus Unbound, The Cenci, Lyrical Pieces.

4. Landor. Pericles and Aspasia.

5. Coleridge. Table Talk, Notes on Shakspeare, The Ancient Mariner, Christabel, Love, Ode to France, Ode to the Departing Year, Kubla Khan, Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni, Youth and Age, Frost at Midnight.

6. De Quincey. Confessions of an English Opium Eater, Flight of a Tartar Tribe, Biographical Sketches.

7. Scott. Waverley, Heart of Midlothian, Bride of Lammermoor, Rob Roy, Antiquary, Marmion, Lady of the Lake.

8. Keats. Hyperion, Eve of St. Agnes, Lyrical Pieces.

9. Mrs. Oliphant's Literary History of England, 18th-19th Centuries.

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CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE DEATH OF SCOTT TO THE PRESENT TIME.

1832-1886.

The literature of the past fifty years is too close to our eyes to enable the critic to pronounce a final judgment, or the literary historian to get a true perspective. Many of the principal writers of the time are still living, and many others have been dead but a few years. This concluding chapter, therefore, will be devoted to the consideration of the few who stand forth, incontestably, as the leaders of literary thought, and who seem likely, under all future changes of fashion and taste, to remain representative of their generation. As regards form, the most striking fact in the history of the period under review is the immense preponderance in its imaginative literature of prose fiction, of the novel of real life. The novel has become to the solitary reader of to-day what the stage play was to the audiences of Elisabeth's reign, or the periodical essay, like the Tatlers and Spectators, to the clubs and breakfast-tables of Queen Anne's. And, if its criticism of life is less concentrated and brilliant than the drama gives, it is far {267} more searching and minute. No period has ever left in its literary records so complete a picture of its whole society as the period which is just closing. At any other time than the present, the names of authors like Charlotte Brontë, Charles Kingsley, and Charles Reade--names which are here merely mentioned in passing--besides many others which want of space forbids us even to mention--would be of capital importance. As it is, we must limit our review to the three acknowledged masters of modern English fiction, Charles Dickens (1812-1870), William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), and "George Eliot" (Mary Ann Evans, 1819-1880). It is sometimes helpful to reduce a great writer to his lowest term, in order to see what the prevailing bent of his genius is. This lowest term may often be found in his early work, before experience of the world has overlaid his original impulse with foreign accretions. Dickens was much more than a humorist, Thackeray than a satirist, and George Eliot than a moralist; but they had their starting-points respectively in humor, in burlesque, and in strong ethical and religious feeling. Dickens began with a broadly comic series of papers, contributed to the Old Magazine and the Evening Chronicle, and reprinted in book form, in 1836, as Sketches by Boz. The success of these suggested to a firm of publishers the preparation of a number of similar sketches of the misadventures of cockney sportsmen, to accompany plates by the {268} comic draughtsman, Mr. R. Seymour. This suggestion resulted in the Pickwick Papers, published in monthly installments, in 1836-1837. The series grew, under Dickens's hand, into a continuous, though rather loosely strung narrative of the doings of a set of characters, conceived with such exuberant and novel humor that it took the public by storm, and raised its author at once to fame. Pickwick is by no means Dickens's best, but it is his most characteristic, and most popular, book. At the time that he wrote these early sketches he was a reporter for the Morning Chronicle. His naturally acute powers of observation had been trained in this pursuit to the utmost efficiency, and there always continued to be about his descriptive writing a reportorial and newspaper air. He had the eye for effect, the sharp fidelity to detail, the instinct for rapidly seizing upon and exaggerating the salient point, which are developed by the requirements of modern journalism. Dickens knew London as no one else has ever known it, and, in particular, he knew its hideous and grotesque recesses, with the strange developments of human nature that abide there; slums like Tom-all-Alone's, in Bleak House; the river-side haunts of Rogue Riderhood, in Our Mutual Friend; as well as the old inns, like the "White Hart," and the "dusky purlieu of the law." As a man, his favorite occupation was walking the streets, where, as a child, he had picked up the most valuable part of his education. His tramps about London--often after {269} nightfall--sometimes extended to fifteen miles in a day. He knew, too, the shifts of poverty. His father--some traits of whom are preserved in Mr. Micawber--was imprisoned for debt in the Marshalsea prison, where his wife took lodging with him, while Charles, then a boy of ten, was employed at six shillings a week to cover blacking-pots in Warner's blacking warehouse. The hardships and loneliness of this part of his life are told under a thin disguise in Dickens's masterpiece, David Copperfield, the most autobiographical of his novels. From these young experiences he gained that insight into the lives of the lower classes, and that sympathy with children and with the poor which shine out in his pathetic sketches of Little Nell, in The Old Curiosity Shop, of Paul Dombey, of Poor Jo, in Bleak House, of "the Marchioness," and a hundred other figures. In Oliver Twist, contributed, during 1837-1838, to Bentley's Miscellany, a monthly magazine of which Dickens was editor, he produced his first regular novel. In this story of the criminal classes the author showed a tragic power which he had not hitherto exhibited. Thenceforward his career was a series of dazzling successes. It is impossible here to particularize his numerous novels, sketches, short tales, and "Christmas Stories"--the latter a fashion which he inaugurated, and which has produced a whole literature in itself. In Nicholas Nickleby, 1839; Master Humphrey's Clock, 1840; Martin Chuzzlewit, 1844; Dombey and Son, 1848; {270} David

Copperfield_, 1850; and Bleak House, 1853, there is no falling off in strength. The last named was, in some respects, and especially in the skillful construction of the plot, his best novel. In some of his latest books, as Great Expectations, 1861, and Our Mutual Friend, 1865, there are signs of a decline. This showed itself in an unnatural exaggeration of characters and motives, and a painful straining after humorous effects; faults, indeed, from which Dickens was never wholly free. There was a histrionic side to him, which came out in his fondness for private theatricals, in which he exhibited remarkable talent, and in the dramatic action which he introduced into the delightful public readings from his works that he gave before vast audiences all over the United Kingdom, and in his two visits to America. It is not surprising, either, to learn that upon the stage his preference was for melodrama and farce. His own serious writing was always dangerously close to the melodramatic, and his humor to the farcical. There is much false art, bad taste, and even vulgarity in Dickens. He was never quite a gentleman, and never succeeded well in drawing gentlemen or ladies. In the region of low comedy he is easily the most original, the most inexhaustible, the most wonderful of modern humorists. Creations such as Mrs. Nickleby, Mr. Micawber, Sam Weller, Sairy Gamp, take rank with Falstaff and Dogberry; while many others, like Dick Swiveller, Stiggins, Chadband, Mrs. Jellyby, and Julia Mills are almost {271} equally good. In the innumerable swarm of minor characters with which he has enriched our comic literature, there is no indistinctness. Indeed, the objection that has been made to him is that his characters are too distinct--that he puts labels on them; that they are often mere personifications of a single trick of speech or manner, which becomes tedious and unnatural by repetition; thus, Grandfather Smallweed is always settling down into his cushion, and having to be shaken up; Mr. Jellyby is always sitting with his head against the wall; Peggotty is always bursting her buttons off, etc., etc. As Dickens's humorous characters tend perpetually to run into caricatures and grotesques, so his sentiment, from the same excess, slops over too frequently into "gush," and into a too deliberate and protracted attack upon the pity. A favorite humorous device in his style is a stately and roundabout way of telling a trivial incident as where, for example, Mr. Roker "muttered certain unpleasant invocations concerning his own eyes, limbs, and circulating fluids;" or where the drunken man who is singing comic songs in the Fleet received from Mr. Smangle "a gentle intimation, through the medium of the water-jug, that his audience were not musically disposed." This manner was original with Dickens, though he may have taken a hint of it from the mock heroic language of Jonathan Wild; but as practiced by a thousand imitators, ever since, it has gradually become a burden. It would not be the whole truth to say that the {272} difference between the humor of Thackeray and Dickens is the same as between that of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. Yet it is true that the "humors" of Ben Jonson have an analogy with the extremer instances of Dickens's character sketches in this respect, namely: that they are both studies of the eccentric, the abnormal, the whimsical, rather than of the typical and universal--studies of manners, rather than of whole characters. And it is easily conceivable that, at no distant day, the oddities of Captain Cuttle, Deportment Turveydrop, Mark Tapley, and Newman Noggs will seem as far-fetched and impossible as those of Captain Otter, Fastidious Brisk, and Sir Amorous La-Foole. When Dickens was looking about for some one to take Seymour's place as illustrator of Pickwick, Thackeray applied for the job, but without success. He was then a young man of twenty-five, and still hesitating between art and literature. He had begun to draw caricatures with his pencil when a schoolboy at the Charter House, and to scribble them with his pen when a student at Cambridge, editing The Snob, a weekly under-graduate paper, and parodying the prize poem Timbuctoo of his contemporary at the university, Alfred Tennyson. Then he went abroad to study art, passing a season at Weimar, where he met Goethe and filled the albums of the young Saxon ladies with caricatures; afterward living, in the Latin Quarter at Paris, a Bohemian existence, studying art in a desultory way, and seeing men and cities; {273} accumulating portfolios full of sketches, but laying up stores of material to be used afterward to greater advantage when he should settle upon his true medium of expression. By 1837, having lost his fortune of 500 pounds a year in speculation and gambling, he began to contribute to Fraser's, and thereafter to the New Monthly, Cruikshank's Comic Almanac, Punch, and other periodicals, clever burlesques, art criticisms by "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," Yellow Plush Papers, and all manner of skits, satirical character sketches, and humorous tales, like the Great Hoggarty Diamond and the Luck of Barry Lyndon. Some of these were collected in the Paris Sketch-Book, 1840, and the Irish Sketch-Book, 1843; but Thackeray was slow in winning recognition, and it was not until the publication of his first great novel, Vanity Fair, in monthly parts, during 1846-1848, that he achieved any thing like the general reputation which Dickens had reached at a bound. Vanity Fair described itself, on its title-page, as "a novel without a hero." It was also a novel without a plot--in the sense in which Bleak House or Nicholas Nickleby had a plot--and in that respect it set the fashion for the latest school of realistic fiction, being a transcript of life, without necessary beginning or end. Indeed, one of the pleasantest things to a reader of Thackeray is the way which his characters have of re-appearing, as old acquaintances, in his different books; just as, in real life, people drop out of mind and then turn {274} up again in other years and places. Vanity Fair is Thackeray's masterpiece, but it is not the best introduction to his writings. There are no illusions in it, and, to a young reader fresh from Scott's romances or Dickens's sympathetic extravagances, it will seem hard and

repellant. But men who, like Thackeray, have seen life and tasted its bitterness and felt its hollowness, know how to prize it. Thackeray does not merely expose the cant, the emptiness, the self-seeking, the false pretenses, flunkeyism, and snobbery--the "mean admiration of mean things"--in the great world of London society: his keen, unsparing vision detects the base alloy in the purest natures. There are no "heroes" in his books, no perfect characters. Even his good women, such as Helen and Laura Pendennis, are capable of cruel injustice toward less fortunate sisters, like little Fanny; and Amelia Sedley is led, by blind feminine instinct, to snub and tyrannize over poor Dobbin. The shabby miseries of life, the numbing and belittling influences of failure and poverty upon the most generous natures, are the tragic themes which Thackeray handles by preference. He has been called a cynic, but the boyish playfulness of his humor and his kindly spirit are incompatible with cynicism. Charlotte Brontë said that Fielding was the vulture and Thackeray the eagle. The comparison would have been truer if made between Swift and Thackeray. Swift was a cynic; his pen was driven by hate, but Thackeray's by love, and it was not {275} in bitterness but in sadness that the latter laid bare the wickedness of the world. He was himself a thorough man of the world, and he had that dislike for a display of feeling which characterizes the modern Englishman. But behind his satiric mask he concealed the manliest tenderness, and a reverence for every thing in human nature that is good and true. Thackeray's other great novels are Pendennis, 1849; Henry Esmond, 1852; and The Newcomes, 1855--the last of which contains his most lovable character, the pathetic and immortal figure of Colonel Newcome, a creation worthy to stand, in its dignity and its sublime weakness, by the side of Don Quixote. It was alleged against Thackeray that he made all his good characters, like Major Dobbin and Amelia Sedley and Colonel Newcome, intellectually feeble, and his brilliant characters, like Becky Sharp and Lord Steyne and Blanche Amory, morally bad. This is not entirely true, but the other complaint--that his women are inferior to his men--is true in a general way. Somewhat inferior to his other novels were The Virginians, 1858, and The Adventures of Philip, 1862. All of these were stories of contemporary life, except Henry Esmond and its sequel, The Virginians, which, though not precisely historical fictions, introduced historical figures, such as Washington and the Earl of Peterborough. Their period of action was the 18th century, and the dialogue was a cunning imitation of the language of that time. Thackeray was strongly {276} attracted by the 18th century. His literary teachers were Addison, Swift, Steele, Gay, Johnson, Richardson, Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, and his special master and model was Fielding. He projected a history of the century, and his studies in this kind took shape in his two charming series of lectures on The English Humorists and The Four Georges. These he delivered in England and in America, to which country he, like Dickens, made two several visits. Thackeray's genius was, perhaps, less astonishing than Dickens's, less fertile, spontaneous, and inventive; but his art is sounder, and his delineation of character more truthful. After one has formed a taste for his books, Dickens's sentiment will seem overdone, and much of his humor will have the air of buffoonery. Thackeray had the advantage in another particular: he described the life of the upper classes, and Dickens of the lower. It may be true that the latter offers richer material to the novelist, in the play of elementary passions and in strong, native developments of character. It is true, also, that Thackeray approached "society" rather to satirize it than to set forth its agreeableness. Yet, after all, it is "the great world" which he describes, that world upon which the broadening and refining processes of a high civilization have done their utmost, and which, consequently, must possess an intellectual interest superior to any thing in the life of London thieves, traveling showmen, and coachees. Thackeray is {277} the equal of Swift as a satirist, of Dickens as a humorist, and of Scott as a novelist. The one element lacking in him--and which Scott had in a high degree---is the poetic imagination. "I have no brains above my eyes," he said; "I describe what I see." Hence there is wanting in his creations that final charm which Shakspeare's have. For what the eyes see is not all. The great woman who wrote under the pen-name of George Eliot was a humorist, too. She had a rich, deep humor of her own, and a wit that crystallized into sayings which are not epigrams, only because their wisdom strikes more than their smartness. But humor was not, as with Thackeray and Dickens, her point of view. A country girl, the daughter of a land agent and surveyor at Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, her early letters and journals exhibit a Calvinistic gravity and moral severity. Later, when her truth to her convictions led her to renounce the Christian belief, she carried into Positivism the same religious earnestness, and wrote the one English hymn of the religion of humanity: "O, let me join the choir invisible," etc. Her first published work was a translation of Strauss's Leben Jesu, 1846. In 1851 she went to London and became one of the editors of the Radical organ, the Westminster Review. Here she formed a connection--a marriage in all but the name--with George Henry Lewes, who was, like {278} herself, a freethinker, and who published, among other things, a Biographical History of Philosophy. Lewes had also written fiction, and it was at his suggestion that his wife undertook story writing. Her Scenes of Clerical Life were contributed to Blackwood's Magazine for 1857, and published in book form in the following year. Adam Bede followed in 1859, the Mill on the Floss in 1860, Silas Marner in 1861, Romola in 1863, Felix Holt in 1866, and Middlemarch in 1872. All of these, except Romola, are tales of provincial, and largely of domestic, life in the midland counties. Romola is a historical novel, the scene of which is Florence, in the 15th century, the Florence of

Macchiavelli and of Savonarola. George Eliot's method was very different from that of Thackeray or Dickens. She did not crowd her canvas with the swarming life of cities. Her figures are comparatively few, and they are selected from the middle-class families of rural parishes or small towns, amid that atmosphere of "fine old leisure," whose disappearance she lamented. Her drama is a still life drama, intensely and profoundly inward. Character is the stuff that she works in, and she deals with it more subtly than Thackeray. With him the tragedy is produced by the pressure of society and its false standards upon the individual; with her, by the malign influence of individuals upon one another. She watches "the stealthy convergence of human fates," the intersection at various angles of the planes of character, the power {279} that the lower nature has to thwart, stupefy, or corrupt the higher, which has become entangled with it in the mesh of destiny. At the bottom of every one of her stories, there is a problem of the conscience or the intellect. In this respect she resembles Hawthorne, though she is not, like him, a romancer, but a realist. There is a melancholy philosophy in her books, most of which are tales of failure or frustration. The *Mill on the Floss* contains a large element of autobiography, and its heroine, Maggie Tulliver, is, perhaps, her idealized self. Her aspirations after a fuller and nobler existence are condemned to struggle against the resistance of a narrow, provincial environment, and the pressure of untoward fates. She is tempted to seek an escape even through a desperate throwing off of moral obligations, and is driven back to her duty only to die by a sudden stroke of destiny. "Life is a bad business," wrote George Eliot, in a letter to a friend, "and we must make the most of it." *Adam Bede* is, in construction, the most perfect of her novels, and *Silas Marner* of her shorter stories. Her analytic habit gained more and more upon her as she wrote. *Middlemarch*, in some respects her greatest book, lacks the unity of her earlier novels, and the story tends to become subordinate to the working out of character stories and social problems. The philosophic speculations, which she shared with her husband, were seemingly unfavorable to her artistic growth, a circumstance which {280} comes apparent in her last novel, *Daniel Deronda*, 1877. Finally in the *Impressions of Theophrastus Such*, 1879, she abandoned narrative altogether, and recurred to that type of "character" books which we have met, as a flourishing department of literature in the 17th century, represented by such works as Earle's *Microcosmographie* and Fuller's *Holy and Profane State*. The moral of George Eliot's writings is not obtruded. She never made the artistic mistake of writing a novel of purpose, or what the Germans call a *tendenz-roman*; as Dickens did, for example, when he attacked imprisonment for debt, in *Pickwick*; the poor laws, in *Oliver Twist*; the Court of Chancery, in *Bleak House*; and the Circumlocution office, in *Little Dorrit*. Next to the novel, the essay has been the most overflowing literary form used by the writers of this generation--a form, characteristic, it may be, of an age which "lectures, not creates." It is not the essay of Bacon, nor yet of Addison, nor of Lamb, but attempts a complete treatment. Indeed, many longish books, like Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship* and Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, are, in spirit, rather literary essays than formal treatises. The most popular essayist and historian of his time was Thomas Babington Macaulay, (1800-1859), an active and versatile man, who won splendid success in many fields of labor. He was prominent in public life as one of the leading orators and writers of the Whig party. He sat many times in the House of Commons, as member for Calne, for Leeds, and {281} for Edinburgh, and took a distinguished part in the debates on the Reform bill of 1832. He held office in several Whig governments, and during his four years' service in British India, as member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, he did valuable work in promoting education in that province, and in codifying the Indian penal law. After his return to England, and especially after the publication of his *History of England from The Accession of James II.*, honors and appointments of all kinds were showered upon him. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Macaulay of Rothley. Macaulay's equipment, as a writer on historical and biographical subjects, was, in some points, unique. His reading was prodigious, and his memory so tenacious, that it was said, with but little exaggeration, that he never forgot any thing that he had read. He could repeat the whole of *Paradise Lost* by heart, and thought it probable that he could rewrite *Sir Charles Grandison* from memory. In his books, in his speeches in the House of Commons, and in private conversation--for he was an eager and fluent talker, running on often for hours at a stretch--he was never at a loss to fortify and illustrate his positions by citation after citation of dates, names, facts of all kinds, and passages quoted *verbatim* from his multifarious reading. The first of Macaulay's writings to attract general notice was his article on *Milton*, printed in the August number of the *Edinburgh Review*, for 1825. The editor, Lord Jeffrey, in {282} acknowledging the receipt of the MS., wrote to his new contributor, "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." That celebrated style--about which so much has since been written--was an index to the mental character of its owner. Macaulay was of a confident, sanguine, impetuous nature. He had great common sense, and he saw what he saw quickly and clearly, but he did not see very far below the surface. He wrote with the conviction of an advocate, and the easy omniscience of a man whose learning is really nothing more than "general information," raised to a very high power, rather than with the subtle penetration of an original or truly philosophic intellect, like Coleridge's or De Quincey's. He always had at hand explanations of events or of characters, which were admirably easy and simple--too simple, indeed, for the complicated phenomena which they professed to explain. His style was clear, animated, showy, and even its

faults were of an exciting kind. It was his habit to give piquancy to his writing by putting things concretely. Thus, instead of saying, in general terms--as Hume or Gibbon might have done--that the Normans and Saxons began to mingle about 1200, he says: "The great grandsons of those who had fought under William and the great grandsons of those who had fought under Harold began to draw near to each other." Macaulay was a great scene painter, who neglected delicate truths of detail for exaggerated distemper effects. He used the {283} rhetorical machinery of climax and hyperbole for all that it was worth, and he "made points"--as in his essay on Bacon--by creating antithesis. In his History of England, he inaugurated the picturesque method of historical writing. The book was as fascinating as any novel. Macaulay, like Scott, had the historic imagination, though his method of turning history into romance was very different from Scott's. Among his essays, the best are those which, like the ones on Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, and Frederick the Great, deal with historical subjects; or those which deal with literary subjects under their public historic relations, such as the essays on Addison, Bunyan, and The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration. "I have never written a page of criticism on poetry, or the fine arts," wrote Macaulay, "which I would not burn if I had the power." Nevertheless his own Lays of Ancient Rome, 1842, are good, stirring verse of the emphatic and declamatory kind, though their quality may be rather rhetorical than poetic. Our critical time has not forborne to criticize itself, and perhaps the writer who impressed himself most strongly upon his generation was the one who railed most desperately against the "spirit of the age." Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) was occupied between 1822 and 1830 chiefly in imparting to the British public a knowledge of German literature. He published, among other things, a Life of Schiller, a translation of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, and two volumes of translations from the German {284} romancers--Tieck, Hoffmann, Richter, and Fouque, and contributed to the Edinburgh and Foreign Review, articles on Goethe, Werner, Novalis, Richter, German playwrights, the Nibelungen Lied, etc. His own diction became more and more tintured with Germanisms. There was something Gothic in his taste, which was attracted by the lawless, the grotesque, and the whimsical in the writings of Jean Paul Richter. His favorite among English humorists was Sterne, who has a share of these same qualities. He spoke disparagingly of "the sensuous literature of the Greeks," and preferred the Norse to the Hellenic mythology. Even in his admirable critical essays on Burns, on Richter, on Scott, Diderot, and Voltaire, which are free from his later mannerism--written in English, and not in Carlylese--his sense of spirit is always more lively than his sense of form. He finally became so impatient of art as to maintain--half-seriously--the paradox that Shakspeare would have done better to write in prose. In three of these early essays--on the Signs of the Times, 1829; on History, 1830; and on Characteristics, 1831--are to be found the germs of all his later writings. The first of these was an arraignment of the mechanical spirit of the age. In every province of thought he discovered too great a reliance upon systems, institutions, machinery, instead of upon men. Thus, in religion, we have Bible Societies, "machines for converting the heathen." "In defect of Raphaels and Angelos and Mozarts, we have royal {285} academies of painting, sculpture, music." In like manner, he complains, government is a machine. "Its duties and faults are not those of a father, but of an active parish-constable." Against the "police theory," as distinguished from the "paternal" theory of government, Carlyle protested with ever-shriller iteration. In Chartism, 1839; Past and Present, 1843; and Latter-day Pamphlets, 1850, he denounced this laissez faire idea. The business of government, he repeated, is to govern; but this view makes it its business to refrain from governing. He fought most fiercely against the conclusions of political economy, "the dismal science," which, he said, affirmed that men were guided exclusively by their stomachs. He protested, too, against the Utilitarians, followers of Bentham and Mill, with their "greatest happiness principle," which reduced virtue to a profit-and-loss account. Carlyle took issue with modern liberalism; he ridiculed the self-gratulation of the time, all the talk about progress of the species, unexampled prosperity, etc. But he was reactionary without being conservative. He had studied the French Revolution, and he saw the fateful, irresistible approach of democracy. He had no faith in government "by counting noses," and he hated talking parliaments; but neither did he put trust in an aristocracy that spent its time in "preserving the game." What he wanted was a great individual ruler, a real king or hero; and this doctrine he set forth afterward most fully in Hero Worship, 1841, and {286} illustrated in his lives of representative heroes, such as his Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, 1845, and his great History of Frederick the Great, 1858-1865. Cromwell and Frederick were well enough; but as Carlyle grew older, his admiration for mere force grew, and his latest hero was none other than that infamous Dr. Francia, the South American dictator, whose career of bloody and crafty crime horrified the civilized world. The essay on History was a protest against the scientific view of history which attempts to explain away and account for the wonderful. "Wonder," he wrote in Sartor Resartus, "is the basis of all worship." He defined history as "the essence of innumerable biographies." "Mr. Carlyle," said the Italian patriot, Mazzini, "comprehends only the individual. The nationality of Italy is, in his eyes, the glory of having produced Dante and Christopher Columbus." This trait comes out in his greatest book, The French Revolution, 1837, which is a mighty tragedy, enacted by a few leading characters, Mirabeau, Danton, Napoleon. He loved to emphasize the superiority of history over fiction as dramatic material. The third of the three essays mentioned was a

Jeremiad on the morbid self-consciousness of the age, which shows itself in religion and philosophy, as skepticism and introspective metaphysics; and in literature, as sentimentalism, and "view-hunting." But Carlyle's epoch-making book was *Sartor Resartus* (The Tailor Retailored), published in *Fraser's* {287} *Magazine* for 1833-1834, and first reprinted in book form in America. This was a satire upon shams, conventions, the disguises which overlie the most spiritual realities of the soul. It purported to be the life and "clothes-philosophy" of a certain Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, Professor der Allerlei Wissenschaft--of things in general--in the University of Weissnichtwo. "Society," said Carlyle, "is founded upon cloth," following the suggestions of Lear's speech to the naked bedlam beggar: "Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art;" and borrowing also, perhaps, an ironical hint from a paragraph in Swift's *Tale of a Tub*: "A sect was established who held the universe to be a large suit of clothes. . . . If certain ermines or furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop." In *Sartor Resartus* Carlyle let himself go. It was willful, uncouth, amorphous, titanic. There was something monstrous in the combination, the hot heart of the Scot married to the transcendental dream of Germany. It was not English, said the reviewers; it was not sense; it was disfigured by obscurity and "mysticism." Nevertheless even the thin-witted and the dry-witted had to acknowledge the powerful beauty of many chapters and passages, rich with humor, eloquence, poetry, deep-hearted tenderness, or passionate scorn. Carlyle was a voracious reader, and the plunder {288} of whole literatures is strewn over his pages. He flung about the resources of the language with a giant's strength, and made new words at every turn. The concreteness and the swarming fertility of his mind are evidenced by his enormous vocabulary, computed greatly to exceed Shakspeare's, or any other single writer's in the English tongue. His style lacks the crowning grace of simplicity and repose. It astonishes, but it also fatigues. Carlyle's influence has consisted more in his attitude than in any special truth which he has preached. It has been the influence of a moralist, of a practical, rather than a speculative, philosopher. "The end of man," he wrote, "is an action, not a thought." He has not been able to persuade the time that it is going wrong, but his criticisms have been wholesomely corrective of its self-conceit. In a democratic age he has insisted upon the undemocratic virtues of obedience, silence, and reverence. *Ehrfurcht*--reverence--the text of his address to the students of Edinburgh University, in 1866, is the last word of his philosophy. In 1830 Alfred Tennyson (1809- ----), a young graduate of Cambridge, published a thin duodecimo of 154 pages, entitled *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. The pieces in this little volume, like the *Sleeping Beauty*, *Ode to Memory*, and *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, were full of color, fragrance, melody; but they had a dream-like character, and were without definite theme, resembling an artist's studies, or {289} exercises in music--a few touches of the brush, a few sweet chords, but no aria. A number of them--*Claribel*, *Lilian*, *Adeline*, *Isabel*, *Mariana*, *Madeline*--were sketches of women; not character portraits, like Browning's *Men and Women*, but impressions of temperament, of delicately, differentiated types of feminine beauty. In *Mariana*, expanded from a hint of the forsaken maid, in Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure*, "Mariana at the moated grange," the poet showed an art then peculiar, but since grown familiar, of heightening the central feeling by landscape accessories. The level waste, the stagnant sluices, the neglected garden, the wind in the single poplar, re-enforce, by their monotonous sympathy, the loneliness, the hopeless waiting and weariness of life in the one human figure of the poem. In *Mariana*, the *Ode to Memory*, and the *Dying Swan*, it was the fens of Cambridge and of his native Lincolnshire that furnished Tennyson's scenery.

"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."

A second collection, published in 1833, exhibited a greater scope and variety, but was still in his earlier manner. The studies of feminine types were continued in *Margaret*, *Fatima*, *Eleanore*, *Mariana in the South*, and *A Dream of Fair Women*, suggested by Chaucer's *Legend of Good* {290} *Women*. In the *Lady of Shalott*, the poet first touched the Arthurian legends. The subject is the same as that of *Elaine*, in the *Idylls of the King*, but the treatment is shadowy, and even allegorical. In *Oenone* and the *Lotus Eaters*, he handled Homeric subjects, but in a romantic fashion, which contrasts markedly with the style of his later pieces, *Ulysses* and *Tithonus*. These last have the true classic severity, and are among the noblest specimens of weighty and sonorous blank verse in modern poetry. In general, Tennyson's art is unclassical. It is rich, ornate, composite, not statuesque, so much as picturesque. He is a great painter, and the critics complain that in passages calling for movement and action--a battle, a tournament, or the like--his figures stand still as in a tableau; and they contrast such passages unfavorably with scenes of the same kind in Scott, and with Browning's spirited ballad, *How we brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*. In the *Palace of Art*, these elaborate pictorial effects were combined with allegory; in the *Lotus*

Eaters_, with that expressive treatment of landscape, noted in Mariana; the lotus land, "in which it seemed always afternoon," reflecting and promoting the enchanted indolence of the heroes. Two of the pieces in this 1833 volume, the May Queen and the Miller's Daughter, were Tennyson's first poems of the affections, and as ballads of simple, rustic life, they anticipated his more perfect idyls in blank verse, such as Dora, the Brook, Edwin Morris, and {291} the Gardener's Daughter. The songs in the Miller's Daughter had a more spontaneous, lyrical movement than any thing that he had yet published, and foretokened the lovely songs which interlude the divisions of the Princess, the famous Bugle Song, the no-less famous Cradle Song, and the rest. In 1833 Tennyson's friend, Arthur Hallam, died, and the effect of this great sorrow upon the poet was to deepen and strengthen the character of his genius. It turned his mind in upon itself, and set it brooding over questions which his poetry had so far left untouched; the meaning of life and death, the uses of adversity, the future of the race, the immortality of the soul, and the dealings of God with mankind.

"Thou madest Death; and, lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made."

His elegy on Hallam, In Memoriam, was not published till 1850. He kept it by him all those years, adding section after section, gathering up into it whatever reflections crystallized about its central theme. It is his most intellectual and most individual work, a great song of sorrow and consolation. In 1842 he published a third collection of poems, among which were Locksley Hall, displaying a new strength of passion; Ulysses, suggested by a passage in Dante: pieces of a speculative cast, like the Two Voices and the Vision of Sin; the song Break, Break, Break, which precluded In Memoriam; and, lastly, some additional {292} gropings toward the subject of the Arthurian romance, such as Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere and Morte d' Arthur. The last was in blank verse, and, as afterward incorporated in the Passing of Arthur, forms one of the best passages in the Idylls of the King. The Princess, a Medley, published in 1849, represents the eclectic character of Tennyson's art; a medieval tale with an admixture of modern sentiment, and with the very modern problem of woman's sphere for its theme. The first four Idylls of the King, 1859, with those since added, constitute, when taken together, an epic poem on the old story of King Arthur. Tennyson went to Malory's Morte d' Arthur for his material, but the outline of the first idyl, Enid, was taken from Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the Welsh Mabinogion. In the idyl of Guinevere Tennyson's genius reached its high-water mark. The interview between Arthur and his fallen queen is marked by a moral sublimity and a tragic intensity which move the soul as nobly as any scene in modern literature. Here, at least, the art is pure and not "decorated;" the effect is produced by the simplest means, and all is just, natural, and grand. Maud--a love novel in verse--published in 1855, and considerably enlarged in 1856, had great sweetness and beauty, particularly in its lyrical portions, but it was uneven in execution, imperfect in design, and marred by lapses into mawkishness and excesses in language. Since 1860 Tennyson has added little of permanent {293} value to his work. His dramatic experiments, like Queen Mary, are not, on the whole, successful, though it would be unjust to deny dramatic power to the poet who has written, upon one hand, Guinevere and the Passing of Arthur, and upon the other the homely, dialectic monologue of the Northern Farmer. When we tire of Tennyson's smooth perfection, of an art that is over exquisite, and a beauty that is well-nigh too beautiful, and crave a rougher touch, and a meaning that will not yield itself too readily, we turn to the thorny pages of his great contemporary, Robert Browning (1812- ----). Dr. Holmes says that Tennyson is white meat and Browning is dark meat. A masculine taste, it is inferred, is shown in a preference for the gamier flavor. Browning makes us think; his poems are puzzles, and furnish business for "Browning Societies." There are no Tennyson societies, because Tennyson is his own interpreter. Intellect in a poet may display itself quite as properly in the construction of his poem as in its content; we value a building for its architecture, and not entirely for the amount of timber in it. Browning's thought never wears so thin as Tennyson's sometimes does in his latest verse, where the trick of his style goes on of itself with nothing behind it. Tennyson, at his worst, is weak. Browning, when not at his best, is hoarse. Hoarseness, in itself, is no sign of strength. In Browning, however, the failure is in art, not in thought. {294} He chooses his subjects from abnormal character types, such as are presented, for example, in Caliban upon Setebos, the Grammarians' Funeral, My Last Duchess, and Mr. Sludge, the Medium. These are all psychological studies, in which the poet gets into the inner consciousness of a monster, a pedant, a criminal, and a quack, and gives their point of view. They are dramatic soliloquies; but the poet's self-identification with each of his creations, in turn, remains incomplete. His curious, analytic observation, his way of looking at the soul from outside, gives a doubleness to the monologues in his Dramatic Lyrics, 1845, Men and Women, 1855, Dramatis Personae, 1864, and other collections of the kind. The words are the words of Caliban or Mr. Sludge; but the voice is the voice of Robert Browning. His first complete poem, Paracelsus, 1835, aimed to give the true inwardness of the career of the famous 16th century doctor, whose name became a synonym with charlatan. His

second, *Sordello*, 1840, traced the struggles of an Italian poet who lived before Dante, and could not reconcile his life with his art. *Paracelsus* was hard, but *Sordello* was incomprehensible. Mr. Browning has denied that he is ever perversely crabbed or obscure. Every great artist must be allowed to say things in his own way, and obscurity has its artistic uses, as the Gothic builders knew. But there are two kinds of obscurity in literature. One is inseparable from the subtlety and difficulty of the thought or the compression {295} and pregnant indirectness of the phrase. Instances of this occur in the clear depths of Dante, Shakspeare, and Goethe. The other comes from a vice of style, a willfully enigmatic and unnatural way of expressing thought. Both kinds of obscurity exist in Browning. He is a deep and subtle thinker; but he is also a very eccentric writer, abrupt, harsh, disjointed. It has been well said that the reader of Browning learns a new dialect. But one need not grudge the labor that is rewarded with an intellectual pleasure so peculiar and so stimulating. The odd, grotesque impression made by his poetry arises, in part, from his desire to use the artistic values of ugliness, as well as of obscurity; to avoid the shallow prettiness that comes from blinking the disagreeable truth: not to leave the saltiness out of the sea. Whenever he emerges into clearness, as he does in hundreds of places, he is a poet of great qualities. There are a fire and a swing in his *Cavalier Tunes*, and in pieces like the *Glove and the Lost Leader*; and humor in such ballads as the *Pied Piper of Hamelin* and the *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*, which appeal to the most conservative reader. He seldom deals directly in the pathetic, but now and then, as in *Evelyn Hope*, the *Last Ride Together*, or the *Incident of the French Camp*, a tenderness comes over the strong verse "as sheathes

A film the mother eagle's eye,
When her bruised eaglet breathes."

{296} Perhaps the most astonishing example of Browning's mental vigor is the huge composition, entitled *The Ring and the Book*, 1868, a narrative poem in twenty-one thousand lines, in which the same story is repeated eleven times in eleven different ways. It is the story of a criminal trial which occurred at Rome about 1700, the trial of one Count Guido for the murder of his young wife. First the poet tells the tale himself; then he tells what one-half of the world says and what the other; then he gives the deposition of the dying girl, the testimony of witnesses, the speech made by the count in his own defense, the arguments of counsel, etc., and, finally, the judgment of the pope. So wonderful are Browning's resources in casuistry, and so cunningly does he ravel the intricate motives at play in this tragedy and lay bare the secrets of the heart, that the interest increases at each repetition of the tale. He studied the Middle Age carefully, not for its picturesque externals, its feudalisms, chivalries, and the like; but because he found it a rich quarry of spiritual monstrosities, strange outcroppings of fanaticism, superstition, and moral and mental distortion of all shapes. It furnished him especially with a great variety of ecclesiastical types, such as are painted in *Fra Lippo Lippi*, *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, and *The Bishop Orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church*. Browning's dramatic instinct has always attracted him to the stage. His tragedy, *Stratford* (1837), {297} was written for Macready, and put on at Covent Garden Theater, but without pronounced success. He has written many fine dramatic poems, like *Pippa Passes*, *Colombo's Birthday*, and *In a Balcony*; and at least two good acting plays, *Luria* and *A Blot in the Scutcheon*. The last named has recently been given to the American public, with Lawrence Barrett's careful and intelligent presentation of the leading rôle. The motive of the tragedy is somewhat strained and fantastic, but it is, notwithstanding, very effective on the stage. It gives one an unwonted thrill to listen to a play, by a living English writer, which is really literature. One gets a faint idea of what it must have been to assist at the first night of *Hamlet*.

1. Dickens. *Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Tale of Two Cities*.
2. Thackeray. *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Four Georges*.
3. George Eliot. *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Adam Bede*, *Middlemarch*.
4. Macaulay. *Essays*, *Lays of Ancient Rome*.
5. Carlyle. *Sartor Resartus*, *French Revolution*, *Essays on History*, *Signs of the Times*, *Characteristics*, *Burns*, *Scott*, *Voltaire*, and *Goethe*.

6. The Works of Alfred Tennyson (6 vols.). London: Strahan & Co., 1872.

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7. Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning. (2 vols.)
London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1880.

8. E. C. Stedman's Victorian Poets.

9. Henry Morley's English Literature in the Reign of Victoria.
(Tauchnitz Series.)

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CHAPTER IX.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY JOHN FLETCHER HURST.

Miracle plays, rude dramatic representations of the chief events in Scripture history, were used for popular instruction before the invention of printing. In England they began as early as the twelfth century. Moral plays, or moralities, were of the same origin, though dating from the fifteenth century. These were somewhat more refined than the miracle plays, and usually set forth the excellence of the virtues, such as truth, mercy, and the like. Both miracle and moral plays were under the conduct of the clergy. John Bale (1495-1563) was Bishop of Ossory, and wrote much for popular reform. He was the author of nineteen miracle plays. Lord Edward Herbert, of Cherbury (1581-1648), wrote a deistical work, *De Religione Gentilium*, the first of that school of writers which later appeared in Bolingbroke. John Spotiswood (1565-1639), Archbishop of St. Andrews and afterward Chancellor of Scotland, wrote a voluminous *History of the Church of Scotland*. George Sandys (1577-1643), {300} distinguished also as one of the earliest literary characters in America, wrote metrical versions of several of the poetical books of the Bible, and also a tragedy called *Christ's Passion*. John Knox (1505-1572), the great Scotch reformer and polemic, while more prominent as the preacher and spokesman of the Scotch Reformation, wrote *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regimen of Women* (1558), and the *Historie of the Reformation of Religion within the Realme of Scotland*, published after his death. John Jewel (1522-1571) wrote in Latin his *Apologia Ecclesiae Anglicanae*. William Whittingham (1524-1589), who succeeded Knox as pastor of the English Church at Geneva, aided in making the Genevan Version of the Bible and also co-operated in the Sternhold and Hopkins translation of the Psalms. John Fox (1517-1587) was the author of the *Book of Martyrs*, whose full title was *Acts and Monuments of these Latter and Perilous Days, Touching Matters of the Church*. An abridgment of the work has had a very wide circulation. John Aylmer (1521-1594) replied to Knox's *First Blast of the Trumpet* in a work called *An Harbor for Faithful and True Subjects*. Nicholas Sanders (1527-1580), a Roman Catholic professor of Oxford, wrote *The Rock of the Church*, a defense of the primacy of Peter and the Bishops of Rome. Robert Parsons (1546-1610), a Jesuit, wrote several works in advocacy of Roman Catholicism and some political tracts. {301} John Rainolds (1549-1607), a learned Hebraist of Oxford, wrote many ecclesiastical works in Latin and English. He was a chief promoter of King James's Version of the Bible. Miles Smith, (died 1624), Thomas Bilson (1536-1616), John Boys (1560-1643), and George Abbot (1562-1633), Archbishop of Canterbury, were all co-workers on the King James translation of the Scriptures. Next in importance to the English Bible in its effect upon literature stands the English Prayer Book, which is the rich mosaic of many minds. It came through *The Prymer* of the fourteenth century, and contained the more fundamental and familiar portions of the *Book of Common Prayer*, such as the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Litany, and the Apostles' Creed. This compilation differed in form and somewhat in content in the different dioceses in England, and was partly in Latin and partly in English. In 1542 an attempt was made to produce a common form for all England and to have it entirely in English. The Committee of Convocation, who had the work in charge, were prevented from making it complete through the refusal of Henry VIII to continue the approval which he had given to the appointment of the

committee. However, under Edward VI a commission, headed by Archbishop Cranmer, carried their work through, and it was accepted and its use made compulsory by Parliament. It was published in 1549 as the *First Prayer Book of Edward VI*. Three years later the *Second Prayer Book of Edward VI* was issued, it being a revision of the First, also under the shaping hand of Cranmer. The *Prayer Book* received its final revision and substantially its present form in the reign of Elizabeth, in 1559, although in 1662 there was added to the Morning and Evening Prayer a Collection of Prayers and Thanksgivings upon Several Occasions. Gathering thus through three centuries the choice treasures of confession and devotion of the strong and reverent English nation, it has been a large element in the literary training, not only of communicants in the Anglican, the Episcopal, and the Methodist Churches, but, in a measure, also of those who have received their religious instruction and have worshiped in other branches of the Protestant Church. The work of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster (1643-1649), particularly the *Confession of Faith*, and the *Shorter Catechism*, became, as specimens of strong and pure English, potent factors in the intellectual and literary discipline of the Presbyterians in all parts of the world. The modern psalms and hymns, or the simplified and popularized forms of the earlier and mediaeval worship, have had vastly to do with the daily thought and education of the people into whose life they have brought not only increase of lofty devotion but also a positive and stimulative culture. Foremost of these collections was that made by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others, and known as the *Psalter of Sternhold and Hopkins*, published in 1562. Francis Rouse made a version in 1645, which, after revision, was adopted in 1649, and largely used by the Scotch Church. A new version was that by Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, which appeared in 1696, and has since been called the *Psalter of Tate and Brady*. The first English hymn book adapted for public worship was that of Isaac Watts, appearing about 1709, although several minor collections and individual productions had preceded Watts, among which should be mentioned those of Joseph Stennett, John Mason, and the fine hymns of Bishop Ken and Joseph Addison. A little later the prolific and spiritual Charles Wesley, aided by the somewhat stricter taste of his more celebrated brother, John, began (1739) his wonderful series of published hymns, which, together with those of Watts, have since formed the larger portion of the Protestant hymnody of the world. Others of the eighteenth century who have made contributions to the sacred lyrics of the Church are John Byrom (1691-1763), Philip Doddridge (1702-1751), Joseph Hart (1712-1768), Anne Steele (1716-1778), Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795), John Cennick (1717-1755), Thomas Olivers (1725-1799), Joseph Grigg (1728-1768), Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778), and Edward Perronet (died 1792). Approaching our own time, the ranks of our hymn writers include James Montgomery (1771-1854), whose *Christian Psalmist* was published in 1825, Thomas Kelly, of Dublin (1769-1855); Harriet Auber (1773-1832), Reginald Heber (1783-1826), Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838), Josiah Conder (1789-1855), Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), Sir John Bowring (1792-1872), Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), John Keble (1792-1866), whose *Christian Year* came out in 1827; John H. Newman (1801-1890), Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1849), and Horatius Bonar (1808-1869). Richard Mant (1776-1848), Henry Alford (1810-1871), F. W. Faber (1815-1863), John Mason Neale (1818-1866), Miss Catherine Winkworth (born 1829), and some others, have given many beautiful and stirring translations from the Latin and German hymns of the ancient and mediaeval periods. Theological writers of the middle of the seventeenth century are numerous. Chief of those belonging to the Anglican Church may be named Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich (1574-1656), whose *Episcopacy by Divine Right* was replied to in *Smectymnus*, the joint production of five dissenting divines: Stephen Marshal, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomer, and William Spurston; James Ussher (1580-1656), a man of vast literary learning and most known by his *Sacred Chronology*, published after his death; Thomas Fuller and Jeremy Taylor, mentioned in a previous chapter; John Cosin (1594-1672), who wrote chiefly devotional treatises; William Chillingworth (1602-1664), whose *Religion of Protestants* has had a wide circulation; John Pearson (1612-1686), whose *Exposition of the Creed* became a standard; Ralph Cudworth (1617-1688), whose *Intellectual System of the Universe* dealt a stunning blow to the atheism of his day, and Isaac Barrow (1630-1677), the learned vice-chancellor of Cambridge, wit, mathematician, and theologian all in one, who left a rich legacy in his *Sermons*. Of the Non-conforming authors deserving notice Richard Baxter (1615-1691) is the most voluminous, if not also the most luminous. Controversy engaged his pen almost constantly, but his most permanent works were his *Call to the Unconverted* and *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*. John Owen (1616-1683) was a leading Puritan writer, and under Cromwell was vice-chancellor of Oxford University. His *Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews* and his book on *The Holy Spirit* are still in use and highly prized. His pen was strong rather than elegant. John Bunyan's immortal allegory throws a halo on universal literature. John Howe (1630-1705), the chief author among the Puritans, wrote many strong works, among which of special note are *The Living Temple* and *The Office and Work of the Holy Spirit*. He was Cromwell's chaplain. The spiritual writings of Samuel Rutherford (1600-1661), the Scotch divine; the *Annotations on the Psalms* by Henry Ainsworth (died 1662), an Independent, who was an exile in Holland for 'conscience' sake; the expository writings of Thomas Manton (1620-1677); the *Synopsis* of Matthew Poole (1624-1679), later abridged into his celebrated *Annotations upon the Bible*; the

sermons of Stephen Charnock (1628-1680), particularly the one on "The Divine Attributes;" and *An Alarm to Unconverted Sinners*, by Joseph Alleine (1633-1688), which has had an immense circulation, form a galaxy in the theological firmament of the time of Milton. A later group of theological writers in the latter part of the seventeenth century contains the commanding figures of Symon Patrick (1626-1707), bishop and author of a *Commentary on the Old Testament*; John Flavel (1627-1691) and his works on practical piety; John Tillotson (1630-1694), the Anglican archbishop, whose eloquent sermons are still held in high repute; Robert South (1633-1716), the great pulpit orator, whose discourses are an ornament to the English tongue; Edward Stillingfleet (1635-1699), from whose prolific pen came several valuable treatises, one of which was *The Antiquities of the British Churches*; and William Beveridge (1637-1708), whose *Private Thoughts upon Religion* is still in much esteem. To these we may add Thomas Ken (1637-1710), the good bishop now best known as the author of *Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow*; Benjamin Keach (1640-1704), a Baptist preacher of much note and author of *Gospel Mysteries Opened*, which, like his other writings, is marred by an {307} excessive use of figures; Gilbert Burnet (1643-1709), the writer and bishop, who mingled freely in the political affairs of the day and wrote much on a variety of subjects, one being a *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*; William Wall (1646-1728), the prominent defender of infant baptism; Humphrey Prideaux (1648-1724), who wrote the *Connection of the Old and New Testaments*; and Matthew Henry (1662-1714), still valued for his quaint and suggestive *Commentary on the Scriptures*. Here, too, belong George Fox (1624-1690) and Robert Barclay (1648-1690), the heroic founder and the learned champion of the Society of Friends, the former's *Journal* and the latter's *Apology for the True Christian Divinity* being worthy of special note. William Penn (1644-1718), more eminent as the chief colonizer of Pennsylvania, also wrote many powerful works in advocacy of Quaker teachings; and William Sewel's (1650-1726) *History of the Quakers* is a notable contribution to the literature of that much-misunderstood and persecuted people. Among those who graced the first half of the eighteenth century we find the Irish man of letters, Charles Leslie (1650-1722), who gave among others a celebrated treatise on *A Short and Easy Method with the Deists*; Francis Atterbury (1662-1732), Bishop of Rochester, whose *Sermons* still survive; William Wollaston (1659-1724), known as the author of *The Religion of Nature*, a plea for truth; Samuel Clarke (1675-1729), the {308} philosophical writer of *The Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God*; Matthew Tindal (1657-1733), the leading deist of his day, whose chief work was *Christianity as Old as Creation*; Robert Wodrow (1679-1734), a Scotch preacher who wrote a *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*; and Thomas Wilson (1663-1755), Bishop of Sodor and Man for fifty-seven years and the author of many useful works on the Scriptures and Christianity. Bishop Joseph Butler (1692-1752) appeared as the champion of Christianity and successfully answered the deistical tendency of Tindal and others by his *Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature*, which, though obscure in style, is still in high repute for its massive thought and mighty logic. Thomas Stackhouse (1680-1752) and his *History of the Bible*; John Bampton (1689-1751), whose estate still speaks at Oxford in defense of Christianity in the annual lectures on Divinity; Daniel Waterland (1683-1740), in his defense of the divinity of Christ; and Joseph Bingham (1668-1723), in his learned treatise on *The Antiquities of the Christian Church*, are also in the front rank of this period. Daniel Neal (1678-1743), in his *History of the Puritans*; John Leland (1691-1766), the Dublin preacher, in his *View of the Deistical Writers*; and Philip Doddridge (1702-1751), in his *Family Expositor* and his briefer and more famous *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, furnished valuable contributions to theological literature. {309} The latter half of the eighteenth century was prolific of letters. Noteworthy among those who wrote on religious themes are the following: Nathaniel Lardner (1684-1768), who wrote *The Credibility of the Gospel History*; William Law (1687-1761), whose *Serious Call to a Holy Life* and *Christian Perfection* are still powerful works; Richard Challoner (1691-1781), a Roman Catholic author of many practical and devotional works and of a *Version of the Bible*, much prized in his own Church; Alban Butler (1700-1773), who compiled *The Lives of the Saints*; William Warburton (1698-1779), in his *Divine Legation of Moses*; Alexander Cruden (1701-1770), the Scotch author of the famous *Concordance to the Holy Scriptures*; and Lord George Lyttleton (1708-1773), the author of *Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul*. In the same category belong: Robert Lowth (1710-1787), whose book on *Hebrew Poetry* is still consulted; James Hervey (1713-1758), whose *Meditations* became very popular; Hugh Blair (1718-1800), the Scotchman whose *Sermons* for many years rivaled his *Lectures on Rhetoric* in popularity; Joseph Priestley (1733-1804), illustrious in the annals of chemical discovery, who wrote *Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion*, and is one of the most distinguished Socinian writers; and William Paley (1743-1805), whose *Natural Theology* and *Horae Paulinae* are still standard works. During this period also came the great impulse {310} to the literature of the common people through the tireless pen of John Wesley (1703-1791), whose *Sermons and Notes on the New Testament* have had a powerful influence wherever the Wesleyan revival has spread. James McKnight (1721-1800), the scholarly commentator and harmonist; John Fletcher (1729-1785), the sweet-souled defender of Methodism and author of *Checks to Antinomianism*; Bishop Richard Watson (1737-1816), the

learned apologist; Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778); the hymnist and polemic; Joseph Milner (1744-1797), the Church historian; Thomas Coke (1747-1814), in his *Commentary on the Old and New Testaments*; and Andrew Fuller (1754-1815) were authors of marked force and ability. Belonging to the first quarter of the nineteenth century the leading theological productions are *The Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul*, by Samuel Drew (1765-1833); the *Translation of the Book of Job*, by John Mason Good (1764-1827); the popular *Commentaries on the Bible*, by Thomas Scott (1747-1821), Adam Clarke (1762-1832), and Joseph Benson (1748-1821); the *Sermons* of Robert Hall (1764-1831), the great Baptist preacher; the *Introduction to the Literary History of the Bible*, by James Townley (died 1833); the missionary narratives of Henry Martyn (1781-1812), William Ward (1769-1822) and John Williams (1796-1839); and the pathetic story of *The Dairyman's Daughter*, by Legh Richmond (1772-1827). A little later in this century the first ranks {311} of theological scholarship include the Wordsworths--Christopher (1774-1846), the brother of the poet, and his two sons, Charles (1806-1892) and Christopher, Jr. (1809-1885). *Tracts for the Times*, written by a group of men styling themselves Anglo-Catholics, whose leaders were Edward B. Pusey (1800-1882), John H. Newman (1801-1890), John Keble (1792-1866), Richard H. Froude and others, began in 1833, and for several years continued to be published, reaching ninety in number. Their main purpose was a discussion and defense of the character and work of the Established Church, but a large result was that several of the leading spirits, with about two hundred clergymen and the same number of prominent laymen, became Roman Catholics. This High-Church series of writings was followed in 1860 by *Essays and Reviews*, a volume containing seven articles, whose authors were Frederick Temple (born 1821), Rowland Williams (1817-1870), Baden Powell (1796-1860), Henry B. Wilson (born 1804), C. W. Goodwin, Mark Pattison (1813-1884), and Benjamin Jowett (1817-1893). The purpose of these men was to liberalize the thought of the Church. They accomplished this result, and with it the overthrow of the faith of some. Thomas Chalmers (1780-1847), the great Scotch preacher, left much fruit of his pen, the most celebrated being *Astronomical Discourses*. Other distinguished books are: *A Practical View of* {312} *Christianity*, by William Wilberforce (1759-1833); *Horae Homileticae*, by Charles Simeon (1759-1836); *The Lives of Knox and Melville*, by Thomas McCrie (1772-1835); *Horae Mosaicae*, by George Stanley Faber (1773-1854); *The Scripture Testimony to the Messiah*, by John Pye Smith (1774-1851); *Theological Institutes*, by the Wesleyan theologian, Richard Watson (1781-1833); the *Histories of the Jews* and *of Christianity*, by Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868); the *Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature*, by John Kitto (1804-1854); *Mammon*, by John Harris (1804-1856); the *Theological Essays* of John Frederick Denison Maurice (1805-1872); *Missions the Chief End of the Christian Church*, by Alexander Duff (1806-1878); the *Sermons* of Frederick William Robertson (1816-1853); and *The Life and Epistles of Paul*, by William J. Conybeare (1815-1857) and John S. Howson (1816-1885). The latter half of the present century has been marked by many strong and profound theological publications, of which we may name as worthy of particular notice: *The Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*, by Thomas Hartwell Horne (1780-1862); *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte*, by Richard Whately (1787-1863); *Apologia pro Vita Sua* of John H. Newman (1801-1890); *The Typology of Scripture*, by Patrick Fairbairn (1805-1892); *The Eclipse of Faith*, by Henry Rogers (1806-1877); the *Notes on the Parables and Miracles*, by Richard Chenevix Trench (1807-1886); {313} *The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, by Henry Edward Manning (1808-1892); the series of lectures on the Scriptures, by John Gumming (1810-1881); the *Greek New Testament*, edited by Henry Alford (1810-1871); and the same by Samuel Prideaux Tregelles (1813-1875); the historical works of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (1815-1881); *Hypatia, or Old Foes with a New Face*, by Charles Kingsley (1819-1875); *Ecce Homo*, by John Robert Seeley (1834-1895); the *Sermons* of Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834-1892); and *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, the brilliant venture of the beloved and lamented Henry Drummond (1851-1897), whose *Greatest Thing in the World* bids fair to become a Christian classic. {317}

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PREFACE.

This little volume is intended as a companion to the *Outline Sketch of English Literature*, published last year for the Chautauqua Circle. In writing it I have followed the same plan, aiming to present the subject in a sort of continuous essay rather than in the form of a "primer" or elementary manual. I have not undertaken to describe or even to mention every American author or book of importance, but only those which seemed to me of most significance. Nevertheless I believe that the sketch contains enough detail to make it of some use as a guide-book to our literature. Though meant to be mainly a history of American *belles-lettres* it makes some mention of historical

and political writings, {318} but hardly any of philosophical, scientific, and technical works. A chronological rather than a topical order has been followed, although the fact that our best literature is of recent growth has made it impossible to adhere as closely to a chronological plan as in the English sketch. In the reading courses appended to the different chapters I have named a few of the most important authorities in American literary history, such as Duyckinck, Tyler, Stedman, and Richardson.

HENRY A. BEERS.

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OUTLINE SKETCH OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

1607-1765.

The writings of our colonial era have a much greater importance as history than as literature. It would be unfair to judge of the intellectual vigor of the English colonists in America by the books that they wrote; those "stern men with empires in their brains" had more pressing work to do than the making of books. The first settlers, indeed, were brought face to face with strange and exciting conditions--the sea, the wilderness, the Indians, the flora and fauna of a new world--things which seem stimulating to the imagination, and incidents and experiences which might have lent themselves easily to poetry or romance. Of all these they wrote back to England reports which were faithful and sometimes vivid, but which, upon the whole, hardly rise into the region of literature. "New England," said Hawthorne, "was then in a {322} state incomparably more picturesque than at present." But to a contemporary that old New England of the seventeenth century doubtless seemed any thing but picturesque, filled with grim, hard, worky-day realities. The planters both of Virginia and Massachusetts were decimated by sickness and starvation, constantly threatened by Indian wars, and troubled by quarrels among themselves and fears of disturbance from England. The wrangles between the royal governors and the House of Burgesses in the Old Dominion, and the theological squabbles in New England, which fill our colonial records, are petty and wearisome to read of. At least,

they would be so did we not bear in mind to what imperial destinies these conflicts were slowly educating the little communities which had hardly as yet secured a foothold on the edge of the raw continent. Even a century and a half after the Jamestown and Plymouth settlements, when the American plantations had grown strong and flourishing, and commerce was building up large towns, and there were wealth and generous living and fine society, the "good old colony days when we lived under the king," had yielded little in the way of literature that is of any permanent interest. There would seem to be something in the relation of a colony to the mother country which dooms the thought and art of the former to a hopeless provincialism. Canada and Australia are great provinces, wealthier and more populous than the {323} thirteen colonies at the time of their separation from England. They have cities whose inhabitants number hundreds of thousands, well equipped universities, libraries, cathedrals, costly public buildings, all the outward appliances of an advanced civilization; and yet what have Canada and Australia contributed to British literature? American literature had no infancy. That engaging *naïveté* and that heroic rudeness which give a charm to the early popular tales and songs of Europe find, of course, no counterpart on our soil. Instead of emerging from the twilight of the past, the first American writings were produced under the garish noon of a modern and learned age. Decrepitude rather than youthfulness is the mark of a colonial literature. The poets, in particular, instead of finding a challenge to their imagination in the new life about them, are apt to go on imitating the cast off literary fashions of the mother country. America was settled by Englishmen who were contemporary with the greatest names in English literature. Jamestown was planted in 1607, nine years before Shakspeare's death, and the hero of that enterprize, Captain John Smith, may not improbably have been a personal acquaintance of the great dramatist. "They have acted my fatal tragedies on the stage," wrote Smith. Many circumstances in *The Tempest* were doubtless suggested by the wreck of the *Sea Venture* on "the still vext Bermoothes," as described by William Strachey in his *True Repertory of the Wrack and {324} Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates*, written at Jamestown, and published at London in 1510. Shakspeare's contemporary, Michael Drayton, the poet of the *Polyolbion*, addressed a spirited valedictory ode to the three shiploads of "brave, heroic minds" who sailed from London in 1606 to colonize Virginia; an ode which ended with the prophecy of a future American literature:

"And as there plenty grows
Of laurel every-where,--
Apollo's sacred tree--
You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there."

Another English poet, Samuel Daniel, the author of the *Civil Wars*, had also prophesied in a similar strain:

"And who in time knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores~.~.~.
What worlds in the yet unformed Occident
May come refined with accents that are ours."

It needed but a slight movement in the balances of fate, and Walter Raleigh might have been reckoned among the poets of America. He was one of the original promoters of the Virginia colony, and he made voyages in person to Newfoundland and Guiana. And more unlikely things have happened than that when John Milton left Cambridge in 1632, he should have been tempted to follow Winthrop and the colonists of Massachusetts Bay, {325} who had sailed two years before. Sir Henry Vane, the younger, who was afterward Milton's friend-- "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old"-- came over in 1635, and was for a short time Governor of Massachusetts. These are idle speculations, and yet, when we reflect that Oliver Cromwell was on the point of embarking for America when he was prevented by the king's officers, we may, for the nonce, "let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise," and fancy by how narrow a chance *Paradise Lost* missed being written in Boston. But, as a rule, the members of the literary guild are not quick to emigrate. They like the feeling of an old and rich civilization about them, a state of society which America has only begun to reach during the present century. Virginia and New England, says Lowell, were the "two great distributing centers of the English race." The men who colonized the country between the Capes of Virginia were not drawn, to any large extent, from the literary or bookish classes in the Old Country. Many of the first settlers were gentlemen--too many, Captain Smith thought, for the good of the plantation. Some among these were men of worth and spirit, "of good means and great parentage." Such was, for example, George Percy, a younger brother of the Earl of Northumberland, who was one of the original adventurers, and the author of *A*

Discourse of the Plantation of the Southern Colony of Virginia_, {326} which contains a graphic narrative of the fever and famine summer of 1607 at Jamestown. But many of these gentlemen were idlers, "unruly gallants, packed thither by their friends to escape ill destinies;" dissipated younger sons, soldiers of fortune, who came over after the gold which was supposed to abound in the new country, and who spent their time in playing bowls and drinking at the tavern as soon as there was any tavern. With these was a sprinkling of mechanics and farmers, indented servants, and the off-scourings of the London streets, fruit of press gangs and jail deliveries, sent over to "work in the plantations." Nor were the conditions of life afterward in Virginia very favorable to literary growth. The planters lived isolated on great estates, which had water fronts on the rivers that flow into the Chesapeake. There the tobacco, the chief staple of the country, was loaded directly upon the trading vessels that tied up to the long, narrow wharves of the plantations. Surrounded by his slaves, and visited occasionally by a distant neighbor, the Virginia country gentleman lived a free and careless life. He was fond of fox-hunting, horse-racing, and cock-fighting. There were no large towns, and the planters met each other mainly on occasion of a county court or the assembling of the Burgesses. The court-house was the nucleus of social and political life in Virginia as the town-meeting was in New England. In such a state of society schools were necessarily few, and popular education did {327} not exist. Sir William Berkeley, who was the royal governor of the colony from 1641 to 1677, said, in 1670, "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years." In the matter of printing, this pious wish was well-nigh realized. The first press set up in the colony, about 1681, was soon suppressed, and found no successor until the year 1729. From that date until some ten years before the Revolution one printing-press answered the needs of Virginia, and this was under official control. The earliest newspaper in the colony was the Virginia Gazette, established in 1736. In the absence of schools the higher education naturally languished. Some of the planters were taught at home by tutors, and others went to England and entered the universities. But these were few in number, and there was no college in the colony until more than half a century after the foundation of Harvard in the younger province of Massachusetts. The college of William and Mary was established at Williamsburg chiefly by the exertions of the Rev. James Blair, a Scotch divine, who was sent by the Bishop of London as "commissary" to the Church in Virginia. The college received its charter in 1693, and held its first commencement in 1700. It is perhaps significant of the difference between the Puritans of New England and the so-called "Cavaliers" of Virginia, that while the former founded and supported Harvard College in 1636, and Yale in 1701, of {328} their own motion, and at their own expense, William and Mary received its endowment from the crown, being provided for in part by a deed of lands and in part by a tax of a penny a pound on all tobacco exported from the colony. In return for this royal grant the college was to present yearly to the king two copies of Latin verse. It is reported of the young Virginian gentlemen who resorted to the new college that they brought their plantation manners with them, and were accustomed to "keep race-horses at the college, and bet at the billiard or other gaming tables." William and Mary College did a good work for the colony, and educated some of the great Virginians of the Revolutionary era, but it has never been a large or flourishing institution, and has held no such relation to the intellectual development of its section as Harvard and Yale have held in the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Even after the foundation of the University of Virginia, in which Jefferson took a conspicuous part, southern youths were commonly sent to the North for their education, and at the time of the outbreak of the civil war there was a large contingent of southern students in several northern colleges, notably in Princeton and Yale. Naturally, the first books written in America were descriptions of the country and narratives of the vicissitudes of the infant settlements, which were sent home to be printed for the information of the English public and the encouragement of {329} further immigration. Among books of this kind produced in Virginia the earliest and most noteworthy were the writings of that famous soldier of fortune, Captain John Smith. The first of these was his True Relation, namely, "of such occurrences and accidents of note as hath happened in Virginia since the first planting of that colony," printed at London in 1608. Among Smith's other books, the most important is perhaps his General History of Virginia (London, 1624), a compilation of various narratives by different hands, but passing under his name. Smith was a man of a restless and daring spirit, full of resource, impatient of contradiction, and of a somewhat vainglorious nature, with an appetite for the marvelous and a disposition to draw the long bow. He had seen service in many parts of the world, and his wonderful adventures lost nothing in the telling. It was alleged against him that the evidence of his prowess rested almost entirely on his own testimony. His truthfulness in essentials has not, perhaps, been successfully impugned, but his narratives have suffered by the embellishments with which he has colored them, and, in particular, the charming story of Pocohontas saving his life at the risk of her own--the one romance of early Virginian history--has passed into the realm of legend. Captain Smith's writings have small literary value apart from the interest of the events which they describe, and the diverting but forcible {330} personality which they unconsciously display. They are the rough-hewn records of a busy man of action, whose sword was mightier than his pen. As Smith returned to England after two years in Virginia, and did not permanently cast in his lot with the settlement of which he had been for a time the leading spirit, he can hardly be claimed as an

American author. No more can Mr. George Sandys, who came to Virginia in the train of Governor Wyat, in 1621, and completed his excellent metrical translation of Ovid on the banks of the James, in the midst of the Indian massacre of 1622, "limned" as he writes "by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose, having wars and tumults to bring it to light instead of the muses." Sandys went back to England for good, probably as early as 1625, and can, therefore, no more be reckoned as the first American poet, on the strength of his paraphrase of the *Metamorphoses*, than he can be reckoned the earliest Yankee inventor, because he "introduced the first water-mill into America." The literature of colonial Virginia, and of the southern colonies which took their point of departure from Virginia, is almost wholly of this historical and descriptive kind. A great part of it is concerned with the internal affairs of the province, such as "Bacon's Rebellion," in 1676, one of the most striking episodes in our ante-revolutionary annals, and of which there exist a number of narratives, some of them anonymous, and only rescued {331} from a manuscript condition a hundred years after the event. Another part is concerned with the explorations of new territory. Such were the "Westover Manuscripts," left by Colonel William Byrd, who was appointed in 1729 one of the commissioners to fix the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina, and gave an account of the survey in his *History of the Dividing Line*, which was only printed in 1841. Colonel Byrd is one of the most brilliant figures of colonial Virginia, and a type of the Old Virginia gentleman. He had been sent to England for his education, where he was admitted to the bar of the Middle Temple, elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and formed an intimate friendship with Charles Boyle, the Earl of Orrery. He held many offices in the government of the colony, and founded the cities of Richmond and Petersburg. His estates were large, and at Westover--where he had one of the finest private libraries in America--he exercised a baronial hospitality, blending the usual profusion of plantation life with the elegance of a traveled scholar and "picked man of countries." Colonel Byrd was rather an amateur in literature. His *History of the Dividing Line* is written with a jocularly which rises occasionally into real humor, and which gives to the painful journey through the wilderness the air of a holiday expedition. Similar in tone were his diaries of *A Progress to the Mines* and *A Journey to the Land of Eden* in North Carolina. {332} The first formal historian of Virginia was Robert Beverley, "a native and inhabitant of the place," whose *History of Virginia* was printed at London in 1705. Beverley was a rich planter and large slave owner, who, being in London in 1703, was shown by his bookseller the manuscript of a forthcoming work, Oldmixon's *British Empire in America*. Beverley was set upon writing his history by the inaccuracies in this, and likewise because the province "has been so misrepresented to the common people of England as to make them believe that the servants in Virginia are made to draw in cart and plow, and that the country turns all people black," an impression which lingers still in parts of Europe. The most original portions of the book are those in which the author puts down his personal observations of the plants and animals of the New World, and particularly the account of the Indians, to which his third book is devoted, and which is accompanied by valuable plates. Beverley's knowledge of these matters was evidently at first hand, and his descriptions here are very fresh and interesting. The more strictly historical part of his work is not free from prejudice and inaccuracy. A more critical, detailed, and impartial, but much less readable, work was William Stith's *History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia*, 1747, which brought the subject down only to the year 1624. Stith was a clergyman, and at one time a professor in William and Mary College. {333} The Virginians were stanch royalists and churchmen. The Church of England was established by law, and non-conformity was persecuted in various ways. Three missionaries were sent to the colony in 1642 by the Puritans of New England, two from Braintree, Massachusetts, and one from New Haven. They were not suffered to preach, but many resorted to them in private houses, until, being finally driven out by fines and imprisonments, they took refuge in Catholic Maryland. The Virginia clergy were not, as a body, very much of a force in education or literature. Many of them, by reason of the scattering and dispersed condition of their parishes, lived as domestic chaplains with the wealthier planters, and partook of their illiteracy and their passion for gaming and hunting. Few of them inherited the zeal of Alexander Whitaker, the "Apostle of Virginia," who came over in 1611 to preach to the colonists and convert the Indians, and who published in furtherance of those ends *Good News from Virginia*, in 1613, three years before his death by drowning in James River. The conditions were much more favorable for the production of a literature in New England than in the southern colonies. The free and genial existence of the "Old Dominion" had no counterpart among the settlers of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, and the Puritans must have been rather unpleasant people to live with for persons of a different way of thinking. But their {334} intensity of character, their respect for learning, and the heroic mood which sustained them through the hardships and dangers of their great enterprise are amply reflected in their own writings. If these are not so much literature as the raw materials of literature, they have at least been fortunate in finding interpreters among their descendants, and no modern Virginian has done for the memory of the Jamestown planters what Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, and others have done in casting the glamour of poetry and romance over the lives of the founders of New England. Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, quotes the following passage from one of those election sermons, delivered before the General Court of Massachusetts, which formed for many years the great

annual intellectual event of the colony: "The question was often put unto our predecessors, _What went ye out into the wilderness to see? And the answer to it is not only too excellent but too notorious to be dissembled.~.~.~. We came hither because we would have our posterity settled under the pure and full dispensations of the gospel, defended by rulers that should be of ourselves." The New England colonies were, in fact, theocracies. Their leaders were clergymen or laymen, whose zeal for the faith was no whit inferior to that of the ministers themselves. Church and State were one. The freeman's oath was only administered to Church members, and there was no place in the social system for unbelievers or {335} dissenters. The Pilgrim fathers regarded their transplantation to the New World as an exile, and nothing is more touching in their written records than the repeated expressions of love and longing toward the old home which they had left, and even toward that Church of England from which they had sorrowfully separated themselves. It was not in any light or adventurous spirit that they faced the perils of the sea and the wilderness. "This howling wilderness," "these ends of the earth," "these goings down of the sun," are some of the epithets which they constantly applied to the land of their exile. Nevertheless they had come to stay, and, unlike Smith and Percy and Sandys, the early historians and writers of New England cast in their lots permanently with the new settlements. A few, indeed, went back after 1640--Mather says some ten or twelve of the ministers of the first "classis" or immigration were among them--when the victory of the Puritanic party in Parliament opened a career for them in England, and made their presence there seem in some cases a duty. The celebrated Hugh Peters, for example, who was afterward Oliver Cromwell's chaplain, and was beheaded after the Restoration, went back in 1641, and in 1647 Nathaniel Ward, the minister of Ipswich, Massachusetts, and author of a quaint book against toleration, entitled _The Simple Cobbler of Agawam_, written in America and published shortly after its author's arrival in England. The Civil War, too, put a stop to {336} further emigration from England until after the Restoration in 1660. The mass of the Puritan immigration consisted of men of the middle class, artisans and husbandmen, the most useful members of a new colony. But their leaders were clergymen educated at the universities, and especially at Emanuel College, Cambridge, the great Puritan college; their civil magistrates were also in great part gentlemen of education and substance, like the elder Winthrop, who was learned in the law, and Theophilus Eaton, first governor of New Haven, who was a London merchant of good estate. It is computed that there were in New England during the first generation as many university graduates as in any community of equal population in the old country. Almost the first care of the settlers was to establish schools. Every town of fifty families was required by law to maintain a common school, and every town of a hundred families a grammar or Latin school. In 1636, only sixteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, Harvard College was founded at Newtown, whose name was thereupon changed to Cambridge, the General Court held at Boston on September 8, 1680, having already advanced 400 pounds "by way of essay towards the building of something to begin a college." "An university," says Mather, "which hath been to these plantations, for the good literature there cultivated, _sal Gentium_~.~.~. and a river, without the streams whereof these regions would {337} have been mere unwatered places for the devil." By 1701 Harvard had put forth a vigorous offshoot, Yale College, at New Haven, the settlers of New Haven and Connecticut plantations having increased sufficiently to need a college at their own doors. A printing press was set up at Cambridge in 1639, which was under the oversight of the university authorities, and afterwards of licensers appointed by the civil power. The press was no more free in Massachusetts than in Virginia, and that "liberty of unlicensed printing," for which the Puritan Milton had pleaded in his _Areopagitica_, in 1644, was unknown in Puritan New England until some twenty years before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. "The Freeman's Oath" and an almanac were issued from the Cambridge press in 1639, and in 1640 the first English book printed in America, a collection of the psalms in meter, made by various ministers, and known as the _Bay Psalm Book_. The poetry of this version was worse, if possible, than that of Sternhold and Hopkins's famous rendering; but it is noteworthy that one of the principal translators was that devoted "Apostle to the Indians," the Rev. John Eliot, who, in 1661-63, translated the Bible into the Algonkin tongue. Eliot hoped and toiled a lifetime for the conversion of those "salvages," "tawnies," "devil-worshippers," for whom our early writers have usually nothing but bad words. They have been destroyed instead of converted; but his (so entitled) _Mamusse Wunneetupanatamwe {338} Up-Biblum God naneeeswe Nukkone Testament kah wonk Wusku Testament_--the first Bible printed in America--remains a monument of missionary zeal and a work of great value to students of the Indian languages. A modern writer has said that, to one looking back on the history of old New England, it seems as though the sun shone but dimly there, and the landscape was always dark and wintry. Such is the impression which one carries away from the perusal of books like Bradford's and Winthrop's _Journals_, or Mather's _Wonders of the Invisible World_: an impression of gloom, of night and cold, of mysterious fears besieging the infant settlements, scattered in a narrow fringe "between the groaning forest and the shore." The Indian terror hung over New England for more than half a century, or until the issue of King Philip's War, in 1676, relieved the colonists of any danger of a general massacre. Added to this were the perplexities caused by the earnest resolve of the settlers to keep their New English Eden free from the intrusion of the serpent in the shape of heretical sects in religion. The Puritanism of

Massachusetts was an orthodox and conservative Puritanism. The later and more grotesque out-crops of the movement in the old England found no toleration in the new. But these refugees for conscience' sake were compelled in turn to persecute Antinomians, Separatists, Familists, Libertines, Anti-pedobaptists, and later, Quakers, and still {339} later, Enthusiasts, who swarmed into their precincts and troubled the Churches with "prophesyings" and novel opinions. Some of these were banished, others were flogged or imprisoned, and a few were put to death. Of the exiles the most noteworthy was Roger Williams, an impetuous, warm-hearted man, who was so far in advance of his age as to deny the power of the civil magistrate in cases of conscience, or who, in other words, maintained the modern doctrine of the separation of Church and State. Williams was driven away from the Massachusetts colony--where he had been minister of the Church at Salem--and with a few followers fled into the southern wilderness, and settled at Providence. There and in the neighboring plantation of Rhode Island, for which he obtained a charter, he established his patriarchal rule, and gave freedom of worship to all comers. Williams was a prolific writer on theological subjects, the most important of his writings being, perhaps, his *Bloody Tenent of Persecution*, 1644, and a supplement to the same called out by a reply to the former work from the pen of Mr. John Cotton, minister of the First Church at Boston, entitled *The Bloody Tenent Washed and made White in the Blood of the Lamb*. Williams was also a friend to the Indians, whose lands, he thought, should not be taken from them without payment, and he anticipated Eliot by writing, in 1643, a *Key into the Language of America*. Although at odds with the theology of {340} Massachusetts Bay, Williams remained in correspondence with Winthrop and others in Boston, by whom he was highly esteemed. He visited England in 1643 and 1652, and made the acquaintance of John Milton. Besides the threat of an Indian war and their anxious concern for the purity of the Gospel in their Churches, the colonists were haunted by superstitious forebodings of the darkest kind. It seemed to them that Satan, angered by the setting up of the kingdom of the saints in America, had "come down in great wrath," and was present among them, sometimes even in visible shape, to terrify and tempt. Special providences and unusual phenomena, like earthquakes, mirages, and the northern lights, are gravely recorded by Winthrop and Mather and others as portents of supernatural persecutions. Thus Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, the celebrated leader of the Familists, having, according to rumor, been delivered of a monstrous birth, the Rev. John Cotton, in open assembly, at Boston, upon a lecture day, "thereupon gathered that it might signify her error in denying inherent righteousness." "There will be an unusual range of the devil among us," wrote Mather, "a little before the second coming of our Lord. The evening wolves will be much abroad when we are near the evening of the world." This belief culminated in the horrible witchcraft delusion at Salem in 1692, that "spectral puppet play," which, beginning with the malicious pranks of a few children who {341} accused certain uncanny old women and other persons of mean condition and suspected lives of having tormented them with magic, gradually drew into its vortex victims of the highest character, and resulted in the judicial murder of over nineteen people. Many of the possessed pretended to have been visited by the apparition of a little black man, who urged them to inscribe their names in a red book which he carried--a sort of muster-roll of those who had forsworn God's service for the devil's. Others testified to having been present at meetings of witches in the forest. It is difficult now to read without contempt the "evidence" which grave justices and learned divines considered sufficient to condemn to death men and women of unblemished lives. It is true that the belief in witchcraft was general at that time all over the civilized world, and that sporadic cases of witch-burnings had occurred in different parts of America and Europe. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici*, 1635, affirmed his belief in witches, and pronounced those who doubted of them "a sort of atheist." But the superstition came to a head in the Salem trials and executions, and was the more shocking from the general high level of intelligence in the community in which these were held. It would be well if those who lament the decay of "faith" would remember what things were done in New England in the name of faith less than two hundred years ago. It is not wonderful that, to the Massachusetts Puritans of {342} the seventeenth century, the mysterious forest held no beautiful suggestion; to them it was simply a grim and hideous wilderness, whose dark aisles were the ambush of prowling savages and the rendezvous of those other "devil-worshippers" who celebrated there a kind of vulgar Walpurgis night. The most important of original sources for the history of the settlement of New England are the journals of William Bradford, first governor of Plymouth, and John Winthrop, the second governor of Massachusetts, which hold a place corresponding to the writings of Captain John Smith in the Virginia colony, but are much more sober and trustworthy. Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation* covers the period from 1620 to 1646. The manuscript was used by later annalists, but remained unpublished, as a whole, until 1855, having been lost during the war of the revolution and recovered long afterward in England. Winthrop's *Journal*, or *History of New England*, begun on shipboard in 1630, and extending to 1649, was not published entire until 1826. It is of equal authority with Bradford's, and perhaps, on the whole, the more important of the two, as the colony of Massachusetts Bay, whose history it narrates, greatly outwent Plymouth in wealth and population, though not in priority of settlement. The interest of Winthrop's *Journal* lies in the events that it records rather than in any charm in the historian's manner of recording them. His style is pragmatic, {343} and some of the incidents which he gravely

notes are trivial to the modern mind, though instructive as to our forefathers' way of thinking. For instance, of the year 1632: "At Watertown there was (in the view of divers witnesses) a great combat between a mouse and a snake, and after a long fight the mouse prevailed and killed the snake. The pastor of Boston, Mr. Wilson, a very sincere, holy man, hearing of it, gave this interpretation: that the snake was the devil, the mouse was a poor, contemptible people, which God had brought hither, which should overcome Satan here and dispossess him of his kingdom." The reader of Winthrop's *Journal* comes every-where upon hints which the imagination has since shaped into poetry and romance. The germs of many of Longfellow's *New England Tragedies*, of Hawthorne's *Maypole of Merrymount*, of *Endicott's Red Cross*, and of Whittier's *John Underhill* and *The Familists' Hymn* are all to be found in some dry, brief entry of the old Puritan diarist. "Robert Cole, having been oft punished for drunkenness, was now ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year" to wit, the year 1633, and thereby gave occasion to the greatest American romance, *The Scarlet Letter*. The famous apparition of the phantom ship in New Haven harbor, "upon the top of the poop a man standing with one hand akimbo under his left side, and in his right hand a sword stretched out toward the sea," was first chronicled by Winthrop under the year 1648. This meteorological {344} phenomenon took on the dimensions of a full-grown myth some forty years later, as related, with many embellishments, by Rev. James Pierpont, of New Haven, in a letter to Cotton Mather. Winthrop put great faith in special providences, and among other instances narrates, not without a certain grim satisfaction, how "the *Mary Rose*, a ship of Bristol, of about 200 tons," lying before Charleston, was blown in pieces with her own powder, being twenty-one barrels, wherein the judgment of God appeared, "for the master and company were many of them profane scoffers at us and at the ordinances of religion here." Without any effort at dramatic portraiture or character sketching, Winthrop managed in all simplicity, and by the plain relation of facts, to leave a clear impression of many of the prominent figures in the first Massachusetts immigration. In particular there gradually arises from the entries in his diary a very distinct and diverting outline of Captain John Underhill, celebrated in Whittier's poem. He was one of the few professional soldiers who came over with the Puritan fathers, such as John Mason, the hero of the Pequot War, and Miles Standish, whose *Courtship* Longfellow sang. He had seen service in the Low Countries, and in pleading the privilege of his profession "he insisted much upon the liberty which all States do allow to military officers for free speech, etc., and that himself had spoken sometimes as freely to Count Nassau." Captain Underhill gave the colony no end of {345} trouble, both by his scandalous living and his heresies in religion. Having been seduced into Familistical opinions by Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, who was banished for her beliefs, he was had up before the General Court and questioned, among other points, as to his own report of the manner of his conversion. "He had lain under a spirit of bondage and a legal way for years, and could get no assurance, till, at length, as he was taking a pipe of tobacco, the Spirit set home an absolute promise of free grace with such assurance and joy as he never since doubted of his good estate, neither should he, though he should fall into sin.~.~.~. The Lord's day following he made a speech in the assembly, showing that as the Lord was pleased to convert Paul as he was in persecuting, etc., so he might manifest himself to him as he was taking the moderate use of the creature called tobacco." The gallant captain, being banished the colony, betook himself to the falls of the Piscataquack (Exeter, N. H.), where the Rev. John Wheelwright, another adherent of Mrs. Hutchinson, had gathered a congregation. Being made governor of this plantation, Underhill sent letters to the Massachusetts magistrates, breathing reproaches and imprecations of vengeance. But meanwhile it was discovered that he had been living in adultery at Boston with a young woman whom he had seduced, the wife of a cooper, and the captain was forced to make public confession, which he did with great unction and in a manner highly dramatic. "He came {346} in his worst clothes (being accustomed to take great pride in his bravery and neatness), without a band, in a foul linen cap, and pulled close to his eyes, and standing upon a form, he did, with many deep sighs and abundance of tears, lay open his wicked course." There is a lurking humor in the grave Winthrop's detailed account of Underhill's doings. Winthrop's own personality comes out well in his *Journal*. He was a born leader of men, a *conditor imperii*, just, moderate, patient, wise, and his narrative gives, upon the whole, a favorable impression of the general prudence and fair-mindedness of the Massachusetts settlers in their dealings with one another, with the Indians, and with the neighboring plantations. Considering our forefathers' errand and calling into this wilderness, it is not strange that their chief literary staples were sermons and tracts in controversial theology. Multitudes of these were written and published by the divines of the first generation, such as John Cotton, Thomas Shepard, John Norton, Peter Bulkley, and Thomas Hooker, the founder of Hartford, of whom it was finely said that "when he was doing his Master's business he would put a king into his pocket." Nor were their successors in the second or the third generation any less industrious and prolific. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them. Their sermons and theological treatises are not literature, they are for the most part dry, heavy, and dogmatic, but they exhibit great learning, {347} logical acuteness, and an earnestness which sometimes rises into eloquence. The pulpit ruled New England, and the sermon was the great intellectual engine of the time. The serious thinking of the Puritans was given almost exclusively to religion; the other world was all their art. The daily secular events of life, the aspects of nature,

the vicissitude of the seasons, were important enough to find record in print only in so far as they manifested God's dealings with his people. So much was the sermon depended upon to furnish literary food that it was the general custom of serious minded laymen to take down the words of the discourse in their note-books. Franklin, in his Autobiography, describes this as the constant habit of his grandfather, Peter Folger; and Mather, in his life of the elder Winthrop, says that "tho' he wrote not after the preacher, yet such was his attention and such his retention in hearing, that he repeated unto his family the sermons which he had heard in the congregation." These discourses were commonly of great length; twice, or sometimes thrice, the pulpit hour-glass was silently inverted while the orator pursued his theme even unto n 'thly. The book which best sums up the life and thought of this old New England of the seventeenth century is Cotton Mather's Magnalia Christi Americana. Mather was by birth a member of that clerical aristocracy which developed later into Dr. Holmes's "Brahmin Caste of New England." His maternal grandfather was John Cotton. His {348} father was Increase Mather, the most learned divine of his generation in New England, minister of the North Church of Boston, President of Harvard College, and author, inter alia, of that characteristically Puritan book, An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences. Cotton Mather himself was a monster of erudition and a prodigy of diligence. He was graduated from Harvard at fifteen. He ordered his daily life and conversation by a system of minute observances. He was a book-worm, whose life was spent between his library and his pulpit, and his published works number upward of three hundred and eighty. Of these the most important is the Magnalia, 1702, an ecclesiastical history of New England from 1620 to 1698, divided into seven parts: I. Antiquities; II. Lives of the Governors; III. Lives of Sixty Famous Divines; IV. A History of Harvard College, with biographies of its eminent graduates; V. Acts and Monuments of the Faith; VI. Wonderful Providences; VII. The Wars of the Lord, that is, an account of the Afflictions and Disturbances of the Churches and the Conflicts with the Indians. The plan of the work thus united that of Fuller's Worthies of England and Church History with that of Wood's Athenae Oxonienses and Fox's Book of Martyrs. Mather's prose was of the kind which the English Commonwealth writers used. He was younger by a generation than Dryden; but as literary fashions are slower to change in a colony than in the {349} mother country, that nimble English which Dryden and the Restoration essayists introduced had not yet displaced in New England the older manner. Mather wrote in the full and pregnant style of Taylor, Milton, Browne, Fuller, and Burton, a style ponderous with learning and stiff with allusions, digressions, conceits, anecdotes, and quotations from the Greek and the Latin. A page of the Magnalia is almost as richly mottled with italics as one from the Anatomy of Melancholy, and the quaintness which Mather caught from his favorite Fuller disports itself in textual pun and marginal anagram and the fantastic sub-titles of his books and chapters. He speaks of Thomas Hooker as having "angled many scores of souls into the kingdom of heaven," anagrammatizes Mrs. Hutchinson's surname into "the non-such;" and having occasion to speak of Mr. Urian Oaks's election to the presidency of Harvard College, enlarges upon the circumstance as follows: "We all know that Britain knew nothing more famous than their ancient sect of DRUIDS; the philosophers, whose order, they say, was instituted by one Samoths, which is in English as much as to say, an heavenly man. The Celtic name Deru, for an Oak was that from whence they received their denomination; as at this very day the Welch call this tree Drew, and this order of men Derwyddon. But there are no small antiquaries who derive this oaken religion and philosophy from the Oaks of Mamre, where the Patriarch Abraham {350} had as well a dwelling as an altar. That Oaken-Plain and the eminent OAK under which Abraham lodged was extant in the days of Constantine, as Isidore, Jerom, and Sozomen have assured us. Yea, there are shrewd probabilities that Noah himself had lived in this very Oak-plain before him; for this very place was called Oyye, which was the name of Noah, so styled from the Oggyan (subcineritiis panibus) sacrifices, which he did use to offer in this renowned Grove. And it was from this example that the ancients and particularly that the Druids of the nations, chose oaken retirements for their studies. Reader, let us now, upon another account, behold the students of Harvard College, as a rendezvous of happy Druids, under the influences of so rare a president. But, alas! our joy must be short-lived, for on July 25, 1681, the stroke of a sudden death felled the tree.

"Qui tantum inter caput extulit omnes
Quantum lenta solent inter viberna cypressi.

"Mr. Oakes thus being transplanted into the better world, the
presidentship was immediately tendered unto Mr. Increase Mather."

This will suffice as an example of the bad taste and laborious pedantry which disfigured Mather's writing. In its substance the book is a perfect thesaurus; and inasmuch as nothing is unimportant in the history of the beginnings of such a nation as this is and is destined to be, the Magnalia will always remain a valuable and interesting work. {351} Cotton Mather, born in 1663, was of the second generation of Americans, his grandfather being of the immigration, but his father a native of Dorchester, Mass. A comparison of his writings and of the writings of his contemporaries with the works of Bradford, Winthrop, Hooker, and others of the original colonists, shows that the

simple and heroic faith of the Pilgrims had hardened into formalism and doctrinal rigidity. The leaders of the Puritan exodus, notwithstanding their intolerance of errors in belief, were comparatively broad-minded men. They were sharers in a great national movement, and they came over when their cause was warm with the glow of martyrdom and on the eve of its coming triumph at home. After the Restoration, in 1660, the currents of national feeling no longer circulated so freely through this distant member of the body politic, and thought in America became more provincial. The English dissenters, though socially at a disadvantage as compared with the Church of England, had the great benefit of living at the center of national life, and of feeling about them the pressure of vast bodies of people who did not think as they did. In New England, for many generations, the dominant sect had things all its own way, a condition of things which is not healthy for any sect or party. Hence Mather and the divines of his time appear in their writings very much like so many Puritan bishops, jealous of their prerogatives, magnifying their apostolate, and careful to maintain their {352} authority over the laity. Mather had an appetite for the marvelous, and took a leading part in the witchcraft trials, of which he gave an account in his *Wonders of the Invisible World*, 1693. To the quaint pages of the *Magnalia* our modern authors have resorted as to a collection of romances or fairy tales. Whittier, for example, took from thence the subject of his poem *The Garrison of Cape Anne*; and Hawthorne embodied in *Grandfather's Chair* the most elaborate of Mather's biographies. This was the life of Sir William Phipps, who, from being a poor shepherd boy in his native province of Maine, rose to be the royal governor of Massachusetts, and the story of whose wonderful adventures in raising the freight of a Spanish treasure ship, sunk on a reef near Port de la Plata, reads less like sober fact than like some ancient fable, with talk of the Spanish main, bullion, and plate and jewels and "pieces of eight." Of Mather's generation was Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, a singularly gracious and venerable figure, who is intimately known through his *Diary* kept from 1673 to 1729. This has been compared with the more famous diary of Samuel Pepys, which it resembles in its confidential character and the completeness of its self-revelation, but to which it is as much inferior in historic interest as "the petty province here" was inferior in political and social importance to "Britain far away." For the most part it is a chronicle of small beer, the diarist jotting down the minutiae {353} of his domestic life and private affairs, even to the recording of such haps as this: "March 23, I had my hair cut by G. Barret." But it also affords instructive glimpses of public events, such as King Philip's War, the Quaker troubles, the English Revolution of 1688, etc. It bears about the same relation to New England history at the close of the seventeenth century as Bradford's and Winthrop's journals bear to that of the first generation. Sewall was one of the justices who presided at the trial of the Salem witches; but for the part which he took in that wretched affair he made such atonement as was possible, by open confession of his mistake and his remorse in the presence of the Church. Sewall was one of the first writers against African slavery, in his brief tract, *The Selling of Joseph*, printed at Boston in 1700. His *Phenomena Quaedam Apocalyptica*, a mystical interpretation of prophecies concerning the New Jerusalem, which he identifies with America, is remembered only because Whittier, in his *Prophecy of Samuel Sewall*, has paraphrased one poetic passage, which shows a loving observation of nature very rare in our colonial writers. Of poetry, indeed, or, in fact, of pure literature, in the narrower sense--that is, of the imaginative representation of life--there was little or none in the colonial period. There were no novels, no plays, no satires, and--until the example of the *Spectator* had begun to work on this side the water--no experiments even at the lighter forms {354} of essay writing, character sketches, and literary criticism. There was verse of a certain kind, but the most generous stretch of the term would hardly allow it to be called poetry. Many of the early divines of New England relieved their pens, in the intervals of sermon writing, of epigrams, elegies, eulogistic verses, and similar grave trifles distinguished by the crabbed wit of the so-called "metaphysical poets," whose manner was in fashion when the Puritans left England; the manner of Donne and Cowley, and those darlings of the New English muse, the *Emblems* of Quarles and the *Divine Week* of Du Bartas, as translated by Sylvester. The *Magnalia* contains a number of these things in Latin and English, and is itself well bolstered with complimentary introductions in meter by the author's friends. For example:

COTTONIUS MATHERUS.

ANAGRAM.

Tuos Tecum Ornasti.

"While thus the dead in thy rare pages rise
 Thine, with thyself, thou dost immortalise,
 To view the odds thy learned lives invite
 'Twixt Eleutherian and Edomite.
 But all succeeding ages shall despair

A fitting monument for thee to _rear_.
Thy own rich pen (peace, silly Momus, peace!)
Hath given them a lasting _writ of ease_."

The epitaphs and mortuary verses were especially ingenious in the matter of puns, anagrams, {355} and similar conceits. The death of the Rev. Samuel Stone, of Hartford, afforded an opportunity of this sort not to be missed, and his threnodist accordingly celebrated him as a "whetstone," a "loadstone," an "Ebenezer"--

"A stone for kingly David's use so fit
As would not fail Goliath's front to hit," etc.

The most characteristic, popular, and widely circulated poem of colonial New England was Michael Wigglesworth's Day of Doom (1662), a kind of doggerel Inferno, which went through nine editions, and "was the solace," says Lowell, "of every fireside, the flicker of the pine-knots by which it was conned perhaps adding a livelier relish to its premonitions of eternal combustion." Wigglesworth had not the technical equipment of a poet. His verse is sing-song, his language rude and monotonous, and the lurid horrors of his material hell are more likely to move mirth than fear in a modern reader. But there are an unmistakable vigor of imagination and a sincerity of belief in his gloomy poem which hold it far above contempt, and easily account for its universal currency among a people like the Puritans. One stanza has been often quoted for its grim concession to unregenerate infants of "the easiest room in hell"--a limbus infantum which even Origen need not have scrupled at. The most authoritative expounder of New England Calvinism was Jonathan Edwards {356} (1703-1758), a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale, who was minister for more than twenty years over the Church in Northampton, Mass., afterward missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, and at the time of his death had just been inaugurated president of Princeton College. By virtue of his Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will, 1754, Edwards holds rank as the subtlest metaphysician of his age. This treatise was composed to justify, on philosophical grounds, the Calvinistic doctrines of foreordination and election by grace, though its arguments are curiously coincident with those of the scientific necessitarians, whose conclusions are as far asunder from Edwards's "as from the center thrice to the utmost pole." His writings belong to theology rather than to literature, but there is an intensity and a spiritual elevation about them, apart from the profundity and acuteness of the thought, which lift them here and there into the finer ether of purely emotional or imaginative art. He dwelt rather upon the terrors than the comfort of the word, and his chosen themes were the dogmas of predestination, original sin, total depravity, and eternal punishment. The titles of his sermons are significant: Men Naturally God's Enemies, Wrath upon the Wicked to the Uttermost, The Final Judgment, etc. "A natural man," he wrote in the first of these discourses, "has a heart like the heart of a devil.~.~. The heart of a natural man is as destitute of love to God as a dead, stiff, cold corpse is of vital heat." Perhaps the most {357} famous of Edwards's sermons was Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God, preached at Enfield, Conn., July 8, 1741, "at a time of great awakenings," and upon the ominous text, Their foot shall slide in due time. "The God that holds you over the pit of hell" runs an oft-quoted passage from this powerful denunciation of the wrath to come, "much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked.~.~. You are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours.~.~. You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it.~.~. If you cry to God to pity you, he will be so far from pitying you in your doleful case that he will only tread you under foot.~.~. He will crush out your blood and make it fly, and it shall be sprinkled on his garments so as to stain all his raiment." But Edwards was a rapt soul, possessed with the love as well as the fear of the God, and there are passages of sweet and exalted feeling in his Treatise Concerning Religious Affections, 1746. Such is his portrait of Sarah Pierpont, "a young lady in New Haven," who afterward became his wife, and who "will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her." Edwards's printed works number thirty-six titles. A complete edition of them in ten volumes was published in 1829 by his {358} great-grandson, Sereno Dwight. The memoranda from Edwards's note-books, quoted by his editor and biographer, exhibit a remarkable precocity. Even as a school-boy and a college student he had made deep guesses in physics as well as metaphysics, and, as might have been predicted of a youth of his philosophical insight and ideal cast of mind, he had early anticipated Berkeley in denying the existence of matter. In passing from Mather to Edwards, we step from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century. There is the same difference between them in style and turn of thought as between Milton and Locke, or between Fuller and Dryden. The learned digressions, the witty conceits, the perpetual interlarding of the text with scraps of Latin, have fallen off, even as the full-bottomed wig and the clerical gown and bands have been laid aside for the

undistinguishing dress of the modern minister. In Edwards's English all is simple, precise, direct, and business-like. Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), who was strictly contemporary with Edwards, was a contrast to him in every respect. As Edwards represents the spirituality and other-worldliness of Puritanism, Franklin stands for the worldly and secular side of American character, and he illustrates the development of the New England Englishman into the modern Yankee. Clear rather than subtle, without ideality or romance or fineness of emotion or poetic lift, intensely practical and utilitarian, broad-minded, inventive, shrewd, versatile, Franklin's sturdy figure {359} became typical of his time and his people. He was the first and the only man of letters in colonial America who acquired a cosmopolitan fame, and impressed his characteristic Americanism upon the mind of Europe. He was the embodiment of common sense and of the useful virtues; with the enterprise but without the nervousness of his modern compatriots, uniting the philosopher's openness of mind with the sagacity and quickness of resource of the self-made business man. He was representative also of his age, an age of *aufklärung*, *eclaircissement*, or "clearing up." By the middle of the eighteenth century a change had taken place in American society. Trade had increased between the different colonies; Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were considerable towns; democratic feeling was spreading; over forty newspapers were published in America at the outbreak of the Revolution; politics claimed more attention than formerly, and theology less. With all this intercourse and mutual reaction of the various colonies upon one another, the isolated theocracy of New England naturally relaxed somewhat of its grip on the minds of the laity. When Franklin was a printer's apprentice in Boston, setting type on his brother's *New England Courant*, the fourth American newspaper, he got hold of an odd volume of the *Spectator*, and formed his style upon Addison, whose manner he afterward imitated in his *Busy-Body* papers in the Philadelphia *Weekly Mercury*. He also read Locke and the English deistical {360} writers, Collins and Shaftesbury, and became himself a deist and free-thinker; and subsequently when practicing his trade in London, in 1724-26, he made the acquaintance of Dr. Mandeville, author of the *Fable of the Bees*, at a pale-ale house in Cheapside, called "The Horns," where the famous free-thinker presided over a club of wits and boon companions. Though a native of Boston, Franklin is identified with Philadelphia, whither he arrived in 1723, a runaway 'prentice boy, "whose stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper." The description in his *Autobiography* of his walking up Market Street munching a loaf of bread, and passing his future wife, standing on her father's doorstep, has become almost as familiar as the anecdote about Whittington and his cat. It was in the practical sphere that Franklin was greatest, as an originator and executor of projects for the general welfare. The list of his public services is almost endless. He organized the Philadelphia fire department and street cleaning service, and the colonial postal system which grew into the United States Post Office Department. He started the Philadelphia public library, the American Philosophical Society, the University of Pennsylvania, and the first American magazine, *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle*; so that he was almost singly the father of whatever intellectual life the Pennsylvania colony could boast of. In 1754, when commissioners from the colonies met at Albany, Franklin proposed a plan, which was {361} adopted, for the union of all the colonies under one government. But all these things, as well as his mission to England in 1757, on behalf of the Pennsylvania Assembly in its dispute with the proprietaries; his share in the Declaration of Independence--of which he was one of the signers--and his residence in France as Ambassador of the United Colonies, belong to the political history of the country; to the history of American science belong his celebrated experiments in electricity, and his benefits to mankind in both of these departments were aptly summed up in the famous epigram of the French statesman Turgot: "*Erupuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis*." Franklin's success in Europe was such as no American had yet achieved, as few Americans since him have achieved. Hume and Voltaire were among his acquaintances and his professed admirers. In France he was fairly idolized, and when he died Mirabeau announced, "The genius which has freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe has returned to the bosom of the Divinity." Franklin was a great man, but hardly a great writer, though as a writer, too, he had many admirable and some great qualities. Among these were the crystal clearness and simplicity of his style. His more strictly literary performances, such as his essays after the *Spectator*, hardly rise above mediocrity, and are neither better nor worse than other {362} imitations of Addison. But in some of his lighter bagatelles there are a homely wisdom and a charming playfulness which have won them enduring favor. Such are his famous story of the *Whistle*, his *Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout*, his letters to Madame Helvetius, and his verses entitled *Paper*. The greater portion of his writings consists of papers on general politics, commerce, and political economy, contributions to the public questions of his day. These are of the nature of journalism rather than of literature, and many of them were published in his newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, the medium through which for many years he most strongly influenced American opinion. The most popular of his writings were his *Autobiography* and *Poor Richard's Almanac*. The former of these was begun in 1771, resumed in 1788, but never completed. It has remained the most widely current book in our colonial literature. *Poor Richard's Almanac*, begun in 1732 and continued for about twenty-five years, had an annual circulation of ten thousand copies. It was filled with proverbial sayings in prose and verse, inculcating the virtues of industry,

honesty, and frugality.[1] Some of these were original with Franklin, others were selected from the proverbial wisdom of the ages, but a new force was given {363} them by pungent turns of expression. Poor Richard's saws were such as these: "Little strokes fell great oaks;" "Three removes are as bad as a fire;" "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise;" "Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day;" "What maintains one vice would bring up two children;" "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." Now and then there are truths of a higher kind than these in Franklin, and Sainte Beuve, the great French critic, quotes, as an example of his occasional finer moods, the saying, "Truth and sincerity have a certain distinguishing native luster about them which cannot be counterfeited; they are like fire and flame that cannot be painted." But the sage who invented the Franklin stove had no disdain of small utilities; and in general the last word of his philosophy is well expressed in a passage of his *Autobiography*: "Human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune, that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day; thus, if you teach a poor young man to shave himself and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas."

1. Captain John Smith. *A True Relation of Virginia*. Deane's edition. Boston: 1866.

2. Cotton Mather. *Magnalia Christi Americana*. Hartford: 1820.

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3. Samuel Sewall. *Diary*. Massachusetts Historical Collections. Fifth Series. Vols. v, vi, and vii. Boston: 1878.

4. Jonathan Edwards. *Eight Sermons on Various Occasions*. Vol. vii. of *Edwards's Words*. Edited by Sereno Dwight. New York: 1829.

5. Benjamin Franklin. *Autobiography*. Edited by John Bigelow. Philadelphia: 1869. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

6. *Essays and Bagatelles*. Vol. ii. of *Franklin's Works*. Edited by David Sparks. Boston: 1836.

7. Moses Coit Tyler. *A History of American Literature. 1607-1765*. New York: 1878. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

[1] *The Way to Wealth, Plan for Saving One Hundred Thousand Pounds, Rules of Health, Advice to a Young Tradesman, The Way to Make Money Plenty in Every Man's Pocket, etc.*

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CHAPTER II.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

1765-1815.

It will be convenient to treat the fifty years which elapsed between the meeting at New York, in 1765, of a Congress of delegates from nine colonies, to protest against the Stamp Act, and the close of the second war with England, in 1815, as, for literary purposes, a single period. This half century was the formative era of the American nation.

Historically it is divisible into the years of revolution and the years of construction. But the men who led the movement for independence were also, in great part, the same who guided in shaping the Constitution of the new republic, and the intellectual impress of the whole period is one and the same. The character of the age was as distinctly political as that of the colonial era--in New England at least--was theological; and literature must still continue to borrow its interest from history. Pure literature, or what, for want of a better term we call *belles lettres*, was not born in America until the nineteenth century was well under way. It is true that the Revolution had its humor, its poetry, and even its fiction; but these {366} were strictly for the home market. They hardly penetrated the consciousness of Europe at all, and are not to be compared with the contemporary work of English authors like Cowper and Sheridan and Burke. Their importance for us to-day is rather antiquarian than literary, though the most noteworthy of them will be mentioned in due course in the present chapter. It is also true that one or two of Irving's early books fall within the last years of the period now under consideration. But literary epochs overlap one another at the edges, and these writings may best be postponed to a subsequent chapter. Among the most characteristic products of the intellectual stir that preceded and accompanied the revolutionary movement, were the speeches of political orators like Samuel Adams, James Otis, and Josiah Quincy in Massachusetts, and Patrick Henry in Virginia. Oratory is the art of a free people, and as in the forensic assemblies of Greece and Rome, and in the Parliament of Great Britain, so in the conventions and congresses of revolutionary America it sprang up and flourished naturally. The age, moreover, was an eloquent, not to say a rhetorical age; and the influence of Johnson's orotund prose, of the declamatory *Letters of Junius*, and of the speeches of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and the elder Pitt is perceptible in the debates of our early congresses. The fame of a great orator, like that of a great actor, is largely traditional. The spoken word transferred to the printed page loses {367} the glow which resided in the man and the moment. A speech is good if it attains its aim, if it moves the hearers to the end which is sought. But the fact that this end is often temporary and occasional, rather than universal and permanent explains why so few speeches are really literature. If this is true, even where the words of an orator are preserved exactly as they were spoken, it is doubly true when we have only the testimony of contemporaries as to the effect which the oration produced. The fiery utterances of Adams, Otis, and Quincy were either not reported at all or very imperfectly reported, so that posterity can judge of them only at second hand. Patrick Henry has fared better, many of his orations being preserved in substance, if not in the letter, in Wirt's biography. Of these the most famous was the defiant speech in the Convention of Delegates, March 28, 1775, throwing down the gauge of battle to the British ministry. The ringing sentences of this challenge are still declaimed by school boys, and many of them remain as familiar as household words. "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past.~.~.~ Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace.~.~.~ Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery! Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!" The {368} eloquence of Patrick Henry was fervid rather than weighty or rich. But if such specimens of the oratory of the American patriots as have come down to us fail to account for the wonderful impression that their words are said to have produced upon their fellow-countrymen, we should remember that they are at a disadvantage when read instead of heard. The imagination should supply all those accessories which gave them vitality when first pronounced: the living presence and voice of the speaker; the listening Senate; the grave excitement of the hour and of the impending conflict. The wordiness and exaggeration; the highly latinized diction; the rhapsodies about freedom which hundreds of Fourth-of-July addresses have since turned into platitudes--all these coming hot from the lips of men whose actions in the field confirmed the earnestness of their speech--were effective enough in the crisis and for the purpose to which they were addressed. The press was an agent in the cause of liberty no less potent than the platform, and patriots such as Adams, Otis, Quincy, Warren, and Hancock wrote constantly for the newspapers essays and letters on the public questions of the time signed "Vindex," "Hyperion," "Independent," "Brutus," "Cassius," and the like, and couched in language which to the taste of to-day seems rather over rhetorical. Among the most important of these political essays were the *Circular Letter to each Colonial Legislature*, published by Adams {369} and Otis in 1768; Quincy's *Observations on the Boston Port Bill*, 1774, and Otis's *Rights of the British Colonies*, a pamphlet of one hundred and twenty pages, printed in 1764. No collection of Otis's writings has ever been made. The life of Quincy, published by his son, preserves for posterity his journals and correspondence, his newspaper essays, and his speeches at the bar, taken from the Massachusetts law reports. Among the political literature which is of perennial interest to the American people are such State documents as the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the messages, inaugural addresses, and other writings of our early presidents. Thomas Jefferson, the third president of the United States, and the father of the Democratic party, was the author of the Declaration of Independence, whose opening sentences have become commonplaces in the memory of all readers. One sentence in particular has been as a shibboleth, or war-cry, or declaration of faith among Democrats of all shades of opinion: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with

certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Not so familiar to modern readers is the following, which an English historian of our literature calls "the most eloquent clause of that great document," and "the most interesting suppressed passage in American literature." Jefferson {370} was a southerner, but even at that early day the South had grown sensitive on the subject of slavery, and Jefferson's arraignment of King George for promoting the "peculiar institution" was left out from the final draft of the Declaration in deference to southern members. "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative by suppressing every legislative attempt to restrain this execrable commerce. And, that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms against us, and purchase that liberty of which he deprived them by murdering the people upon whom he obtruded them, and thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people by crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another." The tone of apology or defense which Calhoun and other southern statesmen afterward adopted on the subject of slavery was not taken by the men of Jefferson's generation. Another famous {371} Virginian, John Randolph of Roanoke, himself a slaveholder, in his speech on the militia bill in the House of Representatives, December 10, 1811, said: "I speak from facts when I say that the night-bell never tolls for fire in Richmond that the mother does not hug her infant more closely to her bosom." This was said apropos of the danger of a servile insurrection in the event of a war with England--a war which actually broke out in the year following, but was not attended with the slave rising which Randolph predicted. Randolph was a thorough-going "States rights" man, and though opposed to slavery on principle, he cried hands off to any interference by the General Government with the domestic institutions of the States. His speeches read better than most of his contemporaries. They are interesting in their exhibit of a bitter and eccentric individuality, witty, incisive, and expressed in a pungent and familiar style which contrasts refreshingly with the diplomatic language and glittering generalities of most congressional oratory, whose verbiage seems to keep its subject always at arm's length. Another noteworthy writing of Jefferson's was his Inaugural Address of March 4, 1801, with its programme of "equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights;~::~ absolute acquiescence in the decisions {372} of the majority;~::~ the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected." During his six years' residence in France, as American Minister, Jefferson had become indoctrinated with the principles of French democracy. His main service and that of his party--the Democratic or, as it was then called, the Republican party--to the young republic was in its insistence upon toleration of all beliefs and upon the freedom of the individual from all forms of governmental restraint. Jefferson has some claims, to rank as an author in general literature. Educated at William and Mary College in the old Virginia capital, Williamsburg, he became the founder of the University of Virginia, in which he made special provision for the study of Anglo-Saxon, and in which the liberal scheme of instruction and discipline was conformed, in theory at least, to the "university idea." His Notes on Virginia are not without literary quality, and one description, in particular, has been often quoted--the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge--in which is this poetically imaginative touch: "The mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and {373} tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below." After the conclusion of peace with England, in 1783, political discussion centered about the Constitution, which in 1788 took the place of the looser Articles of Confederation adopted in 1778. The Constitution as finally ratified was a compromise between two parties--the Federalists, who wanted a strong central government, and the Anti-Federalists (afterward called Republicans, or Democrats), who wished to preserve State sovereignty. The debates on the adoption of the Constitution, both in the General Convention of the States, which met at Philadelphia in 1787, and in the separate State Conventions called to ratify its action, form a valuable body of comment and illustration upon the instrument itself. One of the most notable of the speeches in opposition was Patrick Henry's address before the Virginia Convention. "That this is a consolidated government," he said, "is demonstrably clear; and the danger of such a government is, to my mind, very striking." The leader of the Federal party was Alexander Hamilton, the ablest constructive intellect among the statesmen of our revolutionary era, of whom Talleyrand said that he "had never known his equal;" whom Guizot classed with "the men who have best known the vital principles and fundamental conditions of a government worthy of its name and mission." Hamilton's speech On the Expediency of Adopting the Federal Constitution, delivered in {374} the Convention of New York, June 24, 1788, was a masterly statement of the necessity and advantages of

the Union. But the most complete exposition of the constitutional philosophy of the Federal party was the series of eighty-five papers entitled the Federalist, printed during the years 1787-88, and mostly in the Independent Journal of New York, over the signature "Publius." These were the work of Hamilton, of John Jay, afterward Chief Justice, and of James Madison, afterward President of the United States. The Federalist papers, though written in a somewhat ponderous diction, are among the great landmarks of American history, and were in themselves a political education to the generation that read them. Hamilton was a brilliant and versatile figure, a persuasive orator, a forcible writer, and as Secretary of the Treasury under Washington the foremost of American financiers. He was killed, in a duel, by Aaron Burr, at Hoboken, in 1804. The Federalists were victorious, and under the provisions of the new Constitution George Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States, on March 4, 1789. Washington's writings have been collected by Jared Sparks. They consist of journals, letters, messages, addresses, and public documents, for the most part plain and business-like in manner, and without any literary pretensions. The most elaborate and the best known of them is his Farewell Address, issued on his retirement from the presidency in 1796. In {375} the composition of this he was assisted by Madison, Hamilton, and Jay. It is wise in substance and dignified, though somewhat stilted in expression. The correspondence of John Adams, second President of the United States, and his diary, kept from 1755-85, should also be mentioned as important sources for a full knowledge of this period. In the long life-and-death struggle of Great Britain against the French Republic and its successor, Napoleon Bonaparte, the Federalist party in this country naturally sympathized with England, and the Jeffersonian Democracy with France. The Federalists, who distrusted the sweeping abstractions of the French Revolution, and clung to the conservative notions of a checked and balanced freedom, inherited from English precedent, were accused of monarchical and aristocratic leanings. On their side they were not slow to accuse their adversaries of French atheism and French Jacobinism. By a singular reversal of the natural order of things the strength of the Federalist party was in New England, which was socially democratic, while the strength of the Jeffersonians was in the South, whose social structure--owing to the system of slavery--was intensely aristocratic. The war of 1812 with England was so unpopular in New England, by reason of the injury which it threatened to inflict on its commerce, that the Hartford Convention of 1814 was more than suspected of a design to bring about the secession of New England from the Union. A good deal of oratory was called {376} out by the debates on the commercial treaty with Great Britain, negotiated by Jay in 1795, by the Alien and Sedition Law of 1798, and by other pieces of Federalist legislation, previous to the downfall of that party and the election of Jefferson to the presidency in 1800. The best of the Federalist orators during those years was Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, and the best of his orations was, perhaps, his speech on the British treaty in the House of Representatives, April 18, 1796. The speech was, in great measure, a protest against American chauvinism and the violation of international obligations. "It has been said the world ought to rejoice if Britain was sunk in the sea; if where there are now men and wealth and laws and liberty, there was no more than a sand bank for sea-monsters to fatten on; space for the storms of the ocean to mingle in conflict.~.~.~. What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener?~.~.~. I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith.~.~.~. It is observed by barbarians--a whiff of tobacco smoke or a string of beads gives not merely binding force but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers a truce may be bought for money, but, when ratified, even Algiers is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation." Ames was a scholar, and his speeches are more finished and thoughtful, more literary, in a way, than those {377} of his contemporaries. His eulogiums on Washington and Hamilton are elaborate tributes, rather excessive, perhaps, in laudation and in classical allusions. In all the oratory of the revolutionary period there is nothing equal in deep and condensed energy of feeling to the single clause in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, "that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." A prominent figure during and after the War of the Revolution was Thomas Paine, or, as he was somewhat disrespectfully called, "Tom Paine." He was a dissenting minister who, conceiving himself ill treated by the British Government, came to Philadelphia in 1774 and threw himself heart and soul into the colonial cause. His pamphlet, Common Sense, issued in 1776, began with the famous words: "These are the times that try men's souls." This was followed by the Crisis, a series of political essays advocating independence and the establishment of a republic, published in periodical form, though at irregular intervals. Paine's rough and vigorous advocacy was of great service to the American patriots. His writings were popular and his arguments were of a kind easily understood by plain people, addressing themselves to the common sense, the prejudices and passions of unlettered readers. He afterward went to France and took an active part in the popular movement there, crossing swords with Burke in his Rights of Man, 1791-92, written in defense of the French Revolution. He {378} was one of the two foreigners who sat in the Convention; but falling under suspicion during the days of the terror, he was committed to the prison of the Luxembourg and only released upon the fall of Robespierre July 27, 1794. While in prison he wrote a portion of his best known work, the Age of Reason. This appeared in two parts in 1794 and 1795, the manuscript of the first part

having been intrusted to Joel Barlow, the American poet, who happened to be in Paris when Paine was sent to prison. The Age of Reason damaged Paine's reputation in America, where the name of "Tom Paine" became a stench in the nostrils of the godly and a synonym for atheism and blasphemy. His book was denounced from a hundred pulpits, and copies of it were carefully locked away from the sight of "the young," whose religious beliefs it might undermine. It was, in effect, a crude and popular statement of the Deistic argument against Christianity. What the cutting logic and persiflage--the sourire hideux--of Voltaire had done in France, Paine, with coarser materials, essayed to do for the English-speaking populations. Deism was in the air of the time; Franklin, Jefferson, Ethan Alien, Joel Barlow, and other prominent Americans were openly or unavowedly deistic. Free thought, somehow, went along with democratic opinions, and was a part of the liberal movement of the age. Paine was a man without reverence, imagination, or religious feeling. He was no scholar, and he was {379} not troubled by any perception of the deeper and subtler aspects of the questions which he touched. In his examination of the Old and New Testaments, he insisted that the Bible was an imposition and a forgery, full of lies, absurdities, and obscenities. Supernatural Christianity, with all its mysteries and miracles, was a fraud practiced by priests upon the people, and churches were instruments of oppression in the hands of tyrants. This way of accounting for Christianity would not now be accepted by even the most "advanced" thinkers. The contest between skepticism and revelation has long since shifted to other grounds. Both the philosophy and the temper of the Age of Reason belong to the eighteenth century. But Paine's downright pugnacious method of attack was effective with shrewd, half-educated doubters, and in America well-thumbed copies of his book passed from hand to hand in many a rural tavern or store, where the village atheist wrestled in debate with the deacon or the school-master. Paine rested his argument against Christianity upon the familiar grounds of the incredibility of miracles, the falsity of prophecy, the cruelty or immorality of Moses and David and other Old Testament worthies, the disagreement of the evangelists in their gospels, etc. The spirit of his book and his competence as a critic are illustrated by his saying of the New Testament: "Any person who could tell a story of an apparition, or of a man's walking, could have made such books, for the story is most wretchedly told. {380} The sum total of a parson's learning is a b, ab, and hic, haec, hoc, and this is more than sufficient to have enabled them, had they lived at the time, to have written all the books of the New Testament." When we turn from the political and controversial writings of the Revolution to such lighter literature as existed, we find little that would deserve mention in a more crowded period. The few things in this kind that have kept afloat on the current of time-- rari nantes in gurgite vasto--attract attention rather by reason of their fewness than of any special excellence that they have. During the eighteenth century American literature continued to accommodate itself to changes of caste in the old country. The so-called classical or Augustan writers of the reign of Queen Anne replaced other models of style: the Spectator set the fashion of almost all of our lighter prose, from Franklin's Busybody down to the time of Irving, who perpetuated the Addisonian tradition later than any English writer. The influence of Locke, of Dr. Johnson, and of the Parliamentary orators has already been mentioned. In poetry the example of Pope was dominant, so that we find, for example, William Livingston, who became governor of New Jersey and a member of the Continental Congress, writing in 1747 a poem on Philosophic Solitude which reproduces the trick of Pope's antitheses and climaxes with the imagery of the Rape of the Lock, and the didactic morality of the Imitations from Horace and the Moral Essays: {381}

"Let ardent heroes seek renown in arms,
Pant after fame and rush to war's alarms;
To shining palaces let fools resort
And dunces cringe to be esteemed at court.
Mine be the pleasure of a rural life,
From noise remote and ignorant of strife,
Far from the painted belle and white-gloved beau,
The lawless masquerade and midnight show;
From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
Fops, fiddlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars."

The most popular poem of the Revolutionary period was John Trumbull's McFingal, published in part at Philadelphia in 1775, and in complete shape at Hartford in 1782. It went through more than thirty editions in America, and was several times reprinted in England. McFingal was a satire in four cantos, directed against the American Loyalists, and modeled quite closely upon Butler's mock heroic poem, Hudibras. As Butler's hero sallies forth to put down May games and bear-baitings, so the tory McFingal goes out against the liberty-poles and bon-fires of the patriots, but is tarred and feathered, and otherwise ill entreated, and finally takes refuge in the camp

of General Gage at Boston. The poem is written with smartness and vivacity, attains often to drollery and sometimes to genuine humor. It remains one of the best of American political satires, and unquestionably the most successful of the many imitations of *Hudibras*, whose manner it follows so closely that some of its lines, which {382} have passed into currency as proverbs, are generally attributed to Butler. For example:

"No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

Or this:

"For any man with half an eye
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen."

Trumbull's wit did not spare the vulnerable points of his own countrymen, as in his sharp skit at slavery in the couplet about the newly adopted flag of the Confederation:

"Inscribed with inconsistent types
Of Liberty and thirteen stripes."

Trumbull was one of a group of Connecticut literati, who made much noise in their time as the "Hartford Wits." The other members of the group were Lemuel Hopkins, David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, Elihu Smith, Theodore Dwight, and Richard Alsop. Trumbull, Humphreys, and Barlow had formed a friendship and a kind of literary partnership at Yale, where they were contemporaries of each other and of Timothy Dwight. During the war they served in the army in various capacities, and at its close they found themselves again together for a few years at Hartford, where they formed a club that met weekly for social and literary purposes. Their presence lent a sort of {383} *éclat* to the little provincial capital, and their writings made it for a time an intellectual center quite as important as Boston or Philadelphia or New York. The Hartford Wits were staunch Federalists, and used their pens freely in support of the administrations of Washington and Adams, and in ridicule of Jefferson and the Democrats. In 1786-87 Trumbull, Hopkins, Barlow, and Humphreys published in the *New Haven Gazette* a series of satirical papers entitled the *Anarchiad*, suggested by the English *Rolliad*, and purporting to be extracts from an ancient epic on "the Restoration of Chaos and Substantial Night." These papers were an effort to correct, by ridicule, the anarchic condition of things which preceded the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789. It was a time of great confusion and discontent, when, in parts of the country, Democratic mobs were protesting against the vote of five years' pay by the Continental Congress to the officers of the American army. The *Anarchiad* was followed by the *Echo* and the *Political Green House*, written mostly by Alsop and Theodore Dwight, and similar in character and tendency to the earlier series. Time has greatly blunted the edge of these satires, but they were influential in their day, and are an important part of the literature of the old Federalist party. Humphreys became afterward distinguished in the diplomatic service, and was, successively, ambassador to Portugal and to Spain, whence he {384} introduced into America the breed of merino sheep. He had been on Washington's staff during the war, and was several times an inmate of his house at Mount Vernon, where he produced, in 1785, the best known of his writings, *Mount Vernon*, an ode of a rather mild description, which once had admirers. Joel Barlow cuts a larger figure in contemporary letters. After leaving Hartford, in 1788, he went to France, where he resided for seventeen years, made a fortune in speculations, and became imbued with French principles, writing a song in praise of the Guillotine, which gave great scandal to his old friends at home. In 1805 he returned to America, and built a fine residence near Washington, which he called Kalorama. Barlow's literary fame, in his own generation, rested upon his prodigious epic, the *Columbiad*. The first form of this was the *Vision of Columbus*, published at Hartford in 1787. This he afterward recast and enlarged into the *Columbiad*, issued in Philadelphia in 1807, and dedicated to Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. This was by far the most sumptuous piece of book-making that had then been published in America, and was embellished with plates executed by the best London engravers. The *Columbiad* was a grandiose performance, and has been the theme of much ridicule by later writers. Hawthorne suggested its being dramatized, and put on to the accompaniment of artillery {385} and thunder and lightning; and E. P. Whipple declared that "no critic in the last fifty years had read more than a hundred lines of it." In its

ambitiousness and its length it was symptomatic of the spirit of the age which was patriotically determined to create, by tour de force, a national literature of a size commensurate with the scale of American nature and the destinies of the republic. As America was bigger than Argos and Troy, we ought to have a bigger epic than the Iliad. Accordingly, Barlow makes Hesper fetch Columbus from his prison to a "hill of vision," where he unrolls before his eye a panorama of the history of America, or, as our bards then preferred to call it, Columbia. He shows him the conquest of Mexico by Cortez; the rise and fall of the kingdom of the Incas in Peru; the settlements of the English Colonies in North America; the old French and Indian Wars; the Revolution, ending with a prophecy of the future greatness of the new-born nation. The machinery of the Vision was borrowed from the 11th and 12th books of Paradise Lost. Barlow's verse was the ten-syllabled rhyming couplet of Pope, and his poetic style was distinguished by the vague, glittering imagery and the false sublimity which marked the epic attempts of the Queen Anne poets. Though Barlow was but a masquerader in true heroic, he showed himself a true poet in mock heroic. His Hasty Pudding, written in Savoy in 1793, and dedicated to Mrs. Washington, was thoroughly American, in subject at least, and its humor, though {386} over-elaborate, is good. One couplet in particular has prevailed against oblivion:

"E'en in thy native regions how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee Mush!"

Another Connecticut poet--one of the seven who were fondly named "The Pleiads of Connecticut"--was Timothy Dwight, whose Conquest of Canaan, written shortly after his graduation from college, but not published till 1785, was, like the Columbiad, an experiment toward the domestication of the epic muse in America. It was written like Barlow's poem, in rhymed couplets, and the patriotic impulse of the time shows oddly in the introduction of our Revolutionary War, by way of episode, among the wars of Israel. Greenfield Hill, 1794, was an idyllic and moralizing poem, descriptive of a rural parish in Connecticut of which the author was for a time the pastor. It is not quite without merit; shows plainly the influence of Goldsmith, Thomson, and Beattie, but as a whole is tedious and tame. Byron was amused that there should have been an American poet christened Timothy, and it is to be feared that amusement would have been the chief emotion kindled in the breast of the wicked Voltaire had he ever chanced to see the stern dedication to himself of the same poet's Triumph of Infidelity, 1788. Much more important than Dwight's poetry was his able Theology Explained and Defended, 1794, a restatement, with modifications, of the Calvinism of Jonathan {387} Edwards, which was accepted by the Congregational churches of New England as an authoritative exponent of the orthodoxy of the time. His Travels in New England and New York, including descriptions of Niagara, the White Mountains, Lake George, the Catskills, and other passages of natural scenery, not so familiar then as now, was published posthumously in 1821, was praised by Southey, and is still readable. As President of Yale College from 1795 to 1817, Dwight, by his learning and ability, his sympathy with young men, and the force and dignity of his character, exerted a great influence in the community. The strong political bias of the time drew into its vortex most of the miscellaneous literature that was produced. A number of ballads, serious and comic, Whig and Tory, dealing with the battles and other incidents of the long war, enjoyed a wide circulation in the newspapers, or were hawked about in printed broadsides. Most of these have no literary merit, and are now mere antiquarian curiosities. A favorite piece on the Tory side was the Cow Chase, a cleverish parody on Chevy Chase, written by the gallant and unfortunate Major Andre, at the expense of "Mad" Anthony Wayne. The national song Yankee Doodle was evolved during the Revolution, and, as is the case with John Brown's Body and many other popular melodies, some obscurity hangs about its origin. The air was an old one, and the words of the chorus seem to have been adapted or {388} corrupted from a Dutch song, and applied in derision to the Provincials by the soldiers of the British army as early as 1755. Like many another nickname, the term Yankee Doodle was taken up by the nicknamed and proudly made their own. The stanza,

"Yankee Doodle came to town," etc.,

antedates the war; but the first complete set of words to the tune was the Yankee's Return from Camp, which is apparently of the year 1775. The most popular humorous ballad on the Whig side was the Battle of the Kegs, founded on a laughable incident of the campaign at Philadelphia. This was written by Francis Hopkinson, a Philadelphian, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Hopkinson has some title to rank as one of the earliest American humorists. Without the keen wit of McFingal some of his Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings, published in 1792, have more geniality and heartiness than Trumbull's satire. His Letter on Whitewashing is a bit of domestic humor that foretokens the Danbury News man, and his Modern Learning, 1784, a burlesque on college examinations, in which a salt-box is described from the point of view of metaphysics, logic, natural philosophy, mathematics, anatomy, surgery and chemistry, long kept its place in school-readers and

other collections. His son, Joseph Hopkinson, wrote the song of Hail Columbia, which is saved from insignificance only by the music to which it was married, {389} the then popular air of "The President's March." The words were written in 1798, on the eve of a threatened war with France, and at a time when party spirit ran high. It was sung nightly by crowds in the streets, and for a whole season by a favorite singer at the theater; for by this time there were theaters in Philadelphia, in New York, and even in Puritanic Boston. Much better than Hail Columbia was the Star Spangled Banner, the words of which were composed by Francis Scott Key, a Marylander, during the bombardment by the British of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, in 1812. More pretentious than these was the once celebrated ode of Robert Treat Paine, Jr., Adams and Liberty, recited at an anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society. The sale of this is said to have netted its author over \$750, but it is, notwithstanding, a very wooden performance. Paine was a young Harvard graduate, who had married an actress playing at the old Federal Street Theater, the first play-house opened in Boston, in 1794. His name was originally Thomas, but this was changed for him by the Massachusetts Legislature, because he did not wish to be confounded with the author of the Age of Reason. "Dim are those names erstwhile in battle loud," and many an old Revolutionary worthy who fought for liberty with sword and pen is now utterly forgotten, or consigned to the limbo of Duyckinck's Cyclopedia and Griswold's Poets of America. Here and there a line has, by accident, survived to do {390} duty as a motto or inscription, while all its context is buried in oblivion. Few have read any thing more of Jonathan M. Sewall's, for example, than the couplet,

"No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours,"

taken from his Epilogue to Cato, written in 1778.

Another Revolutionary poet was Philip Freneau; "that rascal Freneau," as Washington called him, when annoyed by the attacks upon his administration in Freneau's National Gazette. He was of Huguenot descent, was a classmate of Madison at Princeton College, was taken prisoner by the British during the war, and when the war was over, engaged in journalism, as an ardent supporter of Jefferson and the Democrats. Freneau's patriotic verses and political lampoons are now unreadable; but he deserves to rank as the first real American poet, by virtue of his Wild Honeysuckle, Indian Burying Ground, Indian Student, and a few other little pieces, which exhibit a grace and delicacy inherited, perhaps, with his French blood. Indeed, to speak strictly, all of the "poets" hitherto mentioned were nothing but rhymers but in Freneau we meet with something of beauty and artistic feeling; something which still keeps his verses fresh. In his treatment of Indian themes, in particular, appear for the first time a sense of the picturesque and poetic {391} elements in the character and wild life of the red man, and that pensive sentiment which the fading away of the tribes toward the sunset has left in the wake of their retreating footsteps. In this Freneau anticipates Cooper and Longfellow, though his work is slight compared with the Leatherstocking Tales or Hiawatha. At the time when the Revolutionary War broke out the population of the colonies was over three millions; Philadelphia had thirty thousand inhabitants, and the frontier had retired to a comfortable distance from the sea-board. The Indian had already grown legendary to town dwellers, and Freneau fetches his Indian Student not from the outskirts of the settlement, but from the remote backwoods of the State:

"From Susquehanna's farthest springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game
(His blanket tied with yellow strings),
A shepherd of the forest came."

Campbell "lifted"--in his poem O'Conor's Child--the last line of the following stanza from Freneau's Indian Burying Ground:

"By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues--
The hunter and the deer a shade."

And Walter Scott did Freneau the honor to borrow, in Marmion, the final line of one of the {392} stanzas of his poem on the battle of Eutaw Springs:

"They saw their injured country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear, but left the shield."

Scott inquired of an American gentleman who wished him the authorship of this poem, which he had by heart, and pronounced it as fine a thing of the kind as there was in the language.

The American drama and American prose fiction had their beginnings during the period now under review. A company of English players came to this country in 1752 and made the tour of many of the principal towns. The first play acted here by professionals on a public stage was the *Merchant of Venice*, which was given by the English company at Williamsburg, Va., in 1752. The first regular theater building was at Annapolis, Md., where in the same year this troupe performed, among other pieces, Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*. In 1753 a theater was built in New York, and one in 1759 in Philadelphia. The Quakers of Philadelphia and the Puritans of Boston were strenuously opposed to the acting of plays, and in the latter city the players were several times arrested during the performances, under a Massachusetts law forbidding dramatic performances. At Newport, R. I., on the other hand, which was a health resort for planters from the Southern States and the West Indies. {393} and the largest slave-market in the North, the actors were hospitably received. The first play known to have been written by an American was the *Prince of Parthia*, 1765, a closet drama, by Thomas Godfrey, of Philadelphia. The first play by an American writer, acted by professionals in a public theater, was Royal Tyler's *Contrast*, performed in New York in 1786. The former of these was very high tragedy, and the latter very low comedy; and neither of them is otherwise remarkable than as being the first of a long line of indifferent dramas. There is, in fact, no American dramatic literature worth speaking of; not a single American play of even the second rank, unless we except a few graceful parlor comedies, like Mr. Howell's *Elevator* and *Sleeping-Car*. Royal Tyler, the author of the *Contrast*, cut quite a figure in his day as a wit and journalist, and eventually became Chief Justice of Vermont. His comedy, the *Georgia Spec*, 1797, had a great run in Boston, and his *Algerine Captive*, published in the same year, was one of the earliest American novels. It was a rambling tale of adventure, constructed somewhat upon the plan of Smollett's novels and dealing with the piracies which led to the war between the United States and Algiers in 1815. Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist of any note, was also the first professional man of letters in this country who supported himself entirely by his pen. He was born in {394} Philadelphia in 1771, lived a part of his life in New York and part in his native city, where he started, in 1803, the *Literary Magazine and American Register*. During the years 1798-1801 he published in rapid succession six romances, *Wieland*, *Ormond*, *Arthur Mervyn*, *Edgar Huntley*, *Clara Howard*, and *Jane Talbot*. Brown was an invalid and something of a recluse, with a relish for the ghastly in incident and the morbid in character. He was in some points a prophecy of Poe and Hawthorne, though his art was greatly inferior to Poe's, and almost infinitely so to Hawthorne's. His books belong more properly to the contemporary school of fiction in England which preceded the "Waverley Novels"--to the class that includes Beckford's *Vathek*, Godwin's *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*, Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, and such "Gothic" romances as Lewis's *Monk*, Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, and Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*. A distinguishing characteristic of this whole school is what we may call the clumsy-horrible. Brown's romances are not wanting in inventive power, in occasional situations that are intensely thrilling, and in subtle analysis of character; but they are fatally defective in art. The narrative is by turns abrupt and tiresomely prolix, proceeding not so much by dialogue as by elaborate dissection and discussion of motives and states of mind, interspersed with the author's reflections. The wild improbabilities of plot and the unnatural and even monstrous developments of character {395} are in startling contrast with the old-fashioned preciseness of the language; the conversations, when there are any, being conducted in that insipid dialect in which a fine woman was called an "elegant female." The following is a sample description of one of Brown's heroines, and is taken from his novel of *Ormond*, the leading character in which--a combination of unearthly intellect with fiendish wickedness--is thought to have been suggested by Aaron Burr: "Helena Cleves was endowed with every feminine and fascinating quality. Her features were modified by the most transient sentiments and were the seat of a softness at all times blushful and bewitching. All those graces of symmetry, smoothness and lustre, which assemble in the imagination of the painter when he calls from the bosom of her natal deep the Paphian divinity, blended their perfections in the shade, complexion, and hair of this lady." But, alas! "Helena's intellectual deficiencies could not be concealed. She was proficient in the elements of no science. The doctrine of lines and surfaces was as disproportionate with her intellects as with those of the mock-bird. She had not reasoned on the principles of human action, nor examined the structure of society.~.~.~. She could not commune in their native dialect with the sages of Rome and Athens.~.~.~.

The constitution of nature, the attributes of its Author, the arrangement of the parts of the external universe, and the substance, modes of operation, and ultimate destiny of human {396} intelligence were enigmas unsolved and insoluble by her." Brown frequently raises a superstructure of mystery on a basis ludicrously weak. Thus the hero of his first novel, *Wieland* (whose father anticipates "Old Krook," in Dickens's *Bleak House*, by dying of spontaneous combustion), is led on by what he mistakes for spiritual voices to kill his wife and children; and the voices turn out to be produced by the ventriloquism of one Carwin, the villain of the story. Similarly in *Edgar Huntley*, the plot turns upon the phenomena of sleep-walking. Brown had the good sense to place the scene of his romances in his own country, and the only passages in them which have now a living interest are his descriptions of wilderness scenery in *Edgar Huntley*, and his graphic account in *Arthur Mervyn* of the yellow-fever epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793. Shelley was an admirer of Brown, and his experiments in prose fiction, such as *Zastrozzi* and *St. Irvyne the Rosicrucian*, are of the same abnormal and speculative type. Another book which falls within this period was the *Journal*, 1774, of John Woolman, a New Jersey Quaker, which has received the highest praise from Channing, Charles Lamb, and many others. "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," wrote Lamb, "and love the early Quakers." The charm of this journal resides in its singular sweetness and innocence of feeling, the "deep inward stillness" peculiar to the people called Quakers. {397} Apart from his constant use of certain phrases peculiar to the Friends, Woolman's English is also remarkably graceful and pure, the transparent medium of a soul absolutely sincere, and tender and humble in its sincerity. When not working at his trade as a tailor, Woolman spent his time in visiting and ministering to the monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings of Friends, traveling on horseback to their scattered communities in the backwoods of Virginia and North Carolina, and northward along the coast as far as Boston and Nantucket. He was under a "concern" and a "heavy exercise" touching the keeping of slaves, and by his writing and speaking did much to influence the Quakers against slavery. His love went out, indeed, to all the wretched and oppressed; to sailors, and to the Indians in particular. One of his most perilous journeys was made to the settlements of Moravian Indians in the wilderness of Western Pennsylvania, at Bethlehem, and at Wehalaosing, on the Susquehanna. Some of the scruples which Woolman felt, and the quaint *naïveté* with which he expresses them, may make the modern reader smile--but it is a smile which is very close to a tear. Thus, when in England--where he died in 1772--he would not ride nor send a letter by mail-coach, because the poor post-boys were compelled to ride long stages in winter nights, and were sometimes frozen to death. "So great is the hurry in the spirit of this world, that in aiming to do business quickly and to gain wealth, {398} the creation at this day doth loudly groan." Again, having reflected that war was caused by luxury in dress, etc., the use of dyed garments grew uneasy to him, and he got and wore a hat of the natural color of the fur. "In attending meetings, this singularity was a trial to me~.~.~. and some Friends, who knew not from what motives I wore it, grew shy of me~.~.~. Those who spoke with me I generally informed, in a few words, that I believed my wearing it was not in my own will."

1. Representative American Orations. Edited by Alexander Johnston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.
2. The Federalist. New York: Charles Scribner. 1863.
3. Notes on Virginia. By Thomas Jefferson. Boston. 1829.
4. Travels in New England and New York. By Timothy Dwight. New Haven. 1821.
5. McFingal: in Trumbull's Poetical Works. Hartford: 1820.
6. Joel Barlow's *Hasty Pudding*. Francis Hopkinson's *Modern Learning*. Philip Freneau's *Indian Student*, *Indian Burying Ground*, and *White Honeysuckle*: in Vol. I. of Duyckinck's *Cyclopedia of American Literature*. New York: Charles Scribner. 1866.
7. Arthur Mervyn. By Charles Brockden Brown. Boston: S. G. Goodrich. 1827.
8. The Journal of John Woolman. With an {399} Introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.
9. American Literature. By Charles F. Richardson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.
10. American Literature. By John Nichol. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1882.

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CHAPTER III.

THE ERA OF NATIONAL EXPANSION.

1815-1837.

The attempt to preserve a strictly chronological order must here be abandoned. About all the American literature in existence, that is of any value _as literature_, is the product of the past three quarters of a century, and the men who produced it, though older or younger, were still contemporaries. Irving's _Knickerbocker's History of New York_, 1809, was published within the recollection of some yet living, and the venerable poet, Richard H. Dana--Irving's junior by only four years--survived to 1879, when the youngest of the generation of writers that now occupy public attention had already won their spurs. Bryant, whose _Thanatopsis_ was printed in 1816, lived down to 1878. He saw the beginnings of our national literature, and he saw almost as much of the latest phase of it as we see to-day in this year 1887. Still, even within the limits of a single life-time, there have been progress and change. And so, while it will happen that the consideration of writers a part of whose work falls between the dates at the head of this chapter may be postponed {401} to subsequent chapters, we may in a general way follow the sequence of time. The period between the close of the second war with England, in 1815, and the great financial crash of 1837, has been called, in language attributed to President Monroe, "the era of good feeling." It was a time of peace and prosperity, of rapid growth in population and rapid extension of territory. The new nation was entering upon its vast estates and beginning to realize its manifest destiny. The peace with Great Britain, by calling off the Canadian Indians and the other tribes in alliance with England, had opened up the North-west to settlement. Ohio had been admitted as a State in 1802; but at the time of President Monroe's tour, in 1817, Cincinnati had only seven thousand inhabitants, and half of the State was unsettled. The Ohio River flowed for most of its course through an unbroken wilderness. Chicago was merely a fort. Hitherto the emigration to the West had been sporadic; now it took on the dimensions of a general and almost a concerted exodus. This movement was stimulated in New England by the cold summer of 1816 and the late spring of 1817, which produced a scarcity of food that amounted in parts of the interior to a veritable famine. All through this period sounded the axe of the pioneer clearing the forest about his log cabin, and the rumble of the canvas-covered emigrant wagon over the primitive highways which crossed the Alleghanies {402} or followed the valley of the Mohawk. S. G. Goodrich, known in letters as "Peter Parley," in his _Recollections of a Lifetime_, 1856, describes the part of the movement which he had witnessed as a boy in Fairfield County, Conn.: "I remember very well the tide of emigration through Connecticut, on its way to the West, during the summer of 1817. Some persons went in covered wagons--frequently a family consisting of father, mother, and nine small children, with one at the breast--some on foot, and some crowded together under the cover, with kettles, gridirons, feather beds, crockery, and the family Bible, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and Webster's Spelling-book--the lares and penates of the household. Others started in ox-carts, and trudged on at the rate of ten miles a day. . . . Many of these persons were in a state of poverty, and begged their way as they went. Some died before they reached the expected Canaan; many perished after their arrival from fatigue and privation; and others from the fever and ague, which was then certain to attack the new settlers. It was, I think, in 1818 that I published a small tract entitled _'Tother Side of Oldo_--that is, the other view, in contrast to the popular notion that it was the paradise of the world. It was written by Dr. Hand--a talented young physician of Berlin--who had made a visit to the West about these days. It consisted mainly of vivid but painful pictures of the accidents and incidents attending this wholesale migration. The roads over the Alleghanies, {403} between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, were then rude, steep, and dangerous, and some of the more precipitous slopes were consequently strewn with the carcasses of wagons, carts, horses, oxen, which had made shipwreck in their perilous descents." But in spite of the hardships of the settler's life, the spirit of that time, as reflected in its writings, was a hopeful and a light-hearted one. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," runs the famous line from Berkeley's poem on America. The New Englanders who removed to the Western Reserve went there to better themselves; and their children found themselves the owners of broad acres of virgin soil, in place of the stony hill pastures of Berkshire and Litchfield. There was an attraction, too, about the wild, free life of the frontiersman, with all its perils and discomforts. The life of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky--that "dark and bloody ground"--is a genuine romance. Hardly less picturesque was the old river life of the Ohio boatmen, before

the coming of steam banished their queer craft from the water. Between 1810 and 1840 the center of population in the United States had moved from the Potomac to the neighborhood of Clarksburg, in West Virginia, and the population itself had increased from seven to seventeen millions. The gain was made partly in the East and South, but the general drift was westward. During the years now under review, {404} the following new States were admitted, in the order named: Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Maine, Missouri, Arkansas, Michigan. Kentucky and Tennessee had been made States in the last years of the eighteenth century, and Louisiana--acquired by purchase from France--in 1812. The settlers, in their westward march, left large tracts of wilderness behind them. They took up first the rich bottom lands along the river courses, the Ohio and Miami and Licking, and later the valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri, and the shores of the great lakes. But there still remained back woods in New York and Pennsylvania, though the cities of New York and Philadelphia had each a population of more than one hundred thousand in 1815. When the Erie Canal was opened, in 1825, it ran through a primitive forest. N. P. Willis, who went by canal to Buffalo and Niagara in 1827, describes the houses and stores at Rochester as standing among the burnt stumps left by the first settlers. In the same year that saw the opening of this great water way, the Indian tribes, numbering now about one hundred and thirty thousand souls, were moved across the Mississippi. Their power had been broken by General Harrison's victory over Tecumseh at the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, and they were in fact mere remnants and fragments of the race which had hung upon the skirts of civilization, and disputed the advance of the white man for two centuries. It was not until some years later than this that railroads began {405} to take an important share in opening up new country. The restless energy, the love of adventure, the sanguine anticipation which characterized American thought at this time, the picturesque contrasts to be seen in each mushroom town where civilization was encroaching on the raw edge of the wilderness--all these found expression, not only in such well-known books as Copper's *Pioneers*, 1823, and Irving's *Tour on the Prairies*, 1835, but in the minor literature which is read to-day, if at all, not for its own sake, but for the light that it throws on the history of national development: in such books as Paulding's story of *Westward Ho!* and his poem, *The Backwoodsman*, 1818; or as Timothy Flint's *Recollections*, 1826, and his *Geography and History of the Mississippi Valley*, 1827. It was not an age of great books, but it was an age of large ideas and expanding prospects. The new consciousness of empire uttered itself hastily, crudely, ran into buncombe, "spread-eagleism," and other noisy forms of patriotic exultation; but it was thoroughly democratic and American. Though literature--or at least the best literature of the time--was not yet emancipated from English models, thought and life, at any rate, were no longer in bondage--no longer provincial. And it is significant that the party in office during these years was the Democratic, the party which had broken most completely with conservative traditions. The famous "Monroe doctrine" was {406} a pronouncement of this aggressive democracy, and though the Federalists returned to power for a single term, under John Quincy Adams (1825-1829,) Andrew Jackson received the largest number of electoral votes, and Adams was only chosen by the House of Representatives in the absence of a majority vote for any one candidate. At the close of his term "Old Hickory," the hero of the people, the most characteristically democratic of our Presidents, and the first backwoodsman who entered the White House, was borne into office on a wave of popular enthusiasm. We have now arrived at the time when American literature, in the higher and stricter sense of the term, really began to have an existence. S. G. Goodrich, who settled at Hartford as a bookseller and publisher in 1818, says, in his *Recollections*: "About this time I began to think of trying to bring out original American works. . . . The general impression was that we had not, and could not have, a literature. It was the precise point at which Sidney Smith had uttered that bitter taunt in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'Who reads an American book?' . . . It was positively injurious to the commercial credit of a bookseller to undertake American works." Washington Irving (1783-1859) was the first American author whose books, as *books*, obtained recognition abroad; whose name was thought worthy of mention beside the names of English contemporary authors, like Byron, Scott, and Coleridge. He was also the first American writer whose writings are still read {407} for their own sake. We read Mather's *Magnalia*, and Franklin's *Autobiography*, and Trumbull's *McFingal*--if we read them at all--as history, and to learn about the times or the men. But we read the *Sketch Book*, and *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, and the *Conquest of Granada* for themselves, and for the pleasure that they give as pieces of literary art. We have arrived, too, at a time when we may apply a more cosmopolitan standard to the works of American writers, and may disregard many a minor author whose productions would have cut some figure had they come to light amid the poverty of our colonial age. Hundreds of these forgotten names, with specimens of their unread writings, are consigned to a limbo of immortality in the pages of Duyckinck's *Cyclopedia*, and of Griswold's *Poets of America* and *Prose Writers of America*. We may select here for special mention, and as most representative of the thought of their time, the names of Irving, Cooper, Webster, and Channing. A generation was now coming upon the stage who could recall no other government in this country than the government of the United States, and to whom the Revolutionary War was but a tradition. Born in the very year of the peace, it was a part of Irving's mission, by the sympathetic charm of his writings and by the cordial recognition which he won in both countries, to

allay the soreness which the second war, of 1812-15, had left between England and America. He was {408} well fitted for the task of mediator. Conservative by nature, early drawn to the venerable worship of the Episcopal Church, retrospective in his tastes, with a preference for the past and its historic associations which, even in young America, led him to invest the Hudson and the region about New York with a legendary interest, he wrote of American themes in an English fashion, and interpreted to an American public the mellow attractiveness that he found in the life and scenery of Old England. He lived in both countries, and loved them both; and it is hard to say whether Irving is more of an English or of an American writer. His first visit to Europe, in 1804-6, occupied nearly two years. From 1815 to 1832 he was abroad continuously, and his "domicile," as the lawyers say, during these seventeen years was really in England, though a portion of his time was spent upon the continent, and several successive years in Spain, where he engaged upon the Life of Columbus, the Conquest of Granada, the Companions of Columbus, and the Alhambra, all published between 1828-32. From 1842 to 1846 he was again in Spain as American Minister at Madrid. Irving was the last and greatest of the Addisonians. His boyish letters, signed "Jonathan Oldstyle," contributed in 1802 to his brother's newspaper, the Morning Chronicle, were, like Franklin's Busybody, close imitations of the Spectator. To the same family belonged his Salmagundi papers, 1807, a series of town-satires on New York society, written {409} in conjunction with his brother William and with James K. Paulding. The little tales, essays, and sketches which compose the Sketch Book were written in England, and published in America, in periodical numbers, in 1819-20. In this, which is in some respects his best book, he still maintained that attitude of observation and spectatorship taught him by Addison. The volume had a motto taken from Burton, "I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for--a mere spectator of other men's fortunes," etc.; and "The Author's Account of Himself" began in true Addisonian fashion: "I was always fond of visiting new scenes and observing strange characters and manners." But though never violently "American," like some later writers who have consciously sought to throw off the trammels of English tradition, Irving was in a real way original. His most distinct addition to our national literature was in his creation of what has been called "the Knickerbocker legend." He was the first to make use, for literary purposes, of the old Dutch traditions which clustered about the romantic scenery of the Hudson. Col. T. W. Higginson, in his History of the United States, tells how "Mrs. Josiah Quincy, sailing up that river in 1786, when Irving was a child three years old, records that the captain of the sloop had a legend, either supernatural or traditional, for every scene, and not a mountain reared its head unconnected with some marvelous {410} story." The material thus at hand Irving shaped into his Knickerbocker's History of New York, into the immortal story of Rip Van Winkle, and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow (both published in the Sketch Book), and in later additions to the same realm of fiction, such as Dolph Heyliger in Bracebridge Hall, the Money Diggers, Wolfert Webber, and Kidd the Pirate, in the Tales of a Traveler, and in some of the miscellanies from the Knickerbocker Magazine, collected into a volume, in 1855, under the title of Wolfert's Roost. The book which made Irving's reputation was his Knickerbocker's History of New York, 1809, a burlesque chronicle, making fun of the old Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, and attributed, by a familiar and now somewhat threadbare device,[1] to a little old gentleman named Diedrich Knickerbocker, whose manuscript had come into the editor's hands. The book was gravely dedicated to the New York Historical Society, and it is said to have been quoted, as authentic history, by a certain German scholar named Goeller, in a note on a passage in Thucydides. This story, though well vouched, is hard of belief: for Knickerbocker, though excellent fooling, has nothing of the grave irony of Swift in his Modest Proposal or of Defoe in his Short Way with Dissenters. Its mock-heroic intention is as transparent as in Fielding's parodies of Homer, which it somewhat resembles, {411} particularly in the delightfully absurd description of the mustering of the clans under Peter Stuyvesant and the attack on the Swedish Fort Christina. Knickerbocker's History of New York was a real addition to the comic literature of the world; a work of genuine humor, original and vital. Walter Scott said that it reminded him closely of Swift, and had touches resembling Sterne. It is not necessary to claim for Irving's little masterpiece a place beside Gulliver's Travels and Tristram Shandy. But it was, at least, the first American book in the lighter departments of literature which needed no apology and stood squarely on its own legs. It was written, too, at just the right time. Although New Amsterdam had become New York as early as 1664, the impress of its first settlers, with their quaint conservative ways, was still upon it when Irving was a boy. The descendants of the Dutch families formed a definite element not only in Manhattan, but all up along the kills of the Hudson, at Albany, at Schenectady, in Westchester County, at Hoboken, and Communipaw, localities made familiar to him in many a ramble and excursion. He lived to see the little provincial town of his birth grow into a great metropolis, in which all national characteristics were blended together, and a tide of immigration from Europe and New England flowed over the old landmarks and obliterated them utterly. Although Irving was the first to reveal to his countrymen the literary possibilities of their early {412} history, it must be acknowledged that with modern American life he had little sympathy. He hated politics, and in the restless democratic movement of the time, as we have described it, he found no inspiration. This moderate and placid gentleman, with his distrust of all kinds of fanaticism, had no liking for the

Puritans or for their descendants, the New England Yankees, if we may judge from his sketch of Ichabod Crane, in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. His genius was reminiscent, and his imagination, like Scott's, was the historic imagination. In crude America his fancy took refuge in the picturesque aspects of the past, in "survivals" like the Knickerbocker Dutch and the Acadian peasants, whose isolated communities on the lower Mississippi he visited and described. He turned naturally to the ripe civilization of the Old World. He was our first picturesque tourist, the first "American in Europe." He rediscovered England, whose ancient churches, quiet landscapes, memory-haunted cities, Christmas celebrations, and rural festivals had for him an unfailing attraction. With pictures of these, for the most part, he filled the pages of the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall, 1822. Delightful as are these English sketches, in which the author conducts his readers to Windsor Castle, or Stratford-on-Avon, or the Boar's Head Tavern, or sits beside him on the box of the old English stage-coach, or shares with him the Yuletide cheer at the ancient English country house, their interest has somewhat faded. {413} The pathos of the Broken Heart and the Pride of the Village, the mild satire of the Art of Book Making, the rather obvious reflections in Westminster Abbey are not exactly to the taste of this generation. They are the literature of leisure and retrospection; and already Irving's gentle elaboration, the refined and slightly artificial beauty of his style, and his persistently genial and sympathetic attitude have begun to pall upon readers who demand a more nervous and accented kind of writing. It is felt that a little roughness, a little harshness, even, would give relief to his pictures of life. There is, for instance, something a little irritating in the old-fashioned courtliness of his manner toward women; and one reads with a certain impatience smoothly punctuated passages like the following: "As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart." Irving's gifts were sentiment and humor, with an imagination sufficiently fertile, and an observation sufficiently acute to support those two main {414} qualities, but inadequate to the service of strong passion or subtle thinking, though his pathos, indeed, sometimes reached intensity. His humor was always delicate and kindly; his sentiment never degenerated into sentimentality. His diction was graceful and elegant--too elegant, perhaps; and in his modesty he attributed the success of his books in England to the astonishment of Englishmen that an American could write good English. In Spanish history and legend Irving found a still newer and richer field for his fancy to work upon. He had not the analytic and philosophical mind of a great historian, and the merits of his Conquest of Granada and Life of Columbus are rather belletristisch than scientific. But he brought to these undertakings the same eager love of the romantic past which had determined the character of his writings in America and England, and the result--whether we call it history or romance--is at all events charming as literature. His Life of Washington--completed in 1859--was his magnum opus, and is accepted as standard authority. Mahomet and His Successors, 1850, was comparatively a failure. But of all Irving's biographies, his Life of Oliver Goldsmith, 1849, was the most spontaneous and perhaps the best. He did not impose it upon himself as a task, but wrote it from a native and loving sympathy with his subject, and it is, therefore, one of the choicest literary memoirs in the language. {415} When Irving returned to America, in 1832, he was the recipient of almost national honors. He had received the medal of the Royal Society of Literature and the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University, and had made American literature known and respected abroad. In his modest home at Sunnyside, on the banks of the river over which he had been the first to throw the witchery of poetry and romance, he was attended to the last by the admiring affection of his countrymen. He had the love and praises of the foremost English writers of his own generation and the generation which followed--of Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Thackeray, and Dickens, some of whom had been among his personal friends. He is not the greatest of American authors, but the influence of his writings is sweet and wholesome, and it is in many ways fortunate that the first American man of letters who made himself heard in Europe should have been in all particulars a gentleman. Connected with Irving, at least by name and locality, were a number of authors who resided in the city of New York and who are known as the Knickerbocker writers, perhaps because they were contributors to the Knickerbocker Magazine. One of these was James K. Paulding, a connection of Irving by marriage, and his partner in the Salmagundi Papers. Paulding became Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren, and lived down to the year 1860. He was a {416} voluminous author, but his writings had no power of continuance, and are already obsolete, with the possible exception of his novel, the Dutchman's Fireside, 1831. A finer spirit than Paulding was Joseph Rodman Drake, a young poet of great promise, who died in 1820, at the age of twenty-five. Drake's patriotic lyric, the American Flag, is certainly the most spirited thing of the kind in our poetic literature, and greatly superior to such national anthems as Hail Columbia and the Star Spangled Banner. His Culprit Fay, published in 1819, was the best poem that had yet appeared in America, if we except Bryant's Thanatopsis, which was three years the elder. The Culprit Fay was a fairy story, in which, following Irving's lead, Drake undertook to

throw the glamour of poetry about the Highlands of the Hudson. Edgar Poe said that the poem was fanciful rather than imaginative; but it is prettily and even brilliantly fanciful, and has maintained its popularity to the present time. Such verse as the following--which seems to show that Drake had been reading Coleridge's *Christabel*, published three years before--was something new in American poetry:

"The winds are whist and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill,
But the cricket's chirp and the answer shrill,
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will
{417}
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow."

Here we have, at last, the whip-poor-will, an American bird, and not the conventional lark or nightingale, although the elves of the Old World seem scarcely at home on the banks of the Hudson. Drake's memory has been kept fresh not only by his own poetry, but by the beautiful elegy written by his friend Fitz-Greene Halleck, the first stanza of which is universally known:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Halleck was born in Guilford, Connecticut, whither he retired in 1849, and resided there till his death in 1867. But his literary career is identified with New York. He was associated with Drake in writing the *Croaker Papers*, a series of humorous and satirical verses contributed in 1814 to the *Evening Post*. These were of a merely local and temporary interest; but Halleck's fine ode, *Marco Bozzaris*--though declaimed until it has become hackneyed--gives him a sure title to a remembrance; and his *Alnwick Castle*, a monody, half serious and half playful on the contrasts between feudal associations and modern life, has {418} much of that pensive lightness which characterizes *Praed's best vers de société*. A friend of Drake and Halleck was James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), the first American novelist of distinction, and, if a popularity which has endured for nearly three quarters of a century is any test, still the most successful of all American novelists. Cooper was far more intensely American than Irving, and his books reached an even wider public. "They are published as soon as he produces them," said Morse, the electrician, in 1833, "in thirty-four different places in Europe. They have been seen by American travelers in the languages of Turkey and Persia, in Constantinople, in Egypt, at Jerusalem, at Ispahan." Cooper wrote altogether too much; he published, besides his fictions, a *Naval History of the United States*, a series of naval biographies, works of travel, and a great deal of controversial matter. He wrote over thirty novels, the greater part of which are little better than trash, and tedious trash at that. This is especially true of his *tendenz* novels and his novels of society. He was a man of strongly marked individuality, fiery, pugnacious, sensitive to criticism, and abounding in prejudices. He was embittered by the scurrilous attacks made upon him by a portion of the American press, and spent a great deal of time and energy in conducting libel suits against the newspapers. In the same spirit he used fiction as a vehicle for attack upon the abuses and follies of American life. Nearly all of {419} his novels, written with this design, are worthless. Nor was Cooper well equipped by nature and temperament for depicting character and passion in social life. Even in his best romances his heroines and his "leading juveniles"--to borrow a term from the amateur stage--are insipid and conventional. He was no satirist, and his humor was not of a high order. He was a rapid and uneven writer, and, unlike Irving, he had no style. Where Cooper was great was in the story, in the invention of incidents and plots, in a power of narrative and description in tales of wild adventure which keeps the reader in breathless excitement to the end of the book. He originated the novel of the sea and the novel of the wilderness. He created the Indian of literature; and in this, his peculiar field, although he has had countless imitators, he has had no equals. Cooper's experiences had prepared him well for the kingship of this new realm in the world of fiction. His childhood was passed on the borders of Otsego Lake, when central New York was still a wilderness, with boundless forests

stretching westward, broken only here and there by the clearings of the pioneers. He was taken from college (Yale) when still a lad, and sent to sea in a merchant vessel, before the mast. Afterward he entered the navy and did duty on the high seas and upon Lake Ontario, then surrounded by virgin forests. He married and resigned his commission in 1811, just before the outbreak of the war with England, so {420} that he missed the opportunity of seeing active service in any of those engagements on the ocean and our great lakes which were so glorious to American arms. But he always retained an active interest in naval affairs. His first successful novel was The Spy, 1821, a tale of the Revolutionary War, the scene of which was laid in Westchester County, N. Y., where the author was then residing. The hero of this story, Harvey Birch, was one of the most skillfully drawn figures on his canvas. In 1823 he published the Pioneers, a work somewhat overlaid with description, in which he drew for material upon his boyish recollections of frontier life at Cooperstown. This was the first of the series of five romances known as the Leatherstocking Tales. The others were the Last of the Mohicans, 1826; the Prairie, 1827; the Pathfinder, 1840; and the Deerslayer, 1841. The hero of this series, Natty Bumppo, or "Leatherstocking," was Cooper's one great creation in the sphere of character, his most original addition to the literature of the world in the way of a new human type. This backwoods philosopher--to the conception of whom the historic exploits of Daniel Boone perhaps supplied some hints; unschooled, but moved by noble impulses and a natural sense of piety and justice; passionately attached to the wilderness, and following its westerling edge even unto the prairies--this man of the woods was the first real American in fiction. Hardly less individual and vital {421} were the various types of Indian character, in Chingachgook, Uncas, Hist, and the Huron warriors. Inferior to these, but still vigorously though somewhat roughly drawn, were the waifs and strays of civilization, whom duty, or the hope of gain, or the love of adventure, or the outlawry of crime had driven to the wilderness--the solitary trapper, the reckless young frontiersman, the officers and men of out-post garrisons. Whether Cooper's Indian was the real being, or an idealized and rather melo-dramatic version of the truth, has been a subject of dispute. However this be, he has taken his place in the domain of art, and it is safe to say that his standing there is secure. No boy will ever give him up. Equally good with the Leatherstocking novels, and especially national, were Cooper's tales of the sea, or at least the two best of them--the Pilot, 1823, founded upon the daring exploits of John Paul Jones, and the Red Rover, 1828. But here, though Cooper still holds the sea, he has had to admit competitors; and Britannia, who rules the waves in song, has put in some claim to a share in the domain of nautical fiction in the persons of Mr. W. Clarke Russell and others. Though Cooper's novels do not meet the deeper needs of the heart and the imagination, their appeal to the universal love of a story is perennial. We devour them when we are boys, and if we do not often return to them when we are men, that is perhaps only because we have read them before, and "know the {422} ending." They are good yarns for the fore-castle and the camp-fire; and the scholar in his study, though he may put the Deerslayer or the Last of the Mohicans away on the top-shelf, will take it down now and again, and sit up half the night over it. Before dismissing the belles-lettres writings of this period, mention should be made of a few poems of the fugitive kind which seem to have taken a permanent place in popular regard. John Howard Payne, a native of Long Island, a wandering actor and playwright, who died American Consul at Tunis in 1852, wrote about 1820 for Covent Garden Theater an opera, entitled Clari, the libretto of which included the now famous song of Home, Sweet Home. Its literary pretensions were of the humblest kind, but it spoke a true word which touched the Anglo-Saxon heart in its tenderest spot, and being happily married to a plaintive air was sold by the hundred thousand, and is evidently destined to be sung forever. A like success has attended the Old Oaken Bucket, composed by Samuel Woodworth, a printer and journalist from Massachusetts, whose other poems, of which two collections were issued in 1818 and 1826, were soon forgotten. Richard Henry Wilde, an Irishman by birth, a gentleman of scholarly tastes and accomplishments, who wrote a great deal on Italian literature, and sat for several terms in Congress as Representative of the State of Georgia, was the author of the favorite song, My Life is Like the Summer Rose. Another {423} Southerner, and a member of a distinguished Southern family, was Edward Coate Pinkney, who served nine years in the navy, and died in 1828, at the age of twenty-six, having published in 1825 a small volume of lyrical poems which had a fire and a grace uncommon at that time in American verse. One of these, A Health, beginning "I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone," though perhaps somewhat overpraised by Edgar Poe, has rare beauty of thought and expression. John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States (1825-29), was a man of culture and of literary tastes. He published his lectures on rhetoric delivered during his tenure of the Boylston Professorship at Harvard in 1806-09; he left a voluminous diary, which has been edited since his death in 1848; and among his experiments in poetry is one of considerable merit, entitled the Wants of Man, an ironical sermon on Goldsmith's text:

"Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long."

As this poem is a curiously close anticipation of Dr. Holmes's *Contentment*, so the very popular ballad, *Old Grimes*, written about 1818, by Albert Gorton Greene, an undergraduate of Brown University in Rhode Island, is in some respects an anticipation of Holmes's quaintly pathetic *Last Leaf*. The political literature and public oratory of {424} the United States during this period, although not absolutely of less importance than that which preceded and followed the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution, demands less relative attention in a history of literature by reason of the growth of other departments of thought. The age was a political one, but no longer exclusively political. The debates of the time centered about the question of "State Rights," and the main forum of discussion was the old Senate chamber, then made illustrious by the presence of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. The slavery question, which had threatened trouble, was put off for awhile by the Missouri Compromise of 1820, only to break out more fiercely in the debates on the Wilmot Proviso, and the Kansas and Nebraska Bill. Meanwhile the Abolition movement had been transferred to the press and the platform. Garrison started his *Liberator* in 1830, and the Antislavery Society was founded in 1833. The Whig party, which had inherited the constitutional principles of the old Federal party, advocated internal improvements at national expense and a high protective tariff. The State Rights party, which was strongest at the South, opposed these views, and in 1832 South Carolina claimed the right to "nullify" the tariff imposed by the general government. The leader of this party was John Caldwell Calhoun, a South Carolinian, who in his speech in the United States Senate, on February 13, 1832, on Nullification and the {425} Force Bill, set forth most authoritatively the "Carolina doctrine." Calhoun was a great debater, but hardly a great orator. His speeches are the arguments of a lawyer and a strict constitutionalist, severely logical, and with a sincere conviction in the soundness of his case. Their language is free from bad rhetoric; the reasoning is cogent, but there is an absence of emotion and imagination; they contain few quotable things, and no passages of commanding eloquence, such as strew the orations of Webster and Burke. They are not, in short, literature. Again, the speeches of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, the leader of the Whigs, whose persuasive oratory is a matter of tradition, disappoint in the reading. The fire has gone out of them. Not so with Daniel Webster, the greatest of American forensic orators, if, indeed, he be not the greatest of all orators who have used the English tongue. Webster's speeches are of the kind that have power to move after the voice of the speaker is still. The thought and the passion in them lay hold on feelings of patriotism more lasting than the issues of the moment. It is, indeed, true of Webster's speeches, as of all speeches, that they are known to posterity more by single brilliant passages than as wholes. In oratory the occasion is of the essence of the thing, and only those parts of an address which are permanent and universal in their appeal take their place in literature. But of such detachable passages there are happily {426} many in Webster's orations. One great thought underlay all his public life, the thought of the Union; of American nationality. What in Hamilton had been a principle of political philosophy had become in Webster a passionate conviction. The Union was his idol, and he was intolerant of any faction which threatened it from any quarter, whether the Nullifiers of South Carolina or the Abolitionists of the North. It is this thought which gives grandeur and elevation to all his utterances, and especially to the wonderful peroration of his reply to Hayne, on Mr. Foot's resolution touching the sale of the public lands, delivered in the Senate on January 26, 1830, whose closing words, "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," became the rallying cry of a great cause. Similar in sentiment was his famous speech of March 7, 1850, *On the Constitution and the Union*, which gave so much offense to the extreme Antislavery party, who held with Garrison that a Constitution which protected slavery was "a league with death and a covenant with hell." It is not claiming too much for Webster to assert that the sentences of these and other speeches, memorized and declaimed by thousands of school-boys throughout the North, did as much as any single influence to train up a generation in hatred of secession, and to send into the fields of the civil war armies of men animated with the stern resolution to fight till the last drop of blood was shed, rather than allow the Union to be dissolved. {427} The figure of this great senator is one of the most imposing in American annals. The masculine force of his personality impressed itself upon men of a very different stamp--upon the unworldly Emerson, and upon the captious Carlyle, whose respect was not willingly accorded to any contemporary, much less to a representative of American democracy. Webster's looks and manner were characteristic. His form was massive, his skull and jaw solid, the underlip projecting, and the mouth firmly and grimly shut; his complexion was swarthy, and his black, deep set eyes, under shaggy brows, glowed with a smoldering fire. He was rather silent in society; his delivery in debate was grave and weighty, rather than fervid. His oratory was massive and sometimes even ponderous. It may be questioned whether an American orator of to-day, with intellectual abilities equal to Webster's--if such a one there were--would permit himself the use of sonorous and elaborate pictures like the famous period which follows: "On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one

continuous and unbroken strain of the {428} martial airs of England." The secret of this kind of oratory has been lost. The present generation distrusts rhetorical ornament, and likes something swifter, simpler, and more familiar in its speakers. But every thing, in declamation of this sort, depends on the way in which it is done. Webster did it supremely well; a smaller man would merely have made buncombe of it. Among the legal orators of the time the foremost was Rufus Choate, an eloquent pleader, and, like Webster, a United States Senator from Massachusetts. Some of his speeches, though excessively rhetorical, have literary quality, and are nearly as effective in print as Webster's own. Another Massachusetts orator, Edward Everett, who in his time was successively professor in Harvard College, Unitarian minister in Boston, editor of the *North American Review*, member of both houses of Congress, Minister to England, Governor of his State, and President of Harvard, was a speaker of great finish and elegance. His addresses were mainly of the memorial and anniversary kind, and were rather lectures and Ph. B. K. prolusions than speeches. Everett was an instance of careful culture bestowed on a soil of no very great natural richness. It is doubtful whether his classical orations on Washington, the Republic, Bunker Hill Monument, and kindred themes, have enough of the breath of life in them to preserve them much longer in recollection. New England, during these years, did not take {429} that leading part in the purely literary development of the country which it afterward assumed. It had no names to match against those of Irving and Cooper. Drake and Halleck--slender as was their performance in point of quantity--were better poets than the Boston bards, Charles Sprague, whose *Shakespeare Ode*, delivered at the Boston theater in 1823, was locally famous; and Richard Henry Dana, whose longish narrative poem, the *Buccaneer*, 1827, once had admirers. But Boston has at no time been without a serious intellectual life of its own, nor without a circle of highly educated men of literary pursuits, even in default of great geniuses. The *North American Review*, established in 1815, though it has been wittily described as "ponderously revolving through space" for a few years after its foundation, did not exist in an absolute vacuum, but was scholarly, if somewhat heavy. Webster, to be sure, was a Massachusetts man--as were Everett and Choate--but his triumphs were won in the wider field of national politics. There was, however, a movement at this time in the intellectual life of Boston and Eastern Massachusetts, which, though not immediately contributory to the finer kinds of literature, prepared the way, by its clarifying and stimulating influences, for the eminent writers of the next generation. This was the Unitarian revolt against Puritan orthodoxy, in which William Ellery Channing was the principal leader. In a community so intensely theological as New England it was natural that any {430} new movement in thought should find its point of departure in the churches. Accordingly, the progressive and democratic spirit of the age, which in other parts of the country took other shapes, assumed in Massachusetts the form of "liberal Christianity." Arminianism, Socinianism, and other phases of anti-Trinitarian doctrine, had been latent in some of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts for a number of years. But about 1812 the heresy broke out openly, and within a few years from that date most of the oldest and wealthiest church societies of Boston and its vicinity had gone over to Unitarianism, and Harvard College had been captured, too. In the controversy that ensued, and which was carried on in numerous books, pamphlets, sermons, and periodicals, there were eminent disputants on both sides. So far as this controversy was concerned with the theological doctrine of the Trinity, it has no place in a history of literature. But the issue went far beyond that. Channing asserted the dignity of human nature against the Calvinistic doctrine of innate depravity, and affirmed the rights of human reason and man's capacity to judge of God. "We must start in religion from our own souls," he said. And in his *Moral Argument against Calvinism*, 1820, he wrote: "Nothing is gained to piety by degrading human nature, for in the competency of this nature to know and judge of God all piety has its foundation." In opposition to Edwards's doctrine of necessity, he emphasized {431} the freedom of the will. He maintained that the Calvinistic dogmas of original sin, foreordination, election by grace, and eternal punishment were inconsistent with the divine perfection, and made God a monster. In Channing's view the great sanction of religious truth is the moral sanction, is its agreement with the laws of conscience. He was a passionate vindicator of the liberty of the individual not only as against political oppression but against the tyranny of public opinion over thought and conscience: "We were made for free action. This alone is life, and enters into all that is good and great." This jealous love of freedom inspired all that he did and wrote. It led him to join the Antislavery party. It expressed itself in his elaborate arraignment of Napoleon in the Unitarian organ, the *Christian Examiner*, for 1827-28; in his *Remarks on Associations*, and his paper *On the Character and Writings of John Milton*, 1826. This was his most considerable contribution to literary criticism. It took for a text Milton's recently discovered *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*--the tendency of which was anti-Trinitarian--but it began with a general defense of poetry against "those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading." This would now seem a somewhat superfluous introduction to an article in any American review. But it shows the nature of the milieu through which the liberal movement in Boston had to make its way. To re-assert the dignity and usefulness of the beautiful arts was, {432} perhaps, the chief service which the Massachusetts Unitarians rendered to humanism. The traditional prejudice of the Puritans against the ornamental side of life had to be softened before polite literature could find a congenial atmosphere in New England. In Channing's *Remarks on National Literature*, reviewing a

work published in 1823, he asks the question, "Do we possess what may be called a national literature?" and answers it, by implication at least, in the negative. That we do now possess a national literature is in great part due to the influence of Channing and his associates, although his own writings, being in the main controversial and, therefore, of temporary interest, may not themselves take rank among the permanent treasures of that literature.

1. Washington Irving. Knickerbocker's History of New York. The Sketch Book. Bracebridge Hall. Tales of a Traveler. The Alhambra. Life of Oliver Goldsmith.

2. James Fenimore Cooper. The Spy. The Pilot. The Red Rover. The Leather-Stocking Tales.

3. Daniel Webster. Great Speeches and Orations. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1879.

4. William Ellery Channing. The Character and Writings of John Milton. The Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte. Slavery. [Vols. I. and II. of the Works of William E. Channing. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1841.]

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5. Joseph Rodman Drake. The Culprit Fay. The American Flag. [Selected Poems. New York. 1835.]

6. Fitz-Greene Halleck. Marco Bozzaris. Alnwick Castle. On the Death of Drake. [Poems. New York. 1827.]

[1] Compare Carlyle's Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, in *Sartor Resartus*, the author of the famous "Clothes Philosophy."

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CHAPTER IV.

THE CONCORD WRITERS.

1837-1861.

There has been but one movement in the history of the American mind which has given to literature a group of writers having coherence enough to merit the name of a school. This was the great humanitarian movement, or series of movements, in New England, which, beginning in the Unitarianism of Channing, ran through its later phase in Transcendentalism, and spent its last strength in the antislavery agitation and the enthusiasms of the Civil War. The second stage of this intellectual and social revolt was Transcendentalism, of which Emerson wrote, in 1842: "The history of genius and of religion in these times will be the history of this tendency." It culminated about 1840-41 in the establishment of the *Dial* and the Brook Farm Community, although Emerson had given the signal a few years before in his little volume entitled *Nature*, 1836, his Phi-Beta Kappa address at Harvard on the *American Scholar*, 1837, and his address in 1838 before the Divinity School at Cambridge. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was the prophet of the sect, and {435} Concord was its Mecca; but the influence of the new ideas was not confined to the little group of professed Transcendentalists; it extended to all the young writers within reach, who struck their roots deeper into the soil that it had loosened and freshened. We owe to it, in great measure, not merely Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, and Thoreau, but Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes. In its strictest sense Transcendentalism was a restatement of the idealistic philosophy, and an application of its beliefs to religion, nature, and life. But in a looser sense, and as including the more outward manifestations which drew popular attention most strongly, it was the name given to that spirit of dissent and protest, of universal inquiry and experiment, which marked the third and fourth decades of this century in America, and especially in New England. The movement was contemporary with political revolutions in Europe and with the preaching of many novel gospels in religion, in sociology, in science, education, medicine, and hygiene. New sects were formed, like the Swedenborgians,

Universalists, Spiritualists, Millerites, Second Adventists, Shakers, Mormons, and Come-outers, some of whom believed in trances, miracles, and direct revelations from the divine Spirit; others in the quick coming of Christ, as deduced from the opening of the seals and the number of the beast in the Apocalypse; and still others in the reorganization of society and {436} of the family on a different basis. New systems of education were tried, suggested by the writings of the Swiss reformer, Pestalozzi, and others. The pseudo-sciences of mesmerism and of phrenology, as taught by Gall and Spurzheim, had numerous followers. In medicine, homeopathy, hydropathy, and what Dr. Holmes calls "kindred delusions," made many disciples. Numbers of persons, influenced by the doctrines of Graham and other vegetarians, abjured the use of animal food, as injurious not only to health but to a finer spirituality. Not a few refused to vote or pay taxes. The writings of Fourier and St. Simon were translated, and societies were established where co-operation and a community of goods should take the place of selfish competition. About the year 1840 there were some thirty of these "phalansteries" in America, many of which had their organs in the shape of weekly or monthly journals, which advocated the principle of Association. The best known of these was probably the *Harbinger*, the mouth-piece of the famous Brook Farm Community, which was founded at West Roxbury, Mass., in 1841, and lasted till 1847. The head man of Brook Farm was George Ripley, a Unitarian clergyman, who had resigned his pulpit in Boston to go into the movement, and who after its failure became and remained for many years literary editor of the *New York Tribune*. Among his associates were Charles A. Dana--now the editor of the *Sun*--Margaret Fuller, Nathaniel {437} Hawthorne and others not unknown to fame. The *Harbinger*, which ran from 1845 to 1849--two years after the break up of the community--had among its contributors many who were not Brook Farmers, but who sympathized more or less with the experiment. Of the number were Horace Greeley, Dr. F. H. Hedge--who did so much to introduce American readers to German literature--J. S. Dwight, the musical critic, C. P. Cranch, the poet, and younger men, like G. W. Curtis, and T. W. Higginson. A reader of to-day, looking into an odd volume of the *Harbinger*, will find in it some stimulating writing, together with a great deal of unintelligible talk about "Harmonic Unity," "Love Germination," and other matters now fallen silent. The most important literary result of this experiment at "plain living and high thinking," with its queer mixture of culture and agriculture, was Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, which has for its background an idealized picture of the community life, whose heroine, Zenobia, has touches of Margaret Fuller; and whose hero, with his hobby of prison reform, was a type of the one-ideal philanthropists that abounded in such an environment. Hawthorne's attitude was always in part one of reserve and criticism, an attitude which is apparent in the reminiscences of Brook Farm in his *American Note Books*, wherein he speaks with a certain resentment of "Miss Fuller's transcendental heifer," which hooked the other cows, and was evidently to Hawthorne's {438} mind not unsymbolic in this respect of Miss Fuller herself. It was the day of seers and "Orphic" utterances; the air was full of the enthusiasm of humanity and thick with philanthropic projects and plans for the regeneration of the universe. The figure of the wild-eyed, long-haired reformer--the man with a panacea--the "crank" of our later terminology--became a familiar one. He abounded at non-resistance conventions and meetings of universal peace societies and of woman's rights associations. The movement had its grotesque aspects, which Lowell has described in his essay on Thoreau. "Bran had its apostles and the pre-sartorial simplicity of Adam its martyrs, tailored impromptu from the tar-pot. . . . Not a few impecunious zealots abjured the use of money (unless earned by other people), professing to live on the internal revenues of the spirit. . . . Communities were established where every thing was to be common but common sense." This ferment has long since subsided and much of what was then seething has gone off in vapor or other volatile products. But some very solid matters also have been precipitated, some crystals of poetry translucent, symmetrical, enduring. The immediate practical outcome was disappointing, and the external history of the agitation is a record of failed experiments, spurious sciences, Utopian philosophies, and sects founded only to dwindle away or be reabsorbed into some form of {439} orthodoxy. In the eyes of the conservative, or the worldly-minded, or of the plain people who could not understand the enigmatic utterances of the reformers, the dangerous or ludicrous sides of transcendentalism were naturally uppermost. Nevertheless the movement was but a new avatar of the old Puritan spirit; its moral earnestness, its spirituality, its tenderness for the individual conscience. Puritanism, too, in its day had run into grotesque extremes. Emerson bore about the same relation to the absurder outcroppings of transcendentalism that Milton bore to the New Lights, Ranters, Fifth Monarchy Men, etc., of his time. There is in him that mingling of idealism with an abiding sanity, and even a Yankee shrewdness, which characterizes the race. The practical, inventive, calculating, money-getting side of the Yankee has been made sufficiently obvious. But the deep heart of New England is full of dreams, mysticism, romance:

"And in the day of sacrifice,
When heroes piled the pyre,
The dismal Massachusetts ice
Burned more than others' fire."

The one element which the odd and eccentric developments of this movement shared in common with the real philosophy of transcendentalism was the rejection of authority and the appeal to the private consciousness as the sole standard of truth and right. This principle certainly lay in the ethical {440} systems of Kant and Fichte, the great transcendentalists of Germany. It had been strongly asserted by Channing. Nay, it was the starting point of Puritanism itself, which had drawn away from the ceremonial religion of the English Church and by its Congregational system had made each church society independent in doctrine and worship. And although Puritan orthodoxy in New England had grown rigid and dogmatic, it had never used the weapons of obscurantism. By encouraging education to the utmost it had shown its willingness to submit its beliefs to the fullest discussion and had put into the hands of dissent the means with which to attack them. In its theological aspect transcendentalism was a departure from conservative Unitarianism, as that had been from Calvinism. From Edwards to Channing, from Channing to Emerson and Theodore Parker, there was a natural and logical unfolding. Not logical in the sense that Channing accepted Edwards' premises and pushed them out to their conclusions, or that Parker accepted all of Channing's premises, but in the sense that the rigid pushing out of Edwards' premises into their conclusions by himself and his followers had brought about a moral *reductio ad absurdum* and a state of opinion against which Channing rebelled; and that Channing, as it seemed to Parker, stopped short in the carrying out of his own principles. Thus the "Channing Unitarians," while denying that Christ was God, had held that he was of {441} divine nature, was the Son of God, and had existed before he came into the world. While rejecting the doctrine of the "Vicarious sacrifice" they maintained that Christ was a mediator and intercessor, and that his supernatural nature was testified by miracles. For Parker and Emerson it was easy to take the step to the assertion that Christ was a good and great man, divine only in the sense that God possessed him more fully than any other man known in history; that it was his preaching and example that brought salvation to men, and not any special mediation or intercession, and that his own words and acts, and not miracles, are the only and the sufficient witness to his mission. In the view of the transcendentalists Christ was as human as Buddha, Socrates or Confucius, and the Bible was but one among the "Ethical Scriptures" or sacred writings of the peoples, passages from which were published in the transcendental organ, the *Dial*. As against these new views Channing Unitarianism occupied already a conservative position. The Unitarians as a body had never been very numerous outside of Eastern Massachusetts. They had a few churches in New York and in the larger cities and towns elsewhere, but the sect, as such, was a local one. Orthodoxy made a sturdy fight against the heresy, under leaders like Leonard Woods and Moses Stuart, of Andover, and Lyman Beecher, of Connecticut. In the neighboring State of Connecticut, for example, there was until lately, for {442} a period of several years, no distinctly Unitarian congregation worshipping in a church edifice of its own. On the other hand, the Unitarians claimed, with justice, that their opinions had to a great extent modified the theology of the orthodox churches. The writings of Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, one of the most eminent Congregational divines, approach Unitarianism in their interpretation of the doctrine of the Atonement; and the "progressive orthodoxy" of Andover is certainly not the Calvinism of Thomas Hooker or of Jonathan Edwards. But it seemed to the transcendentalists that conservative Unitarianism was too negative and "cultured," and Margaret Fuller complained of the coldness of the Boston pulpits. While contrariwise the central thought of transcendentalism, that the soul has an immediate connection with God, was pronounced by Dr. Channing a "crude speculation." This was the thought of Emerson's address in 1838 before the Cambridge Divinity School, and it was at once made the object of attack by conservative Unitarians like Henry Ware and Andrews Norton. The latter in an address before the same audience, on the *Latest Form of Infidelity*, said: "Nothing is left that can be called Christianity if its miraculous character be denied. . . . There can be no intuition, no direct perception of the truth of Christianity." And in a pamphlet supporting the same side of the question he added: "It is not an intelligible error but a mere absurdity to maintain {443} that we are conscious, or have an intuitive knowledge, of the being of God, of our own immortality . . . or of any other fact of religion." Ripley and Parker replied in Emerson's defense; but Emerson himself would never be drawn into controversy. He said that he could not argue. He announced truths; his method was that of the seer, not of the disputant. In 1832 Emerson, who was a Unitarian clergyman, and descended from eight generations of clergymen, had resigned the pastorate of the Second Church of Boston because he could not conscientiously administer the sacrament of the communion--which he regarded as a mere act of commemoration--in the sense in which it was understood by his parishioners. Thenceforth, though he sometimes occupied Unitarian pulpits, and was, indeed, all his life a kind of "lay preacher," he never assumed the pastorate of a church. The representative of transcendentalism in the pulpit was Theodore Parker, an eloquent preacher, an eager debater and a prolific writer on many subjects, whose collected works fill fourteen volumes. Parker was a man of strongly human traits, passionate, independent, intensely religious, but intensely radical, who made for himself a large personal following. The more advanced wing of the Unitarians were called, after him, "Parkerites." Many of the Unitarian churches refused to

"fellowship" with him; and the large congregation, or audience, which assembled in Music Hall to hear his sermons was {444} stigmatized as a "boisterous assembly" which came to hear Parker preach irreligion. It has been said that, on its philosophical side, New England transcendentalism was a restatement of idealism. The impulse came from Germany, from the philosophical writings of Kant, Fichte, Jacobi, and Schelling, and from the works of Coleridge and Carlyle, who had domesticated German thought in England. In Channing's *Remarks on a National Literature*, quoted in our last chapter, the essayist urged that our scholars should study the authors of France and Germany as one means of emancipating American letters from a slavish dependence on British literature. And in fact German literature began, not long after, to be eagerly studied in New England. Emerson published an American edition of Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, including his essays on German writers that had appeared in England between 1822 and 1830. In 1838 Ripley began to publish *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature*, which extended to fourteen volumes. In his work of translating and supplying introductions to the matter selected he was helped by Ripley, Margaret Fuller, John S. Dwight and others who had more or less connection with the transcendental movement. The definition of the new faith given by Emerson in his lecture on the *Transcendentalist*, 1842, is as follows: "What is popularly called transcendentalism among us is idealism. . . . The idealism of the present day acquired the name of transcendental {445} from the use of that term by Immanuel Kant, who replied to the skeptical philosophy of Locke, which insisted that there was nothing in the intellect which was not previously in the experience of the senses, by showing that there was a very important class of ideas, or imperative forms, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired; that these were intuitions of the mind itself, and he denominated them *transcendental* forms." Idealism denies the independent existence of matter. Transcendentalism claims for the innate ideas of God and the soul a higher assurance of reality than for the knowledge of the outside world derived through the senses. Emerson shares the "noble doubt" of idealism. He calls the universe a shade, a dream, "this great apparition." "It is a sufficient account of that appearance we call the world," he wrote in *Nature*, "that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make whether Orion is up there in heaven or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul?" On the other hand our evidence of the existence of God and of our own souls, and our knowledge of right and wrong, are immediate, and are independent of the senses. {446} We are in direct communication with the "Oversoul," the infinite Spirit. "The soul in man is the background of our being--an immensity not possessed, that cannot be possessed." "From within or from behind a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all." Revelation is "an influx of the Divine mind into our mind. It is an ebb of the individual rivulet before the flowing surges of the sea of life." In moods of exaltation, and especially in the presence of nature, this contact of the individual soul with the absolute is felt. "All mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part and particle of God." The existence and attributes of God are not deducible from history or from natural theology, but are thus directly given us in consciousness. In his essay on the *Transcendentalist*, Emerson says: "His experience inclines him to behold the procession of facts you call the world as flowing perpetually outward from an invisible, unsounded center in himself; center alike of him and of them and necessitating him to regard all things as having a subjective or relative existence--relative to that aforesaid Unknown Center of him. There is no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. We lie open on one side to the depths of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." {447} Emerson's point of view, though familiar to students of philosophy, is strange to the popular understanding, and hence has arisen the complaint of his obscurity. Moreover, he apprehended and expressed these ideas as a poet, in figurative and emotional language, and not as a metaphysician, in a formulated statement. His own position in relation to systematic philosophers is described in what he says of Plato, in his series of sketches entitled *Representative Men*, 1850: "He has not a system. The dearest disciples and defenders are at fault. He attempted a theory of the universe, and his theory is not complete or self-evident. One man thinks he means this, and another that; he has said one thing in one place, and the reverse of it in another place." It happens, therefore, that, to many students of more formal philosophies Emerson's meaning seems elusive, and he appears to write from temporary moods and to contradict himself. Had he attempted a reasoned exposition of the transcendental philosophy, instead of writing essays and poems, he might have added one more to the number of system-mongers; but he would not have taken that significant place which he occupies in the general literature of the time, nor exerted that wide influence upon younger writers which has been one of the stimulating forces in American thought. It was because Emerson was a poet that he is our Emerson. And yet it would be impossible to disentangle his peculiar philosophical ideas from the body of his {448} writings and to leave the latter to stand upon their merits as literature merely. He is the poet of certain high abstractions, and his religion is central to all his work--excepting, perhaps, his *English Traits*, 1856, an acute study of national characteristics, and a few of his essays and verses, which are

independent of any particular philosophical standpoint. When Emerson resigned his parish in 1832 he made a short trip to Europe, where he visited Carlyle at Craigenputtock, and Landor at Florence. On his return he retired to his birthplace, the village of Concord, Massachusetts, and settled down among his books and his fields, becoming a sort of "glorified farmer," but issuing frequently from his retirement to instruct and delight audiences of thoughtful people at Boston and at other points all through the country. Emerson was the perfection of a lyceum lecturer. His manner was quiet but forcible; his voice of charming quality, and his enunciation clean cut and refined. The sentence was his unit in composition. His lectures seemed to begin anywhere and to end anywhere, and to resemble strings of exquisitely polished sayings rather than continuous discourses. His printed essays, with unimportant exceptions, were first written and delivered as lectures. In 1836 he published his first book, *Nature*, which remains the most systematic statement of his philosophy. It opened a fresh spring-head in American thought, and the words of its introduction announced that its author had broken with {449} the past. "Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs?" It took eleven years to sell five hundred copies of this little book. But the year following its publication the remarkable Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge, on the *American Scholar*, electrified the little public of the university. This is described by Lowell as "an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what grim silence of foregone dissent!" To Concord came many kindred spirits, drawn by Emerson's magnetic attraction. Thither came, from Connecticut, Amos Bronson Alcott, born a few years before Emerson, whom he outlived; a quaint and benignant figure, a visionary and a mystic even among the transcendentalists themselves, and one who lived in unworldly simplicity the life of the soul. Alcott had taught school at Cheshire, Conn., and afterward at Boston on an original plan--compelling his scholars, for example, to flog *him*, when they did wrong, instead of taking a flogging themselves. The experiment was successful until his *Conversations on the Gospels*, in Boston, and his insistence upon admitting colored children to his benches, offended conservative opinion and {450} broke up his school. Alcott renounced the eating of animal food in 1835. He believed in the union of thought and manual labor, and supported himself for some years by the work of his hands, gardening, cutting wood, etc. He traveled into the West and elsewhere, holding conversations on philosophy, education, and religion. He set up a little community at the village of Harvard, which was rather less successful than Brook Farm, and he contributed *Orphic Sayings* to the *Dial*, which were harder for the exoteric to understand than even Emerson's *Brahma* or the *Over-soul*. Thither came, also, Sarah Margaret Fuller, the most intellectual woman of her time in America, an eager student of Greek and German literature and an ardent seeker after the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. She threw herself into many causes--temperance, antislavery, and the higher education of women. Her brilliant conversation classes in Boston attracted many "minds" of her own sex. Subsequently, as literary editor of the *New York Tribune*, she furnished a wider public with reviews and book-notices of great ability. She took part in the Brook Farm experiment, and she edited the *Dial* for a time, contributing to it the papers afterward expanded into her most considerable book, *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*. In 1846 she went abroad, and at Rome took part in the revolutionary movement of Mazzini, having charge of one of the hospitals during the siege of the city by the {451} French. In 1847 she married an impecunious Italian nobleman, the Marquis Ossoli. In 1850 the ship on which she was returning to America, with her husband and child, was wrecked on Fire Island beach and all three were lost. Margaret Fuller's collected writings are somewhat disappointing, being mainly of temporary interest. She lives less through her books than through the memoirs of her friends, Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, T. W. Higginson, and others who knew her as a personal influence. Her strenuous and rather overbearing individuality made an impression not altogether agreeable upon many of her contemporaries. Lowell introduced a caricature of her as "Miranda" into his *Fable for Critics*, and Hawthorne's caustic sketch of her, preserved in the biography written by his son, has given great offense to her admirers. "Such a determination to *eat* this huge universe!" was Carlyle's characteristic comment on her appetite for knowledge and aspirations after perfection. To Concord also came Nathaniel Hawthorne, who took up his residence there first at the "Old Manse," and afterward at "The Wayside." Though naturally an idealist, he said that he came too late to Concord to fall decidedly under Emerson's influence. Of that he would have stood in little danger even had he come earlier. He appreciated the deep and subtle quality of Emerson's imagination, but his own shy genius always jealously guarded its independence and {452} resented the too close approaches of an alien mind. Among the native disciples of Emerson at Concord the most noteworthy were Henry Thoreau, and his friend and biographer, William Ellery Channing, Jr., a nephew of the great Channing. Channing was a contributor to the *Dial*, and he published a volume of poems which elicited a fiercely contemptuous review from Edgar Poe. Though disfigured by affectation and obscurity, many of Channing's verses were distinguished by true poetic feeling, and the last line of his little piece, *A Poet's Hope*, "If my bark sink 'tis to another sea," has taken a permanent place in the literature of transcendentalism. The private organ of the transcendentalists was the

Dial, a quarterly magazine, published from 1840 to 1844, and edited by Emerson and Margaret Fuller. Among its contributors, besides those already mentioned, were Ripley, Thoreau, Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Charles A. Dana, John S. Dwight, C. P. Cranch, Charles Emerson and William H. Channing, another nephew of Dr. Channing. It contained, along with a good deal of rubbish, some of the best poetry and prose that have been published in America. The most lasting part of its contents were the contributions of Emerson and Thoreau. But even as a whole, it is so unique a way-mark in the history of our literature that all its four volumes--copies of which {453} had become scarce--have been recently reprinted in answer to a demand certainly very unusual in the case of an extinct periodical. >From time to time Emerson collected and published his lectures under various titles. A first series of Essays came out in 1841, and a second in 1844; the Conduct of Life in 1860, Society and Solitude in 1870, Letters and Social Aims, in 1876, and the Fortune of the Republic in 1878. In 1847 he issued a volume of Poems, and 1865 Mayday and Other Poems. These writings, as a whole, were variations on a single theme, expansions and illustrations of the philosophy set forth in Nature, and his early addresses. They were strikingly original, rich in thought, filled with wisdom, with lofty morality and spiritual religion. Emerson, said Lowell, first "cut the cable that bound us to English thought and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue water." Nevertheless, as it used to be the fashion to find an English analogue for every American writer, so that Cooper was called the American Scott, and Mrs. Sigourney was described as the Hemans of America, a well-worn critical tradition has coupled Emerson with Carlyle. That his mind received a nudge from Carlyle's early essays and from Sartor Resartus is beyond a doubt. They were life-long friends and correspondents, and Emerson's Representative Men is, in some sort, a counterpart of Carlyle's Hero Worship. But in temper and style the two writers were widely different. Carlyle's pessimism and {454} dissatisfaction with the general drift of things gained upon him more and more, while Emerson was a consistent optimist to the end. The last of his writings published during his life-time, the Fortune of the Republic, contrasts strangely in its hopefulness with the desperation of Carlyle's later utterances. Even in presence of the doubt as to man's personal immortality he takes refuge in a high and stoical faith. "I think all sound minds rest on a certain preliminary conviction, namely: that if it be best that conscious personal life shall continue it will continue, and if not best, then it will not; and we, if we saw the whole, should of course see that it was better so." It is this conviction that gives to Emerson's writings their serenity and their tonic quality at the same time that it narrows the range of his dealings with life. As the idealist declines to cross-examine those facts which he regards as merely phenomenal, and looks upon this outward face of things as upon a mask not worthy to dismay the fixed soul, so the optimist turns away his eyes from the evil which he disposes of as merely negative, as the shadow of the good. Hawthorne's interest in the problem of sin finds little place in Emerson's philosophy. Passion comes not nigh him and Faust disturbs him with its disagreeableness. Pessimism is to him "the only skepticism." The greatest literature is that which is most broadly human, or, in other words, that which will square best with all philosophies. But Emerson's {455} genius was interpretive rather than constructive. The poet dwells in the cheerful world of phenomena. He is most the poet who realizes most intensely the good and the bad of human life. But Idealism makes experience shadowy and subordinates action to contemplation. To it the cities of men, with their "frivolous populations,"
". . . are but sailing foam-bells
Along thought's causing stream."

Shakespeare does not forget that the world will one day vanish "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and that we ourselves are "such stuff as dreams are made on;" but this is not the mood in which he dwells. Again: while it is for the philosopher to reduce variety to unity, it is the poet's task to detect the manifold under uniformity. In the great creative poets, in Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe, how infinite the swarm of persons, the multitude of forms! But with Emerson the type is important, the common element. "In youth we are mad for persons. But the larger experience of man discovers the identical nature appearing through them all." "The same--the same!" he exclaims in his essay on Plato. "Friend and foe are of one stuff; the plowman, the plow and the furrow are of one stuff." And this is the thought in Brahma:
"They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly I am the wings:
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

{456} It is not easy to fancy a writer who holds this altitude toward "persons" descending to the composition of a novel or a play. Emerson showed, indeed, a fine power of character analysis in his English Traits and Representative Men and in his memoirs of Thoreau and Margaret Fuller. There is even a sort of dramatic humor

in his portrait of Socrates. But upon the whole he stands midway between constructive artists, whose instinct it is to tell a story or sing a song, and philosophers, like Schelling, who give poetic expression to a system of thought. He belongs to the class of minds of which Sir Thomas Browne is the best English example. He set a high value upon Browne, to whose style his own, though far more sententious, bears a resemblance. Browne's saying, for example, "All things are artificial, for nature is the art of God," sounds like Emerson, whose workmanship, for the rest, in his prose essays was exceedingly fine and close. He was not afraid to be homely and racy in expressing thought of the highest spirituality. "Hitch your wagon to a star" is a good instance of his favorite manner. Emerson's verse often seems careless in technique. Most of his pieces are scrappy and have the air of runic rimes, or little oracular "voicings"--as they say in Concord--in rhythmic shape, of single thoughts on "Worship," "Character," "Heroism," "Art," "Politics," "Culture," etc. The content is the important thing, and the form is too frequently awkward or bald. Sometimes, indeed, in the {457} clear-obscure of Emerson's poetry the deep wisdom of the thought finds its most natural expression in the imaginative simplicity of the language. But though this artlessness in him became too frequently in his imitators, like Thoreau and Ellery Channing, an obtruded simplicity, among his own poems are many that leave nothing to be desired in point of wording and of verse. His *Hymn Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument*, in 1836, is the perfect model of an occasional poem. Its lines were on every one's lips at the time of the centennial celebrations in 1876, and "the shot heard round the world" has hardly echoed farther than the song which chronicled it. Equally current is the stanza from *Voluntaries*:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

So, too, the famous lines from the *Problem*:

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity.
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

The most noteworthy of Emerson's pupils was Henry David Thoreau, "the poet-naturalist." After his graduation from Harvard College, in 1837, Thoreau engaged in school teaching and in {458} the manufacture of lead-pencils, but soon gave up all regular business and devoted himself to walking, reading, and the study of nature. He was at one time private tutor in a family on Staten Island, and he supported himself for a season by doing odd jobs in land surveying for the farmers about Concord. In 1845 he built, with his own hands, a small cabin on the banks of Walden Pond, near Concord, and lived there in seclusion for two years. His expenses during these years were nine cents a day, and he gave an account of his experiment in his most characteristic book, *Walden*, published in 1854. His *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* appeared in 1849. From time to time he went farther afield, and his journeys were reported in *Cape Cod*, the *Maine Woods*, *Excursions*, and a *Yankee in Canada*, all of which, as well as a volume of *Letters* and *Early Spring in Massachusetts*, have been given to the public since his death, which happened in 1862. No one has lived so close to nature, and written of it so intimately, as Thoreau. His life was a lesson in economy and a sermon on Emerson's text, "Lessen your denominator." He wished to reduce existence to the simplest terms--to

"live all alone
Close to the bone,
And where life is sweet
Constantly eat."

He had a passion for the wild, and seems like an Anglo-Saxon reversion to the type of the Red {459} Indian. The most distinctive note in Thoreau is his inhumanity. Emerson spoke of him as a "perfect piece of stoicism." "Man," said Thoreau, "is only the point on which I stand." He strove to realize the objective life of nature--nature in its aloofness from man; to identify himself, with the moose and the mountain. He listened, with his ear close to the

ground, for the voice of the earth. "What are the trees saying?" he exclaimed. Following upon the trail of the lumberman he asked the primeval wilderness for its secret, and "saw beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds, The slight linnaea hang its twin-born heads." He tried to interpret the thought of Ktaadn and to fathom the meaning of the billows on the back of Cape Cod, in their indifference to the shipwrecked bodies that they rolled ashore. "After sitting in my chamber many days, reading the poets, I have been out early on a foggy morning and heard the cry of an owl in a neighboring wood as from a nature behind the common, unexplored by science or by literature. None of the feathered race has yet realized my youthful conceptions of the woodland depths. I had seen the red election-birds brought from their recesses on my comrade's string, and fancied that their plumage would assume stranger and more dazzling colors, like the tints of evening, in proportion as I advanced farther into the darkness and solitude of the forest. Still less have I seen such strong and wild tints on any poet's string." {460} It was on the mystical side that Thoreau apprehended transcendentalism. Mysticism has been defined as the soul's recognition of its identity with nature. This thought lies plainly in Schelling's philosophy, and he illustrated it by his famous figure of the magnet. Mind and nature are one; they are the positive and negative poles of the magnet. In man, the Absolute--that is, God--becomes conscious of himself; makes of himself, as nature, an object to himself as mind. "The souls of men," said Schelling, "are but the innumerable individual eyes with which our infinite World-Spirit beholds himself." This thought is also clearly present in Emerson's view of nature, and has caused him to be accused of pantheism. But if by pantheism is meant the doctrine that the underlying principle of the universe is matter or force, none of the transcendentalists was a pantheist. In their view nature was divine. Their poetry is always haunted by the sense of a spiritual reality which abides beyond the phenomena. Thus in Emerson's Two Rivers:

"Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,[1]

Repeats the music of the rain,
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee as thou through Concord plain.

"Thou in thy narrow banks art pent:
The stream I love unbounded goes;
Through flood and sea and firmament,
Through light, through life, it forward flows.

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"I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream,
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
Through passion, thought, through power and dream."

This mood occurs frequently in Thoreau. The hard world of matter becomes suddenly all fluent and spiritual, and he sees himself in it--sees God. "This earth," he cries, "which is spread out like a map around me, is but the lining of my inmost soul exposed." "In me is the sucker that I see;" and, of Walden Pond,

"I am its stony shore,
And the breeze that passes o'er."

"Suddenly old Time winked at me--ah, you know me, you rogue--and news had come that IT was well. That ancient universe is in such capital health, I think, undoubtedly, it will never die. . . . I see, smell, taste, hear, feel that everlasting something to which we are allied, at once our maker, our abode, our destiny, our very selves." It was something ulterior that Thoreau sought in nature. "The other world," he wrote, "is all my art: my pencils will draw no other: my jackknife will cut nothing else." Thoreau did not scorn, however, like Emerson, to "examine too microscopically the universal tablet." He was a close observer and accurate reporter of the ways of birds and plants and the minuter aspects of nature. He has had many followers, who have produced much pleasant literature on outdoor {462} life. But in none of them is there that unique combination of the poet, the naturalist and the mystic which gives his page its wild original flavor. He had the woodcraft of a hunter and the eye of a botanist, but his imagination did not stop short with the fact. The sound of a tree falling in the Maine woods was to him "as though a door had shut somewhere in the damp and shaggy wilderness." He saw small things in cosmic relations. His trip

down the tame Concord has for the reader the excitement of a voyage of exploration into far and unknown regions. The river just above Sherman's Bridge, in time of flood "when the wind blows freshly on a raw March day, heaving up the surface into dark and sober billows," was like Lake Huron, "and you may run aground on Cranberry Island," and "get as good a freezing there as anywhere on the North-west coast." He said that most of the phenomena described in Kane's voyages could be observed in Concord. The literature of transcendentalism was like the light of the stars in a winter night, keen and cold and high. It had the pale cast of thought, and was almost too spiritual and remote to "hit the sense of mortal sight." But it was at least indigenous. If not an American literature--not national and not inclusive of all sides of American life--it was, at all events, a genuine New England literature and true to the spirit of its section. The tough Puritan stock had at last put forth a {463} blossom which compared with the warm, robust growths of English soil even as the delicate wind flower of the northern spring compares with the cowslips and daisies of old England. In 1842 Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) the greatest American romancer, came to Concord. He had recently left Brook Farm, had just been married, and with his bride he settled down in the "Old Manse" for three paradisaical years. A picture of this protracted honeymoon and this sequestered life, as tranquil as the slow stream on whose banks it was passed, is given in the introductory chapter to his *Mosses from an Old Manse*, 1846, and in the more personal and confidential records of his *American Note Books*, posthumously published. Hawthorne was thirty-eight when he took his place among the Concord literati. His childhood and youth had been spent partly at his birthplace, the old and already somewhat decayed sea-port town of Salem, and partly at his grandfather's farm on Sebago Lake, in Maine, then on the edge of the primitive forest. Maine did not become a State, indeed, until 1820, the year before Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College, whence he was graduated in 1825, in the same class with Henry W. Longfellow and one year behind Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States. After leaving college Hawthorne buried himself for years in the seclusion of his home at Salem. His mother, who was early widowed, had withdrawn entirely from the world. For months {464} at a time Hawthorne kept his room, seeing no other society than that of his mother and sisters, reading all sorts of books and writing wild tales, most of which he destroyed as soon as he had written them. At twilight he would emerge from the house for a solitary ramble through the streets of the town or along the sea-side. Old Salem had much that was picturesque in its associations. It had been the scene of the witch trials in the seventeenth century, and it abounded in ancient mansions, the homes of retired whalers and India merchants. Hawthorne's father had been a ship captain, and many of his ancestors had followed the sea. One of his forefathers, moreover, had been a certain Judge Hawthorne, who in 1691 had sentenced several of the witches to death. The thought of this affected Hawthorne's imagination with a pleasing horror and he utilized it afterward in his *House of the Seven Gables*. Many of the old Salem houses, too, had their family histories, with now and then the hint of some obscure crime or dark misfortune which haunted posterity with its curse till all the stock died out, or fell into poverty and evil ways, as in the Pyncheon family of Hawthorne's romance. In the preface to the *Marble Faun* Hawthorne wrote: "No author without a trial can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor any thing but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight." And yet it may {465} be doubted whether any environment could have been found more fitted to his peculiar genius than this of his native town, or any preparation better calculated to ripen the faculty that was in him than these long, lonely years of waiting and brooding thought. From time to time he contributed a story or a sketch to some periodical, such as S. G. Goodrich's *Annual*, the *Token*, or the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. Some of these attracted the attention of the judicious; but they were anonymous and signed by various *noms de plume*, and their author was at this time--to use his own words--"the obscurest man of letters in America." In 1828 he had issued anonymously and at his own expense a short romance, entitled *Fanshawe*. It had little success, and copies of the first edition are now exceedingly rare. In 1837 he published a collection of his magazine pieces under the title, *Twice Told Tales*. The book was generously praised in the *North American Review* by his former classmate, Longfellow; and Edgar Poe showed his keen critical perception by predicting that the writer would easily put himself at the head of imaginative literature in America if he would discard allegory, drop short stories and compose a genuine romance. Poe compared Hawthorne's work with that of the German romancer, Tieck, and it is interesting to find confirmation of this dictum in passages of the *American Note Books*, in which Hawthorne speaks of laboring over Tieck with a German dictionary. The {466} *Twice Told Tales* are the work of a recluse, who makes guesses at life from a knowledge of his own heart, acquired by a habit of introspection, but who has had little contact with men. Many of them were shadowy and others were morbid and unwholesome. But their gloom was of an interior kind, never the physically horrible of Poe. It arose from weird psychological situations like that of *Ethan Brand* in his search for the unpardonable sin. Hawthorne was true to the inherited instinct of Puritanism; he took the conscience for his theme, and in these early tales he was already absorbed in the problem of evil, the subtle ways in which sin works out its retribution, and the species of fate or necessity that the wrong-doer makes for himself in the inevitable sequences of his crime. Hawthorne was strongly drawn toward symbols and types, and never quite

followed Poe's advice to abandon allegory. The *Scarlet Letter* and his other romances are not, indeed, strictly allegories, since the characters are men and women and not mere personifications of abstract qualities. Still they all have a certain allegorical tinge. In the *Marble Faun*, for example, Hilda, Kenyon, Miriam and Donatello have been ingeniously explained as personifications respectively of the conscience, the reason, the imagination and the senses. Without going so far as this, it is possible to see in these and in Hawthorne's other creations something typical and representative. He uses his characters like algebraic symbols to work out certain problems with: they are rather more and yet rather less than flesh and blood individuals. The stories in *Twice Told Tales* and in the second collection, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, 1846, are more openly allegorical than his later work. Thus the *Minister's Black Veil* is a sort of anticipation of Arthur Dimmesdale in the *Scarlet Letter*. From 1846 to 1849 Hawthorne held the position of Surveyor of the Custom House of Salem. In the preface to the *Scarlet Letter* he sketched some of the government officials with whom this office had brought him into contact in a way that gave some offense to the friends of the victims and a great deal of amusement to the public. Hawthorne's humor was quiet and fine, like Irving's, but less genial and with a more satiric edge to it. The book last named was written at Salem and published in 1850, just before its author's removal to Lenox, now a sort of inland Newport, but then an unfashionable resort among the Berkshire hills. Whatever obscurity may have hung over Hawthorne hitherto was effectually dissolved by this powerful tale, which was as vivid in coloring as the implication of its title. Hawthorne chose for his background the somber life of the early settlers in New England. He had always been drawn toward this part of American history, and in *Twice Told Tales* had given some illustrations of it in *Endicott's Red Cross* and *Legends of the Province House*. Against this dark foil moved in strong relief the figures of Hester Prynne, the woman taken in adultery, her paramour, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, her husband, old Roger Chillingworth, and her illegitimate child. In tragic power, in its grasp of the elementary passions of human nature and its deep and subtle insight into the inmost secrets of the heart, this is Hawthorne's greatest book. He never crowded his canvas with figures. In the *Blithedale Romance* and the *Marble Faun* there is the same *parti carré* or group of four characters. In the *House of the Seven Gables* there are five. The last mentioned of these, published in 1852, was of a more subdued intensity than the *Scarlet Letter*, but equally original and, upon the whole, perhaps equally good. The *Blithedale Romance*, published in the same year, though not strikingly inferior to the others, adhered more to conventional patterns in its plot and in the sensational nature of its ending. The suicide of the heroine by drowning, and the terrible scene of the recovery of her body, were suggested to the author by an experience of his own on Concord River, the account of which, in his own words, may be read in Julian Hawthorne's *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*. In 1852 Hawthorne returned to Concord and bought the "Wayside" property, which he retained until his death. But in the following year his old college friend Pierce, now become President, appointed him Consul to Liverpool, and he went abroad for seven years. The most valuable fruit of his foreign residence was the romance of the *Marble Faun*, 1860; the longest of his fictions and the richest in descriptive beauty. The theme of this was the development of the soul through the experience of sin. There is a haunting mystery thrown about the story, like a soft veil of mist, veiling the beginning and the end. There is even a delicate teasing suggestion of the preternatural in Donatello, the Faun, a creation as original as Shakspeare's Caliban, or Fouqué's Undine, and yet quite on this side the border-line of the human. *Our Old Home*, a book of charming papers on England, was published in 1863. Manifold experience of life and contact with men, affording scope for his always keen observation, had added range, fullness, warmth to the imaginative subtlety which had manifested itself even in his earliest tales. Two admirable books for children, the *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, in which the classical mythologies were retold; should also be mentioned in the list of Hawthorne's writings, as well as the *American*, *English*, and *Italian Note Books*, the first of which contains the seed thoughts of some of his finished works, together with hundreds of hints for plots, episodes, descriptions, etc., which he never found time to work out. Hawthorne's style, in his first sketches and stories a little stilted and "bookish," gradually acquired an exquisite perfection, and is as well worth study as that of any prose classic in the English tongue. Hawthorne was no transcendentalist. He dwelt much in a world of ideas, and he sometimes doubted whether the tree on the bank or its image in the stream were the more real. But this had little in common with the philosophical idealism of his neighbors. He revered Emerson, and he held kindly intercourse--albeit a silent man and easily bored--with Thoreau and Ellery Channing, and even with Margaret Fuller. But his sharp eyes saw whatever was whimsical or weak in the apostles of the new faith. He had little enthusiasm for causes or reforms, and among so many Abolitionists he remained a Democrat, and even wrote a campaign life of his friend Pierce. The village of Concord has perhaps done more for American literature than the city of New York. Certainly there are few places where associations, both patriotic and poetic, cluster so thickly. At one side of the grounds of the Old Manse--which has the river at its back--runs down a shaded lane to the Concord monument and the figure of the Minute Man and the successor of "the rude bridge that arched the flood." Scarce two miles away, among the woods, is little Walden--"God's drop." The men who made Concord famous are asleep in Sleepy Hollow, yet still their

memory prevails to draw seekers after truth to the Concord Summer School of Philosophy, which meets every year, to reason high of "God, Freedom, and Immortality," next-door to the "Wayside," and under the hill on whose ridge Hawthorne wore a path, as he paced up and down beneath the hemlocks. {471}

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Nature. The American Scholar. Literary Ethics. The Transcendentalist. The Over-soul. Address before the Cambridge Divinity School. English Traits. Representative Men. Poems.

2. Henry David Thoreau. Excursions. Walden. A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. Cape Cod. The Maine Woods.

3. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mosses from an Old Manse. The Scarlet Letter. The House of the Seven Gables. The Blithedale Romance. The Marble Faun. Our Old Home.

4. Transcendentalism in New England. By O. B. Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

[1] The Indian name of Concord River.

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CHAPTER V.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLARS.

1837-1861.

With few exceptions, the men who have made American literature what it is have been college graduates. And yet our colleges have not commonly been, in themselves, literary centers. Most of them have been small and poor, and situated in little towns or provincial cities. Their alumni scatter far and wide immediately after graduation, and even those of them who may feel drawn to a life of scholarship or letters find little to attract them at the home of their alma mater, and seek, by preference, the large cities where periodicals and publishing houses offer some hope of support in a literary career. Even in the older and better equipped universities the faculty is usually a corps of working scholars, each man intent upon his specialty and rather inclined to undervalue merely "literary" performance. In many cases the fastidious and hypercritical turn of mind which besets the scholar, the timid conservatism which naturally characterizes an ancient seat of learning and the spirit of theological conformity which suppresses free discussion have exerted their {473} benumbing influence upon the originality and creative impulse of their inmates. Hence it happens that, while the contributions of American college teachers to the exact sciences, to theology and philology, metaphysics, political philosophy and the severer branches of learning have been honorable and important, they have as a class made little mark upon the general literature of the country. The professors of literature in our colleges are usually persons who have made no additions to literature, and the professors of rhetoric seem ordinarily to have been selected to teach students how to write, for the reason that they themselves have never written any thing that any one has ever read. To these remarks the Harvard College of some fifty years ago offers a striking exception. It was not the large and fashionable university that it has lately grown to be, with its multiplied elective courses, its numerous faculty and its somewhat motley collection of undergraduates; but a small school of the classics and mathematics, with something of ethics, natural science and the modern languages added to its old-fashioned, scholastic curriculum, and with a very homogeneous _clientèle_, drawn mainly from the Unitarian families of Eastern Massachusetts. Nevertheless a finer intellectual life, in many respects, was lived at old Cambridge within the years covered by this chapter than nowadays at the same place, or at any date in any other American university town. The {474} neighborhood of Boston, where the commercial life has never so entirely overlain the intellectual as in New York and Philadelphia, has been a standing advantage to Harvard College. The recent upheaval in religious thought had secured toleration, and made possible that free and even audacious interchange of ideas without which a literary atmosphere is impossible. From these, or from whatever causes, it happened that the old Harvard scholarship had an elegant and tasteful side to it, so that the dry erudition of the schools blossomed into a generous culture, and there were men in the professors' chairs who were no less efficient as teachers because they were also poets, orators, wits and men of the world. In the seventeen years from 1821 to 1839 there were graduated from Harvard College Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Phillips, Motley, Thoreau, Lowell, and

Edward Everett Hale, some of whom took up their residence at Cambridge, others at Boston and others at Concord, which was quite as much a spiritual suburb of Boston as Cambridge was. In 1836, when Longfellow became Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, Sumner was lecturing in the Law School. The following year--in which Thoreau took his bachelor's degree--witnessed the delivery of Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa lecture on the *American Scholar* in the college chapel and Wendell Phillips's speech on the *Murder of Lovejoy* in Faneuil Hall. Lowell, whose description of the impression produced by {475} the former of these famous addresses has been quoted in a previous chapter, was an undergraduate at the time. He took his degree in 1838 and in 1855 succeeded Longfellow in the chair of Modern Languages. Holmes had been chosen in 1847 Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School--a position which he held until 1882. The historians, Prescott and Bancroft, had been graduated in 1814 and 1817 respectively. The former's first important publication, *Ferdinand and Isabella*, appeared in 1837. Bancroft had been a tutor in the college in 1822-23 and the initial volume of his *History of the United States* was issued in 1835. Another of the Massachusetts school of historical writers, Francis Parkman, took his first degree at Harvard in 1844. Cambridge was still hardly more than a village, a rural outskirts of Boston, such as Lowell described it in his article, *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, originally contributed to *Putnam's Monthly* in 1853, and afterward reprinted in his *Fireside Travels*, 1864. The situation of a university scholar in old Cambridge was thus an almost ideal one. Within easy reach of a great city, with its literary and social clubs, its theaters, lecture courses, public meetings, dinner parties, etc., he yet lived withdrawn in an academic retirement among elm-shaded avenues and leafy gardens, the dome of the Boston State-house looming distantly across the meadows where the Charles laid its "steel blue sickle" upon the variegated, plush-like ground of the wide marsh. There was {476} thus, at all times during the quarter of a century embraced between 1837 and 1861, a group of brilliant men resident in or about Cambridge and Boston, meeting frequently and intimately, and exerting upon one another a most stimulating influence. Some of the closer circles--all concentric to the university--of which this group was loosely composed were laughed at by outsiders as "Mutual Admiration Societies." Such was, for instance, the "Five of Clubs," whose members were Longfellow, Sumner, C. C. Tilton, Professor of Greek at Harvard, and afterward president of the college; G. S. Hillard, a graceful lecturer, essayist and poet, of a somewhat amateurish kind; and Henry R. Cleveland, of Jamaica Plain, a lover of books and a writer of them. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) the most widely read and loved of American poets--or indeed, of all contemporary poets in England and America--though identified with Cambridge for nearly fifty years was a native of Portland, Maine, and a graduate of Bowdoin College, in the same class with Hawthorne. Since leaving college, in 1825, he had studied and traveled for some years in Europe, and had held the professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin. He had published several text books, a number of articles on the Romance languages and literatures in the *North American Review*, a thin volume of metrical translations from the Spanish, a few original poems in various periodicals, and the pleasant sketches of European {477} travel entitled *Outre Mer*. But Longfellow's fame began with the appearance in 1839 of his *Voices of the Night*. Excepting an earlier collection by Bryant this was the first volume of real poetry published in New England, and it had more warmth and sweetness, a greater richness and variety than Bryant's work ever possessed. Longfellow's genius was almost feminine in its flexibility and its sympathetic quality. It readily took the color of its surroundings and opened itself eagerly to impressions of the beautiful from every quarter, but especially from books. This first volume contained a few things written during his student days at Bowdoin, one of which, a blank verse piece on *Autumn*, clearly shows the influence of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. Most of these *juvenilia* had nature for their theme, but they were not so sternly true to the New England landscape as Thoreau or Bryant. The skylark and the ivy appear among their scenic properties, and in the best of them, *Woods in Winter*, it is the English "hawthorn" and not any American tree, through which the gale is made to blow, just as later Longfellow uses "rooks" instead of crows. The young poet's fancy was instinctively putting out feelers toward the storied lands of the Old World, and in his *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem* he transformed the rude church of the Moravian sisters to a cathedral with "glimmering tapers," swinging censers, chancel, altar, crows and "dim mysterious aisle." After his visit to Europe, {478} Longfellow returned deeply imbued with the spirit of romance. It was his mission to refine our national taste by opening to American readers, in their own vernacular, new springs of beauty in the literatures of foreign tongues. The fact that this mission was interpretative, rather than creative, hardly detracts from Longfellow's true originality. It merely indicates that his inspiration came to him in the first instance from other sources than the common life about him. He naturally began as a translator, and this first volume contained, among other things, exquisite renderings from the German of Uhland, Salis, and Müller, from the Danish, French, Spanish and Anglo-Saxon, and a few passages from Dante. Longfellow remained all his life a translator, and in subtler ways than by direct translation he infused the fine essence of European poetry into his own. He loved—

"Tales that have the rime of age

And chronicles of eld."

The golden light of romance is shed upon his page, and it is his habit to borrow mediaeval and Catholic imagery from his favorite middle ages, even when writing of American subjects. To him the clouds are hooded friars, that "tell their beads in drops of rain;" the midnight winds blowing through woods and mountain passes are chanting solemn masses for the repose of the dying year, and the strain ends with the prayer--

"Kyrie, eleyson,
Christe, eleyson."

{479} In his journal he wrote characteristically: "The black shadows lie upon the grass like engravings in a book. Autumn has written his rubric on the illuminated leaves, the wind turns them over and chants like a friar." This in Cambridge, of a moonshiny night, on the first day of the American October. But several of the pieces in *Voices of the Night* sprang more immediately from the poet's own inner experience. The *Hymn to the Night*, the *Psalm of Life*, the *Reaper and the Flowers*, *Footsteps of Angels*, the *Light of Stars*, and the *Beleaguered City* spoke of love, bereavement, comfort, patience and faith. In these lovely songs and in many others of the same kind which he afterward wrote, Longfellow touched the hearts of all his countrymen. America is a country of homes, and Longfellow, as the poet of sentiment and of the domestic affections, became and remains far more general in his appeal than such a "cosmic" singer as Whitman, who is still practically unknown to the "fierce democracy" to which he has addressed himself. It would be hard to over-estimate the influence for good exerted by the tender feeling and the pure and sweet morality which the hundreds of thousands of copies of Longfellow's writings, that have been circulated among readers of all classes in America and England, have brought with them. Three later collections, *Ballads and Other Poems*, 1842; the *Belfry of Bruges*, 1846; and the *Seaside and the Fireside*, 1850, comprise most of what is {480} noteworthy in Longfellow's minor poetry. The first of these embraced, together with some renderings from the German and the Scandinavian languages, specimens of stronger original work than the author had yet put forth; namely, the two powerful ballads of the *Skeleton in Armor* and the *Wreck of the Hesperus*. The former of these, written in the swift leaping meter of Drayton's *Ode to the Cambro Britons on their Harp*, was suggested by the digging up of a mail-clad skeleton at Fall River--a circumstance which the poet linked with the traditions about the Round Tower at Newport and gave to the whole the spirit of a Norse viking song of war and of the sea. The *Wreck of the Hesperus* was occasioned by the news of shipwrecks on the coast near Gloucester and by the name of a reef--"Norman's Woe"--where many of them took place. It was written one night between twelve and three, and cost the poet, he said, "hardly an effort." Indeed, it is the spontaneous ease and grace, the unflinching taste of Longfellow's lines, which are their best technical quality. There is nothing obscure or esoteric about his poetry. If there is little passion or intellectual depth, there is always genuine poetic feeling, often a very high order of imagination and almost invariably the choice of the right word. In this volume were also included the *Village Blacksmith* and *Excelsior*. The latter, and the *Psalm of Life*, have had a "damnable iteration" which causes them to figure as Longfellow's most popular {481} pieces. They are by no means, however, among his best. They are vigorously expressed commonplaces of that hortatory kind which passes for poetry, but is, in reality, a vague species of preaching. In the *Belfry of Bruges* and the *Seaside and the Fireside*, the translations were still kept up, and among the original pieces were the *Occultation of Orion*--the most imaginative of all Longfellow's poems; *Seaweed*, which has very noble stanzas, the favorite *Old Clock on the Stairs*, the *Building of the Ship*, with its magnificent closing apostrophe to the Union, and the *Fire of Driftwood*, the subtlest in feeling of any thing that the poet ever wrote. With these were verses of a more familiar quality, such as the *Bridge*, *Resignation*, and the *Day Is Done*, and many others, all reflecting moods of gentle and pensive sentiment, and drawing from analogies in nature or in legend lessons which, if somewhat obvious, were expressed with perfect art. Like Keats, he apprehended every thing on its beautiful side. Longfellow was all poet. Like Ophelia in *Hamlet*,
"Thought and affection, passion, hell itself,
He turns to favor and to prettiness."

He cared very little about the intellectual movement of the age. The transcendental ideas of Emerson passed over his head and left him undisturbed. For politics he had that gentlemanly distaste which the cultivated class in America had {482} already begun to entertain. In 1842 he printed a small volume of *Poems on Slavery*, which drew commendation from his friend Sumner, but had nothing of the fervor of Whittier's or Lowell's utterances on the same subject. It is interesting to compare his journals with Hawthorne's *American Note Books* and to observe in what very different ways the two writers made prey of their daily experiences for literary material. A favorite haunt of Longfellow's was the bridge between Boston and Cambridgeport, the same which he put into verse in his poem, the *Bridge*. "I always stop on the bridge," he writes in his journal; "tide waters are beautiful. From the ocean up

into the land they go, like messengers, to ask why the tribute has not been paid. The brooks and rivers answer that there has been little harvest of snow and rain this year. Floating sea-weed and kelp is carried up into the meadows, as returning sailors bring oranges in bandanna handkerchiefs to friends in the country." And again: "We leaned for awhile on the wooden rail and enjoyed the silvery reflection on the sea, making sundry comparisons. Among other thoughts we had this cheering one, that the whole sea was flashing with this heavenly light, though we saw it only in a single track; the dark waves are the dark providences of God; luminous, though not to us; and even to ourselves in another position." "Walk on the bridge, both ends of which are lost in the fog, like human life midway between two eternities; {483} beginning and ending in mist." In Hawthorne an allegoric meaning is usually something deeper and subtler than this, and seldom so openly expressed. Many of Longfellow's poems--the *Beleaguered City*, for example--may be definitely divided into two parts; in the first, a story is told or a natural phenomenon described; in the second, the spiritual application of the parable is formally set forth. This method became with him almost a trick of style, and his readers learned to look for the *haec fabula docet* at the end as a matter of course. As for the prevailing optimism in Longfellow's view of life--of which the above passage is an instance--it seemed to be in him an affair of temperament, and not, as in Emerson, the result of philosophic insight. Perhaps, however, in the last analysis optimism and pessimism are subjective--the expression of temperament or individual experience, since the facts of life are the same, whether seen through Schopenhauer's eyes or through Emerson's. If there is any particular in which Longfellow's inspiration came to him at first hand and not through books, it is in respect to the aspects of the sea. On this theme no American poet has written more beautifully and with a keener sympathy than the author of the *Wreck of the Hesperus* and of *Seaweed*. In 1847 was published the long poem of *Evangeline*. The story of the Acadian peasant girl, who was separated from her lover in the dispersion of her people by the English troops, and after weary wanderings and a life-long search found him at last, {484} an old man dying in a Philadelphia hospital, was told to Longfellow by the Rev. H. L. Conolly, who had previously suggested it to Hawthorne as a subject for a story. Longfellow, characteristically enough, "got up" the local color for his poem from Haliburton's account of the dispersion of the Grand-Pré Acadians, from Darby's *Geographical Description of Louisiana* and Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*. He never needed to go much outside of his library for literary impulse and material. Whatever may be held as to Longfellow's inventive powers as a creator of characters or an interpreter of American life, his originality as an artist is manifested by his successful domestication in *Evangeline* of the dactylic hexameter, which no English poet had yet used with effect. The English poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, who lived for a time in Cambridge, followed Longfellow's example in the use of hexameter in his *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, so that we have now arrived at the time--a proud moment for American letters--when the works of our writers began to react upon the literature of Europe. But the beauty of the descriptions in *Evangeline* and the pathos--somewhat too drawn out--of the story made it dear to a multitude of readers who cared nothing about the technical disputes of Poe and other critics as to whether or not Longfellow's lines were sufficiently "spondaic" to truthfully represent the quantitative hexameters of Homer and Vergil. In 1855 appeared *Hiawatha*, Longfellow's most {485} aboriginal and "American" book. The tripping trochaic measure he borrowed from the Finnish epic *Kalevala*. The vague, childlike mythology of the Indian tribes, with its anthropomorphic sense of the brotherhood between men, animals, and the forms of inanimate nature, he took from Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, 1839. He fixed forever, in a skillfully chosen poetic form, the more inward and imaginative part of Indian character, as Cooper had given permanence to its external and active side. Of Longfellow's dramatic experiments the *Golden Legend*, 1851, alone deserves mention here. This was in his chosen realm; a tale taken from the ecclesiastical annals of the middle ages, precious with martyrs' blood and bathed in the rich twilight of the cloister. It contains some of his best work, but its merit is rather poetic than dramatic; although Ruskin praised it for the closeness with which it entered into the temper of the monk. Longfellow has pleased the people more than the critics. He gave freely what he had, and the gift was beautiful. Those who have looked in his poetry for something else than poetry, or for poetry of some other kind, have not been slow to assert that he was a lady's poet; one who satisfied callow youths and school-girls by uttering commonplaces in graceful and musical shape, but who offered no strong meat for men. Miss Fuller called his poetry thin and the poet himself a "dandy Pindar." This is not true of his poetry, {486} or of the best of it. But he had a singing and not a talking voice, and in his prose one becomes sensible of a certain weakness. *Hyperion*, for example, published in 1839, a loitering fiction, interspersed with descriptions of European travel, is, upon the whole, a weak book, over flowery in diction and sentimental in tone. The crown of Longfellow's achievements as a translator was his great version of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, published between 1867 and 1870. It is a severely literal, almost a line for line, rendering. The meter is preserved, but the rhyme sacrificed. If not the best English poem constructed from Dante, it is at all events the most faithful and scholarly paraphrase. The sonnets which accompanied it are among Longfellow's best work. He seems to have been raised by daily communion with the great Tuscan into a habit of deeper and more subtle thought than is elsewhere common in his poetry. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-) is a native of Cambridge and a graduate of Harvard in the class of '29; a

class whose anniversary reunions he has celebrated in something like forty distinct poems and songs. For sheer cleverness and versatility Dr. Holmes is, perhaps, unrivaled among American men of letters. He has been poet, wit, humorist, novelist, essayist and a college lecturer and writer on medical topics. In all of these departments he has produced work which ranks high, if not with the highest. His father, {487} Dr. Abiel Holmes, was a graduate of Yale and an orthodox minister of liberal temper, but the son early threw in his lot with the Unitarians; and, as was natural to a man of a satiric turn and with a very human enjoyment of a fight, whose youth was cast in an age of theological controversy, he has always had his fling at Calvinism and has prolonged the slogans of old battles into a later generation; sometimes, perhaps, insisting upon them rather wearisomely and beyond the limits of good taste. He had, even as an undergraduate, a reputation for cleverness at writing comic verses, and many of his good things in this kind, such as the Dorchester Giant and the Height of the Ridiculous, were contributed to the Collegian, a students' paper. But he first drew the attention of a wider public by his spirited ballad of Old Ironsides--

"Ay! Tear her tattered ensign down!"--

composed about 1830, when it was proposed by the government to take to pieces the unseaworthy hulk of the famous old man-of-war, "Constitution." Holmes's indignant protest--which has been a favorite subject for school-boy declamation--had the effect of postponing the vessel's fate for a great many years. From 1830-35 the young poet was pursuing his medical studies in Boston and Paris, contributing now and then some verses to the magazines. Of his life as a medical student in Paris there are many pleasant reminiscences in his Autocrat and other writings, as where he tells, for {488} instance, of a dinner party of Americans in the French capital, where one of the company brought tears of home-sickness into the eyes of his sodales by saying that the tinkle of the ice in the champagne-glasses reminded him of the cowbells in the rocky old pastures of New England. In 1836 he printed his first collection of poems. The volume contained among a number of pieces broadly comic, like the September Gale, the Music Grinders, and the Ballad of the Oysterman--which at once became widely popular--a few poems of a finer and quieter temper, in which there was a quaint blending of the humorous and the pathetic. Such were My Aunt and the Last Leaf--which Abraham Lincoln found "inexpressibly touching," and which it is difficult to read without the double tribute of a smile and a tear. The volume contained also Poetry: A Metrical Essay, read before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which was the first of that long line of capital occasional poems which Holmes has been spinning for half a century with no sign of fatigue and with scarcely any falling off in freshness; poems read or spoken or sung at all manner of gatherings, public and private; at Harvard commencements, class days, and other academic anniversaries; at inaugurations, centennials, dedications of cemeteries, meetings of medical associations, mercantile libraries, Burns clubs and New England societies; at rural festivals and city fairs; openings of theaters, layings of corner stones, {489} birthday celebrations, jubilees, funerals, commemoration services, dinners of welcome or farewell to Dickens, Bryant, Everett, Whittier, Longfellow, Grant, Farragut, the Grand Duke Alexis, the Chinese Embassy and what not. Probably no poet of any age or clime has written so much and so well to order. He has been particularly happy in verses of a convivial kind, toasts for big civic feasts, or post-prandial rhymes for the petit comité--the snug little dinners of the chosen few. His

"The quaint trick to cram the pithy line
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine."

And although he could write on occasion a Song for a Temperance Dinner, he has preferred to chant the praise of the punch bowl and to

"feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er me stealing,
The warm, champagne, old-particular-brandy-punchy feeling."

It would be impossible to enumerate the many good things of this sort which Holmes has written, full of wit and wisdom, and of humor lightly dashed with sentiment and sparkling with droll analogies, sudden puns, and unexpected turns of rhyme and phrase. Among the best of them are Nux Postcoenatica, A Modest Request, Ode for a Social Meeting, The Boys, and Rip Van Winkle, M.D. Holmes's favorite measure, in his longer poems, is the heroic couplet which Pope's example seems to have consecrated forever to satiric and didactic verse. He writes as easily in this {490} meter as if it were prose, and with much of Pope's epigrammatic neatness. He also manages with facility the anapaestics of Moore and the ballad stanza which Hood had made the vehicle for his drolleries. It cannot be expected that verses manufactured to pop with the corks and fizz with the champagne at academic banquets should much outlive the occasion; or that the habit of producing such verses on demand should

foster in the producer that "high seriousness" which Matthew Arnold asserts to be one mark of all great poetry. Holmes's poetry is mostly on the colloquial level, excellent society-verse, but even in its serious moments too smart and too pretty to be taken very gravely; with a certain glitter, knowingness and flippancy about it and an absence of that self-forgetfulness and intense absorption in its theme which characterize the work of the higher imagination. This is rather the product of fancy and wit. Wit, indeed, in the old sense of quickness in the perception of analogies is the staple of his mind. His resources in the way of figure, illustration, allusion and anecdote are wonderful. Age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety, and there is as much powder in his latest pyrotechnics as in the rockets which he sent up half a century ago. Yet, though the humorist in him rather outweighs the poet, he has written a few things, like the Chambered Nautilus and Homesick in Heaven, which are as purely and deeply poetic as the One-Hoss Shay and the Prologue are funny. {491} Dr. Holmes is not of the stuff of which idealists and enthusiasts are made. As a physician and a student of science, the facts of the material universe have counted for much with him. His clear, positive, alert intellect was always impatient of mysticism. He had the sharp eye of the satirist and the man of the world for oddities of dress, dialect and manners. Naturally the transcendental movement struck him on its ludicrous side, and in his After-Dinner Poem, read at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Cambridge in 1843, he had his laugh at the "Orphic odes" and "runes" of the bedlamite seer and bard of mystery

"Who rides a beetle which he calls a 'sphinx,'
And O what questions asked in club-foot rhyme
Of Earth the tongueless, and the deaf-mute Time!
Here babbling 'Insight' shouts in Nature's ears
His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres;
There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,
With 'Whence am I?' and 'Wherefore did I come?'"

Curiously enough, the author of these lines lived to write an appreciative life of the poet who wrote the Sphinx. There was a good deal of toryism or social conservatism in Holmes. He acknowledged a preference for the man with a pedigree, the man who owned family portraits, had been brought up in familiarity with books, and could pronounce "view" correctly. Readers unhappily not of the "Brahmin caste of New England" have sometimes resented as snobbishness Holmes's harping {492} on "family," and his perpetual application of certain favorite shibboleths to other people's ways of speech. "The woman who calc'lates is lost."

"Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
The careless lips that speak of soap for soap. . . .
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't, let me beg you, don't say 'How?' for 'What?'
The things named 'pants' in certain documents,
A word not made for gentlemen, but 'gents.'"

With the rest of "society" he was disposed to ridicule the abolition movement as a crotchet of the eccentric and the long-haired. But when the civil war broke out he lent his pen, his tongue, and his own flesh and blood to the cause of the Union. The individuality of Holmes's writings comes in part from their local and provincial bias. He has been the laureate of Harvard College and the bard of Boston city, an urban poet, with a cockneyish fondness for old Boston ways and things--the Common and the Frog Pond, Faneuil Hall and King's Chapel and the Old South, Bunker Hill, Long Wharf, the Tea Party, and the town crier. It was Holmes who invented the playful saying that "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system." In 1857 was started the Atlantic Monthly, a magazine which has published a good share of the best work done by American writers within the past thirty years. Its immediate success was assured by Dr. Holmes's brilliant series of papers, the {493} Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, 1858, followed at once by the Professor at the Breakfast Table, 1859, and later by the Poet at the Breakfast Table, 1873. The Autocrat is its author's masterpiece, and holds the fine quintessence of his humor, his scholarship, his satire, genial observation, and ripe experience of men and cities. The form is as unique and original as the contents, being something between an essay and a drama; a succession of monologues or table-talks at a typical American boarding-house, with a thread of story running through the whole. The variety of mood and thought is so great that these conversations never tire, and the prose is interspersed with some of the author's choicest verse. The Professor at the Breakfast Table followed too closely on the heels of the Autocrat, and had less freshness. The third number of the series was better, and was pleasantly reminiscent and slightly garrulous, Dr. Holmes being now (1873) sixty-four

years old, and entitled to the gossiping privilege of age. The personnel of the Breakfast Table series, such as the landlady and the landlady's daughter and her son, Benjamin Franklin; the schoolmistress, the young man named John, the Divinity Student, the Kohinoor, the Sculpin, the Scarabaeus and the Old Gentleman who sits opposite, are not fully drawn characters, but outlined figures, lightly sketched--as is the Autocrat's wont--by means of some trick of speech, or dress, or feature, but they are quite life-like enough for their purpose, which is mainly to {494} furnish listeners and foils to the eloquence and wit of the chief talker. In 1860 and 1867 Holmes entered the field of fiction with two "medicated novels," Elsie Venner and the Guardian Angel. The first of these was a singular tale, whose heroine united with her very fascinating human attributes something of the nature of a serpent; her mother having been bitten by a rattlesnake a few months before the birth of the girl, and kept alive meanwhile by the use of powerful antidotes. The heroine of the Guardian Angel inherited lawless instincts from a vein of Indian blood in her ancestry. These two books were studies of certain medico-psychological problems. They preached Dr. Holmes's favorite doctrines of heredity and of the modified nature of moral responsibility by reason of transmitted tendencies which limit the freedom of the will. In Elsie Venner, in particular, the weirdly imaginative and speculative character of the leading motive suggests Hawthorne's method in fiction, but the background and the subsidiary figures have a realism that is in abrupt contrast with this, and gives a kind of doubleness and want of keeping to the whole. The Yankee characters, in particular, and the satirical pictures of New England country life are open to the charge of caricature. In the Guardian Angel the figure of Byles Gridley, the old scholar, is drawn with thorough sympathy, and though some of his acts are improbable he is, on the whole, Holmes's most {495} vital conception in the region of dramatic creation. James Russell Lowell (1819-), the foremost of American critics and of living American poets is, like Holmes, a native of Cambridge, and, like Emerson and Holmes, a clergyman's son. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College. Of late years he has held important diplomatic posts, like Everett, Irving, Bancroft, Motley, and other Americans distinguished in letters, having been United States Minister to Spain, and, under two administrations, to the Court of St. James. Lowell is not so spontaneously and exclusively a poet as Longfellow. His fame has been of slower growth, and his popularity with the average reader has never been so great. His appeal has been to the few rather than the many, to an audience of scholars and of the judicious rather than to the "groundlings" of the general public. Nevertheless his verse, though without the evenness, instinctive grace, and unerring good taste of Longfellow's, has more energy and a stronger intellectual fiber; while in prose he is very greatly the superior. His first volume, A Year's Life, 1841, gave little promise. In 1843 he started a magazine, the Pioneer, which only reached its third number, though it counted among its contributors Hawthorne, Poe, Whittier, and Miss Barrett (afterward Mrs. Browning). A second volume of poems, printed in 1844, showed a distinct advance, in such {496} pieces as the Shepherd of King Admetus, Rhoecus, a classical myth, told in excellent blank verse, and the same in subject with one of Landor's polished intaglios; and the Legend of Brittany, a narrative poem, which had fine passages, but no firmness in the management of the story. As yet, it was evident, the young poet had not found his theme. This came with the outbreak of the Mexican War, which was unpopular in New England, and which the Free Soil party regarded as a slaveholders' war waged without provocation against a sister republic, and simply for the purpose of extending the area of slavery. In 1846, accordingly, the Biglow Papers began to appear in the Boston Courier, and were collected and published in book form in 1848. These were a series of rhymed satires upon the government and the war party, written in the Yankee dialect, and supposed to be the work of Hosea Biglow, a home-spun genius in a down-east country town, whose letters to the editor were indorsed and accompanied by the comments of the Rev. Homer Wilbur, A.M., pastor of the First Church in Jaalam, and (prospective) member of many learned societies. The first paper was a derisive address to a recruiting sergeant, with a denunciation of the "nigger-drivin' States" and the "northern dough-faces," a plain hint that the North would do better to secede than to continue doing dirty work for the South, and an expression of those universal peace doctrines which were then in the air, and to which {497} Longfellow gave serious utterance in his Occultation of Orion.

"Ez for war, I call it murder--
 There you hev it plain an' flat:
 I don't want to go no furdur
 Than my Testyment for that;
 God hez said so plump an' fairly,
 It's ez long as it is broad,
 An' you've gut to git up airly
 Ef you want to take in God."

The second number was a versified paraphrase of a letter received from Mr. Birdofredom Sawin, "a yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a drum and fife," and who finds when he gets to Mexico that

"This kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin'."

Of the subsequent papers the best was, perhaps, What Mr. Robinson Thinks, an election ballad, which caused universal laughter, and was on every body's tongue.

The Biglow Papers remain Lowell's most original contribution to American literature. They are, all in all, the best political satires in the language, and unequaled as portraiture of the Yankee character, with its 'cuteness, its homely wit, and its latent poetry. Under the racy humor of the dialect--which became in Lowell's hands a medium of literary expression almost as effective as {498} Burns's Ayrshire Scotch--burned that moral enthusiasm and that hatred of wrong and deification of duty--"Stern daughter of the voice of God"--which, in the tough New England stock, stands instead of the passion in the blood of southern races. Lowell's serious poems on political questions, such as the Present Crisis, Ode to Freedom, and the Capture of Fugitive Slaves, have the old Puritan fervor, and such lines as

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three,"

and the passage beginning

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,"

became watchwords in the conflict against slavery and disunion. Some of these were published in his volume of 1848 and the collected edition of his poems, in two volumes, issued in 1850. These also included his most ambitious narrative poem, the Vision of Sir Launfal, an allegorical and spiritual treatment of one of the legends of the Holy Grail. Lowell's genius was not epical, but lyric and didactic. The merit of Sir Launfal is not in the telling of the story, but in the beautiful descriptive episodes, one of which, commencing,

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days;"

is as current as any thing that he has written. It is significant of the lack of a natural impulse {499} toward narrative invention in Lowell, that, unlike Longfellow and Holmes, he never tried his hand at a novel. One of the most important parts of a novelist's equipment he certainly possesses; namely, an insight into character, and an ability to delineate it. This gift is seen especially in his sketch of Parson Wilbur, who edited the Biglow Papers with a delightfully pedantic introduction, glossary, and notes; in the prose essay On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners, and in the uncompleted poem, Fitz-Adam's Story. See also the sketch of Captain Underhill in the essay on New England Two Centuries Ago. The Biglow Papers when brought out in a volume were prefaced by imaginary notices of the press, including a capital parody of Carlyle, and a reprint from the "Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss," of the first sketch--afterward amplified and enriched--of that perfect Yankee idyl, the Courtin'. Between 1862 and 1865 a second series of Biglow Papers appeared, called out by the events of the civil war. Some of these, as, for instance, Jonathan to John, a remonstrance with England for her unfriendly attitude toward the North, were not inferior to any thing in the earlier series; and others were even superior as poems, equal indeed, in pathos and intensity to any thing that Lowell has written in his professedly serious verse. In such passages the dialect wears rather thin, and there is a certain incongruity between the rustic spelling and the vivid beauty and power {500} and the figurative cast of the phrase in stanzas like the following:

"Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On war's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,

Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
That rived the rebel line asunder?"

Charles Sumner, a somewhat heavy person, with little sense of humor, wished that the author of the *Biglow Papers* "could have used good English." In the lines just quoted, indeed, the bad English adds nothing to the effect. In 1848 Lowell wrote *A Fable for Critics*, something after the style of Sir John Suckling's *Session of the Poets*; a piece of rollicking doggerel in which he surveyed the American Parnassus, scattering about headlong fun, sharp satire and sound criticism in equal proportion. Never an industrious workman, like Longfellow, at the poetic craft, but preferring to wait for the mood to seize him, he allowed eighteen years to go by, from 1850 to 1868, before publishing another volume of verse. In the latter year appeared *Under the Willows*, which contains some of his ripest and most perfect work; notably *A Winter Evening Hymn to my Fire*, with its noble and touching close--suggested by, perhaps, at any rate recalling, the dedication of Goethe's *Faust*, "Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten;" {501} the subtle *Footpath* and *In the Twilight*, the lovely little poems *Auf Wiedersehen* and *After the Funeral*, and a number of spirited political pieces, such as *Villa Franca*, and the *Washers of the Shroud*. This volume contained also his *Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration* in 1865. This, although uneven, is one of the finest occasional poems in the language, and the most important contribution which our civil war has made to song. It was charged with the grave emotion of one who not only shared the patriotic grief and exultation of his *alma mater* in the sacrifice of her sons, but who felt a more personal sorrow in the loss of kindred of his own, fallen in the front of battle. Particularly noteworthy in this memorial ode are the tribute to Abraham Lincoln, the third strophe, beginning, "Many loved Truth:" the exordium--"O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!" and the close of the eighth strophe, where the poet chants of the youthful heroes who

"Come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation."

From 1857 to 1862 Lowell edited the *Atlantic Monthly*, and from 1863 to 1872 the *North American Review*. His prose, beginning with an early volume of *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*, 1844, has consisted mainly of critical essays on individual writers, such as Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, {502} Emerson, Shakespere, Thoreau, Pope, Carlyle, etc., together with papers of a more miscellaneous kind, like *Witchcraft*, *New England Two Centuries Ago*, *My Garden Acquaintance*, *A Good Word for Winter*, *Abraham Lincoln*, etc., etc. Two volumes of these were published in 1870 and 1876, under the title *Among My Books*, and another, *My Study Windows*, in 1871. As a literary critic Lowell ranks easily among the first of living writers. His scholarship is thorough, his judgment sure, and he pours out upon his page an unwithholding wealth of knowledge, humor, wit and imagination from the fullness of an overflowing mind. His prose has not the chastened correctness and "low tone" of Matthew Arnold's. It is rich, exuberant, and sometimes over fanciful, running away into excesses of allusion or following the lead of a chance pun so as sometimes to lay itself open to the charge of pedantry and bad taste. Lowell's resources in the way of illustration and comparison are endless, and the readiness of his wit and his delight in using it put many temptations in his way. Purists in style accordingly take offense at his saying that "Milton is the only man who ever got much poetry out of a cataract, and that was a cataract in his eye;" or of his speaking of "a gentleman for whom the bottle before him reversed the wonder of the stereoscope and substituted the Gaston *v* for the *b* in binocular," which is certainly a puzzling and roundabout fashion of telling us that he had drunk so much {503} that he saw double. The critics also find fault with his coining such words as "undisprivacied" and with his writing such lines as the famous one--from the *Cathedral*, 1870-- "Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman." It must be acknowledged that his style lacks the crowning grace of simplicity, but it is precisely by reason of its allusive quality that scholarly readers take pleasure in it. They like a diction that has stuff in it and is woven thick, and where a thing is said in such a way as to recall many other things. Mention should be made, in connection with this Cambridge circle, of one writer who touched its circumference briefly. This was Sylvester Judd, a graduate of Yale, who entered the Harvard Divinity School in 1837 and in 1840 became minister of a Unitarian church in Augusta, Maine. Judd published several books, but the only one of them at all rememberable was *Margaret*, 1845, a novel of which Lowell said in *A Fable for Critics* that it was "the first Yankee book with the soul of Down East in it." It was very imperfect in point of art, and its second part--a rhapsodical description of a sort of Unitarian Utopia--is quite unreadable. But in the delineation of the few chief characters and of the rude, wild life of an outlying New England township just after the close of the revolutionary war, as well as in the tragic power of the catastrophe, there was genius of a high order. {504} As the country has grown older and more populous, and works

in all departments of thought have multiplied, it becomes necessary to draw more strictly the line between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. Political history, in and of itself, scarcely falls within the limits of this sketch, and yet it cannot be altogether dismissed; for the historian's art at its highest demands imagination, narrative skill, and a sense of unity and proportion in the selection and arrangement of his facts, all of which are literary qualities. It is significant that many of our best historians have begun authorship in the domain of imaginative literature: Bancroft with an early volume of poems; Motley with his historical romances *Merry Mount* and *Morton's Hope*; and Parkman with a novel, *Vassall Morton*. The oldest of that modern group of writers that have given America an honorable position in the historical literature of the world was William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859.) Prescott chose for his theme the history of the Spanish conquests in the New World, a subject full of romantic incident and susceptible of that glowing and perhaps slightly over gorgeous coloring which he laid on with a liberal hand. His completed histories, in their order, are the *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, 1837; the *Conquest of Mexico*, 1843--a topic which Irving had relinquished to him; and the *Conquest of Peru*, 1847. Prescott was fortunate in being born to leisure and fortune, but he had difficulties of another kind to overcome. He was nearly blind, and had to teach himself Spanish and look up authorities through the help of others and to write with a noctograph or by amanuenses. George Bancroft (1800-) issued the first volume of his great *History of the United States* in 1834, and exactly half a century later the final volume of the work, bringing the subject down to 1789. Bancroft had studied at Göttingen and imbibed from the German historian Heeren the scientific method of historical study. He had access to original sources, in the nature of collections and state papers in the governmental archives of Europe, of which no American had hitherto been able to avail himself. His history in thoroughness of treatment leaves nothing to be desired, and has become the standard authority on the subject. As a literary performance merely, it is somewhat wanting in flavor, Bancroft's manner being heavy and stiff when compared with Motley's or Parkman's. The historian's services to his country have been publicly recognized by his successive appointments as Secretary of the Navy, Minister to England, and Minister to Germany. The greatest, on the whole, of American historians was John Lothrop Motley (1814-1877), who, like Bancroft, was a student at Göttingen and United States Minister to England. His *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, 1856, and *History of the United Netherlands*, published in installments from 1861 to 1868, equaled Bancroft's work in scientific thoroughness and philosophic grasp, and Prescott's in the picturesque brilliancy of the narrative, while it excelled them both in its masterly analysis of great historic characters, reminding the reader, in this particular, of Macaulay's figure painting. The episodes of the siege of Antwerp and the sack of the cathedral, and of the defeat and wreck of the Spanish Armada, are as graphic as Prescott's famous description of Cortez's capture of the city of Mexico; while the elder historian has nothing to compare with Motley's vivid personal sketches of Queen Elizabeth, Philip the Second, Henry of Navarre, and William the Silent. The *Life of John of Barneveld*, 1874, completed this series of studies upon the history of the Netherlands, a theme to which Motley was attracted because the heroic struggle of the Dutch for liberty offered, in some respects, a parallel to the growth of political independence in Anglo-Saxon communities, and especially in his own America. The last of these Massachusetts historical writers whom we shall mention is Francis Parkman (1823-), whose subject has the advantage of being thoroughly American. His *Oregon Trail*, 1847, a series of sketches of prairie and Rocky Mountain life, originally contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, displays his early interest in the American Indians. In 1851 appeared his first historical work, the *Conspiracy of Pontiac*. This has been followed by the series entitled *France and England* in North America, the six successive parts of which are as follows: the *Pioneers of France in the New World*; the *Jesuits in North America*; *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*; the *Old Régime in Canada*; *Count Frontenac and New France*; and *Montcalm and Wolfe*. These narratives have a wonderful vividness, and a romantic interest not inferior to Cooper's novels. Parkman made himself personally familiar with the scenes which he described, and some of the best descriptions of American woods and waters are to be found in his histories. If any fault is to be found with his books, indeed, it is that their picturesqueness and "fine writing" are a little in excess. The political literature of the years from 1837 to 1861 hinged upon the antislavery struggle. In this "irrepressible conflict" Massachusetts led the van. Garrison had written in his *Liberator*, in 1830, "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." But the Garrisonian abolitionists remained for a long time, even in the North, a small and despised faction. It was a great point gained when men of education and social standing like Wendell Phillips (1811-1884), and Charles Sumner (1811-1874), joined themselves to the cause. Both of these were graduates of Harvard and men of scholarly pursuits. They became the representative orators of the antislavery party, Phillips on the platform and Sumner in the Senate. The former first came before the public in his fiery speech, delivered in Faneuil Hall December 8, 1837, before a meeting called to denounce the murder of Lovejoy, who had been killed at Alton, Ill., while defending his press against a pro-slavery mob. Thenceforth Phillips's voice was never idle in behalf of the slave. His eloquence was impassioned and direct, and his English singularly pure, simple, and nervous. He is

perhaps nearer to Demosthenes than any other American orator. He was a most fascinating platform speaker on themes outside of politics, and his lecture on the Lost Arts was a favorite with audiences of all sorts. Sumner was a man of intellectual tastes, who entered politics reluctantly, and only in obedience to the resistless leading of his conscience. He was a student of literature and art; a connoisseur of engravings, for example, of which he made a valuable collection. He was fond of books, conversation, and foreign travel, and in Europe, while still a young man, had made a remarkable impression in society. But he left all this for public life, and in 1851 was elected, as Webster's successor, to the Senate of the United States. Thereafter he remained the leader of the Abolitionists in Congress until slavery was abolished. His influence throughout the North was greatly increased by the brutal attack upon him in the Senate chamber in 1856 by "Bully Brooks" of South Carolina. {509} Sumner's oratory was stately and somewhat labored. While speaking he always seemed, as has been wittily said, to be surveying a "broad landscape of his own convictions." His most impressive qualities as a speaker were his intense moral earnestness and his thorough knowledge of his subject. The most telling of his parliamentary speeches are perhaps his speech On the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, of February 3, 1854, and On the Crime against Kansas, May 19 and 20, 1856; of his platform addresses, the oration on the True Grandeur of Nations.

1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *Voices of the Night. The Skeleton in Armor. The Wreck of the Hesperus. The Village Blacksmith. The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems* (1846). *By the Seaside. Hiawatha. Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

2. Oliver Wendell Holmes. *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Elsie Venner. Old Ironsides. The Last Leaf. My Aunt. The Music-Grinders. On Lending a Punch Bowl. Nux Postcoenatica. A Modest Request. The Living Temple. Meeting of the Alumni of Harvard College. Homesick in Heaven. Epilogue to the Breakfast Table Series. The Boys. Dorothy. The Iron Gate.*

3. James Russell Lowell. *The Biglow Papers* (two series). *Under the Willows and Other Poems.* 1868. *Rhoecus. The Shepherd of King Admetus. The Vision of Sir Launfal. The {510} Present Crisis. The Dandelion. The Birch Tree. Beaver Brook. Essays on Chaucer: Shakspeare Once More: Dryden: Emerson; the Lecturer: Thoreau: My Garden Acquaintance: A Good Word for Winter: A Certain Condescension in Foreigners.*

4. William Hickling Prescott. *The Conquest of Mexico.*

5. John Lothrop Motley. *The United Netherlands.*

6. Francis Parkman. *The Oregon Trail. The Jesuits in North America.*

7. *Representative American Orations; volume v.* Edited by Alexander Johnston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

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CHAPTER VI.

LITERATURE IN THE CITIES.

1837-1861.

Literature as a profession has hardly existed in the United States until very recently. Even now the number of those who support themselves by purely literary work is small, although the growth of the reading public and the establishment of great magazines, such as Harper's, the Century, and the Atlantic, have made a market for intellectual wares which forty years ago would have seemed a godsend to poorly paid Bohemians like Poe or obscure men of genius like Hawthorne. About 1840 two Philadelphia magazines--Godey's Lady's Book and Graham's Monthly--began to pay their contributors twelve dollars a page, a price then thought wildly munificent. But the first magazine of the modern type was Harper's Monthly, founded in 1850. American books have always

suffered, and still continue to suffer, from the want of an international copyright, which has flooded the country with cheap reprints and translations of foreign works, with which the domestic product has been unable to contend on such uneven terms. With the first ocean steamers there {512} started up a class of large-paged weeklies in New York and elsewhere, such as *Brother Jonathan*, the *New World*, and the *Corsair*, which furnished their readers with the freshest writings of Dickens and Bulwer and other British celebrities within a fortnight after their appearance in London. This still further restricted the profits of native authors and nearly drove them from the field of periodical literature. By special arrangement the novels of Thackeray and other English writers were printed in *Harper's* in installments simultaneously with their issue in English periodicals. The *Atlantic* was the first of our magazines which was founded expressly for the encouragement of home talent, and which had a purely Yankee flavor. Journalism was the profession which naturally attracted men of letters, as having most in common with their chosen work and as giving them a medium, under their own control, through which they could address the public. A few favored scholars, like Prescott, were made independent by the possession of private fortunes. Others, like Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, gave to literature such leisure as they could get in the intervals of an active profession or of college work. Still others, like Emerson and Thoreau, by living in the country and making their modest competence--eked out in Emerson's case by lecturing here and there--suffice for their simple needs, secured themselves freedom from the restraints of any regular calling. But in default of some such *pou sto* our men of {513} letters have usually sought the cities and allied themselves with the press. It will be remembered that Lowell started a short-lived magazine on his own account, and that he afterward edited the *Atlantic* and the *North American*. Also that Ripley and Charles A. Dana betook themselves to journalism after the break up of the Brook Farm Community. In the same way William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878), the earliest American poet of importance, whose impulses drew him to the solitudes of nature, was compelled to gain a livelihood by conducting a daily newspaper; or, as he himself puts it, was

"Forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen."

Bryant was born at Cummington, in Berkshire, the westernmost county of Massachusetts. After two years in Williams College he studied law, and practiced for nine years as a country lawyer in Plainfield and Great Barrington. Following the line of the Housatonic Valley, the social and theological affiliations of Berkshire have always been closer with Connecticut and New York than with Boston and Eastern Massachusetts. Accordingly, when, in 1825, Bryant yielded to the attractions of a literary career, he betook himself to New York city, where, after a brief experiment in conducting a monthly magazine, the *New York Review and Athenaeum*, he assumed the editorship of the {514} *Evening Post*, a Democratic and Free-trade journal, with which he remained connected till his death. He already had a reputation as a poet when he entered the ranks of metropolitan journalism. In 1816 his *Thanatopsis* had been published in the *North American Review*, and had attracted immediate and general admiration. It had been finished, indeed, two years before, when the poet was only in his nineteenth year, and was a wonderful instance of precocity. The thought in this stately hymn was not that of a young man, but of a sage who has reflected long upon the universality, the necessity, and the majesty of death. Bryant's blank verse when at its best, as in *Thanatopsis* and the *Forest Hymn*, is extremely noble. In gravity and dignity it is surpassed by no English blank verse of this century, though in rich and various modulation it falls below Tennyson's *Ulysses* and *Morte d'Arthur*. It was characteristic of Bryant's limitations that he came thus early into possession of his faculty. His range was always a narrow one, and about his poetry, as a whole, there is a certain coldness, rigidity, and solemnity. His fixed position among American poets is described in his own *Hymn to the North Star*:

"And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old, unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main."

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In 1821 he read the *Ages*, a didactic poem in thirty-five stanzas, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, and in the same year brought out his first volume of poems. A second collection appeared in 1832, which was printed in London under the auspices of Washington Irving. Bryant was the first American poet who had much of an

audience in England, and Wordsworth is said to have learned Thanatopsis by heart. Bryant was, indeed, in a measure, a scholar of Wordsworth's school, and his place among American poets corresponds roughly, though not precisely, to Wordsworth's among English poets. With no humor, with somewhat restricted sympathies, with little flexibility or openness to new impressions, but gifted with a high, austere imagination, Bryant became the meditative poet of nature. His best poems are those in which he draws lessons from nature, or sings of its calming, purifying, and bracing influences upon the human soul. His office, in other words, is the same which Matthew Arnold asserts to be the peculiar office of modern poetry, "the moral interpretation of nature." Poems of this class are Green River, To a Waterfowl, June, the Death of the Flowers, and the Evening Wind. The song, "O fairest of the Rural Maids," which has more fancy than is common in Bryant, and which Poe pronounced his best poem, has an obvious resemblance to Wordsworth's "Three years she grew in sun and shade," and both of these nameless pieces might fitly be {516} entitled--as Wordsworth's is in Mr. Palgrave's Golden Treasury--"The Education of Nature." Although Bryant's career is identified with New York, his poetry is all of New England. His heart was always turning back fondly to the woods and streams of the Berkshire hills. There was nothing of that urban strain in him which appears in Holmes and Willis. He was, in especial, the poet of autumn, of the American October and the New England Indian Summer, that season of "dropping nuts" and "smoky light," to whose subtle analogy with the decay of the young by the New England disease, consumption, he gave such tender expression in the Death of the Flowers; and amid whose "bright, late quiet," he wished himself to pass away. Bryant is our poet of "the melancholy days," as Lowell is of June. If, by chance, he touches upon June, it is not with the exultant gladness of Lowell in meadows full of bobolinks, and in the summer day that is

"--simply perfect from its own resource
As to the bee the new campanula's
Illuminate seclusion swung in air."

Rather, the stir of new life in the clod suggests to Bryant by contrast the thought of death; and there is nowhere in his poetry a passage of deeper feeling than the closing stanzas of June, in which he speaks of himself, by anticipation, as of one

"Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is--that his grave is green."

{517} Bryant is, par excellence, the poet of New England wild flowers, the yellow violet, the fringed gentian--to each of which he dedicated an entire poem--the orchis and the golden rod, "the aster in the wood and the yellow sunflower by the brook." With these his name will be associated as Wordsworth's with the daffodil and the lesser celandine, and Emerson's with the rhodora. Except when writing of nature he was apt to be commonplace, and there are not many such energetic lines in his purely reflective verse as these famous ones from the Battle Field:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

He added but slowly to the number of his poems, publishing a new collection in 1840, another in 1844, and Thirty Poems in 1864. His work at all ages was remarkably even. Thanatopsis was as mature as any thing that he wrote afterward, and among his later pieces, the Planting of the Apple Tree and the Flood of Years were as fresh as any thing that he had written in the first flush of youth. Bryant's poetic style was always pure and correct, without any tincture of affectation or extravagance. His prose writings are not important, consisting mainly of papers of the Salmagundi variety contributed to the Talisman, an annual published in 1827-30; some rather sketchy stories, Tales of the {518} Glauber Spa, 1832; and impressions of Europe, entitled, Letters of a Traveler, issued in two series, in 1849 and 1858. In 1869 and 1871 appeared his blank-verse translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, a remarkable achievement for a man of his age, and not excelled, upon the whole, by any recent metrical version of Homer in the English tongue. Bryant's half century of service as the editor of a daily paper should not be overlooked. The Evening Post, under his management, was always honest, gentlemanly, and courageous, and did much to raise the tone of journalism in New York. Another Massachusetts poet, who was outside the Boston coterie, like Bryant, and, like him, tried his hand at journalism, was John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-). He was born in a

solitary farmhouse near Haverhill, in the valley of the Merrimack, and his life has been passed mostly at his native place and at the neighboring town of Amesbury. The local color, which is very pronounced in his poetry, is that of the Merrimack from the vicinity of Haverhill to its mouth at Newburyport, a region of hillside farms, opening out below into wide marshes--"the low, green prairies of the sea," and the beaches of Hampton and Salisbury. The scenery of the Merrimack is familiar to all readers of Whittier: the cotton-spinning towns along its banks, with their factories and dams, the sloping pastures and orchards of the back country, the sands of Plum Island and the level reaches of water meadow between which glide the broad-sailed "gundalows"--a {519} local corruption of gondola--laden with hay. Whittier was a farmer lad, and had only such education as the district school could supply, supplemented by two years at the Haverhill Academy. In his School Days he gives a picture of the little old country school-house as it used to be, the only alma mater of so many distinguished Americans, and to which many others who have afterward trodden the pavements of great universities look back so fondly as to their first wicket gate into the land of knowledge.

"Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

"Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial."

A copy of Burns awoke the slumbering instinct in the young poet, and he began to contribute verses to Garrison's Free Press, published at Newburyport, and to the Haverhill Gazette. Then he went to Boston, and became editor for a short time of the Manufacturer. Next he edited the Essex Gazette, at Haverhill, and in 1830 he took charge of George D. Prentice's paper, the New England Weekly Review, at Hartford, Conn. Here he fell in with a young Connecticut poet of much promise, J. G. C. Brainard, editor of the {520} Connecticut Mirror, whose "Remains" Whittier edited in 1832. At Hartford, too, he published his first book, a volume of prose and verse, entitled Legends of New England, 1831, which is not otherwise remarkable than as showing his early interest in Indian colonial traditions--especially those which had a touch of the supernatural--a mine which he afterward worked to good purpose in the Bridal of Pennacook, the Witch's Daughter, and similar poems. Some of the Legends testify to Brainard's influence and to the influence of Whittier's temporary residence at Hartford. One of the prose pieces, for example, deals with the famous "Moodus Noises" at Haddam, on the Connecticut River, and one of the poems is the same in subject with Brainard's Black Fox of Salmon River. After a year and a half at Hartford, Whittier returned to Haverhill and to farming. The antislavery agitation was now beginning, and into this he threw himself with all the ardor of his nature. He became the poet of the reform as Garrison was its apostle, and Sumner and Phillips its speakers. In 1833 he published Justice and Expediency, a prose tract against slavery, and in the same year he took part in the formation of the American Antislavery Society at Philadelphia, sitting in the convention as a delegate of the Boston Abolitionists. Whittier was a Quaker, and that denomination, influenced by the preaching of John Woolman and others, had long since quietly abolished slavery within its own communion. The {521} Quakers of Philadelphia and elsewhere took an earnest though peaceful part in the Garrisonian movement. But it was a strange irony of fate that had made the fiery-hearted Whittier a Friend. His poems against slavery and disunion have the martial ring of a Tyrtæus or a Körner, added to the stern religious zeal of Cromwell's Ironsides. They are like the sound of the trumpet blown before the walls of Jericho, or the Psalms of David denouncing woe upon the enemies of God's chosen people. If there is any purely Puritan strain in American poetry it is in the war-hymns of the Quaker "Hermit of Amesbury." Of these patriotic poems there were three principal collections: Voices of Freedom, 1849; the Panorama and Other Poems, 1856; and In War Time, 1863; Whittier's work as the poet of freedom was done when, on hearing the bells ring for the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, he wrote his splendid Laus Deo, thrilling with the ancient Hebrew spirit: "Loud and long

Lift the old exulting song,
Sing with Miriam by the sea--
He has cast the mighty down,
Horse and rider sink and drown,
He hath triumphed gloriously."

Of his poems distinctly relating to the events of the civil war, the best, or at all events the most popular, is Barbara Frietchie. Ichabod, expressing the indignation of the Free Soilers at Daniel Webster's seventh of March speech in defense of the {522} Fugitive Slave Law, is one of Whittier's best political poems, and not altogether unworthy of comparison with Browning's Lost Leader. The language of Whittier's warlike lyrics is biblical, and many of his purely devotional pieces are religious poetry of a high order and have been included in numerous collections of hymns. Of his songs of faith and doubt, the best are perhaps Our Master, Chapel of the Hermits, and Eternal Goodness; one stanza from the last of which is familiar:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

But from politics and war Whittier turned gladly to sing the homely life of the New England country side. His rural ballads and idyls are as genuinely American as any thing that our poets have written, and have been recommended, as such, to English working-men by Whittier's co-religionist, John Bright. The most popular of these is probably Maud Muller, whose closing couplet has passed into proverb. Skipper Ireson's Ride is also very current. Better than either of them, as poetry, is Telling the Bees. But Whittier's masterpiece in work of a descriptive and reminiscent kind is Snow Bound, 1866, a New England fireside idyl which in its truthfulness recalls the Winter Evening of Cowper's Task and Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night, but in sweetness and animation is superior to either of them. Although in {523} some things a Puritan of the Puritans, Whittier has never forgotten that he is also a Friend, and several of his ballads and songs have been upon the subject of the early Quaker persecutions in Massachusetts. The most impressive of these is Cassandra Southwick. The latest of them, the King's Missive, originally contributed to the Memorial History of Boston in 1880, and reprinted the next year in a volume with other poems, has been the occasion of a rather lively controversy. The Bridal of Pennacook, 1848, and the Tent on the Beach, 1867, which contain some of his best work, were series of ballads told by different narrators, after the fashion of Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. As an artist in verse Whittier is strong and fervid, rather than delicate or rich. He uses only a few metrical forms--by preference the eight-syllabled rhyming couplet

--"Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay," etc.--

and the emphatic tramp of this measure becomes very monotonous, as do some of Whittier's mannerisms; which proceed, however, never from affectation, but from a lack of study and variety, and so, no doubt, in part from the want of that academic culture and thorough technical equipment which Lowell and Longfellow enjoyed. Though his poems are not in dialect, like Lowell's Biglow Papers, he knows how to make an artistic use of homely provincial words, such as "chore," {524} which give his idyls of the hearth and the barnyard a genuine Doric cast. Whittier's prose is inferior to his verse. The fluency which was a besetting sin of his poetry when released from the fetters of rhyme and meter ran into wordiness. His prose writings were partly contributions to the slavery controversy, partly biographical sketches of English and American reformers, and partly studies of the scenery and folk-lore of the Merrimack Valley. Those of most literary interest were the Supernaturalism of New England, 1847, and some of the papers in Literary Recreations and Miscellanies, 1854. While Massachusetts was creating an American literature, other sections of the Union were by no means idle. The West, indeed, was as yet too raw to add any thing of importance to the artistic product of the country. The South was hampered by circumstances which will presently be described. But in and about the seaboard cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Richmond, many pens were busy filling the columns of literary weeklies and monthlies; and there was a considerable output, such as it was, of books of poetry, fiction, travel, and miscellaneous light literature. Time has already relegated most of these to the dusty top-shelves. To rehearse the names of the numerous contributors to the old Knickerbocker Magazine, to Godey's, and Graham's, and the New Mirror, and the Southern Literary Messenger, or to run over the list of authorlings and poetasters in Poe's papers on {525} the Literati of New York, would be very much like reading the inscriptions on the head-stones of an old grave-yard. In the columns of these prehistoric magazines and in the book notices and reviews away back in the thirties and forties, one encounters the handiwork and the names of Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Lowell, embodied in this mass of forgotten literature. It would have required a good deal of critical acumen, at the time, to predict that these and a few others would soon be thrown out into bold relief, as the significant and permanent names in the literature of their generation, while Paulding, Hirst, Fay, Dawes, Mrs. Osgood, and scores of others who figured beside them in the fashionable periodicals, and filled

quite as large a space in the public eye, would sink into oblivion in less than thirty years. Some of these latter were clever enough people; they entertained their contemporary public sufficiently, but their work had no vitality or "power of continuance." The great majority of the writings of any period are necessarily ephemeral, and time by a slow process of natural selection is constantly sifting out the few representative books which shall carry on the memory of the period to posterity. Now and then it may be predicted of some undoubted work of genius, even at the moment that it sees the light, that it is destined to endure. But tastes and fashions change, and few things are better calculated to inspire the literary critic with humility than to read {526} the prophecies in old reviews and see how the future, now become the present, has quietly given them the lie. >From among the professional littérateurs of his day emerges, with ever sharper distinctness as time goes on, the name of Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849.) By the irony of fate Poe was born at Boston, and his first volume, Tamerlane and Other Poems, 1827, was printed in that city and bore upon its title page the words, "By a Bostonian." But his parentage, so far as it was any thing, was southern. His father was a Marylander who had gone upon the stage and married an actress, herself the daughter of an actress and a native of England. Left an orphan by the early death of both parents, Poe was adopted by a Mr. Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va. He was educated partly at an English school, was student for a time in the University of Virginia and afterward a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. His youth was wild and irregular: he gambled and drank, was proud, bitter and perverse; finally quarreled with his guardian and adopted father--by whom he was disowned--and then betook himself to the life of a literary hack. His brilliant but underpaid work for various periodicals soon brought him into notice, and he was given the editorship of the Southern Literary Messenger, published at Richmond, and subsequently of the Gentlemen's --afterward Graham's -- Magazine in Philadelphia. These and all other positions Poe forfeited through his {527} dissipated habits and wayward temper, and finally, in 1844, he drifted to New York, where he found employment on the Evening Mirror and then on the Broadway Journal. He died of delirium tremens at the Marine Hospital in Baltimore. His life was one of the most wretched in literary history. He was an extreme instance of what used to be called the "eccentricity of genius." He had the irritable vanity which is popularly supposed to accompany the poetic temperament, and was so insanely egotistic as to imagine that Longfellow and others were constantly plagiarizing from him. The best side of Poe's character came out in his domestic relations, in which he displayed great tenderness, patience and fidelity. His instincts were gentlemanly, and his manner and conversation were often winning. In the place of moral feeling he had the artistic conscience. In his critical papers, except where warped by passion or prejudice, he showed neither fear nor favor, denouncing bad work by the most illustrious hands and commending obscure merit. The "impudent literary cliques" who puffed each other's books; the feeble chirrupings of the bardlings who manufactured verses for the "Annals;" and the twaddle of the "genial" incapables who praised them in flabby reviews--all these Poe exposed with ferocious honesty. Nor, though his writings are un_moral, can they be called in any sense im_moral. His poetry is as pure in its unearthliness as Bryant's in its austerity. {528} By 1831 Poe had published three thin books of verse, none of which had attracted notice, although the latest contained the drafts of a few of his most perfect poems, such as Israfel, the Valley of Unrest, the City in the Sea, and one of the two pieces inscribed To Helen. It was his habit to touch and retouch his work until it grew under his more practiced hand into a shape that satisfied his fastidious taste. Hence the same poem frequently reappears in different stages of development in successive editions. Poe was a subtle artist in the realm of the weird and the fantastic. In his intellectual nature there was a strange conjunction; an imagination as spiritual as Shelley's, though, unlike Shelley's, haunted perpetually with shapes of fear and the imagery of ruin; with this, an analytic power, a scientific exactness, and a mechanical ingenuity more usual in a chemist or a mathematician than in a poet. He studied carefully the mechanism of his verse and experimented endlessly with verbal and musical effects, such as repetition, and monotone, and the selection of words in which the consonants alliterated and the vowels varied. In his Philosophy of Composition he described how his best known poem, the Raven, was systematically built up on a preconceived plan in which the number of lines was first determined and the word "nevermore" selected as a starting point. No one who knows the mood in which poetry is composed will believe that this ingenious piece of dissection really describes the way in {529} which the Raven was conceived and written, or that any such deliberate and self-conscious process could originate the associations from which a true poem springs. But it flattered Poe's pride of intellect to assert that his cooler reason had control not only over the execution of his poetry, but over the very well-head of thought and emotion. Some of his most successful stories, like the Gold Bug, the Mystery of Marie Roget, the Purloined Letter, and the Murders in the Rue Morgue, were applications of this analytic faculty to the solution of puzzles, such as the finding of buried treasure or of a lost document, or the ferreting out of a mysterious crime. After the publication of the Gold Bug he received from all parts of the country specimens of cipher writing, which he delighted to work out. Others of his tales were clever pieces of mystification, like Hans Pfaall, the story of a journey to the moon, or experiments at giving verisimilitude to wild improbabilities by the skillful introduction of scientific details, as in the Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar and Von Kempelen's Discovery. In his narratives

of this kind Poe anticipated the detective novels of Gaboriau and Wilkie Collins, the scientific hoaxes of Jules Verne, and, though in a less degree, the artfully worked up likeness to fact in Edward Everett Hale's *Man Without a Country*, and similar fictions. While Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* was publishing in parts, Poe showed his skill as a plot hunter by publishing a paper in *Graham's Magazine* in which the very {530} tangled intrigue of the novel was correctly raveled and the *finale* predicted in advance. In his union of imagination and analytic power Poe resembled Coleridge, who, if any one, was his teacher in poetry and criticism. Poe's verse often reminds one of *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner*, still oftener of *Kubla Khan*. Like Coleridge, too, he indulged at times in the opium habit. But in Poe the artist predominated over every thing else. He began not with sentiment or thought, but with technique, with melody and color, tricks of language, and effects of verse. It is curious to study the growth of his style in his successive volumes of poetry. At first these are metrical experiments and vague images, original, and with a fascinating suggestiveness, but with so little meaning that some of his earlier pieces are hardly removed from nonsense. Gradually, like distant music drawing nearer and nearer, his poetry becomes fuller of imagination and of an inward significance, without ever losing, however, its mysterious aloofness from the real world of the senses. It was a part of Poe's literary creed--formed upon his own practice and his own limitations, but set forth with a great display of *a priori* reasoning in his essay on the *Poetic Principle* and elsewhere--that pleasure and not instruction or moral exhortation was the end of poetry; that beauty and not truth or goodness was its means; and, furthermore, that the pleasure which it gave should be *indefinite*. About his own poetry there was always this {531} indefiniteness. His imagination dwelt in a strange country of dream--a "ghoul-haunted region of Weir," "out of space, out of time"--filled with unsubstantial landscapes, and peopled by spectral shapes. And yet there is a wonderful, hidden significance in this uncanny scenery. The reader feels that the wild, fantasmal imagery is in itself a kind of language, and that it in some way expresses a brooding thought or passion, the terror and despair of a lost soul. Sometimes there is an obvious allegory, as in the *Haunted Palace*, which is the parable of a ruined mind, or in the *Raven*, the most popular of all Poe's poems, originally published in the *American Whig Review* for February, 1845. Sometimes the meaning is more obscure, as in *Ulalume*, which, to most people, is quite incomprehensible, and yet to all readers of poetic feeling is among the most characteristic, and, therefore, the most fascinating, of its author's creations. Now and then, as in the beautiful ballad, *Annabel Lee*, and *To One in Paradise*, the poet emerges into the light of common human feeling and speaks a more intelligible language. But in general his poetry is not the poetry of the heart, and its passion is not the passion of flesh and blood. In Poe the thought of death is always near, and of the shadowy borderland between death and life.

"The play is the tragedy 'Man,'
And its hero the Conqueror Worm,"

{532} The prose tale, *Ligeia*, in which these verses are inserted, is one of the most powerful of all Poe's writings, and its theme is the power of the will to overcome death. In that singularly impressive poem, the *Sleeper*, the morbid horror which invests the tomb springs from the same source, the materiality of Poe's imagination, which refuses to let the soul go free from the body. This quality explains why Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque* and *Arabesque*, 1840, are on a lower plane than Hawthorne's romances, to which a few of them, like *William Wilson* and the *Man of the Crowd*, have some resemblance. The former of these, in particular, is in Hawthorne's peculiar province, the allegory of the conscience. But in general the tragedy in Hawthorne is a spiritual one, while Poe calls in the aid of material forces. The passion of physical fear or of superstitious horror is that which his writings most frequently excite. These tales represent various grades of the frightful and the ghastly, from the mere bug-a-boo story like the *Black Cat*, which makes children afraid to go in the dark, up to the breathless terror of the *Cask of Amontillado*, or the *Red Death*. Poe's masterpiece in this kind is the fateful tale of the *Fall of the House of Usher*, with its solemn and magnificent close. His prose, at its best, often recalls, in its richly imaginative cast, the manner of De Quincey in such passages as his *Dream Fugue*, or *Our Ladies of Sorrow*. In {533} descriptive pieces like the *Domain of Arnheim*, and stories of adventure like the *Descent into the Maelstrom*, and his long sea tale, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, 1838, he displayed a realistic inventiveness almost equal to Swift's or De Foe's. He was not without a mocking irony, but he had no constructive humor, and his attempts at the facetious were mostly failures. Poe's magical creations were rootless flowers. He took no hold upon the life about him, and cared nothing for the public concerns of his country. His poems and tales might have been written *in vacuo* for any thing American in them. Perhaps for this reason, in part, his fame has been so cosmopolitan. In France especially his writings have been favorites. Charles Baudelaire, the author of the *Fleurs du Mal*, translated them into French, and his own impressive but unhealthy poetry shows evidence of Poe's influence. The defect in Poe was in character, a defect which will make itself felt in art as in life. If he had had the sweet home feeling of Longfellow or the moral fervor of Whittier he might have been a greater poet than either.

"If I could dwell
Where Israfil
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky!"

{534} Though Poe was a southerner, if not by birth, at least by race and breeding, there was nothing distinctly southern about his peculiar genius, and in his wandering life he was associated as much with Philadelphia and New York as with Baltimore and Richmond. The conditions which had made the southern colonies unfruitful in literary and educational works before the Revolution continued to act down to the time of the civil war. Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin in the closing years of the last century gave extension to slavery, making it profitable to cultivate the new staple by enormous gangs of field hands working under the whip of the overseer in large plantations. Slavery became henceforth a business speculation in the States furthest south, and not, as in Old Virginia and Kentucky, a comparatively mild domestic system. The necessity of defending its peculiar institution against the attacks of a growing faction in the North compelled the South to throw all its intellectual strength into politics, which, for that matter, is the natural occupation and excitement of a social aristocracy. Meanwhile immigration sought the free States, and there was no middle class at the South. The "poor whites" were ignorant and degraded. There were people of education in the cities and on some of the plantations, but there was no great educated class from which a literature could proceed. And the culture of the South, such as it was, was becoming old-fashioned and local, as the section was isolated {535} more and more from the rest of the Union and from the enlightened public opinion of Europe by its reactionary prejudices and its sensitiveness on the subject of slavery. Nothing can be imagined more ridiculously provincial than the sophomorical editorials in the southern press just before the outbreak of the war, or than the backward and ill-informed articles which passed for reviews in the poorly supported periodicals of the South. In the general dearth of work of high and permanent value, one or two southern authors may be mentioned whose writings have at least done something to illustrate the life and scenery of their section. When in 1833 the Baltimore Saturday Visitor offered a prize of a hundred dollars for the best prose tale, one of the committee who awarded the prize to Poe's first story, the MS. Found in a Bottle, was John P. Kennedy, a Whig gentleman of Baltimore, who afterward became Secretary of the Navy in Fillmore's administration. The year before he had published Swallow Barn, a series of agreeable sketches of country life in Virginia. In 1835 and 1838 he published his two novels, Horse-Shoe Robinson and Rob of the Bowl, the former a story of the Revolutionary War in South Carolina; the latter an historical tale of colonial Maryland. These had sufficient success to warrant reprinting as late as 1852. But the most popular and voluminous of all Southern writers of fiction was William Gilmore Simms, a South Carolinian, who died in 1870. He wrote over thirty {536} novels, mostly romances of Revolutionary history, southern life and wild adventure, among the best of which were the Partisan, 1835, and the Yemassee. Simms was an inferior Cooper, with a difference. His novels are good boys' books, but are crude and hasty in composition. He was strongly southern in his sympathies, though his newspaper, the Charleston City Gazette, took part against the Nullifiers. His miscellaneous writings include several histories and biographies, political tracts, addresses and critical papers contributed to southern magazines. He also wrote numerous poems, the most ambitious of which was Atlantis, a Story of the Sea, 1832. His poems have little value except as here and there illustrating local scenery and manners, as in Southern Passages and Pictures, 1839. Mr. John Esten Cooke's pleasant but not very strong Virginia Comedians was, perhaps, in literary quality the best southern novel produced before the civil war. When Poe came to New York, the most conspicuous literary figure of the metropolis, with the possible exception of Bryant and Halleck, was N. P. Willis, one of the editors of the Evening Mirror, upon which journal Poe was for a time engaged. Willis had made a literary reputation, when a student at Yale, by his Scripture Poems, written in smooth blank verse. Afterward he had edited the American Monthly in his native city of Boston, and more recently he had published Pencillings by the Way, 1835, a pleasant record of {537} European saunterings; Inklings of Adventure, 1836, a collection of dashing stories and sketches of American and foreign life; and Letters from Under a Bridge, 1839, a series of charming rural letters from his country place at Owego, on the Susquehanna. Willis's work, always graceful and sparkling, sometimes even brilliant, though light in substance and jaunty in style, had quickly raised him to the summit of popularity. During the years from 1835 to 1850 he was the most successful American magazinist, and even down to the day of his death, in 1867, he retained his hold upon the attention of the fashionable public by his easy paragraphing and correspondence in the Mirror and its successor, the Home Journal, which catered to the literary wants of the

beau monde. Much of Willis's work was ephemeral, though clever of its kind, but a few of his best tales and sketches, such as _F. Smith_, _The Ghost Ball at Congress Hall_, _Edith Linsey_, and the _Lunatic's Skate_, together with some of the _Letters from Under a Bridge_, are worthy of preservation, not only as readable stories, but as society studies of life at American watering places like Nahant and Saratoga and Ballston Spa half a century ago. A number of his simpler poems, like _Unseen Spirits_, _Spring_, _To M--- from Abroad_, and _Lines on Leaving Europe_, still retain a deserved place in collections and anthologies. The senior editor of the _Mirror_, George P. Morris, was once a very popular song writer, and {538} his _Woodman, Spare that Tree_, still survives. Other residents of New York City who have written single famous pieces were Clement C. Moore, a professor in the General Theological Seminary, whose _Visit from St. Nicholas_--"Twas the Night Before Christmas," etc.--is a favorite ballad in every nursery in the land; Charles Fenno Hoffman, a novelist of reputation in his time, but now remembered only as the author of the song, _Sparkling and Bright_, and the patriotic ballad of _Monterey_ ; Robert H. Messinger, a native of Boston, but long resident in New York, where he was a familiar figure in fashionable society, who wrote _Give Me the Old_, a fine ode with a choice Horatian flavor; and William Allen Butler, a lawyer and occasional writer, whose capital satire of _Nothing to Wear_ was published anonymously and had a great run. Of younger poets, like Stoddard and Aldrich, who formerly wrote for the _Mirror_ and who are still living and working in the maturity of their powers, it is not within the limits and design of this sketch to speak. But one of their contemporaries, Bayard Taylor, who died, American Minister at Berlin, in 1878, though a Pennsylvanian by birth and rearing, may be reckoned among the "literati of New York." A farmer lad from Chester County, who had learned the printer's trade and printed a little volume of his juvenile verses in 1844, he came to New York shortly after with credentials from Dr. Griswold, the editor of _Graham's_, and obtaining encouragement and aid {539} from Willis, Horace Greeley and others, he set out to make the tour of Europe, walking from town to town in Germany and getting employment now and then at his trade to help pay the expenses of the trip. The story of these _Wanderjahre_ he told in his _Views Afoot_, 1846. This was the first of eleven books of travel written during the course of his life. He was an inveterate nomad, and his journeyings carried him to the remotest regions--to California, India, China, Japan and the isles of the sea, to Central Africa and the Soudan, Palestine, Egypt, Iceland and the "by-ways of Europe." His head-quarters at home were in New York, where he did literary work for the _Tribune_. He was a rapid and incessant worker, throwing off many volumes of verse and prose, fiction, essays, sketches, translations and criticism, mainly contributed in the first instance to the magazines. His versatility was very marked, and his poetry ranged from _Rhymes of Travel_, 1848, and _Poems of the Orient_, 1854, to idyls and home ballads of Pennsylvania life, like the _Quaker Widow_ and the _Old Pennsylvania Farmer_, and, on the other side, to ambitious and somewhat mystical poems, like the _Masque of the Gods_, 1872--written in four days--and dramatic experiments like the _Prophet_, 1874, and _Prince Deukalion_, 1878. He was a man of buoyant and eager nature, with a great appetite for new experience, a remarkable memory, a talent for learning languages, and a too great readiness to take the hue of his favorite books. From {540} his facility, his openness to external impressions of scenery and costume and his habit of turning these at once into the service of his pen, it results that there is something "newspapery" and superficial about most of his prose. It is reporter's work, though reporting of a high order. His poetry, too, though full of glow and picturesqueness, is largely imitative, suggesting Tennyson not unfrequently, but more often Shelley. His spirited _Bedouin Song_, for example, has an echo of Shelley's _Lines to an Indian Air_ :

"From the desert I come to thee
 On a stallion shod with fire;
 And the winds are left behind
 In the speed of my desire.
 Under thy window I stand
 And the midnight hears my cry;
 I love thee, I love but thee
 With a love that shall not die."

The dangerous quickness with which he caught the manner of other poets made him an admirable parodist and translator. His _Echo Club_, 1876, contains some of the best travesties in the tongue, and his great translation of Goethe's _Faust_, 1870-71--with its wonderfully close reproduction of the original meters--is one of the glories of American literature. All in all, Taylor may unhesitatingly be put first among our poets of the second generation--the generation succeeding that of Longfellow and Lowell--although the lack in him of original genius self-determined to a {541} peculiar sphere, or the want of an inward fixity and concentration to resist the rich tumult of outward impressions, has made him less significant in the history of our literary thought than some other writers less

generously endowed. Taylor's novels had the qualities of his verse. They were profuse, eloquent and faulty. *John Godfrey's Fortune*, 1864, gave a picture of bohemian life in New York. *Hannah Thurston*, 1863, and the *Story of Kennett*, 1866, introduced many incidents and persons from the old Quaker life of rural Pennsylvania, as Taylor remembered it in his boyhood. The former was like Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, a satire on fanatics and reformers, and its heroine is a nobly conceived character, though drawn with some exaggeration. The *Story of Kennett*, which is largely autobiographic, has a greater freshness and reality than the others and is full of personal recollections. In these novels, as in his short stories, Taylor's pictorial skill is greater on the whole than his power of creating characters or inventing plots. Literature in the West now began to have an existence. Another young poet from Chester County, Pa., namely, Thomas Buchanan Read, went to Cincinnati, and not to New York, to study sculpture and painting, about 1837, and one of his best-known poems, *Pons Maximus*, was written on the occasion of the opening of the suspension bridge across the Ohio. Read came East, to be sure, in 1841, and spent many years in our {542} seaboard cities and in Italy. He was distinctly a minor poet, but some of his Pennsylvania pastorals, like the *Deserted Road*, have a natural sweetness; and his luxurious *Drifting*, which combines the methods of painting and poetry, is justly popular. *Sheridan's Ride*--perhaps his most current piece--is a rather forced production and has been over-praised. The two Ohio sister poets, Alice and Phoebe Cary, were attracted to New York in 1850, as soon as their literary success seemed assured. They made that city their home for the remainder of their lives. Poe praised Alice Cary's *Pictures of Memory*, and Phoebe's *Nearer Home* has become a favorite hymn. There is nothing peculiarly Western about the verse of the Cary sisters. It is the poetry of sentiment, memory, and domestic affection, entirely feminine, rather tame and diffuse as a whole, but tender and sweet, cherished by many good women and dear to simple hearts. A stronger smack of the soil is in the negro melodies like *Uncle Ned*, *O Susanna*, *Old Folks at Home*, *Way Down South*, *Nelly was a Lady*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, etc., which were the work not of any southern poet, but of Stephen C. Foster, a native of Allegheny, Pa., and a resident of Cincinnati and Pittsburg. He composed the words and music of these, and many others of a similar kind, during the years 1847 to 1861. Taken together they form the most original and vital addition which this country has made to the psalmody {543} of the world, and entitle Foster to the first rank among American song writers. As Foster's plaintive melodies carried the pathos and humor of the plantation all over the land, so Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 1852, brought home to millions of readers the sufferings of the negroes in the "black belt" of the cotton-growing States. This is the most popular novel ever written in America. Hundreds of thousands of copies were sold in this country and in England, and some forty translations were made into foreign tongues. In its dramatized form it still keeps the stage, and the statistics of circulating libraries show that even now it is in greater demand than any other single book. It did more than any other literary agency to rouse the public conscience to a sense of the shame and horror of slavery; more even than Garrison's *Liberator*; more than the indignant poems of Whittier and Lowell or the orations of Sumner and Phillips. It presented the thing concretely and dramatically, and in particular it made the odious Fugitive Slave Law forever impossible to enforce. It was useless for the defenders of slavery to protest that the picture was exaggerated and that overseers like Legree were the exception. The system under which such brutalities could happen, and did sometimes happen, was doomed. It is easy now to point out defects of taste and art in this masterpiece, to show that the tone is occasionally melodramatic, that some of the characters are {544} conventional, and that the literary execution is in parts feeble and in others coarse. In spite of all it remains true that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a great book, the work of genius seizing instinctively upon its opportunity and uttering the thought of the time with a power that thrilled the heart of the nation and of the world. Mrs. Stowe never repeated her first success. Some of her novels of New England life, such as the *Minister's Wooing*, 1859, and the *Pearl of Orr's Island*, 1862, have a mild kind of interest, and contain truthful portraiture of provincial ways and traits; while later fictions of a domestic type, like *Pink and White Tyranny*, and *My Wife and I*, are really beneath criticism. There were other Connecticut writers contemporary with Mrs. Stowe: Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, for example, a Hartford poetess, formerly known as "the Hemans of America," but now quite obsolete; and J. G. Percival of New Haven, a shy and eccentric scholar, whose geological work was of value, and whose memory is preserved by one or two of his simpler poems, still in circulation, such as *To Seneca Lake* and the *Coral Grove*. Another Hartford poet, Brainard--already spoken of as an early friend of Whittier--died young, leaving a few pieces which show that his lyrical gift was spontaneous and genuine but had received little cultivation. A much younger writer than either of these, Donald G. Mitchell, of New Haven, has a more lasting place in our literature, by virtue of his charmingly written *Reveries of a Bachelor*, {545} 1850, and *Dream Life*, 1852, stories which sketch themselves out in a series of reminiscences and lightly connected scenes, and which always appeal freshly to young men because they have that dreamy outlook upon life which is characteristic of youth. But, upon the whole, the most important contribution made by Connecticut in that generation to the literary stock of America was the Beecher family. Lyman Beecher had been an influential preacher and theologian, and a sturdy defender of orthodoxy against Boston Unitarianism. Of his numerous sons and

daughters, all more or less noted for intellectual vigor and independence, the most eminent were Mrs. Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher, the great pulpit orator of Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher was too busy a man to give more than his spare moments to general literature. His sermons, lectures, and addresses were reported for the daily papers and printed in part in book form; but these lose greatly when divorced from the large, warm, and benignant personality of the man. His volumes made up of articles in the *Independent* and the *Ledger*, such as *Star Papers*, 1855, and *Eyes and Ears*, 1862, contain many delightful *morceaux* upon country life and similar topics, though they are hardly wrought with sufficient closeness and care to take a permanent place in letters. Like Willis's *Ephemerae*, they are excellent literary journalism, but hardly literature. We may close our retrospect of American {546} literature before 1861 with a brief notice of one of the most striking literary phenomena of the time--the *Leaves of Grass* of Walt Whitman, published at Brooklyn in 1855. The author, born at West Hills, Long Island, in 1819, had been printer, school-teacher, editor, and builder. He had scribbled a good deal of poetry of the ordinary kind, which attracted little attention, but finding conventional rhymes and meters too cramping a vehicle for his need of expression, he discarded them for a kind of rhythmic chant, of which the following is a fair specimen:

"Press close, bare bosom'd night! Press close, magnetic,
nourishing night!
Night of south winds! night of the few large stars!
Still, nodding night! mad, naked, summer night!"

The invention was not altogether a new one. The English translation of the Psalms of David and of some of the Prophets, the *Poems of Ossian*, and some of Matthew Arnold's unrhymed pieces, especially the *Strayed Reveller*, have an irregular rhythm of this kind, to say nothing of the old Anglo-Saxon poems, like *Beowulf*, and the Scripture paraphrases attributed to Caedmon. But this species of *oratio soluta*, carried to the lengths to which Whitman carried it, had an air of novelty which was displeasing to some, while to others, weary of familiar measures and jingling rhymes, it was refreshing in its boldness and freedom. There is no consenting estimate of this poet. {547} Many think that his so-called poems are not poems at all, but simply a bad variety of prose; that there is nothing to him beyond a combination of affectation and indecency; and that the Whitman *culte* is a passing "fad" of a few literary men, and especially of a number of English critics like Rossetti, Swinburne, Buchanan, etc., who, being determined to have something unmistakably American--that is, different from any thing else--in writings from this side of the water before they will acknowledge any originality in them, have been misled into discovering in Whitman "the poet of Democracy." Others maintain that he is the greatest of American poets, or, indeed, of all modern poets; that he is "cosmic," or universal, and that he has put an end forever to puling rhymes and lines chopped up into metrical feet. Whether Whitman's poetry is formally poetry at all or merely the raw material of poetry, the chaotic and amorphous impression which it makes on readers of conservative tastes results from his effort to take up into his verse elements which poetry has usually left out--the ugly, the earthy, and even the disgusting; the "under side of things," which he holds not to be prosaic when apprehended with a strong, masculine joy in life and nature seen in all their aspects. The lack of these elements in the conventional poets seems to him and his disciples like leaving out the salt from the ocean, making poetry merely pretty and blinking whole classes of facts. Hence the naturalism and animalism of some of the {548} divisions in *Leaves of Grass*, particularly that entitled *Children of Adam*, which gave great offense by its immodesty, or its outspokenness. Whitman holds that nakedness is chaste; that all the functions of the body in healthy exercise are equally clean; that all, in fact, are divine; and that matter is as divine as spirit. The effort to get every thing into his poetry, to speak out his thought just as it comes to him, accounts, too, for his way of cataloguing objects without selection. His single expressions are often unsurpassed for descriptive beauty and truth. He speaks of "the vitreous pour of the full moon, just tinged with blue," of the "lisp" of the plane, of the prairies, "where herds of buffalo make a crawling spread of the square miles." But if there is any eternal distinction between poetry and prose the most liberal canons of the poetic art will never agree to accept lines like these:

"And [I] remember putting plasters on the galls of his neck
and ankles;
He stayed with me a week before he was recuperated, and
passed north."

Whitman is the spokesman of Democracy and of the future; full of brotherliness and hope, loving the warm, gregarious pressure of the crowd and the touch of his comrade's elbow in the ranks. He liked the people--multitudes of people; the swarm of life beheld from a Broadway omnibus or a Brooklyn ferry-boat. The rowdy and the Negro

{549} truck-driver were closer to his sympathy than the gentleman and the scholar. "I loafe and invite my soul," he writes: "I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." His poem Walt Whitman, frankly egotistic, simply describes himself as a typical, average man--the same as any other man, and therefore not individual but universal. He has great tenderness and heartiness--"the good gray poet;" and during the civil war he devoted himself unreservedly to the wounded soldiers in the Washington hospitals--an experience which he has related in the Dresser and elsewhere. It is characteristic of his rough and ready camaraderie to use slang and newspaper English in his poetry, to call himself Walt instead of Walter, and to have his picture taken in a slouch hat and with a flannel shirt open at the throat. His decriers allege that he poses for effect; that he is simply a backward eddy in the tide, and significant only as a temporary reaction against ultra civilization--like Thoreau, though in a different way. But with all his mistakes in art there is a healthy, virile, tumultuous pulse of life in his lyric utterance and a great sweep of imagination in his panoramic view of times and countries. One likes to read him because he feels so good, enjoys so fully the play of his senses, and has such a lusty confidence in his own immortality and in the prospects of the human race. Stripped of verbiage and repetition, his ideas are not many. His indebtedness to Emerson--who wrote an introduction to {550} the Leaves of Grass--is manifest. He sings of man and not men, and the individual differences of character, sentiment, and passion, the dramatic elements of life, find small place in his system. It is too early to say what will be his final position in literary history. But it is noteworthy that the democratic masses have not accepted him yet as their poet. Whittier and Longfellow, the poets of conscience and feeling, are the darlings of the American people. The admiration, and even the knowledge of Whitman, are mostly esoteric, confined to the literary class. It is also not without significance as to the ultimate reception of his innovations in verse that he has numerous parodists, but no imitators. The tendency among our younger poets is not toward the abandonment of rhyme and meter, but toward the introduction of new stanza forms and an increasing carefulness and finish in the technique of their art. It is observable, too, that in his most inspired passages Whitman reverts to the old forms of verse; to blank verse, for example, in the Man-o'-War-Bird :

"Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renewed on thy prodigious pinions," etc.,

and elsewhere not infrequently to dactylic hexameters and pentameters:

"Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the river! . . .
Far-swooping, elbowed earth! rich, apple-blossomed earth."

{551} Indeed, Whitman's most popular poem, My Captain, written after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, differs little in form from ordinary verse, as a stanza of it will show:

"My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck, my captain lies
Fallen, cold and dead."

This is from Drum Taps, a volume of poems of the civil war. Whitman has also written prose having much the same quality as his poetry: Democratic Vistas, Memoranda of the Civil War, and more recently, Specimen Days. His residence of late years has been at Camden, New Jersey, where a centennial edition of his writings was published in 1876.

1. William Cullen Bryant. Thanatopsis. To a Waterfowl. Green River. Hymn to the North Star. A Forest Hymn. "O Fairest of the Rural Maids." June. The Death of the Flowers. The Evening Wind. The Battle Field. The Planting of the Apple-tree. The Flood of Years.

2. John Greenleaf Whittier. Cassandra {552} Southwick. The New Wife and the Old. The Virginia Slave Mother. Randolph of Roanoke. Barclay of Ary. The Witch of Wenham. Skipper Ireson's Ride. Marguerite. Maud Muller. Telling the Bees. My Playmate. Barbara Frietchie. Ichabod. Laus Deo. Snow Bound.

3. Edgar Allan Poe. The Raven. The Bells. Israfel. Ulalume. To Helen. The City in the Sea. Annabel Lee. To One in Paradise. The Sleeper. The Valley of Unrest. The Fall of the House of Usher. Ligeia. William Wilson. The Cask of Amontillado. The Assignment. The Masque of the Red Death. Narrative of A. Gordon Pym.

4. N. P. Willis. Select Prose Writings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

5. Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Uncle Tom's Cabin. Oldtown Folks.

6. W. G. Simms. The Partisan. The Yemassee.

7. Bayard Taylor. A Bacchic Ode. Hylas. Kubleh. The Soldier and the Pard. Sicilian Wine. Taurus. Serapion. The Metempsychosis of the Pine. The Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled. Bedouin Song. Euphorion. The Quaker Widow. John Reid. Lars. Views Afoot. By-ways of Europe. The Story of Kennett. The Echo Club.

8. Walt Whitman. My Captain. "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed." "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking." Pioneers, {553} O Pioneers. The Mystic Trumpeter. A Woman at Auction. Sea-shore Memoirs. Passage to India. Mannahatta. The Wound Dresser. Longings for Home.

9. Poets of America. By E. C. Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

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CHAPTER VII.

LITERATURE SINCE 1861.

A generation has nearly passed since the outbreak of the civil war, and although public affairs are still mainly in the hands of men who had reached manhood before the conflict opened, or who were old enough at that time to remember clearly its stirring events, the younger men who are daily coming forward to take their places know it only by tradition. It makes a definite break in the history of our literature, and a number of new literary schools and tendencies have appeared since its close. As to the literature of the war itself, it was largely the work of writers who had already reached or passed middle age. All of the more important authors described in the last three chapters survived the Rebellion, except Poe, who died in 1849, Prescott, who died in 1859, and Thoreau and Hawthorne, who died in the second and fourth years of the war, respectively. The final and authoritative history of the struggle has not yet been written, and cannot be written for many years to come. Many partial and tentative accounts have, however, appeared, among which may be mentioned, on the northern side, {555} Horace Greeley's American Conflict, 1864-66; Vice-president Wilson's Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America, and J. W. Draper's American Civil War, 1868-70; on the southern side Alexander H. Stephens's Confederate States of America, Jefferson Davis's Rise and Fall of the Confederate States of America, and E. A. Pollard's Lost Cause. These, with the exception of Dr. Draper's philosophical narrative, have the advantage of being the work of actors in the political or military events which they describe, and the disadvantage of being, therefore, partisan--in some instances passionately partisan. A storehouse of materials for the coming historian is also at hand in Frank Moore's great collection, the Rebellion Record; in numerous regimental histories and histories of special armies, departments, and battles, like W. Swinton's Army of the Potomac; in the autobiographies and recollections of Grant and Sherman and other military leaders; in the "war papers," now publishing in the Century magazine, and in innumerable sketches and reminiscences by officers and privates on both sides. The war had its poetry, its humors and its general literature, some of which have been mentioned in connection with Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Whitman, and others; and some of which remain to be mentioned, as the work of new writers, or of writers who had previously made little mark. There were war songs on both sides, few of which had much literary value excepting, perhaps, James {556} R. Randall's southern ballad, Maryland, My Maryland, sung to the old college air of Lauriger Horatius, and the grand martial chorus of John Brown's Body, an old Methodist hymn, to which the northern armies beat time as they went "marching on." Randall's song, though spirited, was marred by its fire-eating absurdities about "vandals" and "minions" and "northern scum," the cheap insults of the southern newspaper press. To furnish the John Brown chorus with words worthy of the music, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote her Battle Hymn of the Republic, a noble poem, but rather too fine and literary for a song, and so never fully accepted by the

soldiers. Among the many verses which voiced the anguish and the patriotism of that stern time, which told of partings and homecomings, of women waiting by desolate hearths, in country homes, for tidings of husbands and sons who had gone to the war, or which celebrated individual deeds of heroism or sang the thousand private tragedies and heart-breaks of the great conflict, by far the greater number were of too humble a grade to survive the feeling of the hour. Among the best or the most popular of them were Kate Putnam Osgood's Driving Home the Cows, Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers's All Quiet Along the Potomac, Forceythe Willson's Old Sergeant, and John James Piatt's Riding to Vote. Of the poets whom the war brought out, or developed, the most noteworthy were Henry Timrod, of South Carolina, and Henry Howard Brownell, of Connecticut. During the {557} war Timrod was with the Confederate Army of the West, as correspondent for the Charleston Mercury, and in 1864 he became assistant editor of the South Carolinian, at Columbia. Sherman's "march to the sea" broke up his business, and he returned to Charleston. A complete edition of his poems was published in 1873, six years after his death. The prettiest of all Timrod's poems is Katie, but more to our present purpose are Charleston--written in the time of blockade--and the Unknown Dead, which tells

"Of nameless graves on battle plains,
Wash'd by a single winter's rains,
Where, some beneath Virginian hills,
And some by green Atlantic rills,
Some by the waters of the West,
A myriad unknown heroes rest."

When the war was over a poet of New York State, F. M. Finch, sang of these and of other graves in his beautiful Decoration Day lyric, The Blue and the Gray, which spoke the word of reconciliation and consecration for North and South alike.

Brownell, whose Lyrics of a Day and War Lyrics were published respectively in 1864 and 1866, was private secretary to Farragut, on whose flag-ship, the Hartford, he was present at several great naval engagements, such as the "Passage of the Forts" below New Orleans, and the action off Mobile, described in his poem, the Bay Fight. {558} With some roughness and unevenness of execution, Brownell's poetry had a fire which places him next to Whittier as the Körner of the civil war. In him, especially, as in Whittier, is that Puritan sense of the righteousness of his cause which made the battle for the Union a holy war to the crusaders against slavery:

"Full red the furnace fires must glow
That melt the ore of mortal kind:
The mills of God are grinding slow,
But ah, how close they grind!"

"To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
Are dread apostles of his name;
His kingdom here can only come
By chrisom of blood and flame."

One of the earliest martyrs of the war was Theodore Winthrop, hardly known as a writer until the publication in the Atlantic Monthly of his vivid sketches of Washington as a Camp, describing the march of his regiment, the famous New York Seventh, and its first quarters in the Capitol at Washington. A tragic interest was given to these papers by Winthrop's gallant death in the action of Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. While this was still fresh in public recollection his manuscript novels were published, together with a collection of his stories and sketches reprinted from the magazines. His novels, though in parts crude and immature, have a dash and buoyancy--an out-door air about them--which give the reader a winning impression {559} of Winthrop's personality. The best of them is, perhaps, Cecil Dreeme, a romance that reminds one a little of Hawthorne, and the scene of which is the New York University building on Washington Square, a locality that has been further celebrated in Henry James's novel of Washington Square. Another member of this same Seventh Regiment, Fitz James O'Brien, an Irishman by birth, who died at Baltimore, in 1862, from the effects of a wound received in a cavalry skirmish, had contributed to the magazines a number of poems and of brilliant though fantastic tales, among which the Diamond Lens and What

Was It?_ had something of Edgar A. Poe's quality. Another Irish-American, Charles G. Halpine, under the pen-name of "Miles O'Reilly," wrote a good many clever ballads of the war, partly serious and partly in comic brogue. Prose writers of note furnished the magazines with narratives of their experience at the seat of war, among papers of which kind may be mentioned Dr. Holmes's *My Search for the Captain*_, in the *Atlantic Monthly*_, and Colonel T. W. Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment*_, collected into a volume in 1870. Of the public oratory of the war the foremost example is the ever-memorable address of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. The war had brought the nation to its intellectual majority. In the stress of that terrible fight there was no room for {560} buncombe and verbiage, such as the newspapers and stump-speakers used to dole out in *ante bellum*_ days. Lincoln's speech is short--a few grave words which he turned aside for a moment to speak in the midst of his task of saving the country. The speech is simple, naked of figures, every sentence impressed with a sense of responsibility for the work yet to be done and with a stern determination to do it. "In a larger sense," it says, "we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain: that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Here was eloquence of a different sort from the sonorous perorations of Webster or the polished climaxes of Everett. As we read the plain, strong language of this brief classic, with its solemnity, its restraint, {561} its "brave old wisdom of sincerity," we seem to see the president's homely features irradiated with the light of coming martyrdom—

"The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Within the past quarter of a century the popular school of American humor has reached its culmination. Every man of genius who is a humorist at all is so in a way peculiar to himself. There is no lack of individuality in the humor of Irving and Hawthorne and the wit of Holmes and Lowell, but although they are new in subject and application they are not new in kind. Irving, as we have seen, was the literary descendant of Addison. The character sketches in *Bracebridge Hall*_ are of the same family with Sir Roger de Coverley and the other figures of the Spectator Club. *Knickerbocker's History of New York*_, though purely American in its matter, is not distinctly American in its method, which is akin to the mock heroic of Fielding and the irony of Swift in the *Voyage to Lilliput*_. Irving's humor, like that of all the great English humorists, had its root in the perception of character--of the characteristic traits of men and classes of men, as ground of amusement. It depended for its effect, therefore, upon its truthfulness, its dramatic insight and sympathy, as did the humor of Shakspeare, of Sterne, Lamb, and Thackeray. This perception of the characteristic, {562} when pushed to excess, issues in grotesque and caricature, as in some of Dickens's inferior creations, which are little more than personified single tricks of manner, speech, feature, or dress. Hawthorne's rare humor differed from Irving's in temper but not in substance, and belonged, like Irving's, to the English variety. Dr. Holmes's more pronouncedly comic verse does not differ specifically from the *facetiae*_ of Thomas Hood, but his prominent trait is wit, which is the laughter of the head as humor is of the heart. The same is true, with qualifications, of Lowell, whose *Biglow Papers*_, though humor of an original sort in their revelation of Yankee character, are essentially satirical. It is the cleverness, the shrewdness of the hits in the *Biglow Papers*_, their logical, that is, *witty*_ character, as distinguished from their drollery, that arrests the attention. They are funny, but they are not so funny as they are smart. In all these writers humor was blent with more serious qualities, which gave fineness and literary value to their humorous writings. Their view of life was not exclusively comic. But there has been a class of jesters, of professional humorists in America, whose product is so indigenous, so different, if not in essence, yet at least in form and expression, from any European humor, that it may be regarded as a unique addition to the comic literature of the world. It has been accepted as such in England, where Artemus Ward and Mark Twain are familiar to multitudes who have never read the *One-Hoss-Shay*_ or the *Courtin'*_. And though it {563} would be ridiculous to maintain that either of these writers takes rank with Lowell and Holmes, or to deny that there is an amount of flatness and coarseness in many of their labored fooleries which puts large portions of their writings below the line where real literature begins, still it will not do to ignore them as mere buffoons, or even to predict that their humors will soon be forgotten. It is true that no literary fashion is more subject to change than

the fashion of a jest, and that jokes that make one generation laugh seem insipid to the next. But there is something perennial in the fun of Rabelais, whom Bacon called "the great jester of France;" and though the puns of Shakspeare's clowns are detestable the clowns themselves have not lost their power to amuse. The Americans are not a gay people, but they are fond of a joke. Lincoln's "little stories" were characteristically Western, and it is doubtful whether he was more endeared to the masses by his solid virtues than by the humorous perception which made him one of them. The humor of which we are speaking now is a strictly popular and national possession. Though America has never, or not until lately, had a comic paper ranking with Punch or Charivari or the Fliegende Blätter, every newspaper has had its funny column. Our humorists have been graduated from the journalist's desk and sometimes from the printing-press, and now and then a local or country newspaper has risen into sudden prosperity from the possession of a {564} new humorist, as in the case of G. D. Prentice's Courier-Journal, or more recently of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, the Danbury News, the Burlington Hawkeye, the Arkansas Traveller, the Texas Siftings and numerous others. Nowadays there are even syndicates of humorists, who co-operate to supply fun for certain groups of periodicals. Of course the great majority of these manufacturers of jests for newspapers and comic almanacs are doomed to swift oblivion. But it is not so certain that the best of the class, like Clemens and Browne, will not long continue to be read as illustrative of one side of the American mind, or that their best things will not survive as long as the mots of Sydney Smith, which are still as current as ever. One of the earliest of them was Seba Smith, who, under the name of Major Jack Downing, did his best to make Jackson's administration ridiculous. B. P. Shillaber's "Mrs. Partington"--a sort of American Mrs. Malaprop--enjoyed great vogue before the war. Of a somewhat higher kind were the Phoenixiana, 1855, and Squibb Papers, 1856, of Lieutenant George H. Derby, "John Phoenix," one of the pioneers of literature on the Pacific coast at the time of the California gold fever of '49. Derby's proposal for A New System of English Grammar, his satirical account of the topographical survey of the two miles of road between San Francisco and the Mission Dolores, and his picture gallery made out of the conventional houses, steam-boats, rail-cars, runaway negroes {565} and other designs which used to figure in the advertising columns of the newspapers, were all very ingenious and clever. But all these pale before Artemus Ward--"Artemus the delicious," as Charles Reade called him--who first secured for this peculiarly American type of humor a hearing and reception abroad. Ever since the invention of Hosea Biglow, an imaginary personage of some sort, under cover of whom the author might conceal his own identity, has seemed a necessity to our humorists. Artemus Ward was a traveling showman who went about the country exhibiting a collection of wax "figgers" and whose experiences and reflections were reported in grammar and spelling of a most ingeniously eccentric kind. His inventor was Charles F. Browne, originally of Maine, a printer by trade and afterward a newspaper writer and editor at Boston, Toledo and Cleveland, where his comicalities in the Plainealer first began to attract notice. In 1860 he came to New York and joined the staff of Vanity Fair, a comic weekly of much brightness, which ran a short career and perished for want of capital. When Browne began to appear as a public lecturer people who had formed an idea of him from his impersonation of the shrewd and vulgar old showman were surprised to find him a gentlemanly-looking young man, who came upon the platform in correct evening dress, and "spoke his piece" in a quiet and somewhat mournful manner, stopping in apparent surprise when any one in the {566} audience laughed at any uncommonly outrageous absurdity. In London, where he delivered his Lecture on the Mormons, in 1866, the gravity of his bearing at first imposed upon his hearers, who had come to the hall in search of instructive information and were disappointed at the inadequate nature of the panorama which Browne had had made to illustrate his lecture. Occasionally some hitch would occur in the machinery of this and the lecturer would leave the rostrum for a few moments to "work the moon" that shone upon the Great Salt Lake, apologizing on his return on the ground that he was "a man short" and offering "to pay a good salary to any respectable boy of good parentage and education who is a good moonist." When it gradually dawned upon the British intellect that these and similar devices of the lecturer--such as the soft music which he had the pianist play at pathetic passages--nay, that the panorama and even the lecture itself were of a humorous intention, the joke began to take, and Artemus's success in England became assured. He was employed as one of the editors of Punch, but died at Southampton in the year following. Some of Artemus Ward's effects were produced by cacography or bad spelling, but there was genius in the wildly erratic way in which he handled even this rather low order of humor. It is a curious commentary on the wretchedness of our English orthography that the phonetic spelling of a word, as for example, wuz for was, should be {567} in itself an occasion of mirth. Other verbal effects of a different kind were among his devices, as in the passage where the seventeen widows of a deceased Mormon offered themselves to Artemus.

"And I said, 'Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?'

They hove a sigh--seventeen sighs of different size. They said--

"O, soon thou will be gonested away.'

"I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I wentested."

"They said, 'Doth not like us?'"

"I said, 'I doth--I doth.'"

"I also said, 'I hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child--my parents being far--far away.'"

"They then said, 'Wilt not marry us?'"

"I said, 'O no, it cannot was.'"

"When they cried, 'O cruel man! this is too much!--O! too much,' I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined."

It is hard to define the difference between the humor of one writer and another, or of one nation and another. It can be felt and can be illustrated by quoting examples, but scarcely described in general terms. It has been said of that class of American humorists of which Artemus Ward is a representative that their peculiarity consists in extravagance, surprise, audacity and irreverence. But all these qualities have characterized other schools of humor. There is the same element of surprise in De Quincey's {568} anticlimax, "Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other which, perhaps, at the time he thought little of," as in Artemus's truism that "a comic paper ought to publish a joke now and then." The violation of logic which makes us laugh at an Irish bull is likewise the source of the humor in Artemus's saying of Jeff Davis, that "it would have been better than ten dollars in his pocket if he had never been born." Or in his advice, "Always live within your income, even if you have to borrow money to do so;" or, again, in his announcement that, "Mr. Ward will pay no debts of his own contracting." A kind of ludicrous confusion, caused by an unusual collocation of words, is also one of his favorite tricks, as when he says of Brigham Young, "He's the most married man I ever saw in my life;" or when, having been drafted at several hundred different places where he had been exhibiting his wax figures, he says that if he went on he should soon become a regiment, and adds, "I never knew that there was so many of me." With this a whimsical under-statement and an affectation of simplicity, as where he expresses his willingness to sacrifice "even his wife's relations" on the altar of patriotism; or, where, in delightful unconsciousness of his own sins against orthography, he pronounces that "Chaucer was a great poet, but he couldn't spell," or where he says of the feast of raw dog, tendered him by the Indian chief, Wocky-bocky, "It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food." On the {569} whole, it may be said of original humor of this kind, as of other forms of originality in literature, that the elements of it are old, but the combinations are novel. Other humorists, like Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), and David R. Locke, ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), have used bad spelling as a part of their machinery; while Robert H. Newell, ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), Samuel L. Clemens, ("Mark Twain"), and more recently "Bill Nye," though belonging to the same school of low or broad comedy, have discarded cacography. Of these the most eminent, by all odds, is Mark Twain, who has probably made more people laugh than any other living writer. A Missourian by birth (1835), he served the usual apprenticeship at type-setting and editing country newspapers; spent seven years as a pilot on a Mississippi steam-boat, and seven years more mining and journalizing in Nevada, where he conducted the *Virginia City Enterprise*, finally drifted to San Francisco, and was associated with Bret Harte on the *Californian*, and in 1867 published his first book, the *Jumping Frog*. This was succeeded by the *Innocents Abroad*, 1869; *Roughing It*, 1872; *A Tramp Abroad*, 1880, and by others not so good. Mark Twain's drolleries have frequently the same air of innocence and surprise as Artemus Ward's, and there is a like suddenness in his turns of expression, as where he speaks of "the calm confidence of a Christian with four aces." If he did not originate, he at any rate employed very {570} effectively that now familiar device of the newspaper "funny man," of putting a painful situation euphemistically, as when he says of a man who was hanged that he "received injuries which terminated in his death." He uses to the full extent the American humorist's favorite resources of exaggeration and irreverence. An instance of the former quality may be seen in his famous description of a dog chasing a coyote, in *Roughing It*, or in his interview with the lightning-rod agent in *Mark Twain's Sketches*, 1875. He is a shrewd observer, and his humor has a more satirical side than Artemus Ward's, sometimes passing into downright denunciation. He delights particularly in ridiculing sentimental humbug and moralizing cant. He runs a tilt, as has been said, at "copy-book texts," at the temperance reformer, the tract distributor, the Good Boy of Sunday-school literature, and the women who send bouquets and sympathetic letters to interesting criminals. He gives a ludicrous turn to famous historical anecdotes, such as the story of George

Washington and his little hatchet; burlesques the time-honored adventure, in nautical romances, of the starving crew casting lots in the long boat, and spoils the dignity of antiquity by modern trivialities, saying of a discontented sailor on Columbus's ship, "He wanted fresh shad." The fun of *Innocents Abroad* consists in this irreverent application of modern, common sense, utilitarian, democratic standards to the memorable places and historic associations of {571} Europe. Tried by this test the Old Masters in the picture galleries become laughable. Abelard was a precious scoundrel, and the raptures of the guide books are parodied without mercy. The tourist weeps at the grave of Adam. At Genoa he drives the cicerone to despair by pretending never to have heard of Christopher Columbus, and inquiring innocently, "Is he dead?" It is Europe vulgarized and stripped of its illusions--Europe seen by a Western newspaper reporter without any "historic imagination." The method of this whole class of humorists is the opposite of Addison's or Irving's or Thackeray's. It does not amuse by the perception of the characteristic. It is not founded upon truth, but upon incongruity, distortion, unexpectedness. Everything in life is reversed, as in opera bouffe, and turned topsy turvy, so that paradox takes the place of the natural order of things. Nevertheless they have supplied a wholesome criticism upon sentimental excesses, and the world is in their debt for many a hearty laugh. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1863, appeared a tale entitled the *Man Without a Country*, which made a great sensation, and did much to strengthen patriotic feeling in one of the darkest hours of the nation's history. It was the story of one Philip Nolan, an army officer, whose head had been turned by Aaron Burr, and who, having been censured by a court-martial for some minor offense, exclaimed, petulantly, upon {572} mention being made of the United States Government, "Damn the United States! I wish that I might never hear the United States mentioned again." Thereupon he was sentenced to have his wish, and was kept all his life aboard the vessels of the navy, being sent off on long voyages and transferred from ship to ship, with orders to those in charge that his country and its concerns should never be spoken of in his presence. Such an air of reality, was given to the narrative by incidental references to actual persons and occurrences that many believed it true, and some were found who remembered Philip Nolan, but had heard different versions of his career. The author of this clever hoax--if hoax it may be called--was Edward Everett Hale, a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, who published a collection of stories in 1868, under the fantastic title, *If, Yes, and Perhaps*, indicating thereby that some of the tales were possible, some of them probable, and others might even be regarded as essentially true. A similar collection, *His Level Best and Other Stories* was published in 1873, and in the interval three volumes of a somewhat different kind, the *Ingham Papers* and *Sybaris and Other Homes*, both in 1869, and *Ten Times One Is Ten*, in 1871. The author shelters himself behind the imaginary figure of Captain Frederic Ingham, pastor of the Sandemanian Church at Naguadavick, and the same characters have a way of re-appearing in his successive volumes as old friends of the reader, which is pleasant at first, but in the end a {573} little tiresome. Mr. Hale is one of the most original and ingenious of American story writers. The old device of making wildly improbable inventions appear like fact by a realistic treatment of details--a device employed by Swift and Edgar Poe, and more lately by Jules Verne--became quite fresh and novel in his hands, and was managed with a humor all his own. Some of his best stories are *My Double* and *How He Undid Me*, describing how a busy clergyman found an Irishman who looked so much like himself that he trained him to pass as his duplicate, and sent him to do duty in his stead at public meetings, dinners, etc., thereby escaping bores and getting time for real work; the *Brick Moon*, a story of a projectile built and launched into space, to revolve in a fixed meridian about the earth and serve mariners as a mark of longitude; the *Rag Man and Rag Woman*, a tale of an impoverished couple who made a competence by saving the pamphlets, advertisements, wedding cards, etc., that came to them through the mail, and developing a paper business on that basis; and the *Skeleton in the Closet*, which shows how the fate of the Southern Confederacy was involved in the adventures of a certain hoop-skirt, "built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark." Mr. Hale's historical scholarship and his exact habit of mind have aided him in the art of giving *vraisemblance* to absurdities. He is known in philanthropy as well as in letters, and his tales have a cheerful, busy, {574} practical way with them in consonance with his motto, "Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand." It is too soon to sum up the literary history of the last quarter of a century. The writers who have given it shape are still writing, and their work is therefore incomplete. But on the slightest review of it two facts become manifest: first, that New England has lost its long monopoly; and, secondly, that a marked feature of the period is the growth of realistic fiction. The electric tension of the atmosphere for thirty years preceding the civil war, the storm and stress of great public contests, and the intellectual stir produced by transcendentalism seem to have been more favorable to poetry and literary idealism than present conditions are. At all events there are no new poets who rank with Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and others of the elder generation, although George H. Boker, in Philadelphia, R. H. Stoddard and E. C. Stedman, in New York, and T. B. Aldrich, first in New York and afterward in Boston, have written creditable verse; not to speak of younger writers, whose work, however, for the most part, has been more distinguished by delicacy of execution than by native impulse. Mention has been made of the establishment of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, which, under the conduct of its accomplished editor, George W. Curtis, has provided

the public with an abundance of good reading. The {575} old *Putnam's Monthly*, which ran from 1853 to 1858, and had a strong corps of contributors, was revived in 1868, and continued by that name till 1870, when it was succeeded by *Scribner's Monthly*, under the editorship of Dr. J. G. Holland, and this in 1881 by the *Century*, an efficient rival of *Harper's* in circulation, in literary excellence, and in the beauty of its wood engraving, the American school of which art these two great periodicals have done much to develop and encourage. Another New York monthly, the *Galaxy*, ran from 1866 to 1878, and was edited by Richard Grant White. During the present year a new *Scribner's Magazine* has also taken the field. The *Atlantic*, in Boston, and *Lippincott's*, in Philadelphia, are no unworthy competitors with these for public favor. During the forties began a new era of national expansion, somewhat resembling that described in a former chapter, and, like that, bearing fruit eventually in literature. The cession of Florida to the United States in 1845, and the annexation of Texas in the same year, were followed by the purchase of California in 1847, and its admission as a State in 1850. In 1849 came the great rush to the California gold fields. San Francisco, at first a mere collection of tents and board shanties, with a few adobe huts, grew with incredible rapidity into a great city; the wicked and wonderful city apostrophized by Bret Harte in his poem, *San Francisco*: {576}

"Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;
Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun. . . .
I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard, high lust and willful deed."

The adventurers of all lands and races who flocked to the Pacific coast found there a motley state of society between civilization and savagery. There were the relics of the old Mexican occupation, the Spanish missions, with their Christianized Indians; the wild tribes of the plains--Apaches, Utes, and Navajoes; the Chinese coolies and washermen, all elements strange to the Atlantic seaboard and the States of the interior. The gold-hunters crossed, in stages or caravans, enormous prairies, alkaline deserts dotted with sage brush and seamed by deep cañons, and passes through gigantic mountain ranges. On the coast itself nature was unfamiliar: the climate was sub-tropical; fruits and vegetables grew to a mammoth size, corresponding to the enormous redwoods in the Mariposa groves and the prodigious scale of the scenery in the valley of the Yo Semite and the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras. At first there were few women, and the men led a wild, lawless existence in the mining camps. Hard upon the heels of the prospector followed the dram-shop, the gambling-hell, and the dance-hall. Every man carried his "Colt," and looked out for his own life and his "claim." Crime went unpunished or was taken in hand, {577} when it got too rampant, by vigilance committees. In the diggings, shaggy frontiersmen and "pikes" from Missouri mingled with the scum of eastern cities and with broken-down business men and young college graduates seeking their fortune. Surveyors and geologists came of necessity, speculators in mining stock and city lots set up their offices in the towns; later came a sprinkling of school-teachers and ministers. Fortunes were made in one day and lost the next at poker or loo. To-day the lucky miner who had struck a good "lead" was drinking champagne out of pails and treating the town; to-morrow he was "busted," and shouldered the pick for a new onslaught upon his luck. This strange, reckless life, was not without fascination, and highly picturesque and dramatic elements were present in it. It was, as Bret Harte says, "an era replete with a certain heroic Greek poetry," and sooner or later it was sure to find its poet. During the war California remained loyal to the Union, but was too far from the seat of conflict to experience any serious disturbance, and went on independently developing its own resources and becoming daily more civilized. By 1868 San Francisco had a literary magazine, the *Overland Monthly*, which ran until 1875. It had a decided local flavor, and the vignette on its title-page was a happily chosen emblem, representing a grizzly bear crossing a railway track. In an early number of the *Overland* was a story entitled the *Luck of Roaring Camp*, by Francis Bret Harte, a {578} native of Albany, N. Y., 1835, who had come to California at the age of seventeen, in time to catch the unique aspects of the life of the Forty-niners, before their vagabond communities had settled down into the law-abiding society of the present day. His first contribution was followed by other stories and sketches of a similar kind, such as the *Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Miggles*, and *Tennessee's Partner*, and by verses, serious and humorous, of which last, *Plain Language from Truthful James*, better known as the *Heathen Chinees*, made an immediate hit, and carried its author's name into every corner of the English-speaking world. In 1871 he published a collection of his tales, another of his poems, and a volume of very clever parodies, *Condensed Novels*, which rank with Thackeray's *Novels by Eminent Hands*. Bret Harte's California stories were vivid, highly-colored pictures of life in the mining camps and raw towns of the Pacific coast. The pathetic and the grotesque went hand in hand in them, and the author aimed to show how even in the desperate characters gathered together there--the fortune hunters,

gamblers, thieves, murderers, drunkards, and prostitutes--the latent nobility of human nature asserted itself in acts of heroism, magnanimity, self-sacrifice, and touching fidelity. The same men who cheated at cards and shot each another down with tipsy curses were capable on occasion of the most romantic generosity and the most delicate chivalry. Critics were not wanting who held that, in the matter of dialect {579} and manners and other details, the narrator was not true to the facts. This was a comparatively unimportant charge; but a more serious question was the doubt whether his characters were essentially true to human nature, whether the wild soil of revenge and greed and dissolute living ever yields such flowers of devotion as blossom in *Tennessee's Partner* and the *Outcasts of Poker Flat*. However this may be, there is no question as to Harte's power as a narrator. His short stories are skillfully constructed and effectively told. They never drag, and are never overladen with description, reflection, or other lumber. In his poems in dialect we find the same variety of types and nationalities characteristic of the Pacific coast: the little Mexican maiden, Pachita, in the old mission garden; the wicked Bill Nye, who tries to cheat the Heathen Chinee at euchre and to rob Injin Dick of his winning lottery ticket; the geological society on the Stanislaw who settle their scientific debates with chunks of old red sandstone and the skulls of mammoths; the unlucky Mr. Dow, who finally strikes gold while digging a well, and builds a house with a "coopilow;" and Flynn, of Virginia, who saves his "pard's" life, at the sacrifice of his own, by holding up the timbers in the caving tunnel. These poems are mostly in monologue, like Browning's dramatic lyrics, exclamatory and abrupt in style, and with a good deal of indicated action, as in *Jim*, where a miner comes into a bar-room, looking for his old {580} chum, learns that he is dead, and is just turning away to hide his emotion, when he recognizes Jim in his informant:

"Well, thar--Good-by--
 No more, sir--I--
 Eh?
 What's that you say?--
 Why, dern it!--sho!--
 No? Yes! By Jo!
 Sold!
 Sold! Why, you limb;
 You ornery,
 Derved old
 Long-legged Jim!"

Bret Harte had many imitators, and not only did our newspaper poetry for a number of years abound in the properties of Californian life, such as gulches, placers, divides, etc., but writers further east applied his method to other conditions. Of these by far the most successful was John Hay, a native of Indiana and private secretary to President Lincoln, whose *Little Breeches*, *Jim Bludso*, and *Mystery of Gilgal* have rivaled Bret Harte's own verses in popularity. In the last-named piece the reader is given to feel that there is something rather cheerful and humorous in a bar-room fight which results in "the gals that winter, as a rule," going "alone to the singing school." In the two former we have heroes of the Bret Harte type, the same combination of superficial wickedness with inherent loyalty and tenderness. The profane farmer {581} of the South-west, who "doesn't pan out on the prophets," and who had taught his little son "to chaw terbacker, just to keep his milk-teeth white," but who believes in God and the angels ever since the miraculous recovery of the same little son when lost on the prairie in a blizzard; and the unsaintly and bigamistic captain of the *Prairie Belle*, who died like a hero, holding the nozzle of his burning boat against the bank "Till the last galoot's ashore." The manners and dialect of other classes and sections of the country have received abundant illustration of late years. Edward Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, 1871, and his other novels are pictures of rural life in the early days of Indiana. *Western Windows*, a volume of poems by John James Piatt, another native of Indiana, had an unmistakable local coloring. Charles G. Leland, of Philadelphia, in his *Hans Breitmann* ballads, in dialect, gave a humorous presentation of the German-American element in the cities. By the death, in 1881, of Sidney Lanier, a Georgian by birth, the South lost a poet of rare promise, whose original genius was somewhat hampered by his hesitation between two arts of expression, music and verse, and by his effort to co-ordinate them. His *Science of English Verse*, 1880, was a most suggestive, though hardly convincing, statement of that theory of their relation which he was working out in his practice. Some of his pieces, {582} like the *Mocking Bird* and the *Song of the Chattahoochie*, are the most characteristically Southern poetry that has been written in America. Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus* stories, in Negro dialect, are transcripts from the folklore of the plantations, while his collection of stories, *At Teague Poteet's*, together with Miss Murfree's *In the Tennessee Mountains* and her other books have made the Northern public familiar with the wild life of the "moonshiners," who distill illicit whiskey in the mountains of Georgia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. These tales

are not only exciting in incident, but strong and fresh in their delineations of character. Their descriptions of mountain scenery are also impressive, though, in the case of the last named writer, frequently too prolonged. George W. Cable's sketches of French Creole life in New Orleans attracted attention by their freshness and quaintness when published in the magazines and re-issued in book form as *Old Creole Days*, in 1879. His first regular novel, the *Grandissimes*, 1880, was likewise a story of Creole life. It had the same winning qualities as his short stories and sketches, but was an advance upon them in dramatic force, especially in the intensely tragic and powerfully told episode of "Bras Coupe." Mr. Cable has continued his studies of Louisiana types and ways in his later books, but the *Grandissimes* still remains his master-piece. All in all, he is, thus far, the most important literary figure of the New South, and the justness and {583} delicacy of his representations of life speak volumes for the sobering and refining agency of the civil war in the States whose "cause" was "lost," but whose true interests gained even more by the loss than did the interests of the victorious North. The four writers last mentioned have all come to the front within the past eight or ten years, and, in accordance with the plan of this sketch, receive here a mere passing notice. It remains to close our review of the literary history of the period since the war with a somewhat more extended account of the two favorite novelists whose work has done more than any thing else to shape the movement of recent fiction. These are Henry James, Jr., and William Dean Howells. Their writings, though dissimilar in some respects, are alike in this, that they are analytic in method and realistic in spirit. Cooper was a romancer pure and simple; he wrote the romance of adventure and of external incident. Hawthorne went much deeper, and with a finer spiritual insight dealt with the real passions of the heart and with men's inner experiences. This he did with truth and power; but, although himself a keen observer of whatever passed before his eyes, he was not careful to secure a photographic fidelity to the surface facts of speech, dress, manners, etc. Thus the talk of his characters is book talk, and not the actual language of the parlor or the street, with its slang, its colloquial ease and the intonations and shadings of phrase {584} and pronunciation which mark different sections of the country and different grades of society. His attempts at dialect, for example, were of the slenderest kind. His art is ideal, and his romances certainly do not rank as novels of real life. But with the growth of a richer and more complicated society in America fiction has grown more social and more minute in its observation. It would not be fair to classify the novels of James and Howells as the fiction of manners merely; they are also the fiction of character, but they aim to describe people not only as they are, in their inmost natures, but also as they look and talk and dress. They try to express character through manners, which is the way in which it is most often expressed in the daily existence of a conventional society. It is a principle of realism not to select exceptional persons or occurrences, but to take average men and women and their average experiences. The realists protest that the moving incident is not their trade, and that the stories have all been told. They want no plot and no hero. They will tell no rounded tale with a *dénouement*, in which all the parts are distributed, as in the fifth act of an old-fashioned comedy; but they will take a transcript from life and end when they get through, without informing the reader what becomes of the characters. And they will try to interest this reader in "poor real life" with its "foolish face." Their acknowledged masters are Balzac, George Eliot, Turgénieff, and Anthony {585} Trollope, and they regard novels as studies in sociology, honest reports of the writer's impressions, which may not be without a certain scientific value even. Mr. James's peculiar province is the international novel; a field which he created for himself, but which he has occupied in company with Howells, Mrs. Burnett, and many others. He was born into the best traditions of New England culture, his father being a resident of Cambridge, and a forcible writer on philosophical subjects, and his brother, William James, a professor in Harvard University. The novelist received most of his schooling in Europe, and has lived much abroad, with the result that he has become half denationalized and has engrafted a cosmopolitan indifference upon his Yankee inheritance. This, indeed, has constituted his opportunity. A close observer and a conscientious student of the literary art, he has added to his intellectual equipment the advantage of a curious doubleness in his point of view. He looks at America with the eyes of a foreigner and at Europe with the eyes of an American. He has so far thrown himself out of relation with American life that he describes a Boston horsecar or a New York hotel table with a sort of amused wonder. His starting-point was in criticism, and he has always maintained the critical attitude. He took up story-writing in order to help himself, by practical experiment, in his chosen art of literary criticism, and his volume on {586} *French Poets and Novelists*, 1878, is by no means the least valuable of his books. His short stories in the magazines were collected into a volume in 1875, with the title, *A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Stories*. One or two of these, as the *Last of the Valerii* and the *Madonna of the Future*, suggest Hawthorne, a very unsympathetic study of whom James afterward contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series. But in the name-story of the collection he was already in the line of his future development. This is the story of a middle-aged invalid American, who comes to England in search of health, and finds, too late, in the mellow atmosphere of the mother country, the repose and the congenial surroundings which he has all his life been longing for in his raw America. The pathos of his self-analysis and his confession of failure is subtly imagined. The impressions which he and his far-away English kinsfolk make on one another, their mutual attraction and repulsion, are described with that delicate perception of national

differences which makes the humor and sometimes the tragedy of James's later books, like the *American*, *Daisy Miller*, the *Europeans*, and *An International Episode*. His first novel was *Roderick Hudson*, 1876, not the most characteristic of his fictions, but perhaps the most powerful in its grasp of elementary passion. The analytic method and the critical attitude have their dangers in imaginative literature. In proportion as this writer's faculty of minute observation and his realistic objectivity {587} have increased upon him, the uncomfortable coldness which is felt in his youthful work has become actually disagreeable, and his art--growing constantly finer and surer in matters of detail--has seemed to dwell more and more in the region of mere manners and less in the higher realm of character and passion. In most of his writings the heart, somehow, is left out. We have seen that Irving, from his knowledge of England and America, and his long residence in both countries, became the mediator between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. This he did by the power of his sympathy with each. Henry James has likewise interpreted the two nations to one another in a subtler but less genial fashion than Irving, and not through sympathy, but through contrast, by bringing into relief the opposing ideals of life and society which have developed under different institutions. In his novel, the *American*, 1877, he has shown the actual misery which may result from the clashing of opposed social systems. In such clever sketches as *Daisy Miller*, 1879, the *Pension Beaurepas*, and *A Bundle of Letters*, he has exhibited types of the American girl, the American business man, the aesthetic feebling from Boston, and the Europeanized or would-be denationalized American campaigners in the Old World, and has set forth the ludicrous incongruities, perplexities, and misunderstandings which result from contradictory standards of conventional morality and behavior. In the *Europeans*, 1879, and an {588} *International Episode*, 1878, he has reversed the process, bringing Old World [Transcriber's note: World?] standards to the test of American ideas by transferring his *dramatis personae* to republican soil. The last-named of these illustrates how slender a plot realism requires for its purposes. It is nothing more than the history of an English girl of good family who marries an American gentleman and undertakes to live in America, but finds herself so uncomfortable in strange social conditions that she returns to England for life, while, contrariwise, the heroine's sister is so taken with the freedom of these very conditions that she elopes with another American and "goes West." James is a keen observer of the physiognomy of cities as well as of men, and his *Portraits of Places*, 1884, is among the most delightful contributions to the literature of foreign travel. Mr. Howells's writings are not without "international" touches. In *A Foregone Conclusion* and the *Lady of the Aroostook*, and others of his novels, the contrasted points of view in American and European life are introduced, and especially those variations in feeling, custom, dialect, etc., which make the modern Englishman and the modern American such objects of curiosity to each other, and which have been dwelt upon of late even unto satiety. But in general he finds his subjects at home, and if he does not know his own countrymen and countrywomen more intimately than Mr. James, at least {589} he loves them better. There is a warmer sentiment in his fictions, too; his men are better fellows and his women are more lovable. Howells was born in Ohio. His early life was that of a western country editor. In 1860 he published, jointly with his friend Piatt, a book of verse--*Poems of Two Friends*. In 1861 he was sent as consul to Venice, and the literary results of his sojourn there appeared in his sketches *Venetian Life*, 1865, and *Italian Journeys*, 1867. In 1871 he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in the same year published his *Suburban Sketches*. All of these early volumes showed a quick eye for the picturesque, an unusual power of description, and humor of the most delicate quality; but as yet there was little approach to narrative. *Their Wedding Journey* was a revelation to the public of the interest that may lie in an ordinary bridal trip across the State of New York, when a close and sympathetic observation is brought to bear upon the characteristics of American life as it appears at railway stations and hotels, on steam-boats and in the streets of very commonplace towns. *A Chance Acquaintance*, 1873, was Howells's first novel, though even yet the story was set against a background of travel--pictures, a holiday trip on the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay; and descriptions of Quebec and the Falls of Montmorenci, etc., rather predominated over the narrative. Thus, gradually and by a natural process, complete characters and realistic novels, such as *A Modern* {590} *Instance*, 1882, and *Indian Summer*, evolved themselves from truthful sketches of places and persons seen by the way. The incompatibility existing between European and American views of life, which makes the comedy or the tragedy of Henry James's international fictions, is replaced in Howells's novels by the repulsion between differing social grades in the same country. The adjustment of these subtle distinctions forms a part of the problem of life in all complicated societies. Thus in *A Chance Acquaintance* the heroine is a bright and pretty Western girl, who becomes engaged during a pleasure tour to an irreproachable but offensively priggish young gentleman from Boston, and the engagement is broken by her in consequence of an unintended slight--the betrayal on the hero's part of a shade of mortification when he and his betrothed are suddenly brought into the presence of some fashionable ladies belonging to his own *monde*. The little comedy, *Out of the Question*, deals with this same adjustment of social scales; and in many of Howells's other novels, such as *Silas Lapham* and the *Lady of the Aroostook*, one of the main motives may be described to be the contact of the man who eats with his fork with the man who eats with his knife, and the shock thereby ensuing. In *Indian Summer* the complications arise from

the difference in age between the hero and heroine, and not from a difference in station or social antecedents. In all of these fictions the {591} misunderstandings come from an incompatibility of manner rather than of character, and, if any thing were to be objected to the probability of the story, it is that the climax hinges on delicacies and subtleties which, in real life, when there is opportunity for explanations, are readily brushed aside. But in *_A Modern Instance_* Howells touched the deeper springs of action. In this, his strongest work, the catastrophe is brought about, as in George Eliot's great novels, by the reaction of characters upon one another, and the story is realistic in a higher sense than any mere study of manners can be. His nearest approach to romance is in the *_Undiscovered Country_*, 1880, which deals with the Spiritualists and the Shakers, and in its study of problems that hover on the borders of the supernatural, in its out-of-the-way personages and adventures, and in a certain ideal poetic flavor about the whole book, has a strong resemblance to Hawthorne, especially to Hawthorne in the *_Blithedale Romance_*, where he comes closer to common ground with other romancers. It is interesting to compare *_Undiscovered Country_* with Henry James's *_Bostonians_*, the latest and one of the cleverest of his fictions, which is likewise a study of the clairvoyants, mediums, woman's rights' advocates, and all varieties of cranks, reformers, and patrons of "causes," for whom Boston has long been notorious. A most unlovely race of people they become under the cold scrutiny of Mr. James's cosmopolitan eyes, which see more clearly the {592} charlatanism, narrow-mindedness, mistaken fanaticism, morbid self-consciousness, disagreeable nervous intensity, and vulgar or ridiculous outside peculiarities of the humanitarians, than the nobility and moral enthusiasm which underlie the surface. Howells is almost the only successful American dramatist, and this in the field of parlor comedy. His little farces, the *_Elevator_*, the *_Register_*, the *_Parlor Car_*, etc., have a lightness and grace, with an exquisitely absurd situation, which remind us more of the *_Comedies et Proverbes_* of Alfred de Musset, or the many agreeable dialogues and monologues of the French domestic stage, than of any work of English or American hands. His softly ironical yet affectionate treatment of feminine ways is especially admirable. In his numerous types of sweetly illogical, inconsistent, and inconsequent womanhood he has perpetuated with a nicer art than Dickens what Thackeray calls "that great discovery," Mrs. Nickleby.

1. Theodore Winthrop. *Life in the Open Air*. Cecil Dreeme.
2. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Life in a Black Regiment*.
3. *Poetry of the Civil War*. Edited by Richard Grant White. New York: 1866.
4. Charles Farrar Browne. *Artemus Ward--His Book*. Lecture on the Mormons. Artemus Ward in London.
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5. Samuel Langhorne Clemens. *The Jumping Frog*. *Roughing It*. *The Mississippi Pilot*.
6. Charles Godfrey Leland. *Hans Breitmann's Ballads*.
7. Edward Everett Hale. *If, Yes, and Perhaps*. *His Level Best and Other Stories*.
8. Francis Bret Harte. *Outcasts of Poker Flat and Other Stories*. *Condensed Novels*. *Poems in Dialect*.
9. Sidney Lanier. *Nirvana*. *Resurrection*. *The Harlequin of Dreams*. *Song of the Chattahoochie*. *The Mocking Bird*. *The Stirrup-Cup*. Tampa Robins. *The Bee*. *The Revenge of Hamish*. *The Ship of Earth*. *The Marshes of Glynn*. *Sunrise*.
10. Henry James, Jr. *A Passionate Pilgrim*. Roderick Hudson. *Daisy Miller*. *Pension Beaurepas*. *A Bundle of Letters*. *An International Episode*. *The Bostonians*. *Portraits of Places*.
11. William Dean Howells. *Their Wedding Journey*. *Suburban Sketches*. *A Chance Acquaintance*. *A Foregone Conclusion*. *The Undiscovered Country*. *A Modern Instance*.
12. George W. Cable. *Old Creole Days*. *Madam Delphine*. *The Grandissimes*.
13. Joel Chandler Harris. *Uncle Remus*. *Mingo and Other Sketches*.

14. Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree). In the Tennessee Mountains.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

BY JOHN FLETCHER HURST.

The important field of theology and religion in America has yielded many and rich additions to the storehouse of letters. The *Bay Psalm Book*, published in Cambridge, Mass., in 1640, was the first book printed in the English colonies in America. Its leading authors were Richard Mather (1596-1669), of Dorchester, father of Increase and grandfather of the still more famous Cotton Mather, Thomas Welde and John Eliot, both of Roxbury. The book was a few years later revised by Henry Dunster and passed through as many as twenty-seven editions. While it was both printed and used in England and Scotland by dissenting churches, it was a constant companion in private and public worship in the Calvinistic churches of the Colonies. The early colonial writers on theology include Charles Chauncy (1589-1672), the second president of Harvard College, who wrote a treatise on *Justification*, Samuel Willard (1640-1707), whose *Complete Body of Divinity* was the first folio {595} publication in America; Solomon Stoddard (1643-1729), whose most celebrated work was *The Doctrine of Instituted Churches*, in which he advocated the converting power of the Lord's Supper; Charles Chauncy (1705-1787), a great-grandson of President Chauncy, celebrated as a stickler for great plainness in writing and speech, and one of the founders of Universalism in New England, whose *Seasonable Thoughts* was in opposition to the preaching of Whitefield; and Aaron Burr (1716-1757), father of the political opponent and slayer of Alexander Hamilton, and author of *The Supreme Deity of Our Lord Jesus Christ*. James Blair (1656-1743), of Virginia, the virtual founder and first president of William and Mary College, wrote *Our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount*, containing one hundred and seventeen sermons. The two Tennents, Gilbert (1703-1764) and William (1705-1777), Samuel Finley (1717-1764), and Samuel Davies (1723-1761) were pulpit orators whose sermons still hold high rank in the homiletic world. Others of the colonial period distinguished for their ability are: John Davenport (1597-1670), of New Haven, author of *The Saint's Anchor Hold*; Edward Johnson (died 1682), of Woburn, author of *The Wonder Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England*; Jonathan Dickinson (1688-1747), the first president of the College of New Jersey (Princeton University), who published *Familiar Letters upon Important Subjects in Religion*, Samuel Johnson (1696-1772), a {596} distinguished advocate of Episcopacy in Connecticut; Thomas Clap (1703-1767), president of Yale College, who was the author of the *Religious Condition of Colleges*; Samuel Mather (1706-1785), a son of Cotton Mather, among whose works was *An Attempt to Show that America was Known to the Ancients*; and Thomas Chalkley (1675-1749), and John Woolman (1720-1772), both belonging to the Friends, and whose *Journals* are admirable specimens of the Quaker spirit and simplicity. Some of the leading writers on theology whose activity was greatest about the time of the American Revolution are worthy of study. They are John Witherspoon (1722-1794) who, while he is better known as the sixth president of the College of New Jersey and a political writer of the Revolution, was also the author of *Ecclesiastical Characteristics*, a satirical work aimed at the Moderate party of the Church of Scotland, and written before he left that country for America; Charles Thomson (1729-1824), who was for fifteen years the secretary of the Continental Congress and published a *Translation of the Bible*; Elias Boudinot (1740-1821), the first president of the American Bible Society and a leading philanthropist of his time, who wrote *The Age of Revelation*, a reply to Paine's *Age of Reason*; Nathan Strong (1748-1816), the editor of *The Connecticut Evangelical Magazine* and pastor of First Church, Hartford; Isaac Backus (1724-1806), the author of the well-known *History of New England with Particular {597} Reference to the Baptists*; Ezra Stiles (1727-1795), president of Yale College, who published many discourses and wrote *An Ecclesiastical History of New England*, which was not completed and never published; William White (1748-1836), Bishop of Pennsylvania for fifty years, who wrote several works on Episcopacy, one of which was *Memoir of the Episcopal Church in the United States*; and William Linn (1752-1808), who published sermons on the *Leading Personages of Scripture History*. Belonging also to the Revolutionary period these should be noted: Mather Byles (1706-1788), a wit and punster of loyalist leanings, some of whose sermons have been many times

printed, and who was a kinsman of the Mathers; Jonathan Mayhew (1720-1766), whose *Sermon on the Repeal of the Stamp Act* was the most famous of his stirring addresses on the political issues already prominent at the time of his death; William Smith (1727-1803), provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who was, not to speak of his other works, the author of several meritorious sermons; Samuel Seabury (1729-1796), the first Protestant Episcopal bishop and author of two volumes of sermons; and Jacob Duché (1739-1798), rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, who abandoned the American cause, but whose sermons were highly prized. A quartet of those who gained distinction as writers on doctrine are: Joseph Bellamy (1719-1790), an influential divine of the Edwardean school, and author of *The True Religion {598} Delineated*; Samuel Hopkins (1721-1803), the advocate of disinterested benevolence as a cardinal principle of theology and author of *The System of Doctrines Contained in Divine Revelation*; Jonathan Edwards the Younger (1745-1801), president of Union College and author of several discourses, the most celebrated of which are the three on the "Necessity of the Atonement and its Consistency with Free Grace in Forgiveness" (these sermons are the basis of what has since been named the Edwardean theory); and Elhanan Winchester (1751-1797), the Universalist preacher, one of whose chief works was *The Universal Restoration*. In the earlier group of theological authorship of the present century, or the national period, taking conspicuous place as doctrinal writers, are: Nathaniel Emmons (1745-1840), one of the foremost of the New School of Calvinistic theology, whose works on the important discussion lasting through a half century are marked by a peculiar force and point; Samuel Stanhope Smith (1750-1819), president of the College of New Jersey and author of *Evidences of the Christian Religion*; his successor in office, Ashbel Green (1762-1848), whose chief literary labor was bestowed on *The Christian Advocate*, a religious monthly which he edited for twelve years, and who wrote *Lectures on the Shorter Catechism*; Henry Ware (1764-1845), the acknowledged head of the Unitarians prior to the appearance of Channing, professor of divinity in Harvard, and author of *Letters to Trinitarians and {599} Calvinists*; Leonard Woods (1774-1854), professor in Andover for thirty-eight years, author of several able books on the Unitarian controversy; and Wilbur Fisk (1792-1839), the distinguished preacher and educator, and author of *The Calvinistic Controversy*. Other theological lights of the early years of the republic are also: John Mitchell Mason (1770-1829), provost of Columbia College, later president of Dickinson College, a prime mover in the founding of Union Theological Seminary, and author of many sermons of a high order; Edward Payson (1783-1827), whose sermons are noted for the same ardent spirituality and beauty that marked his life and pastorate at Portland, Me.; John Summerfield (1798-1825), a volume of whose strangely eloquent sermons was published after his early death; Ebenezer Porter (1772-1834), professor in Andover, whose *Lectures on Revivals of Religion* are still worthy of consultation; Eliphalet Nott (1773-1866), president of Union College for sixty-two years, whose *Lectures on Temperance* are accounted among the best literature on that great reform; John Henry Hobart (1775-1830), bishop of the diocese of New York, who was the author of *Festivals and Fasts*, and one of the founders of the General Theological Seminary in New York; Nathan Bangs (1778-1862), a leading Methodist divine, who wrote a *History of the Methodist Episcopal Church* and *Errors of Hofkinsianism*; and Leonard {600} Withington (1789-1885), author of *Solomon's Song Translated and Explained*, a valuable exegetical work. In a second group of leading writers on religion, coming nearer the middle of the nineteenth century we find as doctrinal authors: Archibald Alexander (1772-1851), author of *Evidences of Christianity*; Hosea Ballou (1771-1852), the Universalist preacher and author of *An Examination of the Doctrine of Future Retribution*; Nathaniel W. Taylor (1786-1859), the author of *Lectures on the Moral Government of God*, in which there is a marked divergence from the strict school of Calvinistic theologians; Gardiner Spring (1785-1873), a tower of strength in the pulpit of New York for over fifty years, and author of *The Bible Not of Man*; Alexander Campbell (1788-1865), whose *Public Debates* contain the record of his distinguished career as a controversialist and mark the formation of the religious society called Disciples of Christ; Robert J. Breckenridge (1800-1871), whose work on *The Knowledge of God Objectively and Subjectively Considered* gave him great distinction; George W. Bethune (1805-1862), who, besides several hymns, wrote *Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism*; and James H. Thornwell (1811-1862), of the Southern Presbyterians, who left an able *Systematic Theology*. Those whose works were of a more practical nature are: Samuel Miller (1769-1850), whose most telling book was *Letters on Clerical Habits and Manners*; Lyman Beecher (1775-1863), the {601} celebrated father of his more celebrated son, and author of *Sermons on Temperance*; Thomas H. Skinner (1791-1871), professor in Andover and later in Union Theological Seminary, who wrote *Aids to Preaching and Hearing*, and translated and edited Vinet's *Homiletics and Pastoral Theology*; Charles G. Finney (1792-1875), of Oberlin, whose *Lectures on Revivals* embody the principles on which he himself conducted his celebrated evangelistic labors; Francis Wayland (1796-1865), the Baptist divine and author of a text-book on *Moral Science*, who also wrote *The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise*; Ichabod S. Spencer (1798-1854), whose *Pastor's Sketches* have a perennial interest; Theodore Dwight Woolsey (1801-1889), who, besides other books on the classics and law, published *The Religion of the Present and the Future*; Bela Bates Edwards (1802-1852), of Andover, whose chief work was that bestowed upon the *Quarterly*

Observer_, later the Biblical Repository, and still later as editor of Bibliotheca Sacra; James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859), author of Consolation; or, Discourses to the Suffering Children of God; and George B. Cheever (1807-1890), who wrote several popular books on temperance, one being Deacon Giles's Distillery. A group of noted writers whose books have special bearing on the Bible are: Moses Stuart (1780-1852), the distinguished Hebraist and author of several commentaries and of a Hebrew {602} Grammar, whose scholarship was one of the chief attractions at Andover; Samuel H. Turner (1790-1861), the distinguished commentator on Romans, Hebrews, Ephesians, and Galatians; Edward Robinson (1794-1863), whose Biblical Researches and New Testament Lexicon mark him as one of the foremost scholars of the century; George Bush (1796-1860), known chiefly as the author of Commentaries on the earlier parts of the Old Testament; Albert Barnes (1798-1870), whose Notes on the Scriptures still have a large place among the more popular works of exegesis; Stephen Olin (1797-1851) and John Price Durbin (1800-1876), both distinguished as educators and pulpit orators of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who each wrote on travels in Palestine and adjoining countries; William M. Thomson (1806-1894), the missionary and author of The Land and the Book, a work of perpetual value; Joseph Addison Alexander (1809-1860), the famous philologist and author of valuable commentaries and a work on New Testament Literature; and George Burgess (1809-1866), who wrote The Book of Psalms in English Verse. Those who employed their pens in the field of history are; William Meade (1789-1862), author of Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia; George Junkin (1790-1868), who wrote The Vindication, which gives an account of the trial of Albert Barnes, from the Old School point of view; William B. Sprague (1795-1876), whose Annals {603} of the American Pulpit form a lasting monument to his literary ability; Robert Baird (1798-1863), author of A View of Religion in America; Francis L. Hawks (1798-1866), who published the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland and Virginia; Morris J. Raphall (1798-1868), a prolific Jewish writer, whose Post-Biblical History of the Jews is a valuable book; Thomas C. Upham (1799-1871), professor in Bowdoin College and author of Mental Philosophy, who also wrote the Life and Religious Experience of Madame Guyon; William H. Furness (1802-1896), long the leader of Unitarians in Philadelphia, from whose imaginative pen came a peculiar book, A History of Jesus; J. Daniel Rupp (born 1803), who wrote a History of the Religious Denominations in the United States; and Abel Stevens (1815-1897), author of The History of Methodism and also of a History of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Asahel Nettleton (1784-1844), best known as an evangelist, published a popular collection of Village Hymns. Henry U. Onderdonk (1789-1858) and John Henry Hopkins (1792-1868) each wrote on the Episcopacy. Samuel Hanson Cox (1793-1880), a vigorous and original preacher of the New School Presbyterians, was the author of Interviews Memorable and Useful. Henry B. Bascom (1796-1850), whose Sermons and Lectures were of vigorous thought but florid style, was very popular for many years; Nicholas Murray (1802-1861) under the nom-de-plume of "Kirwan" {604} wrote the celebrated Letters to Archbishop Hughes on the Catholic Question; and Edward Thomson (1810-1870), bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was author of Moral and Religious Essays, and other works. Among the American singers of sacred lyrics are Samuel Davies (1724-1761), Timothy Dwight. (1752-1817), Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown (1783-1861), Thomas Hastings (1784-1872), John Pierpont (1785-1866), Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney (1791-1865), William B. Tappan (1794-1849), William A. Muhlenberg (1796-1877), George W. Doane (1799-1859), Ray Palmer (1808-1887), Samuel F. Smith (1808-1895), Edmund H. Sears (1810-1876), William Hunter (1811-1877), George Duffield (1818-1888), Arthur Cleveland Coxe (1818-1896), Samuel Longfellow (1819-1892), and Alice (1820-1871) and Phoebe Cary (1824-1871). >From the large number of writers of the latter half of this century whose productions have been added to the treasures of thought for coming generations and are worthy of generous attention we name: Charles Hodge (1797-1878), known best by his Systematic Theology; and his son, Archibald Alexander Hodge (1823-1886), author of Outlines of Theology; Charles P. McIlvaine (1798-1873), whose Evidences of Christianity are widely known and read; Mark Hopkins (1802-1887), who gave the world The Law of Love and Love as a Law; Edwards A. Park (born 1808), whose leading work was on the Atonement; Albert {605} Taylor Bledsoe (1809-1877), whose Theodicy was his chief work; James McCosh (1811-1894), whose later years were given to America, and whose Christianity and Positivism and Religious Aspects of Evolution were written in this country; Davis W. Clark (1812-1871), author of Man All Immortal; John Miley (1813-1896), who was the author of a clear and able Systematic Theology of the Arminian type; Thomas O. Summers (1812-1882), who was a prolific author and whose Systematic Theology has been published since his death; and Lorenzo D. McCabe (1815-1897), who wrote on the Foreknowledge of God. Those who have devoted their talent to the exposition of the Scriptures are: Thomas J. Conant (1802-1891), a biblical scholar and author of Historical Books of the Old Testament; Daniel D. Whedon (1808-1885), who wrote Freedom of the Will and was the author of a valuable Commentary on the New Testament; Horatio B. Hackett (1808-1875), whose exegetical works on Acts, Philemon, and Philippians have great merit; Tayler Lewis (1809-1877), the Nestor of classic linguistics, whose Six Days of Creation and the Divine-Human in the Scriptures are among his best books; Melancthon W. Jacobus (1816-1876), whose

Commentaries on the Gospels, Acts, and Genesis unite critical ability and popular style; Ezra Abbot (1818-1884), author of a critical work on the Authorship of the Fourth Gospel; Howard Crosby (1826-1891), the vigorous preacher and {606} author of The Seven Churches of Asia; William M. Taylor (1829-1895), whose works include excellent studies on several prominent Bible characters--Moses, David, Daniel, and Joseph; Henry Martyn Harman (1822-1897), the author of An Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures; and Henry B. Ridgaway (1830-1895), who wrote The Lord's Land, a work based on his personal observations during an Oriental tour. Those who have treated historical themes include: Charles Elliot (1792-1869), whose ablest work was The Delineation of Roman Catholicism; Francis P. Kenrick (1797-1863), who, besides being the author of a Version of the Scriptures with Commentary, also wrote a work on The Supremacy of the Pope; Matthew Simpson (1810-1884), the eloquent bishop, who wrote A Cyclopaedia of Methodism and A Hundred Years of Methodism; James Freeman Clarke (1810-1888), author of The Ten Great Religions of the World; Henry B. Smith (1815-1877), whose History of the Church of Christ in Chronological Tables is much admired for its conciseness, accuracy, and thoroughness; William H. Odenheimer (1817-1879), author of The Origin and Compilation of the Prayer Book; Philip Schaff (1819-1893), the author of a learned History of the Christian Church and Creeds of Christendom, and editor of the English translation of Lange's Commentary; William G. T. Shedd (1820-1894), who, besides other works, wrote A History of Christian Doctrine; Charles Force Deems (1820-1893), who {607} wrote a work on The Life of Christ; Henry Martyn Dexter (1821-1890), author of The Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years; George R. Crooks (1822-1897), who, besides other labors in the field of the classics, wrote The Life of Bishop Matthew Simpson; Charles Porterfield Krauth (1823-1883), author of The Conservative Reformation and its Theology; Holland N. McTyeire (1824-1889), whose chief literary work was The History of Methodism; and John Gilmary Shea (1824-1892), who wrote many books on early American history connected with the Indians, one being a History of the French and Spanish Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States. John McClintock (1814-1870), the scholarly Methodist divine and first president of Drew Theological Seminary, left a monument to his name in the great Cyclopaedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature projected by him and his collaborer, James Strong (1822-1894), who completed the herculean task and added yet other works, notably his Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible. Daniel Curry (1809-1887), the keen editor and debater, has gathered sheaf of his various addresses in Platform Papers. Austin Phelps (1820-1890) wrote The Still Hour and The Theory of Preaching, which are fine specimens of his thoughtful work; and Phillips Brooks (1835-1893), the renowned preacher, left Sermons and Addresses, which still breathe the earnest and catholic spirit of their cultured author.

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2. 19th Century: Anne C. Lynch Botta. *Handbook of Universal Literature From the Best and Latest Authorities*

PREFACE.

This work was begun many years ago, as a literary exercise, to meet the personal requirements of the writer, which were such as most persons experience on leaving school and "completing their education," as the phrase is. The world of literature lies before them, but where to begin, what course of study to pursue, in order best to comprehend it, are the problems which present themselves to the bewildered questioner, who finds himself in a position not unlike that of a traveler suddenly set down in an unknown country, without guide-book or map. The most natural course under such circumstances would be to begin at the beginning, and take a rapid survey of the entire field of literature, arriving at its details through this general view. But as this could be accomplished only by subjecting each individual to a severe and protracted course of systematic study, the idea was conceived of obviating this necessity to some extent by embodying the results of such a course in the form of the following work, which, after being long laid aside, is now at length completed. In conformity with this design, standard books have been condensed, with no alterations except such as were required to give unity to the whole work; and in some instances a few additions have been made. Where standard works have not been found, the sketches have been made from the best sources of information, and submitted to the criticism of able scholars. The literatures of different nations are so related, and have so influenced each other, that it is only by a survey of all that any single literature, or even any great literary work, can be fully comprehended, as the various groups and figures of a historical picture must be viewed as a whole, before they can assume their true place and proportions.

A.C.L.B.

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LIST OF AUTHORITIES.

The following works are the sources from which this book is wholly or chiefly derived:--

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INTRODUCTION.

THE ALPHABET.

1. The Origin of Letters.--2. The Phoenician Alphabet and Inscriptions.-- 3, The Greek Alphabet. Its Three Epochs.-- 4. The Medieval Scripts. The Irish. The Anglo-Saxon. The Roman. The Gothic. The Runic.

1. THE ORIGIN OF LETTERS.--Alphabetic writing is an art easy to acquire, but its invention has tasked the genius of the three most gifted nations of the ancient world. All primitive people have begun to record events and transmit messages by means of rude pictures of objects, intended to represent things or thoughts, which afterwards became the symbols of sounds. For instance, the letter M is traced down from the conventionalized picture of an owl in the ancient language of Egypt, Mulak. This was used first to denote the bird itself; then it stood for the name of the bird; then gradually became a syllabic sign to express the sound "mu," the first syllable of the name, and ultimately to denote "M," the initial sound of that syllable. In like manner A can be shown to be originally the picture of an eagle, D of a hand, F of the horned asp, R, of the mouth, and so on. Five systems of picture

writing have been independently invented,--the Egyptian, the Cuneiform, the Chinese, the Mexican, and the Hittite. The tradition of the ancient world, which assigned to the Phoenicians the glory of the invention of letters, declared that it was from Egypt that they originally derived the art of writing, which they afterwards carried into Greece, and the latest investigations have confirmed this tradition.

2. THE PHOENICIAN ALPHABET.--Of the Phoenician alphabet the Samaritan is the only living representative, the Sacred Script of the few families who still worship on Mount Gerizim. With this exception, it is only known to us by inscriptions, of which several hundred have been discovered. They form two well-marked varieties, the Moabite and the Sidonian. The most important monument of the first is the celebrated Moabite stone, discovered in 1868 on the site of the ancient capital of the land of Moab, portions of which are preserved in the Louvre. It gives an account of the revolt of the King of Moab against Jehoram, King of Israel, 890 B.C. The most important inscription of the Sidonian type is that on the magnificent sarcophagus of a king of Sidon, now one of the glories of the Louvre. A monument of the early Hebrew alphabet, another offshoot of the Phoenician, was discovered in 1880 in an inscription in the ancient tunnel which conveys water to the pool of Siloam.

3. THE GREEK ALPHABET.--The names, number, order, and forms of the primitive Greek alphabet attest its Semitic origin. Of the many inscriptions which remain, the earliest has been discovered, not in Greece, but upon the colossal portrait statues carved by Rameses the Great, in front of the stupendous cave temple at Abou-Simbel, at the time when the Hebrews were still in Egyptian bondage. In the seventh century B. C., certain Greek mercenaries in the service of an Egyptian king inscribed a record of their visit in five precious lines of writing, which the dry Nubian atmosphere has preserved almost in their pristine sharpness. The legend, according to which Cadmus the Tyrian sailed for Greece in search of Europa, the damsel who personified the West, designates the island of Thera as the earliest site of Phoenician colonization in the Aegean, and from inscriptions found there this may be regarded as the first spot of European soil on which words were written, and they exhibit better than any others the progressive form of the Cadmean alphabet. The oldest inscriptions found on Hellenic soil bearing a definite date are those cut on the pedestals of the statues which lined the sacred way leading to the temple of Apollo, near Miletus. Several of those, now in the British Museum, range in date over the sixth century B.C. They belong, not to the primitive alphabet, but to the Ionian, one of the local varieties which mark the second stage, which may be called the epoch of transition, which began in the seventh and lasted to the close of the fifth century B.C. It is not till the middle of the fifth century that we have any dated monuments belonging to the Western types. Among these are the names of the allied states of Hellas, inscribed on the coils of the three-headed bronze serpent which supported the gold tripod dedicated to the Delphian Apollo, 476 B.C. This famous monument was transported to Byzantium by Constantine the Great, and still stands in the Hippodrome at Constantinople. Of equal interest is the bronze Etruscan helmet in the British Museum, dedicated to the Olympian Zeus, in commemoration of the great victory off Cumae, which destroyed the naval supremacy of the Etruscans, 474 B.C., and is celebrated in an ode by Pindar. The third epoch witnessed the emergence of the classical alphabets of European culture, the Ionian and the Italic. The Ionian has been the source of the Eastern scripts, Romaic, Coptic, Slavic, and others. The Italic became the parent of the modern alphabets of Western Europe.

4. THE MEDIAEVAL SCRIPTS.--A variety of national scripts arose in the establishment of the Teutonic kingdoms upon the ruins of the Roman Empire. But the most magnificent of all mediaeval scripts was the Irish, which exercised a profound influence on the later alphabets of Europe. From a combination of the Roman and Irish arose the Anglo-Saxon script, the precursor of that which was developed in the ninth century by Alcuin of York, the friend and preceptor of Charlemagne. This was the parent of the Roman alphabet, in which our books are now printed. Among other deteriorations, there crept in, in the fourteenth century, the Gothic or black letter character, and these barbarous forms are still essentially retained by the Teutonic nations though discarded by the English and Latin races; but from its superior excellences the Roman alphabet is constantly extending its range and bids fair to become the sole alphabet of the future. In all the lands that were settled and overrun by the Scandinavians, there are found multitudes of inscriptions in the ancient alphabet of the Norsemen, which is called the Runic. The latest modern researches seem to prove that this was derived from the Greek, and probably dates back as far as the sixth century B.C. The Goths were early in occupation of the regions south of the Baltic and east of the Vistula, and in direct commercial intercourse with the Greek traders, from whom they doubtless obtained a knowledge of the Greek alphabet, as the Greeks themselves had gained it from the Phoenicians.

CLASSIFICATION OF LANGUAGES.

Modern philologists have made different classifications of the various languages of the world, one of which divides them into three great classes: the Monosyllabic, the Agglutinated, and the Inflected. --The first, or Monosyllabic class, contains those languages which consist only of separate, unvaried monosyllables. The words have no organization that adapts them for mutual affiliation, and there is in them, accordingly, an utter absence of all scientific forms and principles of grammar. The Chinese and a few languages in its vicinity, doubtless originally identical with it, are all that belong to this class. The languages of the North American Indians, though differing in many respects, have the same general grade of character. The second class consists of those languages which are formed by agglutination. The words combine only in a mechanical way; they have no elective affinity, and exhibit toward each other none of the active or sensitive capabilities of living organisms. Prepositions are joined to substantives, and pronouns to verbs, but never so as to make a new form of the original word, as in the inflected languages, and words thus placed in juxtaposition retain their personal identity unimpaired. The agglutinative languages are known also as the Turanian, from Turan, a name of Central Asia, and the principal varieties of this family are the Tartar, Finnish, Lappish, Hungarian, and Caucasian. They are classed together almost exclusively on the ground of correspondence in their grammatical structure, but they are bound together by ties of far less strength than those which connect the inflected languages. The race by whom they are spoken has, from the first, occupied more of the surface of the earth than either of the others, stretching westward from the shores of the Japan Sea to the neighborhood of Vienna, and southward from the Arctic Ocean to Afghanistan and the southern coast of Asia Minor. The inflected languages form the third great division. They have all a complete interior organization, complicated with many mutual relations and adaptations, and are thoroughly systematic in all their parts. Between this class and the monosyllabic there is all the difference that there is between organic and inorganic forms of matter; and between them and the agglutinative languages there is the same difference that exists in nature between mineral accretions and vegetable growths. The boundaries of this class of languages are the boundaries of cultivated humanity, and in their history lies embosomed that of the civilized portions of the world. Two great races speaking inflected languages, the Semitic and the Indo-European, have shared between them the peopling of the historic portions of the earth; and on this account these two languages have sometimes been called political or state languages, in contrast with the appellation of the Turanian as nomadic. The term Semitic is applied to that family of languages which are native in Southwestern Asia, and which are supposed to have been spoken by the descendants of Shem, the son of Noah. They are the Hebrew, Aramaic, Arabic, the ancient Egyptian or Coptic, the Chaldaic, and Phoenician. Of these the only living language of note is the Arabic, which has supplanted all the others, and wonderfully diffused its elements among the constituents of many of the Asiatic tongues. In Europe the Arabic has left a deep impress on the Spanish language, and is still represented in the Maltese, which is one of its dialects. The Semitic languages differ widely from the Indo-European in reference to their grammar, vocabulary, and idioms. On account of the great preponderance of the pictorial element in them, they may be called the metaphorical languages, while the Indo-European, from the prevailing style of their higher literature, may be called the philosophical languages. The Semitic nations also differ from the Indo-European in their national characteristics; while they have lived with remarkable uniformity on the vast open plains, or wandered over the wide and dreary deserts of their native region, the Indo-Europeans have spread themselves over both hemispheres, and carried civilization to its highest development. But the Semitic mind has not been without influence on human progress. It early recorded its thoughts, its wants, and achievements in the hieroglyphs of ancient Egypt; the Phoenicians, foremost in their day in commerce and the arts, introduced from Egypt alphabetic letters, of which all the world has since made use. The Jewish portion of the race, long in communication with Egypt, Phoenicia, Babylonia, and Persia, could not fail to impart to these nations some knowledge of their religion and literature, and it cannot be doubted that many new ideas and quickening influences were thus set in motion, and communicated to the more remote countries both of the East and West. The most ancient languages of the Indo-European stock may be grouped in two distinct family pairs: the Aryan, which comprises two leading families, the Indian and Iranian, and the Graeco-Italic or Pelasgic, which comprises the Greek family and its various dialects, and the Italic family, the chief-subdivisions of which are the Etruscan, the Latin, and the modern languages derived from the Latin. The other Indo-European families are the Lettic, Slavic, Gothic, and Celtic, with their various subdivisions. The word Aryan (Sanskrit, Arya), the oldest known name of the entire Indo-European family, signifies well-born, and was applied by the ancient Hindus to themselves in contradistinction to the rest of the world, whom they considered base-born and contemptible. In the country called Aryavarta, lying between the Himalaya and the Vindhya Mountains, the high table-land of Central Asia, more than two thousand years before Christ, our Hindu ancestors had their early home. >From this source there have been, historically, two great streams of Aryan migration. One, towards the south, stagnated in the fertile valleys, where they were walled in from all danger of invasion by the Himalaya Mountains on the north, the Indian Ocean on the south, and the deserts of Bactria on the west, and where the people sunk into a life of inglorious ease,

or wasted their powers in the regions of dreamy mysticism. The other migration, at first northern, and then western, includes the great families of nations in Northwestern Asia and in Europe. Forced by circumstances into a more objective life, and under the stimulus of more favorable influences, these nations have been brought into a marvelous state of individual and social progress, and to this branch of the human family belongs all the civilization of the present, and most of that which distinguishes the past. The Indo-European family of languages far surpasses the Semitic in variety, flexibility, beauty, and strength. It is remarkable for its vitality, and has the power of continually regenerating itself and bringing forth new linguistic creations. It renders most faithfully the various workings of the human mind, its wants, its aspirations, its passion, imagination, and reasoning power, and is most in harmony with the ever progressive spirit of man. In its varied scientific and artistic development it forms the most perfect family of languages on the globe, and modern civilization, by a chain reaching through thousands of years, ascends to this primitive source.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

1. Chinese literature.--2. The Language.--3. The Writing.--4. The five Classics and four Books.--5. Chinese Religion and Philosophy, Lao-tsé, Confucius, Meng-tsé or Mencius.--6. Buddhism.--7. Social Constitution of China.--8. Invention of Printing.--9. Science, History, and Geography. Encyclopaedias.--10. Poetry.--11. Dramatic Literature and Fiction.--12. Education in China.

1. CHINESE LITERATURE.--The Chinese literature is one of the most voluminous of all literatures, and among the most important of those of Asia. Originating in a vast empire, it is diffused among a population numbering nearly half the inhabitants of the globe. It is expressed by an original language differing from all others, it refers to a nation whose history may be traced back nearly five thousand years in an almost unbroken series of annals, and it illustrates the peculiar character of a people long unknown to the Western world.

2. THE LANGUAGE.--The date of the origin of this language is lost in antiquity, but there is no doubt that it is the most ancient now spoken, and probably the oldest written language used by man. It has undergone few alterations during successive ages, and this fact has served to deepen the lines of demarkation between the Chinese and other branches of the race and has resulted in a marked national life. It belongs to the monosyllabic family; its radical words number 450, but as many of these, by being pronounced with a different accent convey a different meaning, in reality they amount to 1,203. Its pronunciation varies in different provinces, but that of Nanking, the ancient capital of the Empire, is the most pure. Many dialects are spoken in the different provinces, but the Chinese proper is the literary tongue of the nation, the language of the court and of polite society, and it is vernacular in that portion of China called the Middle Kingdom.

3. THE WRITING.--There is an essential difference between the Chinese language as spoken and written, and the poverty of the former presents a striking contrast with the exuberance of the latter. Chinese writing, generally speaking, does not express the sounds of the words, but it represents the ideas or the objects indicated by them. Its alphabetical characters are therefore ideographic, and not phonetic. They were originally rude representations of the thing signified; but they have undergone various changes from picture-writing to the present more symbolical and more complete system. As the alphabetic signs represent objects or ideas, it would follow that there must be in writing as many characters as words in the spoken language. Yet many words, which have the same sound, represent different ideas; and these must be represented also in the written language. Thus the number of the written words far surpasses that of the spoken language. As far as they are used in the common writing, they amount to 2,425. The number of characters in the Chinese dictionary is 40,000, of which, however, only 10,000 are required for the general purposes of literature. They are disposed under 214 signs, which serve as keys, and which correspond to our alphabetic order. The Chinese language is written, from right to left, in vertical columns or in horizontal lines.

4. THE CLASSICS.--The first five canonical books are "The Book of Transformations," "The Book of History," "The Book of Rites," "The Spring and Autumn Annals," and "The Book of Odes" "The Book of Transformations" consists of sixty-four short essays on important themes, symbolically and enigmatically expressed, based on linear figures and diagrams. These cabala are held in high esteem by the learned, and the hundreds of fortune-tellers in the streets of Chinese towns practice their art on the basis of these mysteries. "The Book of History" was compiled by Confucius, 551-470 B. C., from the earliest records of the Empire, and in the estimation of the Chinese it contains

the seeds of all that is valuable in their political system, their history, and their religious rites, and is the basis of their tactics, music, and astronomy. It consists mainly of conversations between kings and their ministers, in which are traced the same patriarchal principles of government that guide the rulers of the present day. "The Book of Rites" is still the rule by which the Chinese regulate all the relations of life. No every-day ceremony is too insignificant to escape notice, and no social or domestic duty is beyond its scope. No work of the classics has left such an impression on the manners and customs of the people. Its rules are still minutely observed, and the office of the Board of Rites, one of the six governing boards of Peking, is to see that its precepts are carried out throughout the Empire. According to this system, all the relations of man to the family, society, the state, to morals, and to religion, are reduced to ceremonial, but this includes not only the external conduct, but it involves those right principles from which all true politeness and etiquette spring. The "Book of Odes" consists of national airs, chants, and sacrificial odes of great antiquity, some of them remarkable for their sublimity. It is difficult to estimate the power they have exerted over all subsequent generations of Chinese scholars. They are valuable for their religious character and for their illustration of early Chinese customs and feelings; but they are crude in measure, and wanting in that harmony which comes from study and cultivation. The "Spring and Autumn Annals" consist of bald statements of historical facts. Of the Four Books, the first three--the "Great Learning," the "Just Medium," and the "Confucian Analects"--are by the pupils and followers of Confucius. The last of the four books consists entirely of the writings of Mencius (371-288 B. C.). In originality and breadth of view he is superior to Confucius, and must be regarded as one of the greatest men Asiatic nations have produced. The Five Classics and Four Books would scarcely be considered more than curiosities in literature were it not for the incomparable influence, free from any debasing character, which they have exerted over so many millions of minds.

5. CHINESE RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.--Three periods may be distinguished in the history of the religious and philosophical progress of China. The first relates to ancient tradition, to the idea of one supreme God, to the patriarchal institutions, which were the foundation of the social organization of the Empire, and to the primitive customs and moral doctrines. It appears that this religion at length degenerated into that mingled idolatry and indifference which still characterizes the people of China. In the sixth century B.C., the corruption of the ancient religion having reached its height, a reaction took place which gave birth to the second, or philosophical period, which produced three systems. Lao-tsé, born 604 B.C., was the founder of the religion of the Tao, or of the external and supreme reason. The Tao is the primitive existence and intelligence, the great principle of the spiritual and material world, which must be worshiped through the purification of the soul, by retirement, abnegation, contemplation, and metempsychosis. This school gave rise to a sect of mystics similar to those of India. Later writers have debased the system of Lao-tsé, and cast aside his profound speculations for superstitious rituals and the multiplication of gods and goddesses. Confucius was the founder of the second school, which has exerted a far more extensive and beneficial influence on the political and social institutions of China. Confucius is a Latin name, corresponding to the original Kung-fu-tsé, Kung being the proper name, and Fu-tsé signifying reverend teacher or doctor. He was born 551 B.C., and educated by his mother, who impressed upon him a strong sense of morality. After a careful study of the ancient writings he decided to undertake the moral reform of his country, and giving up his high position of prime minister, he traveled extensively in China, preaching justice and virtue wherever he went. His doctrines, founded on the unity of God and the necessities of human nature, bore essentially a moral character, and being of a practical tendency, they exerted a great influence not only on the morals of the people, but also on their legislation, and the authority of Confucius became supreme. He died 479 B.C., at the age of seventy-two, eleven years before the birth of Socrates. He left a grandson, through whom the succession has been transmitted to the present day, and his descendants constitute a distinct class in Chinese society. At the close of the fourth century B.C., another philosopher appeared by the name of Meng-tsé, or Mencius (eminent and venerable teacher), whose method of instruction bore a strong similarity to that of Socrates. His books rank among the classics, and breathe a spirit of freedom and independence; they are full of irony on petty sovereigns and on their vices; they establish moral goodness above social position, and the will of the people above the arbitrary power of their rulers. He was much revered, and considered bolder and more eloquent than Confucius.

6. The third period of the intellectual development of the Chinese dates from the introduction of Buddhism into the country, under the name of the religion of Fo, 70 A.D. The emperor himself professes this religion, and its followers have the largest number of temples. The great bulk of Buddhist literature is of Indian origin. Buddhism, however, has lost in China much of its originality, and for the mass it has sunk into a low and debasing idolatry. Recently a new religion has sprung up in China, a mixture of ancient Chinese and Christian doctrines, which apparently finds great favor in some portions of the country.

7. SOCIAL CONSTITUTION OF CHINA.--The social constitution of China rests on the ancient traditions preserved in the canonical and classic books. The Chinese empire is founded on the patriarchal system, in which all authority over the family belongs to the *pater familias*. The emperor represents the great father of the nation, and is the supreme master of the state and the head of religion. All his subjects being considered as his children, they are all equal before him, and according to their capacity are admitted to the public offices. Hence no distinction of castes, no privileged classes, no nobility of birth; but a general equality under an absolute chief. The public administration is entirely in the hands of the emperor, who is assisted by his mandarins, both military and civil. They are admitted to this rank only after severe examinations, and from them the members of the different councils of the empire are selected. Among these the Board of Control, or the all-examining Court, and the Court of History and Literature deserve particular mention, as being more closely related to the subject of this work. The duty of this board consists in examining all the official acts of the government, and in preventing the enacting of those measures which they may deem detrimental to the best interests of the country. They can even reprove the personal acts of the emperor, an office which has afforded many occasions for the display of eloquence. The courage of some of the members of this board has been indeed sublime, giving to their words wonderful power. The Court of History and Literature superintends public education, examines those who aspire to the degree of mandarins, and decides on the pecuniary subsidies, which the government usually grants for defraying the expenses of the publication of great works on history and science.

8. INVENTION OF PRINTING.--At the close of the sixth century B.C. it was ordained that various texts in circulation should be engraved on wood to be printed and published. At first comparatively little use seems to have been made of the invention, which only reached its full development in the eleventh century, when movable types were first invented by a Chinese blacksmith, who printed books with them nearly five hundred years before Gutenberg appeared. In the third century B.C., one of the emperors conceived the mad scheme of destroying all existing records, and writing a new set of annals in his own name, in order that posterity might consider him the founder of the empire. Sixty years after this barbarous decree had been carried into execution, one of his successors, who desired as far as possible to repair the injury, caused these books to be re-written from a copy which had escaped destruction.

9. SCIENCE, HISTORY, AND GEOGRAPHY.--Comparing the scientific development of the Chinese with that of the Western world, it may be said that they have made little progress in any branch of science. There are, however, to be found in almost every department some works of no indifferent merit. In mathematics they begin only now to make some progress, since the mathematical works of Europe have been introduced into their country. Astrology still takes the place of astronomy, and the almanacs prepared at the observatory of Peking are made chiefly by foreigners. Books on natural philosophy abound, some of which are written by the emperors themselves. Medicine is imperfectly understood. They possess several valuable works on Chinese jurisprudence, on agriculture, economy, mechanics, trades, many cyclopaedias and compendia, and several dictionaries, composed with extraordinary skill and patience. To this department may be referred all educational books, the most of them written in rhyme, and according to a system of intellectual gradation. The historical and geographical works of China are the most valuable and interesting department of its literature. Each dynasty has its official chronicle, and the celebrated collection of twenty-one histories forms an almost unbroken record of the annals from the third century B.C. to the middle of the seventeenth century, and contains a vast amount of information to European readers. The edition of this huge work, in sixty- six folio volumes, is to be found in the British Museum. This and many similar works of a general and of a local character unite in rendering this department rich and important for those who are interested in the history of Asiatic civilization. "The General Geography of the Chinese Empire" is a collection of the statistics of the country, with maps and tables, in two hundred and sixty volumes. The "Statutes of the Reigning Dynasty," from the year 1818, form more than one thousand volumes. Chinese topographical works are characterized by a minuteness of detail rarely equaled. Historical and literary encyclopaedias form a very notable feature in all Chinese libraries. These works show great research, clearness, and precision, and are largely drawn upon by European scholars. Early in the last century one of the emperors appointed a commission to reprint in one great collection all the works they might think worthy of preservation. The result was a compilation of 6,109 volumes, arranged under thirty-two heads, embracing works on every subject contained in the national literature. This work is unique of its kind, and the largest in the world.

10. POETRY.--The first development of literary talent in China, as elsewhere, is found in poetry, and in the earliest days songs and ballads were brought as offerings from the various principalities to the heads of government. At the

time of Confucius there existed a collection of three thousand songs, from which he selected those contained in the "Book of Odes." There is not much sublimity or depth of thought in these odes, but they abound in touches of nature, and are exceedingly interesting and curious, as showing how little change time has effected in the manners and customs of this singular people. Similar in character are the poems of the Tshian-teng-shi, another collection of lyrics published at the expense of the emperor, in several thousand volumes. Among modern poets may be mentioned the Emperor Khian-lung, who died at the close of the last century. After the time of Confucius the change in Chinese poetry became very marked, and, instead of the peaceful tone of his day, it reflected the unsettled condition of social and political affairs. The simple, monotheistic faith was exchanged for a superstitious belief in a host of gods and goddesses, a contempt for life, and an uncertainty of all beyond it. The period between 620 and 907 A.D., was one of great prosperity, and is looked upon as the golden age.

11. DRAMATIC LITERATURE AND FICTION.--Chinese literature affords no instance of real dramatic poetry or sustained effort of the imagination. The "Hundred Plays of the Yuen Dynasty" is the most celebrated collection, and many have been translated into European languages. One of them, "The Orphan of China," served as the groundwork of Voltaire's tragedy of that name. The drama, however, constitutes a large department in Chinese literature, though there are, properly speaking, no theatres in China. A platform in the open air is the ordinary stage, the decorations are hangings of cotton supported by a few poles of bamboo, and the action is frequently of the coarsest kind. When an actor comes on the stage, he says, "I am the mandarin so-and-so." If the drama requires the actor to enter a house, he takes some steps and says, "I have entered;" and if he is supposed to travel, he does so by rapid running on the stage, cracking his whip, and saying afterwards, "I have arrived." The dialogue is written partly in verse and partly in prose, and the poetry is sometimes sung and sometimes recited. Many of their dramas are full of bustle and abound in incident. They often contain the life and adventures of an individual, some great sovereign or general, a history, in fact, thrown into action. Two thousand volumes of dramatic compositions are known, and the best of these amount to five hundred pieces. Among them may be mentioned the "Orphan of the House of Tacho," and the "Heir in Old Age," which have much force and character, and vividly describe the habits of the people. The Chinese are fond of historical and moral romances, which, however, are founded on reason and not on imagination, as are the Hindu and Persian tales. Their subjects are not submarine abysses, enchanted palaces, giants and genii, but man as he is in his actual life, as he lives with his fellow-men, with all his virtues and vices, sufferings and joys. But the Chinese novelists show more skill in the details than in the conception of their works; the characters are finished and developed in every respect. The pictures with which they adorn their works are minute and the descriptions poetical, though they often sacrifice to these qualities the unity of the subject. The characters of their novels are principally drawn from the middle class, as governors, literary men, etc. The episodes are, generally speaking, ordinary actions of common life--all the quiet incidents of the phlegmatic life of the Chinese, coupled with the regular and mechanical movements which distinguish that people. Among the numberless Chinese romances there are several which are considered classic. Such are the "Four Great Marvels' Books," and the "Stories of the Pirates on the Coast of Kiangnan."

12. EDUCATION IN CHINA. Most of the Chinese people have a knowledge of the rudiments of education. There is scarcely a man who does not know how to read the books of his profession. Public schools are everywhere established; in the cities there are colleges, in which pupils are taught the Chinese literature; and in Peking there is an imperial college for the education of the mandarins. The offices of the empire are only attained by scholarship. There are four literary degrees, which give title to different positions in the country. The government fosters the higher branches of education and patronizes the publication of literary works, which are distributed among the libraries, colleges, and functionaries. The press is restricted only from publishing licentious and revolutionary books. The future literature of China in many branches will be greatly modified by the introduction of foreign knowledge and influences.

JAPANESE LITERATURE

1. The Language.--2. The Religion.--3. The Literature. Influence of Women.--4. History.--5. The Drama and Poetry.--6. Geography. Newspapers. Novels. Medical Science.--7. Position of Woman.

1. THE LANGUAGE.--The Japanese is considered as belonging to the isolated languages, as philologists have thus far failed to classify it. It is agglutinative in its syntax, each word consisting of an unchangeable root and one or

several suffixes. Before the art of writing was known, poems, odes to the gods, and other fragments which still exist had been composed in this tongue, and it is probable that a much larger literature existed. During the first centuries of writing in Japan, the spoken and written language was identical, but with the study of the Chinese literature and the composition of native works almost exclusively in that language, there grew up differences between the colloquial and literary idiom, and the infusion of Chinese words steadily increased. In writing, the Chinese characters occupy the most important place. But all those words which express the wants, feelings, and concerns of everyday life, all that is deepest in the human heart, are for the most part native. If we would trace the fountains of the musical and beautiful language of Japan, we must seek them in the hearts and hear them flow from the lips of the mothers of the Island Empire. Among the anomalies with which Japan has surprised and delighted the world may be claimed that of woman's achievements in the domain of letters. It was woman's services, not man's, that made the Japanese a literary language, and under her influence the mobile forms of speech crystallized into perennial beauty. The written language has heretofore consisted mainly of characters borrowed from the Chinese, each character representing an idea of its own, so that in order to read and write the student must make himself acquainted with several thousand characters, and years are required to gain proficiency in these elementary arts. There also exists in Japan a syllabary alphabet of forty-seven characters, used at present as an auxiliary to the Chinese. Within a very recent period, since the acquisition of knowledge has become a necessity in Japan, a society has been formed by the most prominent men of the empire, for the purpose of assimilating the spoken and written language, taking the forty-seven native characters as the basis.

2. RELIGION.--The two great religions of Japan are Shintoism and Buddhism. The chief characteristic of the Shinto religion is the worship of ancestors, the deification of emperors, heroes, and scholars, and the adoration of the personified forces of nature. It lays down no precepts, teaches no morals or doctrines, and prescribes no ritual. The number of Shinto deities is enormous. In its higher form the chief object of the Shinto faith is to enjoy this life; in its lower forms it consists in a blind obedience to governmental and priestly dictates. On the recent accession of the Mikado to his former supreme power, an attempt was made to restore this ancient faith, but it failed, and Japan continues as it has been for ten centuries in the Buddhist faith. The religion of Buddha was introduced into Japan 581 A.D., and has exerted a most potent influence in forming the Japanese character. The Protestants of Japanese Buddhism are the followers of Shinran, 1262 A.D., who have wielded a vast influence in the religious development of the people both for good and evil. In this creed prayer, purity, and earnestness of life are insisted upon. The Scriptures of other sects are written in Sanskrit and Chinese which only the learned are able to read, those of the Shin sect are in the vernacular Japanese idiom. After the death of Shinran, Rennio, who died in 1500 A.D., produced sacred writings now daily read by the disciples of this denomination. Though greatly persecuted, the Shin sect have continually increased in numbers, wealth, and power, and now lead all in intelligence and influence. Of late they have organized their theological schools on the model of foreign countries that their young men may be trained to resist the Shinto and Christian faiths.

3. THE LITERATURE. INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.--Previous to the fourteenth century learning in Japan was confined to the court circle. The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries are the dark ages when military domination put a stop to all learning except with a few priests. With the seventeenth century begins the modern period of general culture. The people are all fond of reading, and it is very common to see circulating libraries carried from house to house on the backs of men. As early as the tenth century, while the learned affected a pedantic style so interlarded with Chinese as to be unintelligible, the cultivation of the native tongue was left to the ladies of the court, a task which they nobly discharged. It is a remarkable fact, without parallel in the history of letters, that a very large proportion of the best writings of the best ages was the work of women, and their achievement in the domain of letters is one of the anomalies with which Japan has surprised and delighted the world. It was their genius that made the Japanese a literary language. The names and works of these authoresses are quoted at the present day.

4. HISTORY.--The earliest extant Japanese record is a work entitled "Kojiki," or book of ancient traditions. It treats of the creation, the gods and goddesses of the mythological period, and gives the history of the Mikados from the accession of Jimmu, year 1 (660 B.C.), to 1288 of the Japanese year. It was supposed to date from the first half of the eighth century, and another work "Nihongi," a little later, also treats of the mythological period. It abounds in traces of Chinese influence, and in a measure supersedes the "Kojiki." These are the oldest books in the language. They are the chief exponents of the Shinto faith, and form the bases of many commentaries and subsequent works. The "History of Great Japan," composed in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by the Lord of Mito (died 1700), is the standard history of the present day. The external history of Japan, in twenty-two volumes, by Rai Sanyo (died 1832), composed in classical Chinese, is most widely read by men of education. The Japanese are

intensely proud of their history and take great care in making and preserving records. Memorial stones are among the most striking sights on the highways and in the towns, villages, and temple yards, in honor of some noted scholar, ruler, or benefactor. Few people are more thoroughly informed as to their own history. Every city, town, and village has its annals. Family records are faithfully copied from generation to generation. Almost every province has its encyclopaedic history, and every high-road its itineraries and guide-books, in which famous places and events are noted. In the large cities professional story-tellers and readers gain a lucrative livelihood by narrating both legendary and classical history, and the theatre is often the most faithful mirror of actual history. There are hundreds of child's histories in Japan. Many of the standard works are profusely illustrated, are models of style and eloquence, and parents delight to instruct their children in the national laws and traditions.

5. THE DRAMA.--The theatre is a favorite amusement, especially among the lower classes; the pieces represented are of a popular character and written in colloquial language, and generally founded on national history and tradition, or on the lives and adventures of the heroes and gods; and the scene is always laid in Japan. The play begins in the morning and lasts all day, spectators bringing their food with them. No classical dramatic author is known. Poetry has always been a favorite study with the Japanese. The most ancient poetical fragment, called a "Collection of Myriad Leaves," dates from the eighth century. The collection of "One Hundred Persons" is much later, and contains many poems written by the emperors themselves. The Japanese possess no great epic or didactic poems, although some of their lyrics are happy examples of quaint modes of thought and expression. It is difficult to translate them into a foreign tongue.

6. GEOGRAPHY. NEWSPAPERS AND NOVELS.--The largest section of Japanese literature is that treating of the local geography of the country itself. These works are minute in detail and of great length, describing events and monuments of historic interest. Before the recent revolution but one newspaper existed in Japan, but at present the list numbers several hundred. Freedom of the press is unknown, and fines and imprisonment for violation of the stringent laws are very frequent. Novels constitute a large section of Japanese literature. Fairy tales and story books abound. Many of them are translated into English; "The Royal Ronans" and other works have recently been published in New York. Medical science was borrowed from China, but upon this, as upon other matters, the Japanese improved. Acupuncture, or the introduction of needles into the living tissues for remedial purposes, was invented by the Japanese, as was the moxa, or the burning of the flesh for the same purpose.

7. POSITION OF WOMAN.--Women in Japan are treated with far more respect and consideration than elsewhere in the East. According to Japanese history the women of the early centuries were possessed of more intellectual and physical vigor, filling the offices of state and religion, and reaching a high plane of social dignity and honor. Of the one hundred and twenty-three Japanese sovereigns, nine have been women. The great heroine of Japanese history and tradition was the Empress Jingu, renowned for her beauty, piety, intelligence, and martial valor, who, about 200 A.D., invaded and conquered Korea. The female children of the lower classes receive tuition in private schools so generally established during the last two centuries throughout the country, and those of the higher classes at the hands of private tutors or governesses; and in every household may be found a great number of books exclusively on the duties of women.

SANSKRIT LITERATURE.

1. The Language.--2. The Social Constitution of India. Brahmanism.--3. Characteristics of the Literature and its Divisions.--4. The Vedas and other Sacred Books.--5. Sanskrit Poetry; Epic; The Ramayana and Mahabharata. Lyric Poetry. Didactic Poetry; the Hitopadesa. Dramatic Poetry.--6.. History and Science.--7. Philosophy. 8. Buddhism.--9. Moral Philosophy. The Code of Manu.--10. Modern Literatures of India.--11. Education. The Brahmo Somaj.

1. THE LANGUAGE.--Sanskrit is the literary language of the Hindus, and for two thousand years has served as the means of learned intercourse and composition. The name denotes cultivated or perfected, in distinction to the Prakrit or uncultivated, which sprang from it and was contemporary with it.

The study of Sanskrit by European scholars dates less than a century back, and it is important as the vehicle of an immense literature which lays open the outward and inner life of a remarkable people from a remote epoch nearly to the present day, and as being the most ancient and original of the Indo-European languages, throwing light upon them all. The Aryan or Indo-European race had its ancient home in Central Asia. Colonies migrated to the west and

founded the Persian, Greek, and Roman civilization, and settled in Spain and England. Other branches found their way through the passes of the Himalayas and spread themselves over India. Wherever they went they asserted their superiority over the earlier people whom they found in possession of the soil, and the history of civilization is everywhere the history of the Aryan race. The forefathers of the Greek and Roman, of the Englishman and the Hindu, dwelt together in India, spoke the same language, and worshiped the same gods. The languages of Europe and India are merely different forms of the original Aryan speech. This is especially true of the words of common family life. _Father, mother, brother, sister_, and _widow_, are substantially the same in most of the Aryan languages, whether spoken on the banks of the Ganges, the Tiber, or the Thames. The word _daughter_, which occurs in nearly all of them, is derived from the Sanskrit word signifying _to draw milk_, and preserves the memory of the time when the daughter was the little milkmaid in the primitive Aryan household. It is probable that as late as the third or fourth century B.C. it was still spoken. New dialects were engrafted upon it which at length superseded it, though it has continued to be revered as the sacred and literary language of the country. Among the modern tongues of India, the Hindi and the Hindustani may be mentioned; the former, the language of the pure Hindu population, is written in Sanskrit characters; the latter is the language of the Mohammedan Hindus, in which Arabic letters are used. Many of the other dialects spoken and written in Northern India are derived from the Sanskrit. Of the more important among them there are English grammars and dictionaries.

2. SOCIAL CONSTITUTION OF INDIA.--Hindu literature takes its character both from the social and the religious institutions of the country. The social constitution is based on the distinction of classes into which the people, from the earliest times, have been divided, and which were the natural effect of the long struggle between the aboriginal tribes and the new race which had invaded India. These castes are four: 1st. The Brahmins or priests; 2d. The warriors and princes; 3d. The husbandmen; 4th. The laborers. There are, besides, several impure classes, the result of an intermingling of the different castes. Of these lower classes some are considered utterly abominable--as that of the Pariahs. The different castes are kept distinct from each other by the most rigorous laws; though in modern times the system has been somewhat modified.

THE RELIGION.

In the period of the Vedas the religion of the Hindus was founded on the simple worship of Nature. But the Pantheism of this age was gradually superseded by the worship of the one Brahm, from which, according to this belief, the soul emanated, and to which it seeks to return. Brahm is an impersonality, the sum of all nature, the germ of all that is. Existence has no purpose, the world is wholly evil, and all good persons should desire to be taken out of it and to return to Brahm. This end is to be attained only by transmigration of the soul through all previous stages of life, migrating into the body of a higher or lower being according to the sins or merits of its former existence, either to finish or begin anew its purification. This religion of the Hindus led to the growth of a philosophy the precursor of that of Greece, whose aims were loftier and whose methods more ingenious. From Brahm, the impersonal soul of the universe, emanated the personal and active Brahma, who with Siva and Vishnu constitute the Trimurti or god under three forms. Siva is the second of the Hindu deities, and represents the primitive animating and destroying forces of nature. His symbols relate to these powers, and are worshiped more especially by the Sivaites--a numerous sect of this religion. The worshipers of Vishnu, called the Preserver, the first-born of Brahma, constitute the most extensive sect of India, and their ideas relating to this form of the Divinity are represented by tradition and poetry, and are particularly developed in the great monuments of Sanskrit literature. The myths connected with Vishnu refer especially to his incarnations or corporeal apparitions both in men and animals, which he submits to in order to conquer the spirit of evil. These incarnations are called Avatars, or descendings, and form an important part of Hindu epic poetry. Of the ten Avatars which are attributed to Vishnu, nine have already taken place; the last is yet to come, when the god shall descend again from heaven, to destroy the present world, and to restore peace and parity. The three forms of the Deity, emanating mutually from each other, are expressed by the three symbols, A U M, three letters in Sanskrit having but one sound, forming the mystical name _Om_, which never escapes the lips of the Hindus, but is meditated on in silence. The predominant worship of one or the other of these forms constitutes the peculiarities of the numerous sects of this religion. There are other inferior divinities, symbols of the forces of nature, guardians of the world, demi-gods, demons, and heroes, whose worship, however, is considered as a mode of reaching that divine rest, immersion and absorption in Brahm. To this end are directed the sacrifices, the prayers, the ablutions, the pilgrimages, and the penances, which occupy so large a place in the Hindu worship.

3. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LITERATURE AND ITS DIVISIONS.--A greater part of the Sanskrit literature, which counts its works by thousands, still remains in manuscript. It was nearly all composed in metre, even works of law, morality, and science. Every department of knowledge and every branch of inquiry is represented, with the single exception of history, and this forms the most striking general characteristic of the literature, and one which robs it of a great share of worth and interest. Its place is in the intellectual rather than in the political history of the world. The literary monuments of the Sanskrit language correspond to the great eras in the history of India. The first period reaches back to that remote age, when those tribes of the Aryan race speaking Sanskrit emigrated to the northwestern portion of the Indian Peninsula, and established themselves there, an agricultural and pastoral people. That was the age in which were composed the prayers, hymns, and precepts afterwards collected in the form of the Vedas, the sacred books of the country. In the second period, the people, incited by the desire of conquest, penetrated into the fertile valleys lying between the Indus and the Ganges; and the struggle with the aboriginal inhabitants, which followed their invasion, gave birth to epic poetry, in which the wars of the different races were celebrated and the extension of Hindu civilization related. The third period embraces the successive ages of the formation and development of a learned and artistic literature. It contains collections of the ancient traditions, expositions of the Vedas, works on grammar, lexicography, and science; and its conclusion forms the golden age of Sanskrit literature, when, the country being ruled by liberal princes, poetry, and especially the drama, reached its highest degree of perfection. The chronology of these periods varies according to the systems of different orientalists. It is, however, admitted that the Vedas are the first literary productions of India, and that their origin cannot be later than the fifteenth century B.C. The period of the Vedas embraces the other sacred books, or commentaries founded upon them, though written several centuries afterwards. The second period, to which belong the two great epic poems, the "Ramayana" and the "Mahabharata," according to the best authorities ends with the sixth or seventh century B.C. The third period embraces all the poetical and scientific works written from that time to the third or fourth century B.C., when the language, having been progressively refined, became fixed in the writings of Kalidasa, Jayadeva, and other poets. A fourth period, including the tenth century A.D., may be added, distinguished by its erudition, grammatical, rhetorical, and scientific disquisitions, which, however, is not considered as belonging to the classical age. From the Hindu languages, originating in the Sanskrit, new literatures have sprung; but they are essentially founded on the ancient literature, which far surpasses them in extent and importance, and is the great model of them all. Indeed, its influence has not been limited to India; all the poetical and scientific works of Asia, China, and Japan included, have borrowed largely from it, and in Southern Russia the scanty literature of the Kalmucks is derived entirely from Hindu sources. The Sanskrit literature, known to Europe only recently, through the researches of the English and German orientalists, has now become the auxiliary and foundation of all philological studies.

4. THE VEDAS AND OTHER SACRED BOOKS.--The Vedas (knowledge or science) are the Bible of the Hindus, the most ancient book of the Aryan family, and contain the revelation of Brahm which was preserved by tradition and collected by Vyasa, a name which means compiler. The word Veda, however, should be taken, as a collective name for the sacred literature of the Vedic age which forms the background of the whole Indian world. Many works belonging to that age are lost, though a large number still exists. The most important of the Vedas are three in number. First, The "Rig- Veda," which is the great literary memorial of the settlement of the Aryans in the Punjab, and of their religious hymns and songs. Second, The "Yajur-Veda." Third, The "Sama-Veda." Each Veda divided into two parts: the first contains prayers and invocations, most of which are of a rhythmical character; the second records the precepts relative to those prayers and to the ceremonies of the sacrifices, and describes the religious myths and symbols. There are many commentaries on the Vedas of an ancient date, which are considered as sacred books, and relate to medicine, music, astronomy, astrology, grammar, philosophy, jurisprudence, and, indeed, to the whole circle of Hindu science. They represent a period of unknown antiquity, when the Aryans were divided into tribes of which the chieftain was the father and priest, and when women held a high position. Some of the most beautiful hymns of this age were composed by ladies and queens. The morals of Avyan, a woman of an early age, are still taught in the Hindu schools as the golden rule of life. India to-day acknowledges no higher authority in matters of religion, ceremonial, customs, and law than the Vedas, and the spirit of Vedantism, which is breathed by every Hindu from his earliest youth, pervades the prayers of the idolater, the speculations of the philosopher, and the proverbs of the beggar. The "Puranas" (ancient writings) hold an eminent rank in the religion and literature of the Hindus. Though of a more recent date than the Vedas, they possess the credit of an ancient and divine origin, and exercise an extensive and practical influence upon the people. They comprise vast collections of ancient traditions relating to theology, cosmology, and to the genealogy of gods and heroes. There are eighteen acknowledged Puranas, which altogether contain 400,000 stanzas. The "Upapuranas," also eighteen in number, are commentaries

on the Puranas. Finally, to the sacred books, and next to the Vedas both in antiquity and authority, belong the "Manavadharmasastra," or the ordinances of Manu, spoken of hereafter.

5. SANSKRIT POETRY.--This poetry, springing from the lively and powerful imagination of the Hindus, is inspired by their religious doctrines, and embodied in the most harmonious language. Exalted by their peculiar belief in pantheism and metempsychosis, they consider the universe and themselves as directly emanating from Brahm, and they strive to lose their own individuality, in its infinite essence. Yet, as impure beings, they feel their incapacity to obtain the highest moral perfection, except through a continual atonement, to which all nature is condemned. Hence Hindu poetry expresses a profound melancholy, which pervades the character as well as the literature of that people. This poetry breathes a spirit of perpetual sacrifice of the individual self, as the ideal of human life. The bards of India, inspired by this predominant feeling, have given to poetry nearly every form it has assumed in the Western world, and in each and all they have excelled. Sanskrit poetry is both metrical and rhythmical, equally free from the confused strains of un moulded genius and from the servile pedantry of conventional rules. The verse of eight syllables is the source of all other metres, and the sloka or double distich is the stanza most frequently used. Though this poetry presents too often extravagance of ideas, incumbrance of episodes, and monstrosity of images, as a general rule it is endowed with simplicity of style, pure coloring, sublime ideas, rare figures, and chaste epithets. Its exuberance must be attributed to the strange mythology of the Hindus, to the immensity of the fables which constitute the groundwork of their poems, and to the gigantic strength of their poetical imaginations. A striking peculiarity of Sanskrit poetry is its extensive use in treating of those subjects apparently the most difficult to reduce to a metrical form--not only the Vedas and Manu's code are composed in verse, but the sciences are expressed in this form. Even in the few works which may be called prose, the style is so modulated and bears so great a resemblance to the language of poetry as scarcely to be distinguished from it. The history of Sanskrit poetry is, in reality, the history of Sanskrit literature. The subjects of the epic poems of the Hindus are derived chiefly from their religious tenets, and relate to the incarnations of the gods, who, in their human forms, become the heroes of this poetry. The idea of an Almighty power warring against the spirit of evil destroys the possibility of struggle, and impairs the character of epic poetry; but the Hindu poets, by submitting their gods both to fate and to the condition of men, diminish their power and give them the character of epic heroes. The Hindu mythology, however, is the great obstacle which must ever prevent this poetry from becoming popular in the Western world. The great personifications of the Deity have not been softened down, as in the mythology of the Greeks, to the perfection of human symmetry, but are here exhibited in their original gigantic forms. Majesty is often expressed by enormous stature; power, by multitudinous hands; providence, by countless eyes; and omnipresence, by innumerable bodies. In addition to this, Hindu epic poetry departs so far from what may be called the vernacular idiom of thought and feeling, and refers to a people whose political and religious institutions, as well as moral habits, are so much at variance with our own, that no labor or skill could render its associations familiar. The Ramayana and the Mahabharata are the most important and sublime creations of Hindu literature, and the most colossal epic poems to be found in the literature of the world. They surpass in magnitude the Iliad and Odyssey, the Jerusalem Delivered and the Lusiad, as the pyramids of Egypt tower above the temples of Greece. The Ramayana (Rama and yana, expedition) describes the exploits of Rama, an incarnation of Vishnu, and the son of Dasaratha, king of Oude. Ravana, the prince of demons, had stolen from the gods the privilege of being invulnerable, and had thus acquired an equality with them. He could not be overcome except by a man, and the gods implored Vishnu to become incarnate in order that Ravana might be conquered. The origin and the development of this Avatar, the departing of Rama for the battlefield, the divine signs of his mission, his love and marriage with Sita, the daughter of the king Janaka, the persecution of his step-mother, by which the hero is sent into exile, his penance in the desert, the abduction of his bride by Ravana, the gigantic battles that ensue, the rescue of Sita, and the triumph of Rama constitute the principal plot of this wonderful poem, full of incidents and episodes of the most singular and beautiful character. Among these may be mentioned the descent of the goddess Ganga, which relates to the mythological origin of the river Ganges, and the story of Yajnadatta, a young penitent, who through mistake was killed by Dasaratha; the former splendid for its rich imagery, the latter incomparable for its elegiac character, and for its expression of the passionate sorrow of parental affection. The Ramayana was written by Valmiki, a poet belonging to an unknown period. It consists of seven cantos, and contains twenty-five thousand verses. The original, with its translation into Italian, was published in Paris by the government of Sardinia about the middle of this century. The Mahabharata (the great Bharata) has nearly the same antiquity as the Ramayana. It describes the greatest Avatar of Vishnu, the incarnation of the god in Krishna, and it presents a vast picture of the Hindu religion. It relates to the legendary history of the Bharata dynasty, especially to the wars between the Pandus and Kurus, two branches of a princely family of ancient India. Five sons of Pandu, having been unjustly exiled by their uncle, return, after many wonderful adventures, with a powerful army to oppose the Kurus, and being aided by Krishna, the incarnated

Vishnu, defeat their enemies and become lords of all the country. The poem describes the birth of Krishna, his escape from the dangers which surrounded his cradle, his miracles, his pastoral life, his rescue of sixteen thousand young girls who had become prisoners of a giant, his heroic deeds in the war of the Pandus, and finally his ascent to heaven, where he still leads the round dances of the spheres. This work is not more remarkable for the grandeur of its conceptions than for the information it affords respecting the social and religious systems of the ancient Hindus, which are here revealed with majestic and sublime eloquence. Five of its most esteemed episodes are called the Five Precious Stones. First among these may be mentioned the "Bhagavad-Gita," or the Divine Song, containing the revelation of Krishna, in the form of a dialogue between the god and his pupil Arjuna. Schlegel calls this episode the most beautiful, and perhaps the most truly philosophical, poem that the whole range of literature has produced. The Mahabharata is divided into eighteen cantos, and it contains two hundred thousand verses. It is attributed to Vyasa, the compiler of the Vedas, but it appears that it was the result of a period of literature rather than the work of a single poet. Its different incidents and episodes were probably separate poems, which from the earliest age were sung by the people, and later, by degrees, collected in one complete work. Of the Mahabharata we possess only a few episodes translated into English, such as the Bhagavad-Gita, by Wilkins. At a later period other epic poems were written, either as abridgments of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, or founded on episodes contained in them. These, however, belong to a lower order of composition, and cannot be compared with the great works of Valmiki and Vyasa. In the development of lyric poetry the Hindu bards, particularly those of the third period, have been eminently successful; their power is great in the sublime and the pathetic, and manifests itself more particularly in awakening the tender sympathies of our nature. Here we find many poems full of grace and delicacy, and splendid for their charming descriptions of nature. Such are the "Meghaduta" and the "Ritusanhara" of Kalidasa, the "Madhava and Radha" of Jayadeva, and especially the "Gita-Govinda" of the same poet, or the adventures of Krishna as a shepherd, a poem in which the soft languors of love are depicted in enchanting colors, and which is adorned with all the magnificence of language and sentiment. Hindu poetry has a particular tendency to the didactic style and to embody religious and historical knowledge; every subject is treated in the form of verse, such as inscriptions, deeds, and dictionaries. Splendid examples of didactic poetry may be found in the episodes of the epic poems, and more particularly in the collections of fables and apologues in which the Sanskrit literature abounds. Among these the Hitopadesa is the most celebrated, in which Vishnu-saima instructs the sons of a king committed to his care. Perhaps there is no book, except the Bible, which has been translated into so many languages as these fables. They have spread in two branches over nearly the whole civilized world. The one, under the original name of the Hitopadesa, remains almost confined to India, while the other, under the title of "Calila and Dimna," has become famous over all western Asia and in all the countries of Europe, and has served as the model of the fables of all languages. To this department belong also the "Adventures of the Ten Princes," by Dandin, which, in an artistic point of view, is far superior to any other didactic writings of Hindu literature. The drama is the most interesting branch of Hindu literature. No other ancient people, except the Greeks, has brought forth anything so admirable in this department. It had its most flourishing period probably in the third or fourth century B.C. Its origin is attributed to Brahm, and its subjects are selected from the mythology. Whether the drama represents the legends of the gods, or the simple circumstances of ordinary life; whether it describes allegorical or historical subjects, it bears always the same character of its origin and of its tendency. Simplicity of plot, unity of episodes, and purity of language, unite in the formation of the Hindu dramas. Prose and verse, the serious and the comic, pantomime and music are intermingled in their representations. Only the principal characters, the gods, the Brahmins, and the kings, speak Sanskrit; women and the less important characters speak Prakrit, more or less refined according to their rank. Whatever may offend propriety, whatever may produce an unwholesome excitement, is excluded; for the hilarity of the audience, there is an occasional introduction on the stage of a parasite or a buffoon. The representation is usually opened by an apologue and always concluded with a prayer. Kalidasa, the Hindu Shakespeare, has been called by his countrymen the Bridegroom of Poetry. His language is harmonious and elevated, and in his compositions he unites grace and tenderness with grandeur and sublimity. Many of his dramas contain episodes selected from the epic poems, and are founded on the principles of Brahmanism. The "Messenger Cloud" of this author, a monologue rather than a drama, is unsurpassed in beauty of sentiment by any European poet. "Sakuntala," or the Fatal Ring, is considered one of the best dramas of Kalidasa. It has been translated into English by Sir W. Jones. Bhavabhuti, a Brahmin by birth, was called by his contemporaries the Sweet Speaking. He was the author of many dramas of distinguished merit, which rank next to those of Kalidasa.

6. HISTORY AND SCIENCE.--History, considered as the development of mankind in relation to its ideal, is unknown to Sanskrit literature. Indeed, the only historical work thus far discovered is the "History of Cashmere," a series of poetical compositions, written by different authors at different periods, the last of which brings down the annals to the sixteenth century A.D., when Cashmere became a province of the Mogul empire. In the scientific

department, the works on Sanskrit grammar and lexicography are models of logical and analytical research. There are also valuable works on jurisprudence, on rhetoric, poetry, music, and other arts. The Hindu system of decimal notation made its way through the Arabs to modern nations, our usual figures being, in their origin, letters of the Sanskrit alphabet. Their medical and surgical knowledge is deserving of study.

7. PHILOSOPHY.--The object of Hindu philosophy consists in obtaining emancipation from metempsychosis, through the absorption of the soul into Brahm, or the universal being. According to the different principles which philosophers adopt in attaining this supreme object, their doctrines are divided into the four following systems: 1st, Sensualism; 2d, Idealism; 3d, Mysticism; 4th, Eclecticism. Sensualism is represented in the school of Kapila, according to whose doctrine the purification of the soul must be effected through knowledge, the only source of which lies in sensual perception. In this system, nature, eternal and universal, is considered as the first cause, which produces intelligence and all the other principles of knowledge and existence. This philosophy of nature leads some of its followers to seek their purification in the sensual pleasures of this life, and in the loss of their own individuality in nature itself, in which they strive to be absorbed. Materialism, fatalism, and atheism are the natural consequences of the system of Kapila. Idealism is the foundation of three philosophical schools: the Dialectic, the Atomic, and the Vedanta. The Dialectic school considers the principles of knowledge as entirely distinct from nature; it admits the existence of universal ideas in the human mind; it establishes the syllogistic form as the complete method of reasoning, and finally, it holds as fundamental the duality of intelligence and nature. In this theory, the soul is considered as distinct from Brahm and also from the body. Man can approach Brahm, can unite himself to the universal soul, but can never lose his own individuality. The Atomic doctrine explains the origin of the world through the combination of eternal, simple atoms. It belongs to Idealism, for the predominance which it gives to ideas over sensation, and for the individuality and consciousness which it recognizes in man. The Vedanta is the true ideal pantheistic philosophy of India. It considers Brahm in two different states: first, as a pure, simple, abstract, and inert essence; secondly, as an active individuality. Nature in this system is only a special quality or quantity of Brahm, having no actual reality, and he who turns away from ail that is unreal and changeable and contemplates Brahm unceasingly, becomes one with it, and attains liberation. Mysticism comprehends all doctrines which deny authority to reason, and admit no other principles of knowledge or rule of life than supernatural or direct revelation. To this system belong the doctrines of Patanjali, which teach that man must emancipate himself from metempsychosis through contemplation and ecstasy to be attained by the calm of the senses, by corporeal penance, suspension of breath, and immobility of position. The followers of this school pass their lives in solitude, absorbed in this mystic contemplation. The forests, the deserts, and the environs of the temples are filled with these mystics, who, thus separated from external life, believe themselves the subjects of supernatural illumination and power. The Bhagavad-Gita, already spoken of, is the best exposition of this doctrine. The Eclectic school comprises all theories which deny the authority of the Vedas, and admit rational principles borrowed both from sensualism and idealism. Among these doctrines Buddhism is the principal.

8. BUDDHISM.--Buddhism is so called from Buddha, a name meaning deified teacher, which was given to Sakyamuni, or Saint Sakya, a reformer of Brahmanism, who introduced into the Hindu religion a more simple creed, and a milder and more humane code of morality. The date of the origin of this reform is uncertain. It is probably not earlier than the sixth century B.C. Buddhism, essentially a proselyting religion, spread over Central Asia and through the island of Ceylon. Its followers in India being persecuted and expelled from the country, penetrated into Thibet, and pushing forward into the wilderness of the Kalmucks and Mongols, entered China and Japan, where they introduced their warship under the name of the religion of Fo. Buddhism is more extensively diffused than any other form of religion in the world. Though it has never extended beyond the limits of Asia, its followers number over four hundred millions. As a philosophical school, Buddhism partakes both of sensualism and idealism; it admits sensual perception as the source of knowledge, but it grants to nature only an apparent existence. On this universal illusion, Buddhism founded a gigantic system of cosmogony, establishing an infinity of degrees in the scale of existences from that of pure being without form or quality to the lowest emanations. According to Buddha, the object of philosophy, as well as of religion, is the deliverance of the soul from metempsychosis, and therefore from all pain and illusion. He teaches that to break the endless rotation of transmigration the soul must be prevented from being born again, by purifying it even from the desire of existence. He denied the authority of the Vedas, and abolished or ignored the division of the people into castes, admitting whoever desired it to the priesthood. Notwithstanding the doctrine of metempsychosis, and the belief that life is only an endless round of birth and death, sin and suffering, the most sacred Buddhistic books teach a pure and elevated morality, and that the highest happiness is only to be reached through self-abnegation, universal benevolence, humility, patience, courage, self-knowledge, and contemplation. Much has been added to the original doctrines of Buddha in the way of mythology,

sacrifices, penances, mysticism, and hierarchy. Buddhism possesses a literature of its own; its language and style are simple and intelligible to the common people, to whom it is particularly addressed. For this reason the priests of this religion prefer to write in the dialects used by the people, and indeed some of their principal works are written in Prakrit or in Pali. Among these are many legends, and chronicles, and books on theology and jurisprudence. The literary men of Buddhism are generally the priests, who receive different names in different countries. A complete collection of the sacred books of Buddhism forms a theological body of one hundred and eight volumes.

9. MORAL PHILOSOPHY.--The moral philosophy of India is contained in the Sacred Book of Manavadharmasastra, or Code of Manu. This embraces a poetical account of Brahma and other gods, of the origin of the world and man, and of the duties arising from the relation of man towards Brahma and towards his fellow-men. Whether regarded for its great antiquity and classic beauty, or for its importance as being considered of divine revelation by the Hindu people, this Code must ever claim the attention of those who devote themselves to the study of the Sanskrit literature. Though inferior to the Vedas in antiquity, it is held to be equally sacred; and being more closely connected with the business of life, it has done so much towards moulding the opinions of the Hindus that it would be impossible to comprehend the literature or local usages of India without being master of its contents. It is believed by the Hindus that Brahma taught his laws to Manu in one hundred thousand verses, and that they were afterwards abridged for the use of mankind to four thousand. It is most probable that the work attributed to Manu is a collection made from various sources and at different periods. Among the duties prescribed by the laws of Manu man is enjoined to exert a full dominion over his senses, to study sacred science, to keep his heart pure, without which sacrifices are useless, to speak only when necessity requires, and to despise worldly honors. His principal duties toward his neighbor are to honor old age, to respect parents, the mother more than a thousand fathers, and the Brahmins more than father or mother, to injure no one, even in wish. Woman is taught that she cannot aspire to freedom, a girl is to depend on her father, a wife on her husband, and a widow on her son. The law forbids her to marry a second time. The Code of Manu is divided into twelve books or chapters, in which are treated separately the subjects of creation, education, marriage, domestic economy, the art of living, penal and civil laws, of punishments and atonements, of transmigration, and of the final blessed state. These ordinances or institutes contain much to be admired and much to be condemned. They form a system of despotism and priestcraft, both limited by law, but artfully conspiring to give mutual support, though with mutual checks. A spirit of sublime elevation and amiable benevolence pervades the whole work, sufficient to prove the author to have adored not the visible sun, but the incomparably greater light, according to the Vedas, which illuminates all, delights all, from which all proceed, to which all must return, and which alone can irradiate our souls.

10. MODERN LITERATURES OF INDIA.--The literature of the modern tongues of the Hindus consists chiefly of imitations and translations from the Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic, and from European languages. There is, however, an original epic poem, written in Hindi by Tshand, under the title of the "Adventures of Prithivi Raja," which is second only to the great Sanskrit poems. This work, which relates to the twelfth century A.D., describes the struggle of the Hindus against their Mohammedan conquerors. The poem of "Ramayana," by Tulsi-Das, and that of the "Ocean of Love," are extremely popular in India. The modern dialects contain many religious and national songs of exquisite beauty and delicacy. Among the poets of India, who have written in these dialects, Sauday, Mir-Mohammed Taqui, Wali, and Azad are the principal. The Hindi, which dates from the eleventh century A.D., is one of the languages of Aryan stock still spoken in Northern India. One of its principal dialects is the Hindustani, which is employed in the literature of the northern country. Its two divisions are the Hindi and Urdu, which represent the popular side of the national culture, and are almost exclusively used at the present day; the first chiefly by writers not belonging to the Brahminical order, while those of the Urdu dialect follow Persian models. The writings in each, though numerous, and not without pretension, have little interest for the European reader.

11. EDUCATION IN INDIA.--For the education of the Brahmins and of the higher classes, there was founded, in 1792, a Sanskrit College at Benares, the Hindu capital. The course of instruction embraces Persian, English, and Hindu law, and general literature. In 1854 universities were established at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. Of late public instruction has become a department of the government, and schools and colleges for higher instruction have been established in various parts of the country, and books and newspapers in English and in the vernacular are everywhere increasing. As far back as 1824 the American and English missionaries were the pioneers of female education. The recent report of the Indian Commission of Education deals particularly with this question, and attributes the wide difference between the extent of male and female acquirements to no inferiority in the mental capacities of women; on the contrary, they find their intellectual activity very keen, and often outlasting the mental energies of men. According to the traditions of pre-historic times, women occupied a high place in the early

civilization of India, and their capacity to govern is shown by the fact, that at the present day one of the best administered States has been ruled by native ladies during two generations, and that the most ably managed of the great landed properties are entirely in the hands of women. The chief causes which retard their education are to be found in the social customs of the country, the seclusion in which women live, the appropriation of the educational fund to the schools for boys, and the need of trained teachers. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the first Asiatic writer in the languages of the West who has made a literary fame in Europe is a young Hindu girl, Tora Dutt (1856-1877), whose writings in prose and verse in English, as well as in French, have called forth admiration and astonishment from the critics, and a sincere lament for her early death.

12. THE BRAMO-SOMAJ.--In 1830, under this name (Worshiping Assembly), Rammohun Roy founded a religious society in India, of which, after him, Keshub Chunder Sen (died 1884) was the most eminent member. Their aim is to establish a new religion for India and the world, founded on a belief in one God, which shall be freed from all the errors and corruptions of the past. They propose many important reforms, such as the abolition of caste, the remodeling of marriage customs, the emancipation and education of women, the abolition of infanticide and the worship of ancestors, and a general moral regeneration. Their chief aid to spiritual growth may be summed up in four words, self-culture, meditation, personal purity, and universal beneficence. Their influence has been already felt in the legislative affairs of India.

BABYLONIAN AND ASSYRIAN LITERATURE

1. The Accadians and Babylonians.--2. The Cuneiform Letters.--3. Babylonian and Assyrian Remains.

1. ACCADIANS AND BABYLONIANS.--Geographically, as well as historically and ethnographically, the district lying between the Tigris and Euphrates forms but one country, though the rival kingdoms of Assyria and Babylonia became, each in turn, superior to the other. The primitive inhabitants of this district were called Accadians, or Chaldeans, but little or nothing was known of them until within the last fifteen or twenty years. Their language was agglutinative, and they were the inventors of the cuneiform system of writing. The Babylonians conquered this people, borrowed their signs, and incorporated their literature. Soon after their conquest by the Babylonians, they established priestly caste in the state and assumed the worship, laws, and manners of their conquerors. They were devoted to the science of the stars, and determined the equinoctial and solstitial points, divided the ecliptic into twelve parts and the day into hours. The signs, names, and figures of the Zodiac, and the invention of the dial are some of the improvements in astronomy attributed to this people. With the decline of Babylon their influence declined, and they were afterwards known to the Greeks and Romans only as astrologers, magicians, and soothsayers.

2. THE CUNEIFORM LETTERS.--These characters, borrowed by the Semitic conquerors of the Accadians, the Babylonians, and Assyrians, were originally hieroglyphics, each denoting an object or an idea, but they were gradually corrupted into the forms we see on Assyrian monuments. They underwent many changes, and the various periods are distinguished as Archaic, hieratic, Assyrian, and later Babylonian.

3. BABYLONIAN AND ASSYRIAN REMAINS.--The origin and history of this civilization have only been made known to us by the very recent decipherment of native monuments. Before these discoveries the principal source of information was found in the writings of Borosus, a priest of Babylon, who lived about 300 B.C., and who translated the records of astronomy into Greek. Though his works have perished, we have quotations from them in Eusebius and other writers, which have been strikingly verified by the inscriptions. The chief work on astronomy, compiled for Sargon, one of the earliest Babylonian monarchs, is inscribed on seventy tablets, a copy of which is in the British Museum. The Babylonians understood the movements of the heavenly bodies, and Calisthenes, who accompanied Alexander on his eastern expedition, brought with him on his return the observations of 1903 years. The main purpose of all Babylonian astronomical observation, however, was astrological, to cast horoscopes, or to predict the weather. Babylon retained for a long time its ancient splendor after the conquest by Cyrus and the final fall of the empire, and in the first period of the Macedonian sway. But soon after that time its fame was extinguished, and its monuments, arts, and sciences perished. Assyria was a land of soldiers and possessed little native literature. The more peaceful pursuits had their home in Babylonia, where the universities of Erech and Borsippa were renowned down to classical times. The larger part of this literature was stamped in clay tablets and baked, and these were

numbered and arranged in order. Papyrus was also used, but none of this fragile material has been preserved. In the reign of Sardanapalus (660-647 B.C.) Assyrian art and literature reached their highest point. In the ruins of his palace have been found three chambers the floors of which were covered a foot deep with tablets of all sizes, from an inch to nine inches long, bearing inscriptions many of them so minute as to be read only by the aid of a magnifying glass. Though broken they have been partially restored and are among the most precious cuneiform inscriptions. They have only been deciphered within the present century, and thousands of inscriptions are yet buried among the ruins of Assyria. The most interesting of these remains yet discovered are the hymns to the gods, some of which strikingly resemble the Hebrew Psalms. Of older date is the collection of formulas which consists of omens and hymns and tablets relating to astronomy. Later than the hymns are the mythological poems, two of which are preserved intact. They are "The Deluge" and "The Descent of Istar into Hades." They form part of a very remarkable epic which centred round the adventures of a solar hero, and into which older and independent lays were woven as episodes. Copies are preserved in the British Museum. The literature on the subject of these remains is very extensive and rapidly increasing.

PHOENICIAN LITERATURE.

The Language.--The Remains.

The Phoenician language bore a strong affinity to the Hebrew, through which alone the inscriptions on coins and monuments can be interpreted, and these constitute the entire literary remains, though the Phoenicians had doubtless their archives and written laws. The inscriptions engraved on stone or metal are found chiefly in places once colonies, remote from Phoenicia itself. The Phoenician alphabet forms the basis of the Semitic and Indo-European graphic systems, and was itself doubtless based on the

Egyptian hieratic writing. Sanchuniathon is the name given as that of the author of a history of Phoenicia which was translated into Greek and published by Philo, a grammarian of the second century A.D. A considerable fragment of this work is preserved in Eusebius, but after much learned controversy it is now believed that it was the work of Philo himself.

SYRIAC LITERATURE.

The Language.--Influence of the Literature In the Eighth and Ninth Century.

THE LANGUAGE.--The Aramaic language, early spoken in Syria and Mesopotamia, is a branch of the Semitic, and of this tongue the Chaldaic and Syriac were dialects. Chaldaic is supposed to be the language of Babylonia at the time of the captivity, and the earliest remains are a part of the Books of Daniel and Ezra, and the paraphrases or free translations of the Old Testament. The Hebrews having learned this language during the Babylonian exile, it continued in use for some time after their return, though the Hebrew remained the written and sacred tongue. Gradually, however, it lost this prerogative, and in the second century A.D. the Chaldaic was the only spoken language of Palestine. It is still used by the Nestorians and Maronites in their religious services and in their literary works. The spoken language of Syria has undergone many changes corresponding to the political changes of the country. The most prominent Syriac author is St. Ephraem, or Ephraem Syrus (350 A.D.), with whom begins the best period of Syriac literature, which continued until the ninth century. A great part of this literature has been lost, and what remains is only partially accessible. Its principal work was in the eighth and ninth centuries in introducing classical learning to the knowledge of the Arabs. In the seventh century, Jacob of Edessa gave the classical and sacred dialect its final form, and from this time the series of native grammarians and lexicographers continued unbroken to the time of its decline. The study of Syriac was introduced into Europe in the fifteenth century. Valuable collections of MSS., in this language, are to be found in the British Museum, and grammars and dictionaries have been published in Germany and in New York.

PERSIAN LITERATURE.

1. The Persian language and its Divisions.--2. Zendic Literature; The Zendavesta.--3. Pehlvi and Parsee Literatures.--4. The Ancient Religion of Persia; Zoroaster.--5. Modern Literature.--6. The Sufis.--7. Persian Poetry.--8. Persian Poets; Ferdusi; Essedi of Tus; Togray, etc.--9. History and Philosophy.--10. Education in Persia.

1. THE PERSIAN LANGUAGE AND ITS DIVISIONS.--The Persian language and its varieties, as far as they are known, belong to the great Indo-European family, and this common origin explains the affinities that exist between them and those of the ancient and modern languages of Europe. During successive ages, four idioms have prevailed in Persia, and Persian literature may be divided into four corresponding periods.

First. The period of the Zend (living), the most ancient of the Persian languages; it was from a remote, unknown age spoken in Media, Bactria, and in the northern part of Persia. This language partakes of the character both of the Sanskrit and of the Chaldaic. It is written from right to left, and it possesses, in its grammatical construction and its radical words, many elements in common with the Sanskrit and the German languages.

Second. The period of the Pehlvi, or language of heroes, anciently spoken in the western part of the country. Its alphabet is closely allied with the Zendic, to which it bears a great resemblance. It attained a high degree of perfection under the Parthian kings, 246 B.C. to 229 A.D.

Third. The period of the Parsee or the dialect of the southwestern part of the country. It reached its perfection under the dynasty of the Sassanides, 229-636 A.D. It has great analogy with the Zend, Pehlvi, and Sanskrit, and is endowed with peculiar grace and sweetness.

Fourth. The period of the modern Persian. After the conquest of Persia, and the introduction of the Mohammedan faith in the seventh century A.D., the ancient Parsee language became greatly modified by the Arabic. It adopted its alphabet, adding to it, however, four letters and three points, and borrowed from it not only words but whole phrases, and thus from the union of the Parsee and the Arabic was formed the modern Persian. Of its various dialects, the Deri is the language of the court and of literature.

2. ZENDIC LITERATURE.--To the first period belong the ancient sacred books of Persia, collected under the name of _Zendavesta_ (living word), which contain the doctrines of Zoroaster, the prophet and lawgiver of ancient Persia. The Zendavesta is divided into two parts, one written in Zend, the other in Pehlvi; it contains traditions relating to the primitive condition and colonization of Persia, moral precepts, theological dogmas, prayers, and astronomical observations. The collection originally consisted of twenty-one chapters or treatises, of which only three have been preserved. Besides the Zendavesta there are two other sacred books, one containing prayers and hymns, and the other prayers to the Genii who preside over the days of the month. To this first period some writers refer the fables of Lokman, who is supposed to have lived in the tenth century B.C., and to have been a slave of Ethiopic origin; his apologues have been considered the model on which Greek fable was constructed. The work of Lokman, however, existing now only in the Arabic language, is believed by other writers to be of Arabic origin. It has been translated into the European languages, and is still read in the Persian schools. Among the Zendic books preserved in Arabic translations may also be mentioned the "Giavidan Kird," or the Eternal Reason, the work of Hushang, an ancient priest of Persia, a book full of beautiful and sublime maxims.

3. PEHLVI AND PARSEE LITERATURES.--The second period of Persian literature includes all the books written in Pehlvi, and especially all the translations and paraphrases of the works of the first period. There are also in this language a manual of the religion of Zoroaster, dictionaries of Pehlvi explained by the Parsee, inscriptions, and legends. When the seat of the Persian empire was transferred to the southern states under the Sassanides, the Pehlvi gave way to the Parsee, which became the prevailing language of Persia in the third period of its literature. The sacred books were translated into this tongue, in which many records, annals, and treatises on astronomy and medicine were also written. But all these monuments of Persian literature were destroyed by the conquest of Alexander the Great, and by the fury of the Mongols and Arabs. This language, however, has been immortalized by Ferdusi, whose poems contain little of that admixture of Arabic which characterizes the writings of the modern poets of Persia.

4. THE ANCIENT RELIGION OF PERSIA.--The ancient literature of Persia is mainly the exposition of its religion. Persia, Media, and Bactria acknowledged as their first religious prophet Honover, or Hom, symbolized in the star Sirius, and himself the symbol of the first eternal word, and of the tree of knowledge. In the numberless astronomical and mystic personifications under which Hom was represented, his individuality was lost, and little is known of his history or of his doctrines. It appears, however, that he was the founder of the magi (priests), the conservators and teachers of his doctrine, who formed a particular order, like that of the Levites of Israel and of the Chaldeans of Assyria. They did not constitute a hereditary caste like the Brahmins of India, but they were chosen from among the people. They claimed to foretell future events. They worshiped fire and the stars, and believed in two principles of good and evil, of which light and darkness were the symbols. Zoroaster, one of these magi, who probably lived in the eighth century B.C., undertook to elevate and reform this religion, which had then fallen from its primitive purity. Availing himself of the doctrines of the Chaldeans and of the Hebrews, Zoroaster, endowed by nature with extraordinary powers, sustained by popular enthusiasm, and aided by the favor of powerful princes, extended his reform throughout the country, and founded a new religion on the ancient worship. According to this religion the two great principles of the world were represented by Ormuzd and Ahriman, both born from eternity, and both contending for the dominion of the world. Ormuzd, the principle of good, is represented by light, and Ahriman, the principle of evil, by darkness. Light, then, being the body or symbol of Ormuzd, is worshiped in the sun and stars, in fire, and wherever it is found. Men are either the servants of Ormuzd, through virtue and wisdom, or the slaves of Ahriman, through folly and vice. Zoroaster explained the history of the world as the long contest of these two principles, which was to close with the conquest of Ormuzd over Ahriman. The moral code of Zoroaster is pure and elevated. It aims to assimilate the character of man to light, to dissipate the darkness of ignorance; it acknowledges Ormuzd as the ruler of the universe; it seeks to extend the triumph of virtue over the material and spiritual world. The religion of Zoroaster prevailed for many centuries in Persia. The Greeks adopted some of its ideas into their philosophy, and through the schools of the Gnostics and Neo-Platonists, its influence extended over Europe. After the conquest of Persia by the Mohammedans, the Fire-worshippers were driven to the deserts of Kerman, or took refuge in India, where, under the name of Parsees or Guebers, they still keep alive the sacred fire, and preserve the code of Zoroaster.

5. MODERN LITERATURE.--Some traces of the modern literature of Persia appeared shortly after the conquest of the country by the Arabians in the seventh century A.D.; but the true era dates from the ninth or tenth century. It may be divided into the departments of Poetry, History, and Philosophy.

6. THE SUFIS.--After the introduction of Mohammedanism into Persia, there arose a sect of pantheistic mystics called Sufis, to which most of the Persian poets belong. They teach their doctrine under the images of love, wine, intoxication, etc., by which, with them, a divine sentiment is always understood. The doctrines of the Sufis are undoubtedly of Hindu origin. Their fundamental tenets are, that nothing exists absolutely but God; that the human soul is an emanation from his essence and will finally be restored to him; that the great object of life should be a constant approach to the eternal spirit, to form as perfect a union with the divine nature as possible. Hence all worldly attachments should be avoided, and in all that we do a spiritual object should be kept in view. The great end with these philosophers is to attain to a state of perfection in spirituality and to be absorbed in holy contemplation, to the exclusion of all worldly recollections or interests.

7. PERSIAN POETRY.--The Persian tongue is peculiarly adapted to the purposes of poetry, which in that language is rich in forcible expressions, in bold metaphors, in ardent sentiments, and in descriptions animated with the most lively coloring. In poetical composition there is much art exercised by the Persian poets, and the arrangement of their language is a work of great care. One favorite measure which frequently ends a poem is called the Suja, literally the _cooing of doves_. The poetical compositions of the Persians are of several kinds; the gazel or ode usually treats of love, beauty, or friendship. The poet generally introduces his name in the last couplet. The idyl resembles the gazel, except that it is longer. Poetry enters as a universal element into all compositions; physics, mathematics, medicine, ethics, natural history, astronomy, grammar--all lend themselves to verse in Persia. The works of favorite poets are generally written on fine, silky paper, the ground of which is often powdered with gold or silver dust, the margins illuminated, and the whole perfumed with some costly essence. The magnificent volume containing the poem of Tussuf and Zuleika in the public library at Oxford affords a proof of the honors accorded to poetical composition. One of the finest specimens of calligraphy and illumination is the exordium to the life of Shah Jehan, for which the writer, besides the stipulated remuneration, had _his mouth stuffed with pearls_. There are three principal love stories in Persia which, from the earliest times, have been the themes of every poet. Scarcely one of the great masters of Persian literature but has adopted and added celebrity to these beautiful and interesting legends,

which can never be too often repeated to an Oriental ear. They are, the "History of Khosru and Shireen," the "Loves of Yussuf and Zuleika," and the "Misfortunes of Mejnoun and Leila." So powerful is the charm attached to these stories, that it appears to have been considered almost the imperative duty of all the poets to compose a new version of the old, familiar, and beloved traditions. Even down to a modern date, the Persians have not deserted their favorites, and these celebrated themes of verse reappear, from time to time, under new auspices. Each of these poems is expressive of a peculiar character. That of Khosru and Shireen may be considered exclusively the Persian romance; that of Mejnoun the Arabian; and that of Yussuf and Zuleika the sacred. The first presents a picture of happy love and female excellence in Shireen; Mejnoun is a representation of unfortunate love carried to madness; the third romance contains the ideal of perfection in Yussuf (Joseph) and the most passionate and imprudent love in Zuleika (the wife of Potiphar), and exhibits in strong relief the power of love and beauty, the mastery of mind, the weakness of overwhelming passion, and the victorious spirit of holiness.

8. PERSIAN POETS.--The first of Persian poets, the Homer of his country, is Abul Kasim Mansur, called Ferdusi or "Paradise," from the exquisite beauty of his compositions. He flourished in the reign of the Shah Mahmud (940-1020 A.D.). Mahmud commissioned him to write in his faultless verse a history of the monarchs of Persia, promising that for every thousand couplets he should receive a thousand pieces of gold. For thirty years he studied and labored on his epic poem, "the Shah Namah," or Book of Kings, and when it was completed he sent a copy of it, exquisitely written, to the sultan, who received it coldly, and treated the work of the aged poet with contempt. Disappointed at the ingratitude of the Shah, Ferdusi wrote some satirical lines, which soon reached the ear of Mahmud, who, piqued and offended at the freedom of the poet, ordered sixty thousand small pieces of money to be sent to him, instead of the gold which he had promised. Ferdusi was in the public bath when the money was given to him, and his rage and amazement exceeded all bounds when he found himself thus insulted. He distributed the paltry sum among the attendants of the bath and the slaves who brought it. He soon after avenged himself by writing a satire full of stinging invective, which he caused to be transmitted to the favorite vizier who had instigated the sultan against him. It was carefully sealed up, with directions that it should be read to Mahmud on some occasion when his mind was perturbed with affairs of state, and his temper ruffled, as it was a poem likely to afford him entertainment. Ferdusi having thus prepared his vengeance, quitted the ungrateful court without leave-taking, and was at a safe distance when news reached him that his lines had fully answered their intended purpose. Mahmud had heard and trembled, and too late discovered that he had ruined his own reputation forever. After the satire had been read by Shah Mahmud, the poet sought shelter in the court of the caliph of Bagdad, in whose honor he added a thousand couplets to the poem of the Shah Namah, and who rewarded him with the sixty thousand gold pieces, which had been withheld by Mahmud. Meantime, Ferdusi's poem of Yussuf, and his magnificent verses on several subjects, had received the fame they deserved. Shah Mahmud's late remorse awoke. Thinking by a tardy act of liberality to repair his former meanness, he dispatched to the author of the Shah Namah the sixty thousand pieces he had promised, a robe of state, and many apologies and expressions of friendship and admiration, requesting his return, and professing great sorrow for the past. But when the message arrived, Ferdusi was dead, and his family devoted the whole sum to the benevolent purpose he had intended,--the erection of public buildings, and the general improvement of his native village, Tus. He died at the age of eighty. The Shah Namah contains the history of the kings of Persia down to the death of the last of the Sassanide race, who was deprived of his kingdom by the invasion of the Arabs during the caliphate of Omar, 636 A.D. The language of Ferdusi may be considered as the purest specimen of the ancient Parsee: Arabic words are seldom introduced. There are many episodes in the Shah Namah of great beauty, and the power and elegance of its verse are unrivaled. Essedi of Tus is distinguished as having been the master of Ferdusi, and as having aided his illustrious pupil in the completion of his great work. Among many poems which he wrote, the "Dispute between Day and Night" is the most celebrated. Togray was a native of Ispahan and contemporary with Ferdusi. He became so celebrated as a writer, that the title of Honor of Writers was given him. He was an alchemist, and wrote a treatise on the philosopher's stone. Moasi, called King of Poets, lived about the middle of the eleventh century. He obtained his title at the court of Ispahan, and rose to high dignity and honor. So renowned were his odes, that more than a hundred poets endeavored to imitate his style. Omar Kheyam, who was one of the most distinguished of the poets of Persia, lived toward the close of the eleventh century. He was remarkable for the freedom of his religious opinions and the boldness with which he denounced hypocrisy and intolerance. He particularly directed his satire against the mystic poets. Nizami, the first of the romantic poets, flourished in the latter part of the twelfth century A.D. His principal works are called the "Five Treasures," of which the "Loves of Khosru and Shireen" is the most celebrated, and in the treatment of which he has succeeded beyond all other poets. Sadi (1194-1282) is esteemed among the Persians as a master in poetry and in morality. He is better known in Europe than any other Eastern author, except Hafiz, and has been more frequently translated. Jami calls him the nightingale of the groves of Shiraz, of which city he was a native. He spent a part of his long life in travel

and in the acquisition of knowledge, and the remainder in retirement and devotion. His works are termed the salt-mine of poets, being revered as unrivaled models of the first genius in the world. His philosophy enabled him to support all the ills of life with patience and fortitude, and one of his remarks, arising from the destitute condition in which he once found himself, deserves preservation: "I never complained of my condition but once, when my feet were bare, and I had not money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot." The works of Sadi are very numerous, and are popular and familiar everywhere in the East. His two greatest works are the "Bostan" and "Gulistan" (Bostan, the rose garden, and Gulistan, the fruit garden). They abound in striking beauties, and show great knowledge of human nature. Attar (1119-1233) was one of the great Sufi masters, and spent his life in devotion and contemplation. He died at the advanced age of 114. It would seem that poetry in the East was favorable to human life, so many of its professors attained to a great age, particularly those who professed the Sufi doctrine. The great work of Attar is a poem containing useful moral maxims. Rumi (1203-1272), usually called the Mulah, was an enthusiastic follower of the doctrine of the Sufis. His son succeeded him at the head of the sect, and surpassed his father not only in the virtues and attainments of the Sufis, but by his splendid poetical genius. His poems are regarded as the most perfect models of the mystic style. Sir William Jones says, "There is a depth and solemnity in his works unequaled by any poet of this class; even Hafiz must be considered inferior to him." Among the poets of Persia the name of Hafiz (d. 1389), the prince of Persian lyric poets, is most familiar to the English reader. He was born at Shiraz. Leading a life of poverty, of which he was proud, for he considered poverty the companion of genius, he constantly refused the invitation, of monarchs to visit their courts. There is endless variety in the poems of Hafiz, and they are replete with surpassing beauty of thought, feeling, and expression. The grace, ease, and fancy of his numbers are inimitable, and there is a magic in his lays which few even of his professed enemies have been able to resist. To the young, the gay, and the enthusiastic his verses are ever welcome, and the sage discovers in them a hidden mystery which reconciles him to their subjects. His tomb, near Shiraz, is visited as a sacred spot by pilgrims of all ages. The place of his birth is held in veneration, and there is not a Persian whose heart does not echo his strains. Jami (d. 1492) was born in Khorassan, in the village of Jam, from whence he is named,--his proper appellation being Abd Arahman. He was a Sufi, and preferred, like many of his fellow-poets, the meditations and ecstasies of mysticism to the pleasures of a court. His writings are very voluminous; he composed nearly forty volumes, all of great length, of which twenty-two are preserved at Oxford. The greater part of them treat of Mohammedan theology, and are written in the mystic style. He collected the most interesting under the name of the "Seven Stars of the Bear," or the "Seven Brothers," and among these is the famous poem of Yussuf and Zuleika. This favorite subject, which every Persian poet has touched with more or less success, has never been so beautifully rendered as by Jami. Nothing can exceed the admiration which this poem inspires in the East. Hatifi (d. 1520) was the nephew of the great poet Jami. It was his ambition to enter the lists with his uncle, by composing poems on similar subjects. Opinions are divided as to whether he succeeded as well as his master, but none can exceed him in sweetness and pathos. His version of the sad tale of Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East, is confessedly superior to that of Nizami. The lyrical compositions of Sheik Feizi (d. 1575) are highly valued. In his mystic poems he approaches to the sublimity of Attar. His ideas are tinged with the belief of the Hindus, in which he was educated. When a boy he was introduced to the Brahmins by the Sultan Mohammed Akbar, as an orphan of their tribe, in order that he might learn their language and obtain possession of their religious secrets. He became attached to the daughter of the Brahmin who protected him, and she was offered to him--in marriage by the unsuspecting parent. After a struggle between inclination and honor, the latter prevailed, and he confessed the fraud. The Brahmin, struck with horror, attempted to put an end to his own existence, fearing that he had betrayed his oath and brought danger and disgrace on his sect. Feizi, with tears--and protestations, besought him to forbear, promising to submit to any command he might impose on him. The Brahmin consented to live, on condition that Feizi should take an oath never to translate the Vedas nor to repeat to any one the creed of the Hindus. Feizi entered into the desired obligations, parted with his adopted father, bade adieu to his love, and with a sinking heart returned home. Among his works the most important is the "Mahabarit," which contains the chronicles of the Hindu princes, and abounds in romantic episodes. The most celebrated recent Persian poet is Blab Phelair (1729-1825). He left many astronomical, moral, political, and literary works. He is called the Persian Voltaire. Among the collections of novels and fables, the "Lights of Canope" may be mentioned, imitated from the Hitopadesa. Persian literature is also enriched by translations of the standard works in Sanskrit, among which are the epic poems of Valmiki and Vyasa.

9. HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY.--Among the most celebrated of the Persian historians is Mirkhond, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century. His great work on universal history contains an account of the origin of the world, the life of the patriarchs, prophets, and philosophers of Persia, and affords valuable materials, especially for the history of the Middle Ages. His son, Khondemir, distinguished himself in the same branch of literature, and wrote two works which, for their historical correctness and elegance of style, are in great favor among the Persians.

Ferishta, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century, is the author of a valuable history of India. Mirgholah, a historian of the eighteenth century, gives a contemporary history of Hindustan and of his own country, under the title of "A Glance at Recent Affairs," and in another work he treats of the causes which, at some future time, will probably lead to the fall of the British power in India. The "History of the Reigning Dynasty" is among the principal modern historical works of Persia. The Persians possess numerous works on rhetoric, geography, medicine, mathematics, and astronomy, few of which are entitled to much consideration. In philosophy may be mentioned the "Essence of Logic," an exposition in the Arabic language of the doctrines of Aristotle on logic; and the "Moral System of Nasir," published in the thirteenth century A.D., a valuable treatise on morals, economy, and politics.

10. EDUCATION IN PERSIA.--There are established, in every town and city, schools in which the poorer children can be instructed in the rudiments of the Persian and Arabic languages. The pupil, after he has learned the alphabet, reads the Koran in Arabic; next, fables in Persian; and lastly is taught to write a beautiful hand, which is considered a great accomplishment. The Persians are fond of poetry, and the lowest artisans can read or repeat the finest passages of their most admired poets. For the education of the higher classes there are in Persia many colleges and universities where the pupils are taught grammar, the Turkish and Arabic languages, rhetoric, philosophy, and poetry. The literary men are numerous; they pursue their studies till they are entitled to the honors of the colleges; afterwards they devote themselves to copying and illuminating manuscripts. Of late many celebrated European works have been translated and published in Persia.

HEBREW LITERATURE.

1. Hebrew Literature; its Divisions.--2. The Language; its Alphabet; its Structure; Peculiarities, Formation, and Phases.--3. The Old Testament.-- 4. Hebrew Education.--5. Fundamental Idea of Hebrew Literature.--6. Hebrew Poetry.--7. Lyric Poetry; Songs; the Psalms; the Prophets.--8. Pastoral Poetry and Didactic Poetry; the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes.--9. Epic and Dramatic Poetry; the Book of Job.--10. Hebrew History; the Pentateuch and other Historical Books.--11. Hebrew Philosophy.--12. Restoration of the Sacred Books.--13. Manuscripts and Translations.--14. Rabbinical Literature.--15. The New Revision of the Bible, and the New Biblical Manuscript.

1. HEBREW LITERATURE.--In the Hebrew literature we find expressed the national character of that ancient people who, for a period of four thousand years, through captivity, dispersion, and persecution of every kind, present the wonderful spectacle of a race preserving its nationality, its peculiarities of worship, of doctrine, and of literature. Its history reaches back to an early period of the world, its code of laws has been studied and imitated by the legislators of all ages and countries, and its literary monuments surpass in originality, poetic strength, and religious importance those of any other nation before the Christian era. The literature of the Hebrews may be divided into the four following periods:-- The first, extending from remote antiquity to the time of David, 1010 B.C., includes all the records of patriarchal civilization transmitted by tradition previous to the age of Moses, and contained in the Pentateuch or five books attributed to him after he had delivered the people from the bondage of Egypt. The second period extends from the time of David to the death of Solomon, 1010-940 B.C., and to this are referred some of the Psalms, Joshua, the Judges, and the Chronicles. The third period extends from the death of Solomon to the return from the Babylonian captivity, 940-532 B.C., and to this age belong the writings of most of the Prophets, The Song of Solomon, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the books of Samuel, of Kings, and of Ruth. The fourth period extends from their return from the Babylonian Captivity to the present time, and to this belong some of the Prophets, the Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, the final completion of the Psalms, the Septuagint translation of the Bible, the writings of Josephus, of Philo of Alexandria, and the rabbinical literature.

2. THE LANGUAGE.--The Hebrew language is of Semitic origin; its alphabet consists of twenty-two letters. The number of accents is nearly forty, some of which distinguish the sentences like the punctuation of our language, and others serve to determine the number of syllables, or to mark the tone with which they are to be sung or spoken. The Hebrew character is of two kinds, the ancient or square, and the modern or rabbinical. In the first of these the Scriptures were originally written. The last is deprived of most of its angles, and is more easy and flowing. The Hebrew words as well as letters are written from right to left in common with, the Semitic tongues generally, and the language is regular, particularly in its conjugations. Indeed, it has but one conjugation, but with seven or eight variations, having the effect of as many different conjugations, and giving great variety of expression. The

predominance of these modifications over the noun, the idea of time contained in the roots of almost all its verbs, so expressive and so picturesque, and even the scarcity of its prepositions, adjectives, and adverbs, make this language in its organic structure breathe life, vigor, and emotion. If it lacks the flowery and luxuriant elements of the other oriental idioms, no one of these can be compared with the Hebrew tongue for the richness of its figures and imagery, for its depth, and for its majestic and imposing features. In the formation, development, and decay of this language, the following periods may be distinguished:-- First. From Abraham to Moses, when the old stock was changed by the infusion of the Egyptian and Arabic. Abraham, residing in Chaldea, spoke the Chaldaic language, then traveling through Egypt, and establishing himself in Canaan or Palestine, his language mingled its elements with the tongues spoken by those nations, and perhaps also with that of the Phoenicians, who early established commercial intercourse with him and his descendants. It is probable that the Hebrew language sprung from the mixture of these elements. Second. From Moses and the composition of the Pentateuch to Solomon, when it attained its perfection, not without being influenced by the Phoenician. This is the Golden Age of the Hebrew language. Third. From Solomon to Ezra, when, although increasing in beauty and sweetness, it became less pure by the adoption of foreign ideas and idioms. Fourth. From Ezra to the end of the reign of the Maccabees, when it was gradually lost in the Aramaean or Chaldaic tongue, and became a dead language. The Jews of the Middle Ages, incited by the learning of the Arabs in Spain, among whom they received the protection denied them by Christian nations, endeavored to restore their language to something of its original purity, and to render the Biblical Hebrew again a written language; but the Chaldaic idioms had taken too deep root to be eradicated, and besides, the ancient language was found insufficient for the necessities of an advancing civilization. Hence arose a new form of written Hebrew, called rabbinical from its origin and use among the rabbins. It borrowed largely from many contemporary languages, and though it became richer and more regular in its structure, it retained little of the strength and purity of the ancient Hebrew.

3. THE OLD TESTAMENT.--The literary productions of the Hebrews are collected in the sacred books of the Old Testament, in which, according to the celebrated orientalist, Sir William Jones, we can find more eloquence, more historical and moral truth, more poetry,--in a word, more beauties than we could gather from all other books together, of whatever country or language. Aside from its supernatural claims, this book stands alone among the literary monuments of other nations, for the sublimity of its doctrine, as well as for the simplicity of its style. It is the book of all centuries, countries, and conditions, and affords the best solution of the most mysterious problems concerning God and the world. It cultivates the taste, it elevates the mind, it nurses the soul with the word of life, and it has inspired the best productions of human genius.

4. HEBREW EDUCATION.--Religion, morals, legislation, history, poetry, and music were the special objects to which the attention of the Levites and Prophets was particularly directed. The general education of the people, however, was rather simple and domestic. They were trained in husbandry, and in military and gymnastic exercises, and they applied their minds almost exclusively to religious and moral doctrines and to divine worship; they learned to read and write their own language correctly, but they seldom learned foreign languages or read foreign books, and they carefully prevented strangers from obtaining a knowledge of their own.

5. FUNDAMENTAL IDEA OF HEBREW LITERATURE.--Monotheism was the fundamental idea of the Hebrew literature, as well as of the Hebrew religion, legislation, morals, politics, and philosophy. The idea of the unity of God constitutes the most striking characteristic of Hebrew poetry, and chiefly distinguishes it from that of all mythological nations. Other ancient literatures have created their divinities, endowed them with human passions, and painted their achievements in the glowing colors of poetry. The Hebrew poetry, on the contrary, makes no attempt to portray the Deity by the instruments of sensuous representation, but simple, majestic, and severe, it pours forth a perpetual anthem of praise and thanksgiving. The attributes of God, his power, his paternal love and wisdom, are described in the most sublime language of any age or nation. His seat is the heavens, the earth is his footstool, the heavenly hosts his servants; the sea is his, and he made it, and his hands prepared the dry land.

Placed under the immediate government of Jehovah, having with Him common objects of aversion and love, the Hebrews reached the very source of enthusiasm, the fire of which burned in the hearts of the prophets so fervently as to cause them to utter the denunciations and the promises of the Eternal in a tone suited to the inspired of God, and to sing his attributes and glories with a dignity and authority becoming them, as the vicegerents of God upon earth.

6. HEBREW POETRY.--The character of the people and their language, its mission, the pastoral life of the patriarchs, the beautiful and grand scenery of the country, the wonderful history of the nation, the feeling of divine inspiration, the promise of a Messiah who should raise the nation to glory, the imposing solemnities of the divine worship, and finally, the special order of the prophets, gave a strong impulse to the poetical genius of the nation, and concurred in producing a form of poetry which cannot be compared with any other for its simplicity and clearness, for its depth and majesty.

These features of Hebrew poetry, however, spring from its internal force rather than from any external form. Indeed, the Hebrew poets soar far above all others in that energy of feeling, impetuous and irresistible, which penetrates, warms, and moves the very soul. They reveal their anxieties as well as their hopes; they paint with truth and love the actual condition of the human race, with its sorrows and consolations, its hopes and fears, its love and hate. They select their images from the habitual ideas of the people, and personify inanimate objects—the mountains tremble and exult, deep cries unto deep. Another characteristic of Hebrew poetry is the strong feeling of nationality it expresses. Of their two most sublime poets, one was their legislator, the other their greatest king.

7. LYRIC POETRY.--In their national festivals the Hebrews sang the hymns of their lyric poets, accompanied by musical instruments. The art of singing, as connected with poetry, flourished especially under David, who instituted twenty-four choruses, composed of four thousand Levites, whose duty it was to sing in the public solemnities. It is generally believed that the Hebrew lyric poetry was not ruled by any measure, either of syllables or of time. Its predominant form was a succession of thoughts and a rhythmic movement, less of syllables and words than of ideas and images systematically arranged. The Psalms, especially, are essentially symmetrical, according to the Hebrew ritual, their verses being sung alternately by Levites and people, both in the synagogues and more frequently in the open air. The song of Moses after the passage of the Red

Sea is the most sublime triumphal hymn in any language, and of equal merit is his song of thanksgiving in Deuteronomy. Beautiful examples of the same order of poetry may be found in the song of Judith (though not canonical), and the songs of Deborah and Balaam. But Hebrew poetry attained its meridian splendor in the Psalms of David. The works of God in the creation of the world, and in the government of men; the illustrious deeds of the House of Jacob; the wonders and mysteries of the new Covenant are sung by David in a fervent out-pouring of an impulsive, passionate spirit, that alternately laments and exults, bows in contrition, or soars to the sublimest heights of devotion. The Psalms, even now, reduced to prose, after three thousand years, present the best and most sublime collection of lyrical poems, unequaled for their aspiration, their living imagery, their grand ideas, and majesty of style.

When at length the Hebrews, forgetful of their high duties and calling, trampled on their institutions and laws, prophets were raised up to recall the wandering people to their allegiance. ISAIAH, whether he foretells the future destiny of the nation, or the coming of the Messiah, in his majestic eloquence, sweetness, and simplicity, gives us the most perfect model of lyric poetry. He prophesied during the reigns of Azariah and Hezekiah, and his writings bear the mark of true inspiration.

JEREMIAH flourished during the darkest period in the history of the kingdom of Judah, and under the last four kings, previous to the Captivity. The Lamentations, in which he pours forth his grief for the fate of his country, are full of touching melancholy and pious resignation, and, in their harmonious and beautiful tone, show his ardent patriotism and his unshaken trust in the God of his fathers. He does not equal Isaiah in the sublimity of his conceptions and the variety of his imagery, but whatever may be the imperfections of his style, they are lost in the passion and vehemence of his poems.

DANIEL, after having straggled against the corruptions of Babylon, boldly foretells the decay of that empire with terrible power. His conceptions and images are truly sublime; but his style is less correct and regular than that of his predecessors, his language being a mixture of Hebrew and Chaldaic.

Such is also the style of EZEKIEL, who sings the development of the obscure prophesies of his master. His writings abound in dreams and visions, and convey rather the idea of the terrible than of the sublime.

These four, from the length of their writings, are called the Greater Prophets, to distinguish them from the twelve Minor Prophets: HOSEA, JOEL, AMOS, OBADIAH, JONAH, MICAH, NAHUM, HABAKKUK, ZEPHANIAH, HAGGAI, ZECHARIAH, and MALACHI, all of whom, though endowed with different characteristics and genius, show in their writings more or less of that fire and vigor which can only be found in writers who were moved and warmed by the very spirit of God.

8. PASTORAL POETRY AND DIDACTIC POETRY.--The Song of Solomon and the history of Ruth are the best specimens of the Hebrew idyl, and breathe all the simplicity of pastoral life.

The books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes contain treatises on moral philosophy, or rather, are didactic poems. The Proverb, which is a maxim of wisdom, greatly used by the ancients before the introduction of dissertation, is, as the name indicates, the prevalent form of the first of these books. In Ecclesiastes we have described the trials of a mind which has lost itself in undefined wishes and in despair, and the efficacious remedies for these mental diseases are shown in the pictures of the vanity of the world and in the final divine judgment, in which the problem of this life will have its complete solution. SOLOMON, the author of these works, adds splendor to the sublimity of his doctrines by the dignity of his style.

9. EPIC AND DRAMATIC POETRY.--The Book of Job may be considered as belonging either to epic or to dramatic poetry. Its exact date is uncertain; some writers refer it to the primitive period of Hebrew literature, and others to a later age; and, while some contend that Job was but an ideal, representing human suffering, whose story was sung by an anonymous poet, others, with more probability, regard him as an actual person, exposed to the trials and temptations described in this wonderful book. However this may be, it is certain that this monument of wisdom stands alone, and that it can be compared to no other production for the sublimity of its ideas, the vivacity and force of its expressions, the grandeur of its imagery, and the variety of its characters. No other work represents, in more true and vivid colors, the nobility and misery of humanity, the laws of necessity and Providence, and the trials to which the good are subjected for their moral improvement. Here the great straggle between evil and good appears in its true light, and human virtue heroically submits itself to the ordeal of misfortune. Here we learn that the evil and good of this life are by no means the measure of morality, and here we witness the final triumph of justice.

10. HEBREW HISTORY.--Moses, the most ancient of all historians, was also the first leader and legislator of the Hebrews. When at length the traditions of the patriarchs had become obscured and confused among the different nations of the earth, Moses was inspired to write the history of the human race, and especially of the chosen people, in order to bequeath to coming centuries a memorial of revealed truths and of the divine works of eternal Wisdom. Thus in the first chapters of Genesis, without aiming to write the complete annals of the first period of the world, he summed up the general history of man, and described, more especially, the genealogy of the patriarchs and of the generations previous to the time of the dispersion.

The subject of the book of Exodus is the delivery of the people from the Egyptian bondage, and it is not less admirable for the importance of the events which it describes, than for the manner in which they are related. In this, and in the following book of Numbers, the record of patriarchal life gives place to the teachings of Moses and to the history of the wanderings in the deserts of Arabia.

In Leviticus the constitution of the priesthood is described, as well as the peculiarities of a worship. Deuteronomy records the laws of Moses, and concludes with his sublime hymn of thanksgiving.

The historical books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, etc., contain the history of the Hebrew nation for nearly a thousand years, and relate the prosperity and the disasters of the chosen people. Here are recorded the deeds of Joshua, of Samson, of Samuel, of David, and of Solomon, the building of the Temple, the division of the tribes into two kingdoms, the prodigies of Elijah and Elisha, the impieties of Ahab, the calamities of Jedekiah, the destruction of Jerusalem and of the first Temple, the dispersion and the Babylonish captivity, the deliverance under Cyrus, and the rebuilding of the city and Temple under Ezra, and other great events in Hebrew history.

The internal evidence derived from the peculiar character of each of the historical books is decisive of their genuineness, which is supported above all suspicion of alteration or addition by the scrupulous conscientiousness

and veneration with which the Hebrews regarded their sacred writings. Their authenticity is also proved by the uniformity of doctrine which pervades them all, though written at different periods, by the simplicity and naturalness of the narrations, and by the sincerity of the writers.

These histories display neither vanity nor adulation, nor do they attempt to conceal from the reader whatever might be considered as faults in their authors or their heroes. While they select facts with a nice judgment, and present the most luminous picture of events and of their causes, they abstain from reasoning or speculation in regard to them.

11. HEBREW PHILOSOPHY.--Although the Hebrews, in their different sacred writings, have transmitted to us the best solution of the ancient philosophical questions on the creation of the world, on the Providence which rules it, on monotheism, and on the origin of sin, yet they have nowhere presented us with a complete system of philosophy.

During the Captivity, their doctrines were influenced by those of Zoroaster, and later, when many of the Jews established themselves in Egypt, they acquired some knowledge of the Greek philosophy, and the tenets of the sects of the Essenes bear a strong resemblance to the Pythagorean and Platonic schools. This resemblance appears most clearly in the writings of Philo of Alexandria, a Jew, born a few years before the birth of our Saviour. Though not belonging to the sect of the Essenes, he

followed their example in adopting the doctrines of Plato and taking them as the criterion in the interpretation of the Scriptures. So, also, Flavius Josephus, born in Jerusalem, 37 A.D., and Numenius, born in Syria, in the second century A.D., adopted the Greek philosophy, and by its doctrines amplified and expanded the tenets of Judaism.

12. RESTORATION OF THE SACRED BOOKS.--One of the most important eras in Hebrew literature is the period of the restoration of the Mosaic institutions, after the return from the Captivity. According to tradition, at that time Ezra established the great Synagogue, a college of one hundred and twenty learned men, who were appointed to collect copies of the ancient sacred books, the originals of which had been lost in the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and Nehemiah soon after placed this, or a new collection, in the Temple. The design of these reformers to give the people a religious canon in their ancient tongue induces the belief that they engaged in the work with the strictest fidelity to the old Mosaic institutions, and it is certain that the canon of the Old Testament, in the time of the Maccabees, was the same as that which we have at present.

13. MANUSCRIPTS AND TRANSLATIONS.--Of the canonical books of the Old Testament we have Hebrew manuscripts, printed editions, and translations. The most esteemed manuscripts are those of the Spanish Jews, of which the most ancient belong to the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The printed editions of the Bible in Hebrew are numerous. The earliest are those of Italy. Luther made his German translation from the edition of Brescia, printed in 1494. The earliest and most famous translation of the Old

Testament is the Septuagint, or Greek translation, which was made about 283 B.C. It may, probably, be attributed to the Alexandrian Jews, who, having lost the knowledge of the Hebrew, caused the translation to be made by some of their learned countrymen for the use of the Synagogues of Egypt. It was probably accomplished under the authority of the Sanhedrim, composed of seventy elders, and therefore called the Septuagint version, and from it the quotations in the New Testament are chiefly taken. It was regarded as canonical by the Jews to the exclusion of other books written in Greek, but not translated from the Hebrew, which we now call, by the Greek name, the Apocrypha.

The Vulgate or Latin translation, which has official authority in the Catholic Church, was made gradually from the eighth to the sixteenth century, partly from an old translation which was made from the Greek in the early history of the Church, and partly from translations from the Hebrew made by St. Jerome.

The English version of the Bible now in use in England and America was made by order of James I. It was accomplished by forty-seven distinguished scholars, divided into six classes, to each of which a part of the work was assigned. This translation occupied three years, and was printed in 1611.

14. RABBINICAL LITERATURE.--Rabbinical literature includes all the writings of the rabbins, or teachers of the Jews in the later period of Hebrew letters, who have interpreted and developed the literature of the earlier ages. The language made use of by them has its foundation in the Hebrew and Chaldaic, with various alterations and modifications in the use of words, the meaning of which they have considerably enlarged and extended. They have

frequently borrowed from the Arabic, Greek, and Latin, and from those modern tongues spoken where they severally resided.

The Talmud, from the Hebrew word signifying he has learned, is a collection of traditions illustrative of the laws and usages of the Jews. The Talmud consists of two parts, the Mishna and the Gemara. The Mishna, or second law, is a collection of rabbinical rules and precepts made in the second century. The Gemara (completion or doctrine) was composed in the third century. It is a collection of commentaries and explanations of the Mishna, and both together formed the Jerusalem Talmud.

The Babylonian rabbins composed new commentaries on the Mishna, and this formed the Babylonian Talmud. Both Talmuds were first committed to writing about 500 A.D. At the period of the Christian Era, the civil constitution, language, and mode of thinking among the Jews had undergone a complete revolution, and were entirely different from what they had been in the early period of the commonwealth. The Mosaic books contained rules no longer adapted to the situation of the nation, and many difficult questions arose to which their law afforded no satisfactory solution. The rabbins undertook to supply this defect, partly by commentaries on the Mosaic precepts, and partly by the composition of new rules.

The Talmud requires that wherever twelve adults reside together in one place, they shall erect a synagogue and serve the God of their fathers by a multitude of prayers and formalities, amidst the daily occupations of life. It allows usury, treats agricultural pursuits with contempt, and requires strict separation from the other races, and commits the government to the rabbins. The Talmud is followed by the Rabbinites, to which sect nearly all the European and American Jews belong. The sect of the Caraites rejects the Talmud and holds to the law of Moses only. It is less numerous, and its members are found chiefly in the East, or in Turkey and Eastern Russia. The Cabala, or oral tradition, is, according to the Jews, a perpetual divine revelation, preserved among the Jewish people by secret transmission. It sometimes denotes the doctrines of the prophets, but most commonly the mystical philosophy, which was probably introduced into Palestine from Egypt and Persia. It was first committed to writing in the second century A.D. The Cabala is divided into the symbolical and the real, of which the former gives a mystical signification to letters. The latter comprehends doctrines, and is divided into the theoretical and practical. The first aims to explain the Scriptures according to the secret traditions, while the last pretends to teach the art of performing miracles by an artificial use of the divine names and sentences of the sacred Scriptures. The Jews of the Middle Ages acquired great reputation for learning, especially in Spain, where they were allowed to study astronomy, mathematics, and medicine in the schools of the Moors. Granada and Cordova became the centres of rabbinical literature, which was also cultivated in France, Italy, Portugal, and Germany. In the sixteenth century the study of Hebrew and rabbinical literature became common among Christian scholars, and in the following centuries it became more interesting and important from the introduction of comparative philology in the department of languages. Rabbinical literature still has its students and interpreters. In Padua, Berlin, and Metz there are seminaries for the education of rabbins, which supply with able doctors the synagogues of Italy, Germany, and France. There is also a rabbinical school in Cincinnati, Ohio. The Polish rabbins and Talmudists, however, are the most celebrated.

15. THE NEW REVISION OF THE BIBLE.--The convocation of the English House of Bishops, which met at Canterbury in 1870, recommended a revised version of the Scriptures, and appointed a committee for the work of sixty-seven members from various ecclesiastical bodies of England, to which an American committee of thirty-five was added, and by their joint labors the revised edition of the New Testament was issued in 1881. The revised Old Testament is expected to appear during 1884. The advantages claimed for these new versions are: a more accurate rendering of the text, a correction of the errors of former translations, the removal of misleading archaisms and obsolete terms, better punctuation, arrangement in sections as well as chapters and verses, the metrical arrangement of poetry, and an increased number of marginal readings. In 1875, Bryennios, a metropolitan of the Greek Church, discovered in the library of the Most Holy Sepulchre at Constantinople a manuscript belonging to the second century A.D., which contains, among other valuable and interesting documents, one on the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," many points of which bear on the usages of the church, such as the mode of baptism, the celebration of the Eucharist, and the orders of the ministry. It was at first considered authentic and highly important, but more deliberate study tends to discredit its authority.

EGYPTIAN LITERATURE.

1. The Language.--2. The Writing.--3. The Literature.--4. The Monuments. --5. The Discovery of Champollion.--6. Literary Remains; Historical; Religious; Epistolary; Fictitious; Scientific; Epic; Satirical and Judicial.--7. The Alexandrian Period.--8. The Literary Condition of Modern Egypt.

1. THE LANGUAGE.--From the earliest times the language of Egypt was divided into three dialects: the Memphitic, spoken in Memphis and Lower Egypt; the Theban, or Sahidic, spoken in Upper Egypt; and the Bashmuric, a provincial variety belonging to the oases of the Lybian Desert. The Coptic tongue, which arose from a union of ancient Egyptian with the vulgar vernacular, later became mingled with Greek and Arabic words, and was written in the Greek alphabet. It was used in Egypt until the tenth century A.D., when it gave way to the Arabic; but the Christians still preserve it in their worship and in their translation of the Bible. By rejecting its foreign elements Egyptologists have been enabled to study this language in its purity, and to establish its grammar and construction. It is the exclusive character of the Christian Egyptian literature, and marks the last development and final decay of the Egyptian language.

2. THE WRITING.--Four distinct graphic systems were in use in ancient Egypt: the hieroglyphic, the hieratic, the demotic, and Coptic. The first expresses words partly by representation of the object and partly by signs indicating sounds, and was used chiefly for inscriptions. The hieratic characters presented a flowing and abbreviated form of the hieroglyphic, and were used more particularly in the papyri. The great body of Egyptian literature has reached us through this character, the reading of which can only be determined by resolving it into its prototype, hieroglyphics. The demotic writing indicates the rise of the vulgar tongue, which took place about the beginning of the seventh century B.C. It was used to transcribe hieroglyphic and hieratic inscriptions and papyri into the common idiom until the second century A.D., when the Coptic generally superseded it.

3. THE LITERATURE.--The literary history of ancient Egypt presents a remarkable exception to that of any other country. While the language underwent various modifications, and the written characters changed, the literature remained the same in all its principal features. This literature consists solely of inscriptions painted or engraved on monuments, or of written manuscripts on papyrus buried in the tombs or beneath the ruins of temples. It is so deficient in style, and so unsystematic in its construction, that it has taxed the labors of the ablest critics for the last fifty years to construct a whole from its disjointed materials, and these are so imperfect that many periods of Egyptian history are complete literary blanks. In the great period of the Rameses, novels or works of amusement predominated; under the Ptolemies, historical records, and in the Coptic or Christian stage, homilies and church rituals prevailed; but through every epoch the same general type appears. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, however, Egypt offers a most attractive field for the archaeologist, and new discoveries are constantly adding to our knowledge of this interesting country.

4. THE MONUMENTS.--The monuments of Egypt are religious, as the temples, sepulchral, as the necropoles, or triumphal, as the obelisks. The temples were the principal structures of the Egyptian cities, and their splendid ruins, covered with inscriptions, are among the most interesting remains of antiquity. Life after death, the leading idea of the religion of Egypt, was expressed in the construction of the tombs, so numerous in the vicinity of all the large cities. These necropoles, excavated in the rocks or hillsides, or built within the pyramids, consist of rows of chambers with halls supported by columns, which, with the walls, are often covered with paintings, historical or monumental, representing scenes from domestic or civil life. The great pyramids were probably built for the sepulchres of kings and their families, and the smaller ones for persons of inferior rank. The most magnificent of the triumphal monuments are the obelisks, gigantic monoliths of red or white granite, some of which are more than two hundred feet high, covered with inscriptions, and bearing the image of the triumphant king, painted or engraved. The splendid obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, at Paris, celebrates the glories of Rameses II. The obelisk now in New York is one of a pair erected at Heliopolis, before the Temple of the Sun, about 1600 B.C. In the reign of Augustus both were removed to Alexandria, and were known in modern times as Cleopatra's Needles. One was presented by the Khedive to the city of London in 1877, and the other to the city of New York the same year. The shaft on the latter bears two inscriptions, one celebrating Thothmes III., and the other Rameses II. One of the most characteristic monuments of Egypt is the statue of the Sphinx, so often found in the temples and necropoles. It is a recumbent figure, having a human head and breast and the body of a lion. Whatever idea the Egyptians may have attached to this symbol, it represents most truly the character of that people and the struggle of mind to free itself from the instincts of brutal nature.

5. THE DISCOVERY OF CHAMPOLLION.--During the expedition into Egypt, in 1799, in throwing up some earthworks near Rosetta, a town on the western arm of the Nile, an officer of the French army discovered a block or tablet of black basalt, upon which were engraved inscriptions in Egyptian and Greek characters. This tablet, called the Rosetta Stone, was sent to France and submitted to the orientlists for interpretation. The inscription was found to be a decree of the Egyptian priests in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes (196 B.C.), which was ordered to be engraved on stone in sacred (hieroglyphic), common (demotic), and in Greek characters. Through this interpretation, Champollion (1790-1832), after much study, discovered and established the alphabetic system of Egyptian writing, and applying his discovery more extensively, he was able to decipher the names of the kings of Egypt from the Roman emperors back, through the Ptolemies, to the Pharaohs of the elder dynasties. This discovery was the key to the interpretation of all the ancient monuments of Egypt; by it the history of the country was thrown open for a period of twenty-six centuries, the annals of the neighboring nations were rendered more intelligible, the religion, arts, sciences, life, and manners of the ancient Egyptians were revealed to the modern world, and the obelisks, the innumerable papyri, and the walls of the temples and tombs were transformed into inexhaustible mines of historical and scientific knowledge.

6. LITERARY REMAINS; HISTORICAL; RELIGIOUS; EPISTOLARY; FICTITIOUS; SCIENTIFIC; EPIC; SATIRICAL AND JUDICIAL.--The Egyptian priests from the earliest times must have preserved the annals of their country, though obscured by myths and symbols. These annals, however, were destroyed by Cambyses (500 B.C.), who, during his invasion of the country, burned the temples where they were preserved, although they were soon rewritten, according to the testimony of Herodotus, who visited Egypt 450 B.C. In the third century B.C., Manetho, a priest and librarian of Heliopolis, wrote the succession of kings, and though the original work was lost, important fragments of it have been preserved by other writers. There seem to have been four periods in this history of ancient Egypt, marked by great changes in the social and political constitution of the country. In the first epoch, under the rule of the gods, demigods, and heroes, according to Manetho, it was probably colonized and ruled by the priests, in the name of the gods. The second period extends from Menes, the supposed founder of the monarchy, to the invasion of the Shepherd Kings, about 2000 B.C. In the third period, under this title, the Phoenicians probably ruled Egypt for three centuries, and it was one of these kings or Pharaohs of whom Joseph was the prime minister. In the fourth period, from 1180 to 350 B.C., the invaders were expelled and native rule restored, until the country was again conquered, first by the Persians, about 500 B.C., and again by the Greeks under Alexander, 350 B.C. From that time to the present no native ruler has sat on the throne of that country. After the conquest by Alexander the Great, who left it to the sway of the Ptolemies, it was successively conquered by the Romans, the Saracens, the Mamelukes, and the Turks. Since 1841 it has been governed by a viceroy under nominal allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey. In 1865 the title of khedive was substituted for that of viceroy. Early Egyptian chronology is in a great measure merely conjectural, and new information from the monuments only adds to the obscurity. The historical papyri are records of the kings or accounts of contemporary events. These, as well as the inscriptions on the monuments, generally in the form of panegyric, are inflated records of the successes of the heroes they celebrate, or explanations of the historical scenes painted or sculptured on the monuments. The early religion of Egypt was founded on a personification of the laws of Nature, centred in a mysterious unity. Egyptian nature, however, supplied but few great objects of worship as symbols of divine power, the desert, a natural enemy, the fertilizing river, and the sun, the all-pervading presence, worshiped as the source of life, the lord of time, and author of eternity. Three great realms composed the Egyptian cosmos; the heavens, where the sun, moon, and stars paced their daily round, the abode of the invisible king, typified by the sun and worshiped as Ammon Ra, the earth and the under-world, the abode of the dead. Here, too, reigned the universal lord under the name of Osiris, whose material manifestation, the sun, as he passed beneath the earth, lightened up the under-world, where the dead were judged, the just recompensed, and the guilty punished. Innumerable minor divinities, which originally personified attributes of the one Supreme Deity, were represented under the form of such animals as were endowed with like qualities. Every god was symbolized by some animal, which thus became an object of worship; but by confounding symbols with realities this worship soon degenerated into gross materialism and idolatry. The most important religious work in this literature is the "Book of the Dead," a funeral ritual. The earliest known copy is in hieratic writing of the oldest type, and was found in the tomb of a queen, who lived probably about 3000 B.C. The latest copy is of the second century A.D., and is written in pure Coptic. This work, consisting of one hundred and sixty-six chapters, is a collection of prayers of a magical character, an account of the adventures of the soul after death, and directions for reaching the Hall of Osiris. It is a marvel of confusion and poverty of thought. A complete translation may be found in "Egypt's Place in Universal History," by Bunsen (second edition), and specimens in almost every museum of Europe. There are other theological remains, such as the Metamorphoses of the gods and the Lament of Isis, but their meaning is disguised in allegory. The hymns and addresses to the sun abound in pure and lofty sentiment. The

epistolary writings are the best known and understood branch of Egyptian literature. From the Ramesid era, the most literary of all, we have about eighty letters on various subjects, interesting as illustrations of manners and specimens of style. The most important of these is the "Anastasi Papyri" in the British Museum, written about the time of the Exodus. Two valuable and tolerably complete relics represent the fictitious writing of Egyptian literature; they are "The Tale of Two Brothers," now in the British Museum, and "The Romance of Setna," recently discovered in the tomb of a Coptic monk. The former was evidently intended for the amusement of a royal prince. One of its most striking features is the low moral tone of the women introduced. "The Romance of Setna" turns upon the danger of acquiring possession of the sacred books. The opening and date of the story are missing. Fresh information is being constantly acquired as to the knowledge of science possessed by the ancient Egyptians. Geometry originated with them, or from remote ages they were acquainted with the principles of this science, as well as with those of hydrostatics and mechanics, as is proved by the immense structures which remain the wonder of the modern world. They cultivated astronomy from the earliest times, and they have transmitted to us their observations on the movements of the sun, the stars, the earth, and other planets. The obelisks served them as sun dials, and the pyramids as astronomical observatories. They had great skill in medicine and much knowledge of anatomy. The most remarkable medical papyri are to be found in the Berlin Museum. The epics and biographical sketches are narratives of personal adventure in war or travel, and are distinguished by some effort at grace of style. The epic of Pentaur, or the achievements of Rameses II., has been called the Egyptian Iliad. It is several centuries older than the Greek Iliad, and deserves admiration for its rapid narrative and epic unity. The history of Mohan (by some thought to be Moses) has been called the Egyptian Odyssey, in contrast to the preceding. Mohan was a high official, and this narrative describes his travels in Syria and Palestine. This papyrus is in the British Museum, and both epics have been translated. The satirical writings and beast fables of the Egyptians caricature the foibles of all classes, not sparing the sacred person of the king, and are often illustrated with satirical pictures. Besides these strictly literary remains, a large number of judicial documents, petitions, decrees, and treaties has been recovered.

7. THE ALEXANDRIAN PERIOD.--Egypt, in its flourishing period, having contributed to the civilization of Greece, became, in its turn, the pupil of that country. In the century following the age of Alexander the Great, under the rule of the Ptolemies, the philosophy and literature of Athens were transferred to Alexandria. Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the third century B.C., completed the celebrated Alexandrian Library, formed for the most part of Greek books, and presided over by Greek librarians. The school of Alexandria had its poets, its grammarians, and philosophers; but its poetry lacked the fire of genius, and its grammatical productions were more remarkable for sophistry and subtlety, than for soundness and depth of research. In the philosophy of Alexandria, the Eastern and Western systems combined, and this school had many distinguished disciples. In the first century of the Christian era, Egypt passed from the Greek kings to the Roman emperors, and the Alexandrian school continued to be adorned by the first men of the age. This splendor, more Grecian than Egyptian, was extinguished in the seventh century by the Saracens, who conquered the country, and, it is believed, burned the great Alexandrian Library. After the wars of the immediate successors of Mohammed, the Arabian princes protected literature, Alexandria recovered its schools, and other institutions of learning were established; but in the conquest of the country by the Turks, in the thirteenth century, all literary light was extinguished.

8. LITERARY CONDITION OF MODERN EGYPT.--For more than nine hundred years Cairo has possessed a university of high rank, which greatly increased in importance on the accession of Mehemet Ali, in 1805, who established many other schools, primary, scientific, medical, and military, though they were suffered to languish under his two successors. In 1865, when Ismail- Pacha mounted the throne as Khedive (tributary king), he gave powerful aid to the university and to public instruction everywhere. The number of students at the University of Cairo advanced to eleven thousand. The wife of the Khedive, the Princess Cachma-Afet, founded in 1873, and maintained from her privy purse, a school for the thorough instruction of girls, which led to the establishment of a similar institution by the Ministry of Public Instruction. This princess is the first in the history of Islam who, from the interior of the harem, has exerted her influence to educate and enlighten her sex. When the Khedive was driven into exile in 1879, the number of schools, nearly all the result of his energetic rule, was 4,817 and of pupils 170,000. Since the European intervention and domination the number of both has sensibly diminished, and a serious retrograde movement has taken place. The higher literature of Egypt at the present time is written in pure Arabic. The popular writing in magazines, periodicals, etc., is in Arabic mixed with Syriac and Egyptian dialects. Newspaper literature has greatly increased during the past eight years.

GREEK LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.--1. Greek Literature and its Divisions.--2. The Language.--3. The Religion.

PERIOD FIRST.--1. Ante-Homeric Songs and Bards.--2. Poems of Homer; the Iliad; the Odyssey.--3. The Cyclic Poets and the Homeric Hymns.--4. Poems of Hesiod; the Works and Days; the Theogony.--5. Elegy and Epigram; Tyrtæus; Archilochus; Simonides.--6. Iambic Poetry, the Fable, and Parody; Aesop.--7. Greek Music and Lyric Poetry; Terpander.--8. Aeolic Lyric Poets; Alcaeus; Sappho; Anacreon.--9. Doric, or Choral Lyric Poets; Alcman; Stesichorus; Pindar.--10. The Orphic Doctrines and Poems.--11. Pre-Socratic Philosophy; Ionian, Eleatic, Pythagorean Schools.--12. History; Herodotus.

PERIOD SECOND.--1. Literary Predominance of Athens.--2. Greek Drama.--3. Tragedy.--4. The Tragic Poets; Aeschylus; Sophocles; Euripides.--5. Comedy; Aristophanes; Menander.--6. Oratory, Rhetoric, and History; Pericles; the Sophists; Lysias; Isocrates; Demosthenes; Thucydides; Xenophon.--7. Socrates and the Socratic Schools; Plato; Aristotle.

PERIOD THIRD.--1. Origin of the Alexandrian Literature.--2. The Alexandrian Poets; Philetas; Callimachus; Theocritus; Bion; Moschus.--3. The Prose Writers of Alexandria; Zenodotus; Aristophanes; Aristarchus; Eratosthenes; Euclid; Archimedes.--4. Philosophy of Alexandria; Neo-Platonism.--5. Anti-Neo-Platonic Tendencies; Epictetus; Lucian; Longinus.--6. Greek Literature in Rome; Dionysius of Halicarnassus; Flavius Josephus; Polybius; Diodorus; Strabo; Plutarch.--7. Continued Decline of Greek Literature.--8. Last Echoes of the Old Literature; Hypatia; Nonnus; Musaeus; Byzantine Literature.--9. The New Testament and the Greek Fathers. Modern Literature; the Brothers Santsos and Alexander Rangabé.

INTRODUCTION.

1. GREEK LITERATURE AND ITS DIVISIONS.--The literary histories thus far sketched, with the exception of the Hebrew, occupy a subordinate position, and constitute but a small part of the general and continuous history of literature. As there are states whose interests are so detached from foreign nations and so centred in themselves that their history seems to form no link in the great chain of political events, so there are bodies of literature cut off from all connection with the course of general refinement, and bearing no relation to the development of mental power in the most civilized portions of the globe. Thus, the literature of India, with its great antiquity, its language, which, in fullness of expression, sweetness of tone, and regularity of structure, rivals the most perfect of those Western tongues to which it bears such an affinity, with all its affluence of imagery and its treasures of thought, has hitherto been destitute of any direct influence on the progress of general literature, and China has contributed still less to its advancement. Other branches of Oriental literature, as the Persian and Arabian, were equally isolated, until they were brought into contact with the European mind through the medium of the Crusaders and of the Moorish empire in Spain. We come now to speak of the literature of the Greeks; a literature whose continuous current has rolled down from remote ages to our own day, and whose influence has been more extensive and lasting than that of any other nation of the ancient or modern world. Endowed with profound sensibility and a lively imagination, surrounded by all the circumstances that could aid in perfecting the physical and intellectual powers, the Greeks early acquired that essentially literary and artistic character which became the source of the greatest productions of literature and art. This excellence was, also, in some measure due to their institutions; free from the system of castes which prevailed in India and Egypt, and which confined all learning by a sort of hereditary right to the priests, the tendency of the Greek mind was from the first liberal, diffusive, and aesthetic. The manifestation of their genius, from the first dawn of their intellectual culture, was of an original and peculiar character, and their plastic minds gave a new shape and value to whatever materials they drew from foreign sources. The ideas of the Egyptians and Orientals, which they adopted into their mythology, they cast in new moulds, and reproduced in more beautiful forms. The monstrous they subdued into the vast, the grotesque they softened into the graceful, and they diffused a fine spirit of humanity over the rude proportions of the primeval figures. So with the dogmas of their philosophy, borrowed from the same sources; all that could beautify the meagre, harmonize the incongruous, enliven the dull, or convert the crude materials of metaphysics into an elegant department of literature, belongs to the Greeks themselves. The Grecian mind became the foundation of the Roman and of all modern literatures, and its masterpieces afford the most splendid examples of artistic beauty and perfection that the world has ever seen. The history of Greek literature may be divided into three periods. The first, extending from remote antiquity to the age of Herodotus (484 B.C.), includes the earliest poetry of Greece, the ante-Homeric and the Homeric eras, the origin of

Greek elegy, epigram, iambic, and lyric poetry, and the first development of Greek philosophy. The second, or Athenian period, the golden age of Greek literature, extends from the age of Herodotus (484 B.C.) to the death of Alexander the Great (323 B.C.), and comprehends the development of the Greek drama in the works of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and of political oratory, history, and philosophy, in the works of Demosthenes, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, and Aristotle. The third, or the period of the decline of Greek literature, extending from the death of Alexander the Great (323 B.C.) to the fall of the Byzantine empire (1453 A.D.), is characterized by the removal of Greek learning and literature from Athens to Alexandria, and by its gradual decline and extinction.

2. THE LANGUAGE.--Of all known languages none has attained so high a degree of perfection as that of the Greeks. Belonging to the great Indo-European family, it is rich in significant words, strong and elegant in its combinations and phrases, and extremely musical, not only in its poetry, but in its prose. The Greek language must have attained great excellence at a very early period, for it existed in its essential perfection in the time of Homer. It was, also, early divided into dialects, as spoken by the various Hellenic tribes that inhabited different parts of the country. The principal of these found in written composition are the Aeolic, Doric, Ionic, and Attic, of which the Aeolic, the most ancient, was spoken north of the Isthmus, in the Aeolic colonies of Asia Minor, and in the northern islands of the Aegean Sea. It was chiefly cultivated by the lyric poets. The Doric, a variety of the Aeolic, characterized by its strength, was spoken in Peloponnesus, and in the Doric colonies of Asia Minor, Lower Italy, and Sicily. The Ionic, the most soft and liquid of all the dialects, belonged to the Ionian colonies of Asia Minor and the islands of the Archipelago. It was the language of Homer, Hesiod, and Herodotus. The Attic, which was the Ionic developed, enriched, and refined, was spoken in Attica, and prevailed in the flourishing period of Greek literature. After the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, the Greek language, which had been gradually declining, became entirely extinct, and a dialect, which had long before sprung up among the common people, took the place of the ancient, majestic, and refined tongue. This popular dialect in turn continued to degenerate until the middle of the last century. Recently institutions of learning have been established, and a new impulse given to improvement in Greece. Great progress has been made in the cultivation of the language, and great care is taken by modern Greek writers to avoid the use of foreign idioms and to preserve the ancient orthography. Many newspapers, periodicals, original works, and translations are published every year in Greece. The name Romaic, which has been applied to modern Greek, is now almost superseded by that of Neo-Hellenic.

3. THE RELIGION.--In the development of the Greek religion two periods may be distinguished, the ante-Homeric and the Homeric. As the heroic age of the Greek nation was preceded by one in which the cultivation of the land chiefly occupied the attention of the inhabitants, so there are traces and remnants of a state of the Greek religion, in which the gods were considered as exhibiting their power chiefly in the changes of the seasons, and in the operations and phenomena of outward nature. Imagination led these early inhabitants to discover, not only in the general phenomena of vegetation, the unfolding and death of the leaf and flower, and in the moist and dry seasons of the year, but also in the peculiar physical character of certain districts, a sign of the alternately hostile or peaceful, happy or ill-omened interference of certain deities. There are still preserved in the Greek mythology many legends of charming and touching simplicity, which had their origin at this period, when the Greek religion bore the character of a worship of the powers of nature. Though founded on the same ideas as most of the religions of the East, and particularly of Asia Minor, the earliest religion of the Greeks was richer and more various in its forms, and took a loftier and a wider range. The Grecian worship of nature, in all the various forms which it assumed, recognized one deity, as the highest of all, the head of the entire system, Zeus, the god of heaven and light; with him, and dwelling in the pure expanse of ether, is associated the goddess of the earth, who, in different temples, was worshiped under different names, as Hera, Demeter, and Dione. Besides this goddess, other beings are united with the supreme god, who are personifications of certain of his energies powerful deities who carry the influence of light over the earth, and destroy the opposing powers of darkness and confusion as Athena, born from the head of her father, and Apollo, the pure and shining god of light. There are other deities allied with earth and dwelling in her dark recesses; and as life appears not only to spring from the earth, but to return whence it sprung, these deities are, for the most part, also connected with death; as Hermes, who brings up the treasures of fruitfulness from the depths of the earth, and Cora, the child, now lost and now recovered by her mother, Demeter, the goddess both of reviving and of decaying nature. The element of water, Poseidon, was also introduced into this assemblage of the personified powers of nature, and peculiarly connected with the goddess of the earth; fire, Hephaestus, was represented as a powerful principle derived from heaven, having dominion over the earth, and closely allied with the goddess who sprang from the head of the supreme god. Other deities form less important parts of this system, as Dionysus, whose alternate joys and sufferings show a strong resemblance to the form which religious notions assumed in Asia Minor. Though not, like

the gods of Olympus, recognized by all the races of the Greeks, Dionysus exerted an important influence on the spirit of the Greek nation, and in sculpture and poetry gave rise to bold flights of imagination, and to powerful emotions, both of joy and sorrow. These notions concerning the gods must have undergone many changes before they assumed the form under which they appear in the poems of Homer and Hesiod. The Greek religion, as manifested through them, reached the second period of its development, belonging to that time when the most distinguished and prominent part of the people devoted their lives to the affairs of the state and the occupation of arms, and in which the heroic spirit was manifested according to these ideas. On Olympus, lying near the northern boundary of Greece, the highest mountain of that country, whose summit seems to touch the heavens, there rules the assembly or family of the gods; the chief of which, Zeus, summons at his pleasure the other gods to council, as Agamemnon summons the other princes. He is acquainted with the decrees of fate, and able to control them, and being himself king among the gods, he gives the kings of the earth their powers and dignity. By his side his wife, Hera, whose station entitles her to a large share of his rank and dominion; and a daughter of masculine character, Athena, a leader of battles and a protectress of citadels, who, by her wise counsels, deserves the confidence which her father bestows on her; besides these, there are a number of gods with various degrees of kindred, who have each their proper place and allotted duty on Olympus. The attention of this divine council is chiefly turned to the fortunes of nations and cities, and especially to the adventures and enterprises of the heroes, who being themselves, for the most part, sprung from the blood of the gods, form the connecting link between them and the ordinary herd of mankind. At this stage the ancient religion of nature had disappeared, and the gods who dwelt on Olympus scarcely manifested any connection with natural phenomena. Zeus exercises his power as a ruler and a king; Hera, Athena, and Apollo no longer symbolize the fertility of the earth, the clearness of the atmosphere, and the arrival of the serene spring; Hephaestus has passed from the powerful god of fire in heaven and earth into a laborious smith and worker of metals; Hermes is transformed into the messenger of Zeus; and the other deities which stood at a greater distance from the affairs of men are entirely forgotten, or scarcely mentioned in the Homeric mythology. These deities are known to us chiefly through the names given to them by the Romans, who adopted them at a later period, or identified them with deities of their own. Zeus was called by them Jupiter; Hera; Juno; Athena, Minerva; Ares, Mars; Artemis, Diana; Hermes, Mercury; Cora, Proserpine; Hephaestus, Vulcan; Poseidon, Neptune; Aphrodite, Venus; Dionysus, Bacchus.

PERIOD FIRST.

FROM REMOTE ANTIQUITY TO HERODOTUS (484 B.C.),

1. ANTE-HOMERIC SONGS AND BARDS.--Many centuries must have elapsed before the poetical language of the Greeks could have attained the splendor, copiousness, and fluency found in the poems of Homer. The first outpourings of poetical enthusiasm were, doubtless, songs describing, in few and simple verses, events which powerfully affected the feelings of the hearers. It is probable that the earliest were those that referred to the seasons and their phenomena, and that they were sung by the peasants at their corn and wine harvests, and had their origin in times of ancient rural simplicity. Songs of this kind had often a plaintive and melancholy character. Such was the song "Linus" mentioned by Homer, which was frequently sung at the grape-picking. This Linus evidently belongs to a class of heroes or demi-gods, of which many instances occur in the religions of Asia Minor. Boys of extraordinary beauty and in the flower of youth were supposed to have been drowned, or devoured by raging dogs, and their death was lamented at the harvests and other periods of the hot season. According to the tradition, Linus sprang from a divine origin, grew up with the shepherds among the lambs, and was torn in pieces by wild dogs, whence arose the festival of the lambs, at which many dogs were slain. The real object of lamentation was the tender beauty of spring, destroyed by the summer heat, and other phenomena of the same kind which the imagination of those times invested with a personal form, and represented as beings of a divine nature. Of similar meaning are many other songs, which were sung at the time of the summer heat or at the cutting of the corn. Such was the song called "Bormus" from its subject, a beautiful boy of that name, who, having gone to fetch water for the reapers, was, while drawing it, borne down by the nymphs of the stream. Such were the cries for the youth Hylas, swallowed up by the waters of a fountain, and the lament for Adonis, whose untimely death was celebrated by Sappho. The Paeans were songs originally dedicated to Apollo, and afterwards to other gods; their tune and words expressed hope and confidence to overcome, by the help of the god, great and imminent danger, or gratitude and thanksgiving for victory and safety. To this class belonged the vernal Paeans, which were sung at the termination of winter, and those sung in war before the attack on the enemy. The Threnos, or lamentations for the dead, were songs containing vehement expressions of grief, sung by professional singers standing near the bed upon which the body was laid, and accompanied by the cries and groans of women. The Hymenaeos was the joyful bridal song of the wedding festivals, in which there were

ordinarily two choruses, one of boys bearing burning torches and singing the hymenaeos to the clear sound of the pipe, and another of young girls dancing to the notes of the harp. The Chorus originally referred chiefly to dancing. The most ancient sense of the word is a place for dancing, and in these choruses young persons of both sexes danced together in rows, holding one another by the hand, while the citharist, or the player on the lyre, sitting in their midst, accompanied the sound of his instrument with songs, which took their name from the choruses in which they were sung. Besides these popular songs, there were the religious and heroic poems of the bards, who were, for the most part, natives of that portion of the country which surrounds the mountains of Helicon and Parnassus, distinguished as the home of the Muses. Among the bards devoted to the worship of Apollo and other deities, were Marsyas, the inventor of the flute, Musaeus and Orpheus. Many names of these ancient poets are recorded, but of their poetry, previous to Homer, not even a fragment remains. The bards or chanters of epic poetry were called Rhapsodists, from the manner in which they delivered their compositions; this name was applied equally to the minstrel who recited his own poems, and to him who declaimed anew songs that had been heard a thousand times before. The form of these heroic songs, probably settled and fixed by tradition, was the hexameter, as this metre gave to the epic poetry repose, majesty, a lofty and solemn tone, and rendered it equally adapted to the pythoness who announced the decrees of the deity, and to the rhapsodist who recited the battles of heroes. The bards held an important post in the festal banquets, where they flattered the pride of the princes by singing the exploits of their forefathers.

2. POEMS OF HOMER.--Although seven cities contended for the honor of giving birth to Homer, it was the prevalent belief, in the flourishing times of Greece, that he was a native of Smyrna. He was probably born in that city about 1000 B.C. Little is known of his life, but the power of his transcendent genius is deeply impressed upon his works. He was called by the Greeks themselves, the poet; and the Iliad and the Odyssey were with them the ultimate standard of appeal on all matters of religious doctrine and early history. They were learned by boys at school, and became the study of men in their riper years, and in the time of Socrates there were Athenians who could repeat both poems by heart. In whatever part of the world a Greek settled, he carried with him a love for the great poet, and long after the Greek people had lost their independence, the Iliad and the Odyssey continued to maintain an undiminished hold upon their affections. The peculiar excellence of these poems lies in their sublimity and pathos, in their tenderness and simplicity, and they show in their author an inexhaustible vigor, that seems to revel in an endless display of prodigious energies. The universality of the powers of Homer is their most astonishing attribute. He is not great in any one thing; he is greatest in all things. He imagines with equal ease the terrible, the beautiful, the mean, the loathsome, and he paints them all with equal force. In his descriptions of external nature, in his exhibitions of human character and passion, no matter what the subject, he exhausts its capabilities. His pictures are true to the minutest touch; his men and women are made of flesh and blood. They lose nothing of their humanity for being cast in a heroic mould. He transfers himself into the identity of those whom he brings into action; masters the interior springs of their spiritual mechanism; and makes them move, look, speak, and do exactly as they would in real life. In the legends connected with the Trojan war, the anger of Achilles and the return of Ulysses, Homer found the subjects of the Iliad and Odyssey. The former relates that Agamemnon had stolen from Achilles, Briseis, his beloved slave, and describes the fatal consequences which the subsequent anger of Achilles brought upon the Greeks; and how the loss of his dearest friend, Patroclus, suddenly changed his hostile attitude, and brought about the destruction of Troy and of Hector, its magnanimous defender. The Odyssey is composed on a more artificial and complicated plan than the Iliad. The subject is the return of Ulysses from a land beyond the range of human knowledge to a home invaded by bands of insolent intruders, who seek to kill his son and rob him of his wife. The poem begins at that point where the hero is considered to be farthest from his home, in the central portion of the sea, where the nymph Calypso has kept him hidden from all mankind for seven years. Having by the help of the gods passed through innumerable dangers, after many adventures he reaches Ithaca, and is finally introduced into his own house as a beggar, where he is made to suffer the harshest treatment from the suitors of his wife, in order that he may afterwards appear with the stronger right as a terrible avenger. In this simple story a second was interwoven by the poet, which renders it richer and more complete, though more intricate and less natural. It is probable that Homer, after having sung the Iliad in the vigor of his youthful years, either composed the Odyssey in his old age, or communicated to some devoted disciple the plan of this poem. In the age immediately succeeding Homer, his great poems were doubtless recited as complete wholes, at the festivals of the princes; but when the contests of the rhapsodists became more animated, and more weight was laid on the art of the reciter than on the beauty of the poem he recited, and when other musical and poetical performances claimed a place, then they were permitted to repeat separate parts of poems, and the Iliad and Odyssey, as they had not yet been reduced to writing, existed for a time only as scattered and unconnected fragments; and we are still indebted to the regulator of the poetical contests (either Solon or Pisistratus) for having compelled the rhapsodists to follow one another according to the order of 'the

poem, and for having thus restored these great works to their pristine integrity. The poets, who either recited the poems of Homer or imitated him in their compositions, were called Homerides.

3. THE CYCLIC POETS AND THE HOMERIC HYMNS.--The poems of Homer, as they became the foundation of all Grecian literature, are likewise the central point of the epic poetry of Greece. All that is most excellent in this line originated from them, and was connected with them in the way of completion or continuation. After the time of Homer, a class of poets arose who, from their constant endeavor to connect their poems with those of this master, so that they might form a great cycle, were called the Cyclic Poets. They were probably Homeric rhapsodists by profession, to whom the constant recitation of the ancient Homeric poems would naturally suggest the idea of continuing them by essays of their own. The poems known as Homeric hymns formed an essential part of the epic style. They were hymns to the gods, bearing an epic character, and were called *_proemia_*, or preludes, and served the rhapsodists either as introductory strains for their recitation, or as a transition from the festivals of the gods to the competition of the singers of heroic poetry.

4. POEMS OF HESIOD.--Nothing certain can be affirmed respecting the date of Hesiod; a Boeotian by birth, he is considered by some ancient authorities as contemporary with Homer, while others suppose him to have flourished two or three generations later. The poetry of Hesiod is a faithful transcript of the whole condition of Boeotian life. It has nothing of that youthful and inexhaustible fancy of Homer which lights up the sublime images of a heroic age and moulds them into forms of surpassing beauty. The poetry of Hesiod appears struggling to emerge out of the narrow bounds of common life, which he strives to ennoble and to render more enduring. It is purely didactic, and its object is to disseminate knowledge, by which life may be improved, or to diffuse certain religious notions as to the influence of a superior destiny. His poem entitled "Works and Days" is so entirely occupied with the events of common life, that the author would not seem to have been a poet by profession, but some Boeotian husbandman whose mind had been moved by circumstances to give a poetical tone to the course of his thoughts and feelings. The unjust claim of Perses, the brother of Hesiod, to the small portion of their father's land which had been allotted to him, called forth this poem, in which he seeks to improve the character and habits of Perses, to deter him from acquiring riches by litigation, and to incite him to a life of labor, as the only source of permanent prosperity. He points out the succession in which his labors must follow if he determines to lead a life of industry, and gives wise rules of economy for the management of a family; and to illustrate and enforce the principal idea, he ingeniously combines with his precepts mythical narratives, fables, and descriptions. The "Theogony" of Hesiod is a production of the highest importance, as it contains the religious faith of Greece. It was through it that Greece first obtained a religious code, which, although without external sanction or priestly guardians and interpreters, must have produced the greatest influence on the religious condition of the Greeks.

5. ELEGY AND EPIGRAM.--Until the beginning of the seventh century B.C., the epic was the only kind of poetry cultivated in Greece, with the exception of the early songs and hymns, and the hexameter the only metre used by the poets. This exclusive prevalence of epic poetry was doubtless connected with the political state of the country. The ordinary subjects of these poems must have been highly acceptable to the princes who derived their race from the heroes, as was the case with all the royal families of early times. The republican movements, which deprived these families of their privileges, were favorable to the stronger development of each man's individuality, and the poet, who in the most perfect form of the epos was completely lost in his subject, now came before the people as a man with thoughts and objects of his own, and gave free vent to the emotions of his soul in elegiac and iambic strains. The word *_elegeion_* means nothing more than the combination of a hexameter and a pentameter, making together a distich, and an elegy is a poem of such verses. It was usually sung at the Symposia or literary festivals of the Greeks; in most cases its main subject was political; it afterwards assumed a plaintive or amatory tone. The elegy is the first regularly cultivated branch of Greek poetry, in which the flute alone and neither the cithara nor lyre was employed. It was not necessary that lamentations should form the subject of it, but emotion was essential, and excited by events or circumstances of the time or place the poet poured forth his heart in the unreserved expression of his fears and hopes. Tyrtaeus (fl. 694 B.C.), who went from Athens to Sparta, composed the most celebrated of his elegies on the occasion of the Messenian war, and when the Spartans were on a campaign, it was their custom after the evening meal, when the paean had been sung in honor of the gods, to recite these poems. From this time we find a union between the elegiac and iambic poetry; the same poet, who employs the elegy to express his joyous and melancholy emotions, has recourse to the iambus when his cool sense prompts him to censure the follies of mankind. The relation between these two metres is observable in Archilochus (fl. 688 B.C.) and Simonides (fl. 664 B.C.). The elegies of Archilochus, of which many fragments are extant (while of Simonides we only know that he composed elegies), had nothing of that spirit of which his iambics were full, but they contain the frank expression of a mind

powerfully affected by outward circumstances. With the Spartans, wine and the pleasures of the feast became the subject of the elegy, and it was also recited at the solemnities held in honor of all who had fallen for their country. The elegies of Solon (592-559 B.C.) were pure expressions of his political feelings. Simonides of Scios, the renowned lyric poet, the contemporary of Pindar and Aeschylus, was one of the great masters of elegiac song. The epigram was originally an inscription on a tombstone, or a votive offering in a temple, or on any other thing which required explanation. The unexpected turn of thought and pointedness of expression, which the moderns consider the essence of this species of composition, were not required in the ancient Greek epigram, where nothing was wanted but that the entire thought should be conveyed within the limit of a few distichs, and thus, in the hands of the early poets, the epigram was remarkable for the conciseness and expressiveness of its language and differed in this respect from the elegy, in which full expression was given to the feelings of the poet. It was Simonides who first gave to the epigram all the perfection of which it was capable, and he was frequently employed by the states which fought against the Persians to adorn with inscriptions the tombs of their fallen warriors. The most celebrated of these is the inimitable inscription on the Spartans who died at Thermopylae: "Foreigner, tell the Lacedaemonians that we are lying here in obedience to their laws." On the Rhodian lyric poet, Timocreon, an opponent of Simonides in his art, he wrote the following in the form of an epitaph: "Having eaten much and drank much and said much evil of other men, here I lie, Timocreon the Rhodian."

6. IAMBIC POETRY, THE FABLE AND PARODY.--The kind of poetry known by the ancients as Iambic was created among the Athenians by Archilochus at the same time as the elegy. It arose at a period when the Greeks, accustomed only to the calm, unimpassioned tone of the epos, had but just found a temperate expression of lively emotion in the elegy. It was a light, tripping measure, sometimes loosely constructed, or purposely halting and broken, well adapted to vituperation, unrestrained by any regard to morality and decency. At the public tables of Sparta keen and pointed raillery was permitted, and some of the most venerable and sacred of their religious rites afforded occasion for their unsparing and audacious jests. This raillery was so ancient and inveterate a custom, that it had given rise to a peculiar word, which originally denoted nothing but the jests and banter used at these festivals, namely, *Iambus*. All the wanton extravagance which was elsewhere repressed by law or custom, here, under the protection of religion, burst forth with boundless license, and these scurrilous effusions were at length reduced by Archilochus into the systematic form of iambic metre. Akin to the iambic are two sorts of poetry, the fable and the parody, which, though differing widely from each other, have both their source in the turn for the delineation of the ludicrous, and both stand in close historical relation to the iambic. The fable in Greece originated in an intentional travesty of human affairs. It is probable that the taste for fables of beasts and numerous similar inventions found its way from the East, since this sort of symbolical narrative is more in accordance with the Oriental than with the Greek character. Aesop (fl. 572 B.C.) was very far from being regarded by the Greeks as one of their poets, and still less as a writer. They considered him merely as an ingenious fabulist, to whom, at a later period, nearly all fables, that were invented or derived from any other source, were attributed. He was a slave, whose wit and pleasantry procured him his freedom, and who finally perished in Delphi, where the people, exasperated by his sarcastic fables, put him to death on a charge of robbing the temple. No metrical versions of these fables are known to have existed in early times. The word "parody" means an adoption of the form of some celebrated poem with such changes as to produce a totally different effect, and generally to substitute mean and ridiculous for elevated and poetical sentiments. "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," attributed to Homer, but bearing evident traces of a later age, belongs to this species of poetry.

7. GREEK MUSIC AND LYRIC POETRY.--It was not until the minds of the Greeks had been elevated by the productions of the epic muse, that the genius of original poets broke loose from the dominion of the epic style, and invented new forms for expressing the emotions of a mind profoundly agitated by passing events; with few innovations in the elegy, but with greater boldness in the iambic metre. In these two forms, Greek poetry entered the domain of real life. The elegy and iambus contain the germ of the lyric style, though they do not themselves come under that head. The Greek lyric poetry was characterized by the expression of deeper and more impassioned feeling, and a more impetuous tone than the elegy and iambus, and at the same time the effect was heightened by appropriate vocal and instrumental music, and often by the figures of the dance. In this union of the sister arts, poetry was indeed predominant, yet music, in its turn, exercised a reciprocal influence on poetry, so that as it became more cultivated, the choice of the musical measure decided the tone of the whole poem. The history of Greek music begins with Terpander the Lesbian (fl. 670 B.C.), who was many times the victor in the musical contests at the Pythian temple of Delphi. He added three new strings to the cithara, which had consisted only of four, and this heptachord was employed by Pindar, and remained long in high repute; he was also the first who marked the different tones in music. With other musicians, he united the music of Asia Minor with that of the ancient

Greeks, and founded on it a system in which each style had its appropriate character. By the efforts of Terpander and one or two other masters, music was brought to a high degree of excellence, and adapted to express any feeling to which the poet could give a more definite character and meaning, and thus they had solved the great problem of their art. It was in Greece the constant endeavor of the great poets, thinkers, and statesmen who interested themselves in the education of youth, to give a good direction to this art; they all dreaded the increasing prevalence of a luxuriant style of instrumental music and an unrestricted flight into the boundless realms of harmony. The lyric poetry of the Greeks was of two kinds, and cultivated by two different schools of poets. One, called the Aeolic, flourished among the Aeolians of Asia Minor, and particularly in the island of Lesbos; the other, the Doric, which, although diffused over the whole of Greece, was at first principally cultivated by the Dorians. These two schools differed essentially in the subjects, as in the form and style of their poems. The Doric was intended to be executed by choruses, and to be sung to choral dances; while the Aeolic was recited by a single person, who accompanied his recitation with a stringed instrument, generally the lyre.

8. AEOLIC LYRIC POETS.--Alcaeus (fl. 611 B.C.), born in Mytilene in the island of Lesbos, being driven out of his native city for political reasons, wandered about the world, and, in the midst of troubles and perils, struck the lyre and gave utterance to the passionate emotions of his mind. His war-songs express a stirring, martial spirit; and a noble nature, accompanied with strong passions, appears in all his poems, especially in those in which he sings the praises of love and wine, though little of his erotic poetry has reached our time. It is evident that poetry was not with him a mere pastime or exercise of skill, but a means of pouring out the inmost feelings of the soul. Sappho (fl. 600 B.C.) the other leader of the Aeolic school of poetry, was the object of the admiration of all antiquity. She was contemporary with Alcaeus, and in her verses to him we plainly discern the feeling of unimpeached honor proper to a free-born and well-educated maiden. Alcaeus testifies that the attractions and loveliness of Sappho did not derogate from her moral worth when he calls her "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho." This testimony is, indeed, opposed to the accounts of later writers, but the probable cause of the false imputations in reference to Sappho seems to be that the refined Athenians were incapable of appreciating the frank simplicity with which she poured forth her feelings, and therefore they confounded them with unblushing immodesty. While the men of Athens were distinguished for their perfection in every branch of art, none of their women emerged from the obscurity of domestic life. "That woman is the best," says Pericles, "of whom the least is said among men, whether for good or for evil." But the Aeolians had in some degree preserved the ancient Greek manners, and their women enjoyed a distinct individual existence and moral character. They doubtless participated in the general high state of civilization, which not only fostered poetical talents of a high order among women, but produced in them a turn for philosophical reflection. This was so utterly inconsistent with Athenian manners, that we cannot wonder that women, who had in any degree overstepped the bounds prescribed to their sex at Athens, should be represented by the licentious pen of Athenian comic writers as lost to every sense of shame and decency. Sappho, in her odes, made frequent mention of a youth to whom she gave her whole heart, while he requited her love with cold indifference; but there is no trace of her having named the object of her passion. She may have celebrated the beautiful and mythical Phaon in such a manner that the verses were supposed to refer to a lover of her own. The account of her leap from the Leucadian rock is rather a poetical image, than a real event in the life of the poetess. The true conception of the erotic poetry of Sappho can only be drawn from the fragments of her odes, which, though numerous, are for the most part very short. Among them, we must distinguish the Epithalamia or hymeneals, which were peculiarly adapted to the genius of the poetess from the exquisite perception she seems to have had of whatever was attractive in either sex. From the numerous fragments that remain, these poems appear to have had great beauty and much of that expression which the simple and natural manners of the times allowed, and the warm and sensitive heart of the poetess suggested. That Sappho's fame was spread throughout Greece, may be seen from the history of Solon, who was her contemporary. Hearing his nephew recite one of her poems, he said that he would not willingly die until he had learned it by heart. And, doubtless, from that circle of accomplished women, of whom she formed the brilliant centre, a flood of poetic light was poured forth on every side. Among them may be mentioned the names of Damophila and Erinna, whose poem, "The Spindle," was highly esteemed by the ancients. The genius of Anacreon (fl. 540 B.C.), though akin to that of Alcaeus and Sappho, had an entirely different bent. He seems to consider life as valuable only so far as it can be spent in wine, love, and social enjoyment. The Ionic softness and departure from strict rule may also be perceived in his versification. The different odes preserved under his name are the productions of poets of a much later date. With Anacreon ceased the species of lyric poetry in which he excelled; indeed, he stands alone in it, and the tender softness of his song was soon drowned by the louder tones of the choral poetry. The *Scolia* were a kind of lyric songs sung at social meals, when the spirit was raised by wine and conversation to a lyrical pitch. The lyre or a sprig of myrtle was handed round the table and presented to any one who could amuse the company by a song or even a good sentence in a lyrical form.

9. DORIC, OR CHORAL LYRIC POETS.--The chorus was in general use in Greece before the time of Homer, and nearly every variety of the choral poetry, which was afterwards so brilliantly developed, existed at that remote period in a rude, unfinished state. After the improvements made by Terpander and others in musical art, choral poetry rapidly progressed towards perfection. The poets during the period of progress were Alcman and Stesichorus, while finished lyric poetry is represented by Ibycus, Simonides, his disciple Bacchylides and Pindar. These great poets were only the representatives of the fervor with which the religious festivals inspired all classes. Choral dances were performed by the whole people with great ardor and enthusiasm; every considerable town had its poet, who devoted his whole life to the training and exhibition of choruses. Alcman (b. 660 B.C.) was a Lydian of Sardis, and an emancipated slave. His poems exhibit a great variety of metre, of dialect, and of poetic tone. He is regarded as having overcome the difficulties presented by the rough dialect of Sparta, and as having succeeded in investing it with a certain grace. He is one of the poets whose image is most effaced by time, and of whom we can obtain little accurate knowledge. The admiration awarded him by antiquity is scarcely justified by the extant remains of his poems. Stesichorus (fl. 611 B.C.) lived at a time when the predominant tendency of the Greek mind was towards lyric poetry. His special business was the training and direction of the choruses, and he assumed the name of Stesichorus, or leader of choruses, his real name being Tesias. His metres approach more nearly to the epos than those of Aleman. As Quintilian says, he sustained the weight of epic poetry with the lyre. His language accorded with the tone of his poetry, and he is not less remarkable in himself, than as the precursor of the perfect lyric poetry of Pindar. Arion (625-585 B.C.) was chiefly known in Greece as the perfecter of the "Dithyramb," a song of Bacchanalian festivals, doubtless of great antiquity. Its character, like the worship to which it belonged, was always impassioned and enthusiastic; the extremes of feeling, rapturous pleasure, and wild lamentation were both expressed in it. Ibycus (b. 528 B.C.) was a wandering poet, as is attested by the story of his death having been avenged by the cranes. His poetical style resembles that of Stesichorus, as also his subjects. The erotic poetry of Ibycus is most celebrated, and breathes a fervor of passion far exceeding that of any similar production of Greek literature. Simonides (556-468 B.C.) has already been described as one of the great masters of the elegy and epigram. In depth and novelty of ideas, and in the fervor of poetic feeling, he was far inferior to his contemporary Pindar, but he was probably the most prolific lyric poet of Greece. According to the frequent reproach of the ancients, he was the first that sold his poems for money. His style was not as lofty as that of Pindar, but what he lost in sublimity he gained in pathos. Bacchylides (fl. 450 B.C.), the nephew of Simonides, devoted his genius chiefly to the pleasures of private life, love, and wine, and his productions, when compared with those of Simonides, are marked by less moral elevation. Timocreon the Rhodian (fl. 471 B.C.) owes his chief celebrity among the ancients to the hate he bore to Themistocles in political life, and to Simonides on the field of poetry. Pindar (522-435 B.C.) was the contemporary of Aeschylus, but as the causes which determined his poetical character are to be sought in an earlier age, and in the Doric and Aeolic parts of Greece, he may properly be placed at the close of the early period, while Aeschylus stands at the head of the new epoch of literature. Like Hesiod, Pindar was a native of Boeotia, and that there was still much love for music and poetry there is proved by the fact that two women, Myrtis and Corinna, had obtained great celebrity in these arts during the youth of this poet. Myrtis (fl. 490 B.C.) strove with him for the prize at the public games, and Corinna (fl. 490 B.C.) is said to have gained the victory over him five times. Too little of the poetry of Corinna has been preserved to allow a judgment on her style of composition. Pindar made the arts of poetry and music the business of his life, and his fame soon spread throughout Greece and the neighboring countries. He excelled in all the known varieties of choral poetry, but the only class of poems that enable us to judge of his general style is his triumphal odes. When a victory was gained in a contest at a festival by the speed of horses, the strength and dexterity of the human body, or by skill in music, such a victory, which shed honor not only on the victor, but also on his family, and even on his native city, demanded a public celebration. An occasion of this kind had always a religious character, and often began with a procession to an altar or temple, where a sacrifice was offered, followed by a banquet, and the solemnity concluded with a merry and boisterous revel. At this sacred and at the same time joyous festival, the chorus appeared and recited the triumphal hymn, which was considered the fairest ornament of the triumph. Such an occasion, a victory in the sacred games and its end, the ennobling of a ceremony connected with the worship of the gods, required that the ode should be composed in a lofty and dignified style. Pindar does not content himself with celebrating the bodily prowess of the victor alone, but he usually adds some moral virtue which he has shown, and which he recommends and extols. Sometimes this virtue is moderation, wisdom, or filial love, more often piety to the gods, and he expounds to the victor his destiny, by showing him the dependence of his exploits on the higher order of things. Mythical narratives occupy much space in these odes, for in the time of Pindar the mythical past was invested with a splendor and sublimity, of which even the faint reflection was sufficient to embellish the present.

10. ORPHIC DOCTRINES AND POEMS.--The interval between Homer and Pindar is an important period in the history of Greek civilization. In Homer we perceive that infancy of the mind which lives in seeing and imagining, and whose moral judgments are determined by impulses of feeling rather than by rules of conduct, while with Pindar the chief effort of his genius is to discover the true standard of moral government. This great change of opinion must have been affected by the efforts of many sages and poets. All the Greek religious poetry, treating of death and of the world beyond the grave, refers to the deities whose influence was supposed to be exercised in the dark regions at the centre of the earth, and who had little connection with the political and social relations of human life. They formed a class apart from the gods of Olympus; the mysteries of the Greeks were connected with their worship alone, and the love of immortality first found support in a belief in these deities. The mysteries of Demeter, especially those celebrated at Eleusis, inspired the most animating hopes with regard to the soul after death. These mysteries, however, had little influence on the literature of the nation; but there was a society of persons called the followers of Orpheus, who published their notions and committed them to literary works. Under the guidance of the ancient mystical poet, Orpheus, they dedicated themselves to the worship of Bacchus or Dionysus, in which they sought satisfaction for an ardent longing after the soothing and elevating influences of religion, and upon the worship of this deity they founded their hopes of an ultimate immortality of the soul. Unlike the popular worshippers of Bacchus, they did not indulge in unrestrained pleasure or frantic enthusiasm, but rather aimed at an ascetic purity of life and manners. It is difficult to tell when this association was formed in Greece, but we find in Hesiod something of the Orphic spirit, and the beginning of higher and more hopeful views of death. The endeavor to obtain a knowledge of divine and human things was in Greece slowly and with difficulty evolved from their religious notions, and it was for a long time confined to the refining and rationalizing of their mythology. An extensive Orphic literature first appeared at the time of the Persian war, when the remains of the Pythagorean order in Magna Graecia united themselves to the Orphic associations. The philosophy of Pythagoras, however, had no analogy with the spirit of the Orphic mysteries, in which the worship of Dionysus was the centre of all religious ideas, while the Pythagorean philosophers preferred the worship of Apollo and the Muses. In the Orphic theogony we find, for the first time, the idea of creation. Another difference between the notions of the Orphic poets and those of the early Greeks was that the former did not limit their views to the present state of mankind, still less did they acquiesce in Hesiod's melancholy doctrine of successive ages, each one worse than the preceding; but they looked for a cessation of strife, a state of happiness and beatitude at the end of all things. Their hopes of this result were founded on Dionysus, from the worship of whom all their peculiar religious ideas were derived. This god, the son of Zeus, is to succeed him in the government of the world, to restore the Golden Age, and to liberate human souls, who, according to an Orphic notion, are punished by being confined in the body as in a prison. The sufferings of the soul in its prison, the steps and transitions by which it passes to a higher state of existence, and its gradual purification and enlightenment, were all fully described in these poems. Thus, in the poetry of the first five centuries of Greek literature, especially at the close of this period, we find, instead of the calm enjoyment of outward nature which characterized the early epic poetry, a profound sense of the misery of human life, and an ardent longing for a condition of greater happiness. This feeling, indeed, was not so extended as to become common to the whole Greek nation, but it took deep root in individual minds, and was connected with more serious and spiritual views of human nature.

11. PRE-SOCRATIC PHILOSOPHY.--Philosophy was early cultivated by the Greeks, who first among all nations distinguished it from religion and mythology. For some time, however, after its origin, it was as far removed from the ordinary thoughts and occupations of the people as poetry was intimately connected with them. Poetry idealizes all that is most characteristic of a nation; its religion, mythology, political and social institutions, and manners. Philosophy, on the other hand, begins by detaching the mind from the opinions and habits in which it has been bred up, from the national conceptions of the gods and the universe, and from traditional maxims of ethics and politics. The philosophy of Greece, antecedent to the time of Socrates, is contained in the doctrines of the Ionic, Eleatic, and Pythagorean schools. Thales of Miletus (639-548 B.C.) was the first in the series of the Ionic philosophers. He was one of the Seven Sages, who by their practical wisdom nobly contributed to the flourishing condition of Greece. Thales, Solon (fl. 570 B.C.), Cleobulus (fl. 542 B.C.), Periander (fl. 598 B.C.), Pittacus of Mytilene (579 B.C.), and Chilon (fl. 542 B.C.), were the seven philosophers called the seven sages by their countrymen. Thales is said to have foretold an eclipse of the sun, for which he doubtless employed astronomical formulae, which he had obtained from the Chaldeans. His tendency was practical, and where his own knowledge was insufficient, he applied the discoveries of other nations more advanced than his own. He considered all nature as endowed with life, and sought to discover the principles of external forms in the powers which lie beneath; he taught that water was the principle of things. Anaximander (fl. 547 B.C.), and Anaximenes (fl. 548 B.C.) were the other two most distinguished representatives of the Ionic school. The former believed that chaotic matter was the principle of all

things, the latter taught that it was air. The Eleatic school is represented by Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Zeno. As the philosophers of the first school were called Ionians from the country in which they resided, so these were named from Elea, a Greek colony of Italy. Xenophanes (fl. 538 B.C.), the founder of this school, adopted a different principle from that of the Ionic philosophers, and proceeded upon an ideal system, while that of the latter was exclusively founded upon experience. He began with the idea of the godhead, and showed the necessity of considering it as an eternal and unchanging existence, and represented the anthropomorphic conceptions of the Greeks concerning their gods as mere prejudices. In his works he retained the poetic form of composition, some fragments of which he himself recited at public festivals, after the manner of the rhapsodists. Parmenides flourished 504 years B.C. His philosophy rested upon the idea of existence which excluded the idea of creation, and thus fell into pantheism. His poem on "Nature" was composed in the epic metre, and in it he expressed in beautiful forms the most abstract ideas. Zeno of Elea (fl. 500 B.C.) was a pupil of Parmenides, and the earliest prose writer among the Greek philosophers. He developed the doctrines of his master by showing the absurdities involved in the ideas of variety and of creation, as opposed to one and universal substance. Other philosophers belonging to Ionia or Elea may be referred to these schools, as Heraclitus, Empedocles, Democritus, and Anaxagoras, whose doctrines, however, vary from those of the representatives of the philosophical systems above named. Heraclitus (fl. 505 B.C.) dealt rather in intimations of important truths than in popular exposition of them; his cardinal doctrine seems to have been that everything is in perpetual motion, that nothing has any permanent existence, and that everything is assuming a new form or perishing: the principle of this perpetual motion he supposed to be fixe, though probably he did not mean material fire, but some higher and more universal agent. Like nearly all the philosophers, he despised the popular religion. Empedocles (fl. 440 B.C.) wrote a doctrinal poem concerning nature, fragments of which have been preserved. He denied the possibility of creation, and held the doctrine of an eternal and imperishable existence; but he considered this existence as having different natures, and admitted that fire, earth, air, and water were the four elements of all things. These elements he supposed to be governed by two principles, one positive and one negative, that is to say, connecting love and dissolving discord. Democritus (fl. 460 B.C.) embodied his extensive knowledge in a series of writings, of which only a few fragments have been preserved. Cicero compared him with Plato for rhythm and elegance of language. He derived the manifold phenomena of the world from the different form, disposition, and arrangement of the innumerable elements or atoms as they become united. He is the founder of the atomic doctrine. Anaxagoras (fl. 456 B.C.) rejected all popular notions of religion, excluded the idea of creation and destruction, and taught that atoms were unchangeable and imperishable; that spirit, the purest and subtlest of all things, gave to these atoms the impulse by which they took the forms of individual things and beings; and that this impulse was given in circular motion, which kept the heavenly bodies in their courses. But none of his doctrines gave so much offence or was considered so clear a proof of his atheism as his opinion that the sun, the bountiful god Helios, who shines both upon mortals and immortals, was a mass of red-hot iron. His doctrines tended powerfully by their rapid diffusion to undermine the principles on which the worship of the ancient gods rested, and they therefore prepared the way for the subsequent triumph of Christianity. The Pythagorean or Italic School was founded by Pythagoras, who is said to have flourished between 540 and 500 B.C. Pythagoras was probably an Ionian who emigrated to Italy, and there established his school. His principal efforts were directed to practical life, especially to the regulation of political institutions, and his influence was exercised by means of lectures, or sayings, or by the establishment and direction of the Pythagorean associations. He encouraged the study of mathematics and music, and considered singing to the cithara as best fitted to produce that mental repose and harmony of soul which he regarded as the highest object of education.

12. HISTORY.--It is remarkable that a people so cultivated as the Greeks should have been so long without feeling the want of a correct record of their transactions in war and peace. The difference between this nation and the Orientals, in this respect, is very great. But the division of the country into numerous small states, and the republican form of the governments, prevented a concentration of interest on particular events and persons, and owing to the dissensions between the republics, their historical traditions could not but offend some while they flattered others; it was not until a late period that the Greeks considered contemporary events as worthy of being thought or written of. But for this absence of authentic history, Greek literature could never have become what it was. By the purely fictitious character of its poetry, and its freedom from the shackles of particular truths, it acquired that general probability which led Aristotle to consider poetry as more philosophical than history. Greek art, likewise, from the lateness of the period at which it descended from the representation of gods and heroes to the portraits of real men, acquired a nobleness and beauty of form which it could not otherwise have obtained. This poetical basis gave the literature of the Greeks a noble and liberal turn. Writing was probably known in Greece some centuries before the time of Cadmus of Miletus (fl. 522 B.C.), but it had not been employed for the purpose of preserving any detailed historical record, and even when, towards the end of the age of the Seven Sages (550 B.C.), some writers of

historical narratives began to appear, they did not select recent historical events, but those of distant times and countries; so entirely did they believe that oral tradition and the daily discussions of common life were sufficient records of the events of their own time and country. Cadmus of Miletus is mentioned as the first historian, but his works seem to have been early lost. To him, and other Greek historians before the time of Herodotus, scholars have given the name of Logographers, from Logos, signifying any discourse in prose. The first Greek to whom it occurred that a narrative of facts might be made intensely interesting was Herodotus (484-432 B.C.), a native of Halicarnassus in Asia Minor, the Homer of Greek history. Obligated, for political reasons, to leave his native land, he visited many countries, such as Egypt, Babylon, and Persia, and spent the latter years of his life in one of the Grecian settlements in Italy, where he devoted himself to the composition of his work. His travels were undertaken from the pure spirit of inquiry, and for that age they were very extensive and important. It is probable that his great and intricate plan, hitherto unknown in the historical writings of the Greeks, did not at first occur to him, and that it was only in his later years that he conceived the complete idea of a work so far beyond those of his predecessors and contemporaries. It is stated that he recited his history at different festivals, which is quite credible, though there is little authority for the story that at one of these Thucydides was present as a boy, and shed tears, drawn forth by his own desire for knowledge and his intense interest in the narrative. His work comprehends a history of nearly all the nations of the world at that time known. It has an epic character, not only from the equable and uninterrupted flow of the narrative, but also from certain pervading ideas which give a tone to the whole. The principal of these is the idea of a fixed destiny, of a wise arrangement of the world, which has prescribed to every being his path, and which allots ruin and destruction not only to crime and violence, but to excessive power and riches and the overweening pride which is their companion. In this consists the envy of the gods so often mentioned by Herodotus, and usually called by the other Greeks the divine Nemesis. He constantly adverts in his narrative to the influence of this divine power, the Daemonion, as he calls it. He shows how the Deity visits the sins of the ancestors upon their descendants, how man rushes, as it were, wilfully upon his own destruction, and how oracles mislead by their ambiguity, when interpreted by blind passion. He shows his awe of the divine Nemesis by his moderation and the firmness with which he keeps down the ebullitions of national pride. He points out traits of greatness of character in the hostile kings of Persia, and shows his countrymen how often they owed their successes to Providence and external advantages rather than to their own valor and ability. Since Herodotus saw the working of a divine agency in all human events, and considered the exhibition of it as the main object of his history, his aim is totally different from that of a historian who regards the events of life merely with reference to men. He is, in truth, a theologian and a poet as well as a historian. It is, however, vain to deny that when Herodotus did not see himself the events which he describes, he is often deceived by the misrepresentations of others; yet, without his single-hearted simplicity, his disposition to listen to every remarkable account, and his admiration for the wonders of the Eastern world, Herodotus would never have imparted to us many valuable accounts. Modern travelers, naturalists, and geographers have often had occasion to admire the truth, and correctness of the information contained in his simple and marvelous narratives. But no dissertation on this writer can convey any idea of the impression made by reading his work; his language closely approximates to oral narration; it is like hearing a person speak who has seen and lived through a variety of remarkable things, and whose greatest delight consists in recalling these images of the past. Though a Dorian by birth, he adopted the Ionic dialect, with its uncontracted terminations, its accumulated vowels, and its soft forms. These various elements conspire to render the work of Herodotus a production as perfect in its kind as any human work can be.

PERIOD SECOND.

THE EPOCH OF THE ATHENIAN LITERATURE (484-322 B.C.).

1. LITERARY PREDOMINANCE OF ATHENS.--Among the Greeks a national literature was early formed. Every literary work in the Greek language, in whatever dialect it might be composed, was enjoyed by the whole nation, and the fame of remarkable writers soon spread throughout Greece. Certain cities were considered almost as theatres, where the poets and sages could bring their powers and acquirements into public notice. Among these, Sparta stood highest down to the time of the Persian war. But when Athens, raised by her political power and the mental qualities of her citizens, acquired the rank of the capital of Greece, literature assumed a different form, and there is no more important epoch in the history of the Greek intellect than the time when she obtained this pre-eminence over her sister states. The character of the Athenians peculiarly fitted them to take this lead; they were Ionians, and the boundless resources and mobility of the Ionian spirit are shown by their astonishing productions in Asia Minor and in the islands, in the two centuries previous to the Persian war; in their iambic and elegiac poetry,

and in the germs of philosophic inquiry and historical composition. The literature of those who remained in Attica seemed poor and meagre when compared with that luxuriant outburst; nor did it appear, till a later period, that the progress of the Athenian intellect was the more sound and lasting. The Ionians of Asia Minor, becoming at length enfeebled and corrupted by the luxuries of the East, passed easily under the power of the Persians, while the inhabitants of Attica, encompassed and oppressed by the manly tribes of Greece, and forced to keep the sword constantly in their hands, exerted all their talents and thus developed all their extraordinary powers. Solon, the great lawgiver, arose to combine moral strictness and order with freedom of action. After Solon came the dominion of the Pisistratidae, which lasted from about 560 to 510 B.C. They showed a fondness for art, diffused a taste for poetry among the Athenians, and naturalized at Athens the best literary productions of Greece. They were unquestionably the first to introduce the entire recital of the Iliad and Odyssey; they also brought to Athens the most distinguished lyric poets of the time, Anacreon, Simonides, and others. But, notwithstanding their patronage of literature and art, it was not till after the fall of their dynasty that Athens shot up with a vigor that can only be derived from the consciousness of every citizen that he has a share in the common weal. It is a remarkable fact that Athens produced her most excellent works in literature and art in the midst of the greatest political convulsions, and of her utmost efforts for conquest and self-preservation. The long dominion of the Pisistratids produced nothing more important than the first rudiments of the tragic drama, for the origin of comedy at the country festivals of Bacchus falls in the time before Pisistratus. On the other hand, the thirty years between the expulsion of Hippias, the last of the Pisistratids, and the battle of Salamis (510-480 B.C.), was a period marked by great events both in politics and literature. Athens contended with success against her warlike neighbors, supported the Ionians in their revolt against Persia, and warded off the first powerful attack of the Persians upon Greece. During the same period, the pathetic tragedies of Phrynichus and the lofty tragedies of Aeschylus appeared on the stage, political eloquence was awakened in Themistocles, and everything seemed to give promise of future greatness. The political events which followed the Persian war gradually gave to Athens the dominion over her allies, so that she became the sovereign of a large and flourishing empire, comprehending the islands and coasts of the Aegean and a part of the Euxine sea. In this manner was gained a wide basis for the lofty edifice of political glory, which was raised by her statesmen. The completion of this splendid structure was due to Pericles (500-429 B.C.). Through his influence Athens became a dominant community, whose chief business it was to administer the affairs of an extensive empire, flourishing in agriculture, industry, and commerce. Pericles, however, did not make the acquisition of power the highest object of his exertions; his aim was to realize in Athens the idea which he had conceived of human greatness, that great and noble thoughts should pervade the whole mass of the ruling people; and this was, in fact, the case as long as his influence lasted, to a greater degree than has occurred in any other period of history. The objects to which Pericles directed the people, and for which he accumulated so much power and wealth at Athens, may be best seen in the still extant works of architecture and sculpture which originated under his administration. He induced the Athenian people to expend on the decoration of Athens a larger part of its ample revenues than was ever applied to this purpose in any other state, either republican or monarchical. Of the surpassing skill with which he collected into one focus the rays of artistic genius at Athens, no stronger proof can be afforded, than the fact that no subsequent period, through the patronage of Macedonian or Roman princes, produced works of equal excellence. Indeed, it may be said that the creations of the age of Pericles are the only works of art which completely satisfy the most refined and cultivated taste. But this brilliant exhibition of human excellence was not without its dark side, nor the flourishing state of Athenian civilization exempt from the elements of decay. The political position of Athens soon led to a conflict between the patriotism and moderation of her citizens, and their interests and passions. From the earliest times, this city had stood in an unfriendly relation to the rest of Greece, and her policy of compelling so many cities to contribute their wealth in order to make her the focus of art and civilization was accompanied with offensive pride and selfish patriotism. The energy in action, which distinguished the Athenians, degenerated into a restless love of adventure; and that dexterity in the use of words, which they cultivated more than the other Greeks, induced them to subject everything to discussion, and destroyed the habits founded on unreasoning faith. The principles of the policy of Pericles were closely connected with the demoralization which followed his administration. By founding the power of the Athenians on the dominion of the sea, he led them to abandon land war and the military exercises requisite for it, which had hardened the old warriors at Marathon. As he made them a dominant people, whose time was chiefly devoted to the business of governing their widely-extended empire, it was necessary for him to provide that the common citizens of Athens should be able to gain a livelihood by their attention to public business, and accordingly, a large revenue was distributed among them in the form of wages for attendance in the courts of justice and other public assemblies. These payments to citizens for their share in the public business were quite new in Greece, and many considered the sitting and listening in these assemblies as an idle life in comparison with the labor of the plowman and vine-grower in the country, and for a long time the industrious cultivators, the brave warriors, and the men of old-fashioned morality were opposed, among the citizens of Athens, to the loquacious, luxurious,

and dissolute generation who passed their whole time in the market-place and courts of justice. The contests between these two parties are the main subject of the early Attic comedy. Literature and art, however, were not, during the Peloponnesian war, affected by the corruption of morals. The works of this period exhibit not only a perfection of form but also an elevation of soul and a grandeur of conception, which fill us with admiration not only for those who produced them, but for those who could enjoy such works of art. A step farther, and the love of genuine beauty gave place to a desire for evil pleasures, and the love of wisdom degenerated into an idle use of words.

2. THE DRAMA.--The spirit of an age is more completely represented by its poetry than by its prose composition, and accordingly we may best trace the character of the three different stages of civilization among the Greeks in the three grand divisions of their poetry. The epic belongs to their monarchical period, when the minds of the people were impregnated and swayed by legends handed down from antiquity. Elegiac, iambic, and lyric poetry arose in the more stirring and agitated times which accompanied the development of republican governments, times in which each individual gave vent to his personal aims and wishes, and all the depths of the human breast were unlocked by the inspirations of poetry. And now, when at the summit of Greek civilization, in the very prime of Athenian power and freedom, we see dramatic poetry spring up as the organ of the prevailing thoughts and feelings of the time, we are naturally led to ask how it comes that this style of poetry agreed so well with the spirit of the age, and so far outstripped its competitors in the contest for public favor. Dramatic poetry, as its name implies, represents actions, which are not, as in the epos, merely narrated, but seem to take place before the eyes of the spectator. The epic poet appears to regard the events, which he relates from afar, as objects of calm contemplation and admiration, and is always conscious of the great interval between him and them, while the dramatist plunges with his entire soul into the scenes of human life, and seems himself to experience the events which he exhibits to our view. The drama comprehends and develops the events of human life with a force and depth which no other style of poetry can reach. If we carry ourselves in imagination back to a time when dramatic composition was unknown, we must acknowledge that its creation required great boldness of mind. Hitherto the bard had only sung of gods and heroes; it was, therefore, a great change for the poet himself to come forward all at once in the character of the god or hero, in a nation which, even in its amusements, had always adhered closely to established usages. It is true that there is much in human nature which impels it to dramatic representations, such as the universal love of imitating other persons, and the child-like liveliness with which a narrator, strongly impressed with his subject, delivers a speech which he has heard or perhaps only imagined. Yet there is a wide step from these disjointed elements to the genuine drama, and it seems that no nation, except the Greeks, ever made this step. The dramatic poetry of the Hindus belongs to a time when there had been much intercourse between Greece and India; even in ancient Greece and Italy, dramatic poetry, and especially tragedy, attained to perfection only in Athens, and here it was exhibited only at a few festivals of a single god, Dionysus, while epic rhapsodies and lyric odes were recited on various occasions. All this is incomprehensible, if we suppose dramatic poetry to have originated in causes independent of the peculiar circumstances of time and place. If a love of imitation and a delight in disguising the real person under a mask were the basis upon which this style of poetry was raised, the drama would have been as natural and as universal among men as these qualities are common to their nature. A more satisfactory explanation of the origin of the Greek drama may be found in its connection with the worship of the gods, and particularly that of Bacchus. The gods were supposed to dwell in their temples and to participate in their festivals, and it was not considered presumptuous or unbecoming to represent them as acting like human beings, as was frequently done by mimic representations. The worship of Bacchus had one quality which was more than any other calculated to give birth to the drama, and particularly to tragedy, namely, the enthusiasm which formed an essential part of it, and which proceeded from an impassioned sympathy with the events of nature in connection with the course of the seasons. The original participants in these festivals believed that they perceived the god to be really affected by the changes of nature, killed or dying, flying and rescued, or reanimated, victorious, and dominant. Although the great changes, which took place in the religion and cultivation of the Greeks, banished from their minds the conviction that these events really occurred, yet an enthusiastic sympathy with the god and his fortunes, as with real events, always remained. The swarm of subordinate beings by whom Bacchus was surrounded--satyrs, nymphs, and a variety of beautiful and grotesque forms--were ever present to the fancy of the Greeks, and it was not necessary to depart very widely from the ordinary course of ideas to imagine them visible to human eyes among the solitary woods and rocks. The custom, so prevalent at the festivals of Bacchus, of taking the disguise of satyrs, doubtless originated in the desire to approach more nearly to the presence of their divinity. The desire of escaping from self into something new and strange, of living in an imaginary world, broke forth in a thousand instances in those festivals. It was seen in the coloring of the body, the wearing of skins and masks of wood or bark, and in the complete costume belonging to the character. The learned writers of antiquity agree in stating that tragedy, as well as comedy, was originally a choral

song. The action, the adventures of the gods, was presupposed or only symbolically indicated; the chorus expressed their feelings upon it. This choral song belonged to the class of the *dithyramb*, an enthusiastic ode to Bacchus, capable of expressing every variety of feeling excited by the worship of that god. It was first sung by revelers at convivial meetings, afterwards it was regularly executed by a chorus. The subject of these tragic choruses sometimes changed from Bacchus to other heroes distinguished for their misfortunes and suffering. The reason why the dithyramb and afterwards tragedy was transferred from that god to heroes and not to other gods of the Greek Olympus, was that the latter were elevated above the chances of fortune and the alternations of joy and grief to which both Bacchus and the heroes were subject. It is stated by Aristotle, that tragedy originated with the chief singers of the dithyramb. It is probable that they represented Bacchus himself or his messengers, that they came forward and narrated his perils and escapes, and that the chorus then expressed their feeling, as at passing events. The chorus thus naturally assumed the character of satellites of Bacchus, whence they easily fell into the parts of satyrs, who were his companions in sportive adventures, as well as in combats and misfortunes. The name of tragedy, or goat's song, was derived from the resemblance of the singers, in their character of satyrs, to goats. Thus far tragedy had advanced among the Dorians, who, therefore, considered themselves the inventors of it. All its further development belongs to the Athenians. In the time of Pisistratus, Thespis (506 B.C.) first caused tragedy to become a drama, though a very simple one. He connected with the choral representation a regular dialogue, by joining one person to the chorus who was the *first actor*. He introduced linen masks, and thus the one actor might appear in several characters. In the drama of Thespis we find the satyric drama confounded with tragedy, and the persons of the chorus frequently representing satyrs. The dances of the chorus were still a principal part of the performance; the ancient tragedians, in general, were teachers of dancing, as well as poets and musicians. In Phrynichus (fl. 512 B.C.) the lyric predominated over the dramatic element. Like Thespis, he had only one actor, but he used this actor for different characters, and he was the first who brought female parts upon the stage, which, according to the manners of the ancients, could be acted only by men. In several instances it is remarkable that Phrynichus deviated from mythical subjects to those taken from contemporary history.

3. TRAGEDY.--The tragedy of antiquity was entirely different from that which, in progress of time, arose among other nations; a picture of human life, agitated by the passions, and corresponding as accurately as possible to its original in all its features. Ancient tragedy departs entirely from ordinary life; its character is in the highest degree ideal, and its development necessary, and essentially directed by the fate to which gods and men were subjected. As tragedy and dramatic exhibitions, generally, were seen only at the festivals of Bacchus, they retained a sort of Bacchic coloring, and the extraordinary excitement of all minds at these festivals, by raising them above the tone of every-day existence, gave both to the tragic and comic muse unwonted energy and fire. The Bacchic festal costume, which the actors wore, consisted of long striped garments reaching to the ground, over which were thrown upper garments of some brilliant color, with gay trimmings and gold ornaments. The choruses also vied with each other in the splendor of their dress, as well as in the excellence of their singing and dancing. The chorus, which always bore a subordinate part in the action of the tragedy, was in no respect distinguished from the stature and appearance of ordinary men, while the actor, who represented the god or hero, required to be raised above the usual dimensions of mortals. A tragic actor was a strange, and, according to the taste of the ancients themselves at a later period, a very monstrous being. His person was lengthened out considerably beyond the proportions of the human figure by the very high soles of the tragic shoe, and by the length of the tragic mask, and the chest, body, legs, and arms were stuffed and padded to a corresponding size; the body thus lost much of its natural flexibility, and the gesticulation consisted of stiff, angular movements, in which little was left to the emotion or the inspiration of the moment. Masks, which had originated in the taste for mumming and disguises of all sorts, prevalent at the Bacchic festivals, were an indispensable accompaniment to tragedy. They not only concealed the individual features of well-known actors, and enabled the spectators entirely to forget the performer in his part, but gave to his whole aspect that ideal character which the tragedy of antiquity demanded. The tragic mask was not intentionally ugly and caricatured like the comic, but the half-open mouth, the large eye-sockets, and sharply-defined features, in which every characteristic was presented in its utmost strength, and the bright and hard coloring were calculated to make the impression of a being agitated by the emotions and passions of human nature in a degree far above the standard of common life. The masks could, however, be changed between the acts, so as to represent the necessary changes in the state or emotions of the persons. The ancient theatres were stone buildings of enormous size, calculated to accommodate the whole free and adult population of a great city at the spectacles and festal games. These theatres were not designed exclusively for dramatic poetry; choral dances, processions, revels, and all sorts of representations were held in them. We find theatres in every part of Greece, though dramatic poetry was the peculiar growth of Athens. The whole structure of the theatre, as well as the drama itself, may be traced to the chorus, whose station was the original centre of the whole performance. The orchestra, which occupied a circular level space in the

centre of the building, grew out of the chorus or dancing-place of the Homeric times. The altar of Bacchus, around which the dithyrambic chorus danced in a circle, had given rise to a sort of raised platform in the centre of the orchestra, which served as a resting-place for the chorus. The chorus sang alone when the actors had quitted the stage, or alternately with the persons of the drama, and sometimes entered into dialogues with them. These persons represented heroes of the mythical world, whose whole aspect bespoke something mightier and more sublime than ordinary humanity, and it was the part of the chorus to show the impression made by the incidents of the drama on lower and feebler minds, and thus, as it were, to interpret them to the audience, with whom they owned a more kindred nature. The ancient stage was remarkably long, and of little depth; it was called the *_proscenium_*, because it was in front of the *_scene_*. *_Scene_* properly means *_tent_* or *_hut_*, such as originally marked the dwelling of the principal person. This hut at length gave place to a stately scene, enriched with architectural decorations, yet its purpose remained the same. We have seen how a single actor was added to the chorus by Thespis, who caused him to represent in succession all the persons of the drama. Aeschylus added a second actor in order to obtain the contrast of two acting persons on the stage; even Sophocles did not venture beyond the introduction of a third. But the ancients laid more stress upon the precise number and mutual relations of these actors than can here be explained.

4. THE TRAGIC POETS.--Aeschylus (525-477 B.C.), like almost all the great masters of poetry in ancient Greece, was a poet by profession, and from the great improvements which he introduced into tragedy he was regarded by the Athenians as its founder. Of the seventy tragedies which he is said to have written, only seven are extant. Of these, the "Prometheus" is beyond all question his greatest work. The genius of Aeschylus inclined rather to the awful and sublime, than to the tender and pathetic. He excels in representing the superhuman, in depicting demigods and heroes, and in tracing the irresistible march of fate. The depth of poetical feeling in him is accompanied with intense and philosophical thought; he does not merely represent individual tragical events, but he recurs to the greater elements of tragedy--the subjection of the gods and Titans, and the original dignity and greatness of nature and of man. He delights to portray this gigantic strength, as in his Prometheus chained and tortured, but invincible; and these representations have a moral sublimity far above mere poetic beauty. His tragedies were at once political, patriotic, and religious. Sophocles (495-406 B.C.), as a poet, is universally allowed to have brought the drama to the highest degree of perfection of which it was susceptible. Indeed, the Greek mind may be said to have culminated in him; his writings overflow with that indescribable charm which only flashes through those of other poets. His plots are worked up with more skill and care than those of either of his great rivals, Aeschylus or Euripides, and he added the last improvement to the form of the drama by the introduction of a third actor,--a change which greatly enlarged the scope of the action. Of the many tragedies which he is said to have written, only seven are extant. Of these, the "Oedipus Tyrannus" is particularly remarkable for its skillful development, and for the manner in which the interest of the piece increases through each succeeding act. Of all the poets of antiquity, Sophocles has penetrated most deeply into the recesses of the human heart. His tragedies appear to us as pictures of the mind, as poetical developments of the secrets of our souls, and of the laws to which their nature makes them amenable. In Euripides (480-407 B.C.) we discover the first traces of decline in the Greek tragedy. He diminished its dignity by depriving it of its ideal character, and by bringing it down to the level of every-day life. All the characters of Euripides have that loquacity and dexterity in the use of words which distinguished the Athenians of his day; yet in spite of all these faults he has many beauties, and is particularly remarkable for pathos, so that Aristotle calls him the most tragic of poets. Eighteen of his tragedies are still extant. The contemporaries of the three great tragic poets, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, must be regarded for the most part as far from insignificant, since they maintained their place on the stage beside them, and not unfrequently gained the tragic prize in competition with them; yet the general character of these poets must have been deficient in that depth and peculiar force of genius by which these great tragedians were distinguished. If this had not been the case, their works would assuredly have attracted greater attention, and would have been read more frequently in later times.

5. COMEDY.--Greek comedy was distinguished as the Old, the Middle, and the New. As tragedy arose from the winter feast of Bacchus, which fostered an enthusiastic sympathy with the apparent sorrows of the god of nature, comedy arose from the concluding feast of the vintage, at which an exulting joy over the inexhaustible riches of nature manifested itself in wantonness of every kind. In such a feast, the Comus, or Bacchanalian procession, was a principal ingredient. This was a tumultuous mixture of the wild carouse, the noisy song, and the drunken dance; and the meaning of the word comedy is a *comus _song_*. It was from this lyric comedy that the dramatic comedy was gradually produced. It received its full development from Cratinus, who lived in the age of Pericles. Cratinus and his younger contemporaries, Eupolis (431 B.C.) and Aristophanes (452-380 B.C.), were the great poets of the old Attic comedy. Of their works, only eleven dramas of Aristophanes are extant. The

chief object of these comedies was to excite laughter by the boldest and most ludicrous caricature, and, provided that end was obtained, the poet seems to have cared little about the justice of the picture. It is scarcely possible to imagine the unmeasured and unsparing license of attack assumed by these comedies upon the gods, the institutions, the politicians, philosophers, poets, private citizens, and women of Athens. With this universal liberty of subject there is combined a poignancy of derision and satire, a fecundity of imagination, and a richness of poetical expression such as cannot be surpassed. Towards the end of the career of Aristophanes, however, this unrestricted license of the comedy began gradually to disappear. The Old comedy was succeeded by the Middle Attic comedy, in which the satire was no longer directed against the influential men or rulers of the people, but was rich in ridicule of the Platonic Academy, of the newly revived sect of the Pythagoreans, and of the orators, rhetoricians, and poets of the day. In this transition from the Old to the Middle comedy, we may discern at once the great revolution that had taken place in the domestic history of Athens, when the Athenians, from a nation of politicians, became a nation of literary men; when it was no longer the opposition of political ideas, but the contest of opposing schools of philosophers and rhetoricians, which set all heads in motion. The poets of this comedy were very numerous. The last poets of the Middle comedy were contemporaries of the writers of the New, who rose up as their rivals, and who were only distinguished from them by following the new tendency more decidedly and exclusively. Menander (342-293 B.C.) was one of the first of these poets, and he is also the most perfect of them. The Athens of his day differed from that of the time of Pericles, in the same way that an old man, weak in body but fond of life, good-humored and self-indulgent, differs from the vigorous, middle-aged man at the summit of his mental strength and bodily energy. Since there was so little in politics to interest or to employ the mind, the Athenians found an object in the occurrences of social life and the charm of dissolute enjoyment. Dramatic poetry now, for the first time, centred in love, as it has since done among all nations to whom the Greek cultivation has descended. But it certainly was not love in those nobler forms to which it has since elevated itself. Menander painted truly the degenerate world in which he lived, actuated by no mighty impulses, no noble aspirations. He was contemporary with Epicurus, and their characters had much in common; both were deficient in the inspiration of high moral ideas. The comedy of Menander and his contemporaries completed what Euripides had begun on the tragic stage a hundred years before their time. They deprived their characters of that ideal grandeur which had been most conspicuous in the creations of Aeschylus and the earlier poets, and thus tragedy and comedy, which had started from such different beginnings, here met as at the same point. The comedies of Menander may be considered as almost the conclusion of Attic literature; he was the last original poet of Athens; those who arose at a later period were but gleaners after the rich harvest of Greek poetry had been gathered.

6. ORATORY, RHETORIC, AND HISTORY.--We may distinguish three epochs in the history of Attic prose from Pericles to Alexander the Great: first, that of Pericles and Thucydides; second, that of Lysias, Socrates, and Plato; and, third, that of Demosthenes and Aeschines. Public speaking had been common in Greece from the earliest times, but as the works of Athenian orators alone have come down to us, we may conclude that oratory was cultivated in a much higher degree at Athens than elsewhere. No speech of Pericles has been preserved in writing; only a few of his emphatic and nervous expressions were kept in remembrance; but a general impression of the grandeur of his oratory long prevailed among the Greeks, from which we may form a clear conception of his style. The sole object of the oratory of Pericles was to produce conviction; he did not aim to excite any sudden or transient burst of passion by working on the emotions of the heart; nor did he use any of those means employed by the orators of a later age to set in motion the unruly impulses of the multitude. His manner was tranquil, with hardly any change of feature; his garments were undisturbed by any oratorical gesticulations, and his voice was equable and sustained. He never condescended to flatter the people, and his dignity never stooped to merriment. Although there was more of reasoning than imagination in his speeches, he gave a vivid and impressive coloring to his language by the use of striking metaphors and comparisons, as when, at the funeral of a number of young persons who had fallen in battle, he used the beautiful figure, that "the year had lost its spring." The cultivation of the art of oratory among the Athenians was due to a combination of the natural eloquence displayed by the Athenian statesmen, and especially by Pericles, with the rhetorical studies of the sophists, who exercised a greater influence on the culture of the Greek mind than any other class of men, the poets excepted. The sophists, as their name indicates, were persons who made knowledge their profession, and undertook to impart it to every one who was willing to place himself under their guidance; they were reproached with being the first to sell knowledge for money, for they not only demanded pay from those who came to hear their lectures, but they undertook, for a certain sum, to give young men a complete sophistical education. Pupils flocked to them in crowds, and they acquired such riches as neither art nor science had ever before earned among the Greeks. If we consider their doctrines philosophically, they amounted to a denial or renunciation of all true science. They were able to speak with equal plausibility for and against the same position; not in order to discover the truth, but to show the nothingness of truth. In the improvement of written composition, however, a high value must be set on their services. They made language the object of their study; they aimed at correctness and beauty of style, and they laid

the foundation for the polished diction of Plato and Demosthenes. They taught that the sole aim of the orator is to turn the minds of his hearers into such a train as may best suit his own interest; that, consequently, rhetoric is the agent of persuasion, the art of all arts, because the rhetorician is able to speak well and convincingly on every subject, though he may have no accurate knowledge respecting it. The Peloponnesian war, which terminated in the downfall of Athens, was succeeded by a period of exhaustion and repose. The fine arts were checked in their progress, and poetry degenerated into empty bombast. Yet at this very time prose literature began a new career, which led to its fairest development. Lysias and Isocrates gave an entirely new form to oratory by the happy alterations which they in different ways introduced into the old prose style. Lysias (fl. 359 B.C.), in the fiftieth year of his age, began to follow the trade of writing speeches for such private individuals as could not trust their own skill in addressing a court; for this object, a plain, unartificial style was best suited, because citizens who called in the aid of the speech-writer had no knowledge of rhetoric, and thus Lysias was obliged to originate a style, which became more and more confirmed by habit. The consequence was, that for his contemporaries and for all ages he stands forth as the first and in many respects the perfect pattern of a plain style. The narrative part of the speech, for which he was particularly famous, is always natural, interesting, and lively, and often relieved by mimic touches which give it a wonderful air of reality. The proofs and confutations are distinguished by a clearness of reasoning and a boldness of argument which leave no room for doubt; in a word, the speeches are just what they ought to be in order to obtain a favorable decision, an object in which, it seems, he often succeeded. Of his many orations, thirty-five have come down to us. Isocrates (fl. 338 B.C.) established a school for political oratory, which became the first and most flourishing in Greece. His orations were mostly destined for this school. Though neither a great statesman nor philosopher in himself, Isocrates constitutes an epoch as a rhetorician or artist of language. His influence extended far beyond the limits of his own school, and without his reconstruction of the style of Attic oratory we could have had no Demosthenes and no Cicero; through these, the school of Isocrates has extended its influence even to the oratory of our own day. The verdict of his contemporaries, ratified by posterity, has pronounced Demosthenes (380-322 B.C.) the greatest orator that has ever lived, yet he had no natural advantages for oratory. A feeble frame and a weak voice, a shy and awkward manner, the ungraceful gesticulations of one whose limbs had never been duly exercised, and a defective articulation, would have deterred most men from even attempting to address an Athenian assembly; but the ambition and perseverance of Demosthenes enabled him to triumph over every disadvantage. He improved his bodily powers by running, his voice by speaking aloud as he walked up hill, or declaimed against the roar of the sea; he practiced graceful delivery before a looking-glass, and controlled his unruly articulation by speaking with pebbles in his mouth. His want of fluency he remedied by diligent composition, and by copying and committing to memory the works of the best authors. By these means he came forth as the acknowledged leader of the assembly, and, even by the confession of his deadliest enemies, the first orator of Greece. His harangues to the people, and his speeches on public and private causes, which have been preserved, form a collection of sixty-one orations. The most important efforts of Demosthenes, however, were the series of public speeches referring to Philip of Macedon, and known as the twelve Philippics, a name which has become a general designation for spirited invectives. The main characteristic of his eloquence consisted in the use of the common language of his age and country. He took great pains in the choice and arrangement of his words, and aimed at the utmost conciseness, making epithets, even common adjectives, do the work of a whole sentence, and thus, by his perfect delivery and action, a sentence composed of ordinary terms sometimes smote with the weight of a sledge-hammer. In his orations there is not any long or close train of reasoning, still less any profound observations or remote and ingenious allusions, but a constant succession of remarks, bearing immediately on the matter in hand, perfectly plain, and as readily admitted as easily understood. These are intermingled with the most striking appeals either to feelings which all were conscious of, and deeply agitated by, though ashamed to own, or to sentiments which every man was panting to utter and delighted to hear thundered forth,--bursts of oratory, which either overwhelmed or relieved the audience. Such characteristics constituted the principal glory of the great orator. The most eminent of the contemporaries of Demosthenes were Isaeus (420-348 B.C.), an artificial and elaborate orator; Lycurgus (393-328 B.C.), a celebrated civil reformer of Athens; Hypereides, contemporary of Lycurgus; and, above all, Aeschines (389-314 B.C.), the great rival of Demosthenes, of whose numerous speeches only three have been preserved. At a later period we find two schools of rhetoric, the Attic, founded by Aeschines, and the Asiatic, established by Hegesias of Magnesia. The former proposed as models of oratory the great Athenian orators, the latter depended on artificial manners, and produced speeches distinguished rather by rhetorical ornaments and a rapid flow of diction than by weight and force of style. In the historical department, Thucydides (471-391 B.C.) began an entirely new class of historical writing. While Herodotus aimed at giving a vivid picture of all that fell under the cognizance of the senses, and endeavored to represent a superior power ruling over the destinies of princes and people, the attention of Thucydides was directed to human action, as it is developed from the character and situation of the individual. His history, from its unity of action, may be considered as a historical drama, the subject being the

Athenian domination over Greece, and the parties the belligerent republics. Clearness in the narrative, harmony and consistency of the details with the general history, are the characteristics of his work; and in his style he combines the concise and pregnant oratory of Pericles with the vigorous but artificial style of the rhetoricians. Demosthenes was so diligent a student of Thucydides that he copied out his history eight times. Xenophon (445-391 B.C.) may also be classed among the great historians, his name being most favorably known from the "Anabasis," in which he describes the retreat of the ten thousand Greek mercenaries in the service of Cyrus, the Persian king, among whom he himself played a prominent part. The minuteness of detail, the picturesque simplicity of the style, and the air of reality which pervades it, have made it a favorite with every age. In his memorials of Socrates, he records the conversations of a man whom he had admired and listened to, but whom he did not understand. In the language of Xenophon we find the first approximation to the common dialect, which became afterwards the universal language of Greece. He wrote several other works, in which, however, no development of one great and pervading idea can be found; but in all of them there is a singular clearness and beauty of description.

7. SOCRATES AND THE SOCRATIC SCHOOLS.--Although Socrates (468-399 B.C.) left no writings behind him, yet the intellect of Greece was powerfully affected by the principles of his philosophy, and the greatest literary genius that ever appeared in Hellas owed most of his mental training to his early intercourse with him. It was by means of conversation, by a searching process of question and answer, that Socrates endeavored to lead his pupils to a consciousness of their own ignorance, and thus to awaken in their minds an anxiety to obtain more exact views. This method of questioning he reduced to a scientific process, and "dialectics" became a name for the art of reasoning and the science of logic. The subject-matter of this method was moral science considered with special reference to politics. To him may be justly attributed induction and general definitions, and he applied this practical logic to a common-sense estimate of the duties of man both as a moral being and as a member of a community, and thus he first treated moral philosophy according to scientific principles. No less than ten schools of philosophers claimed him as their head, though the majority of them imperfectly represented his doctrines. By his influence on Plato, and through him on Aristotle, he constituted himself the founder of the philosophy which is still recognized in the civilized world.

>From the doctrine held by Socrates, that virtue was dependent on knowledge, Eucleides of Megara (fl. 398 B.C.), the founder of the Megaric school, submitted moral philosophy to dialectical reasoning and logical refinements; and from the Socratic principle of the union between virtue and happiness, Aristippus of Cyrene (fl. 396 B.C.) deduced the doctrine which became the characteristic of the Cyrenian school, affirming that pleasure was the ultimate end of life and the higher good; while Antisthenes (fl. 396 B.C.) constructed the Cynic philosophy, which placed the ideal of virtue in the absence of every need, and hence in the disregarding of every interest, wealth, honor, and enjoyment, and in the independence of any restraints of life and society. Diogenes of Sinope (fl. 300 B.C.) was one of the most prominent followers of this school. He, like his master, Antisthenes, always appeared in the most beggarly clothing, with the staff and wallet of mendicancy; and this ostentation of self-denial drew from Socrates the exclamation, that he saw the vanity of Antisthenes through the holes in his garments. Plato (429-348 B.C.) was the only--one of the disciples of Socrates who represented the whole doctrines of his teacher. We owe to him that the ideas which Socrates awakened have been made the germ of one of the grandest systems of speculation that the world has ever seen, and that it has been conveyed to us in literary compositions which are unequaled in refinement of conception, or in vigor and gracefulness of style. At the age of nineteen he became one of the pupils and associates of Socrates, and did not leave him until that martyr of intellectual freedom drank the fatal cup of hemlock. He afterwards traveled in Asia Minor, in Egypt, in Italy, and Sicily, and made himself acquainted with all contemporary philosophy. During the latter part of his life he was engaged as a public lecturer on philosophy. His lectures were delivered in the gardens of the Academia, and they have left proof of their celebrity in the structure of language, which has derived from them a term now common to all places of instruction. Of the importance of the Socratic and Pythagorean elements in Plato's philosophy there can be no doubt; but he transmuted all he touched into his own forms of thought and language, and there was no branch of speculative literature which he had not mastered. By adopting the form of dialogue, in which all his extant works have come down to us, he was enabled to criticise the various systems of philosophy then current in Greece, and also to gratify his own dramatic genius, and his almost unrivaled power of keeping up an assumed character. The works of Plato have been divided into three classes: first, the elementary dialogues, or those which contain the germs of all that follows, of logic as the instrument of philosophy, and of ideas as its proper object; second, progressive dialogues, which treat of the distinction between philosophical and common knowledge, in their united application to the proposed and real sciences, ethics, and physics; third, the constructive dialogues, in which the practical is completely united with the speculative, with an appendix containing laws, epistles, etc. The fundamental principle of Plato's philosophy is the belief in an eternal and self-existent cause, the origin of all things. From this divine Being emanate not only the souls of men, which are immortal, but that of the universe itself, which is supposed to be animated by a divine spirit. The material objects of our sight, and other senses, are mere fleeting emanations of the divine idea; it is only this idea itself that is really

existent; the objects of sensuous perception are mere appearances, taking their forms by participation in the idea; hence it follows, that in Plato's philosophy all knowledge is innate, and acquired by the soul before birth, when it was able to contemplate real existences, and all our ideas of this world are mere reminiscences of their true and eternal patterns. The belief of Plato in the immortality of the soul naturally led him to establish a high standard of moral excellence, and, like his great teacher, he constantly inculcates temperance, justice, and purity of life. His political views are developed in the "Republic" and in the "Laws," in which the main feature of his system is the subordination, or rather the entire sacrifice of the individual to the state. The style of Plato is in every way worthy of his position in universal literature, and modern scholars have confirmed the encomium of Aristotle, that all his dialogues exhibit extraordinary acuteness, elaborate elegance, bold originality, and curious speculation. In Plato, the powers of imagination were just as conspicuous as those of reasoning and reflection; he had all the chief characteristics of a poet, especially of a dramatic poet, and if his rank as a philosopher had been lower than it is, he would still have ranked high among dramatic writers for his life-like representations of the personages whose opinions he wished to combat or to defend. Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) occupies a position among the leaders of human thought not inferior to that of his teacher, Plato. He was a native of Stagira, in Macedonia, and is hence often called the Stagyrice. He early repaired to Athens, and became a pupil of Plato, who called him the soul of his school. He was afterwards invited by Philip of Macedon to undertake the literary education of Alexander, at that time thirteen years old. This charge continued about three years. He afterwards returned to Athens, where he opened his school in a gymnasium called the Lyceum, delivering his lessons as he walked to and fro, and from these saunters his scholars were called Peripatetics, or saunterers. During this period he composed most of his extant works. Alexander placed at his disposal a large sum for his collections in natural history, and employed some thousands of men in procuring specimens for his museum. After the death of Alexander, he was accused of blasphemy to the gods, and, warned by the fate of Socrates, he withdrew from Athens to Chalcis, where he afterwards died. In looking at the mere catalogue of the works of Aristotle, we are struck with his vast range of knowledge. He aimed at nothing less than the completion of a general encyclopedia of philosophy. He was the author of the first scientific cultivation of each science, and there was hardly any quality distinguishing a philosopher as such, which he did not possess in an eminent degree. Of all the philosophical systems of antiquity, that of Aristotle was the best adapted to the physical wants of mankind. His works consisted of treatises on natural, moral, and political philosophy, history, rhetoric, criticism,--indeed, there was scarcely a branch of knowledge which his vast and comprehensive genius did not embrace. His greatest claim to our admiration is as a logician. He perfected and brought into form those elements of the dialectic art which had been struck out by Socrates and Plato, and wrought them, by his additions, into so complete a system, that he may be regarded as, at once, the founder and perfecter of logic as an art, which has since, even down to our own days, been but very little improved. The style of Aristotle has nothing to attract those who prefer the embellishments of a work to its subject-matter and the scientific results which it presents.

PERIOD THIRD.

EPOCH OF THE DECLINE OF GREEK LITERATURE, 322 B.C.-1453 A.D.

1. ORIGIN OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LITERATURE.--As the literary predominance of

Athens was due mainly to the political importance of Attica, the downfall of Athenian independence brought with it a deterioration, and ultimately an extinction of that intellectual centralization which for more than a century had fostered and developed the highest efforts of the genius and culture of the Greeks. While the living literature of Greece was thus dying away, the conquests of Alexander prepared a new home for the muses on the coast of that wonderful country, to which all the nations of antiquity had owed a part of their science and religious belief. In Egypt, as in other regions, Alexander gave directions for the foundation of a city to be called after his own name, which became the magnificent metropolis of the Hellenic world. This capital was the residence of a family who attracted to their court all the living representatives of the literature of Greece, and stored up in their enormous library all the best works of the classical period. It was chiefly during the reigns of the first three Ptolemies that Alexandria was made the new home of Greek literature. Ptolemy Soter (306-285 B.C.) laid the foundations of the library, and instituted the museum, or temple of the muses, where the literary men of the age were maintained by endowments. This encouragement of literature was continued by Ptolemy Philadelphus (285-247 B.C.). He had the celebrated Callimachus for his librarian, who bought up not only the whole of Aristotle's great collection of works, but transferred the native annals of Egypt and Judea to the domain of Greek literature by employing the priest Manetho to translate the hieroglyphics of his own temple-archives into the language of the court, and by procuring from the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem the first part of that celebrated version of the Hebrew sacred books, which was afterwards completed and known as the Septuagint, or version of the Seventy. Ptolemy Euergetes (247-222 B.C.)

increased the library by depriving the Athenians of their authentic editions of the great dramatists. In the course of time the library founded at Pergamos was transferred to Egypt, and thus we are indebted to the Ptolemies for preserving to our times all the best specimens of Greek literature which have come down to us. This encouragement of letters, however, called forth no great original genius; but a few eminent men of science, many second-rate and artificial poets, and a host of grammarians and literary pedants.

2. THE ALEXANDRIAN POETS.--Among the poets of the period, Philetas,

Callimachus, Lycophron, Apollonius, and the writers of idyls, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus are the most eminent. The founder of a school of poetry at Alexandria, and the model for imitation with the Roman writers of elegiac poetry, was Philetas of Cos (fl. 260 B. C.), whose extreme emaciation of person exposed him to the imputation of wearing lead in the soles of his shoes, lest he should be blown away. He was chiefly celebrated as an elegiac poet, in whom ingenious, elegant, and harmonious versification took the place of higher poetry. Callimachus (fl. 260 B.C.) was the type of an Alexandrian man of letters, distinguished by skill rather than genius, the most finished specimen of what might be effected by talent, learning, and ambition, backed by the patronage of a court. He was a living representative of the great library over which he presided; he was not only a writer of all kinds of poetry, but a critic, grammarian, historian, and geographer. Of his writings, a few poems only are extant. Next to Callimachus, as a representative of the learned poetry of Alexandria, stands the dramatist Lycophron (fl. 250 B.C.). All his works are lost, with the exception of the oracular poem called the "Alexandra," or "Cassandra," on the merits of which very opposite opinions are entertained. Apollonius, known as the Rhodian (fl. 240 B.C.), was a native of Alexandria, and a pupil of Callimachus, through whose influence he was driven from his native city, when he established himself in the island of Rhodes, where he was so honored and distinguished that he took the name of the Rhodian. On the death of Callimachus, he was appointed to succeed him as librarian at Alexandria. His reputation depends on his epic poem, the "Argonautic Expedition." Of all the writers of the Alexandrian period, the bucolic poets have enjoyed the most popularity. Their pastoral poems were called Idyls, from their pictorial and descriptive character, that is, little pictures of common life, a name for which the later writers have sometimes substituted the term Eclogues, that is, selections, which is applicable to any short poem, whether complete and original, or appearing as an extract. The name of Idyls, however, was afterwards applicable to pastoral poems. Theocritus (fl. 272 B.C.) gives his name to the most important of these extant bucolics. He had an original genius for poetry of the highest kind; the absence of the usual affectation of the Alexandrian school, constant appeals to nature, a fine perception of character, and a keen sense of both the beautiful and the ludicrous, indicate the high order of his literary talent, and account for his universal and undiminished popularity. The two other bucolic poets of the Alexandrian school were Bion (fl. 275 B.C.), born near Smyrna, and his pupil Moschus of Syracuse (fl. 273 B.C.). It appears, from an elegy by Moschus, that Bion migrated from Asia Minor to Sicily, where he was poisoned. He wrote harmonious verses with a good deal of pathos and tenderness, but he is as inferior to Theocritus as he is superior to Moschus, whose artificial style characterizes him rather as a learned versifier than a true poet.

3. PROSE WRITERS OF ALEXANDRIA.--Many of the most eminent poets were also

prose writers, and they exhibited their versatility by writing on almost every subject of literary interest. The progress of prose writing manifested itself from grammar and criticism to the more elaborate and learned treatment of history and chronology, and to observations and speculations in pure and mixed mathematics. Demetrius the Phalerian (fl. 295 B.C.), Zenodotus (fl. 279 B.C.), Aristophanes (fl. 200 B.C.), and Aristarchus (fl. 156 B.C.), the three last of whom were successively intrusted with the management of the Library, were the representatives of the Alexandrian school of grammar and criticism. They devoted themselves chiefly to the revision of the text of Homer, which was finally established by Aristarchus. In the historical department may be mentioned Ptolemy Soter, who wrote the history of the wars of Alexander the Great; Apollodorus (fl. 200 B.C.), whose "Bibliotheca" contains a general sketch of the mystic legends of the Greeks; Eratosthenes (fl. 235 B.C.), the founder of scientific chronology in Greek history; Manetho (fl. 280 B.C.), who introduced the Greeks to a knowledge of the Egyptian religion and annals; and Berosus of Babylon, his contemporary, whose work, fragments of which were preserved by Josephus, was known as the "Babylonian Annals." While the Greeks of Alexandria thus gained a knowledge of the religious books of the nations conquered by Alexander, the same curiosity, combined with the necessities of the Jews of Alexandria, gave birth to the translation of the Bible into Greek, known under the name of Septuagint, which has exercised a more lasting influence on the civilized world than that of any book that has ever appeared in a new tongue. The beginning of that translation was probably made in the reigns of the first Ptolemies (320-249 B.C.), while the remainder was completed at a later period. The wonderful advance, which took place in pure and applied mathematics, is chiefly due to the learned men who settled in Alexandria; the greatest mathematicians and the most eminent founders of scientific geography were all either immediately or indirectly connected with the school of

Alexandria. Euclid (fl. 300 B.C.) founded a famous school of geometry in that city, in the reign of the first Ptolemy. Almost the only incident of his life which is known to us is a conversation between him and that king, who, having asked if there was no easier method of learning the science, is said to have been told by Euclid, that "there was no royal path to geometry." His most famous work is his "Elements of Pure Mathematics," at the present time a manual of instruction and the foundation of all geometrical treatises. Archimedes (287-212 B.C.) was a native of Syracuse, in Sicily, but he traveled to Egypt at an early age, and studied mathematics there in the school of Euclid. He not only distinguished himself as a pure mathematician and astronomer, and as the founder of the theory of statics, but he discovered the law of specific gravity, and constructed some of the most useful machines in the mechanic arts, such as the pulley and the hydraulic screw. His works are written in the Doric dialect. Apollonius of Perga (221-204 B.C.) distinguished himself in the mathematical department by his work on "Conic Elements." Eratosthenes was not only prominent in the science of chronology, but was also the founder of astronomical geography, and the author of many valuable works in various branches of philosophy. Hipparchus (fl. 150 B.C.) is considered the founder of the science of exact astronomy, from his great work, the "Catalogue of the Fixed Stars," his discovery of the precession of the equinoxes, and many other valuable astronomical observations and calculations.

4. ALEXANDRIAN PHILOSOPHY.--Athens, which had been the centre of Greek literature during the second or classical period of its development, had now, in all respects but one, resigned the intellectual leadership to the city of the Ptolemies. While Alexandria was producing a series of learned poets, scholars, and discoverers in science, Athenian literature was mainly represented by the establishment of certain forms of mental and moral philosophy founded on the various Socratic schools. Two schools of philosophy were established at Athens at the time of the death of Aristotle: that of the Academy, in which he himself had studied, and that of the Lyceum, which he had founded, as the seat of his peripatetic system. But the older schools soon reappeared under new names: the Megarics, with an infusion of the doctrines of Democritus, revived in the skeptic philosophy of Pyrrhon (375-285 B.C.). Epicurus (342-370 B.C.) founded the school to which he gave his name, by a similar combination of Democritean philosophy with the doctrines of the Cyrenaics; the Cynics were developed into Stoics by Zeno (341-260 B.C.), who borrowed much from the Megaric school and from the Old Academy; and, finally, the Middle and New Academy arose from a combination of doctrines which were peculiar to many of these sects. Though these different schools, which flourished at Athens, had early representatives in Alexandria, their different doctrines, coming in contact with the ancient religious systems of the Persians, Jews, and Hindus, underwent essential modifications, and gave birth to a kind of eclecticism, which became later an important element in the development of Christian history. The rationalism of the Platonic school and the supernaturalism of the Jewish Scriptures were chiefly mingled together, and from this amalgamation sprang the system of Neo-Platonism. When the early teachers of Christianity at Alexandria strove to show the harmony of the Gospel with the great principles of the Greco-Jewish philosophy, it underwent new modifications, and the Neo-Platonic school, which sprang up in Alexandria three centuries B.C., was completed in the first and second centuries of the Christian era. The common characteristic of the Neo-Platonists was a tendency to mysticism. Some of them believed that they were the subjects of divine inspiration and illumination; able to look into the future and to work miracles. Philo-Judaeus (fl. 20 B.C.), Numenius (fl. 150 A.D.), Ammonius Saccas (fl. 200 A.D.), Plotinus (fl. 260 A.D.), Porphyry (fl. 260 A.D.), and several fathers of the Greek Church are among the principal disciples of this school.

5. ANTI-NEO-PLATONIC TENDENCIES.--While the Neo-Platonism of Alexandria introduced into Greek philosophy Oriental ideas and tendencies, other positive and practical doctrines also prevailed, founded on common sense and conscience. First among these were the tenets of the Stoics, who owed their system mainly and immediately to the teaching of Epictetus (fl. 60 A.D.), who opposed the Oriental enthusiasm of the Neo-Platonists. He was originally a slave, and became a prominent teacher of philosophy in Rome, in the reign of Domitian. He left nothing in writing, and we are indebted for a knowledge of his doctrines to Arrian, who compiled his lectures or philosophical dissertations in eight books, of which only four are preserved, and the "Manual of Epictetus," a valuable compendium of the doctrines of the Stoics. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius not only lectured at Rome on the principles of Epictetus, but he left us his private meditations, composed in the midst of a camp, and exhibiting the serenity of a mind which had made itself independent of outward actions and warring passions within. Lucian (fl. 150 A.D.) may be compared to Voltaire, whom he equaled in his powers both of rhetoric and ridicule, and surpassed in his more conscientious and courageous love of truth. Though the results of his efforts against heathenism were merely negative, he prepared the way for Christianity by giving the death-blow to declining idolatry. Lucian, as a man of letters, is on many accounts interesting, and in reference to his own age and to the literature of Greece he is entitled to an important position both with regard to the religious and philosophical results of his works, and to the introduction of a purer Greek style, which he taught and exemplified. Longinus (fl. 230 A.D.), both as an opponent of Neo-Platonism and as a sound and sensible critic, occupies a position similar to that of Lucian, in the declining period of Greek literary history.

During a visit to the East, he became known to Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, who adopted the celebrated scholar as her instructor in the language and literature of Greece, her adviser and chief minister; and when Palmyra fell before the Roman power he was put to death by the Roman emperor. To his treatise on "The Sublime" he is chiefly indebted for his fame. When France, in the reign of Louis XIV., gave a tone to the literary judgments of Europe, this work was translated by Boileau, and received by the wits of Paris as an established manual in all that related to the sublime and beautiful.

6. GREEK LITERATURE IN ROME.--After the subjugation of Greece by the Romans, Greek authors wrote in their own language and published their works in Rome; illustrious Romans chose the idiom of Plato as the best medium for the expression of their own thoughts; dramatic poets gained a reputation by imitating the tragedies and comedies of Athens, and every versifier felt compelled by fashion to revive the metres of ancient Greece. This naturalization of Greek literature at Rome was due to the rudeness and poverty of the national literature of Italy, to the influence exerted by the Greek colonies, and to the political subjugation of Greece. In Rome, Greek libraries were established by the Emperor Augustus and his successors; and the knowledge of the Greek language was considered a necessary accomplishment. Cicero made his countrymen acquainted with the philosophical schools of Athens, and Rome became more and more the rival of Alexandria, both as a receptacle for the best Greek writings and as a seat of learning, where Greek authors found appreciation and patronage. The Greek poets, who were fostered and encouraged at Rome, were chiefly writers of epigrams, and their poems are preserved in the collections called "Anthologies." The growing demand for forensic eloquence naturally led the Roman orators to find their examples in those of Athens, and to the study of rhetoric in the Grecian writers. Among the writers on rhetoric whose works seem to have produced the greatest effect at the beginning of the Roman period, we mention Dionysius of Halicarnassus (fl. 7 B.C.). As a critic, he occupies the first rank among the ancients. Besides his rhetorical treatises, he wrote a work on "Roman Archaeology," the object of which was to show that the Romans were not, after all, barbarians, as was generally supposed, but a pure Greek race, whose institutions, religion, and manners were traceable to an identity with those of the noblest Hellenes. What Dionysius endeavored to do for the gratification of his own countrymen, by giving them a Greek version of Roman history, an accomplished Jew, who lived about a century later, attempted, from the opposite point of view, for his own fallen race, in a work which was a direct imitation of that just described. Flavius Josephus (fl. 60 A.D.) wrote the "Jewish Archaeology" in order to show the Roman conquerors of Jerusalem that the Jews did not deserve the contempt with which they were universally regarded. His "History of the Jewish Wars" is an able and valuable work. At an earlier period, Polybius (204-122 B.C.) wrote to explain to the Greeks how the power of the Romans had established itself in Greece. His great work was a universal history, but of the forty books of which it consisted only five have been preserved; perhaps no historical work has ever been written with such definiteness of purpose or unity of plan, or with such self-consciousness on the part of the writer. The object to which he directs attention is the manner in which fortune or providence uses the ability and energy of man as instruments in carrying out what is predetermined, and specially the exemplification of these principles in the wonderful growth of the Roman power during the fifty-three years of which he treats. Taking his history as a whole, it is hardly possible to speak in too high terms of it, though the style has many blemishes, such as endless digressions, wearisome repetition of his own principles and colloquial vulgarisms. Diodorus, a native of Sicily, generally known as the Sicilian (Siculus), flourished in the time of the first two Caesars. In his great work, the "Historical Library," it was his object to write a history of the world down to the commencement of Caesar's Gallic wars. He is content to give a bare recital of the facts, which crowded upon him and left him no time to be diffuse or ornamental. The geography of Strabo (fl. 10 A.D.), which has made his name familiar to modern scholars, has come down to us very nearly complete. Its merits are literary rather than scientific. His object was to give an instructive and readable account of the known world, from the point of view taken by a Greek man of letters. His style is simple, unadorned, and unaffected. Plutarch (40-120 A.D.) may be classed among the philosophers as well as among the historians. Though he has left many essays and works on different subjects, he is best known as a biographer. His lives of celebrated Greeks and Romans have made his name familiar to the readers of every country. The universal popularity of his biographies is due to the fact that they are dramatic pictures, in which each personage is represented as acting according to his leading characteristics. Pausanias (fl. 184 A.D.), a professed describer of countries and of their antiquities and works of art, in his "Gazetteer of Hellas" has left the best repertory of information for the topography, local history, religious observances, architecture, and sculpture of the different states of Greece. Among the scientific men of this period we find Ptolemy, whose name for more than a thousand years was coextensive with the sciences of astronomy and geography. He was a native of Alexandria, and flourished about the latter part of the second century. The best known of his works is his "Great Construction of Astronomy." He was the first to indicate the true shape of Spain, Gaul, and Ireland; as a writer, he deserves to be held in high estimation. Galen (fl. 130 A.D.) was a writer on philosophy and medicine, with whom

few could vie in productiveness. It was his object to combine philosophy with medical science, and his works for fifteen centuries were received as oracular authorities throughout the civilized world.

7. CONTINUED DECLINE OF GREEK LITERATURE.--The adoption of the Christian religion by Constantine, and his establishment of the seat of government in his new city of Constantinople, concurred in causing the rapid decline of Greek literature in the fourth and following centuries. Christianity, no longer the object of persecution, became the dominant religion of the state, and the profession of its tenets was the shortest road to influence and honor. The old literature, with its mythological allusions, became less and less fashionable, and the Greek poets, philosophers, and orators of the better periods gradually lost their attractions. Greek, the official language of Constantinople, was spoken there, with different degrees of corruption, by Syrians, Bulgarians, and Goths; and thus, as Christianity undermined the old classical literature, the political condition of the capital deteriorated the language itself. Other causes accelerated the decadence of Greek learning: the great library at Alexandria, and the school which had been established in connection with it, were destroyed at the end of the fourth century by the edict of Theodosius, and the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens in the seventh century only completed the work of destruction. Justinian closed the schools of Athens, and prohibited the teaching of philosophy; the Arabs overthrew those established elsewhere, and there remained only the institutions of Constantinople. But long before the establishment of the Turks on the ruins of the Byzantine empire, Greek literature had ceased to claim any original or independent existence. The opposition between the literary spirit of heathen Greece and the Christian scholarship of the time of Constantine and his immediate successors, which grew up very gradually, was the result of the Oriental superstitions which distorted Christianity and disturbed the old philosophy. The abortive attempt of the Emperor Julian to create a reaction in favor of heathenism was the cause of the open antagonism between the classical and Christian forms of literature. The church, however, was soon enabled not only to dictate its own rules of literary criticism, but to destroy the writings of its most formidable antagonists. The last rays of heathen cultivation in Italy were extinguished in the gloomy dungeon of Boethius, and the period so justly designated as the Dark Ages began both in eastern and western Europe.

8. LAST ECHOES OF THE OLD LITERATURE--From the time when Christianity placed itself in opposition to the old culture of heathen Greece and Rome, down to the period of the revival of classical literature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the classical spirit was nearly extinct both in eastern and western Europe. In Italy, the triumph of barbarism was more sudden and complete. In the eastern empire there was a certain literary activity, and in the department of history, Byzantine literature was conspicuously prolific. The imperial family of the Comneni, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the Palaeologi, who reigned from the thirteenth century to the end of the eastern empire, endeavored to revive the taste for literature and learning. But the echoes of the past became fainter and fainter, and when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, 1453 A.D., the wandering Greeks who found their way into Italy could only serve as language-masters to a race of scholars, who thus recovered the learning that had ceased to exist among the Greeks themselves. The last manifestations of the old classical learning by the Alexandrian school, which had done so much in the second and first centuries before our era, may be divided into three classes. In the first are placed the mathematical and geographical studies, which had been brought to such perfection by Euclid, his successors, and after them by Ptolemy. In the second class we have the substitution of prose romances for the bucolic and erotic poetry of the Alexandrian and Sicilian writers. In the third class the revival, by Nonnus and his followers, of a learned epos, of much the same kind as the poems of Callimachus. Among the representatives of the mathematical school of Alexandria was Theon, whose celebrity is obscured by that of his daughter Hypatia (fl. 415 A.D.), whose sex, youth, beauty, and cruel fate have made her a most interesting martyr of philosophy. She presided in the public school at Alexandria, where she taught mathematics and the philosophy of Ammonius and Plotinus. Her influence over the educated classes of that city excited the jealousy of the archbishop. She was given up to the violence of a superstitious and brutal mob, attacked as she was passing through the streets in her chariot, torn in pieces, and her mutilated body thrown to the flames. When rhetorical prose superseded composition in verse, the greater facility of style naturally led to more detailed narratives, and the sophist who would have been a poet in the time of Callimachus, became a writer of prose romances in the final period of Greek literature. The first ascertained beginning of this style of light reading, which occupies so large a space in the catalogues of modern libraries, was in the time of the Emperor Trajan, when a Syrian or Babylonian freedman, named Iamblichus, published a love story called the "Babylonian Adventures." Among his successors is Longus, of whose work, "The Lesbian Adventure," it is sufficient to say, that it was the model of the "Diana" of Montemayor, the "Aminta" of Tasso, the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini, and the "Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay. While the sophists were amusing themselves by clothing erotic and bucolic subjects in rhetorical prose, an Egyptian boldly

revived the epos which had been cultivated at Alexandria in the earliest days of the Museum. Nonnus probably flourished at the commencement of the fifth century A.D. His epic poem, which, in accordance with the terminology of the age, is called "Dionysian Adventures," is an enormous farrago of learning on the well-worked subject of Bacchus. The most interesting of the epic productions of the school of Nonnus is the story of "Hero and Leander," in 340 verses, which bears the name of Musaeus. For grace of diction, metrical elegance, and simple pathos, this little canto stands far before the other poems of the same age. The Hero and Leander of Musaeus is the dying swan-note of Greek poetry, the last distinct note of the old music of Hellas. In the Byzantine literature, there are works which claim no originality, but have a higher value than their contemporaries, because they give extracts or fragments of the lost writings of the best days of Greece. Next in value follow the lexicographers, the grammarians, and commentators. The most voluminous department, however, of Byzantine literature, was that of the historians, annalists, chroniclers, biographers, and antiquarians, whose works form a continuous series of Byzantine annals from the time of Constantine the Great to the taking of the capital by the Turks. This literature was also enlivened by several poets, and enriched by some writers on natural history and medicine.

9. THE NEW TESTAMENT AND THE GREEK FATHERS.--The history of Greek literature would be imperfect without some allusion to a class of writings not usually included in the range of classical studies. The first of these works, the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, before mentioned, and the Greek Apocrypha, may properly be termed Hebrew-Grecian. Their spirit is wholly at variance with that of pagan literature, and it cannot be doubted that they exerted great influence when made known to the pagans of Alexandria. Many of the books termed the Apocrypha were originally written in Greek, and mostly before the Christian era. Many of them contain authentic narratives, and are valuable as illustrating the circumstances of the age to which they refer. The other class of writings alluded to comprehends the works of the Christian authors. As the influence of Christianity became more diffused during the first and second centuries, its regenerating power became visible. After the time of Christ, there appeared, in both the Greek and Latin tongues, works wholly different in their spirit and character from all that is found in pagan literature. The collection of sacred writings contained in the New Testament and the works of the early fathers constitute a distinct and interesting feature in the literature of the age in which they appeared. The writings of the New Testament, considered simply in their literary aspect, are distinguished by a simplicity, earnestness, naturalness, and beauty that find no parallel in the literature of the world. But the consideration must not be overlooked, that they were the work of those men who wrote as they were moved of the Holy Ghost, that they contain the life and the teachings of the great Founder of our faith, and that they come to us invested with divine authority. Their influence upon the ages which have succeeded them is incalculable, and it is still widening as the knowledge of Christianity increases. The composition of the New Testament is historical, epistolary, and prophetic. The first five books, or the historical division, contain an account of the life and death of our Saviour, and some account of the first movements of the Apostles. The epistolary division consists of letters addressed by the Apostles to the different churches or to individuals. The last, the book of Revelation, the only part that is considered prophetic, differs from the others in its use of that symbolical language which had been common to the Hebrew prophets, in the sublimity and majesty of its imagery, and in its prediction of the final and universal triumph of Christianity. The writings of the Apostolic Fathers, or the immediate successors of the Apostles, were held in high estimation by the primitive Christians. Of those who wrote under this denomination, the venerable Polycarp and Ignatius, after they had both attained the age of eighty years, sealed their faith in the blood of martyrdom. The former was burned at the stake in Smyrna, and the latter devoured by lions in the amphitheatre of Rome. In the second and third centuries, Christianity numbered among its advocates many distinguished scholars and philosophers, particularly among the Greeks. Their productions may be classed under the heads of biblical, controversial, doctrinal, historical, and homiletical. Among the most distinguished of the Greek fathers were Justin Martyr (fl. 89 A.D.), an eminent Christian philosopher and speculative thinker; Clement of Alexandria (fl. 190 A.D.), who has left us a collection of works, which, for learning and literary talent, stand unrivaled among the writings of the early Christian fathers; Origen (184-253 A.D.), who, in his numerous works, attempted to reconcile philosophy with Christianity; Eusebius (fl. 325 A.D.), whose ecclesiastical history is ranked among the most valuable remains of Christian antiquity; Athanasius, famous for his controversy with Arius; Gregory Nazianzen (329-390 A.D.), distinguished for his rare union of eloquence and piety, a great orator and theologian; Basil (329-379 A.D.) whose works, mostly of a purely theological character, exhibit occasionally decided proofs of his strong feeling for the beauties of nature; and John Chrysostom (347-407 A.D.), the founder of the art of preaching, whose extant homilies breathe a spirit of sincere earnestness and of true genius. To these may be added Nemesisius (fl. 400 A.D.), whose work on the "Nature of Man" is distinguished by the purity of its style and by the traces of a careful study of classical authors, and Synesius (378-430 A.D.), who maintained the parallel importance of pagan and Christian literature, and who has always been held in high estimation for his epistles, hymns, and dramas.

MODERN LITERATURE.

At the time of the fall of Constantinople, ancient Greek was still the vehicle of literature, and as such it has been preserved to our day. After the political changes of the present century, however, it was felt by the best Greek writers that the old forms were no longer fitted to express modern ideas, and hence it has become transfused with those better adapted to the clear and rapid expression of modern literature, though at the same time the body and substance, as well as the grammar, of the language have been retained. From an early age, along with the literary language of Greece, there existed a conversational language, which varied in different localities, and out of this grew the Modern Greek or Neo-Hellenic. After the fall of Constantinople, the Greeks were prominent in spreading a knowledge of their language through Europe, and but few works of importance were produced. During the eighteenth century a revival of enthusiasm for education and literature took place, and a period of great literary activity has since followed. Perhaps no nation now produces so much literature in proportion to its numbers, although the number of readers is small and there are great difficulties in publishing. In these circumstances, the Ralli and other distinguished Greeks have nobly come forward and published books at their own expense, and great activity prevails in every department of letters. Since the establishment of Greek independence, three writers have secured for themselves a permanent place in literature as men of true genius: the two brothers Panagiotis and Alexander Santsos, and Alexander Rangabé. The brothers Santsos threw all their energies into the war for independence and sang of its glories. Panagiotis (d. 1868) was always lyrical, and Alexander (d. 1863) always satirical. Both were highly ideal in their conceptions, and both had a rich command of musical language. The other great poet of regenerated Greece is Alexander Rangabé, whose works range through almost every department of literature, though it is on his poems that his claim to remembrance will specially rest. They are distinguished by fine poetic feeling, rare command of exquisite and harmonious language, and singular beauty and purity of thought. His poetical works consist of hymns, odes, songs, narrative poems, ballads, tragedies, comedies, and translations. There is no department in prose literature which is not well represented in modern Greek, and many women have particularly distinguished themselves.

ROMAN LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.--1. Roman Literature and its Divisions.--2. The Language; Ethnographical Elements of the Latin Language; the Umbrian; Oscan; Etruscan; the Old Roman Tongue; Saturnian Verse; Peculiarities of the Latin Language.--3. The Roman Religion.

PERIOD FIRST.--1. Early Literature of the Romans; the Fescennine Songs; the Fabulae Atellanae.--2. Early Latin Poets; Livius Andronicus, Naevius, and Ennius.--3. Roman Comedy.--4. Comic Poets; Plautus, Terence, and Statius.--5. Roman Tragedy.--6. Tragic Poets; Pacuvius and Attius.--7. Satire; Lucilius.--8. History and Oratory; Fabius Pictor; Cencius Alimentus; Cato; Varro; M. Antonius; Crassus; Hortensius.--9. Roman Jurisprudence.--10. Grammarians.

PERIOD SECOND.--1. Development of the Roman Literature.--2. Mimes, Mimographers, Pantomime; Laberius and P. Lyrus.--3. Epic Poetry; Virgil; The Aeneid.--4. Didactic Poetry; the Bucolics; the Georgics; Lucretius.--5. Lyric Poetry; Catullus; Horace.--6. Elegy; Tibullus; Propertius; Ovid. --7. Oratory and Philosophy; Cicero.--8. History; J. Caesar; Sallust; Livy.--9. Other Prose Writers.

PERIOD THIRD.--1. Decline of Roman Literature.--2. Fable; Phaedrus.--3. Satire and Epigram; Persius, Juvenal, Martial.--4. Dramatic Literature; the Tragedies of Seneca.--5. Epic Poetry; Lucan; Silius Italicus; Valerius Flaccus; P. Statius.--6. History; Paternulus; Tacitus; Suetonius; Q. Curtius; Valerius Maximus.--7. Rhetoric and Eloquence; Quintilian; Pliny the Younger.--8. Philosophy and Science; Seneca; Pliny the Elder; Celsus; P. Mela; Columella; Frontinus.--9. Roman Literature from Hadrian to Theodoric; Claudian; Eutropius; A. Marcellinus; S. Sulpicius; Gellius; Macrobius; L. Apuleius; Boethius; the Latin Fathers.--10. Roman Jurisprudence.

INTRODUCTION.

1. ROMAN LITERATURE AND ITS DIVISIONS.--Inferior to Greece in the genius of its inhabitants, and, perhaps, in the intrinsic greatness of the events of which it was the theatre, unquestionably inferior in the fruits of intellectual activity, Italy holds the second place in the classic literature of antiquity. Etruria could boast of arts, legislation, scientific knowledge, a fanciful mythology, and a form of dramatic spectacle, before the foundations of Rome were laid. But, like the ancient Egyptians, the Etrurians made no progress in composition. Verses of an irregular structure and rude in sense and harmony appear to have formed the highest limit of their literary achievements. Nor did even the opulent and luxurious Greeks of Southern Italy, while they retained their independence, contribute much to the glory of letters in the West. It was only in their fall that they did good service to the cause, when they redeemed the disgrace of their political humiliation by the honor of communicating the first impulse towards intellectual refinement to the bosoms of their conquerors. When, in the process of time, Sicily, Macedonia, and Achaia had become Roman provinces, some acquaintance with the language of their new subjects proved to be a matter almost of necessity to the victorious people; but the first impression made at Rome by the productions of the Grecian Muse, and the first efforts to create a similar literature, must be traced to the conquest of Tarentum (272 B.C.). >From that memorable period, the versatile talents which distinguished the Greeks in every stage of national decline began to exercise a powerful influence on the Roman mind, which was particularly felt in the departments of education and amusement. The instruction of the Roman youth was committed to the skill and learning of Greek slaves; the spirit of the Greek drama was transferred into the Latin tongue, and, somewhat later, Roman genius and ambition devoted their united energies to the study of Greek rhetoric, which long continued to be the guide and model of those schools, in whose exercises the abilities of Cicero himself were trained. Prejudice and patriotism were powerless to resist this flood of foreign innovation; and for more than a century after the Tarentine war, legislative influence strove in vain to counteract the predominance of Greek philosophy and eloquence. But this imitative tendency was tempered by the pride of Roman citizenship. That sentiment breaks out, not merely in the works of great statesmen and warriors, but quite as strikingly in the productions of those in whom the literary character was all in all. It is as prominent in Virgil and Horace as in Cicero and Caesar; and if the language of Rome, in other respects so inferior to that of Greece, has any advantage over the sister tongue, it lies in that accent of dignity and command which seems inherent in its tones. The austerity of power is not shaded down by those graceful softenings so agreeable to the disposition of the most polished Grecian communities. In the Latin forms and syntax we are everywhere conscious of a certain energetic majesty and forcible compression. We hear, as it were, the voice of one who claims to be respected, and resolves to be obeyed. The Roman classical literature may be divided into three periods. The first embraces its rise and progress, oral and traditional compositions, the rude elements of the drama, the introduction of Greek literature, and the construction and perfection of comedy. To this period the first five centuries of the republic may be considered as introductory, for Rome had, properly speaking, no literature until the conclusion of the first Punic war (241 B.C.), and the first period, commencing at that time, extends through 160 years--that is, to the first appearance of Cicero in public life, 74 B.C. The second period ends with the death of Augustus, 14 A.D. It comprehends the age of which Cicero is the representative as the most accomplished orator, philosopher, and prose-writer of his time, as well as that of Augustus, which is commonly called the Golden Age of Latin poetry. The third and last period terminates with the death of Theodoric, 526 A.D. Notwithstanding the numerous excellences which distinguished the literature of this time, its decline had evidently commenced, and, as the age of Augustus has been distinguished by the epithet "golden," the succeeding period, to the death of Hadrian, 138 A.D., on account of its comparative inferiority, has been designated "the Silver Age." From this time to the close of the reign of Theodoric, only a few distinguished names are to be found.

2. THE LANGUAGE.--The origin of the Latin language is necessarily connected with that of the Romans themselves. In the most distant ages to which tradition extends, Italy appears to have been inhabited by three stocks or tribes of the great Indo-European family. One of these is commonly known by the name of Oscans; another consisted of two branches, the Sabelians or Sabines, and the Umbrians; the third was called Sikeli, sometimes Vituli or Itali. The original settlements of the Umbrians extended over the district bounded on one side by the Tiber, and on the other by the Po. All the country to the south was in possession of the Oscans, with the exception of Latium, which was inhabited by the Sikeli. But, in process of time, the Oscans, pressed upon by the Sabines, invaded the abodes of this peaceful and rural people, some of whom submitted, and amalgamated with their conquerors; the rest were driven across the narrow sea into Sicily, and gave their name to the island. These tribes were not left in undisturbed possession of their rich inheritance. More than 1000 B.C. there arrived in the northern part of Italy the Pelasgians (or dark Asiatics), an enterprising race, famed for their warlike spirit and their skill in the arts of peace, who became the civilizers of Italy. They were far advanced in the arts of civilization and refinement, and in the science of politics and social life. They enriched their newly acquired country with commerce, and filled it with

strongly fortified and populous cities, and their dominion rapidly spread over the whole peninsula. Entering the territory of the Umbrians, they drove them into the mountainous districts, or compelled them to live among them as a subject people, while they possessed themselves of the rich and fertile plains. The headquarters of the invaders was Etruria, and that portion of them who settled there were known as Etrurians. Marching southward, they vanquished the Oscans and occupied the plains of Latium. They did not, however, remain long at peace in the districts which they had conquered. The old inhabitants returned from the neighboring highlands to which they had been driven, and subjugated the northern part of Latium, and established a federal anion between the towns of the north, of which Alba was the capital, while of the southern confederacy the chief city was Lavinium. At a later period, a Latin tribe, belonging to the Alban federation, established itself on the Mount Palatine, and founded Rome, while a Sabine community occupied the neighboring heights of the Quirinal. Mutual jealousy of race kept them, for some time, separate from each other; but at length the two communities became one people, called the Romans. These were, at an early period, subjected to Etruscan rule, and when the Etruscan dynasty passed away, its influence still remained, and permanently affected the Roman language. The Etruscan tongue being a compound of Pelasgian and Umbrian, the language of Latium may be considered as the result of those two elements combined with the Oscan, and brought together by the mingling of those different tribes. These elements, which entered into the formation of the Latin, may be classified under two heads: the one which has, the other which has not a resemblance to the Greek. All Latin words which resemble the Greek are Pelasgian, and all which do not are Etruscan, Oscan, or Umbrian. From the first of these classes must be excepted those words which are directly derived from the Greek, the origin of which dates partly from the time when Rome began to have intercourse with the Greek colonies of Magna Graecia, partly after the Greeks exercised a direct influence on Roman literature. Of the ancient languages of Italy, which concurred in the formation of the Latin, little is known. The Eugubine Tables are the only extant fragments of the Umbrian language. These were found in the neighborhood of Ugubio, in the year 1414 A.D.; they date as early as 354 B.C., and contain prayers and rules for religious ceremonies. Some of these tables were engraved in Etruscan or Umbrian characters, others in Latin letters. The remains which have come down to us of the Oscan language belong to a composite idiom made up of the Sabine and Oscan, and consist chiefly of an inscription engraved on a brass plate, discovered in 1793 A.D. As the word *Bansae* occurs in this inscription, it has been supposed to refer to the town of Bantia, which was situated not far from the spot where the tablet was found, and it is, therefore, called the Bantine Table. The similarity between some of the words found in the Eugubine Tables and in Etruscan inscriptions, shows that the Etruscan language was composed of the Pelasgian and Umbrian, and from the examples given by ethnographers, it is evident that the Etruscan element was most influential in the formation of the Latin language. The old Roman tongue, or *lingua prisca*, as it was composed of these materials, and as it existed previous to coming in contact with the Greek, has almost entirely perished; it did not grow into the new, like the Greek, by a process of intrinsic development, but it was remoulded by external and foreign influences. So different was the old Roman from the classical Latin, that some of those ancient fragments were with difficulty intelligible to the cleverest and best educated scholars of the Augustan age. An example of the oldest Latin extant is contained in the sacred chant of the *Fratres Arvales*. These were a college of priests, whose function was to offer prayers for plenteous harvests, in solemn dances and processions at the opening of spring. Their song was chanted in the temple with closed doors, accompanied by that peculiar dance which was termed the *tripudium*, from its containing three beats. The inscription which embodied this litany was discovered in Rome in 1778 A.D. The monument belongs to the reign of Heliogabalus, 218 A.D., but although the date is so recent, the permanence of religious formulas renders it probable that the inscription contains the exact words sung by this priesthood in the earliest times. The "*Carmen Saliare*," or the Salian hymn, the *leges regiae*, the Tiburtine inscription, the inscription on the sarcophagus of L. Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, the great-grandfather of the conqueror of Hannibal, the epitaph of Lucius Scipio, his son, and, above all, the Twelve Tables, are the other principal extant monuments of ancient Latin. The laws of the Twelve Tables were engraven on tablets of brass, and publicly set up in the *comitium*; they were first made public 449 B.C. Most of these literary monuments were written in Saturnian verse, the oldest measure used by the Latin poets. It was probably derived from the Etruscans, and until Ennius introduced the heroic hexameter, the strains of the Italian bards flowed in this metre. The structure of the Saturnian is very simple, and its rhythmical arrangement is found in the poetry of every age and country. Macaulay adduces, as an example of this measure, the following line from the well-known nursery song,--- "The queen was in her párlor, | eáting breáð and hóney." >From this species of verse, which probably prevailed among the natives of Provence (the Roman *Provincia*), and into which, at a later period, rhyme was introduced as an embellishment, the Troubadours derived the metre of their ballad poetry, and thence introduced it into the rest of Europe. A wide gap separates this old Latin from the Latin of Ennius, whose style was formed by Greek taste; another not so wide is interposed between the age of Ennius and that of Plautus and Terence, and lastly, Cicero and the Augustan poets mark another age. But in all its periods of development, the Latin bears a most intimate relation with the Greek. This similarity is the result both of their common origin from

the primitive Pelasgian and of the intercourse which the Romans at a later period held with the Greeks. Latin, however, had not the plastic property of the Greek, the faculty of transforming itself into every variety of form and shape conceived by the fancy and imagination; it partook of the spirit of Roman nationality, of the conscious dignity of the Roman citizen, of the indomitable will that led that people to the conquest of the world. In its construction, instead of conforming to the thought, it bends the thought to its own genius. It is a fit language for expressing the thoughts of an active and practical, but not of an imaginative and speculative people. It was propagated, like the dominion of Rome, by conquest. It either took the place of the language of the conquered nation, or became ingrafted upon it, and gradually pervaded its composition; hence its presence is discernible in all European languages.

3. THE RELIGION.--The religion and mythology of Etruria left an indelible stamp on the rites and ceremonies of the Roman people. At first they worshiped heaven and earth, personified in Saturn and Ops, by whom Juno, Vesta, and Ceres were generated, symbolizing marriage, family, and fertility; soon after, other Etruscan divinities were introduced, such as Jupiter, Minerva, and Janus; and Sylvanus and Faunus, who delighted in the simple occupations of rural and pastoral life. From the Etrurians the Romans borrowed, also, the institution of the Vestals, whose duty was to watch and keep alive the sacred fire of Vesta; the Lares and Penates, the domestic gods, which presided over the dwelling and family; Terminus, the god of property and the rites connected with possession; and the orders of Augurs and Aruspices, whose office was to consult the flight of birds or to inspect the entrails of animals offered in sacrifice, in order to ascertain future events. The family of the Roman gods continued to increase by adopting the divinities of the conquered nations, and more particularly by the introduction of those of Greece. The general division of the gods was twofold,--the superior and inferior deities. The first class contained the Consentes and the Selecti; the second, the Indigetes and Semones. The Consentes, so called because they were supposed to form the great council of heaven, consisted of twelve: Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Mars, Mercury, Vulcan, Juno, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus, and Vesta. The Selecti were nearly equal to them in rank, and consisted of eight: Saturn, Pluto, Bacchus, Janus, Sol, Genius, Rhea, and Luna. The Indigites were heroes who were ranked among the gods, and included particularly Hercules, Castor and Pollux, and Quirinus or Romulus. The Semones comprehended those deities that presided over particular objects, as Pan, the god of shepherds; Flora, the goddess of flowers, etc. Besides these, there were among the inferior gods a numerous class of deities, including the virtues and vices and other objects personified. The religion of the Romans was essentially political, and employed as a means of promoting the designs of the state. It was prosaic in its character, and in this respect differed essentially from the artistic and poetical religion of the Greeks. The Greeks conceived religion as a free and joyous worship of nature, a centre of individuality, beauty, and grace, as well as a source of poetry, art, and independence. With the Romans, on the contrary, religion conveyed a mysterious and hidden idea, which gave to this sentiment a gloomy and unattractive character, without either moral or artistic influence.

PERIOD FIRST.

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST PUNIC WAR TO THE AGE OF CICERO (241-74 B.C.)

1. EARLY LITERATURE OF THE ROMANS.--The Romans, like all other nations, had oral poetical compositions before they possessed any written literature. Cicero speaks of the banquet being enlivened by the songs of bards, in which the exploits of heroes were recited and celebrated. By these lays national pride and family vanity were gratified, and the anecdotes, thus preserved, furnished sources of early legendary history. But these legends must not be compared to those of Greece, in which the religious sentiment gave a supernatural glory to the effusions of the bard, painted men as heroes and heroes as deities, and, while it was the natural growth of the Greek intellect, twined itself around the affections of the people. The Roman religion was a ceremonial for the priests, and not for the people, and in Roman tradition there are no traces of elevated genius or poetical inspiration. The Romans possessed the germs of those faculties which admit of cultivation and improvement, such as taste and genius, and the appreciation of the beautiful; but they did not possess those natural gifts of fancy and imagination which formed part of the Greek mind, and which made that nation in a state of infancy, almost of barbarism, a poetical people. With them literature was not of spontaneous growth; it was chiefly the result of the influence exerted by the Etruscans, who were their teachers in everything mental and spiritual. The tendency of the Roman mind was essentially utilitarian. Even Cicero, with all his varied accomplishments, will recognize but one end and object of all study, namely, those sciences which will render man useful to his country, and the law of literary development is modified according to this ruling principle. From the very beginning, the first cause of Roman literature will be found to have

been a view to utility and not to the satisfaction of an impulsive feeling. In other nations, poetry has been the first spontaneous production. With the Romans, the first written literary effort was history; but even their early history was a simple record of facts, not of ideas or sentiments, and valuable only for its truth and accuracy. Their original documents, mere records of memorable events anterior to the capture of Rome by the Gauls, perished in the conflagration of the city. The earliest attempt at versification made by the rude inhabitants of Latium was satire in a somewhat dramatic form. The Fescennine songs were metrical, for the accompaniments of music and dancing necessarily restricted them to measure, and, like the dramatic exhibitions of the Greeks, they had their origin among the rural population, not like them in any religious ceremonial, but in the pastimes of the village festival. At first they were innocent and gay, but liberty at length degenerated into license, and gave birth to malicious and libelous attacks upon persons of irreproachable character. This infancy of song illustrates the character of the Romans in its rudest and coarsest form. They loved strife, both bodily and mental, and they thus early displayed that taste which, in more polished ages, and in the hands of cultivated poets, was developed in the sharp, cutting wit, and the lively but piercing points of Roman satire. In the Fescennine songs the Etruscans probably furnished the spectacle, all that which addresses itself to the eye, while the habits of Italian rural life supplied the sarcastic humor and ready extemporaneous gibe, which are the essence of the true comic. The next advance in point of art must be attributed to the Oscans, whose entertainments were most popular among the Italian nations. They represented in broad caricature national peculiarities. Their language was, originally, Oscan, as well as the characters represented. The principal one resembled the clown of modern pantomime; another was a kind of pantaloon or charlatan, and much of the rest consisted of practical jokes, like that of the Italian Polincinella. After their introduction at Rome, they received many improvements; they lost their native rusticity; their satire was good-natured; their jests were seemly, and kept in check by the laws of good taste. They were not acted by common professional performers, and even a Roman citizen might take part in them without disgrace. They were known by the name of "Fabulae Atellanae," from Attella, a town in Campania, where they were first performed. They remained in favor with the Roman people for centuries. Sylla amused his leisure hours in writing them, and Suetonius bears testimony to their having been a popular amusement under the empire. Towards the close of the fourth century, the Etruscan histriones were introduced, whose entertainments consisted of graceful national dances, accompanied with the music of the flute, but without either songs or dramatic action. With these dances the Romans combined the old Fescennine songs, and the varied metres, which their verse permitted to the vocal parts, gave to this mixed entertainment the name of *Satura* (a hodge-podge or potpourri), from which, in after times, the word satire was derived.

2. EARLY LATIN POETS.--At the conclusion, of the first Punic war, when the influence of Greek intellect, which had already long been felt in Italy, had extended to the capital, the Romans were prepared for the reception of a more regular drama. But not only did they owe to Greece the principles of literary taste; their earliest poet was one of that nation. Livius Andronicus (fl. 240 B.C.), though born in Italy, and educated at Rome, is supposed to have been a native of the Greek colony of Tarentum. He was at first a slave, probably a captive taken in war, but was finally emancipated by his master, in whose family he occupied the position of instructor to his children. He wrote a translation, or perhaps an imitation of the *Odyssey*, in the old Saturnian metre, and also a few hymns. His principal works, however, were tragedies; but, from the few fragments of his writings extant, it is impossible to form an estimate of his ability as a poet. According to Livy, Andronicus was the first who substituted, for the rude extemporaneous effusions of the Fescennine verse, plays with a regular plot and fable. In consequence of losing his voice, from being frequently encored, he obtained permission to introduce a boy to sing the ode or air to the accompaniment of the flute, while he himself represented the action of the song by his gestures and dancing. Naevius (fl. 235 B.C.) was the first poet who really deserves the name of Roman. He was not a servile imitator, but applied Greek taste and cultivation to the development of Roman sentiments, and was a true Roman in heart, unsparing in his censure of immorality and his admiration for heroic self-devotion. His honest principles cemented the strong friendship between him and the upright and unbending Cato, a friendship which probably contributed to form the political and literary character of that stern old Roman. The comedies of Naevius had undoubted pretensions to originality; he held up to public scorn the vices and follies of his day, and, being a warm supporter of the people against the encroachments of the nobility, and unable to resist indulgence in his satiric vein, he was exiled to Utica, where he died. He was the author of an epic poem on the Punic war. Ennius and Virgil unscrupulously copied and imitated him, and Horace writes that in his day the poems of Naevius were in the hands and hearts of everybody. The fragments of his writings extant are not more numerous than those of Livius. Naevius, the last of the older school of writers, by introducing new principles of taste to his countrymen, altered their standards; and Greek literature having now driven out its predecessor, a new school of poetry arose, of which Ennius (239-169 B.C.) was the founder. He earned a subsistence as a teacher of Greek, was the friend of Scipio, and, at his death, was buried in

the family tomb of the Scipio, at the request of the great conqueror of Hannibal, whose fame he contributed to hand down to posterity. Cicero always uses the appellation, "our own Ennius," when he quotes his poetry. Horace calls him "Father Ennius," a term which implies reverence and regard, and that he was the founder of Latin poetry. He was, like his friends Cato the censor, and Scipio Africanus the elder, a man of action as well as philosophical thought, and not only a poet, but a brave soldier, with all the singleness of heart and simplicity of manners which marked the old times of Roman virtue. Ennius possessed great power over words, and wielded that power skillfully. He improved the language in its harmony and its grammatical forms, and increased its copiousness and power. What he did was improved upon, but was never undone; and upon the foundations he laid, the taste of succeeding ages erected an elegant and beautiful superstructure. His great epic poem, the "Annals," gained him the attachment and admiration of his countrymen. In this he first introduced the hexameter to the notice of the Romans, and detailed the rise and progress of their national glory, from the earliest legendary period down to his own times. The fragments of this work which remain are amply sufficient to show that he possessed picturesque power, both in sketching his narratives and in portraying his characters, which seem to live and breathe; his language, dignified, chaste, and severe, rises as high as the most majestic eloquence, but it does not soar to the sublimity of poetry. As a dramatic poet, Ennius does not deserve a high reputation. In comedy, as in tragedy, he never emancipated himself from the Greek originals.

3. ROMAN COMEDY.--The rude comedy of the early Romans made little progress beyond personal satire, burlesque extravagance and licentious jesting, but upon this was ingrafted the new Greek comedy, and hence arose that phase of the drama, of which the representatives were Plautus, Statius, and Terence. The Roman comedy was calculated to produce a moral result, although the morality it inculcated was extremely low. Its standard was worldly prudence, its lessons utilitarian, and its philosophy Epicurean. There is a want of variety in the plots, but this defect is owing to the social and political condition of ancient Greece, which was represented in the Greek comedies and copied by the Romans. There is also a sameness in the *dramatis personae*, the principal characters being always a morose or a gentle father, who is sometimes also the henpecked husband of a rich wife, an affectionate or domineering wife, a good-natured profligate, a roguish servant, a calculating slave-dealer and some others. The actors wore appropriate masks, the features of which were not only grotesque, but much exaggerated and magnified. This was rendered necessary by the immense size of the theatre and stage, and the mouth of the mask answered the purpose of a speaking trumpet, to assist in conveying the voice to every part of the vast building. The characters were known by a conventional costume; old men wore robes of white, young men were attired in gay clothes, rich men in purple, soldiers in scarlet, poor men and slaves in dark and scanty dresses. The comedy had always a musical accompaniment of flutes of different kinds. In order to understand the principles which regulated the Roman comic metres, it is necessary to observe the manner in which the language itself was affected by the common conversational pronunciation. Latin, as it was pronounced, was very different from Latin as it is written; this difference consisted in abbreviation, either by the omission of sounds altogether, or by the contraction of two sounds into one, and in this respect the conversational language of the Romans resembled that of modern nations; with them, as with us, the mark of good taste was ease and the absence of pedantry and affectation. In the comic writers we have a complete representation of Latin as it was commonly pronounced and spoken, and but little trammelled or confined by a rigid adhesion to Greek metrical laws.

4. COMIC POETS.--Plautus (227-184 B.C.) was a contemporary of Ennius; he was a native of Umbria, and of humble origin. Education did not overcome his vulgarity, although it produced a great effect upon his language and style. He must have lived and associated with the people whose manners he describes, hence his pictures are correct and truthful. The class from which his representations are taken consisted of clients, the sons of freedmen and the half-enfranchised natives of Italian towns. He had no aristocratic friends, like Ennius and Terence; the Roman public were his patrons, and notwithstanding their faults, his comedies retained their popularity even in the Augustan age, and were acted as late as the reign of Diocletian. Life, bustle, surprise, unexpected situations, sharp, sparkling raillery that knew no restraint nor bound, left his audience no time for dullness or weariness. Although Greek was the fountain from which he drew his stores, his wit, thought, and language were entirely Roman, and his style was Latin of the purest and most elegant kind--not, indeed, controlled by much deference to the laws of metrical harmony, but full of pith and sprightliness, bearing the stamp of colloquial vivacity, and suitable to the general briskness of his scenes. Yet in the tone of his dialogue we miss all symptoms of deference to the taste of the more polished classes of society. Almost all his comedies were adopted from the new comedy of the Greeks, and though he had studied both the old and the middle comedy, Menander and others of the same school furnished him the

originals of his plots. The popularity of Plautus was not confined to Rome, either republican or imperial. Dramatic writers of modern times, as Shakspeare, Dryden, and Molière, have recognized the effectiveness of his plots, and have adopted or imitated them. About twenty of his plays are extant, among which the *Captivi*, the *Epidicus*, the *Cistellaria*, the *Aulularia*, and the *Rudens* are considered the best. Terence (193-158 B.C.) was a slave in the family of a Roman senator, and was probably a native of Carthage. His genius presented the rare combination of all the fine and delicate qualities which characterized Attic sentiment, without corrupting the native purity of the Latin language. The elegance and gracefulness of his style show that the conversation of the accomplished society, in which he was a welcome guest, was not lost upon his correct ear and quick intuition. So far as it can be so, comedy was, in the hands of Terence, an instrument of moral teaching. Six of his comedies only remain, of which the *Andrian* and the *Adelphi* are the most interesting. If Terence was inferior to Plautus in life, bustle, and intrigue, and in the delineation of national character, he is superior in elegance of language and refinement of taste. The justness of his reflections more than compensates for the absence of his predecessor's humor; he touches the heart as well as gratifies the intellect. Of the few other writers of comedy among the Romans, Statius may be mentioned, who flourished between Plautus and Terence. He was an emancipated slave, born in Milan. Cicero and Varro have pronounced judgment upon his merits, the substance of which appears to be, that his excellences consisted in the conduct of the plot, in dignity, and in pathos, while his fault was too little care in preserving the purity of the Latin style. The fragments, however, of his works, which remain are not sufficient to test the opinion of the ancient critics.

5. ROMAN TRAGEDY.--While Roman comedy was brought to perfection under the influence of Greek literature, Roman tragedy, on the other hand, was transplanted from Athens, and, with few exceptions, was never anything more than translation or imitation. In the century during which, together with comedy, it flourished and decayed, it boasted of five distinguished writers, Livius, Naevius, Ennius (already spoken of), Pacuvius, and Attius. In after ages, Rome did not produce one tragic poet, unless Varius be considered an exception. The tragedies attributed to Seneca were never acted, and were only composed for reading and recitation. Among the causes which prevented tragedy from flourishing at Rome was the little influence the national legends exerted over the people. These legends were more often private than public property, and ministered more to the glory of private families than to that of the nation at large. They were embalmed by their poets as curious records of antiquity, but they did not, like the venerable traditions of Greece, twine themselves around the heart of the nation. Another reason why Roman legends had not the power to move the affections of the Roman populace is to be found in the changes the masses had undergone. The Roman people were no longer the descendants of those who had maintained the national glory in the early period; the patrician families were almost extinct; war and poverty had extinguished the middle classes and miserably thinned the lower orders. Into the vacancy thus caused, poured thousands of slaves, captives in the bloody wars of Gaul, Spain, Greece, and Africa. These and their descendants replaced the ancient people, and while many of them by their talents and energy arrived at wealth and station, they could not possibly be Romans at heart, or consider the past glories of their adopted country as their own. It was to the rise of this new element of population, and the displacement or absorption of the old race, that the decline of patriotism was owing, and the disregard of everything except daily sustenance and daily amusement, which paved the way for the empire and marked the downfall of liberty. With the people of Athens, tragedy formed a part of the national religion. By it the people were taught to sympathize with their heroic ancestors; the poet was held to be inspired, and poetry the tongue in which the natural held communion with the supernatural. With the Romans, the theatre was merely a place for secular amusement, and poetry only an exercise of the fancy. Again, the religion of the Romans was not ideal, like that of the Greeks. The old national faith of Italy, not being rooted in the heart, soon became obsolete, and readily admitted the ingrafting of foreign superstitions, which had no hold on the belief or love of the people. Nor was the genius of the Roman people such as to sympathize with the legends of the past; they lived only in the present and the future; they did not look back on their national heroes as demigods; they were pressing forward to extend the frontiers of their empire, to bring under their yoke nations which their forefathers had not known. If they regarded their ancestors at all, it was not in the light of men of heroic stature as compared with themselves, but as those whom they could equal or even surpass. The scenes of real life, the bloody combats of the gladiators, the captives, and malefactors stretched on crosses, expiring in excruciating agonies or mangled by wild beasts, were the tragedies which most deeply interested a Roman audience. The Romans were a rough people, full of physical rather than of intellectual energy, courting peril and setting no value on human life or suffering. Their very virtues were stern and severe; they were strangers to both the passions which it was the object of tragedy to excite--pity and terror. In the public games of Greece, the refinements of poetry mingled with those exercises which were calculated to invigorate the physical powers, and develop manly beauty. Those of Rome were sanguinary and brutalizing, the amusements of a nation to whom war was a pleasure and a pastime. It cannot be asserted, however, that tragedy was never to a

certain extent an acceptable entertainment at Rome, but only that it never flourished there as it did at Athens, and that no Roman tragedies can be compared with those of Greece.

6. TRAGIC POETS.--Three separate eras produced tragic poets. In the first flourished Livius Andronicus, Naevius, and Ennius; in the second, Pacuvius and Attius; in the third, Asinius Pollio wrote tragedies, the plots of which seem to have been taken from Roman history. Ovid attempted a "Medea," and even the Emperor Augustus, with other men of genius, tried his hand, though unsuccessfully, at tragedy. In the second of the eras mentioned, Roman tragedy reached its highest degree of perfection simultaneously with that of comedy. While Terence was successfully reproducing the wit and manners of the new Attic comedy, Pacuvius (220-130 B.C.) was enriching the Roman drama with free translations of the Greek tragedians. He was a native of Brundisium and a grandson of the poet Ennius. At Rome he distinguished himself as a painter as well as a dramatic poet. His tragedies were not mere translations, but adaptations of Greek tragedies to the Roman stage. The fragments which are extant are full of new and original thoughts, and the very roughness of his style and audacity of his expressions have somewhat of the solemn grandeur and picturesque boldness which distinguish the father of Attic tragedy. Attius (fl. 138 B.C.), though born later than Pacuvius, was almost his contemporary, and a competitor for popular applause. He is said to have written more than fifty tragedies, of which fragments only remain. His taste is chastened, his sentiments noble, and his versification elegant. With him, Latin tragedy disappeared. The tragedies of the third period were written expressly for reading and recitation, and not for the stage: they were dramatic poems, not dramas. Amidst the scenes of horror and violence which followed, the voice of the tragic muse was hushed. Massacre and rapine raged through the streets of Rome, itself a theatre where the most terrible scenes were daily enacted.

7. SATIRE.--The invention of satire is universally attributed to the Romans, and this is true as far as the external form is concerned, but the spirit is found in many parts of the literature of Greece. Ennius was the inventor of the name, but Lucilius (148-102 B.C.) was the father of satire, in the proper sense. His satires mark an era in Roman literature, and prove that a love for this species of poetry had already made great progress. Hitherto, literature, science, and art had been considered the province of slaves and freedmen. The stern old Roman virtue despised such sedentary employment as intellectual cultivation, and thought it unworthy of the warrior and statesman. Some of the higher classes loved literature and patronized it, but did not make it their pursuit. Lucilius was a Roman knight, as well as a poet. His satires were comprised in thirty books, numerous fragments of which are still extant. He was a man of high moral principle, though stern and stoical; a relentless enemy of vice and profligacy, and a gallant and fearless defender of truth and honesty. After the death of Lucilius satire languished, until half a century later, when it assumed a new garb in the descriptive scenes of Horace, and put forth its original vigor in the burning thoughts of Persius and Juvenal.

8. HISTORY AND ORATORY.--Prose was far more in accordance with the genius of the Romans than poetry. As a nation, they had little or no imaginative power, no enthusiastic love of natural beauty, and no acute perception of the sympathy between man and the external world. The favorite civil pursuit of an enlightened Roman was statesmanship, and the subjects akin to it, history, jurisprudence, and oratory, the natural language of which was prose, not poetry. And their practical statesmanship gave an early encouragement to oratory, which is peculiarly the literature of active life. As matter was more valued than manner by this utilitarian people, it was long before it was thought necessary to embellish prose composition with the graces of rhetoric. The fact that Roman literature was imitative rather than inventive, gave a historical bias to the Roman intellect, and a tendency to study subjects from an historical point of view. But even in history, they never attained that comprehensive and philosophical spirit which distinguished the Greek historians. The most ancient writer of Roman history was Fabius Pictor (fl. 219 B.C.). His principal work, written in Greek, was a history of the first and second Punic war, to which subsequent writers were much indebted. Contemporary with Fabius was Cincius Alimentus, also an annalist of the Punic war, in which he was personally engaged. He was a prisoner of Hannibal, who delighted in the society of literary men, and treated him with great kindness and consideration, and himself communicated to him the details of his passage across the Alps. Like Fabius, he wrote his work in Greek, and prefixed to it a brief abstract of Roman history. Though the works of these annalists are valuable as furnishing materials for more philosophical minds, they are such as could have existed only in the infancy of a national literature. They were a bare compilation of facts-- the mere framework of history--diversified by no critical remarks or political reflections, and meagre and insipid in style. The versatility of talent displayed by Cato the censor (224-144 B.C.) entitles him to a place among orators, jurists, economists, and historians. His life extends over a wide and important period of literary history, when everything

was in a state of change,--morals, social habits, and literary taste. Cato was born in Tusculum, and passed his boyhood in the pursuits of rural life at a small Sabine farm belonging to his father. The skill with which he pleaded the causes of his clients before the rural magistracy made his abilities known, and he rose rapidly to eminence as a pleader. He filled many high offices of state. His energies were not weakened by advancing age, and he was always ready as the advocate of virtue, the champion of the oppressed, and the punisher of vice. With many defects, Cato was morally and intellectually one of the greatest men Rome ever produced. He had the ability and the determination to excel in everything which he undertook. His style is rude, unpolished, ungraceful, because to him polish was superficial, and, therefore, unreal. His statements, however, were clear, his illustrations striking; the words with which he enriched his native tongue were full of meaning; his wit was keen and lively, and his arguments went straight to the intellect, and carried conviction with them. Cato's great historical and antiquarian work, "The Origins," was a history of Italy and Rome from the earliest times to the latest events which occurred in his own lifetime. It was a work of great research and originality, but only brief fragments of it remain. In the "De Re Rustica," which has come down to us in form and substance as it was written, Cato maintains, in the introduction, the superiority of agriculture over other modes of gaining a livelihood. The work itself is a commonplace book of agriculture and domestic economy; its object is utility, not science: it serves the purpose of a farmer's and gardener's manual, a domestic medicine, herbal, and cookery book. Cato teaches his readers, for example, how to plant osier beds, to cultivate vegetables, to preserve the health of cattle, to pickle pork, and to make savory dishes. Of the "Orations" of Cato, ninety titles are extant, together with numerous fragments. In style he despised art. He was too fearless and upright, too confident in the justness of his cause to be a rhetorician; he imitated no one, and no one was ever able to imitate him. Niebuhr pronounces him to be the only great man in his generation, and one of the greatest and most honorable characters in Roman history. Varro (116-28 B.C.) was an agriculturist, a grammarian, a critic, a theologian, a historian, a philosopher, a satirist. Of his miscellaneous works considerable portions are extant, sufficient to display his erudition and acuteness, yet, in themselves, more curious than attractive. Eloquence, though of a rude, unpolished kind, must have been, in the very earliest times, a characteristic of the Roman people. It is a plant indigenous to a free soil. As in modern times it has flourished especially in England and America, fostered by the unfettered freedom of debate, so it found a congenial home in free Greece and republican Rome. Oratory was, in Rome, the unwritten literature of active life, and recommended itself to a warlike and utilitarian people by its utility and its antagonistic spirit. Long before the art of the historian was sufficiently advanced to record a speech, the forum, the senate, the battlefield, and the threshold of the jurisconsult had been nurseries of Roman eloquence, or schools in which oratory attained a vigorous youth, and prepared for its subsequent maturity. While the legal and political constitution of the Roman people gave direct encouragement to deliberative and judicial oratory, respect for the illustrious dead furnished opportunities for panegyric. The song of the bard in honor of the departed warrior gave place to the funeral oration. Among the orators of this time were the two Scipios, and Galba, whom Cicero praises as having been the first Roman who understood how to apply the theoretical principles of Greek rhetoric. All periods of political disquiet are necessarily favorable to eloquence, and the era of the Gracchi was especially so. After a struggle of nearly four centuries the old distinction of plebeian and patrician no longer existed. Plebeians held high offices, and patricians, like the Gracchi, stood forward as champions of popular rights. These stirring times produced many celebrated orators. The Gracchi themselves were both eloquent and possessed of those qualities and endowments which would recommend their eloquence to their countrymen. Oratory began now to be studied more as an art, and the interval between the Gracchi and Cicero boasted of many distinguished names; the most illustrious among them are M. Antonius, Crassus, and Cicero's contemporary and most formidable rival, Hortensius. M. Antonius (fl. 119 B.C.) entered public life as a pleader, and thus laid the foundation of his brilliant career; but he was through life greater as a judicial than as a deliberative orator. He was indefatigable in preparing his case, and made every point tell. He was a great master of the pathetic, and knew the way to the heart. Although he did not himself give his speeches to posterity, some of his most pointed expressions and favorite passages left an indelible impression on the memories of his hearers, and many of them were preserved by Cicero. In the prime of life he fell a victim to political fury, and his bleeding head was placed upon the rostrum, which was so frequently the scene of his eloquent triumphs. L. Licinius Crassus was four years younger than Antonius, and acquired great reputation for his knowledge of jurisprudence, for his eminence as a pleader, and, above all, for his powerful and triumphant orations in support of the restoration of the judicial office to the senators. From among the crowd of orators, who were then flourishing in the last days of expiring Roman liberty, Cicero selected Crassus to be the representative of his sentiments in his imaginary conversation in "The Orator." Like Lord Chatham, Crassus almost died on the floor of the Senate house, and his last effort was in support of the aristocratic party. Q. Hortensius was born 114 B.C. He was only eight years senior to the greatest of all Roman orators. He early commenced his career as a pleader, and he was the acknowledged leader of the Roman bar, until the star of Cicero arose. His political connection with the faction of Sylla, and his unscrupulous support of the profligate corruption which characterized that administration,

both at home and abroad, enlisted his legal talents in defense of the infamous Verres; but the eloquence of Cicero, together with the justice of the cause which he espoused, prevailed; and from that time forward his superiority over Hortensius was established and complete. The style of Hortensius was Asiatic--more florid and ornate than polished and refined.

9. ROMAN JURISPRUDENCE.--The framework of their jurisprudence the Romans derived from Athens, but the complete structure was built up by their own hands. They were the authors of a system possessing such stability that they bequeathed it, as an inheritance, to modern Europe, and traces of Roman law are visible in the legal systems of the whole civilized world. The complicated principles of jurisprudence of the Roman constitution became, in Rome, a necessary part of a liberal education. When a Roman youth had completed his studies, under his teacher of rhetoric, he not only frequented the forum, in order to learn the application of the rhetorical principles he had acquired, and frequently took some celebrated orator as a model, but also studied the principles of jurisprudence under eminent jurists, and attended the consultations in which they gave to their clients their expositions of law. The earliest systematic works on Roman law were the "Manual" of Pomponius, and the "Institutes" of Gaius, who flourished in the time of Hadrian and the Antonines. Both of these works were, for a long time, lost, though fragments were preserved in the pandects of Justinian. In 1816, however, Niebuhr discovered a palimpsest MS., in which the epistles of St. Jerome were written over the erased "Institutes" of Gaius. From the numerous misunderstandings of the Roman historians respecting the laws and constitutional history of their country, the subject continued long in a state of confusion, until Vico, in his "Scienza nuova," dispelled the clouds of error, and reduced it to a system; and he was followed so successfully by Niebuhr, that modern students can have a more comprehensive and antiquarian knowledge of the subject than the writers of the Augustan age. The earliest Roman laws were the "Leges Regiae," which were collected and codified by Sextus Papirius, and were hence called the Papirian code; but these were rude and unconnected--simply a collection of isolated enactments. The laws of the "Twelve Tables" stand next in point of antiquity. They exhibited the first attempt at regular system, and embodied not only legislative enactments, but legal principles. So popular were they that when Cicero was a child every Roman boy committed them to memory, as our children do their catechism, and the great orator laments that in the course of his lifetime this practice had become obsolete. The oral traditional expositions of these laws formed the groundwork of the Roman civil law. To these were added, from time to time, the decrees of the people, the acts of the senate, and praetorian edicts, and from these various elements the whole body of Roman law was composed. So early was the subject diligently studied, that the age preceding the first two centuries of our era was rich in jurists whose powers are celebrated in history. The most eminent jurists who adorned this period were the Scaevolae, a family in whom the profession seems to have been hereditary. After them flourished Aelius Gallus (123-67 B.C.), eminent as a law reformer, C. Juventius, Sextus Papirius, and L. Lucilius Balbus, three distinguished jurists, who were a few years senior to Cicero.

10. GRAMMARIANS.--Towards the conclusion of this literary period a great increase took place in the numbers of those learned men whom the Romans at first termed literati, but afterwards, following the custom of the Greeks, grammarians. To them literature was under great obligations. Although few of them were authors, and all of them possessed acquired learning rather than original genius, they exercised a powerful influence over the public mind as professors, lecturers, critics, and schoolmasters. By them the youths of the best families not only were imbued with a taste for Greek philosophy and poetry, but were also taught to appreciate the literature of their own country. Livius Andronicus and Ennius may be placed at the head of this class, followed by Crates Mallotes, C. Octavius Lampadio, Laelius, Archelaus, and others, most of whom were emancipated slaves, either from Greece or from other foreign countries.

PERIOD SECOND.

FROM THE AGE OF CICERO TO THE DEATH OF AUGUSTUS (74 B.C.-14 A.D.)

1. DEVELOPMENT OF THE ROMAN LITERATURE.--Latin literature, at first rude, and, for five centuries, unable to reach any high excellence, was, as we have seen, gradually developed by the example and tendency of the Greek mind, which moulded Roman civilization anew. The earliest Latin poets, historians, and grammarians were Greeks. The metre which was brought to such perfection by the Latin poets was formed from the Greek, and the Latin language more and more assimilated to the Hellenic tongue.

As civilization advanced, the rude literature of Rome was compared with the great monuments of Greek genius, their superiority was acknowledged, and the study of them encouraged. The Roman youth not only attended the schools of the Greeks, in Rome, but their education was considered incomplete, unless they repaired to those of Athens, Rhodes, and Mytilene. Thus, whatever of national character existed in the literature was gradually obliterated, and what it gained in harmony and finish it lost in originality. The Roman writers imitated more particularly the writers of the Alexandrian school, who, being more artificial, were more congenial than the great writers of the age of Pericles.

Roman genius, serious, majestic, and perhaps more original than at a later period, was manifest even at the time of the Punic wars, but it had not yet taken form; and while thought was vigorous and powerful, expression remained weak and uncertain. But, under the Greek influence, and aided by the vigor imparted by free institutions, the union of thought and form was at length consummated, and the literature reached its culminating point in the great Roman orator. The fruits which had grown and matured in the centuries preceding were gathered by Augustus; but the influences that contributed to the splendor of his age belong rather to the republic than the empire, and with the fall of the liberties of Rome, Roman literature declined.

2. MIMES, MIMOGRAPHERS, AND PANTOMIME.--Amidst all the splendor of the Latin literature of this period, dramatic poetry never recovered from the trance into which it had fallen, though the stage had not altogether lost its popularity. Aesopus and Roscius, the former the great tragic actor, and the latter the favorite comedian, in the time of Cicero, enjoyed his friendship and that of other great men, and both amassed large fortunes. But although the standard Roman plays were constantly represented, dramatic literature had become extinct. The entertainments, which had now taken the place of comedy and tragedy, were termed mimes. These were laughable imitations of manners and persons, combining the features of comedy and farce, for comedy represents the characters of a class, farce those of individuals. Their essence was that of the modern pantomime, and their coarseness, and even indecency, gratified the love of broad humor which characterized the Roman people. After a time, when they became established as popular favorites, the dialogue occupied a more prominent position, and was written in verse, like that of tragedy and comedy.

During the dictatorship of Caesar, a Roman knight named Laberius (107-45 B.C.) became famous for his mimes. The profession of an actor of mimes was infamous, but Laberius was a writer, not an actor. On one occasion, Caesar offered him a large sum of money to enter the lists in a trial of his improvisatorial skill. Laberius did not submit to the degradation for the sake of the money, but he was afraid to refuse. The only method of retaliation in his power was sarcasm. His part was that of a slave; and when his master scourged him, he exclaimed: "Porro, Quirites, libertatem perdimus!" His words were received with a round of applause, and all eyes were fixed on Caesar. The dictator restored him to the rank of which his act had deprived him, but he could never recover the respect of his countrymen. As he passed the orchestra, on his way to the stalls of the knights, Cicero cried out: "If we were not so crowded, I would make room for you here." Laberius replied, alluding to Cicero's lukewarmness as a political partisan: "I am astonished that you should be crowded, as you generally sit on two stools."

Another writer and actor of mimes was Publius Syrus, originally a Syrian slave. Tradition has recorded a bon mot of his which is as witty as it is severe. Seeing an ill-tempered man named Mucius in low spirits, he exclaimed: "Either some ill fortune has happened to Mucius, or some good fortune to one of his friends!"

The Roman pantomime differed somewhat from the mime. It was a ballet of action, performed by a single dancer, who not only exhibited the human figure in its most graceful attitudes, but represented every passion and emotion with such truth that the spectators could, without difficulty, understand the story. The pantomime was licentious in its character, and the actors were forbidden by Tiberius to hold any intercourse with Romans of equestrian or senatorial dignity.

These were the exhibitions which threw such discredit on the stage, which called forth the well-deserved attacks of the early Christian fathers, and caused them to declare that whoever attended them was unworthy of the name of Christian. Had the drama not been so abused, had it retained its original purity, and carried out the object attributed to it by Aristotle, they would have seen it, not a nursery of vice, but a school of virtue; not only an innocent amusement, but a powerful engine to form the taste, to improve the morals, and to purify the feelings of a people.

3. EPIC POETRY.--The epic poets of this period selected their subjects either from the heroic age and the mythology of Greece, or from their own national history. The Augustan age abounds in representatives of these two

poetical schools, though possessing little merit. But the Romans, essentially practical and positive in their character, felt little interest in the descriptions of manners and events remote from their associations, and poetry, restrained within the limits of their history, could not rise to that height of imagination demanded by the epic muse. Virgil united the two forms by selecting his subject from the national history, and adorning the ancient traditions of Rome with the splendor of Greek imagination.

Virgil (70-19 B.C.) was born at Andes, near Mantua; he was educated at Cremona and at Naples, where he studied Greek literature and philosophy. After this he came to Rome, where, through Maecenas, he became known to Octavius, and basked in the sunshine of court favor. His favorite residence was Naples. On his return from Athens, in company with Augustus, he was seized with an illness of which he died. He was buried about a mile from Naples, on the road to Pozzuoli; and a tomb is still pointed out to the traveler which is said to be that of the poet. Virgil was deservedly popular both as a poet and as a man. The emperor esteemed him and people respected him; he was constitutionally pensive and melancholy, temperate, and pure-minded in a profligate age, and his popularity never spoiled his simplicity and modesty. In his last moments he was anxious to burn the whole manuscript of the Aeneid, and directed his executors either to improve it or commit it to the flames.

The idea and plan of the Aeneid are derived from Homer. As the wrath of Achilles is the mainspring of the Iliad, so the unity of the Aeneid results from the anger of Juno. The arrival of Aeneas in Italy after the destruction of Troy, the obstacles that opposed him through the intervention of Juno, and the adventures and the victories of the hero form the subject of the poem. Leaving Sicily for Latium, Aeneas is driven on the coast of Africa by a tempest raised against him by Juno; at Carthage he is welcomed by the queen, Dido, to whom he relates his past adventures and sufferings. By his narrative he wins her love, but at the command of Jupiter abandons her. Unable to retain him, Dido, in the despair of her passion, destroys herself. After passing through many dangers, under the guidance of the Sibyl of Cumae, he descends into the kingdom of the dead to consult the shade of his father. There appear to him the souls of the future heroes of Rome. On his return, he becomes a friend of the king of Latium, who promises to him the hand of his daughter, which is eagerly sought by King Turnus. A fearful war ensues between the rival lovers, which ends in the victory of Aeneas. Though the poem of Virgil is in many passages an imitation from the Iliad and the Odyssey, the Roman element predominates in it, and the Aeneid is the true national poem of Rome. There was no subject more adapted to flatter the vanity of the Romans, than the splendor and antiquity of their origin. Augustus is evidently typified under the character of Aeneas; Cleopatra is boldly sketched as Dido; and Turnus as the popular Antony. The love and death of Dido, the passionate victim of an unrequited love, give occasion to the poet to sing the victories of his countrymen over their Carthaginian rivals; the Pythagorean metempsychosis, which he adopts in the description of Elysium, affords an opportunity to exalt the heroes of Rome; and the wars of Aeneas allow him to describe the localities and the manners of ancient Latium with such truthfulness as to give to his verses the authority of historical quotations. In style, the Aeneid is a model of purity and elegance, and for the variety and the harmony of its incidents, for the power of its descriptions, and for the interest of its plot and episodes, second only to the Iliad. It has been observed that Virgil's descriptions are more like landscape painting than those of any of his predecessors, whether Greek or Roman, and it is a remarkable fact, that landscape painting was first introduced in his time.

4. DIDACTIC POETRY.--The poems, which first established the reputation of Virgil as a poet, belong to didactic poetry. They are his *Bucolics* and *Georgics*. The *Bucolics* are pastoral idyls; the characters are Italian in all their sentiments and feelings, acting, however, the unreal and assumed part of Greek shepherds. The Italians never possessed the elements of pastoral life, and could not furnish the poet with originals and models from which to draw his portraits. When represented as Virgil represents them in his *Bucolics*, they are in masquerade, and the drama in which they form the characters is of an allegorical kind. Even the scenery is Sicilian, and does not truthfully describe the tame neighborhood of Mantua. In fact, these poems are imitations of Theocritus; but, divesting ourselves of the idea of the outward form which the poet has chosen to adopt, we are touched by the simple narrative of disappointed loves and childlike woes; we appreciate the delicately-veiled compliments paid by the poet to his patron; we enjoy the inventive genius and poetical power which they display, and we are elevated by the exalted sentiments which they sometimes breathe. The *Georgics* are poems on the labors and enjoyments of rural life, a subject for which Rome offered a favorable field. Though in this style Hesiod was the model of Virgil, his system is perfectly Italian, so much so, that many of his rules may be traced in modern Italian husbandry, just as the descriptions of implements in the Greek poet are frequently found to agree with those in use in modern Greece. The great merit of the *Georgics* consists in their varied digressions, interesting episodes, and in the sublime bursts of descriptive vigor which are interspersed throughout them. They have frequently been taken as models for imitation by the didactic poets of all nations, and more particularly of England. The "Seasons," for instance, is a thoroughly Virgilian poem. Lucretius

(95-51 B.C.) belongs to the class of didactic poets. He might claim a place among philosophers as well as poets, for his poem marks an epoch both in poetry and philosophy. But his philosophy is a mere reflection from that of Greece, while his poetry is bright with the rays of original genius. His poem on "The Nature of Things" is in imitation of that of Empedocles. Its subject is philosophical and its purpose didactic; but its unity of design gives to it almost the rank of an epic. Its structure prevents it from being a complete and systematic survey of the whole Epicurean philosophy, but as far as the form of the poem permitted, it presents an accurate view of the philosophy which then enjoyed the highest popularity. The object of the poem of Lucretius is to emancipate mankind from the debasing effects of superstition by an exposition of philosophy, and though a follower of Epicurus, he is not entirely destitute of the religious sentiment, for he deifies nature and has a veneration for her laws. His infidelity must be viewed rather in the light of a philosophical protest against the results of heathen superstition, than a total rejection of the principles of religious faith. Lucretius valued the capabilities of the Latin language. He wielded at will its power of embodying the noblest thoughts, and showed how its copious and flexible properties could overcome the hard technicalities of science. The great beauty of his poetry is its variety; his fancy is always lively, his imagination has always free scope. He is sublime, as a philosopher who penetrates the secrets of the natural world, and discloses to the eyes of man the hidden causes of its wonderful phenomena. His object was a lofty one; for although the absurdities of the national creed drove him into skepticism, his aim was to set the intellect free from the trammels of superstition. But besides grandeur and sublimity, we find the totally different qualities of softness and tenderness. Rome had long known nothing but war, and was now rent by civil dissension. Lucretius yearned for peace; and his prayer, that the fabled goddess of all that is beautiful in nature would heal the wounds which discord had made, is distinguished by tenderness and pathos even more than by sublimity. He is superior to Ovid in force, though inferior in facility; not so smooth or harmonious as Virgil, his poetry always falls upon the ear with a swelling and sonorous melody. Virgil appreciated his excellence, and imitated not only single expressions, but almost entire verses and passages; and Ovid exclaims, that the sublime strains of Lucretius shall never perish until the world shall be given up to destruction.

5. LYRIC POETRY.--The Romans had not the ideality and the enthusiasm which are the elements of lyric poetry, and in all the range of their literature there are only two poets who, greatly inferior to the lyric poets of Greece, have a positive claim to a place in this department, Catullus and Horace. Catullus (86-46 B.C.) was born near Verona. At an early age he went to Rome, where he plunged into all the excesses of the capital, and where his sole occupation was the cultivation of his literary tastes and talents. A career of extravagance and debauchery terminated in the ruin of his fortune, and he died at the age of forty. The works of Catullus consist of numerous short pieces of a lyrical character, elegies and other poems. He was one of the most popular of the Roman poets, because he possessed those qualities which the literary society at Rome most valued, polish and learning, and because, although an imitator, there was a truly Roman nationality in all that he wrote. His satire was the bitter resentment of a vindictive spirit; his love and his hate were both purely selfish, but his excellences were of the most alluring and captivating kind. He has never been surpassed in gracefulness, melody, and tenderness. Horace (65-8 B.C.), like Virgil and other poets of his time, enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of Maecenas, who procured for him the public grant of his Sabine farm, situated about fifteen miles from Tivoli. At Rome he occupied a house on the beautiful heights of the Esquiline. The rapid alternation of town and country life, which the fickle poet indulged in, gives a peculiar charm to his poetry. His "Satires" were followed by the publication of the "Odes" and the "Epistles." The satires of Horace occupied the position of the fashionable novel of our day. In them is sketched boldly, but good-humoredly, a picture of Roman social life, with its vices and follies. They have nothing of the bitterness of Lucilius, the love of purity and honor that adorns Persius, or the burning indignation of Juvenal at the loathsome corruption of morals. Vice, in his day, had not reached that appalling height which it attained in the time of the emperors who succeeded Augustus. Deficient in moral purity, nothing would strike him as deserving censure, except such excess as would actually defeat the object which he proposed to himself, namely, the utmost enjoyment of life. In the "Epistles," he lays aside the character of a moral teacher or censor, and writes with the freedom with which he would converse with an intimate friend. But it is in his inimitable "Odes" that the genius of Horace as a poet is especially displayed; they have never been equaled in beauty of sentiment, gracefulness of language, and melody of versification; they comprehend every variety of subject suitable to the lyric muse; they rise without effort to the most elevated topics; and they descend to the simplest joys and sorrows of every-day life. The life of Horace is especially instructive, as a mirror in which is reflected a faithful image of the manners of his day. He is the representative of Roman refined society, as Virgil is of the national mind. His morals were lax, but not worse than those of his contemporaries. He looked at virtue and vice from a worldly, not from a moral point of view, and with him the one was prudence and the other folly. In connection with Horace, we may mention Maecenas, who, by his good taste and munificence, exercised a great influence upon literature, and literary men of Rome were much indebted to him for the use he made of his friendship with Augustus, to whom, probably, his love of literature and of pleasure and his

imperturbable temper recommended him as an agreeable companion. He had wealth enough to gratify his utmost wishes, and his mind was so full of the delights of refined society, of palaces, gardens, wit, poetry, and art, that there was no room in it for ambition. All the most brilliant men of Rome were found at his table,--Virgil, Horace, Propertius, and Varius were among his friends and constant associates. He was a fair specimen of the man of pleasure and society,--liberal, kind-hearted, clever, refined, but luxurious, self-indulgent, indolent, and volatile, with good impulses, but without principle.

6. ELEGY.--Tibullus (b. 54 B.C.) was the father of the Roman elegy. He was a contemporary of Virgil and Horace. The style of his poems and their tone of thought are like his character, deficient in vigor and manliness, but sweet, smooth, polished, tender, and never disfigured by bad taste. He passed his short life in peaceful retirement, and died soon after Virgil. The poems ascribed to Tibullus consist of four books, of which only two are genuine. Propertius (b. 150 B.C.), although a contemporary and friend of the Augustan poets, may be considered as belonging to a somewhat different school of poetry. While Horace, Virgil, and Tibullus imitated the noblest poets of the Greek age, Propertius, like the minor Roman poets, aspired to nothing more than the imitation of the graceful, but feeble strains of the Alexandrian poets. If he excels Tibullus in vigor of fancy, expression, and coloring, he is inferior to him in grace, spontaneity, and delicacy; he cannot, also, be compared with Catullus, who greatly surpasses him in his easy and effective style. Ovid (43 B.C.-6 A.D.), the most fertile of the Latin poets, not only in elegy, but also in other kinds of poetry, was enabled by his rank, fortune, and talents to cultivate the society of men of congenial tastes. A skeptic and an epicurean, he lived a life of continual indulgence and intrigue. He was a universal admirer of the female sex, and a favorite among women. He was popular as a poet, successful in society, and possessed all the enjoyments that wealth could bestow; but later in life he incurred the anger of Augustus, and was banished to the very frontier of the Roman empire, where he lingered for a few years and died in great misery. The "Epistles to and from Women of the Heroic Age" are a series of love-letters; with the exception of the "Metamorphoses," they have been greater favorites than any other of his works. Love, in the days of Ovid, had in it nothing pure or chivalrous. The age in which he lived was morally polluted, and he was neither better nor worse than his contemporaries; hence grossness is the characteristic of his "Art of Love." His "Metamorphoses" contain a series of mythological narratives from the earliest times to the translation of the soul of Julius Caesar from earth to heaven, and his metamorphosis into a star. In this poem especially may be traced that study and learning by which the Roman poets made all the treasures of Greek literature their own. "The Fasti," a poem on the Roman calendar, is a beautiful specimen of simple narrative in verse, and displays, more than any of his works, his power of telling a story without the slightest effort, in poetry as well as prose. The five books of the "Tristia," and the "Epistles from Pontus," were the outpourings of his sorrowful heart during the gloomy evening of his days.

7. ORATORY AND PHILOSOPHY.--As oratory gave to Latin prose-writing its elegance and dignity, Cicero (106-43 B.C.) is not only the representative of the flourishing period of the language, but also the instrumental cause of its arriving at perfection. He gave a fixed character to the Latin tongue; showed his countrymen what vigor it possessed, and of what elegance and polish it was susceptible. The influence of Cicero on the language and literature of his day was not only extensive, but permanent, and it survived almost until the language was corrupted by barbarism. After traveling in Greece and Asia, and holding a high office in Sicily, he returned to Rome, resumed his forensic practice, and was made consul. The conspiracy of Catiline was the great event of his consulship. The prudence and tact with which he crushed this gained him the applause and gratitude of his fellow-citizens, who hailed him as the father of his country; but he was obliged, by the intrigues of his enemies, to fly from Rome; his exile was decreed, and his town and country houses given up to plunder. He was, however, recalled, and appointed to a seat in the college of Augurs. In the struggle between Pompey and Caesar, he followed the fortunes of the former; but Caesar, after his triumph, granted him a full and free pardon. After the assassination of Caesar, Cicero delivered that torrent of indignant and eloquent invective, his twelve Philippic orations, and became again the popular idol; but when the second triumvirate was formed, and each member gave up his friends to the vengeance of his colleagues, Octavius did not hesitate to sacrifice Cicero. Betrayed by a treacherous freedman, he would not permit his attendants to make any resistance, but courageously submitted to the sword of the assassins, who cut off his head and hands, and carried them to Antony, whose wife, Julia, gloated with inhuman delight upon the pallid features, and in petty spite pierced with a needle the once eloquent tongue. Cicero had numerous faults; he was vain, vacillating, inconstant, timid, and the victim of morbid sensibility; but he was candid, truthful, just, generous, pure-minded, and warm-hearted. Gentle, sympathizing, and affectionate, he lived as a patriot and died as a philosopher. The place which Cicero occupies in the history of Roman literature is that of an orator and philosopher. The effectiveness of his oratory was mainly owing to his knowledge of the human heart, and of the national peculiarities of his countrymen. Its charm was owing to his extensive acquaintance with the stores of literature and philosophy,

which his sprightly wit moulded at will; to the varied learning, which his unpedantic mind made so pleasant and popular; and to his fund of illustration, at once interesting and convincing. He carried his hearers with him; senate, judges, and people understood his arguments, and felt his passionate appeals. Compared with the dignified energy and majestic vigor of Demosthenes, the Asiatic exuberance of some of his orations may be fatiguing to the more sober and chaste taste of modern scholars; but in order to form a just appreciation, we must transport ourselves mentally to the excitements of the thronged forum, to the senate, composed of statesmen and warriors in the prime of life, maddened with the party-spirit of revolutionary times. Viewed in this light, his most florid passages will appear free from affectation--the natural flow of a speaker carried away with the torrent of his enthusiasm. Among his numerous orations, in which, according to the criticisms of Quintilian, he combined the force of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the elegance of Isocrates, we mention the six celebrated Verrian harangues, which are considered masterpieces of Tullian eloquence. In the speech for the poet Archias, he had evidently expended all his resources of art, taste, and skill; and his oration in defense of Milo, for force, pathos, and the externals of eloquence, deserves to be reckoned among his most wonderful efforts. The oratory of Cicero was essentially judicial; even his political orations are rather judicial than deliberative. He was not born for a politician; he did not possess that analytical character of mind which penetrates into the remote causes of human action, nor the synthetical power which enables a man to follow them out to their farthest consequences. Of the three qualities necessary for a statesman, he possessed only two,--honesty and patriotism; he had not political wisdom. Hence, in the finest specimens of his political orations, his Catilinarians and Philippics, we look in vain for the calm, practical weighing of the subject which is necessary in addressing a deliberative assembly. Nevertheless, so irresistible was the influence which he exercised upon the minds of his hearers, that all his political speeches were triumphs. His panegyric on Pompey carried his appointment as commander-in-chief of the armies of the East; he crushed in Catiline one of the most formidable traitors that had ever menaced the safety of the republic, and Antony's fall followed the complete exposure of his debauchery in private life, and the factiousness of his public career. In his rhetorical works, Cicero left a legacy of practical instruction to posterity. The treatise "On Invention" is merely interesting as the juvenile production of a future great man. "The Orator," "Brutus, or the illustrious Orators," and "The Orator to Marius Brutus," are the results of his matured experience. They form together one series, in which the principles are laid down, and their development carried out and illustrated; and in the "Orator" he places before the eyes of Brutus the model of ideal perfection. In his treatment of that subject, he shows a mind imbued with the spirit of Plato; he invests it with dramatic interest, and transports the reader into the scene which he so graphically describes. Roman philosophy was neither the result of original investigation, nor the gradual development of the Greek system. It arose rather from a study of ancient philosophical literature, than from an emanation of philosophical principles. It consisted in a kind of eclecticism with an ethical tendency, bringing together doctrines and opinions scattered over a wide field in reference to the political and social relations of man. Greek philosophy was probably first introduced into Rome 166 B.C. But although the Romans could appreciate the majestic dignity and poetical beauty of the style of Plato, they were not equal to the task of penetrating his hidden meaning; neither did the peripatetic doctrines meet with much favor. The philosophical system which first arrested the attention of the Romans, and gained an influence over their minds, was the Epicurean. That of the Stoics also, the severe principles of which were in harmony with the stern old Roman virtues, had distinguished disciples. The part which Cicero's character qualified him to perform in the philosophical instruction of his countrymen was scarcely that of a guide; he could give them a lively interest in the subject, but he could not mould and form their belief, and train them in the work of original investigation. Not being devoutly attached to any system of philosophical belief, he would be cautious of offending the philosophical prejudices of others. He was essentially an eclectic in accumulating stores of Greek erudition, while his mind had a tendency, in the midst of a variety of inconsistent doctrines, to leave the conclusion undetermined. He brought everything to a practical standard; he admired the exalted purity of stoical morality, but he feared that it was impractical. He believed in the existence of one supreme creator, in his spiritual nature, and the immortality of the soul; but his belief was rather the result of instinctive conviction, than of proof derived from philosophy. The study of Cicero's philosophical works is invaluable, in order to understand the minds of those who came after him. Not only all Roman philosophy after his time, but a great part of that of the Middle Ages, was Greek philosophy filtered through Latin, and mainly founded on that of Cicero. Among his works on speculative philosophy are "The Academics, or a history and defense of the belief of the new Academy;" "Dialogues on the Supreme Good, the end of all moral action;" "The Tusculan Disputations," containing five treatises on the fear of death, the endurance of pain, power of wisdom over sorrow, the morbid passions, and the relation of virtue to happiness. His moral philosophy comprehends the "Duties," a stoical treatise on moral obligations, and the unequalled little essays on "Friendship and Old Age." His political works are "The Republic" and "The Law;" but these remains are fragmentary. The extent of Cicero's correspondence is almost incredible. Even those epistles which remain number more than eight hundred. In them we find the eloquence of the heart, not of the rhetorical

school. They are models of pure Latinity, elegant without stiffness, the natural outpourings of a mind which could not give birth to an ungraceful idea. In his letters to Atticus he lays bare the secret of his heart; he trusts his life in his hands; he is not only his friend but his confidant, his second self. In the letters of Cicero we have the description of the period of Roman history, and the portrait of the inner life of Roman society in his day.

8. HISTORY.--In their historical literature the Romans exhibited a faithful transcript of their mind and character. History at once gratified their patriotism, and its investigations were in accordance with their love of the real and the practical. In this department, they were enabled to emulate the Greeks and to be their rivals, and sometimes their superiors. The elegant simplicity of Caesar is as attractive as that of Herodotus; none of the Greek historians surpasses Livy in talent for the picturesque and in the charm with which he invests his spirited and living stories; while for condensation of thought, terseness of expression, and political and philosophical acumen, Tacitus is not inferior to Thucydides. The catalogue of Roman historians contains many writers whose works are lost; such as L. Lucretius, the friend and correspondent of Cicero, L. Lucullus, the illustrious conqueror of Mithridates, and Cornelius Nepos, of whom only one work was preserved, the "Lives of Eminent Generals." The authenticity of this work is, however, disputed. But at the head of this department, as the great representatives of Roman history, stand Julius Caesar, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus, all of whom, except the last, belong to the Augustan age. Julius Caesar (100-44 B.C.) was descended from one of the oldest among the patrician families of Rome. He attached himself to the popular party, and his good taste, great tact, and pleasing manners contributed, together with his talents, to insure his popularity. He became a soldier in the nineteenth year of his age, and hence his works display all the best qualities which are fostered by a military education--frankness, simplicity, and brevity. His earliest literary triumph was as an orator, and, according to Quintilian, he was a worthy rival of Cicero. When he obtained the office of Pontifex Maximus, he diligently examined the history and nature of the Roman belief in augury, and published his investigations. When his career as a military commander began, whatever leisure his duties permitted him to enjoy he devoted to the composition of his memoirs, or commentaries of the Gallic and civil wars. He wrote, also, some minor works on different subjects, and he left behind him various letters, some of which are extant. But by far the most important of the works of Caesar is his "Commentaries," which have come down to us in a tolerably perfect state. They are sketches taken on the spot, in the midst of action, while the mind was full, and they have all the graphic power of a master-mind and the vigorous touches of a master-hand. The Commentaries are the materials for history, notes jotted down for future historians. The very faults which may justly be found with the style of Caesar are such as reflect the man himself. The majesty of his character consists chiefly in the imperturbable calmness and equanimity of his temper; he had no sudden bursts of energy and alternations of passion and inactivity. The elevation of his character was a high one, but it was a level table-land. This calmness and equability pervades his writings, and for this reason they have been thought to want life and energy. The beauty of his language is, as Cicero says, statuesque rather than picturesque. Simple and severe, it conveys the idea of perfect and well-proportioned beauty, while it banishes all thoughts of human passion. In relating his own deeds, he does not strive to add to his own reputation by detracting from the merits of those who served under him. He is honest, generous, and candid, not only towards them, but also towards his brave enemies. He recounts his successes without pretension or arrogance, though he has evidently no objection to be the hero of his own tale. His Commentaries are not confessions, although he is the subject of them; not a record of a weakness appears, nor even a defect, except that which the Romans would readily forgive, cruelty. His savage waste of human life he recounts with perfect self-complacency. Vanity, the crowning error in his career as a statesman, though hidden by the reserve with which he speaks of himself, sometimes discovers itself in the historian. The Commentaries of Caesar have been compared with the work of the great soldier-historian of Greece, Xenophon. Both are eminently simple and unaffected, but there the parallel ends. The severe contempt of ornament, which characterizes the stern Roman, is totally unlike the mellifluous sweetness of the Attic writer. Sallust (85-35 B.C.) was born of a plebeian family, but, having filled the offices of tribune and quaestor, attained senatorial rank. He was expelled from the Senate for his profligacy, but restored again to his rank through the influence of Caesar, whose party he espoused. He accompanied his patron in the African war, and was made governor of Numidia. While in that capacity, he accumulated by rapacity and extortion enormous wealth, which he lavished in expensive but tasteful luxury. The gardens on the Quirinal which bore his name were celebrated for their beauty; and there, surrounded by the choicest works of art, he devoted his retirement to composing the historical records which survived him. As a politician, he was a mere partisan of Caesar, and therefore a strenuous opponent of the higher classes and of the supporters of Pompey. The object of his hatred was not the old patrician blood of Rome, but the new aristocracy, which had of late years been rapidly rising up and displacing it. That new nobility was utterly corrupt, and its corruption was encouraged by the venality of the masses, whose poverty and destitution tempted them to be the tools of unscrupulous ambition. Sallust strove to place that party in the unfavorable light which it deserved; but, notwithstanding the truthfulness of the picture which he draws,

selfishness and not patriotism was the mainspring of his politics; he was not an honest champion of popular rights, but a vain and conceited man, who lived in an immoral and corrupt age, and had not the strength of principle to resist the force of example and temptation. If, however, we make some allowance for the political bias of Sallust, his histories have not only the charms of the historical romance, but are also valuable political studies. His characters are vigorously and naturally drawn, and the more his histories are read, the more obvious it is that he always writes with an object, and uses his facts as the means of enforcing a great political lesson. His first work is on the "Jugurthine War," the next related to the period from the consulship of Lepidus to the praetorship of Cicero, and is unfortunately lost. This was followed by a history of the conspiracy of Catiline, "The War of Catiline," in which he paints in vivid colors the depravity of that order of society which, bankrupt in fortune and honor, still plumes itself on its rank and exclusiveness. To Sallust must be conceded the praise of having first conceived the notion of a history, in the true sense of the term. He was the first Roman historian, and the guide of future historians. He had always an object to which he wished all his facts to converge, and he brought them forward as illustrations and developments of principles. He analyzed and exposed the motives of parties, and laid bare the inner life of those great actors on the public stage, in the interesting historical scenes which he describes. His style, although ostentatiously elaborate and artificial, is, upon the whole, pleasing, and almost always transparently clear. Following Thucydides, whom he evidently took as his model, he strives to imitate his brevity; but while this quality with the Greek historian is natural and involuntary, with the Roman it is intentional and studied. The brevity of Thucydides is the result of condensation, that of Sallust is elliptical expression. Livy (59-18 B.C.) was born in Padua, and came to Rome during the reign of Augustus, where he resided in the enjoyment of the imperial favor and patronage. He was a warm and open admirer of the ancient institutions of the country, and esteemed Pompey as one of its greatest heroes; but Augustus did not allow political opinions to interfere with the regard which he entertained for the historian. His great work is a history of Rome, which he modestly terms "Annals," in one hundred and forty-two books, of which thirty-five are extant. Besides his history, Livy is said to have written treatises and dialogues, which were partly philosophical and partly historical. The great object of Livy's history was to celebrate the glories of his native country, to which he was devotedly attached. He was a patriot: his sympathy was with Pompey, called forth by the disinterestedness of that great man, and perhaps by his sad end. He delights to put forth his powers in those passages which relate to the affections. He is a biographer quite as much as a historian; he anatomizes the moral nature of his heroes, and shows the motive springs of their noble exploits. His characters stand before us like epic heroes, and he tells his story like a bard singing his lay at a joyous festive meeting, checkered by alternate successes and reverses, though all tending to a happy result at last. But while these features constitute his charm as a narrator, they render him less valuable as a historian. Although he would not be willfully inaccurate, if the legend he was about to tell was interesting, he would not stop to inquire whether or not it was true. Taking upon trust the traditions which had been handed down from generation to generation, the more flattering and popular they were, the more suitable would he deem them for his purposes. He loved his country, and he would scarcely believe anything derogatory to the national glory. Whenever Rome was false to treaties, unmerciful in victory, or unsuccessful in arms, he either ignores the facts or is anxious to find excuses. He does not appear to have made researches into the many original documents which were extant at his time, but he trusted to the annalists, and took advantage of the investigations of preceding historians. His descriptions of military affairs are often vague and indistinct, and he often shows himself ignorant of the localities which he describes. Such are the principal defects of Livy, who otherwise charms his readers with his romantic narratives, and his lively, fresh, and fascinating style.

9. OTHER PROSE WRITERS.--Though the grammarians of this period were numerous, they added little or nothing to its literary reputation. The most conspicuous among them were Attius, a friend of Sallust; Epirota, the correspondent of Cicero; Julius Hyginus, a friend of Ovid; and Nigidius Figulus, an orator as well as grammarian. M. Vitruvius Pollio, the celebrated architect, deserves to be mentioned for his treatise on architecture. He was probably native of Verona, and served under Julius Caesar in Africa, as a military engineer. Notwithstanding the defects of his style, the language of Vitruvius is vigorous, and his descriptions bold; his work is valuable as exhibiting the principles of Greek architectural taste and beauty, of which he was a devoted admirer.

PERIOD THIRD.

FROM THE DEATH OF AUGUSTUS TO THE CLOSE OF THE REIGN OF THEODORIC (14-526 A.D.).

1. DECLINE OF ROMAN LITERATURE.--With the death of Augustus began the decline of Roman literature, and a few names only rescue the first years of this period from the charge of a corrupt and vitiated taste. After a while, indeed, political circumstances again became more favorable; the dangers, which paralyzed genius and talent, and

prevented their free exercise under Tiberius and his tyrannical successors, diminished, and a more liberal system of administration ensued under Vespasian and Titus. Juvenal and Tacitus then stood forth, as the representatives of the old Roman independence. Vigor of thought communicated itself to the language; a taste for the sublime and beautiful, to a certain extent, revived, although it did not attain to the perfection which shed a lustre over the Augustan age. Between the ages of Horace and Juvenal, Cicero and Tacitus, there was a gap of half a century, in which Roman genius was slumbering. The gradual growth of a spirit of adulation deterred all who were qualified for the task of the historian from attempting it. Fear, during the lifetime of Tiberius and Caligula, Claudius and Nero, and hatred, still fresh after their deaths, rendered all accounts of their reigns false. And the same causes which silenced the voice of history extinguished the genius of poetry and oratory. As liberty declined, natural eloquence decayed; the orator sought only to please the corrupt taste of his audiences with strange and exaggerated statements; the poet aimed to win public admiration through a style over-laden with ornament, and florid and diffuse descriptions. Literature, in order to flourish, requires the genial sunshine of human sympathy; it needs either the patronage of the great, or the favor of the people. Immediately after the death of Augustus, patronage was withdrawn, and there was no public sympathy to supply its place. In the reign of Nero, literature partially revived; for, though the bloodiest of tyrants, he had a taste for art and poetry, and an ambition to excel in refinement.

2. FABLE.--In fable, as in other fields of literature, Rome was an imitator of Greece, but nevertheless Phaedrus struck out a new line for himself, and, through his fables, became not only a moral instructor, but a political satirist. Phaedrus (fl. 16 A.D.), the originator and only author of Roman fable, though born in the reign of Augustus, wrote when the Augustan age had passed away. His works are, as it were, isolated; he had no contemporaries. Nevertheless, his solitary voice was lifted up when those of the poet, the historian, and the philosopher were silenced. The moral and political lessons conveyed in his fables were suggested by the evils of the times in which he lived. Some of them illustrate the danger of riches and the comparative safety of obscurity and poverty, in an age when the rich were marked for destruction, in order that the confiscation of their property might glut the avarice of the emperor and of his servants; others were suggested by historical events, being nevertheless satirical strictures on individuals. The style of Phaedrus is pure and classical, and combines the simple neatness and graceful elegance of the golden age with the vigor and terseness of the silver one. He has the facility of Ovid and the brevity of Tacitus. In the construction of his fables, he displays observation and ingenuity; but he is deficient in imagination. He makes his animals the vehicles of his wisdom, but he does not throw himself into them, or identify himself with them; while they look and act like animals, they talk like human beings. In this consists the great superiority of Aesop to his Roman imitator; his brutes are a superior race, but they are still brutes, and it would seem that the fabulist had lived among them as one of themselves, had adopted their mode of life, and conversed with them in their own language. In Phaedrus we have human sentiments translated into the language of beasts, while in Aesop we have beasts giving utterance to such sentiments as would be naturally theirs if they were placed in the position of men.

3. SATIRE AND EPIGRAM.--Roman satire, subsequently to Horace, is represented by Persius and Juvenal. Persius (34-62 A.D.) early attached himself to the Stoic philosophy. He was pure in mind, and free from the corrupt taint of an immoral age. Although Lucilius was, to a certain extent, his model, he does not attack vice with the biting severity of the old satirist, nor do we find in his writings the enthusiastic indignation which burns in the verses of Juvenal. His purity of mind and kindness of heart disinclined him to portray vice in its hideous and loathsome forms, and to indulge in that bitterness of invective which the prevalent enormities of his times deserved. His uprightness and love of virtue are shown by the uncompromising severity with which he rebukes sins of not so deep a dye; and the heart which was capable of being moulded by his example, and influenced by his purity, would have shrunk from the fearful crimes which deform the pages of Juvenal. The greatest defect in Persius, as a satirist, is that the Stoic philosophy in which he was educated rendered him indifferent to the affairs of the world. His contemplative habits led him to criticise, as his favorite subjects, false taste in poetry and empty pretensions to philosophy. Horace mingled in the society of the profligate and considering them as fools, laughed their folly to scorn. Juvenal looked down upon the corruption of the age from the eminence of his virtue, and punished it like an avenging deity. Persius, pure in heart and passionless by education, while he lashes wickedness in the abstract, almost ignores its existence, and shrinks from probing to the bottom the vileness of the human heart. His works comprise six satires, all of which breathe the natural amiability and placid cheerfulness of his temper. Juvenal flourished in the reign of Domitian, towards the close of the first century A.D., a dark period, which saw the utter moral degradation of the people, and the bloodiest tyranny and oppression on the part of their rulers. The picture of Roman manners, as painted by his glowing pencil, is truly appalling. The fabric of society was in ruins, the popular religion was rejected with scorn, and the creed of natural religion had not occupied its place. The emperors took part in public scenes of folly and profligacy, and exposed themselves as charioteers, as dancers, and as actors. Nothing

was respected but wealth, nothing provoked contempt but poverty. Players and dancers had all honors and offices at their disposal; the city swarmed with informers, who made the rich their prey; every man feared his most intimate friend, and the only bond of friendship was to be an accomplice in crime. The teacher would corrupt his pupil, and the guardian defraud his ward. Crimes which cannot be named were common, and the streets of Rome were the constant scene of robbery, assault, and assassination. The morals of women were as depraved as those of men, and there was no public amusement so immoral or so cruel as not to be countenanced by their presence. In this period of moral dearth, the fountains of genius and literature were dried up. There was criticism, declamation, panegyric, and verse writing, but no oratory, history, or poetry. Juvenal, though himself not free from the declamatory affectation of the day, attacked the false literary taste of his contemporaries as unsparingly as he did their depraved morality. His sixteen satires exhibit an enlightened, truthful, and comprehensive view of Roman manners, and of the inevitable result of such depravity. The two finest of them are those which Dr. Johnson has thought worthy of imitation. The historical value of these satires must not be forgotten. Tacitus lived in the same perilous times as Juvenal, and when they had come to an end and it was not unsafe to speak, he wrote their public history, which the poet illustrates by displaying the social and inner life of the Romans. Their works are parallel, and each forms a commentary upon the other. The style of Juvenal is vigorous and lucid; his morals were pure in the midst of a debased age, and his language shines forth in classic elegance, in the midst of specimens of declining and degenerate taste. Juvenal closes the list of Roman satirists, properly speaking. The satirical spirit animates the piquant epigrams of his friend Martial, but their purpose is not moral or didactic. They sting the individual, and render him an object of scorn and disgust, but they do not hold up vice itself to ridicule and detestation. Martial (43-104 A.D.) was born in Spain. He early emigrated to Rome, where he became a favorite of Titus and Domitian, and in the reign of the latter he was appointed to the office of court-poet. During thirty-five years, he lived at Rome the life of a flatterer and a dependent, and then he returned to his native town, where his death was hastened by his distaste for provincial life. Measured by the corrupt standard of morals which disgraced the age in which he lived, Martial was probably not worse than most of his contemporaries; for the fearful profligacy, which his powerful pen describes in such hideous terms, had spread through Rome its loathsome infection. Had he lived in better times, his talents might have been devoted to a purer object; as it was, no language is strong enough to denounce the impurities of his page, and his moral taste must have been thoroughly depraved not to have turned with disgust from the contemplation of such subjects. But not all his poems are of this character. Amidst some obscurity of style and want of finish, many are redolent of Greek sweetness and elegance. Here and there are pleasing descriptions of the beauties of nature, and many are kind-hearted and full of varied wit, poetical imagination, and graceful expression. To the original characteristics of the Greek epigram, Martial, more than any other poet, added that which constitutes an epigram in the modern sense of the term: pointedness either in jest or earnest, and the bitterness of personal satire.

4. DRAMATIC LITERATURE.--Dramatic literature never flourished in Rome, and still less under the empire. During this period there were not wanting some imitators of Greece in this noble branch of poetry, but their productions were rather literary than dramatic; they were poems composed in a dramatic form, intended to be read, not acted. They contain noble philosophical sentiments, lively descriptions, and passages full of tenderness and pathos, but they are deficient in dramatic effect, and positively offend against those laws of good taste which regulated the Athenian stage. In the Augustan age, a few writers attained some excellence in tragedy, at least in the opinion of ancient critics. Under the tyrant Nero, dramatic literature reappeared, specimens of which are extant in the ten tragedies attributed to Seneca. But the genius of the author never grasps, in their wholeness, the characters which he attempts to copy; they are distorted images of the Greek originals, and the shadowy grandeur of the godlike heroes of Aeschylus stands forth in corporeal vastness, and appears childish and unnatural, like the giants of a story-book. The Greeks believed in the gods and heroes whose agency and exploits constituted the machinery of tragedy, but the Romans did not, and we cannot sympathize with them, because we see that they are insincere. An awful belief in destiny, and the hopeless yet patient struggle of a great and good man against this all-ruling power, are the mainspring of Greek tragedy. This belief the Romans did not transfer into their imitations, but they supplied its place with the stern fatalism of the Stoics. The principle of destiny entertained by the Greek poets is a mythological, even a religious one. It is the irresistible will of God. God is at the commencement of the chain of causes and effects, by which the event is brought about which God has ordained; his inspired prophets have power to foretell, and mortals cannot resist or avoid. It is rather predestination than destiny. The fatalism of the Stoics, on the other hand, is the doctrine of practical necessity. It ignores the almighty power of the Supreme Being, and although it does not deny his existence, it strips him of his attributes as the moral governor of the universe. These doctrines, expressed equally in the writings of Seneca the philosopher, and in the tragedies attributed to him, lead to the probability, amounting almost to certainty, that he was their author. But whatever be the case in regard to their authorship, it is certain that, notwithstanding their false rhetorical taste and the absence of all ideal and creative

genius, they have found many admirers and imitators in modern times. The French school of tragic poets took them for their model; Corneille evidently considered them the ideal of tragedy, and Racine servilely imitated them.

5. EPIC POETRY.--At the head of the epic poets who flourished during the Silver Age, stands Lucan (39-66 A.D.). He was born at Cordova, in Spain, and probably came to Rome when very young, where his literary reputation was soon established. But Nero, who could not bear the idea of a rival, forbade him to recite his poems, then the common mode of publication. Neither would he allow him to plead as an advocate. Smarting under this provocation, he joined in a conspiracy against the emperor's life. The plot failed, but Lucan was pardoned on condition of pointing out his confederates, and in the vain hope of saving himself from the monster's vengeance, he actually impeached his mother. This noble woman was incapable of treason. Tacitus says, "the scourge, the flames, the rage of the executioners who tortured her the more savagely, lest they should be scorned by a woman, were powerless to extort a false confession." Lucan never received the reward which he purchased by treachery. When the warrant for his death was issued, he caused his veins to be cut asunder, and expired in the twenty-seventh year of his age. The only one of his works which survives is the "Pharsalia," an epic poem on the subject of the civil war between Caesar and Pompey. It bears evident marks of having been left unfinished; it has great faults and at the same time great beauties. The sentiments contained in this poem breathe a love of freedom and an attachment to the old Roman republicanism. Its subject is a noble one, full of historic interest, and it is treated with spirit, brilliancy, and animation. The characters of Caesar and Pompey are masterpieces; but while some passages are scarcely inferior to any written by the best Latin poets, others have neither the dignity of prose, nor the melody of poetry. Description forms the principal feature in the poetry of Lucan; in fact, it constitutes one of the characteristic features of Roman literature in its decline, because poetry had become more than ever an art, and the epoch one of erudition. Silius Italicus (fl. 54 A.D.) was the favorite and intimate of two emperors, Nero and Vitellius. He left a poem, the "Punica," which contains the history in heroic verse of the second Punic war. The Aeneid of Virgil was his model, and the narrative of Livy furnished his materials. It is considered the dullest and most tedious poem in the Latin language though its versification is harmonious, and will often, in point of smoothness, bear comparison with that of Virgil. Valerius Flaccus flourished in the reign of Vespasian. He is author of the "Argonautica," an imitation and in some parts a translation of the Greek poem of Apollonius Rhodius on the same subject. He evidently did not live to complete his original design. In the Argonautica there are no glaring faults or blemishes, but there is also no genius, no inspiration. He has some talents as a descriptive poet; his versification is harmonious and his style graceful. P. Statius (61-95 A.D.) was the author of the *Silviae*, *Thebaid*, and *Achilleid*. The "*Silviae*" are the rude materials of thought springing up spontaneously in all their wild luxuriance, from the rich, natural soil of the imagination of the poet. The subject of the "*Thebaid*" is the ancient Greek legend respecting the war of the Seven against Thebes, and the "*Achilleid*" was intended to embrace all the exploits of Achilles, but only two books were completed. The poems of Statius contain many poetical incidents, which might stand by themselves as perfect fugitive pieces. In these we see his natural and unaffected elegance, his harmonious ear, and the truthfulness of his perceptions. But, as an epic poet, he has neither grasp of mind nor vigor of conception; his imaginary heroes do not inspire and warm his imagination; and his genius was unable to rise to the highest departments of art.

6. HISTORY.--For the reasons already stated, Rome for a long period could boast of no historian; the perilous nature of the times, and the personal obligations under which learned men frequently were to the emperors, rendered contemporary history a means of adulation and servility. To this class of historians belongs Paterculus (fl. 30 A.D.), who wrote a history of Rome which is partial, prejudiced, and adulatory. He was a man of lively talents, and his taste was formed after the model of Sallust, of whom he was an imitator. His style is often overstrained and unnatural. Under the genial and fostering influence of the Emperor Trajan, the fine arts, especially architecture, flourished, and literature revived. The same taste and execution which are visible in the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan adorn the literature of his age as illustrated by its two great lights, Tacitus and the younger Pliny. There is not the rich, graceful manner which invests with such a charm the writers of the Golden Age, but the absence of these qualities is amply compensated by dignity, gravity, and honesty. Truthfulness beams throughout the writings of these two great contemporaries, and incorruptible virtue is as visible in the pages of Tacitus as benevolence and tenderness are in the letters of Pliny. They mutually influenced each other's characters and principles; their tastes and pursuits were similar; they loved each other dearly, corresponded regularly, corrected each other's works, and accepted patiently and gratefully each other's criticism. Tacitus (60-135 A.D.) was of equestrian rank, and served in several important offices of the empire. His works now extant are a life of his father-in-law, Agricola, a tract on the manners and nations of the Germans, a small portion of a voluminous work entitled "Histories," about two thirds of another historical work, entitled "Annals," and a dialogue on the decline of eloquence. The life of Agricola, though a panegyric rather than a biography, is a beautiful specimen of the vigor and force of expression with which this

greatest painter of antiquity could throw off any portrait which he attempted. Even if the likeness be somewhat flattered, the qualities which the writer possessed, his insight into character, his pathetic power, and his affectionate heart, render this short piece one of the most attractive biographies extant. The treatise on the "Geography, Manners, and Nations of Germany," though containing geographical descriptions often vague and inaccurate, and accounts evidently founded on mere tales of travelers, bears the impress of truth in the salient points and characteristic features of the national manners and institutions of Teutonic nations. The "Histories," his earliest historical work, of which only four books and a portion of the fifth are extant, extended from the year 69 to 96 A.D., and it was his intention to include the reigns of Nero and Trajan. In this work he proposed to investigate the political state of the commonwealth, the feeling of its armies, the sentiments of its provinces, the elements of its strength and weakness, and the causes and reasons for each historical phenomenon. The principal fault which diminishes the value of his history as a record of events is his too great readiness to accept evidence unhesitatingly, and to record popular rumors without taking sufficient pains to examine into their truth. His incorrect account of the history, constitution, and manners of the Jewish people is one among the few instances of this fault, scattered over a vast field of faithful history. The "Annals" consist of sixteen books; they begin with the death of Augustus, and conclude with that of Nero (14-68 A.D.). The object of Tacitus was to describe the influence which the establishment of tyranny on the ruins of liberty exercised for good or for evil in bringing out the character of the individual. In the extinction of freedom there still existed in Rome bright examples of heroism and courage, and instances not less prominent of corruption and degradation. In the annals of Tacitus these individuals stand out in bold relief, either singly or in groups upon the stage, while the emperor forms the principal figure, and the moral sense of the reader is awakened to admire instances of patient suffering and determined bravery, or to witness abject slavery and remorseless despotism. Full of sagacious observation and descriptive power, Tacitus engages the most serious attention of the reader by the gravity of his condensed and comprehensive style, as he does by the wisdom and dignity of his reflections. Living amidst the influences of a corrupt age, he was uncontaminated. By his virtue and integrity, and his chastened political liberality, he commands our admiration as a man, while his love of truth is reflected in his character as a historian. In his style, the form is always subordinate to the matter; his sentences are suggestive of far more than they express, and his brevity is enlivened by copiousness, variety, and poetry; his language is highly figurative; his descriptions of scenery and incidents are eminently picturesque, his characters dramatic, and the expression of his own sentiments almost lyrical. Suetonius was born about 69 A.D. His principal extant works are the "Lives of the Twelve Caesars," "Notices of Illustrious Grammarians and Rhetoricians," and the Lives of the Poets Terence, Horace, Persius, Lucan, and Juvenal. The use which he makes of historical documents proves that he was a man of diligent research, and, as a biographer, industrious and careful. He indulges neither in ornament of style nor in romantic exaggeration. The pictures which he draws of some of the Caesars are indeed terrible, but they are fully supported by the contemporary authority of Juvenal and Tacitus. As a historian, Suetonius had not that comprehensive and philosophical mind which would qualify him for taking an enlarged view of his subject; he has no definite plan or method, and wanders at will from one subject to another just as the idea seizes him. Curtius is considered by some writers as belonging to the Silver Age, and by others to a later period. His biography of Alexander the Great is deeply interesting. It is a romance rather than a history. He never loses an opportunity, by the coloring which he gives to historical facts, of elevating the Macedonian conqueror to a super-human standard. His florid and ornamented style is suitable to the imaginary orations which are introduced in the narrative, and which constitute the most striking portions of the work. Valerius Maximus flourished during the reign of Tiberius. His work is a collection of anecdotes entitled "Memorable Sayings and Deeds," the object of which was to illustrate by examples the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice. The style is prolix and declamatory, and characterized by awkward affectation and involved obscurity.

7. RHETORIC AND ELOQUENCE.--Under the empire, schools of rhetoric were multiplied, as harmless as tyranny could desire. In these the Roman youth learned the means by which the absence of natural endowments could be compensated. The students composed their speeches according to the rules of rhetoric; they were then corrected, committed to memory, and recited, partly with a view to practice, partly in order to amuse an admiring audience. Nor were these declamations confined to mere students. Public recitations had, since the days of Juvenal, been one of the crying nuisances of the times. Seneca, the father of the philosopher of the same name, a famous rhetorician himself, left two works containing a series of exercises in oratory, which show the hollow and artificial system of those schools. He was born in Cordova in Spain (61 A.D.), and as a professional rhetorician amassed a considerable fortune. Quintilian (40-118 A.D.) was the most distinguished teacher of rhetoric of this age. He attempted to restore a purer and more classical taste, but, although to a certain extent he was successful, the effect which he produced was only temporary. For the instruction of his elder son he wrote his great work, "Institutes of Oratory," a complete system of instruction in the art of oratory; and in it he shows himself far superior to Cicero as a teacher, though he

was inferior to him as an orator. His work is divided into twelve books, in which he traces the progress of the orator from the very cradle until he arrives at perfection. In this monument of his taste and genius he fully and completely exhausted the subject, and left a text-book of the science and art of nations, as well as a masterly sketch of the eloquence of antiquity. The disposition of Quintilian was as affectionate and tender as his genius was brilliant and his taste pure; few passages throughout the whole range of Latin literature can be compared to that in which he mourns the loss of his wife and children. It is the touching eloquence of one who could not write otherwise than gracefully. Among the pupils of Quintilian, Pliny the younger took the highest place in the literature of his age. He was born in Como, 61 A.D., and adopted and educated by his maternal uncle, the elder Pliny. He attained great celebrity as a pleader, and stood high in favor with the emperor. His works consist of a panegyric on Trajan, and a collection of letters in ten books. The panegyric is a piece of courtly flattery in accordance with the cringing and fawning manners of the times. The letters are very valuable, not only for the insight which they give into his own character, but also into the manners and modes of thought of his illustrious contemporaries, as well as the politics of the day. For liveliness, descriptive power, elegance, and simplicity of style, they are scarcely inferior to those of Cicero, whom he evidently took for his model. These letters show how accurate and judicious was the mind of Pliny, how prudent his administration in the high offices which he filled under the reign of Trajan, and how refined his taste for the beautiful. The tenth book, which consists of the letters to Trajan, together with the emperor's rescripts, will be read with the greatest interest. The following passages from his dispatch respecting the Christians, written while he was procurator of the province of Bithynia, and the emperor's answer, are worthy of being transcribed, both because reference is so often made to them, and because they throw light upon the marvelous and rapid propagation of the gospel, the manners of the early Christians, the treatment to which their constancy exposed them, and the severe jealousy with which they were regarded:-- "It is my constant practice, sire, to refer to you all subjects on which I entertain doubt. For who is better able to direct my hesitation, or to instruct my ignorance? I have never been present at the trials of Christians, and, therefore, I do not know in what way, or to what extent it is usual to question or to punish them. I have also felt no small difficulty in deciding whether age should make any difference, or whether those of the tenderest and those of mature years should be treated alike; whether pardon should be accorded to repentance, or whether, where a man has once been a Christian, recantation should profit him; whether, if the name of Christian does not imply criminality, still the crimes peculiarly belonging to the name should be punished. Meanwhile, in the case of those against whom informations have been laid before me, I have pursued the following line of conduct: I have put to them, personally, the question whether they were Christians. If they confessed, I interrogated them a second and third time, and threatened them with punishment. If they still persevered, I ordered their commitment; for I had no doubt whatever, that whatever they confessed, at any rate, dogged and inflexible obstinacy deserved to be punished. There were others who displayed similar madness; but, as they were Roman citizens, I ordered them to be sent back to the city. Soon, persecution itself, as is generally the case, caused the crime to spread, and it appeared in new forms. An anonymous information was laid against a large number of persons, but they deny that they are, or ever have been, Christians. As they invoked the gods, repeating the form after me, and offered prayer with incense and wine, to your image, which I had ordered to be brought together with those of the deities, and besides, cursed Christ, while those who are true Christians, it is said, cannot be compelled to do any one of these things, I thought it right to set them at liberty. Others, when accused by an informer, confessed that they were Christians, and soon after denied the fact. They said they had been, but had ceased to be, some three, some more, not a few even twenty years previously. All these worshiped your image and those of the gods, and cursed Christ. But they affirmed that the sum-total of their fault, or their error, was that they were accustomed to assemble on a fixed day, before dawn, and sing an antiphonal hymn to Christ as God; that they bound themselves by an oath, not to the commission of any wickedness, but to abstain from theft, robbery, and adultery; never to break a promise, or to deny a deposit, when it was demanded back. When these ceremonies were concluded, it was their custom to depart, and again assemble together to take food harmlessly and in common. That after my proclamation, in which, in obedience to your command, I had forbidden associations, they had desisted from this practice. For these reasons, I the more thought it necessary to investigate the real truth, by putting to the torture two maidens who were called deaconesses; but I discovered nothing, but a perverse and excessive superstition. I have, therefore, deferred taking cognizance of the matter until I had consulted you; for it seemed to me a case requiring advice, especially on account of the number of those in peril. For many of every age, sex, and rank are, and will continue to be called in question. The infection, in fact, has spread not only through the cities, but also through the villages and open country; but it seems that its progress can be arrested. At any rate, it is clear that the temples, which were almost deserted, begin to be frequented; and solemn sacrifices, which had been long intermitted, are again performed, and victims are being sold everywhere, for which, up to this time, a purchaser could rarely be found. It is, therefore, easy to conceive that crowds might be reclaimed, if an opportunity for repentance were given." Trajan to Pliny: "In sifting the cases of those who have been indicted on the charge of

Christianity, you have adopted, my dear Secundus, the right course of proceeding; for no certain rule can be laid down which will meet all cases. They must not be sought after, but if they are informed against, and convicted, they must be punished; with this proviso, however, that if any deny that he is a Christian, and proves the point by offering prayers to our deities, notwithstanding the suspicions under which he has labored, he shall be pardoned on his repentance. On no account should any anonymous charges be attended to, for it would be the worst possible precedent, and is inconsistent with the habits of our time."

8. PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.--Philosophy, and particularly moral philosophy, became a necessary study at this time, when the popular religion had lost its influence. In the general ruin of public and private morals, virtuous men found in this science a guide in the dangers by which they were continually threatened, and a consolation in all their sorrows. The Stoic among the other schools met with most favor from this class of men, for it offered better security against the evils of life, and taught men how to take shelter from baseness and profligacy under the influence of virtue and courage. The doctrines of the Stoics suited the rigid sternness of the Roman character. They embodied that spirit of self-devotion and self-denial with which the Roman patriot, in the old times of simple republican virtue, threw himself into his public duties, and they enabled him to meet death with a courageous spirit in this degenerate age, in which many of the best and noblest willingly died by their own hands, at the imperial mandate, in order to save their name from infamy, and their inheritance from confiscation. Seneca, (12-69 A.D.), a native of Cordova in Spain, was the greatest philosopher of this age. He early displayed great talent as a pleader, but in the reign of Claudius he was banished to Corsica, where he solaced his exile with the study of the Stoic philosophy; and though its severe precepts exercised no moral influence on his conduct, he not only professed himself a Stoic, but imagined that he was one. A few years after, he was recalled by Agrippina, to become tutor to her son Nero. He was too unscrupulous a man of the world to attempt the correction of the vicious propensities of his pupil, or to instill into him high principles. After the accession of Nero, he endeavored to arrest his depraved career, but it was too late. Seneca had, by usury and legacy-hunting, amassed one of those large fortunes of which so many instances are met with in Roman history; feeling the dangers of wealth, he offered his property to Nero, who refused it, but resolved to rid himself of his former tutor, and easily found a pretext for his destruction. In adversity the character of Seneca shone with brighter lustre. Though he had lived ill, he could die well. He met the messengers of death without trembling. His noble wife, Paulina, determined to die with him. The veins of both were opened at the same time, but the little blood which remained in his emaciated frame refused to flow. He suffered excruciating agony. A warm bath was tried, but in vain; and a draught of poison was equally ineffectual. At last he was suffocated by the vapor of a stove. Seneca lived in a perilous atmosphere. He had not firmness to act up to the high moral standard which he proposed to himself. He was avaricious, but avarice was the great sin of his times. The education of one who was a brute rather than a man was a task to which no one would have been equal; he therefore retained the influence which he had not the uprightness to command, by miserable and sinful expedients. He had great abilities, and some of the noble qualities of the old Romans; and had he lived in the days of the republic, he would have been a great man. Seneca was the author of twelve ethical treatises, the best of which are entitled, "On Providence," "On Consolation," and "On the Perseverance of Wise Men." He cared little for abstract speculation, and delighted to inculcate precepts rather than to investigate principles. He was always a favorite with Christian writers, and some of his sentiments are truly Christian. There is even a tradition that he was acquainted with St. Paul. He may unconsciously have imbibed some of the principles of Christianity. The gospel had already made great and rapid strides over the civilized world, and thoughtful minds may have been enlightened by some of the rays of divine truth dispersed by the moral atmosphere, just as we are benefited by the light of the sun, even when its disk is obscured by clouds. His epistles, of which there are one hundred and twenty-four, are moral essays, and are the most delightful of his works. They are evidently written for the public eye; they are rich in varied thought, and their reflections flow naturally, and without effort. They contain a free and unconstrained picture of his mind, and we see in them how he despised verbal subtleties, the external badges of a sect or creed, and insisted that the great end of science is to learn how to live and how to die. The style of Seneca is too elaborate to please. It is affected, often florid, and bombastic; there is too much sparkle and glitter, too little repose and simplicity. Pliny the elder (A.D. 23-79) was born probably at Como, the family residence. He was educated at Rome, where he practiced at the bar, and filled different civil offices. He perished a martyr to the cause of science, in the eruption of Vesuvius, which took place in the reign of Titus, the first of which there is any record in history. The circumstances of his death are described by his nephew, Pliny the younger, in two letters to Tacitus. He was at Misenum, in command of the fleet, when, observing the first indications of the eruption, and wishing to investigate it more closely, he fitted out a light galley, and sailed towards the villa of a friend at Stabiae. He found his friend in great alarm, but Pliny remained tranquil and retired to rest. Meanwhile, broad flames burst forth from the volcano, the blaze was reflected from the sky, and the brightness was enhanced by the darkness of the night. Repeated shocks of an earthquake made the

houses rock to and fro, while in the air the fall of half burnt pumice-stones menaced danger. He was awakened, and he and his friend, with their attendants, tied cushions over their heads to protect them from the falling stones, and walked out to see if they might venture on the water. It was now day, but the darkness was denser than the darkest night, the sea was a waste of stormy waters, and when at last the flames and the sulphureous smell could no longer be endured, Pliny fell dead, suffocated by the dense vapor. The natural history of Pliny is an unequaled monument of studious diligence and persevering industry. It consists of thirty-seven books, and contains 20,000 facts (as he believed them to be) connected with nature and art, the result not of original research, but, as he honestly confessed, culled from the labors of other men. Owing to the extent of his reading, his love of the marvelous, and his want of judgment in comparing and selecting, he does not present us with a correct view of the science of his own age. He reproduces errors evidently obsolete and inconsistent with facts and theories which had afterwards replaced them. With him, mythological traditions appeared to have almost the same authority as modern discoveries; the earth teems with monsters, not exceptions to the regular order of nature, but specimens of her ingenuity. His peculiar pantheistic belief prepared him to consider nothing incredible, and his temper inclined him to admit all that was credible as true. He tells us of men whose feet were turned backwards, of others whose feet were so large as to shade them when they lay in the sun; others without mouths, who fed on the fragrance of fruits and flowers. Among the lower animals, he enumerates horned horses furnished with wings; the mantichora, with the face of a man, three rows of teeth, a lion's body, and a scorpion's tail; the basilisk, whose very glance is fatal; and an insect which cannot live except in the midst of the flames. But notwithstanding his credulity and his want of judgment, this elaborate work contains many valuable truths and much entertaining information. The prevailing character of his philosophical belief, though tinged with the stoicism of the day, is querulous and melancholy. Believing that nature is an all-powerful principle, and the universe instinct with deity, he saw more of evil than of good in the divine dispensation, and the result was a gloomy and discontented pantheism. Celsus probably lived in the reign of Tiberius. He was the author of many works, on various subjects, of which one, in eight books, on medicine, is now extant. The independence of his views, the practical, as well as the scientific nature of his instructions, and above all, his knowledge of surgery, and his clear exposition of surgical operations, have given his work great authority; the highest testimony is borne to its merits by the fact of its being used as a text-book, even in the present advanced state of medical science. The taste of the age in which he lived turned his attention also to polite literature, and to that may be ascribed the Augustan purity of his style. Pomponius Mela lived in the reign of Claudius. He is considered as the representative of the Roman geographers. Though his book, "The Place of the World," is but an epitome of former treatises, it is interesting for the simplicity of its style and the purity of its language. Columella flourished in the reigns of Claudius and Nero. He is author of an agricultural work, "De Re Rustica," in which he gives, in smooth and fluent, though somewhat too diffuse a style, the fullest and completest information on practical agriculture among the Romans in the first century of the Christian era. Frontinus (fl. 78 A.D.) left two valuable works, one on military tactics, the other a descriptive architectural treatise on those wonderful monuments of Roman art, the aqueducts. Besides these, there are extant fragments of other works on surveying, and on the laws and customs relating to landed property, which assign Frontinus an important place in the estimation of the students of Roman history.

9. ROMAN LITERATURE FROM HADRIAN TO THEODORIC (138-526 A.D.).--From the death of Augustus, Roman literature had gradually declined, and though it shone forth for a time with classic radiance in the writings of Persius, Juvenal, Quintilian, Tacitus, and the Plinies, with the death of freedom, the extinction of patriotism, and the decay of the national spirit, nothing could avert its fall. Poetry had become declamation; history had degenerated either into fulsome panegyric or the fleshless skeletons of epitomes; and at length the Romans seemed to disdain the use of their native tongue, and wrote again in Greek, as they had in the infancy of the national literature. The Emperor Hadrian resided long at Athens, and became imbued with a taste and admiration for Greek; and thus the literature of Rome became Hellenized. From this epoch the term classical can no longer be applied to it, for it no longer retained its purity. To Greek influence succeeded the still more corrupting one of foreign nations. With the death of Nerva, the uninterrupted succession of emperors of Roman or Italian birth ceased. Trajan himself was a Spaniard, and after him not only foreigners of every European race, but even Orientals and Africans were invested with the imperial purple, and the huge empire over which they ruled was one unwieldy mass of heterogeneous materials. The literary influence of the capital was not felt in the interior portions of the Roman dominions. Schools were established in the very heart of nations just emerging from barbarism; and though the blessings of civilization and intellectual culture were thus distributed far and wide, still literary taste, as it flowed through the minds of foreigners, became corrupted, and the language of the imperial city, exposed to the infecting contact of barbarous idioms, lost its purity. The Latin authors of this age were numerous, but few had taste to appreciate and imitate the literature of the Augustan age. They may be classified according to their departments of poetry, history, grammar

and oratory, philosophy and science. The brightest star of the poetry of this period was Claudian (365-404 A.D.), in whom the graceful imagination of classical antiquity seems to have revived. He enjoyed the patronage of Stilicho, the guardian and minister of Honorius, and in the praise and honor of him and of his pupil, he wrote "The Rape of Proserpine," the "War of the Giants," and several other poems. His descriptions indicate a rich and powerful imagination, but, neglecting substance for form, his style is often declamatory and affected. Among the earliest authors of Christian hymns were Hilarius and Prudentius, Those of the former were expressly designed to be sung, and are said to have been set to music by the author himself. Prudentius (fl. 348 A.D.) wrote many hymns and poems in defense of the Christian faith, more distinguished for their pious and devotional character than for their lyric sublimity or parity of language. To this age belong also the hymns of Damasus and of Ambrose. Among the historians are Flavius Eutropius, who lived in the fourth century, and by the direction of the Emperor Valens composed an "Epitome of Roman History," which was a favorite book in the Middle Ages. Ammianus Marcellinus, his contemporary, wrote a Roman history in continuation of Tacitus and Suetonius. Though his style is affected and often rough and inaccurate, his work is interesting for its digressions and observations. Severus Sulpicius wrote the history of the Hebrews, and of the four centuries of the church. His "Sacred History," for its language and style, is one of the best works of that age. In the department of oratory may be mentioned Cornelius Fronto, who flourished under Domitian and Nerva, and was endowed with a rich imagination and a mind stored with vast erudition in Greek and Latin literature, Symmachus, distinguished for his opposition to Christianity, and Cassiodorus, minister and secretary of the Emperor Theodoric. In the decline of Roman, as of Greek literature, grammarians took the place of poets and of historians; they commented on and interpreted the ancient classics, and transmitted to us valuable information concerning the Augustan writers. Among the most important works of this kind are the "Attic Nights" of Gellius, who was born in Rome, and lived under Hadrian and the Antonines. In this work are preserved many valuable passages of the classics which would otherwise have been lost. Macrobius, who flourished in the middle of the fifth century, was the author of different works in which the doctrines of the Neo-Platonic school are expounded. His style, however, is very defective. A striking characteristic of the writings, both in Greek and Latin, of the last ages of the empire, is the prevalence of principles and opinions imported from the East. The Neo-Platonic school, imbued with Oriental mysticism, had diffused the belief in spirits and magic, and the philosophy of this age was a mixture of ancient wisdom with new superstitions belonging to the ages of transition between the decadence of the ancient faith and the development of a new religion. The best representative of the philosophy of this age is Apuleius, born in Africa in the reign of Hadrian. After having received his education in Carthage and Athens, he came to Rome, where he acquired great reputation as a literary man, and as the possessor of extraordinary supernatural powers. To this extensive philosophical knowledge and immense erudition he united great polish of manner and remarkable beauty of person. He wrote much on philosophy; but his most important work is a romance known as "Metamorphoses, or the Golden Ass," containing his philosophical and mystic doctrines. In this book, the object of which is to encourage the belief in mysticism, the writer describes the transformation of a young man into an ass, who is allowed to take his primitive human form only through a knowledge of the mysteries of Isis. The story is well told, and the romance is full of interest and sprightliness; but its style is incorrect, florid, and bombastic. Boethius (470-524), the last of the Roman philosophers, was the descendant of an illustrious family. He made Greek philosophy the principal object of his meditations. He was raised to the highest honors and offices in the empire by Theodoric, but finally, through the artifices of enemies who envied his reputation, he lost the favor of his patron, was imprisoned, and at length beheaded. Of his numerous works, founded on the peripatetic philosophy, that which has gained him the greatest celebrity is entitled "On the Consolations of Philosophy," composed while he was in prison. It is in the form of a dialogue, in which philosophy appears to console him with the idea of Divine Providence. The poetical part of the book is written with elegance and grace, and his prose, though not pure, is fluent and full of tranquil dignity. The work of Boethius, which is known in all modern languages, was translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, 900 A.D. The fathers of the church followed more particularly the philosophy of Plato, which was united and adapted to Christianity. St. Augustine is the most illustrious among the Christian Platonists. The most eloquent orators and writers of this period were found among the advocates of Christianity; and among the most celebrated of these Latin fathers of the Christian church we may mention the following names. Tertullian (160-285), in his apology for the Christians, gives much information on the manners and conduct of the early Christians; his style is concise and figurative, but harsh, unpolished, and obscure. St. Cyprian (200-258), beheaded at Carthage for preaching the gospel contrary to the orders of the government, wrote an explanation of the Lord's Prayer, which affords a valuable illustration of the ecclesiastical history of the time. Arnobius (fl. 300) refuted the objections of the heathen against Christianity with spirit and learning, in his "Disputes with the Gentiles," a work rich in materials for the understanding of Greek and Roman mythology. Lactantius (d. 335), on account of his fine and eloquent language, is frequently called the Christian Cicero; his "Divine Institutes" are particularly celebrated. St. Ambrose (340-397) obtained great honor by his conduct as Bishop of Milan, and his writings bear the

stamp of his high Christian character. St. Augustine (360-430) was one of the most renowned of all the Latin fathers. Though others may have been more learned or masters of a purer style, none more powerfully touched and warmed the heart towards religion. His "City of God" is one of the great monuments of human genius. St. Jerome (330-420) wrote many epistles full of energy and affection, as well as of religious zeal. He made a Latin version of the Old Testament, which was the foundation of the Vulgate, and which gave a new impulse to the study of the Holy Scriptures. Leo the Great (fl. 440) is the first pope whose writings have been preserved. They consist of sermons and letters. His style is finished and rhetorical.

10. ROMAN JURISPRUDENCE.--In the period which followed, from the death of Augustus to the time of the Antonines, Roman civilians and legal writers continued to be numerous, and as a professional body they seem to have enjoyed high consideration until the close of the reign of Alexander Severus, 385* A.D. After that time they were held in much less estimation, as the science fell into the hands of freedmen and plebeians, who practiced it as a sordid and pernicious trade. With the reign of Constantine, the credit of the profession revived, and the youth of the empire were stimulated to pursue the study of the law by the hope of being ultimately rewarded by honorable and lucrative offices, the magistrates being almost wholly taken from the class of lawyers. Two jurists of this reign, Gregorianus and Hermogenianus, are particularly distinguished as authors of codes which are known by their names, and which were recognized as standard authorities in courts of justice. The "Code of Theodosius" was a collection of laws reduced by that emperor, and promulgated in both empires 438 A.D. It retained its authority in the western empire until its final overthrow, 476 A.D., and even after this, though modified by the institutions of the conquerors. In the eastern empire, it was only superseded by the code of Justinian. This emperor undertook the task of reducing to order and system the great confusion and perplexity in which the whole subject of Roman jurisprudence was involved. For this purpose he employed the most eminent lawyers, with the celebrated Tribonian at their head, to whom he intrusted the work of forming and publishing a complete collection of the preceding laws and edicts, and who devoted several years of unwearied labor and research to this object. They first collected and reduced the imperial constitutions from the time of Hadrian downwards, which was promulgated as the "Justinian Code." Their next labor was to reduce the writings of the jurisconsults of the preceding ages, especially those who had lived under the empire, and whose works are said to have amounted to two thousand volumes. This work was published 533 A.D., under the title of "Pandects," or "Digest," the former title referring to their completeness as comprehending the whole of Roman jurisprudence, and the latter to their methodical arrangement. At the same time, a work prepared by Tribonian was published by the order of the emperor, on the elements or first principles of Roman law, entitled "Institutes," and another collection consisting of constitutions and edicts, under the title of "Novels," chiefly written in Greek, but known to the moderns by a Latin translation. These four works, the Code, the Pandects, the Institutes, and the Novels, constituted what is now called the Body of Roman Law. The system of jurisprudence established by Justinian remained in force in the eastern empire until the taking of Constantinople, 1453 A.D. After the fall of the western empire, these laws had little sway until the twelfth century, when Imerius, a German lawyer who had studied at Constantinople, opened a school at Bologna, and thus revived and propagated in the West a knowledge of Roman civil law. Students flocked to this school from all parts, and by them Roman jurisprudence, as embodied in the system of Justinian, was transmitted to most of the countries of Europe. During the fourth and fifth centuries, the process of the debasement of the Roman tongue went on with great rapidity. The influence of the provincials began what the irruptions of the northern tribes consummated. In many scattered parts of the empire it is probable that separate Latin dialects arose, and the strain upon the whole structure of the tongue was prodigious, when the Goths poured into Italy, established themselves in the capital, and began to speak and write in a language previously foreign to them. With the close of the reign of Theodoric the curtain falls upon ancient literature.

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

1. European Literature in the Dark Ages.--2. The Arabian language.--3. Arabian Mythology and the Koran.--4. Historical Development of Arabian Literature.--5. Grammar and Rhetoric.--6. Poetry.--7. The Arabian Tales.--8. History and Science.--9. Education.

1. EUROPEAN LITERATURE IN THE DARK AGES.--The literature, arts, and sciences of the Arabs formed the connecting link between the civilizations of ancient and modern times. To them we owe the revival of learning in Western Europe, and many of the inventions and useful arts perfected by later nations. From the middle of the sixth

century A.D. to the beginning of the eleventh, the interval between the decline of ancient and the development of modern literature is known in history as the Dark Ages. The sudden rise of the Arabian Empire and the rapid development of its literature were the great events which characterize the period. At the beginning of this epoch classical genius was already extinct, and the purity of the classical tongues was yielding rapidly to the corruptions of the provinces and of the new dialects. Many other causes conspired to work great changes in the fabric of society, and in the manifestations of human intellect. Throughout this period the treasures of Greek and Latin literature, exposed to the danger of perishing and impaired by much actual loss, exerted no influence on the minds of those who still used the tongues to which they belong. Greek letters, as we have seen, decayed with the Byzantine power, and the vital principle in both became extinct long before the sword of the Turkish conqueror inflicted the final blow. The fate of Latin literature was not less deplorable. When province after province of the Roman dominions was overrun by the northern hordes, when the imperial schools were suppressed and the monuments of ancient genius destroyed, an enfeebled people and a debased language could not withstand such adverse circumstances. During the seventh and eighth centuries Latin composition degenerated into the rudeness of the monkish style. The care bestowed by Charlemagne upon education in the ninth century produced some purifying effect upon the writings of the cloister; the tenth was distinguished by an increased zeal in the task of transcribing the classical authors, and in the eleventh the Latin works of the Normans display some masculine force and freedom. Latin was the repository of such knowledge as the times could boast; it was used in the service of the church, and in the chronicles that supplied the place of history, but it was not the vehicle of any great production stamped with true genius and impressing the minds of posterity. Still, genius was not altogether extinguished in every part of Europe. The north, which sent out its daring tribes to change the aspect of civil life, furnished a fresh source of mental inspiration, which was destined, with the recovered influence of the classic spirit and other prolific causes, to give birth to some of the best portions of modern literature. At the memorable epoch of the overthrow of the Roman dominion in the West (476 A.D.), the seats of the Teutonic race extended from the banks of the Rhine and the Danube to the rock-bound coasts of Norway. The victorious invaders who occupied the southern provinces of Europe speedily lost their own forms of speech, which were broken down, together with those of the vanquished, into a jargon unfit for composition. But in Germany and Scandinavia, where the old language retained its purity, song continued to flourish. There, from the most distant eras described by Tacitus and other Latin writers, the favorite attendants of kings and chiefs were those celebrated bards who preserved in their traditionary strains the memory of great events, the praises of the gods, the glory of warriors, and the laws and customs of their countrymen. Intrusted, like the Grecian heroic minstrelsy, to oral recitation, it was not until the propitious reign of Charlemagne that these verses were collected. But, through the bigotry of his successor or the ravages of time, not a fragment of this collection remains. We are enabled, however, to form an idea of the general tone and tenor of this early Teutonic poetry from other interesting remains. The "Nibelungen-Lied" (Lay of the Nibelungen) and "Heldenbuch" (Book of Heroes) may be regarded as the Homeric poems of Germany. After an examination of their monuments, the ability of the ancient bards, the honor in which they were held, and the enthusiasm which they produced, will not be surprising. Equally distinguished were the Scalds of Scandinavia. Ever in the train of princes and gallant adventurers, they chanted their rhymeless verse for the encouragement and solace of heroes. Their oldest songs, or sagas, are mostly of a historical import. In the Icelandic Edda, however, the richest monument of this species of composition, the theological element of their poetry is shadowed out in the most picturesque and fanciful legends. Such was the intellectual state of Europe down to the age of Charlemagne. While in the once famous seats of arts and arms scarcely a ray of native genius or courage was visible, the light of human intellect still burned in lands whose barbarism had furnished matter for the sarcasm of classical writers. Charlemagne encouraged learning, established schools, and filled his court with men of letters; while in England, the illustrious Alfred, himself a scholar and an author, improved and enriched the Anglo-Saxon dialect, and exerted the most beneficial influence on his contemporaries. The confusion and debasement of language in the south of Europe has already been alluded to. But the force and activity of mind, that formed an essential characteristic of the conquering race, were destined ultimately to evolve regularity and harmony out of the concussion of discordant elements. The Latin and Teutonic tongues were blended together, and hence proceeded all the chief dialects of modern Europe. Over the south, from Portugal to Italy, the Latin element prevailed; but even where the Teutonic was the chief ingredient, as in the English and German, there has also been a large infusion of the Latin. To these two languages, and to the Provençal, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, called, from their Roman origin, the Romance or Romanic languages, all that is prominent and precious in modern letters belongs. But it is not until the eleventh century that their progress becomes identified with the history of literature. Up to this period there had been little repose, freedom, or peaceful enjoyment of property. The independence and industry of the middle classes were almost unknown, and the chieftain, the vassal, and the slave were the characters which stood out in the highest relief. Throughout the whole of the eleventh century, the social chaos seemed resolving itself into some approach to order and tranquillity. The

gradual abolition of personal servitude, hardly accomplished in three successive centuries, now began. A third estate arose. The rights of cities, and the corporation-spirit, the result of the necessity that drove men to combine for mutual defense, led to intercourse among them and to consequent improvement in language. Chivalry, also, served to mitigate the oppressions of the nobles, and to soften and refine their manners. From the date of the first crusade (1093 A.D.) down to the close of the twelfth century, was the golden age of chivalry. The principal thrones of Europe were occupied by her foremost knights. The East formed a point of union for the ardent and adventurous of different countries, whose courteous rivalry stimulated the growth of generous sentiments and the passion for brave deeds. The genius of Europe was roused by the passage of thousands of her sons through Greece into Asia and Egypt, amidst the ancient seats of art, science, and refinement; and the minds of men received a fresh and powerful impulse. It was during the eleventh century that the brilliancy of the Arabian literature reached its culminating point, and, through the intercourse of the Troubadours with the Moors of the peninsula, and of the Crusaders with the Arabs in the East, began to influence the progress of letters in Europe.

2. THE ARABIAN LANGUAGE.--The Arabian language belongs to the Semitic family; it has two principal dialects--the northern, which has, for centuries, been the general tongue of the empire, and is best represented in literature, and the southern, a branch of which is supposed to be the mother of the Ethiopian language. The former, in degenerated dialects, is still spoken in Arabia, in parts of western Asia, and throughout northern Africa, and forms an important part of the Turkish, Persian, and other Oriental languages. The Arabic is characterized by its guttural sounds, by the richness and pliability of its vowels, by its dignity, volume of sound, and vigor of accentuation and pronunciation. Like all Semitic languages, it is written from right to left; the characters are of Syrian origin, and were introduced into Arabia before the time of Mohammed. They are of two kinds, the Cufic, which were first used, and the Neskh, which superseded them, and which continue in use at the present day. The Arabic alphabet was, with a few modifications, early adopted by the Persians and Turks.

3. ARABIAN MYTHOLOGY AND THE KORAN.--Before the time of Mohammed, the Arabians were gross idolaters. They had some traditionary idea of the unity and perfections of the Deity, but their creed embraced an immense number of subordinate divinities, represented by images of men and women, beasts and birds. The essential basis of their religion was Sabeism, or star-worship. The number and beauty of the heavenly luminaries, and the silent regularity of their motions, could not fail deeply to impress the minds of this imaginative people, living in the open air, under the clear and serene sky, and wandering among the deserts, oases, and picturesque mountains of Arabia. They had seven celebrated temples dedicated to the seven planets. Some tribes exclusively revered the moon; others the dog-star. Some had received the religion of the Magi, or fire-worshippers, while others had become converts to Judaism. Ishmael is one of the most venerated progenitors of the nation; and it is the common faith that Mecca, then an arid wilderness, was the spot where his life was providentially saved, and where Hagar, his mother, was buried. The well pointed out by the angel, they believe to be the famous Zemzem, of which all pious Mohammedans drink to this day. To commemorate the miraculous preservation of Ishmael, God commanded Abraham to build a temple, and he erected and consecrated the Caaba, or sacred house, which is still venerated in Mecca; and the black stone incased within its walls is the same on which Abraham stood. Mohammed (569-632 A.D.) did not pretend to introduce a new religion; his professed object was merely to restore the primitive and only true faith, such as it had been in the days of the patriarchs; the fundamental idea of which was the unity of God. He made the revelations of the Old and New Testaments the basis of his preaching. He maintained the authority of the books of Moses, admitted the divine mission of Jesus, and he enrolled himself in the catalogue of inspired teachers. This doctrine was proclaimed in the memorable words, which for so many centuries constituted the war-cry of the Saracens,--_There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet_. Mohammed preached no dogmas substantially new, but he adorned, amplified, and adapted to the ideas, prejudices, and inclinations of the Orientals, doctrines which were as old as the race. He enjoined the ablutions suited to the manners and necessities of hot climates. He ordained five daily prayers, that man might learn habitually to elevate his thoughts above the outward world. He instituted the festival of the Ramadan, and the pilgrimage to Mecca, and commanded that every man should bestow in alms the hundredth part of his possessions; observances which, for the most part, already existed in the established customs of the country. The Koran (Reading), the sacred book of the Mohammedans, is, according to their belief, the revelation of God to their prophet Mohammed. It contains not only their religious belief, but their civil, military, and political code. It is divided into 114 chapters, and 1,666 verses. It is written in rhythmical prose, and its materials are borrowed from the Jewish and Christian scriptures, the legends of the Talmud, and the traditions and fables of the Arabian and Persian mythologies. Confusion of ideas, obscurity, and contradictions destroy the unity and even the interest of this work. The chapters are preposterously distributed, not according to their date or connection, but according to their length, beginning with the longest, and ending with the

shortest; and thus the work becomes often the more unintelligible by its singular arrangement. But notwithstanding this, there is scarcely a volume in the Arabic language which contains passages breathing more sublime poetry, or more enchanting eloquence; and the Koran is so far important in the history of Arabian letters, that when the scattered leaves were collected by Abubeker, the successor of Mohammed (635 A.D.) and afterwards revised, in the thirtieth year of the Hegira, they fixed at once the classic language of the Arabs, and became their standard in style as well as in religion. This work and its commentaries are held in the highest reverence by the Mohammedans. It is the principal book taught in their schools; they never touch it without kissing it, and carrying it to the forehead, in token of their reverence; oaths before the courts are taken upon it; it is learned by heart, and repeated every forty days; many believers copy it several times in their lives, and often possess one or more copies ornamented with gold and precious stones. The Koran treats of death, resurrection, the judgment, paradise, and the place of torment, in a style calculated powerfully to affect the imagination of the believer. The joys of paradise, promised to all who fall in the cause of religion, are those most captivating to an Arabian fancy. When Al Sirat, or the Bridge of Judgment, which is as slender as the thread of a famished spider, and as sharp as the edge of a sword, shall be passed by the believer, he will be welcomed into the gardens of delight by black-eyed Houris, beautiful nymphs, not made of common clay, but of pure essence and odors, free from all blemish, and subject to no decay of virtue or of beauty, and who await their destined lovers in rosy bowers, or in pavilions formed of a single hollow pearl. The soil of paradise is composed of musk and saffron, sprinkled with pearls and hyacinths. The walls of its mansions are of gold and silver; the fruits, which bend spontaneously to him who would gather them, are of a flavor and delicacy unknown to mortals. Numerous rivers flow through this blissful abode; some of wine, others of milk, honey, and water, the pebbly beds of which are rubies and emeralds, and their banks of musk, camphor, and saffron. In paradise the enjoyment of the believers, which is subject neither to satiety nor diminution, will be greater than the human understanding can compass. The meanest among them will have eighty thousand servants, and seventy-two wives. Wine, though forbidden on earth, will there be freely allowed, and will not hurt or inebriate. The ravishing songs of the angels and of the Houris will render all the groves vocal with harmony, such as mortal ear never heard. At whatever age they may have died, at their resurrection all will be in the prime of manly and eternal vigor. It would be a journey of a thousand years for a true Mohammedan to travel through paradise, and behold all the wives, servants, gardens, robes, jewels, horses, camels, and other things, which belong exclusively to him. The hell of Mohammed is as full of terror as his heaven is of delight. The wicked, who fall into the gulf of torture from the bridge of Al Sirat, will suffer alternately from cold and heat; when they are thirsty, boiling water will be given them to drink; and they will be shod with shoes of fire. The dark mansions of the Christians, Jews, Sabaeans, Magians, and idolaters are sunk below each other with increasing horrors, in the order of their names. The seventh or lowest hell is reserved for the faithless hypocrites of every religion. Into this dismal receptacle the unhappy sufferer will be dragged by seventy thousand halters, each pulled by seventy thousand angels, and exposed to the scourge of demons, whose pastime is cruelty and pain. It is a portion of the faith inculcated in the Koran, that both angels and demons exist, having pure and subtle bodies, created of fire, and free from human appetites and desires. The four principal angels are Gabriel, the angel of revelation; Michael, the friend and protector of the Jews; Azrael, the angel of death; and Izrafel, whose office it will be to sound the trumpet at the last day. Every man has two guardian angels to attend him and record his actions, good and evil. The doctrine of the angels, demons, and jins or genii, the Arabians probably derived from the Hebrews. The demons are fallen angels, the prince of whom is Eblis; he was at first one of the angels nearest to God's presence, and was called Azazel. He was cast out of heaven, according to the Koran, for refusing to pay homage to Adam at the time of the creation. The genii are intermediate creatures, neither wholly spiritual nor wholly earthly, some of whom are good and entitled to salvation, and others infidels and devoted to eternal torture. Among them are several ranks and degrees, as the Peris, or fairies, beautiful female spirits, who seek to do good upon the earth, and the Deev, or giants, who frequently make war upon the Peris, take them captive, and shut them up in cages. The genii, both good and bad, have the power of making themselves invisible at pleasure. Besides the mountain of Kaf, which is their chief place of resort, they dwell in ruined cities, uninhabited houses, at the bottom of wells, in woods, pools of water, and among the rocks and sandhills of the desert. Shooting stars are still believed by the people of the East to be arrows shot by the angels against the genii, who transgress these limits and approach too near the forbidden regions of bliss. Many of the genii delight in mischief; they surprise and mislead travelers, raise whirlwinds, and dry up springs in the desert. The Ghoul lives on the flesh of men and women, whom he decoys to his haunts in wild and barren places, in order to kill and devour them, and when he cannot thus obtain food, he enters the graveyards and feeds upon the bodies of the dead. The fairy mythology of the Arabians was introduced into Europe in the eleventh century by the Troubadours and writers of the romances of chivalry, and through them it became an important element in the literature of Europe. It constituted the machinery of the Fabliaux of the Trouvères, and of the romantic epics of Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, Shakspeare, and others. The three leading Mohammedan sects are the Sunnees, the Sheahs, and the

Wahabees. The Sunnees acknowledge the authority of the first Caliphs, from whom most of the traditions were derived. The Sheahs assert the divine right of Ali to succeed to the prophet; consequently they consider the first Caliphs, and all their successors, as usurpers. The Wahabees are a sect of religious reformers, who took their name from Abd al Wahab (1700- 1750), the Luther of the Mohammedans. They became a formidable power in Arabia, but they were finally overcome by Ibrahim Pacha in 1816.

4. HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE ARABIAN LITERATURE.--The literature of the Arabians has, properly speaking, but one period; although from remote antiquity poetry was with them a favorite occupation, and long before the time of Mohammed the roving tribes of the desert had their annual conventions, where they defended their honor and celebrated their heroic deeds. As early as the fifth century A.D., at the fair of Ochadh, thirty days every year were employed not only in the exchange of merchandise, but in the nobler display of rival talents. A place was set apart for the competitions of the bards, whose highest ambition was to conquer in this literary arena, and the victorious compositions were inscribed in golden letters upon Egyptian paper, and suspended upon the doors of the Caaba, the ancient national sanctuary of Mecca. Seven of the most famous of these ancient poets have been celebrated by Oriental writers under the title of the Arabian Pleiades, and their songs, still preserved, are full of passion, manly pride, and intensity of imagination and feeling. These and similar effusions constituted the entire literature of Arabia, and were the only archives of the nation previous to the age of Mohammed. The peninsula of Arabia, hitherto restricted to its natural boundaries, and peopled by wandering tribes, had occupied but a subordinate place in the history of the world. But the success of Mohammed and the preaching of the Koran were followed by the union of the tribes who, inspired by the feelings of national pride and religious fervor, in less than a century made the Arabian power, tongue, and religion predominant over a third part of Asia, almost one half of Africa, and a part of Spain; and, from the ninth to the sixteenth century, the literature of the Arabians far surpassed that of any contemporary nation. After the fall of the Roman empire in the fifth century A.D., when the western world sank into barbarism, and the inhabitants, ever menaced by famine or the sword, found full occupation in struggling against civil wars, feudal tyranny, and the invasion of barbarians; when poetry was unknown, philosophy was proscribed as rebellion against religion, and barbarous dialects had usurped the place of that beautiful Latin language which had so long connected the nations of the West, and preserved to them so many treasures of thought and taste, the Arabians, who by their conquests and fanaticism had contributed more than any other nation to abolish the cultivation of science and literature, having at length established their empire, in turn devoted themselves to letters. Masters of the country of the magi and the Chaldeans, of Egypt, the first storehouse of human science, of Asia Minor, where poetry and the fine arts had their birth, and of Africa, the country of impetuous eloquence and subtle intellect--they seemed to unite in themselves the advantages of all the nations which they had thus subjugated. Innumerable treasures had been the fruit of their conquests, and this hitherto rude and uncultivated nation now began to indulge in the most unbounded luxury. Possessed of all the delights that human industry, quickened by boundless riches, could procure, with all that could flatter the senses and attach the heart to life, they now attempted to mingle with these the pleasures of the intellect, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and all that is most excellent in human knowledge. In this new career, their conquests were not less rapid than they had been in the field; nor was the empire which they founded less extended. With a celerity equally surprising, it rose to a gigantic height, but it rested on a foundation no less insecure, and it was quite as transitory in its duration. The Hegira, or flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, corresponds with the year 622 of our era, and the supposed burning of the Alexandrian library by Amrou, the general of the Caliph Omar, with the year 641. This is the period of the deepest barbarism among the Saracens, and this event, doubtful as it is, has left a melancholy proof of their contempt for letters. A century had scarcely elapsed from the period to which this barbarian outrage is referred, when the family of the Abassides, who mounted the throne of the Caliphs in 750, introduced a passionate love of art, of science, and of poetry. In the literature of Greece, nearly eight centuries of progressive cultivation succeeding the Trojan war had prepared the way for the age of Pericles. In that of Rome, the age of Augustus was also in the eighth century after the foundation of the city. In French literature, the age of Louis XIV. was twelve centuries subsequent to Clovis, and eight after the development of the first rudiments of the language. But, in the rapid progress of the Arabian empire, the age of Al Mamoun, the Augustus of Bagdad, was not removed more than one hundred and fifty years from the foundation of the monarchy. All the literature of the Arabians bears the marks of this rapid development. Ali, the fourth Caliph from Mohammed, was the first who extended any protection to letters. His rival and successor, Moawyah, the first of the Ommyiades (661-680), assembled at his court all who were most distinguished by scientific acquirements; he surrounded himself with poets; and as he had subjected to his dominion many of the Grecian islands and provinces, the sciences of Greece under him first began to obtain any influence over the Arabians. After the extinction of the dynasty of the Ommyiades, that of the Abassides bestowed a still more powerful patronage on letters. The celebrated Haroun al Raschid (786-809) acquired a glorious reputation by the

protection he afforded to letters. He never undertook a journey without carrying with him at least a hundred men of science in his train, and he never built a mosque without attaching to it a school. But the true protector and father of Arabic literature was Al Mamoun, the son of Haroun al Raschid (813-833), who rendered Bagdad the centre of literature. He invited to his court from every part of the world all the learned men with whose existence he was acquainted, and he retained them by rewards, honors, and distinctions of every kind. He exacted, as the most precious tribute from the conquered provinces, all the important books and literary relics that could be discovered. Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with nothing but manuscripts and papers, and those most proper for instruction were translated into Arabic. Instructors, translators, and commentators formed the court of Al Mamoun, which appeared to be rather a learned academy, than the seat of government in a warlike empire. The Caliph himself was much attached to the study of mathematics, which he pursued with brilliant success. He conceived the grand design of measuring the earth, which was accomplished by his mathematicians, at his own expense. Not less generous than enlightened, Al Mamoun, when he pardoned one of his relatives who had revolted against him, exclaimed, "If it were known what pleasure I experience in granting pardon, all who have offended against me would come and confess their crimes." The progress of the Arabians in science was proportioned to the zeal of the sovereign. In every town of the empire schools, colleges, and academies were established. Bagdad was the capital of letters as well as of the Caliphs, but Bassora and Cufa almost equaled that city in reputation, and in the number of celebrated poems and treatises that they produced. Balkh, Ispahan, and Samarcand were equally the homes of science. Cairo contained a great number of colleges; in the towns of Fez and Morocco the most magnificent buildings were appropriated to the purposes of instruction, and in their rich libraries were preserved those precious volumes which had been lost in other places. What Bagdad was to Asia, Cordova was to Europe, where, particularly in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the Arabs were the pillars of literature. At this period, when learning found scarcely anywhere either rest or encouragement, the Arabians were employed in collecting and diffusing it in the three great divisions of the world. Students traveled from France and other European countries to the Arabian schools in Spain, particularly to learn medicine and mathematics. Besides the academy at Cordova, there were established fourteen others in different parts of Spain, exclusive of the higher schools. The Arabians made the most rapid advancement in all the departments of learning, especially in arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. In the various cities of Spain, seventy libraries were opened for public instruction at the period when all the rest of Europe, without books, without learning, without cultivation, was plunged in the most disgraceful ignorance. The number of Arabic authors which Spain produced was so prodigious, that many Arabian bibliographers wrote learned treatises on the authors born in particular towns, or on those among the Spaniards who devoted themselves to a single branch of study, as philosophy, medicine, mathematics, or poetry. Thus, throughout the vast extent of the Arabian empire, the progress of letters had followed that of arms, and for five centuries this literature preserved all its brilliancy.

5. GRAMMAR AND RHETORIC.--The perfection of the language was one of the first objects of the Arabian scholars, and from the rival schools of Cufa and Bassora a number of distinguished men proceeded, who analyzed with the greatest subtlety all its rules and aided in perfecting it. As early as in the age of Ali, the fourth Caliph, Arabian literature boasted of a number of scientific grammarians. Prosody and the metric art were reduced to systems. Dictionaries of the language were composed, some of which are highly esteemed at the present day. Among these may be mentioned the "Al Seha," or Purity, and "El Kamus," or the Ocean, which is considered the best dictionary of the Arabian language. The study of rhetoric was united to that of grammar, and the most celebrated works of the Greeks on this art were translated and adapted to the Arabic. After the age of Mohammed and his immediate successors, popular eloquence was no longer cultivated. Eastern despotism having supplanted the liberty of the desert, the heads of the state or army regarded it beneath them to harangue the people or the soldiers; they called upon them only for obedience. But though political eloquence was of short duration among the Arabians, on the other hand they were the inventors of that species of rhetoric most cultivated at the present day, that of the academy and the pulpit. Their philosophers in these learned assemblies displayed all the measured harmony of which their language was susceptible. Mohammed had ordained that his faith should be preached in the mosques;--many of the harangues of these sacred orators are still preserved in the Escorial, and the style of them is very similar to that of the Christian orators.

6. POETRY.--Poetry still more than eloquence was the favorite occupation of the Arabians from their origin as a nation. It is said that this people alone have produced more poets than all others united. Mohammed himself, as well as some of his first companions, cultivated this art, but it was under Haroun al Raschid and his successor, Al Mamoun, and more especially under the Ommiyades of Spain that Arabic poetry attained its highest splendor. But the ancient impetuosity of expression, the passionate feeling, and the spirit of individual independence no longer

characterized the productions of this period, nor is there among the numerous constellations of Arabic poets any star of distinguished magnitude. With the exception of Mohammed and a few of the Saracen conquerors and sovereigns, there is scarcely an individual of this nation whose name is familiar to the nations of Christendom. The Arabians possess many heroic poems composed for the purpose of celebrating the praises of distinguished men, and of animating the courage of their soldiers. They do not, however, boast of any epics; their poetry is entirely lyric and didactic. They have been inexhaustible in their love poems, their elegies, their moral verses,--among which their fables may be reckoned,--their eulogistic, satirical, descriptive, and above all, their didactic poems, which have graced even the most abstruse science, as grammar, rhetoric, and arithmetic. But among all their poems, the catalogue alone of which, in the Escorial, consists of twenty-four volumes, there is not a single epic, comedy, or tragedy. In those branches of poetry which they cultivated they displayed surprising subtlety and great refinement of thought, but the fame of their compositions rests, in some degree, on their bold metaphors, their extravagant allegories, and their excessive hyperboles. The Arabs despised the poetry of the Greeks, which appeared to them timid, cold, and constrained, and among all the books, which, with almost superstitious veneration, they borrowed from them, there is scarcely a single poem which they judged worthy of translation. The object of the Arabian poets was to make a brilliant use of the boldest and most gigantic images, and to astonish the reader by the abruptness of their expressions. They burdened their compositions with riches, under the idea that nothing which was beautiful could be superfluous. They neglected natural sentiment, and the more they could multiply the ornaments of art, the more admirable in their eyes did the work appear. The nations who possessed a classical poetry, in imitating nature, had discovered the use of the epic and the drama, in which the poet endeavors to express the true language of the human heart. The people of the East, with the exception of the Hindus, never made this attempt--their poetry is entirely lyric; but under whatever name it may be known, it is always found to be the language of the passions. The poetry of the Arabians is rhymed like our own, and the rhyming is often carried still farther in the construction of the verse, while the uniformity of sound is frequently echoed throughout the whole expression. The collection made by Aboul Teman (fl. 845 A.D.) containing the Arabian poems of the age anterior to Mohammed, and that of Taoletti, which embraces the poems of the subsequent periods, are considered the richest and most complete anthologies of Arabian poetry. Montanebbi, a poet who lived about 1050, has been compared to the Persian Hafiz.

7. THE ARABIAN TALES.--If the Arabs have neither the epic nor the drama, they have been, on the other hand, the inventors of a style of composition which is related to the epic, and which supplies among them the place of the drama. We owe to them those tales, the conception of which is so brilliant and the imagination so rich and varied: tales which have been the delight of our infancy, and which at a more advanced age we can never read without feeling their enchantment anew. Every one is acquainted with the "Arabian Nights Entertainments;" but in our translation we possess but a very small part of the Arabian collection, which is not confined merely to books, but forms the treasure of a numerous class of men and women, who, throughout the East, find a livelihood in reciting these tales to crowds, who delight to forget the present, in the pleasing dreams of imagination. In the coffee-houses of the Levant, one of these men will gather a silent crowd around him, and picture to his audience those brilliant and fantastic visions which are the patrimony of Eastern imaginations. The public squares abound with men of this class, and their recitations supply the place of our dramatic representations. The physicians frequently recommend them to their patients in order to soothe pain, to calm agitation, or to produce sleep; and these story-tellers, accustomed to sickness, modulate their voices, soften their tones, and gently suspend them as sleep steals over the sufferer. The imagination of the Arabs in these tales is easily distinguished from that of the chivalric nations. The supernatural world is the same in both, but the moral world is different. The Arabian tales, like the romances of chivalry, convey us to the fairy realms, but the human personages which they introduce are very dissimilar. They had their birth after the Arabians had devoted themselves to commerce, literature, and the arts, and we recognize in them the style of a mercantile people, as we do that of a warlike nation in the romances of chivalry. Valor and military achievements here inspire terror but no enthusiasm, and on this account the Arabian tales are often less noble and heroic than we usually expect in compositions of this nature. But, on the other hand, the Arabians are our masters in the art of producing and sustaining this kind of fiction. They are the creators of that brilliant mythology of fairies and genii which extends the bounds of the world, and carries us into the realms of marvels and prodigies. It is from them that European nations have derived that intoxication of love, that tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, and that reverential awe of women, by turns slaves and divinities, which have operated so powerfully on their chivalrous feelings. We trace their effects in all the literature of the south, which owes to this cause its mental character. Many of these tales had separately found their way into the poetic literature of Europe, long before the translation of the Arabian Nights. Some are to be met with in the old *fabliaux*, in Boccaccio, and in Ariosto, and these very tales which have charmed our infancy, passing from nation to nation through channels frequently unknown, are now familiar to the memory and form the delight of the imagination of half the inhabitants of the globe. The author of the

original Arabic work is unknown, as is also the period at which it was composed. It was first introduced into Europe from Syria, where it was obtained, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by Galland, a French traveler, who was sent to the East by the celebrated Colbert, to collect manuscripts, and by him first translated and published.

8. HISTORY AND SCIENCE.--As early as the eighth century A.D., history became an important department in Arabian literature. At later periods, historians who wrote on all subjects were numerous. Several authors wrote universal history from the beginning of the world to their own time; every state, province, and city possessed its individual chronicle. Many, in imitation of Plutarch, wrote the lives of distinguished men; and there was such a passion for every species of composition, and such a desire to leave no subject untouched, that there was a serious history written of celebrated horses, and another of camels that had risen to distinction. They possessed historical dictionaries, and made use of all those inventions which curtail labor and dispense with the necessity of research. Every art and science had its history, and of these this nation possessed a more complete collection than any other, either ancient or modern. The style of the Arabian historians is simple and unadorned. Philosophy was passionately cultivated by the Arabians, and upon it was founded the fame of many ingenious and sagacious men, whose names are still revered in Europe. Among them were Averrhoes of Cordova (d. 1198), the great commentator on the works of Aristotle, and Avicenna (d. 1037), a profound philosopher as well as a celebrated writer on medicine. Arabian philosophy penetrated rapidly into the West, and had greater influence on the schools of Europe than any branch of Arabic literature; and yet it was the one in which the progress was, in fact, the least real. The Arabians, more ingenious than profound, attached themselves rather to the subtleties than to the connection of ideas; their object was more to dazzle than to instruct, and they exhausted their imaginations in search of mysteries. Aristotle was worshiped by them, as a sort of divinity. In their opinion all philosophy was to be found in his writings, and they explained every metaphysical question according to the scholastic standard. The interpretation of the Koran formed another important part of their speculative studies, and their literature abounds with exegetic works on their sacred book, as well as with commentaries on Mohammedan law. The learned Arabians did not confine themselves to the studies which they could only prosecute in their closets; they undertook, for the advancement of science, the most perilous journeys, and we owe to Aboul Feda (1273- 1331) and other Arabian travelers the best works on geography written in the Middle Ages. The natural sciences were cultivated by them with great ardor, and many naturalists among them merit the gratitude of posterity. Botany and chemistry, of which they were in some sort the inventors, gave them a better acquaintance with nature than the Greeks or Romans ever possessed, and the latter science was applied by them to all the necessary arts of life. Above all, agriculture was studied by them with a perfect knowledge of the climate, soil, and growth of plants. From the eighth to the eleventh century, they established medical schools in the principal cities of their dominions, and published valuable works on medical science. They introduced more simple principles into mathematics, and extended the use and application of that science. They added to arithmetic the decimal system, and the Arabic numerals, which, however, are of Hindu origin; they simplified the trigonometry of the Greeks, and gave algebra more useful and general applications. Bagdad and Cordova had celebrated schools of astronomy, and observatories, and their astronomers made important discoveries; a great number of scientific words are evidently Arabic, such as algebra, alcohol, zenith, nadir, etc., and many of the inventions, which at the present day add to the comforts of life, are due to the Arabians. Paper, now so necessary to the progress of intellect, was brought by them from Asia. In China, from all antiquity, it had been manufactured from silk, but about the year 30 of the Hegira (649 A.D.) the manufacture of it was introduced at Samarcand, and when that city was conquered by the Arabians, they first employed cotton in the place of silk, and the invention spread with rapidity throughout their dominions. The Spaniards, in fabricating paper, substituted flax for cotton, which was more scarce and dear; but it was not till the end of the thirteenth century that paper mills were established in the Christian states of Spain, from whence the invention passed, in the fourteenth century only, to Treviso and Padua. Tournaments were first instituted among the Arabians, from whom they were introduced into Italy and France. Gunpowder, the discovery of which is generally attributed to a German chemist, was known to the Arabians at least a century before any trace of it appeared in European history. The compass, also, the invention of which has been given alternately to the Italians and French in the thirteenth century, was known to the Arabians in the eleventh. The number of Arabic inventions, of which we enjoy the benefit without suspecting it, is prodigious. Such, then, was the brilliant light which literature and science displayed from the ninth to the fourteenth century of our era in those vast countries which had submitted to the yoke of Islamism. In this immense extent of territory, twice or thrice as large as Europe, nothing is now found but ignorance, slavery, terror, and death. Few men are there capable of reading the works of their illustrious ancestors, and few who could comprehend them are able to procure them. The prodigious literary riches of the Arabians no longer exist in any of the countries where the Arabians or Mussulmans rule. It is not there that we must seek for the fame of their great men or for their writings. What has been preserved is in the hands of their enemies, in the convents of the monks, or in the royal libraries of Europe.

9. EDUCATION.--At present there is little education, in our sense of the word, in Arabia. In the few instances where public schools exist, writing, grammar, and rhetoric sum up the teaching. The Bedouin children learn from their parents much more than is common in other countries. Great attention is paid to accuracy of grammar and purity of diction throughout the country, and of late literary institutions have been established at Beyrout, Damascus, Bagdad, and Hefar. Such is the extent of Arabic literature, that, notwithstanding the labors of European scholars and the productions of native presses, in Boulak and Cairo, in India, and recently in England, where Hassam, an Arabian poet, has devoted himself to the production of standard works, the greater part of what has been preserved is still in manuscript and still more has perished.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.--1. Italian Literature and its Divisions.--2. The Dialects. --3. The Italian Language.

PERIOD FIRST.--1. Latin Influence.--2. Early Italian Poetry and Prose.--3. Dante.--4. Petrarch.--5. Boccaccio and other Prose Writers.--6. First Decline of Italian Literature.

PERIOD SECOND.--1. The Close of the Fifteenth Century; Lorenzo de' Medici.--2. The Origin of the Drama and Romantic Epic; Poliziano, Pulci, Boiardo.--3. Romantic Epic Poetry; Ariosto.--4. Heroic Epic Poetry; Tasso.--5. Lyric Poetry; Bembo, Molza, Tarsia, V. Colonna.--6. Dramatic Poetry; Trissino, Rucellai; the Writers of Comedy.--7. Pastoral Drama and Didactic Poetry; Beccari, Sannazzaro, Tasso, Guarini, Rucellai, Alamanni. --8. Satirical Poetry, Novels, and Tales; Berni, Grazzini, Firenzuola, Bandello, and others.--9. History; Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Nardi, and others.--10. Grammar and Rhetoric; the Academy della Crusca, Della Casa, Speroni, and others.--11. Science, Philosophy, and Politics; the Academy del Cimento, Galileo, Torricelli, Borelli, Patrizi, Telesio, Campanella, Bruno, Castiglione, Machiavelli, and others.--12. Decline of the Literature in the Seventeenth Century.--13. Epic and Lyric Poetry; Marini, Filicaja.--14. Mock Heroic Poetry, the Drama, and Satire; Tassoni, Bracciolini, Andreini, and others.--15. History and Epistolary Writings; Davila, Bentivoglio, Sarpi, Redi.

PERIOD THIRD.--1. Historical Development of the Third Period.--2. The Melodrama; Rinuccini, Zeno, Metastasio.--3. Comedy; Goldoni, C. Gozzi, and others.--4. Tragedy; Maffei, Alfieri, Monti, Manzoni, Nicolini, and others.--5. Lyric, Epic, and Didactic Poetry; Parini, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Leopardi, Grossi, Lorenzi, and others.--6. Heroic-Comic Poetry, Satire, and Fable; Fortiguerra, Passeroni, G. Gozzi, Parini, Giusti, and others. --7. Romances; Verri, Manzoni, D'Azeglio, Cantù, Guerrazzi, and others.--8. History; Muratori, Vico, Giannone, Botta, Colletta, Tiraboschi, and others.--9. Aesthetics, Criticism, Philology, and Philosophy; Baretti, Parini, Giordani, Gioja, Romagnosi, Gallupi, Rosmini, Gioberti.--From 1860 to 1885.

INTRODUCTION.

1. ITALIAN LITERATURE AND ITS DIVISIONS.--The fall of the Western Empire, the invasions of the northern tribes, and the subsequent wars and calamities, did not entirely extinguish the fire of genius in Italy. As we have seen, the Crusades had opened the East and revealed to Europe its literary and artistic treasures; the Arabs had established a celebrated school of medicine in Salerno, and had made known the ancient classics; a school of jurisprudence was opened in Bologna, where Roman law was expounded by eminent lecturers; and the spirit of chivalry, while it softened and refined human character, awoke the desire of distinction in arms and poetry. The origin of the Italian republics, giving scope to individual agency, marked another era in civilization; while the appearance of the Italian language quickened the national mind and led to a new literature. The spirit of freedom, awakened as early as the eleventh century, received new life in the twelfth, when the Lombard cities, becoming independent, formed a powerful league against Frederick Barbarossa. The instinct of self-defense thus developed increased the necessity of education. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Italian literature acquired its national character and rose to its highest splendor, through the writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, whose influence has been more or less felt in succeeding centuries. The literary history of Italy may be divided into three periods, each of which presents two distinct phases, one of progress and one of decline. The first period, extending from 1100 to 1475, embraces the origin of the literature, its development through the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and its first decline in the fifteenth, when it was supplanted by the absorbing study of the Greek and Latin classics. The second period, commencing 1475, embraces the age of

Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X., when literature began to revive; the age of Ariosto, Tasso, Machiavelli, and Galileo, when it reached its meridian splendor; its subsequent decline, through the school of Marini; and its last revival towards the close of the seventeenth century. The third period, extending from the close of the seventeenth century to the present time, includes the development of Italian literature, its decline under French influence, and its subsequent national tendency, through the writings of Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, Parini, Monti, Manzoni, and Leopardi.

2. THE DIALECTS.--The dialects of the ancient tribes inhabiting the peninsula early came in contact with the rustic Latin, and were moulded into new tongues, which, at a later period, were again modified by the influence of the barbarians who successively invaded the country. These tongues, elaborated by the action of centuries, are still in use, especially with the lower classes, and many of them have a literature of their own, with grammars and dictionaries. The more important of these dialects are divided into three groups: 1st. The Northern, including the Ligurian, Piedmontese, Lombard, Venetian, and Emilian. 2d. The Central, containing the Tuscan, Umbrian, the dialects of the Marches and of the Roman Provinces. 3d. The Southern, embracing those of the Neapolitan provinces and of Sicily. Each is distinguished from the other and from the true Italian, although they all rest on a common basis, the rustic Latin, the plebeian tongue of the Romans, as distinct from the official and literary tongue.

3. THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE.--The Tuscan or Florentine dialect, which early became the literary language of Italy, was the result of the natural development of the popular Latin and a native dialect probably akin to the rustic Roman idiom. Tuscany suffering comparatively little from foreign invasion, the language lost none of its purity, and remained free from heterogeneous elements. The great writers, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, who appeared so early, promoted its perfection, secured its prevailing influence, and gave it a national character. Hence, in the literature there is no old Italian as distinct from the modern; the language of Dante continues to be that of modern writers, and becomes more perfect the more it approaches the standard fixed by the great masters of the fourteenth century. Of this language it may be said that for flexibility, copiousness, freedom of construction, and harmony and beauty of sound, it is the most perfect of all the idioms of the Neo-Latin or Romanic tongues.

PERIOD FIRST.

FROM THE ORIGIN OF ITALIAN LITERATURE TO ITS FIRST DECLINE (1100-1475).

1. LATIN INFLUENCE.--During the early part of the Middle Ages Latin was the literary language of Italy, and the aim of the best writers of the time was to restore Roman culture. The Gothic kingdom of Ravenna, established by Theodoric, was the centre of this movement, under the influence of Cassiodorus, Boethius, and Symmachus. It was due to the prevailing affection for the memories of Rome, that through all the Dark Ages the Italian mind kept alive a spirit of freedom unknown in other countries of Europe, a spirit active, later, in the establishment of the Italian republics, and showing itself in the heroic resistance of the communes of Lombardy to the empire of the Hohenstaufens. While the literatures of other countries were drawn almost exclusively from sacred and chivalric legends, the Italians devoted themselves to the study of Roman law and history, to translations from the philosophers of Greece, and, above all, to the establishment of those great universities which were so powerful in extending science and culture throughout the Peninsula. While the Latin language was used in prose, the poets wrote in Provençal and in French, and many Italian troubadours appeared at the courts of Europe.

2. EARLY ITALIAN POETRY AND PROSE.--The French element became gradually lessened, and towards the close of the thirteenth century there arose the Tuscan school of lyric poetry, the true beginning of Italian art, of which Lapo Gianni, Guido Cavalcanti, Cino da Pistoia, and Dante Alighieri were the masters. It is mainly inspired by love, and takes a popular courtly or scholastic form. The style of Gianni had many of the faults of his predecessors. That of Cavalcanti, the friend and precursor of Dante, showed a tendency to stifle poetic imagery under the dead weight of philosophy. But the love poems of Cino are so mellow, so sweet, so musical, that they are only surpassed by those of Dante, who, as the author of the "Vita Nuova," belongs to this lyric school. In this book he tells the story of his love for Beatrice, which was from the first a high idealization in which there was apparently nothing human or earthly. Everything is super-sensual, aerial, heavenly, and the real Beatrice melts more and more into the symbolic, passing out of her human nature into the divine. Italian prose writing is of a later date, and also succeeded a period when Italian authors wrote in Latin and French. It consists chiefly of chronicles, tales, and translations.

3. DANTE (1265-1331).--No poet had yet arisen gifted with absolute power over the empire of the soul; no philosopher had pierced into the depths of feeling and of thought, when Dante, the greatest name of Italy and the father of Italian literature, appeared in the might of his genius, and availing himself of the rude and imperfect materials within his reach, constructed his magnificent work. Dante was born in Florence, of the noble family of Alighieri, which was attached to the papal, or Guelph party, in opposition to the imperial, or Ghibelline. He was but a child when death deprived him of his father; but his mother took the greatest pains with his education, placing him under the tuition of Brunetto Latini, and other masters of eminence. He early made great progress, not only in an acquaintance with classical literature and politics, but in music, drawing, horsemanship, and other accomplishments suitable to his station. As he grew up, he pursued his studies in the universities of Padua, Bologna, and Paris. He became an accomplished scholar, and at the same time appeared in public as a gallant and high-bred man of the world. At the age of twenty-five, he took arms on the side of the Florentine Guelphs, and distinguished himself in two battles against the Ghibellines of Arezzo and Pisa. But before Dante was either a student or a soldier, he had become a lover; and this character, above all others, was impressed upon him for life. At a May-day festival, when only nine years of age, he had singled out a girl of his own age, by the name of Bice, or Beatrice, who thenceforward became the object of his constant and passionate affection, or the symbol of all human wisdom and perfection. Before his twenty-fifth year she was separated from him by death, but his passion was refined, not extinguished by this event; not buried with her body but translated with her soul, which was its object. On the other hand, the affection of Beatrice for the poet troubled her spirit amid the bliss of Paradise, and the visions of the eternal world with which he was favored were a device of hers for reclaiming him from sin, and preparing him for everlasting companionship with herself. At the age of thirty-five he was elected prior, or supreme magistrate of Florence, an honor from which he dates all his subsequent misfortunes. During his priorship, the citizens were divided into two factions called the Neri and Bianchi, as bitterly opposed to each other as both had been to the Ghibellines. In the absence of Dante on an embassy to Rome, a pretext was found by the Neri, his opponents, for exciting the populace against him. His dwelling was demolished, his property confiscated, himself and his friends condemned to perpetual exile, with the provision that, if taken, they should be burned alive. After a fruitless attempt, by himself and his party, to surprise Florence, he quitted his companions in disgust, and passed the remainder of his life in wandering from one court of Italy to another, eating the bitter bread of dependence, which was granted him often as an alms. The greater part of his poem was composed during this period; but it appears that till the end of his life he continued to retouch the work. The last and most generous patron of Dante was Guido di Polenta, lord of Ravenna, and father of Francesca da Rimini, whose fatal love forms one of the most beautiful episodes of this poem. Polenta treated him, not as a dependent but as an honored guest, and in a dispute with the Republic of Venice he employed the poet as his ambassador, to effect a reconciliation; but he was refused even an audience, and, returning disappointed and broken-hearted to Ravenna, he died soon after at the age of fifty-six, having been in exile nineteen years. His fellow-citizens, who had closed their hearts and their gates against him while living, now deeply bewailed his death; and, during the two succeeding centuries, embassy after embassy was vainly sent from Florence to recover his honored remains. Not long after his death, those who had exiled him and confiscated his property provided that his poem should be read and expounded to the people in a church. Boccaccio was appointed to this professorship. Before the end of the sixteenth century, the "Divine Comedy" had gone through sixty editions. The Divine Comedy is one of the greatest monuments of human genius. It is an allegory conceived in the form of a vision, which was the most popular style of poetry at that age. At the close of the year 1300 Dante represents himself as lost in a forest at the foot of a hill, near Jerusalem. He wishes to ascend it, but is prevented by a panther, a lion, and a she-wolf which beset the way. He is met by Virgil, who tells him that he is sent by Beatrice as a guide through the realm of shadows, hell, and purgatory, and that she will afterwards lead him up to heaven. They pass the gates of hell, and penetrate into the dismal region beyond. This, as represented by Dante, consists of nine circles, forming an inverted cone, of the size of the earth, each succeeding circle being lower and narrower than the former, while Lucifer is chained in the centre and at the bottom of the dreadful crater. Each circle contains various cavities, where the punishments vary in proportion to the guilt, and the suffering increases in intensity as the circles descend and contract. In the first circle were neither cries nor tears, but the eternal sighs of those who, having never received Christian baptism, were, according to the poet's creed, forever excluded from the abodes of bliss. In the next circle, appropriated to those whose souls had been lost by the indulgence of guilty love, the poet recognizes the unhappy Francesca da Rimini, whose history forms one of the most beautiful episodes of the poem. The third circle includes gluttons; the fourth misers and spendthrifts; each succeeding circle embracing what the poet deems a deeper shade of guilt, and inflicting appropriate punishment. The Christian and heathen systems of theology are here freely interwoven. We have Minos visiting the Stygian Lake, where heretics are burning; we meet Cerberus and the harpies, and we accompany the poet across several of the fabulous rivers of Erebus. A fearful scene appears in the deepest circle of the infernal abodes. Here, among those who have betrayed their country, and are entombed in

eternal ice, is Count Ugolino, who, by a series of treasons, had made himself master of Pisa. He is gnawing with savage ferocity the skull of the archbishop of that state, who had condemned him and his children to die by starvation. The arch-traitor, Satan, stands fixed in the centre of hell and of the earth. All the streams of guilt keep flowing back to him as their source, and from beneath his threefold visage issue six gigantic wings with which he vainly struggles to raise himself, and thus produces winds which freeze him more firmly in the marsh. After leaving the infernal regions, and entering purgatory, they find an immense cone divided into seven circles, each of which is devoted to the expiation of one of the seven mortal sins. The proud are overwhelmed with enormous weights; the envious are clothed in garments of horse-hair, their eye-lids closed; the choleric are suffocated with smoke; the indolent are compelled to run about continually; the avaricious are prostrated upon the earth; epicures are afflicted with hunger and thirst; and the incontinent expiate their crimes in fire. In this portion of the work, however, while there is much to admire, there is less to excite and sustain the interest. On the summit of the purgatorial mountain is the terrestrial paradise, whence is the only ascent to the celestial. Beatrice, the object of his early and constant affection, descends hither to meet the poet. Virgil disappears, and she becomes his only guide. She conducts him through the nine heavens, and makes him acquainted with the great men who, by their virtuous lives, have deserved the highest enjoyments of eternity. In the ninth celestial sphere, Dante is favored with a manifestation of divinity, veiled, however, by three hierarchies of attending angels. He sees the Virgin Mary, and the saints of the Old and New Testament, and by these personages, and by Beatrice, all his doubts and difficulties are finally solved, and the conclusion leaves him absorbed in the beatific vision. The allegorical meaning of the poem is hidden under the literal one. Dante, traveling through the invisible world, is a symbol of mankind aiming at the double object of temporal and eternal happiness. The forest typifies the civil and religious confusion of society deprived of its two judges, the pope and the emperor. The three beasts are the powers which offered the greatest obstacles to Dante's designs, Florence, France, and the papal court. Virgil represents reason and the empire, and Beatrice symbolizes the supernatural aid, without which man cannot attain the supreme end, which is God. But the merit of the poem is that for the first time classic art is transferred into a Romance form. Dante is, above all, a great artist. Whether he describes nature, analyzes passions, curses the vices, or sings hymns to the virtues, he is always wonderful for the grandeur and delicacy of his art. He took his materials from mythology, history, and philosophy, but more especially from his own passions of hatred and love, breathed into them the breath of genius and produced the greatest work of modern times. The personal interest that he brings to bear on the historical representation of the three worlds is that which most interests and stirs us. The *Divine Comedy* is not only the most lifelike drama of the thoughts and feelings that moved men at that time, but it is also the most spontaneous and clear reflection of the individual feelings of the poet, who remakes history after his own passions, and who is the real chastiser of the sins and rewarder of the virtues. He defined the destiny of Italian literature in the Middle Ages, and began the great era of the Renaissance.

4. PETRARCH.--Petrarch (1304-1374) belonged to a respected Florentine family. His father was the personal friend of Dante, and a partaker of the same exile. While at Avignon, then the seat of the papal court, on one occasion he made an excursion to the fountain of Vaucluse, taking with him his son, the future poet, then in the tenth year of his age. The wild and solitary aspect of the place inspired the boy with an enthusiasm beyond his years, leaving an impression which was never afterwards effaced, and which affected his future life and writings. As Petrarch grew up, unlike the haughty, taciturn, and sarcastic Dante, he seems to have made friends wherever he went. With splendid talents, engaging manners, a handsome person, and an affectionate and generous disposition, he became the darling of his age, a man whom princes delighted to honor. At the age of twenty-three, he first met Laura de Sade in a church at Avignon. She was only twenty years of age, and had been for three years the wife of a patrician of that city. Laura was not more distinguished for her beauty and fortune than for the unsullied purity of her manners in a licentious court, where she was one of the chief ornaments. The sight of her beauty inspired the young poet with an affection which was as pure and virtuous as it was tender and passionate. He poured forth in song the fervor of his love and the bitterness of his grief. Upwards of three hundred sonnets, written at various times, commemorate all the little circumstances of this attachment, and describe the favors which, during an acquaintance of fifteen or twenty years, never exceeded a kind word, a look less severe than usual, or a passing expression of regret at parting. He was not permitted to visit at Laura's house; he had no opportunity of seeing her except at mass, at the brilliant levees of the pope, or in private assemblies of beauty and fashion: but she forever remained the dominant object of his existence. He purchased a house at Vaucluse, and there, shut in by lofty and craggy heights, the river Sorgue traversing the valley on one side, amidst hills clothed with umbrageous trees, cheered only by the song of birds, the poet passed his lonely days. Again and again he made tours through Italy, Spain, and Flanders, during one of which he was crowned with the poet's laurel at Rome, but he always returned to Vaucluse, to Avignon, to Laura. Thus years passed away. Laura became the mother of a numerous family, and time and care made havoc of her youthful

beauty. Meanwhile, the sonnets of Petrarch had spread her fame throughout France and Italy, and attracted many to the court of Avignon, who were surprised and disappointed at the sight of her whom they had believed to be the loveliest of mortals. In 1347, during the absence of the poet from Avignon, Laura fell a victim to the plague, just twenty-one years from the day that Petrarch first met her. Now all his love was deepened and consecrated, and the effusions of his poetic genius became more melancholy, more passionate, and more beautiful than ever. He declined the offices and honors that his countrymen offered him, and passed his life in retirement. He was found one morning by his attendants dead in his library, his head resting on a book. The celebrity of Petrarch at the present day depends chiefly on his lyrical poems, which served as models to all the distinguished poets of southern Europe. They are restricted to two forms: the sonnet, borrowed from the Sicilians, and the canzone, from the Provençals. The subject of almost all these poems is the same--the hopeless affection of the poet for the high-minded Laura. This love was a kind of religious and enthusiastic passion, such as mystics imagine they feel towards the Deity, or such as Plato believes to be the bond of union between elevated minds. There is no poet in any language more perfectly pure than Petrarch--more completely above all reproach of laxity or immorality. This merit, which is equally due to the poet and to his Laura, is the more remarkable, considering the models which he followed and the court at which Laura lived. The labor of Petrarch in polishing his poems did much towards perfecting the language, which through him became more elegant and more melodious. He introduced into the lyric poetry of Italy the pathos and the touching sweetness of Ovid and Tibullus, as well as the simplicity of Anacreon. Petrarch attached little value to his Italian poems; it was on his Latin works that he founded his hopes of renown. But his highest title to immortal fame is his prodigious labor to promote the study of ancient authors. Wherever he traveled, he sought with the utmost avidity for classic manuscripts, and it is difficult to estimate the effect produced by his enthusiasm. He corresponded with all the eminent literati of his day, and inspired them with his own tastes. Now for the first time there appeared a kind of literary republic in Europe united by the magic bond of Petrarch's influence, and he was better known and exercised a more extensive and powerful influence than many of the sovereigns of the day. He treated with various princes rather in the character of an arbitrator than an ambassador, and he not only directed the tastes of his own age, but he determined those of succeeding generations.

5. BOCCACCIO AND OTHER PROSE WRITERS.--The fourteenth century forms a brilliant era in Italian literature, distinguished beyond any other period for the creative powers of genius which it exhibited. In this century, Dante gave to Europe his great epic poem, the lyric muse awoke at the call of Petrarch, while Boccaccio created a style of prose, harmonious, flexible, and engaging, and alike suitable to the most elevated and to the most playful subjects. Boccaccio (1313-1875) was the son of a Florentine merchant; he early gave evidence of superior talents, and his father vainly attempted to educate him to follow his own profession. He resided at Naples, where he became acquainted with a lady celebrated in his writings under the name of Fiammetta. It was at her desire that most of his early pieces were written, and the very exceptionable moral character which attaches to them must be attributed, in part, to her depraved tastes. The source of Boccaccio's highest reputation, and that which entitles him to rank as the third founder of the national literature, is his "Decameron," a collection of tales written during the period when the plague desolated the south of Europe, with a view to amuse the ladies of the court during that dreadful visitation. The tales are united under the supposition of a party of ten who had retired to one of the villas in the environs of Naples to strive, in the enjoyment of innocent amusement, to escape the danger of contagion. It was agreed that each person should tell a new story during the space of ten days, whence the title Decameron. The description of the plague, in the introduction, is considered not only the finest piece of writing from Boccaccio's pen, but one of the best historical descriptions that have descended to us. The stories, a hundred in number, are varied with considerable art, both in subject and in style, from the most pathetic and sportive to the most licentious. The great merit of Boccaccio's composition consists in his easy elegance, his *naïveté*, and, above all, in the correctness of his language. The groundwork of the Decameron has been traced to an old Hindu romance, which, after passing through all the languages of the East, was translated into Latin as early as the twelfth century; the originals of several of these tales have been found in the ancient French *Fabliaux*, while others are believed to have been borrowed from popular recitation or from real occurrences. But if Boccaccio cannot boast of being the inventor of all, or even any of these tales, he is still the father of this class of modern Italian literature, since he was the first to transplant into the world of letters what had hitherto been only the subject of social mirth. These tales have in their turn been repeated anew in almost every language of Europe, and have afforded reputations to numerous imitators. One of the most beautiful and unexceptionable tales in the Decameron is that of "Griselda," the last in the collection. It is to be regretted that the author did not prescribe to himself the same purity in his images that he did in his phraseology. Many of these tales are not only immoral but grossly indecent, though but too faithful a representation of the manners of the age in which they were written. The Decameron was published towards the middle of the fourteenth century; and, from the first invention of printing, it was freely circulated in Italy, until the Council of

Trent proscribed it in the middle of the sixteenth century. It was, however, again published in 1570, purified and abridged. Boccaccio is the author of two romances, one called "Fiammetta," the other the "Filocopo;" the former distinguished for the fervor of its expression, the latter for the variety of its adventures and incidents. He wrote also two romantic poems, in which he first introduced the *ottava rima*, or the stanza composed of six lines, which rhyme interchangeably with each other, and are followed by a couplet. In these he strove to revive ancient mythology, and to identify it with modern literature. His Latin compositions are voluminous, and materially contributed to the advancement of letters. While Boccaccio labored so successfully to reduce the language to elegant and harmonious forms, he strove like Petrarch to excite his contemporaries to the study of the ancient classics. He induced the senate of Florence to establish a professorship of Greek, entered his name among the first of the students, and procured manuscripts at his own expense. Thus Hellenic literature was introduced into Tuscany, and thence into the rest of Europe. Boccaccio, late in life, assumed the ecclesiastical habit, and entered on the study of theology. When the Florentines founded a professorship for the reading and exposition of the Divine Comedy, Boccaccio was made the first incumbent. The result of his labors was a life of Dante, and a commentary on the first seventeen cantos of the *Inferno*. With the death of Petrarch, who had been his most intimate friend, his last tie to earth was loosed; he died at Certaldo a few months later, in the sixty-third year of his age. His dwelling is still to be seen, situated on a hill, and looking down on the fertile and beautiful valley watered by the river Elsa. Of the other prose writers of the fourteenth century the most remarkable are the three Florentine historians named Villani, the eldest of whom (1310-1348) wrote a history of Florence, which was continued afterwards by his brother and by his nephew; a work highly esteemed for its historical interest, and for its purity of language and style; and Franco Sacchetti (1335-1400), who approaches nearest to Boccaccio. His "Novels and Tales" are valuable for the purity and eloquence of their style, and for the picture they afford of the manners of his age. Among the ascetic writers of this age St. Catherine of Siena occupies an important place, as one who aided in preparing the way for the great religious movement of the sixteenth century. The writings of this extraordinary woman, who strove to bring back the Church of Rome to evangelical virtue, are the strongest, clearest, most exalted religious utterance that made itself heard in Italy in the fourteenth century.

6. THE FIRST DECLINE OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.--The passionate study of the ancients, of which Petrarch and Boccaccio had given an example, suspended the progress of Italian literature in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and through almost all the fifteenth. The attention of the literary men of this time was wholly engrossed by the study of the dead languages, and of manners, customs, and religious systems equally extinct. They present to our observation boundless erudition, a just spirit of criticism, and nice sensibility to the beauties and defects of the great authors of antiquity; but we look in vain for that true eloquence which is more the fruit of an intercourse with the world than of a knowledge of books. They were still more unsuccessful in poetry, in which their attempts, all in Latin, are few in number, and their verses harsh and heavy, without originality or vigor. It was not until the period when Italian poetry began to be again cultivated, that Latin verse acquired any of the characteristics of genuine inspiration. But towards the close of the fifteenth century the dawn of a new literary era appeared, which soon shone with meridian light. At this time, the universities had become more and more the subjects of attention to the governments; the appointment of eminent professors, and the privileges connected with these institutions, attracted to them large numbers of students, and the concourse was often so great that the lectures were delivered in the churches and in public squares. Those republics which still existed, and the princes who had risen on the ruins of the more ephemeral ones, rivaled each other in their patronage of literary men; the popes, who in the preceding ages had denounced all secular learning, now became its munificent patrons; and two of them, Nicholas V. and Pius II., were themselves scholars of high distinction. The Dukes of Milan, and the Marquises of Mantua and Ferrara, surrounded themselves in their capitals with men illustrious in science and letters, and seemed to vie with each other in the favors which they lavished upon them. In the hitherto free republic of Florence, which had given birth to Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, literature found support in a family which, at no distant period, employed it to augment their power, and to rule the city with an almost despotic sway. The Medici had been long distinguished for the wealth they had acquired by commercial enterprise, and for the high offices which they held in the republic. Cosmo de' Medici had acquired a degree of power which shook the very foundations of the state. He was master of the moneyed credit of Europe, and almost the equal of the kings with whom he negotiated; but in the midst of the projects of his ambition he opened his palace as an asylum to the scholars and artists of the age, turned its gardens into an academy, and effected a revolution in philosophy by setting up the authority of Plato against that of Aristotle. His banks, which were scattered over Europe, were placed at the service of literature as well as commerce. His agents abroad sold spices and bought manuscripts; the vessels which returned to him from Constantinople, Alexandria, and Smyrna were often laden with volumes in the Greek, Syriac, and Chaldaic languages. Being banished to Venice, he continued his protection of letters, and on his return to Florence he devoted himself more

than ever to the cause of literature. In the south of Italy, Alphonso V., and, indeed, all the sovereigns of that age, pursued the same course, and chose for their chancellors and ambassadors the same scholars who educated their sons and expounded the classics in their literary circles. This patronage, however, was confined to the progress of ancient letters, while the native literature, instead of redeeming the promise of its infancy, remained at this time mute and inglorious. Yet the resources of poets and orators were multiplying a thousand fold. The exalted characters, the austere laws, the energetic virtues, the graceful mythology, the thrilling eloquence of antiquity, were annihilating the puerilities of the old Italian rhymes, and creating purer and nobler tastes. The clay which was destined for the formation of great men was undergoing a new process; a fresh mould was cast, the forms at first appeared lifeless, but ere the end of the fifteenth century the breath of genius entered into them, and a new era of life began.

PERIOD SECOND.

REVIVAL OF ITALIAN LITERATURE AND ITS SECOND DECLINE (1476-1675).

1. THE CLOSE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.--The first man who contributed to the restoration of Italian poetry was Lorenzo de' Medici (1448-1492), the grandson of Cosmo. In the brilliant society that he gathered around him, a new era was opened in Italian literature. Himself a poet, he attempted to restore poetry to the condition in which Petrarch had left it; although superior in some respects to that poet, he had less power of versification, less sweetness, and harmony, but his ideas were more natural, and his style was more simple. He attempted all kinds of poetical composition, and in all he displayed the versatility of his talents and the exuberance of his imagination. But to Lorenzo poetry was but an amusement, scarcely regarded in his brilliant political career. He concentrated in himself all the power of the republic--he was the arbiter of the whole political state of Italy, and from the splendor with which he surrounded himself, and his celebrity, he received the title of Lorenzo the Magnificent. He continued to collect manuscripts, and to employ learned men to prepare them for printing. His Platonic Academy extended its researches into new paths of study. The collection of antique sculpture, the germ of the gallery of Florence, which had been established by Cosmo, he enriched, and gave to it a new destination, which was the occasion of imparting fresh life and vigor to the liberal arts. He appropriated a part of his gardens to serve as a school for the study of the antique, and placed his statues, busts, and other models of art in the shrubberies, terraces, and buildings. Young men were liberally paid for the copies which they made while pursuing their studies. It was this institution that kindled the flame of genius in the breast of Michael Angelo, and to it must be attributed the splendor which was shed by the fine arts over the close of the fifteenth century, and which extended rapidly from Florence throughout Italy, and over a great part of Europe. Among the friends of Lorenzo may be mentioned Pico della Mirandola (1463- 1494), one of the most prominent men of his age, who left in his Latin and Italian works monuments of his vast erudition and exuberant talent. The fifteenth century closed brightly on Florence, but it was otherwise throughout Italy. Some of its princes still patronized the sciences, but most of them were engaged in the intrigues of ambition; and the storms which were gathering soon burst on Florence itself. Shortly after the death of Lorenzo, nearly the whole of Italy fell under the rule of Charles VIII., and the voice of science and literature was drowned in the clash of arms; military violence dispersed the learned men, and pillage destroyed or scattered the literary treasures. Literature and the arts, banished from their long-loved home, sought another asylum. We find them again at Rome, cherished by a more powerful and fortunate protector, Pope Leo X., the son of Lorenzo (1475-1521). Though his patronage was confined to the fine arts and to the lighter kinds of composition, yet owing to the influence of the newly-invented art of printing, the discovery of Columbus, and the Reformation, new energies were imparted to the age, the Italian mind was awakened from its slumber, and prepared for a new era in literature.

2. THE ORIGIN OF THE DRAMA AND ROMANTIC EPIC.--Among the gifted individuals in the circle of Lorenzo, the highest rank may be assigned to Poliziano (1454-1494). He revived on the modern stage the tragedies of the ancients, or rather created a new kind of pastoral tragedy, on which Tasso did not disdain to employ his genius. His "Orpheus," composed within ten days, was performed at the Mantuan court in 1483, and may be considered as the first dramatic composition in Italian. The universal homage paid to Virgil had a decided influence on this kind of poetry. His Bucolics were looked upon as dramas more poetical than those of Terence and Seneca. The comedies of Plautus were represented, and the taste for theatrical performances was eagerly renewed. In these representations, however, the object in view was the restoration of the classics rather than the amusement of the public; and the new dramatists confined themselves to a faithful copy of the ancients. But the Orpheus of Poliziano caused a revolution. The beauty of the verse, the charm of the music, and the decorations which accompanied its recital, produced an excitement of feeling and intellect that combined to open the way for the true dramatic art. At

the same time, several eminent poets devoted their attention to that style of composition which was destined to form the glory of Ariosto. The trouvères chose Charlemagne and his paladins as the heroes of their poems and romances, and these, composed for the most part in French in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were early circulated in Italy. Their origin accorded with the vivacity of the prevailing religious sentiment, the violence of the passions and the taste for adventures which distinguished the first crusades; while from the general ignorance of the times, their supernatural agency was readily admitted. But at the close of the fifteenth century, when the poets possessed themselves of these old romances, in order to give a variety to the adventures of their heroes, the belief in the marvelous was much diminished, and they could not be recounted without a mixture of mockery. The spirit of the age did not admit in the Italian language a subject entirely serious. He who made pretensions to fame was compelled to write in Latin, and the choice of the vulgar tongue was the indication of a humorous subject. The language had developed since the time of Boccaccio a character of *naïveté* mingled with satire, which still remains, and which is particularly remarkable in Ariosto. The "Morgante Maggiore" of Pulci (1431-1470) is the first of these romantic poems. It is alternately burlesque and serious, and it abounds with passages of great pathos and beauty. The "Orlando Innamorato" of Boiardo (1430-1494) is a poem somewhat similar to that of Pulci. It was, however, remodeled by Berni, sixty years after the death of the author, and from the variety and novelty of the adventures, the richness of its descriptions, the interest excited by its hero, and the honor rendered to the female sex, it excels the Morgante.

3. ROMANTIC EPIC POETRY.--The romances of chivalry, which had been thus versified by Pulci and Boiardo, were elevated to the rank of epic poetry by the genius of Ariosto (1474-1533). He was born at Reggio, of which place his father was governor. As the means of improving his resources, he early attached himself to the service of Cardinal D'Este, and afterwards to that of the Duke of Ferrara. At the age of thirty years he commenced his "Orlando Furioso," and continued the composition for eleven years. While the work was in progress, he was in the habit of reading the cantos, as they were finished, at the courts of the cardinal and duke, which may account for the manner in which this hundred-fold tale is told, as if delivered spontaneously before scholars and princes, who assembled to listen to the marvelous adventures of knights and ladies, giants and magicians, from the lips of the story-teller. Ariosto excelled in the practice of reading aloud with distinct utterance and animated elocution, an accomplishment of peculiar value at a time when books were scarce, and the emoluments of authors depended more on the gratuities of their patrons than the sale of their works. In each of the four editions which he published, he improved, corrected, and enlarged the original. No poet, perhaps, ever evinced more fastidious taste in adjusting the nicer points that affected the harmony, dignity, and fluency of his composition, yet the whole seems as natural as if it had flowed extemporaneously from his pen. Throughout life it was the lot of Ariosto to struggle against the difficulties inseparable from narrow and precarious circumstances. His patrons, among them Leo X., were often culpable in exciting expectations, and afterwards disappointing them. The earliest and latest works of Ariosto, though not his best, were dramatic. He wrote also some satires in the form of epistles. He died in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and his ashes now rest under the magnificent monument in the new church of the Benedictines in Ferrara. The house in which the poet lived, the chair in which he was wont to study, and the inkstand whence he filled his pen, are still shown as interesting memorials of his life and labors. Ariosto, like Pulci and Boiardo, undertook to sing the paladins and their amours at the court of Charlemagne, during the fabulous wars of this emperor against the Moors. In his poem he seems to have designedly thrown off the embarrassment of a unity of action. The Orlando Furioso is founded on three principal narratives, distinct but often intermingled; the history of the war between Charlemagne and the Saracens, Orlando's love for Angelica, his madness on hearing of her infidelity, and Ruggiero's attachment to Bradamante. These stories are interwoven with so many incidents and episodes, and there is in the poem such a prodigious quantity of action, that it is difficult to assign it a central point. Indeed, Ariosto, playing with his readers, seems to delight in continually misleading them, and allows them no opportunity of viewing the general subject of the poem. This want of unity is essentially detrimental to the general impression of the work, and the author has succeeded in throwing around its individual parts an interest which does not attach to it as a whole. The world to which the poet transports his readers is truly poetic; all the factitious wants of common life, its cold calculations and its imaginary distinctions, disappear; love and honor reign supreme, and the prompting of the one and the laws of the other are alone permitted to stimulate and regulate a life, of which war is the only business and gallantry the only pastime. The magic and sorcery, borrowed from the East, which pervade these chivalric fictions, lead us still farther from the world of realities. Nor is it the least charm that all the wonders and prodigies here related are made to appear quite probable from the apparently artless, truthful style of the narration. The versification of the Orlando is more distinguished for sweetness and elegance than for strength; but, in point of harmony, and in the beauty, pathos, and grace of his descriptions, no poet surpasses Ariosto.

4. HEROIC EPIC POETRY.--While, in the romantic epic of the Middle Ages, unity of design was considered unnecessary, and truthfulness of detail, fertility of imagination, strength of coloring, and vivacity of narration were alone required, heroic poetry was expected to exhibit, on the most extensive scale, those laws of symmetry which adapt all the parts to one object, which combine variety with unity, and, as it were, initiate us into the secrets of creation, by disclosing the single idea which governs the most dissimilar actions, and harmonizes the most opposite interests. It was reserved to Torquato Tasso to raise the Italian language to this kind of epic poetry. Tasso (1544-1595) was born in Sorrento, and many marvels are told by his biographers of the precocity of his genius. Political convulsions early drove his father into exile. He went to Rome and sent for his son, then ten years of age. When the exiles were no longer safe at Rome, an asylum was offered them at Pesaro by the Duke of Urbino. Here young Tasso pursued his studies in all the learning and accomplishments of the age. In his seventeenth year he had completed the composition of an epic poem on the adventures of Rinaldo, which was received with passionate admiration throughout Italy. The appearance of this poem proved not only the beginning of the author's fame, but the dawn of a new day in Italian literature. In 1565, Tasso was nominated by the Cardinal D'Este as gentleman of his household, and his reception at the court was in every respect most pleasing to his youthful ambition. He was honored by the intimate acquaintance of the accomplished princesses Lucretia and Leonora, and to this dangerous friendship must be attributed most of his subsequent misfortunes, if it be true that he cherished a secret attachment for Leonora. During this prosperous period of his life, Tasso prosecuted his great epic poem, the "Jerusalem Delivered," and as canto after canto was completed and recited to the princesses, he found in their applause repeated stimulus to proceed. While steadily engaged in his great work, his fancy gave birth to numerous fugitive poems, the most remarkable of which is the "Aminta." After its representation at the court of Ferrara, all Italy resounded with the poet's fame. It was translated into all the languages of Europe, and the name of Tasso would have been immortal even though he had never composed an epic. The various vexations he endured regarding the publication of his work at its conclusion, the wrongs he suffered from both patrons and rivals, together with disappointed ambition, rendered him the subject of feverish anxiety and afterwards the prey of restless fear and continual suspicion. His mental malady increased, and he wandered from place to place without finding any permanent home. Assuming the disguise of a shepherd, he traveled to Sorrento, to visit his sister; but soon, tired of seclusion, he obtained permission to return to the court of Ferrara. He was coldly received by the duke, and was refused an interview with the princesses. He left the place in indignation, and wandered from one city of Italy to another, reduced to the appearance of a wretched itinerant, sometimes kindly received, sometimes driven away as a vagabond, always restless, suspicious, and unhappy. In this mood he again returned to Ferrara, at a moment when the duke was too much occupied with the solemnities of his own marriage to attend to the complaints of the poet. Tasso became infuriated, retracted all the praises he had bestowed on the house of Este, and indulged in the bitterest invectives against the duke, by whose orders he was afterwards committed to the hospital for lunatics, where he was closely confined, and treated with extreme rigor. If he had never been insane before, he certainly now became so. To add to his misfortune, his poem was printed without his permission, from an imperfect copy, and while editors and printers enriched themselves with the fruit of his labors, the poet himself was languishing in a dungeon, despised, neglected, sick, and destitute of the common conveniences of life, and above all, deafened by the frantic cries with which the hospital continually resounded. When the first rigors of his imprisonment were relaxed, Tasso pursued his studies, and poured forth his emotions in every form of verse. Some of his most beautiful minor poems were composed during this period. After more than seven years' confinement, the poet was liberated at the intercession of the Duke of Mantua. From this time he wandered from city to city; the hallucinations of his mind never entirely ceased. Towards the close of the year 1594 he took up his residence at Rome, where he died at the age of fifty-two. Tasso was particularly happy in choosing the most engaging subject that could inspire a modern poet--the struggle between the Christians and the Saracens. The Saracens considered themselves called on to subjugate the earth to the faith of Mohammed; the Christians to enfranchise the sacred spot where their divine founder suffered death. The religion of the age was wholly warlike. It was a profound, disinterested, enthusiastic, and poetic sentiment, and no period has beheld such a brilliant display of valor. The belief in the supernatural, which formed a striking characteristic of the time, seemed to have usurped the laws of nature and the common course of events. The faith against which the crusaders fought appeared to them the worship of the powers of darkness. They believed that a contest might exist between invisible beings as between different nations, and when Tasso armed the dark powers of enchantment against the Christian knights, he only developed and embellished a popular idea. The scene of the Jerusalem Delivered, so rich in recollections and associations with all our religious feelings, is one in which nature displays her riches and treasures, and where descriptions, in turn the most lovely and the most austere, attract the pen of the poet. All the nations of Christendom send forth their warriors to the army of the cross, and the whole world thus becomes his patrimony. Whatever interest the taking of Troy might possess for the Greeks, or the vanity of the Romans might attach to the adventures of Aeneas, whom they adopted as their progenitor, it may be asserted that neither the Iliad

nor the Aeneid possesses the dignity of subject, the interest at the same time divine and human, and the varied dramatic action which are peculiar to the Jerusalem Delivered. The whole course of the poem is comprised in the campaign of 1093, when the Christian army, assembled on the plain of Tortosa, marched towards Jerusalem, which they besieged and captured. From the commencement of the poem, the most tender sentiments are combined with the action, and love has been assigned a nobler part than had been given to it in any other epic poem. Love, enthusiastic, respectful, and full of homage, was an essential characteristic of chivalry and the source of the noblest actions. While with the heroes of the classic epic it was a weakness, with the Christian knights it was a devotion. In this work are happily combined the classic and romantic styles. It is classic in its plan, romantic in its heroes; it is conceived in the spirit of antiquity, and executed in the spirit of medieval romance. It has the beauty which results from unity of design and from the harmony of all its parts, united with the romantic form, which falls in with the feelings, the passions, and the recollections of Europeans. Notwithstanding some defects, which must be attributed rather to the taste of his age than to his genius, in the history of literature Tasso may be placed by the side of Homer and Virgil.

5. LYRIC POETRY.--Lyric poetry, which had been brought to such perfection by Petrarch in the fourteenth century, but almost lost sight of in the fifteenth, was cultivated by all the Italian poets of this period. Petrarch became the model, which every aspirant endeavored to imitate. Hence arose a host of poetasters, who wrote with considerable elegance, but without the least power of imagination. We must not, however, confound with the servile imitators of Petrarch those who took nothing from his school but purity of language and elegance of style, and who consecrated the lyre not to love alone, but to patriotism and religion. First of these are Poliziano and Lorenzo de' Medici, in whose ballads and stanzas the language of Petrarch reappeared with all its beauty and harmony. Later, Cardinal Bembo (1470-1547), Molza (1489-1544), Tarsia (1476-1535), Guidiccioni (1480-1541), Della Casa (1503-1556), Costanzo (1507-1585), and later still, Chiabrera (1552-1637), attempted to restore Italian poetry to its primitive elegance. Their sonnets and canzoni contributed much to the revival of a purer style, although their elegance is often too elaborate and their thoughts and feelings too artificial. Besides these, Ariosto, Tasso, Machiavelli, and Michael Angelo, whose genius was practiced in more ambitious tasks, did not disdain to shape and polish such diminutive gems as the canzone, the madrigal, and the sonnet. This reform of taste in lyric composition was also promoted by several women, among whom the most distinguished at once for beauty, virtue, and talent was Vittoria Colonna (1490-1547). She was daughter of the high constable of Naples, and married to the Marquis of Pescara. Early left a widow, she abandoned herself to sorrow. That fidelity which made her refuse the hand of princes in her youth, rendered her incapable of a second attachment in her widowhood. The solace of her life was to mourn the loss and cherish the memory of Pescara. After passing several years in retirement, Vittoria took up her residence at Rome, and became the intimate friend of the distinguished men of her time. Her verses, though deficient in poetic fancy, are full of tenderness and absorbing passion. Vittoria Colonna was reckoned by her contemporaries as a being almost more than human, and the epithet divine was usually prefixed to her name. By her death-bed stood Michael Angelo, who was considerably her junior, but who enjoyed her friendship and regarded her with enthusiastic veneration. He wrote several sonnets in her praise. Veronica Gambara, Tullia d'Aragona, and Giulia Gonzaga may also be named as possessing superior genius to many literary men of their time.

6. DRAMATIC POETRY.--Tragedy, in the hands of the Romans, had exhibited no national characteristics, and disappeared with the decline of their literature. When Europe began to breathe again, the natural taste of the multitude for games and spectacles revived; the church entertained the people with its representations, which, however, were destitute of all literary character. At the commencement of the fourteenth century we find traces of Latin tragedies, and these, during the fifteenth century, were frequently represented, as we have seen, more as a branch of ancient art and learning than as matter of recreation. After the "Orpheus" of Poliziano had appeared on the stage, the first drama in the Italian tongue, Latin tragedies and comedies were translated into the Italian, but as yet no one had ventured beyond mere translation. Leo X. shed over the dramatic art the same favor which he bestowed on the other liberal arts, and the theatricals of the Vatican were of the most splendid description. During his pontificate, Trissino (1478-1550) dedicated to him the tragedy of "Sofonisba," formed on the Greek model, the first regular tragedy which had appeared since the revival of letters. Its subject is found entire in the work of Livy, and the invention of the poet has added little to the records of the historian. The piece is not divided into acts and scenes, and the only repose given to the action is by the chorus, who sing odes and lyric stanzas. The story is well conducted, the characters are all dramatic, and the incidents arise spontaneously out of each other; but the style of the tragedy has neither the sublimity nor the originality which becomes this kind of composition, and which distinguished the genius of the dramatic poets of Athens. The example of Trissino was followed by Rucellai (1475-1525), who left two dramas, "Rosamunda" and "Orestes," written in blank verse, with a chorus, much resembling the

Greek tragedies. This poet used much more license with his subject than Trissino; his plot is less simple and pathetic, but abounds in horror, and his style is florid and rhetorical. Tasso, Speroni (1500-1588), Giraldis (1504-1573), and others, attempted also this species of composition, and their dramas are considered the best of the age. As the tragic poets of this century servilely imitated Sophocles and Euripides, the comic writers copied Plautus and Terence. The comedies of Ariosto, of which there are five, display considerable ingenuity of invention and an elegant vivacity of language. The dramatic works of Machiavelli approach more nearly to the middle comedy of the Greeks. They depict and satirize contemporaneous rather than obsolete manners, but the characters and plots awaken little interest. Bentivoglio (1506-1573), Salviati (1540-1589), Firenzuola (1493-1547), Caro (1507-1566), Cardinal Bibiena, (1470-1520), Aretino (1492-1556), and others, are among the principal comic writers of the age, who displayed more or less dramatic talent. Of all the Italian comedies composed in the sixteenth century, however, scarcely one was the work of eminent genius. A species of comic drama, known under the name of *Commedia dell'arte*, took its rise in this century. The characteristic of these plays is that the story only belongs to the poet, the dialogue being improvised by the actors. The four principal characters, denominated masks, were *Pantalone*, a merchant of Venice, a doctor of laws from Bologna, and two servants, known to us as *Harlequin* and *Columbine*. When we add to these a couple of sons, one virtuous and the other profligate; a couple of daughters, and a pert, intriguing chambermaid, we have nearly the whole *dramatis personae* of these plays. The extempore dialogue by which the plot was developed was replete with drollery and wit, and there was no end to the novelty of the jests.

7. PASTORAL DRAMA AND DIDACTIC POETRY.--The pastoral drama, which describes characters and passions in their primitive simplicity, is thus distinguished from tragedy and comedy. It is probable that the idyls of the Greeks afforded the first germ of this species of composition, but Beccari, a poet of Ferrara (1510-1590), is considered the father of the genuine pastoral drama. Before him Sannazzaro (1458-1530) had written the "Arcadia," which, however, bears the character of an eclogue rather than that of a drama. It is written in the choicest Italian; its versification is melodious, and it abounds with beautiful descriptions; as an imitation of the ancients, it is entitled to the highest rank. The beauty of the Italian landscape and the softness of the Italian climate seem naturally fitted to dispose the poetic soul to the dreams of rural life, and the language seems, by its graceful simplicity, peculiarly adapted to express the feelings of a class of people whom we picture to ourselves as ingenuous and infantine in their natures. The manners of the Italian peasantry are more truly pastoral than those of any other people, and a bucolic poet in that fair region need not wander to Arcadia. But Sannazzaro, like all the early pastoral poets of Italy, proposed to himself, as the highest excellence, a close imitation of Virgil; he took his shepherds from the fabulous ages of antiquity, borrowed the mythology of the Greeks, and completed the machinery with fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Like Sannazzaro, Beccari places his shepherds in Arcadia, and invests them with ancient manners; but he goes beyond mere dialogue; he connects their conversations by a series of dramatic actions. The representation of one of these poems incited Tasso to the composition of his "Aminta," the success of which was due less to the interest of the story than to the sweetness of the poetry, and the soft voluptuousness which breathes in every line. It is written in flowing verse of various measures, without rhyme, and enriched with lyric choruses of uncommon beauty. The imitations of the Aminta were numerous, but, with one exception, which has disputed the palm with its model, they had an ephemeral existence. Guarini (1537-1612) was the author of the "Pastor Fido," which is the principal monument of his genius; its chief merit lies in the poetry in which the tale is embodied, the simplicity and clearness of the diction, the tenderness of the sentiments, and the vehement passion which gives life to the whole. This drama was first performed in 1585, at Turin, during the nuptial festivities of the Prince of Savoy. Its success was triumphant, and Guarini was justly considered as second only to Tasso among the poets of the age. Theatrical music, which was now beginning to be cultivated, found its way into the acts of the pastoral drama, and in one scene of the Pastor Fido it is united with dancing; thus was opened the way for the Italian opera. Among the didactic poets, Rucellai may be first mentioned. His poem of "The Bees" is an imitation of the fourth book of the Georgics; he does not, however, servilely follow his model, but gives an original coloring to that which he borrowed. Alamanni (1495-1556) occupies a secondary rank among epic, tragic, and comic poets, but merits a distinguished place in didactic poetry. His poem entitled "Cultivation" is pure and elegant in its style.

8. SATIRICAL POETRY, NOVELS, AND TALES.--In an age when every kind of poetry that had flourished among the Greeks and Romans appeared again with new lustre, satire was not wanting. There is much that is satirical in the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. Three of Petrarch's sonnets are satires on the court of Rome; those of Ariosto are valuable not only for their flowing style, but for the details they afford of his character, taste, and circumstances. The satires of Alamanni are chiefly political, and in general are characterized by purity of diction and by a high moral tendency. There is a kind of jocose or burlesque satire peculiar to Italy, in which the literature is

extremely rich. If it serves the cause of wisdom, it is always in the mask of folly. The poet who carried this kind of writing to the highest perfection was Berni (1499-1536). Comic poetry, hitherto known in Italy as burlesque, of which Burchiello was the representative in the fifteenth century, received from Berni the name of Bernesque, in its more refined and elegant character. His satirical poems are full of light and elegant mockery, and his style possesses nature and comic truth. In his hand, everything was transformed into ridicule; his satire is almost always personal, and his laughter is not always restrained by respect for morals or for decency. To burlesque poetry may be referred also the Macaronic style, a ludicrous mixture of Latin and Italian, introduced by Merlino Coccajo (1491-1544). His poems are as full of lively descriptions and piquant satire as they are wanting in decorum and morality. The story-tellers of the sixteenth century are numerous. Sometimes they appear as followers of Boccaccio; sometimes they attempt to open new paths for themselves. The class of productions, of which the "Decameron" was the earliest example in the fourteenth century, is called by the Italians "Novelle." In general, the interest of the tale depends rather on a number of incidents slightly touched, than on a few carefully delineated; from the difficulty of developing character in a few isolated scenes, the story-teller trusts for effect to the combination of incident and style, and the delineation of character, which is the nobler part of fiction, is neglected. Italian novelists, too, have often regarded the incidents themselves but as a vehicle for fine writing. An interesting view of these productions is, that they form a vast repository of incident, in which we recognize the origin of much that has since appeared in our own and other languages. Machiavelli was one of the first novelists of this age. His little tale, "Belfagor," is pleasantly told, and has been translated into all languages. The celebrated "Giulietta" of Luigi da Porta is the sole production of the author, but it has served to give him a high place among Italian novelists. This is Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet in another shape, though it is not probable that it was the immediate source from which the great dramatist collected the materials for his tragedy. The "Hundred Tales" of Cinzio Giraldis (1504-1573) are distinguished by great boldness of conception, and by a wild and tragic horror which commands the attention, while it is revolting to the feelings. He appears to have ransacked every age and country, and to have exhausted the catalogue of human crimes in procuring subjects for his novels. Grazzini, called Lasca (1503-1583), is perhaps the best of the Italian novelists after Boccaccio. His manner is light and graceful. His stories display much ingenuity, but are often improbable and cruel in their nature. The Fairy Tales of Strapparola (b. 1500) are the earliest specimens of the kind in the prose literature of Italy, and this work has been a perfect storehouse from which succeeding writers have derived a vast multitude of their tales. To this, also, we are indebted for the legend of "Fair Star," "Puss in Boots," "Fortunio," and others which adorn our nursery libraries. Firenzuola (1493-1547) occupies a high rank among the Italian novelists; his "Golden Ass," from Apuleius, and his "Discourses of Animals" are distinguished for their originality and purity of style. Bandello (1480-1562) is the novelist best known to foreigners after Boccaccio. Shakspeare and other English dramatists have drawn largely from his voluminous writings. His tales are founded upon history rather than fancy.

9. HISTORY.--Historical composition was cultivated with much success by the Italians of the sixteenth century; yet such was the altered state of things, that, except at Venice and Genoa, republics had been superseded by princes, and republican authority by the pomp of regal courts. Home was a nest of intrigue, luxury, and corruption; Tuscany had become the prey of a powerful family; Lombardy was but a battle-field for the rival powers of France and Germany, and the lot of the people was oppression and humiliation. High independence of mind, one of the most valuable qualities in connection with historical research, was impossible under these circumstances, and yet, some of the Italian writers of this age exhibit genius, strength of character, and a conscientious sense of the sacred commission of the historian. Machiavelli (1469-1527) was born in Florence of a family which had enjoyed the first offices in the republic. At the age of thirty, he was made chancellor of the state, and from that time he was constantly employed in public affairs, and particularly in embassies. Among those to the smaller princes of Italy, the one of the longest duration was to Caesar Borgia, whom he narrowly observed at the very important period when this illustrious villain was elevating himself by his crimes, and whose diabolical policy he had thus an opportunity of studying. He had a considerable share in directing the counsels of the republic, and the influence to which he owed his elevation was that of the free party, which censured the power of the Medici, and at that time held them in exile. When the latter were recalled, Machiavelli was deprived of all his offices and banished. He then entered into a conspiracy against the usurpers, which was discovered, and he was put to the torture, but without wresting from him any confession which could impeach either himself or those who had confided in his honor. Leo X., on his elevation to the pontificate, restored him to liberty. At this time he wrote his "History of Florence," in which he united eloquence of style with depth of reflection, and although an elegant, animated, and picturesque composition, it is not the fruit of much research or criticism. Besides this history, Machiavelli wrote his discourses on the first decade of Livy, considered his best work, and "The Art of War," which is an invaluable commentary on the history of the times. These works had the desired effect of inducing the Medici family to use the political services of the author, and at

the request of Leo X. he wrote his essay "On the Reform of the Florentine Government." Guicciardini (1483-1541), the friend of Machiavelli, is considered the greatest historian of this age. He attached himself to the service of Leo X., and was raised to high offices and honors by him and the two succeeding popes. On the expulsion of the Medici from Florence, the republican party having obtained the ascendancy, he was obliged to fly from the city. From this time he manifested an utter abhorrence of all popular institutions, and threw himself heart and soul into the interests of the Medici. He displayed his zeal at the expense of the lives and liberties of the most virtuous among his fellow-citizens. Having aided in the elevation of Cosmo, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, and being requited with ingratitude and neglect, he retired in disgust from public life, and devoted himself wholly to the completion of his history of Italy. This work, which is a monument of his genius and industry, commences with the coming of Charles VIII. to Italy, and concludes with the year 1534, embracing one of the most important periods of Italian history. His powerfully-drawn pictures exhibit the men and the times so vividly, that they seem to pass before our eyes. His delineations of character, his masterly views of the course of events, the conduct of leaders, and the changes of war, claim our highest admiration. His language is pure and his style elegant, though sometimes too Latinized; his letters are considered as a most valuable contribution to the history of his times. Numberless historians, of more or less merit, stimulated by the renown of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, composed annals of the states to which they belonged, while others undertook to write the histories of foreign nations. Nardi (1496-1556), one of the most ardent and pure patriots of his age, takes the first place. He wrote the history of the Florentine Revolution of 1527, a work which, though defective in style, is distinguished for its truthfulness. The histories of Florence by Adriani, Varchi, and Segni (1499-1559), are considered the best works of their kind, for elegance of style and for interest of the narrative. Almost all the other cities of Italy had their historians, but the palm must be awarded to the Florentine writers, not only on account of their number, but for the elegance and purity of their style, for their impartiality and the sagacity of their research into matters of fact. Among the writers of the second class may be mentioned Davanzati (1519), the translator of Tacitus, who wrote, in the Florentine dialect, a history of the schism of England; Giambullari (1495-1564), who wrote a history of Europe; D'Anghiera (fl. 1536), who, after having examined the papers of Christopher Columbus, and the official reports transmitted from America to Spain, compiled an interesting work on "Ocean Navigation and the New World." His style is incorrect; but this is compensated for by the fidelity of his narration. Several of the German States, France, the Netherlands, Poland, Hungary, and the East Indies, found Italian authors in this age to digest and arrange their chronicles, and give them historical form. To this period belong also the "Lives of the Most Celebrated Artists," written by Vasari (1512-1574), himself a distinguished artist, a work highly interesting for its subject and style, and the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini (b. 1500), one of the most curious works which was ever written in any language.

10. GRAMMAR AND RHETORIC.--The Italian language was used both in writing and conversation for three centuries before its rules and principles were reduced to a scientific form. Bembo was the first scholar who established the grammar. Grammatical writings and researches were soon multiplied and extended. Salviati was one of the most prominent grammarians of the sixteenth century, and Buonmattei and Cinonio of the seventeenth. But the progress in this study was due less to the grammarians than to the Dictionary della Crusca. Among the scholars who took part in the exercises of the Florentine Academy, founded by Cosmo de' Medici, there were some who, dissatisfied with the philosophical disputations which were the object of this institution, organized another association for the purpose of giving a new impulse to the study of the language. This academy, inaugurated in 1587, was called della Crusca, literally, of the bran. The object of this new association being to sift all impurities from the language, a sieve, the emblem of the academy, was placed in the hall; the members at their meetings sat on flour-barrels, and the chair of the presiding officer stood on three mill-stones. The first work of the academy was to compile a universal dictionary of the Italian language, which was published in 1612. Though the Dictionary della Crusca was conceived in an exclusive spirit, and admitted, as linguistic authorities, only writers of the fourteenth century, belonging to Tuscany, it contributed greatly to the progress of the Italian tongue. Every university of Italy boasted in the sixteenth century of some celebrated rhetoricians, all of whom, however, were overshadowed by Vettori (1499-1585), distinguished for the editions of the Greek and Latin classics published under his superintendence, and for his commentaries on the rhetorical books of Aristotle. B. Cavalcanti (1503-1562) was also celebrated in this department, and his "Rhetoric" is the best work of the age on that subject. The oratory of this period is very imperfect. Orations were written in the style of Boccaccio, which, however suitable for the narration of merry tales, is entirely unfit for oratorical compositions. Among those who most distinguished themselves in this department are Della Casa (1503-1556), whose harangues against the Emperor Charles V. are full of eloquence; Speroni (1500-1588), whose style is more perfect than that of any other writer of the sixteenth century; and Lollio (d. 1568), whose orations are the most polished. At that time, in the forum of Venice, eloquent orators pleaded the causes of the citizens, and at the close of the preceding century, Savonarola (1452-1498), a preacher of Florence,

thundered against the abuses of the Roman church, and suffered death in consequence. Among the models of letter-writing, Caro takes the first place. His familiar letters are written with that graceful elegance which becomes this kind of composition. The letters of Tasso are full of eloquence and philosophy, and are written in the most select Italian.

11. SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND POLITICS.--The sciences, during this period, went hand in hand with poetry and history. Libraries and other aids to learning were multiplied, and academies were organized with other objects than those of enjoyment of mere poetical triumphs or dramatic amusements. The Academy del Cimento was founded at Florence in 1657 by Leopold de' Medici, for promoting the study of the natural sciences, and similar institutions were established in Rome, Bologna, and Naples, and other cities of Italy, besides the Royal Academy of London (1660), and the Academy of Sciences in Paris (1666). From the period of the first institution of universities, that of Bologna had maintained its preëminence. Padua, Ferrara, Pavia, Turin, Florence, Siena, Pisa, and Rome were also seats of learning. The men who directed the scientific studies of their country and of Europe were almost universally attached as professors to these institutions. Indeed, at this period, through the genius of Galileo and his school, European science first dawned in Italy. Galileo (1564-1641) was a native of Pisa, and professor of mathematics in the university of that city. Being obliged to leave it on account of scientific opinions, at that time at variance with universally received principles, he removed to the university of Padua, where for eighteen years he enjoyed the high consideration of his countrymen. He returned to Pisa, and at the age of seventy was summoned to Rome by the Inquisition, and required to renounce his doctrines relative to the Copernican system, of which he was a zealous defender, and his life was spared only on condition of his abjuring his opinions. It is said that on rising from his knees, after making the abjuration of his belief that the earth moved round the sun, he stamped his foot on the floor and said, "It does move, though." To Galileo science is indebted for the discovery of the laws of weight, the scientific construction of the system of Copernicus, the pendulum, the improvement of many scientific instruments, the invention of the hydrostatic balance, the thermometer, proportional compasses, and, above all, the telescope. He discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, the mountains of the moon, the spots and the rotation of the sun. Science, which had consisted for centuries only of scholastic subtleties and barren dialectics, he established on an experimental basis. In his works he unites delicacy and purity with vivacity of style. Among the scholars of Galileo, who most efficaciously contributed to the progress of science, may be mentioned Torricelli (1608-1647), the inventor of the barometer, an elegant and profound writer; Borelli (1608-1679), the founder of animal mechanics, or the science of the movements of animals, distinguished for his works on astronomy, mathematics, anatomy, and natural philosophy; Cassini (1625-1712), a celebrated astronomer, to whom France is indebted for its meridian; Cavalieri (1598-1648), distinguished for his works on geometry, which paved the way to the discovery of the infinitesimal calculus. In the scientific department of the earlier part of this period may also be mentioned Tartaglia (d. 1657) and Cardano (1501-1576), celebrated for their researches on algebra and geometry; Vignola (1507-1573) and Palladio (1518-1580), whose works on architecture are still held in high estimation, as well as the work of Marchi (fl. 1550) on military construction. Later, Redi (1626-1697) distinguished himself as a natural philosopher, a physician and elegant writer, both in prose and verse, and Malpighi (1628-1694) and Bellini (1643-1704) were anatomists of high repute. Scamozzi (1550-1616) emulated the glory formerly won by Palladio in architecture, and Montecuccoli (1608-1681), a great general of the age, ably illustrated the art of strategy. The sixteenth century abounds in philosophers who, abandoning the doctrines of Plato, which had been in great favor in the fifteenth, adopted those of Aristotle. Some, however, dared to throw off the yoke of philosophical authority, and to walk in new paths of speculation. Patrizi (1529-1597) was one of the first who undertook to examine for himself the phenomena of nature, and to attack the authority of Aristotle. Telesio (1509-1588), a friend of Patrizi, joined him in the work of overthrowing the Peripatetic idols; but neither of them dared to renounce entirely the authority of antiquity. The glory of having claimed absolute freedom in philosophical speculation belongs to Cardano, already mentioned, to Campanella (1568-1639), who for the boldness of his opinions was put to the torture and spent thirty years in prison, and to Giordano Bruno (1550-1600), a sublime thinker and a bold champion of freedom, who was burned at the stake. Among the moral philosophers of this age may be mentioned Speroni, whose writings are distinguished by harmony, freedom, and eloquence of style; Tasso, whose dialogues unite loftiness of thought with elegance of style; Castiglione (1468-1529), whose "Cortigiano" is in equal estimation as a manual of elegance of manners and as a model of pure Italian; and Della Casa, whose "Galateo" is a complete system of politeness, couched in elegant language, and a work to which Lord Chesterfield was much indebted. Political science had its greatest representative in Machiavelli, who wrote on it with that profound knowledge of the human heart which he had acquired in public life, and with the habit of unweaving, in all its intricacies, the political perfidy which then prevailed in Italy. The "Prince" is the best known of his political works, and from the infamous principles which he has here developed, though probably with good intentions, his name is allied with everything false and perfidious in

politics. The object of the treatise is to show how a new prince may establish and consolidate his power, and how the Medici might not only confirm their authority in Florence, but extend it over the whole of the Peninsula. At the time that Machiavelli wrote, Italy had been for centuries a theatre where might was the only right. He was not a man given to illusive fancies, and throughout a long political career nothing had been permitted to escape his keen and penetrating eye. In all the affairs in which he had taken part he had seen that success was the only thing studied, and therefore to succeed in an enterprise, by whatever means, had become the fundamental idea of his political theory. His Prince reduced to a science the art, long before known and practiced by kings and tyrants, of attaining absolute power by deception and cruelty, and of maintaining it afterwards by the dissimulation of leniency and virtue. It does not appear that any exception was at first taken to the doctrines which have since called forth such severe reprehension, and from the moment of its appearance the Prince became a favorite at every court. But soon after the death of Machiavelli a violent outcry was raised against him, and although it was first heard with amazement, it soon became general. The Prince was laid under the ban of several successive popes, and the name of Machiavelli passed into a proverb of infamy. His bones lay undistinguished for nearly two centuries, when a monument was erected to his memory in the church of Santa Croce, through the influence of an English nobleman.

12. PERIOD OF DECADENCE.--The sixteenth century reaped the fruits that had been sown in the fifteenth, but it scattered no seeds for a harvest in the seventeenth, which was therefore doomed to general sterility. In the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. the chains of civil and religious despotism were forged which subdued the intellect and arrested the genius of the people. The Spanish viceroys ruled with an iron hand over Milan, Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia. Poverty and superstition wasted and darkened the minds of the people, and indolence and love of pleasure introduced almost universal degeneracy. But the Spanish yoke, which weighed so heavily at both extremities of the Peninsula, did not extend to the republic of Venice, or to the duchy of Tuscany; and the heroic character of the princes of Savoy alone would have served to throw a lustre over this otherwise darkened period. In literature, too, there were a few who resisted the torrent of bad taste, amidst many who opened the way for a crowd of followers in the false route, and gave to the age that character of extravagance for which it is so peculiarly distinguished. The literary works of the seventeenth century may be divided into three classes, the first of which, under the guidance of Marini, attained the lowest degree of corruption, and remain in the annals of literature as monuments of bombastic style and bad taste. The second embraces those writers who were aware of the faults of the school to which they belonged, and who, aiming to bring about a reform in literature, while they endeavored to follow a better style, partook more or less of the character of the age. To this class may be referred Chiabrera already named, and more particularly Filicaja and other poets of the same school. The third class is composed of a few writers who preserved themselves faithful to the principles of true taste, and among them are Menzini, Salvator Rosa, Redi, and more particularly Tassoni.

13. EPIC AND LYRIC POETRY.--Marini (1569-1625), the celebrated innovator on classic Italian taste, is considered as the first who seduced the poets of the seventeenth century into a labored and affected style. He was born at Naples and educated for the legal profession, for which he had little taste, and on publishing a volume of poems, his indignant father turned him out of doors. But his popular qualities never left him without friends. He was invited to the Court of France, obtained the favor of Mary de' Medici, and the situation of gentleman to the king. He became exceedingly popular among the French nobility, many of whom learned Italian for the sole purpose of reading his works. It was here that he published the most celebrated of his poems, entitled "Adonis." He afterwards purchased a beautiful villa near Naples, to which he retired, and where he soon after died. The Adonis of Marini is a mixture of the epic and the romantic style, the subject being taken from the well-known story of Venus and Adonis. He renounced all keeping and probability, both in his incidents and descriptions; if he could present a series of enchanted pictures, he was little solicitous as to the manner of their arrangement. But the work has much beauty and imagination, and is often animated by the true spirit of poetry. Its principal faults are that it is sadly wire-drawn, and abounds in puns, endless antitheses, and inventions for surprising or bewildering the reader; graces which were greatly admired by the contemporaries of the poet. Marini was a voluminous writer, and was not only extolled in his own country above its classic authors, and in France, but the Spaniards held him in the highest esteem, and imitated and even surpassed him in his own eccentric career. He had also innumerable imitators in Italy, many of whom attained a high reputation during their lives, and afterwards sank into complete oblivion. Filicaja (1642-1709) stands at the head of the lyric poets of the seventeenth century. His inspiration seems first to have been awakened when Vienna was besieged by the Turks in 1683, and gallantly defended by the Christian powers. His verses on this occasion awoke the most enthusiastic admiration, and called forth the eulogies of princes and poets. The admiration which he excited in his day is scarcely to be wondered at; for, though this judgment has not been ratified by posterity, Filicaja has at least the merit of having raised the poetry of Italy from the abject service of mere amorous

imbecility to the noble office of embodying the more manly and virtuous sentiments; and though his style is infected with the bombastic spirit of the age, it is even in this respect singularly moderate, compared with that of his contemporaries.

14. MOCK-HEROIC POETRY, THE DRAMA, AND SATIRE.--The full maturity of the style of mock-heroic poetry is due to Tassoni (1565-1635). He first attracted public notice by disputing the authority of Aristotle, and the poetical merits of Petrarch. In 1622 he published his "Rape of the Bucket," a burlesque poem on the petty wars which were so common between the towns of Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The heroes of Modena had, in 1325, discomfited the Bolognese, and pursued them to the very heart of their city, whence they carried off, as a trophy of their victory, the bucket belonging to the public well. The expedition undertaken by the Bolognese for its recovery forms the basis of the twelve mock-heroic cantos of Tassoni. To understand this poem requires a knowledge of the vulgarisms and idioms which are frequently introduced in it. About the same period, Bracciolini (1566-1645) produced another comic- heroic poem, entitled the "Ridicule of the Gods," in which the ancient deities are introduced as mingling with the peasants, and declaiming in the low, vulgar dialect, and making themselves most agreeably ridiculous. Somewhat later appeared one more example of the same species of epic, "The Malmantile," by Lippi (1606-1664). This poem is considered a pure model of the dialect of the Florentines, which is so graceful and harmonious even in its homeliness. The seventeenth century was remarkable for the prodigious number of its dramatic authors, but few of them equaled and none excelled those of the preceding age. The opera, or melodrama, which had arisen out of the pastoral, seemed to monopolize whatever talent was at the disposal of the stage, and branches formerly cultivated sank below mediocrity. Amid the crowd of theatrical corrupters, the name of Andreini (1564-1652) deserves peculiar mention, not from any claim to exemption from the general censure, but because his comedy of "Adam" is believed to have been the foundation of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Andreini was but one of the common throng of dramatic writers, and it has been fiercely contended by some, that it is impossible that the idea of so sublime a poem should have been taken from so ordinary a composition as his Adam. His piece was represented at Milan as early as 1613, and so has at least a claim of priority, Menzini (1646-1708) and Salvator Rosa (1615-1675) were the representatives of the satire of this century; the former distinguished for the purity of his language and the harmony of his verse; the latter for his vivacity and sprightliness.

15. HISTORY AND EPISTOLARY WRITINGS.--The number of historical works in this century is much greater than in that of the preceding, but they are generally far from possessing the same merit or commanding the same interest. The historians seem to have lost all feeling of national dignity; they do not venture to unveil the causes of public events, or to indicate their results. Even those that dared treat of Italy or its provinces, confined themselves to the reigning dynasties, and overlooking the causes which most deeply affected the happiness of the people, described only the festivities, battles, and triumphs of their princes. A large number of historians chose foreign subjects; the history of France was remarkable for the number of Italians who endeavored to relate it in this age. The work of Davila (1576-1630) on "The Civil Wars of France," however, throws all the rest into the shade. What gives to it peculiar value is the carefulness with which the materials were collected, in connection with the opportunities its author enjoyed for gaining information. This history is considered as superior to that of Guicciardini in its matter, as the latter excels it in style. It is wanting in that elegance which characterized the Florentine historians of the sixteenth century. Bentivoglio (1579-1644) was an eminent rival of Davila; he wrote the history of the civil wars of Flanders; a work remarkable for the elegance and correctness of its style. Above all stand the works of Sarpi, who lived between 1552 and 1623, and who defended with great courage the authority of the Senate of Venice against the power of the Popes, notwithstanding their excommunication and continued persecution. His history of the Council of Trent contains a curious account of the intrigues of the Court of Rome at the period of the Reformation. It was chiefly in the more showy departments of literature that the extravagance of the Marinists was most conspicuous, and the decay of native genius was most apparent. But this genius had turned into other paths, which it pursued with a steady, though less brilliant course. Of all branches of prose composition, the epistolary was the most carefully cultivated. The talent for letter-writing was often the means of considerable emolument, as all the petty princes of Italy and the cardinals of Rome were ambitious of having secretaries who would give them *éclat* in their correspondence, and these situations, which were steps to higher preferment, were eagerly sought; hence the prodigious number of collections of letters which have at all times inundated Italy--specimens by which those who believed themselves elegant writers endeavored to make known their talent. The letters of Bentivoglio have obtained European celebrity. They are distinguished for elegance of style as well as for the interest of those historical recollections which they transmit; they are considered superior to his history. But of all the letters of this or of the preceding age, none are more rich, more varied, or more pleasing than those of Redi, who threw into this form his

discoveries in natural history. The driest subjects, even those of language and grammar, are here treated in an interesting and agreeable manner.

PERIOD THIRD.

THE SECOND REVIVAL OF ITALIAN LITERATURE, AND ITS PRESENT CONDITION (1675-1885).

1. HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE THIRD PERIOD.--At the close of the seventeenth century, a new dawn arose in the history of Italian letters, and the general corruption which had extended to every branch of literature and paralyzed the Italian mind began to be arrested by the appearance of writers of better taste; the affectations of the Marinists and of the so-called Arcadian poets were banished from literature; science was elevated and its dominion extended, the melodrama, comedy, and tragedy recreated, and a new spirit infused into every branch of composition. Amidst the clash of arms and the vicissitudes of long and bloody wars, Italy began to awake from her lethargy to the aspiration for greater and better things, and her intellectual condition soon underwent important changes and improvements. In the eighteenth century, in Naples, Vico transformed history into a new science. Filangeri contended with Montesquieu for the palm of legislative philosophy; and new light was thrown on criminal science by Mario Pagano. In Rome, letters and science flourished under the patronage of Benedict XIV., Clement XIV., and Pius VI., under whose auspices Quirico Visconti undertook his "Pio Clementine Museum" and his "Greek and Roman Iconography," the two greatest archaeological works of all ages. Padua was immortalized by the works of Cesarotti, Belzoni, and Stratico; Venice by Goldoni; Verona by Maffei, the critic and the antiquarian, as well as the first reformer of Italian tragedy. Tuscany took the lead of the intellectual movement of the country under Leopold and his successor Ferdinand, when Florence, Pisa, and Siena again became seats of learning and of poetry and the arts. Maria Theresa and Joseph II. fostered the intellectual progress of Lombardy; Spallanzani published his researches on natural philosophy; Volta discovered the pile which bears his name; a new era in poetry was created by Parini; another in criminal jurisprudence by Beccaria; history was reconstructed by Muratori; mathematics promoted by Lagrange, and astronomy by Oriani; and Alfieri restored Italian letters to their primitive splendor. But at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, Italy became the theatre of political and military revolutions, whose influence could not fail to arrest the development of the literature of the country. The galleries, museums, and libraries of Rome, Florence, and other cities suffered from the military occupation, and many of their treasures, manuscripts, and masterpieces of art were carried to Paris by command of Napoleon. The entire peninsula was subject to French influence, which, though beneficial to its material progress, could not fail to be detrimental to national literature. All new works were composed in French, and indifferent or bad translations from the French were widely circulated; the French language was substituted for the Italian, and the national literature seemed about to disappear. But Italian genius was not wholly extinguished; a few writers powerfully opposed this new tendency, and preserved in its purity the language of Dante and Petrarch. Gradually the national spirit revived, and literature was again moulded in accordance with the national character. Notwithstanding the political calamities of which, for some time after the treaty of Vienna in 1815, Italy was continually the victim, the literature of the country awakened and fostered a sentiment of nationality, and Italian independence is at this present moment already achieved.

2. THE MELODRAMA.--The first result of the revival of letters at the close of the seventeenth century was the reform of the theatre. The melodrama, or Italian opera, arose out of the pastoral drama, which it superseded. The astonishing progress of musical science succeeded that of poetry and sculpture, which fell into decline with the decay of literature. Music, rising into excellence and importance at a time when poetry was on the decline, acquired such superiority that verse, instead of being its mistress, became its handmaid. The first occasion of this inversion was in the year 1594, when Rinuccini, a Florentine poet, associated himself with three musicians to compose a mythological drama. This and several other pieces by the same author met with a brilliant reception. Poetry, written only in order to be sung, thus assumed a different character; Rinuccini abandoned the form of the canzone which had hitherto been used in the lyrical part of the drama, and adopted the Pindaric ode. Many poets followed in the same path; more action was given to the dramatic parts, and greater variety to the music, in which the airs were agreeably blended with the recitative duets; other harmonized pieces were also added, and after the lapse of a century Apostolo Zeno (1669-1750) still further improved the melodrama. But it was the spirit of Metastasio that breathed a soul of fire into this ingenious and happy form created by others. Metastasio (1698-1782) gave early indications of genius, and when only ten years of age used to collect an audience in his father's shop, by his talent

for improvisation. He thus attracted the notice of Gravina, a celebrated patron of letters, who adopted him as his son, changed his somewhat ignoble name of Trepassi to Metastasio, and had him educated in every branch necessary for a literary career. He still continued to improvise verses on any given subject for the amusement of company. His youth, his harmonious voice, and prepossessing appearance, added greatly to the charm of his talent. It was one generally cultivated in Italy at this time, and men of mature years often presented themselves as rivals of the hoy. This occupation becoming injurious to the youth, Gravina forbade him to compose extempore verses any more, and this rule, imposed on him at sixteen, he never afterwards infringed. When Metastasio was in his twentieth year Gravina died, leaving to him his fortune, most of which he squandered in two years. He afterwards went to Naples, where, under a severe master, he devoted himself to the closest study and for two years resisted every solicitation to compose verses. At length, under promise of secrecy, he wrote a drama. All Naples resounded with its praise, and the author was soon discovered. Metastasio from this time followed the career for which nature seemed to have formed him, and devoted himself to the opera, which he considered to be the natural drama of Italy. An invitation to become the court poet of Vienna made his future life both stable and prosperous. On the death of Charles VI., in 1740, several other European sovereigns made advantageous overtures to the poet, but as Maria Theresa was disposed to retain him, he would not leave her in her adverse circumstances. The remainder of his life he passed in Germany, and his latter years were as monotonous as they were prosperous. Metastasio seized with a daring hand the true spirit of the melodrama, and scorning to confine himself to unity of place, opened a wide field for the display of theatrical variety, on which the charm of the opera so much depends. The language in which he clothed the favorite passion of his drama exhibits all that is delicate and yet ardent, and he develops the most elevated sentiments of loyalty, patriotism, and filial love. The flow of his verse in the recitative is the most pure and harmonious known in any language, and the strophes at the close of each scene are scarcely surpassed by the first masters in lyric poetry. Metastasio is one of the most pleasing, at the same time one of the least difficult of the Italian poets, and the tyro in the study of Italian classics may begin with his works, and at once enjoy the pleasures of poetic harmony at their highest source.

3. COMEDY.--The revolution, so frequently attempted in Italian comedy by men whose genius was unequal to the task, was reserved for Goldoni (1707- 1772) to accomplish. His life, written by himself, presents a picture of Italian manners in their gayest colors. He was a native of Venice, and from his early youth was constantly surrounded by theatrical people. At eight years of age he composed a comedy, and at fourteen he ran away from school with a company of strolling players. He afterwards prepared for the medical, then for the legal profession, and finally, at the age of twenty- seven, he was installed poet to a company of players. He now attempted to introduce the reforms that he had long meditated; he attained a purer style, and became a censor of the manners and a satirist of the follies of his country. His dialogue is extremely animated, earnest, and full of meaning; with a thorough knowledge of national manners, he possessed the rare faculty of representing them in the most life-like manner on the stage. The language used by the inferior characters of his comedies is the Venetian dialect. In his latter days Goldoni was rivaled by Carlo Gozzi (1722-1806), who parodied his pieces, and, it is thought, was the cause of his retirement, in the decline of life, to Paris. Gozzi introduced a new style of comedy, by reviving the familiar fictions of childhood; he selected and dramatized the most brilliant fairy tales, such as "Blue Beard," "The King of the Genii," etc., and gave them to the public with magnificent decorations and surprising machinery. If his comedies display little resemblance to nature, they at least preserve the kind of probability which is looked for in a fairy tale. Many years elapsed after Goldoni and Gozzi disappeared from the arena before there was any successor to rival their compositions. Among those who contributed to the perfection of Italian comedy may be mentioned Albergati (fl. 1774), Gherardo de' Rossi (1754-1827), and above all, Nota (d. 1847), who is preeminent among the new race of comic authors; although somewhat cold and didactic, he at least fulfils the important office of holding the mirror up to nature. He exhibits a faithful picture of Italian society, and applies the scourge of satire to its most prevalent faults and follies.

4. TRAGEDY.--The reform of Italian tragedy was early attempted by Martelli (d. 1727) and by Scipione Maffei (1675-1755). But Martelli was only a tame imitator of French models, while Maffei, possessing real talent and feeling, deserved the extended reputation he acquired. His "Merope" is considered as the last and the best specimen of the elder school of Italian tragedy. The honor of raising tragedy to its highest standard was reserved for Alfieri (1749-1803), whose remarkable personal character exercised a powerful influence over his works. He was possessed of an impetuosity which continually urged him towards some indefinite object, a craving for something more free in politics, more elevated in character, more ardent in love, and more perfect in friendship; of desires for a better state of things, which drove him from one extremity of Europe to another, but without discovering it in the realities of this everyday world. Finally, he turned to the contemplation of a new universe in his own poetical creations, and calmed

his agitations by the production of those master-pieces which have secured his immortality. His aim in life, in the pursuit of which he never deviated, was that of founding a new and classic school of tragedy. He proposed to himself the severe simplicity of the Greeks with respect to the plot, while he rejected the pomp of poetry which compensates for interest among the classic writers of antiquity. Energy and conciseness are the distinguishing features of his style; and this, in his earlier dramas, is carried to the extreme. He brings the whole action into one focus; the passion he would exhibit is introduced into the first verse and kept in view to the last. No event, no character, no conversation unconnected with the advancement of the plot is permitted to appear; all confidants and secondary personages are, therefore, excluded, and there seldom appear more than four interlocutors. These tragedies breathe the spirit of patriotism and freedom, and for this, even independently of their intrinsic merit, Alfieri is considered as the reviver of the national character in modern times, as Dante was in the fourteenth century. "Saul" is regarded as his masterpiece; it represents a noble character suffering under those weaknesses which sometimes accompany great virtues, and are governed by the fatality, not of destiny, but of human nature. Among the earliest and most distinguished of those who followed in the path of Alfieri was Monti (1754-1828). Though endowed with a sublime imagination and exquisite taste, his character was weak and vain, and he, in turn, celebrated every party as it became the successful one. Educated in the school of Dante, he introduced into Italian poetry those bold and severe beauties which adorned its infancy. His "Aristodemus" is one of the most affecting tragedies in Italian literature. The story is founded on the narrative of Pausanias. It is simple in its construction, and its interest is confined almost entirely to the principal personage. In the loftiness of the characters of his tragedies, and the energy of sentiment and simplicity of action which characterize them, we recognize the school of Alfieri, while in harmony and elegance of style and poetical language, Monti is superior. Another follower of the school of Alfieri is Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827), one of the greatest writers of this age, in whom inspiration was derived from a lofty patriotism. At the time of the French revolution he joined the Italian army, with the object of restoring independence to his country. Disappointed in this hope, he left Italy for England, where he distinguished himself by his writings. The best of his tragedies, "Ricciarda," is founded on events supposed to have occurred in the Middle Ages. While some of its scenes and situations are forced and unnatural, some of the acts are wrought with consummate skill and effect, and the conception of the characters is tragic and original. Foscolo adopts in his tragedies a concise and pregnant style, and displays great mastery over his native language. Marengo (d. 1846) is distinguished for the noble and moral ideas, lofty images, and affections of his tragedies; but he lacks unity of design and vigor of style. Silvio Pellico (1789-1854) was born in Piedmont. As a writer he is best known as the author of "My Prisons," a narrative full of simplicity and resignation, in which he relates his sufferings during ten years in the fortress of Spielberg. His tragedies are good specimens of modern art; they abound in fine thoughts and tender affections, but they lack that liveliness of dialogue and rapidity of action which give reality to the situations, and that knowledge of the human heart and unity and grandeur of conception which are the characteristics of true genius. Manzoni (1785-1873) and Nicolini (1782-1861) are the last of the modern representatives of the tragic drama of Italy. The tragedies of Manzoni, and especially his "Conte di Carmagnola," and "Adelchi," abound in exquisite beauties. His style is simple and noble, his verse easy and harmonious, and his object elevated. The merits of these tragedies, however, belong rather to parts, and while the reading of them is always interesting, on the stage they fail to awaken the interest of the audience. After Manzoni, Nicolini was the most popular literary man of Italy of his time. Lofty ideas, generous passions, splendor and harmony of poetry, purity of language, variety of characters, and warmth of patriotism, constitute the merit of his tragedies; while his faults consist in a style somewhat too exuberant and lyrical, in ideas sometimes too vague, and characters often too ideal.

5. LYRIC, EPIC, AND DIDACTIC POETRY.--In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a class of poets who called themselves "The Arcadians" attempted to overthrow the artificial and bombastic school of Marini; but their frivolous and insipid productions had little effect on the literature. The first poets who gave a new impulse to letters were Parini and Monti. Parini (1729-1799) was a man of great genius, integrity, and taste; he contributed more than any other writer of his age to the progress of literature and the arts. His lyrical poems abound in noble thoughts, and breathe a pure patriotism and high morality. His style is forcible, chaste, and harmonious. The poems of Monti have much of the fire and elevation of Pindar. Whatever object employs his thoughts, his eyes immediately behold; and, as it stands before him, a flexible and harmonious language is ever at his command to paint it in the brightest colors. His "Basvilliana" is the most celebrated of his lyric poems, and, beyond every other, is remarkable for majesty, nobleness of expression, and richness of coloring. The poetical writings of Pindemonte (1753-1828) are stamped with the melancholy of his character. Their subjects are taken from contemporary events, and his inspiration is drawn from nature and rural life. His "Sepulchres" breathes the sweetest and most pathetic tenderness, and the brightest hopes of immortality. The poems of Foscolo have the grace and elegance of the Greek poets; but in his "Sepulchres" the gloom of his melancholy imagination throws a funereal light over the nothingness of all things, and

the silence of death is unbroken by any voice of hope in a future life. Torti (1774-1852), a pupil of Parini, rivaled his master in the simplicity of style and purity of his images; while Leopardi (1798- 1837) impressed upon his lyric poems the peculiarities of his own character. A sublime poet and a profound scholar, his muse was inspired by a deep sorrow, and his poems pour out a melancholy that is terrible and grand, the most agonizing cry in modern literature uttered with a solemn quietness that elevates and terrifies. The poetry of despair has never had a more powerful voice than his. He is not only the first poet since Dante, but perhaps the most perfect prose writer. Berchet (1790-1851) is considered as the Italian Béranger, and his songs glow with patriotic fire. Those of Silvio Pellico, always sweet and truthful, bear the stamp of a calm resignation, hope, and piety. The list of modern lyric poets closes with Manzoni, whose hymns are models of this style of poetry. In the epic department the third period does not afford any poems of a high order. But the translation of the Iliad by Monti, that of the Odyssey by Pindemonte, for their purity of language and beauty of style, may be considered as epic additions to Italian literature. "The Longobards of the First Crusade," written by Grossi (1791-1853), excels in beauty and splendor of poetry all the epic poems of this age, though it lacks unity of design and comprehensiveness of thought. Among the didactic poems may be mentioned the "Invitation of Lesbia," by Mascheroni (1750-1800), a distinguished poet as well as a celebrated mathematician. This poem, which describes the beautiful productions of nature in the Museum of Pavia, is considered a masterpiece of didactic poetry. The "Riseide," or cultivation of rice, by Spolverini (1695-1762), and the "Silkworm," by Betti (1732-1788), are characterized by poetical beauties. The poem on the "Immortality of the Soul," by Filorentino (1742- 1815), though defective in style, is distinguished by its elevation of ideas and sentiments. "The Cultivation of Mountains," by Lorenzi (1732- 1822), is rich in beautiful images and thoughts. "The Cultivation of Olive Trees," by Arici (1782-1836), his "Corals," and other poems, especially in their descriptions, are graceful and attractive. "The Seasons" of Barbieri (1774-1852), though bearing marks of imitation from Pope, is written in a pure and elegant style.

6. HEROIC-COMIC POETRY, SATIRE, AND FABLE.--The period of heroic-comic poetry closes in the eighteenth century. The "Ricciardetto" of Fortiguerra (1674-1735) is the last of the poems of chivalry, and with it terminated the long series of romances founded on the adventures of Charlemagne and his paladins. The "Cicero" of Passeroni (1713-1803) is a rambling composition in a style similar to Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," which, it appears, was suggested by this work. Satiric poetry, which had flourished in the preceding period, was enriched by new productions in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. G. Gozzi (1713-1789) attacked in his satires the vices and prejudices of his fellow-citizens, in a forcible and elegant style; and Parini, the great satirist of the eighteenth century, founded a school of satire, which proved most beneficial to the country. His poem, "The Day," is distinguished by fine irony and by the severity with which he attacks the effeminate habits of his age. He lashes the affectations and vices of the Milanese aristocracy with a sarcasm worthy of Juvenal. The satires of D'Elei, Guadagnali, and others are characterized by wit and beauty of versification. Those of Leopardi are bitter and contemptuous, while Giusti (1809-1850), the political satirist of his age, scourged the petty tyrants of his country with biting severity and pungent wit; the circulation of his satires throughout Italy, in defiance of its despotic governments, greatly contributed to the revolution of 1848. In the department of fable may be mentioned Roberti (1719-1786), Passeroni, Pignotti (1739-1812), and Clasio (1754-1825), distinguished for invention, purity, and simplicity of style.

7. ROMANCES.--Though the tales of Boccaccio and the story tellers of the sixteenth century paved the way to the romances of the present time, it was only at a late period that the Italians gave their attention to this kind of composition. In the eighteenth century we find only two specimens of romance, "The Congress of Citera," by Algarotti, of which Voltaire said that it was written with a feather drawn from the wings of love; and the "Roman Nights," by Alexander Verri (1741-1816). In his romance he introduces the shades of celebrated Romans, particularly of Cicero, and an ingenious comparison of ancient and modern institutions is made. The style is picturesque and poetical, though somewhat florid. This kind of composition has found more favor in the nineteenth century. First among the writers of this age is Manzoni, whose "Betrothed" is a model of romantic literature. The variety, originality, and truthfulness of the characters, the perfect knowledge of the human heart it displays, the simplicity and vivacity of its style, form the principal merits of this work. The "Marco Visconti" of Grossi is distinguished for its pathos and for the purity and elegance of its style. The "Ettore Fieramosca" of Massimo d'Azeglio is distinguished from the works already spoken of by its martial and national spirit. His "Nicolò de Lapi," though full of beauties, partakes in some degree of the faults common to the French school. After these, the "Margherita Pusterla" of Cantù, the "Luisa Strozzi" of Rosini, the "Lamberto Malatesta" of Rovani, the "Angiola Maria" of Carcano, are the best historical romances of Italian literature. Both in an artistic and moral point of view, they far excel those of Guerrazzi, which represent the French school of George Sand in Italy, and whose "Battle of

Benevento," "Isabella Orsini," "Siege of Florence," and "Beatrice Cenci," while they are written in pure language and abound in minor beauties, are exaggerated in their characters, bombastic and declamatory in style, and overloaded in description. The "Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis," by Foscolo, belongs to that kind of romance which is called sentimental. Overcome by the calamities of his country, with his soul full of fiery passion and sad disappointment, Foscolo wrote this romance, the protest of his heart against evils which he could not heal.

8. HISTORY.--Among the most prominent of the numerous historians of this period, a few only can be named. Muratori (1672-1750), for his vast erudition and profound criticism, has no rivals. He made the most accurate and extensive researches and discoveries relating to the history of Italy from the fifth to the sixteenth century, which he published in twenty-seven folio volumes; the most valuable collection of historical documents which ever appeared in Italy. He wrote, also, a work on "Italian Antiquities," illustrating the history of the Middle Ages through ancient monuments, and the "Annals of Italy," a history of the country from the beginning of the Christian era to his own age. Though its style is somewhat defective, the richness and abundance of its erudition, its clearness, and arrangement, impart to this work great value and interest. Maffei, already spoken of as the first reformer of Italian tragedy, surpassed Muratori in the purity of his style, and was only second to him in the extent and variety of his erudition. He wrote several works on the antiquities and monuments of Italy. Bianchini (1662-1729), a celebrated architect and scholar, wrote a "Universal History," which, though not complete, is characterized as a work of great genius. It is founded exclusively on the interpretations of ancient monuments in marble and metal. Vico (1670-1744), the founder of the philosophy of history, embraced with his comprehensive mind the history of all nations, and from the darkness of centuries he created the science of humanity, which he called "Scienza Nuova." Vico does not propose to illustrate any special historical epoch, but follows the general movement of mankind in the most remote and obscure times, and establishes the rules which must guide us in interpreting ancient historians. By gathering from different epochs, remote from each other, the songs, symbols, monuments, laws, etymologies, and religious and philosophical doctrines,--in a word, the infinite elements which form the life of mankind,--he establishes the unity of human history. The "Scienza Nuova" is one of the great monuments of human genius, and it has inspired many works on the philosophy of history, especially among the Germans, such as those of Hegel, Niebuhr, and others. Giannone (1676-1748) is the author of a "Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples," a work full of juridical science as well as of historical interest. Having attacked with much violence the encroachments of the Church of Rome on the rights of the state, he became the victim of a persecution which ended in his death in the fortress of Turin. Giannone, in his history, gave the first example in modern times of that intrepidity and courage which belong to the true historian. Botta (1766-1837) is among the first historians of the present age. He was a physician and a scholar, and devoted to the freedom of his country. He filled important political offices in Piedmont, under the administration of the French government. In 1809 he published, in Paris, his "History of the American Revolution," a work held in high estimation both in this country and in Italy. In the political changes which followed the fall of Napoleon, Botta suffered many pecuniary trials, and was even obliged to sell, by weight, to a druggist, the entire edition of his history, in order to pay for medicines for his sick wife. Meanwhile, he wrote a history of Italy, from 1789 to 1814, which was received with great enthusiasm through Italy, and for which the Academy della Crusca, in 1830, granted to him a pecuniary reward. This was followed by the "History of Italy," in continuation of Guicciardini, from the fall of the Florentine Republic to 1789, a gigantic work, with which he closed his historical career. The histories of Botta are distinguished by clearness of narrative, vividness and beauty of description, by the prominence he gives to the moral aspect of events and characters, and by purity, richness, and variety of style. Colletta (1775-1831) was born in Naples; under the government of Murat he rose to the rank of general, and fell with his patron. His "History of the Kingdom of Naples," from 1734 to 1825, is modeled after the annals of Tacitus. The style is simple, clear, and concise, the subject is treated without digressions or episodes; it is conceived in a partial spirit, and is a eulogium of the administration of Joachim; but no writer can rival Colletta in his descriptions of strategic movements, of sieges and battles. Balbo (1789-1853) was born in Turin; during the administration of Napoleon he filled many important political offices, and afterwards entered upon a military career. Devoted to the freedom of his country, he strove to promote the progress of Italian independence. In 1847 he published the "Hopes of Italy," the first political work that had appeared in the peninsula since the restoration of 1814; it was the spark which kindled the movements of 1848. In the events of that and of the succeeding year, he ranked among the most prominent leaders of the national party. His historical works are a "Life of Dante," considered the best on the subject; "Historical Contemplations," in which he developed the history of mankind from a philosophical point of view; and "The Compendium of the History of Italy," which embraces in a synthetic form all the history of the country from the earliest times to 1814. His style is pure, clear, and sometimes eloquent, though often concise and abrupt. Cantù, a living historian, has written a universal history, in which he attempts the philosophical style. Though vivid in his narratives, descriptions, and details, he is often incorrect in his statements, and rash in his

judgments; his work, though professing liberal views, is essentially conservative in its tendency. The same faults may be discovered in his more recent "History of the Italians." Tiraboschi (1731-1794) is the great historian of Italian literature; his work is biographical and critical, and is the most extensive literary history of Italy. His style is simple and elegant, and his criticism profound; but he gives greater prominence to the biographies of writers than to the consideration of their works. This history was continued by Corniani (1742-1813), and afterwards by Ugoni (1784-1855).

9. AESTHETICS, CRITICISM, PHILOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY.--Italian literature is comparatively deficient in aesthetics, the science of the beautiful. The treatise of Gioberti on the "Beautiful," the last work which has appeared on this subject, is distinguished for its profound doctrines and brilliant style. Philology and criticism first began to flourish at the close of the seventeenth century, and are well represented at the present time. The revival of letters was greatly promoted by the criticism of Gravina (1664-1718), one of the most celebrated jurisconsults and scholars of his age, who, through his work, "The Poetical Reason," greatly contributed to the reform of taste. Zeno, Maffei, and Muratori also distinguished themselves in the art of criticism, and by their works aided in overthrowing the school of Marini. At a later date, Gaspar Gozzi, through his "Observer," a periodical publication modeled after the "Spectator" of Addison, undertook to correct the literary taste of the country; for its invention, pungent wit, and satire, and the purity and correctness of its style, it is considered one of the best compositions of this kind. Baretti (1716-1789) propagated in England the taste for Italian literature, and at the same time published his "Literary Scourge," a criticism of the ancient and modern writers of Italy. His style, though always pure, is often caustic. He wrote several books in the English language, one of which is in defense of Shakspeare against Voltaire. Cesarotti (1730-1808), though eminent as a critic, introduced into the Italian language some innovations, which contributed to its corruption; while the nice judgment, good taste, and pure style of Parini place him at the head of this department. In the latter part of this period we find, in the criticisms of Monti, vigorous logic and a splendid and attractive style. Foscolo is distinguished for his acumen and pungent wit. The works of Perticari (1779-1822) are written with extreme polish, erudition, judgment, and dignity. In Leopardi, philosophical acumen equals the elegance of his style. Giordani (d. 1848), as a critic and an epigraphist, deserves notice for his fine judgment and pure taste, as do Tommaseo and Cattaneo, who are both epigrammatic, witty, and pungent. The golden age of philology dates from the time of Lorenzo de' Medici to the seventeenth century. It then declined until the eighteenth, but revived in the works of Maffei, Muratori, Zeno, and others. In the same century this study was greatly promoted by Foscolo, Monti, and Cesari (1760-1828), who, among other philological works, published a new edition of the Dictionary della Crusca, revised and augmented. Of the modern writers on philology, Gherardini, Tommaseo, and Ascoli are the most prominent. The revival of philosophy in Italy dates from the age of Galileo, when the authority of the Peripatetics was overthrown, and a new method introduced into scientific researches. From that time to the present, this science has been represented by opposite schools, the one characterized by sensualism and the other by rationalism. The experimental method of Galileo paved the way to the first, which holds that experience is the only source of knowledge, a doctrine which gained ground in the seventeenth century, became universally accepted in the eighteenth, through the influence of Locke and Condillac, and continued to prevail during the first part of the nineteenth. Gioja (1767-1829), and Romagnosi (1761-1835) are the greatest representatives of this system, in the last part of this period. But while the former developed sensualism in philosophy and economy, the latter applied it to political science and jurisprudence. The numerous Works of Gioja are distinguished for their practical value and clearness of style, though they lack eloquence and purity; those of Romagnosi are more abstract, and couched in obscure and often incorrect language, but they are monuments of vast erudition, acute and profound judgment, and powerful dialectics. Galluppi (1773-1846), though unable to extricate himself entirely from the sensualistic school, attempted the reform of philosophy, which resulted in a movement in Italy similar to that produced by Reid and Dugald Stewart in Scotland. While sensualism was gaining ground in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, rationalism, having its roots in the Platonic system which had prevailed in the fifteenth and sixteenth, was remodeled under the influence of Descartes, Leibnitz, and Wolf, and opposed to the invading tendencies of its antagonist. From causes to be found in the spirit of the age and the political condition of the country, this system was unable to take the place to which it was entitled, though it succeeded in purifying sensualism from its more dangerous consequences, and infusing into it some of its own elements. But the overthrow of that system was completed only by the works of Rosmini and Gioberti. Rosmini (1795-1855) gave a new impulse to metaphysical researches, and created a new era in the history of Italian philosophy. His numerous works embrace all philosophical knowledge in its unity and universality, founded on a new basis, and developed with deep, broad, and original views. His philosophy, both inductive and deductive, rests on experimental method, reaches the highest problems of ideology and ontology, and infuses new life into all departments of science. This philosophical progress was greatly aided by Gioberti (1801-1851), whose life, however, was more particularly devoted to political pursuits. His work on "The

Regeneration of Italy" contains his latest and soundest views on Italian nationality. Another distinguished philosophical and political writer is Mamiani, whose work on "The Rights of Nations" deserves the attention of all students of history and political science. As a statesman, he belongs to the National party, of which Count Cavour (1810-1861), himself an eminent writer on political economy, was the great representative, and to whose commanding influence is to be attributed the rapid progress which the Italian nation was making towards unity and independence at the time of his death.

FROM 1860 TO 1885.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.--1. French Literature and its Divisions.--2. The Language.

PERIOD FIRST.--1. The Troubadours.--2. The Trouvères French Literature in the Fifteenth Century.--4. The Mysteries and Moralities: Charles of Orleans, Villon, Ville-Hardouin, Joinville, Froissart, Philippe de Commines.

PERIOD SECOND.--1. The Renaissance and the Reformation: Marguerite de Valois, Marot, Rabelais, Calvin, Montaigne, Charron and others.--2. Light Literature: Ronsard, Jodelle, Hardy, Malherbe, Scarron, Madame de Rambouillet, and others.--3. The French Academy.--4. The Drama: Corneille.--5. Philosophy: Descartes, Pascal; Port Royal.--6. The Rise of the Golden Age of French Literature: Louis XIV.--7. Tragedy: Racine.--8. Comedy: Molière.--9. Fables, Satires, Mock-Heroic, and other Poetry: La Fontaine, Boileau.--10. Eloquence of the Pulpit and of the Bar: Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Massillon, Fléchier, Le Maître, D'Aguesseau, and others.--11. Moral Philosophy: Rochefoucault, La Bruyère, Nicole.--12. History and Memoirs: Mézeray, Fleury, Rollin, Brantôme the Duke of Sully, Cardinal de Retz.--13. Romance and Letter Writing: Fénelon, Madame de Sévigné.

PERIOD THIRD.--1. The Dawn of Skepticism: Bayle, J. B. Rousseau, Fontenelle, Lamotte.--2. Progress of Skepticism: Montesquieu, Voltaire. --3. French Literature during the Revolution: D'Holbach, D'Alembert, Diderot, J. J. Rousseau, Buffon, Beaumarchais, St. Pierre, and others.--4. French Literature under the Empire: Madame de Staël, Châteaubriand, Royer-Collard, Ronald, De Maistre.--5. French Literature from the Age of the Restoration to the Present Time. History: Thierry, Sismondi, Thiers, Mignet, Martin, Michelet, and others. Poetry and the Drama; Rise of the Romantic School: Béranger, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and others; Les Parnassiens. Fiction: Hugo, Gautier, Dumas, Mérimée, Balzac, Sand, Sandeau and others. Criticism: Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and others. Miscellaneous.

INTRODUCTION.

1. FRENCH LITERATURE AND ITS DIVISIONS.--Towards the middle of the fifth century the Franks commenced their invasions of Gaul, which ended in the conquest of the country, and the establishment of the French monarchy under Clovis. The period from Clovis to Charlemagne (487-768) is the most obscure of the Dark Ages. The principal writers, whose names have been preserved, are St. Rémy, the archbishop of Rheims (d. 535), distinguished for his eloquence, and Gregory of Tours (d. 595), whose contemporary history is valuable for the good faith in which it is written, in spite of the ignorance and credulity which it displays. The genius of Charlemagne (r. 768-814) gave a new impulse to learning. By his liberality he attracted the most distinguished scholars to his court, among others Alcuin, from England, whom he chose for his instructor; he established schools of theology and science, and appointed the most learned professors to preside over them. But in the century succeeding his death the country relapsed into barbarism. In the south of France, Provence early became an independent kingdom, and consolidating its language, laws, and manners, at the close of the eleventh century it gave birth to the literature of the Troubadours; while in the north, the language and literature of the Trouvères, which were the germs of the national literature of France, were not developed until a century later. In the schools established by Charlemagne for the education of the clergy, the scholastic philosophy originated, which prevailed throughout Europe in the Middle Ages. The most distinguished schoolmen or scholastics in France during this period are Roscellinus (fl. 1092), the originator of the controversy between the Nominalists and Realists, which occupied so prominent a place in the philosophy of the time; Abelard (1079-1142), equally celebrated for his learning, and for his unfortunate love for Héloïse; St. Bernard (1091-1153), one of the most influential ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages; and Thomas Aquinas

(1227-1274) and Bonaventure (1221-1274), Italians who taught theology and philosophy at Paris, and who powerfully influenced the intellect of the age. Beginning with the Middle Ages, the literary history of France may be divided into three periods. The first period extends from 1000 to 1500, and includes the literature of the Troubadours, the Trouvères, and of the fifteenth century. The second period extends from 1500 to 1700, and includes the revival of the study of classical literature, or the Renaissance, and the golden age of French literature under Louis XIV. The third period, extending from 1700 to 1885, comprises the age of skepticism introduced into French literature by Voltaire, the Encyclopaedists and others, the Revolutionary era, the literature of the Empire and of the Restoration, of the Second Empire, and of the present time.

2. THE LANGUAGE.--After the conquest of Gaul by Julius Caesar, Latin became the predominant language of the country; but on the overthrow of the Western Empire it was corrupted by the intermixture of elements derived from the northern invaders of the country, and from the general ignorance and barbarism of the times. At length a distinction was drawn between the language of the Gauls who called themselves Romans, and that of the Latin writers; and the Romance language arose from the former, while the Latin was perpetuated by the latter. At the commencement of the second race of monarchs, German was the language of Charlemagne and his court, Latin was the written language, and the Romance, still in a state of barbarism, was the dialect of the people. The subjects of Charlemagne were composed of two different races, the Germans, inhabiting along and beyond the Rhine, and the Wallons, who called themselves Romans. The name of Welsch or Wallons, given them by the Germans, was the same as Galli, which they had received from the Latins, and as Keltai or Celts, which they themselves acknowledged. The language which they spoke was called after them the Romance-Wallon, or rustic Romance, which was at first very much the same throughout France, except that as it extended southward the Latin prevailed, and in the north the German was more perceptible. These differences increased, and the languages rapidly grew more dissimilar. The people of the south called themselves Romans-provençaux, while the northern tribes added to the name of Romans, which they had assumed, that of Wallons, which they had received from the neighboring people. The Provençal was called the Langue d'oc, and the Wallon the Langue d'oui, from the affirmative word in each language, as the Italian was then called the Langue de sí, and the German the Langue de ya. The invasion of the Normans, in the tenth century, supplied new elements to the Romance Wallon. They adopted it as their language, and stamped upon it the impress of their own genius. It thus became Norman-French. In 1066, William the Conqueror introduced it into England, and enforced its use among his new subjects by rigorous laws; thus the popular French became there the language of the court and of the educated classes, while it was still the vulgar dialect in France. >From the beginning of the twelfth century, the two dialects were known as the Provençal and the French. The former, though much changed, is still the dialect of the common people in Provence, Languedoc, Catalonia, Valencia, Majorca, and Minorca. In the thirteenth century, the northern French dialect gained the ascendancy, chiefly in consequence of Paris becoming the centre of refinement and literature for all France. The Langue d'oui was, from its origin, deficient in that rhythm which exists in the Italian and Spanish languages. It was formed rather by an abbreviation than by a harmonious transformation of the Latin, and the metrical character of the language was gradually lost. The French became thus more accustomed to rhetorical measure than to poetical forms, and the language led them rather to eloquence than poetry. Francis I. established a professorship of the French language at Paris, and banished Latin from the public documents and courts of justice. The Academy, established by Cardinal Richelieu (1635), put an end to the arbitrary power of usage, and fixed the standard of pure French, though at the same time it restricted the power of genius over the language. Nothing was approved by the Academy unless it was received at court, and nothing was tolerated by the public that had not been sanctioned by the Academy. The language now acquired the most admirable precision, and thus recommended itself not only as the language of science and diplomacy, but of society, capable of conveying the most discriminating observations on character and manners, and the most delicate expressions of civility which involve no obligation. Hence its adoption as the court language in so many European countries. Among the dictionaries of the French language, that of the Academy holds the first rank.

PERIOD FIRST.

PROVENÇAL AND FRENCH LITERATURES IN THE MIDDLE AGES (1000-1500).

1. THE TROUBADOURS.--When, in the tenth century, the nations of the south of Europe attempted to give consistency to the rude dialects which had been produced by the mixture of the Latin with the northern tongues, the Provençal, or Langue d'oc, was the first to come to perfection. The study of this language became the favorite recreation of the higher classes during the tenth and eleventh centuries, and poetry the elegant occupation of those

whose time was not spent in the ruder pastimes of the field. Thousands of poets, who were called troubadours (from *_trobar_*, to find or invent), flourished in this new language almost contemporaneously, and spread their reputation from the extremity of Spain to that of Italy. All at once, however, this ephemeral reputation vanished. The voice of the troubadours was silent, the Provençal was abandoned and sank into a mere dialect, and after a brilliant existence of three centuries (950-1250), its productions were ranked among those of the dead languages. The high reputation of the Provençal poets, and the rapid decline of their language, are two phenomena equally striking in the history of human culture. This literature, which gave models to other nations, yet among its crowds of agreeable poems did not produce a single masterpiece destined to immortality, was entirely the offspring of the age, and not of individuals. It reveals to us the sentiments and imagination of modern nations in their infancy; it exhibits what was common to all and pervaded all, and not what genius superior to the age enabled a single individual to accomplish. Southern France, having been the inheritance of several of the successors of Charlemagne, was elevated to the rank of an independent kingdom in 879, by Bozon, and under his sovereignty, and that of his successors for 213 years, it enjoyed a paternal government. The accession of the Count of Barcelona to the crown, in 1092, introduced into Provence the spirit both of liberty and chivalry, and a taste for elegance and the arts, with all the sciences of the Arabians. The union of these noble sentiments added brilliancy to that poetical spirit which shone out at once over Provence and all the south of Europe, like an electric flash in the midst of profound darkness, illuminating all things with the splendor of its flame. At the same time with Provençal poetry, chivalry had its rise; it was, in a manner, the soul of the new literature, and gave to it a character different from anything in antiquity. Love, in this age, while it was not more tender and passionate than among the Greeks and Romans, was more respectful, and women were regarded with something of that religious veneration which the Germans evinced towards their prophetesses. To this was added that passionate ardor of feeling peculiar to the people of the South, the expression of which was borrowed from the Arabians. But although among individuals love preserved this pure and religious character, the license engendered by the feudal system, and the disorders of the time, produced a universal corruption of manners which found expression in the literature of the age. Neither the *_sirventes_* nor the *_chanzos_* of the troubadours, nor the *_fabliaux_* of the trouvères, nor the romances of chivalry, can be read without a blush. On every page the grossness of the language is only equaled by the shameful depravity of the characters and the immorality of the incidents. In the south of France, more particularly, an extreme laxity of manners prevailed among the nobility. Gallantry seems to have been the sole object of existence. Ladies were proud of the celebrity conferred upon their charms by the songs of the troubadours, and they themselves often professed the "Gay Science," as poetry was called. They instituted the Courts of Love where questions of gallantry were gravely discussed and decided by their suffrages; and they gave, in short, to the whole south of France the character of a carnival. No sooner had the Gay Science been established in Provence, than it became the fashion in surrounding countries. The sovereigns of Europe adopted the Provençal language, and enlisted themselves among the poets, and there was soon neither baron nor knight who did not feel himself bound to add to his fame as a warrior the reputation of a gentle troubadour. Monarchs were now the professors of the art, and the only patrons were the ladies. Women, no longer beautiful ciphers, acquired complete liberty of action, and the homage paid to them amounted almost to worship. At the festivals of the haughty barons, the lady of the castle, attended by youthful beauties, distributed crowns to the conquerors in the jousts and tournaments. She then, in turn, surrounded by her ladies, opened her Court of Love, and the candidates for poetical honors entered with their harps and contended for the prize in extempore verses called *_tensons_*. The Court of Love then entered upon a grave discussion of the merits of the question, and a judgment or *_arrêt d'amour_* was given, frequently in verse, by which the dispute was supposed to be decided. These courts often formally justified the abandonment of moral duty, and assuming the forms and exercising the power of ordinary tribunals, they defined and prescribed the duties of the sexes, and taught the arts of love and song according to the most depraved moral principles, mingled, however, with an affected display of refined sentimentality. Whatever may have been their utility in the advancement of the language and the cultivation of literary taste, these institutions extended a legal sanction to vice, and inculcated maxims of shameful profligacy. The songs of the Provençals were divided into *_chanzos_* and *_sirventes_*; the object of the former was love, and of the latter war, politics, or satire. The name of *_tenson_* was given to those poetical contests in verse which took place in the Courts of Love, or before illustrious princes. The songs were sung from château to château, either by the troubadours themselves, or by the *_jongleur_* or instrument player by whom they were attended; they often abounded in extravagant hyperboles, trivial conceits, and grossness of expression. Ladies, whose attractions were estimated by the number and desperation of their lovers, and the songs of their troubadours, were not offended if licentiousness mingled with gallantry in the songs composed in their praise. Authors addressed prayers to the saints for aid in their amorous intrigues, and men, seemingly rational, resigned themselves to the wildest transports of passion for individuals whom, in some cases, they had never seen. Thus, religious enthusiasm, martial bravery, and licentious love, so grotesquely mingled, formed the very life of the Middle Ages, and impossible as it is to transfuse into a translation

the harmony of Provençal verse, or to find in it, when stripped of this harmony, any poetical idea, these remains are valuable since they present us with a picture of the life and manners of the times. The intercourse of the Provençals with the Moors of Spain, which, as we have seen, was greatly increased by the union of Catalonia and Provence (1092), introduced into the North an acquaintance with the arts and learning of the Arabians. It was then that rhyme, the essential characteristic of Arabian poetry, was adopted by the troubadours into the Provençal language, and thence communicated to the nations of modern Europe. The poetry of the troubadours borrowed nothing from history, mythology, or from foreign manners, and no reference to the sciences or the learning of the schools mingled with their simple effusions of sentiment. This fact enables us to comprehend how it was possible for princes and knights, who were often unable to read, to be yet ranked among the most ingenious troubadours. Several public events, however, materially contributed to enlarge the sphere of intellect of the knights of the *Langue d'oc*. The first was the conquest of Toledo and Castile by Alphonso VI., in which he was seconded by the Cid Rodriguez, the hero of Spain, and by a number of French Provençal knights; the second was the preaching of the Crusades. Of all the events recorded in the history of the world, there is, perhaps, not one of a nature so highly poetical as these holy wars; not one which presents a more powerful picture of the grand effects of enthusiasm, of noble sacrifices of self-interest to faith, sentiment, and passion, which are essentially poetical. Many of the troubadours assumed the cross; others were detained in Europe by the bonds of love, and the conflict between passion and religious enthusiasm lent its influence to the poems they composed. The third event was the succession of the kings of England to the sovereignty of a large part of the countries where the *Langue d'oc* prevailed, which influenced the manners and opinions of the troubadours, and introduced them to the courts of the most powerful monarchs; while the encouragement given to them by the kings of the house of Plantagenet had a great influence on the formation of the English language, and furnished Chaucer, the father of English literature, with his first models for imitation. The troubadours numbered among their ranks the most illustrious sovereigns and heroes of the age. Among others, Richard Coeur de Lion, who, as a poet and knight, united in his own person all the brilliant qualities of the time. A story is told of him, that when he was detained a prisoner in Germany, the place of his imprisonment was discovered by Blondel, his minstrel, who sang beneath the fortress a *tenson* which he and Richard had composed in common, and to which Richard responded. Bertrand de Born, who was intimately connected with Richard, and who exercised a powerful influence over the destinies of the royal family of England, has left a number of original poems; Sordello of Mantua was the first to adopt the ballad form of writing, and many of his love songs are expressed in a pure and delicate style. Both of these poets are immortalized in the Divine Comedy of Dante. The history of Geoffrey Rudel illustrates the wildness of the imagination and manners of the troubadours. He was a gentleman of Provence, and hearing the knights who had returned from the Holy Land speak with enthusiasm of the Countess of Tripoli, who had extended to them the most generous hospitality, and whose grace and beauty equaled her virtues, he fell in love with her without ever having seen her, and, leaving the Court of England, he embarked for the Holy Land, to offer to her the homage of his heart. During the voyage he was attacked by a severe illness, and lost the power of speech. On his arrival in the harbor, the countess, being informed that a celebrated poet was dying of love for her, visited him on shipboard, took him kindly by the hand, and attempted to cheer his spirits. Rudel revived sufficiently to thank the lady for her humanity and to declare his passion, when his voice was silenced by the convulsions of death. He was buried at Tripoli, and, by the orders of the countess, a tomb of porphyry was erected to his memory. It is unnecessary to mention other names among the multitude of these poets, who all hold nearly the same rank. An extreme monotony reigns throughout their works, which offer little individuality of character. After the thirteenth century, the troubadours were heard no more, and the efforts of the counts of Provence, the magistrates of Toulouse, and the kings of Arragon to awaken, their genius by the Courts of Love and the Floral Games were vain. They themselves attributed their decline to the degradation into which the jongleurs, with whom at last they were confounded, had fallen. But their art contained within itself a more immediate principle of decay in the profound ignorance of its professors. They had no other models than the songs of the Arabians, which perverted their taste. They made no attempt at epic or dramatic poetry; they had no classical allusions, no mythology, nor even a romantic imagination, and, deprived of the riches of antiquity, they had few resources within themselves. The poetry of Provence was a beautiful flower springing up on a sterile soil, and no cultivation could avail in the absence of its natural nourishment. From the close of the twelfth century the language began to decline, and public events occurred which hastened its downfall, and reduced it to the condition of a provincial dialect. Among the numerous sects which sprang up in Christendom during the Middle Ages, there was one which, though bearing different names at different times, more or less resembled what is now known as Protestantism; in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was called the faith of the Albigenses, as it prevailed most widely in the district of Albi. It easily came to be identified with the Provençal language, as this was the chosen vehicle of its religious services. This sect was tolerated and protected by the Court of Toulouse. It augmented its numbers; it devoted itself to commerce and the arts, and added much to the prosperity which had long distinguished the south of France. The Albigenses had lived

long and peaceably side by side with the Catholics in the cities and villages; but Innocent III. sent legates to Provence, who preached, discussed, and threatened, and met a freedom of thought and resistance to authority which Rome was not willing to brook. Bitter controversy was now substituted for the amiable frivolity of the *tensons*, and theological disputes superseded those on points of gallantry. The long struggle between the poetry of the troubadours and the preaching of the monks came to a crisis; the severe satires which the disorderly lives of the clergy called forth became severer still, and the songs of the troubadours wounded the power and pride of Rome more deeply than ever, while they stimulated the Albigenses to a valiant resistance or a glorious death. A crusade followed, and when the dreadful strife was over, Provençal poetry had received its death-blow. The language of Provence was destined to share the fate of its poetry; it became identified in the minds of the orthodox with heresy and rebellion. When Charles of Anjou acquired the kingdom of Naples, he drew thither the Provençal nobility, and thus drained the kingdom of those who had formerly maintained its chivalrous manners. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the Court of Rome was removed to Avignon, the retinues of the three successive popes were Italians, and the Tuscan language entirely superseded the Provençal among the higher classes.

2. THE TROUVÈRES.--While the Provençal was thus relapsing into a mere dialect, the north of France was maturing a new language and literature of an entirely different character. Normandy, a province of France, was invaded in the tenth century by a new northern tribe, who, under the command of Rollo or Raoul the Dane, incorporated themselves with the ancient inhabitants. The victors adopted the language of the vanquished, stamped upon it the impress of their own genius, and gave it a fixed form. It was from Normandy that the first writers and poets in the French language sprang. While the Romance Provençal spoken in the South was sweet, and expressive of effeminate manners, the Romance-Wallon was energetic and warlike, and represented the severer manners of the Germans. Its poetry, too, was widely different from the Provençal. It was no longer the idle baron sighing for his lady-love, but the songs of a nation of hardy warriors, celebrating the prowess of their ancestors with all the exaggerations that fancy could supply. The *Langue d'oïl* became the vehicle of literature only in the twelfth century,--a hundred years subsequent to the Romance Provençal. The poets and reciters of tales, giving the name of Troubadour a French termination, called themselves Trouvères. They originated the brilliant romances of chivalry, the *fabliaux* or tales of amusement, and the dramatic invention of the Mysteries. The first literary work in this tongue is the versified romance of a fabulous history of the early kings of England, beginning with Brutus, the grandson of Aeneas, who, after passing many enchanted isles, at length establishes himself in England, where he finds King Arthur, the chivalric institution of the Round Table, and the enchanter Merlin, one of the most popular personages of the Middle Ages. Out of this legend arose some of the boldest creations of the human fancy. The word "romance," now synonymous with fictitious composition, originally meant only a work in the modern dialect, as distinguished from the scholastic Latin. There is little doubt that these tales were originally believed to be strictly true. One of the first romances of chivalry was "Tristram de Léonois," written in 1190. This was soon followed by that of the "San Graal" and "Lancelot;" and previously to 1213 Ville-Hardouin had written in the French language a "History of the Conquest of Constantinople." The poem of "Alexander," however, which appeared about the same time, has enjoyed the greatest reputation. It is a series of romances and marvelous histories, said to be the result of the labors of nine celebrated poets of the time. Alexander is introduced, surrounded not by the pomp of antiquity, but by the splendors of chivalry. The high renown of this poem has given the name of *Alexandrine verse* to the measure in which it is written. The spirit of chivalry which burst forth in the romances of the trouvères, the heroism of honor and love, the devotion of the powerful to the weak, the supernatural fictions, so novel and so dissimilar to everything in antiquity or in later times, the force and brilliancy of imagination which they display, have been variously attributed to the Arabians and the Germans, but they were undoubtedly the invention of the Normans. Of all the people of ancient Europe, they were the most adventurous and intrepid. They established a dynasty in Russia; they cut their way through a perfidious and sanguinary nation to Constantinople; they landed on the coasts of England and France, and surprised nations who were ignorant of their existence; they conquered Sicily, and established a principality in the heart of Syria. A people so active, so enterprising, and so intrepid, found no greater delight in their leisure hours than listening to tales of adventures, dangers, and battles. The romances of chivalry are divided into three distinct classes. They relate to three different epochs in the early part of the Middle Ages, and represent three bands of fabulous heroes. In the romances of the first class, the exploits of Arthur, son of Pendragon, the last British king who defended England against the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons, are celebrated. In the second we find the Amadis, but whether they belong to French literature has been reasonably disputed. The scene is placed nearly in the same countries as in the romances of the Round Table, but there is a want of locality about them, and the name and the times are absolutely fabulous. "Amadis of Gaul," the first of these romances, and the model of all the rest, is claimed as the work of Vasco Lobeira, a Portuguese (1290-1325); but no doubt exists with regard to the continuations and numerous imitations of this work, which are incontestably of Spanish origin, and

were in their highest repute when Cervantes produced his inimitable "Don Quixote." The third class of chivalric romances, relating to the court of Charlemagne and his Paladins, is entirely French, although their celebrity is chiefly due to the renowned Italian poet who availed himself of their fictions. The most ancient monument of the marvelous history of Charlemagne is the chronicle of Turpin, of uncertain date, and which, though fabulous, can scarcely be considered as a romance. This and other similar narratives furnished materials for the romances, which appeared at the conclusion of the Crusades, when a knowledge of the East had enriched the French imagination with all the treasures of the Arabian. The *trouvères* were not only the inventors of the romances of chivalry, but they originated the allegories, and the dramatic compositions of southern Europe. Although none of their works have obtained a high reputation or deserve to be ranked among the masterpieces of human intellect, they are still worthy of attention as monuments of the progress of mind. The French possessed, above every other nation of modern times, an inventive spirit, but they were, at the same time, the originators of those tedious allegorical poems which have been imitated by all the romantic nations. The most ancient and celebrated of these is the "Romance of the Rose," though not a romance in the present sense of the word. At the period of its composition, the French language was still called the Romance, and all its more voluminous productions Romances. The "Romance of the Rose" was the work of two authors, Guillaume de Lorris, who commenced it in the early part of the thirteenth century, and Jean de Meun (b. 1280), by whom it was continued. Although it reached the appalling length of twenty thousand verses, no book was ever more popular. It was admired as a masterpiece of wit, invention, and philosophy; the highest mysteries of theology were believed to be concealed in this poetical form, and learned commentaries were written upon its veiled meaning by preachers, who did not scruple to cite passages from it in the pulpit. But the tedious poem and its numberless imitations are nothing but rhymed prose, which it would be impossible to recognize as poetry, if the measure of the verse were taken away. In considering the popularity of these long, didactic works, it must not be forgotten that the people of that day were almost entirely without books. A single volume was the treasure of a whole household. In unfavorable weather it was read to a circle around the fire, and when it was finished the perusal was again commenced. No comparison with other books enabled men to form a judgment upon its merits. It was revered like holy writ, and they accounted themselves happy in being able to comprehend it. Another species of poetry peculiar to this period had at least the merit of being exceedingly amusing. This was the *fabliaux*, tales written in verse in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They are treasures of invention, simplicity, and gayety, of which other nations can furnish no instances, except by borrowing from the French. A collection of Indian tales, translated into Latin in the tenth or eleventh century, was the first storehouse of the *trouvères*. The Arabian tales, transmitted by the Moors to the Castilians, and by the latter to the French, were in turn versified. But above all, the anecdotes collected in the towns and castles of France, the adventures of lovers, the tricks of gallants, and the numerous subjects gathered from the manners of the age, afforded inexhaustible materials for ludicrous narratives to the writers of these tales. They were treasures common to all. We seldom know the name of the *trouvère* by whom these anecdotes were versified. As they were related, each one varied them according to the impression he wished to produce. At this period there were neither theatrical entertainments nor games at cards to fill up the leisure hours of society, and the *trouvères* or relators of the tales were welcomed at the courts, castles, and private houses with an eagerness proportioned to the store of anecdotes which they brought with them to enliven conversation. Whatever was the subject of their verse, legends, miracles, or licentious anecdotes, they were equally acceptable. These tales were the models of those of Boccaccio, La Fontaine, and others. Some of them have had great fame, and have passed from tongue to tongue, and from age to age, down to our own times. Several of them have been introduced upon the stage, and others formed the originals of Parnell's "Hermit," of the "Zaïre" of Voltaire, and of the "Renard," which Goethe has converted into a long poem. But perhaps the most interesting and celebrated of all the *fabliaux* is that of "Aucassin and Nicolette," which has furnished the subject for a well-known opera. It was at this period, when the ancient drama was entirely forgotten, that a dramatic form was given to the great events which accompanied the establishment of the Christian religion. The first to introduce this grotesque species of composition, were the pilgrims who had returned from the Holy Land. In the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, their dramatic representations were first exhibited in the open streets; but it was only at the conclusion of the fourteenth that a company of pilgrims undertook to amuse the public by regular dramatic entertainments. They were called the Fraternity of the Passion, from the passion of our Saviour being one of their most celebrated representations. This mystery, the most ancient dramatic work of modern Europe, comprehends the whole history of our Lord, from his baptism to his death. The piece was too long for one representation, and was therefore continued from day to day. Eighty-seven characters successively appear in this mystery, among whom are the three persons of the Trinity, angels, apostles, devils, and a host of other personages, the invention of the poet's brain. To fill the comic parts, the dialogues of the devils were introduced, and their eagerness to maltreat one another always produced much laughter in the assembly. Extravagant machinery was employed to give to the representation the pomp which we find in the modern opera; and this drama, placing before the eyes of a Christian assembly all those

incidents for which they felt the highest veneration, must have affected them much more powerfully than even the finest tragedies can do at the present day. The mystery of the Passion was followed by a crowd of imitations. The whole of the Old Testament, and the lives of all the saints, were brought upon the stage. The theatre on which these mysteries were represented was always composed of an elevated scaffold divided into three parts,--heaven, hell, and the earth between them. The proceedings of the Deity and Lucifer might be discerned in their respective abodes, and angels descended and devils ascended, as their interference in mundane affairs was required. The pomp of these representations went on increasing for two centuries, and, as great value was set upon the length of the piece, some mysteries could not be represented in less than forty days. The "Clerks of the Revels," an incorporated society at Paris, whose duty it was to regulate the public festivities, resolved to amuse the people with dramatic representations themselves, but as the Fraternity of the Passion had obtained a royal license to represent the mysteries, they were compelled to abstain from that kind of exhibition. They therefore invented a new one, to which they gave the name of "Moralities," and which differed little from the mysteries, except in name. They were borrowed from the Parables, or the historical parts of the Bible, or they were purely allegorical. To the Clerks of the Revels we also owe the invention of modern comedy. They mingled their moralities with farces, the sole object of which was to excite laughter, and in which all the gayety and vivacity of the French character were displayed. Some of these plays still retain their place upon the French stage. At the commencement of the fifteenth century another comic company was established, who introduced personal and even political satire upon the stage. Thus every species of dramatic representation was revived by the French. This was the result of the talent for imitation so peculiar to the French people, and of that pliancy of thought and correctness of intellect which enables them to conceive new characters. All these inventions, which led to the establishment of the Romantic drama in other countries, were known in France more than a century before the rise of the Spanish or Italian theatre, and even before the classical authors were first studied and imitated. At the end of the sixteenth century, these new pursuits acquired a more immediate influence over the literature of France, and wrought a change in its spirit and rules, without, however, altering the national character and taste which had been manifested in the earliest productions of the *trouvères*.

3. FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.--French had as yet been merely a popular language; it varied from province to province, and from author to author, because no masterpiece had inaugurated any one of its numerous dialects. It was disdained by the more serious writers, who continued to employ the Latin. In the fifteenth century literature assumed a somewhat wider range, and the language began to take precision and force. But with much general improvement and literary industry there was still nothing great or original, nothing to mark an epoch in the history of letters. The only poets worthy of notice were Charles, Duke of Orleans (1391-1465), and Villon, a low ruffian of Paris (1431-1500). Charles was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and carried to England, where he was detained for twenty-five years, and where he wrote a volume of poems in which he imitated the allegorical style of the Romance of the Rose. The verses of Villon were inspired by the events of his not very creditable life. Again and again he suffered imprisonment for petty larcenies, and at the age of twenty-five was condemned to be hanged. His language is not that of the court, but of the people; and his poetry marks the first sensible progress after the Romance of the Rose. It has been well said that literature begins with poetry; but it is established by prose, which fixes the language. The earliest work in French prose is the chronicle of Ville-Hardouin (1150-1213), written in the thirteenth century. It is a personal narrative and relates with graphic particularity the conquest of Constantinople by the knights of Christendom. This ancient chronicle traces out for us some of the realities, of which the mediaeval romances were the ideal, and enables us to judge in a measure how far these romances embody substantial truth. A great improvement in style is apparent in Joinville (1223-1317), the amiable and light-hearted ecclesiastic who wrote the Life of St. Louis, whom he had accompanied to the Holy Land, and whose pious adventures he affectionately records. Notwithstanding the anarchy which prevailed in France during the fourteenth century, some social progress was made; but while public events were hostile to poetry, they gave inspiration to the historic muse, and Froissart arose to impart vivacity of coloring to historic narrative. Froissart (1337-1410) was an ecclesiastic of the day, but little in his life or writings bespeaks the sacred calling. Having little taste for the duties of his profession, he was employed by the Lord of Montfort to compose a chronicle of the wars of the time; but there were no books to tell him of the past, no regular communication between nations to inform him of the present; so he followed the fashion of knights errant, and set out on horseback, not to seek adventures, but, as an itinerant historian, to find materials for his chronicle. He wandered from town to town, and from castle to castle, to see the places of which he would write, and to learn events on the spot where they occurred. His first journey was to England; here he was employed by Queen Philippa of Hainault to accompany the Duke of Clarence to Milan, where he met Boccaccio and Chaucer. He afterwards passed into the service of several of the princes of Europe, to whom he acted as secretary and poet, always gleaning material for historic record. His book is an almost universal history of the different states of Europe, from 1322 to the end of the fourteenth century. He troubles

himself with no explanations or theories of cause and effect, nor with the philosophy of state policy; he is simply a graphic story-teller. Sir Walter Scott called Froissart his master. Philippe de Commynes (1445-1509) was a man of his age, but in advance of it, combining the simplicity of the fifteenth century with the sagacity of a later period. An annalist, like Froissart, he was also a statesman, and a political philosopher; embracing, like Machiavelli and Montesquieu, the remoter consequences which flowed from the events he narrated and the principles he unfolded. He was an unscrupulous diplomat in the service of Louis XI., and his description of the last years of that monarch is a striking piece of history, whence poets and novelists have borrowed themes in later times. But neither the romance of Sir Walter Scott nor the song of Béranger does justice to the reality, as presented by the faithful Commynes.

PERIOD SECOND.

THE RENAISSANCE AND THE GOLDEN AGE OF FRENCH LITERATURE (1500-1700).

1. THE RENAISSANCE AND THE REFORMATION.--During the preceding ages, erudition and civilization had not gone hand-in-hand. On the one side there was the bold, chivalric mind of young Europe, speaking with the tongues of yesterday, while on the other was the ecclesiastical mind, expressing itself in degenerate Latin. The one was a life of gayety and rude disorder--the life of court and castle as depicted in the literature just scanned; the other, that of men separated from the world, who had been studying the literary remains of antiquity, and transcribing and treasuring them for future generations. Hitherto these two sections had held their courses apart; now they were to meet and blend in harmony. The vernacular poets, on the one hand, borrowing thought and expression from the classics, and the clergy, on the other, becoming purveyors of light literature to the court circles. The fifteenth century, though somewhat barren, had prepared for the fecundity of succeeding ages. The revival of the study of ancient literature, which was promoted by the downfall of Constantinople, the invention of printing, the discovery of the new world, the decline of feudalism, and the consequent elevation of the middle classes,--all concurred to promote a rapid improvement of the human intellect. During the early part of the sixteenth century, all the ardor of the French mind was turned to the study of the dead languages; men of genius had no higher ambition than to excel in them, and many in their declining years went in their gray hairs to the schools where the languages of Homer and Cicero were taught. In civil and political society, the same enthusiasm manifested itself in the imitation of antique manners; people dressed in the Greek and Roman fashions, borrowed from them the usages of life, and made a point of dying like the heroes of Plutarch. The religious reformation came soon after to restore the Christian, as the revival of letters had brought back the pagan antiquity. Ignorance was dissipated, and religion was disengaged from philosophy. The Renaissance, as the revival of antique learning was called, and the Reformation, at first made common cause. One of those who most eagerly imbibed the spirit of both was the Princess Marguerite de Valois (1492-1549), elder sister of Francis I., who obtained the credit of many generous actions which were truly hers. The principal work of this lady was "L'Heptaméron," or the History of the Fortunate Lovers, written on the plan and in the spirit of the Decameron of Boccaccio, a work which a lady of our times would be unwilling to own acquaintance with, much more to adopt as a model; but the apology for Marguerite must be found in the manners of the times. L'Heptaméron is the earliest French prose that can be read without a glossary. In 1518, when Margaret was twenty-six years of age, she received from her brother a gifted poet as valet-de-chambre; this was Marot (1495-1544), between whom and the learned princess a poetical intercourse was maintained. Marot had imbibed the principles of Calvin, and had also drank deeply of the spirit of the Renaissance; but he displayed the poet more truly before he was either a theologian or a classical scholar. He may be considered the last type of the old French school, of that combination of grace and archness, of elegance and simplicity, of familiarity and propriety, which is a national characteristic of French poetic literature, and in which they have never been imitated. Francis Rabelais (1483-1553) was one of the most remarkable persons that figured in the Renaissance, a learned scholar, physician, and philosopher, though known to posterity chiefly as an obscene humorist. He is called by Lord Bacon "the great jester of France." He was at first a monk of the Franciscan order, but he afterwards threw off the sacerdotal character, and studied medicine. From about the year 1534, Rabelais was in the service of the Cardinal Dubellay, and a favorite in the court circles of Paris and Rome. It was probably during this period that he published, in successive parts, the work on which his popular fame has rested, the "Lives of Gargantua and Pantagruel." It consists of the lives and adventures of these two gigantic heroes, father and son, with the waggeries and practical jokes of Panurge, their jongleur, and the blasphemies and obscenities of Friar John, a fighting, swaggering, drinking monk. With these are mingled dissertations, sophistries, and allegorical satires in abundance. The publication of the work created a perfect uproar at the Sorbonne, and among the monks who were its principal victims; but the cardinals enjoyed its humor, and protected its author, while the king, Francis I., pronounced it innocent and delectable. It became the book of the day, and passed through countless editions and endless commentaries; and yet it is agreed on all hands that there

exists not another work, admitted as literature, that would bear a moment's comparison with it, for indecency, profanity, and repulsive and disgusting coarseness. His work is now a mere curiosity for the student of antique literature. As Rabelais was the leading type of the Renaissance, so was Calvin (1509- 1564) of the Reformation. Having embraced the principles of Luther, he went considerably farther in his views. In 1532 he established himself at Geneva, where he organized a church according to his own ideas. In 1535 he published his "Institutes of the Christian Religion," distinguished for great severity of doctrine. His next most celebrated work is a commentary on the Scriptures. Intellect continued to struggle with its fetters. Many, like Rabelais, mistrusted the whole system of ecclesiastical polity established by law, and yet did not pin their faith on the dictates of the austere Calvin. The almost inevitable consequence was a wide and universal skepticism, replacing the former implicit subjection to Romanism. The most eminent type of this school was Montaigne (1533-1592), who, in his "Essays," shook the foundations of all the creeds of his day, without offering anything to replace them. He is considered the earliest philosophical writer in French prose, the first of those who contributed to direct the minds of his countrymen to the study of human nature. In doing so, he takes himself as his subject; he dissects his feelings, emotions, and tendencies with the coolness of an operating surgeon. To a singular power of self-investigation and an acute observation of the actions of men, he added great affluence of thought and excursiveness of fancy, which render him, in spite of his egotism, a most attractive writer. As he would have considered it dishonest to conceal anything about himself, he has told much that our modern ideas of decorum would deem better untold. Charron (1541-1603), the friend and disciple of Montaigne, was as bold a thinker, though inferior as a writer. In his book, "De la Sagesse," he treats religion as a mere matter of speculation, a system of dogmas without practical influence. Other writers followed in the same steps, and affected, like him, to place skepticism at the service of good morals. "License," says a French writer, "had to come before liberty, skepticism before philosophical inquiry, the school of Montaigne before that of Descartes." On the other hand, St. Francis de Sales (1567-1622), in his "Introduction to a Devout Life," and other works, taught that the only cure for the evils of human nature was to be found in the grace which was revealed by Christianity. In these struggles of thought, in this conflict of creeds, the language acquired vigor and precision. In the works of Calvin, it manifested a seriousness of tone, and a severe purity of style which commanded general respect. An easy, natural tone was imparted to it by Amyot (1513-1593), professor of Greek and Latin at the University of Paris, who enriched the literature with elegant translations, in which he blended Hellenic graces with those strictly French.

2. LIGHT LITERATURE.--Ronsard (1524-1585), the favorite poet of Mary Queen of Scots, flourished at the time that the rage for ancient literature was at its height. He traced the first outlines of modern French poetry, and introduced a higher style of poetic thought and feeling than had hitherto been known. To him France owes the first attempt at the ode and the heroic epic; in the former, he is regarded as the precursor of Malherbe, who is still looked on as a model in this style. But Ronsard, and the numerous school which he formed, not only imitated the spirit and form of the ancients, but aimed to subject his own language to combinations and inversions like those of the Greek and Latin, and foreign roots and phrases began to overpower the reviving flexibility of the French idiom. Under this influence, the drama was restored by Jodelle (1532-1573) and others, in the shape of imitations and translations. Towards the end of the century, however, there appeared a reaction against this learned tragedy, led by Alexander Hardy (1560-1631), who, with little or no original genius, produced about twelve hundred plays. He borrowed in every direction, and imitated the styles of all nations. But the general taste, however, soon returned to the Greek and Roman school. The glorious reign of Henry IV. had been succeeded by the stormy minority of Louis XIII., when Malherbe (1556-1628), the tyrant of words and syllables, appeared as the reformer of poetry. He attracted attention by ridiculing the style of Ronsard. He became the laureate of the court, and furnished for it that literature in which it was beginning to take delight. In the place of Latin and Greek French, he inaugurated the extreme of formality; the matter of his verse was made subordinate to the manner; he substituted polish for native beauty, and effect for genuine feeling. I. de Balzac (1594-1624), in his frivolous epistles, used prose as Malherbe did verse, and a numerous school of the same character was soon formed. The works of Voiture (1598-1648) abound in the pleasantries and affected simplicity which best befit such compositions. The most trifling adventure--the death of a cat or a dog--was transformed into a poem, in which there was no poetry, but only a graceful facility, which was considered perfectly charming. Then, as though native affectation were not enough, the borrowed wit of Italian Marinism, which had been eagerly adopted in Spain, made its way thence into France, with Spanish exaggeration superadded. A disciple of this school declares that the eyes of his mistress are as "large as his grief, and as black as his fate." Malherbe and his school fell afterwards into neglect, for fashionable caprice had turned its attention to burlesque, and every one believed himself capable of writing in this style, from the lords and ladies of the court down to the valets and maid-servants. It was men like Scarron (1610- 1660), familiar with literary study, and, from choice, with the lowest society, who introduced this form, the pleasantry of which was increased by contrast with

the finical taste that had been in vogue. Fashion ruled the light literature of France during the first half of the seventeenth century, and through all its diversities, its great characteristic is the absence of all true and serious feeling, and of that inspiration which is drawn from realities. In the productions of half a century, we find not one truly elevated, energetic, or pathetic work. It is during this time, that is, between the death of Henry IV (1610), and that of Richelieu (1642), that we mark the beginning of literary societies in France. The earliest in point of date was headed by Madame de Rambouillet (1610-1642), whose hotel became a seminary of female authors and factious politicians. This lady was of Italian origin, of fine taste and education. She had turned away in disgust from the rude manners of the court of Henry IV, and devoted herself to the study of the classics. After the death of the king, she gathered a distinguished circle round herself, combining the elegances of high life with the cultivation of literary taste. While yet young, Madame de Rambouillet was attacked with a malady which obliged her to keep her bed the greater part of every year. An elegant alcove was formed in the great *_salon_* of the house, where her bed was placed, and here she received her friends. The choicest wits of Paris flocked to her *levées*; the Hotel de Rambouillet became the fashionable rendezvous of literature and taste, and *_bas-bleu_* -ism was the rage. Even the infirmities of this accomplished lady were imitated. An alcove was essential to every fashionable belle, who, attired in a coquettish dishabille, and reclining on satin pillows, fringed with lace, gave audience to whispered gossip in the *_ruelle_*, as the space around the bed was called. Among the personages renowned in their day, who frequented the Hotel de Rambouillet, were Mademoiselle de Scudery (1607-1701), then in the zenith of her fame, Madame de Sévigné (1627-1696), Mademoiselle de la Vergne, afterwards Madame de Lafayette (1655-1693), eminent as literary characters; the Duchess de Longueville, the Duchess de Chevreuse, and Madame Deshoulières, afterwards distinguished for their political ability. At the feet of these noble ladies reclined a number of young seigneurs, dangling their little hats surcharged with plumes, while their mantles of silk and gold were spread loosely on the floor. And there, in more grave attire, were the professional *littérateurs*, such as Balzac, Voiture, Ménage, Scudery, Chaplain, Costart, Conrad, and the Abbé Bossuet. The Cupid of the hotel was strictly Platonic. The romances of Mademoiselle de Scudery were long-spun disquisitions on love; her characters were drawn from the individuals around her, who in turn attempted to sustain the characters and adopt the language suggested in her books. One folly led on another, till at last the vocabulary of the *_salon_* became so artificial, that none but the initiated could understand it. As for Mademoiselle de Scudery herself, applying, it would seem, the impracticable tests she had invented for sounding the depths of the tender passion, though not without suitors, she died an old maid, at the advanced age of ninety-four. The civil wars of the Fronde (1649-1654) were unfavorable to literary meetings. The women who took the most distinguished part in these troubles had graduated, so to say, from the Hotel de Rambouillet, which, perhaps for this reason, declined with the ascendancy of Louis XIV. The agitations of the Fronde taught him to distrust clever women, and he always showed a marked dislike for female authorship.

3. THE FRENCH ACADEMY.--The taste for literature, which had become so generally diffused, rendered the men whose province it was to define its laws the chiefs of a brilliant empire. Scholars, therefore, frequently met together for critical discussion. About the year 1629 a certain number of men of letters agreed to assemble one day in each week. It was a union of friendship, a companionship of men of kindred tastes and occupations; and to prevent intrusion, the meetings were for some time kept secret. When Richelieu came to hear of the existence of the society, desirous to make literature subservient to his political glory, he proposed to these gentlemen to form themselves into a corporation, established by letters patent, at the same time hinting that he had the power to put a stop to their secret meetings. The argument was irresistible, and the little society consented to receive from his highness the title of the French Academy, in 1635. The members of the Academy were to occupy themselves in establishing rules for the French language, and to take cognizance of whatever books were written by its members, and by others who desired its opinions.

4. THE DRAMA.--The endeavor to imitate the ancients in the tragic art displayed itself at a very early period among the French, and they considered that the surest method of succeeding in this endeavor was to observe the strictest outward regularity of form, of which they derived their ideas more from Aristotle, and especially from Seneca, than from any intimate acquaintance with the Greek models themselves. Three of the most celebrated of the French tragic poets, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, have given, it would seem, an immutable shape to the tragic stage of France by adopting this system, which has been considered by the French critics universally as alone entitled to any authority, and who have viewed every deviation from it as a sin against good taste. The treatise of Aristotle, from which they have derived the idea of the far-famed three unities, of action, time, and place, which have given rise to so many critical wars, is a mere fragment, and some scholars have been of the opinion that it is not even a fragment of the true original, but of an extract which some person made for his own improvement. From this anxious observance of the Greek rules, under totally different circumstances, it is obvious that great inconveniences and

incongruities must arise; and the criticism of the Academy on a tragedy of Corneille, "that the poet, from the fear of sinning against the rules of art, had chosen rather to sin against the rules of nature," is often applicable to the dramatic writers of France. Corneille (1606-1684) ushered in a new era in the French drama. It has been said of him that he was a man greater in himself than in his works, his genius being fettered by the rules of the French drama and the conventional state of French verse. The day of mysteries and moralities was past, and the comedies of Hardy, the court poet of Henry IV., had, in their turn, been consigned to oblivion, yet there was an increasing taste for the drama. The first comedy of Corneille, "Mélite," was followed by many others, which, though now considered unreadable, were better than anything then known. The appearance of the "Cid," in 1635, a drama constructed on the foundation of the old Spanish romances, constituted an era in the dramatic history of France. Although not without great faults, resulting from strict adherence to the rules, it was the first time that the depths of passion had been stirred on the stage, and its success was unprecedented. For years after, his pieces followed each other in rapid succession, and the history of the stage was that of Corneille's works. In the "Cid," the triumph of love was exhibited; in "Les Horaces," love was represented as punished for its rebellion against the laws of honor; in "Cinna," all more tender considerations are sacrificed to the implacable duty of avenging a father; while in "Polyeucte," duty triumphs alone. Corneille did not boldly abandon himself to the guidance of his genius; he feared criticism, although he defied it. His success proved the signal for envy and detraction; he became angry at being obliged to fight his way, and therefore withdrew from the path in which he was likely to meet enemies. His decline was as rapid as his success had been brilliant. "The fall of the great Corneille," says Fontenelle, "may be reckoned as among the most remarkable examples of the vicissitudes of human affairs. Even that of Belisarius asking alms is not more striking." As his years increased, he became more anxious for popularity; having been so long in possession of undisputed superiority, he could not behold without dissatisfaction the rising glory of his successors; and, towards the close of his life, this weakness was greatly increased by the decay of his bodily organs.

5. PHILOSOPHY.--During this period, in a region far above court favor, Descartes (1596-1650) elaborated his system of philosophy, in creating a new method of philosophizing. The leading peculiarity of his system was the attempt to deduce all moral and religious truth from self-consciousness. *"I think, therefore I am,"* was the famous axiom on which the whole was built. From this he inferred the existence of two distinct natures in man, the mental and the physical, and the existence of certain ideas which he called innate in the mind, and serving to connect it with the spiritual and invisible. Besides these new views in metaphysics, Descartes made valuable contributions to mathematical and physical science; and though his philosophy is now generally discarded, it is not forgotten that he opened the way for Locke, Newton, and Leibnitz, and that his system was in reality the base of all those that superseded it. There is scarcely a name on record, the bearer of which has given a greater impulse to mathematical and philosophical inquiry than Descartes, and he embodied his thoughts in such masterly language, that it has been justly said of him, that his fame as a writer would have been greater if his celebrity as a thinker had been less. The age of Descartes was an interesting era in the annals of the human mind. The darkness of scholastic philosophy was gradually clearing away before the light which an improved method of study was shedding over the natural sciences. A system of philosophy, founded on observation, was preparing the downfall of those traditional errors which had long held the mastery in the schools. Geometricians, physicians, and astronomers taught, by their example, the severe process of reasoning which was to regenerate all the sciences; and minds of the first order, scattered in various parts of Europe, communicated to each other the results of their labors, and stimulated each other to new exertions. One of the most eminent contemporaries of Descartes was Pascal (1628- 1662). At the age of sixteen he wrote a treatise on conic sections, which was followed by several important discoveries in arithmetic and geometry. His experiments in natural science added to his fame, and he was recognized as one of the most eminent geometricians of modern times. But he soon formed the design of abandoning science for pursuits exclusively religious, and circumstances arose which became the occasion of those "Provincial Letters," which, with the "Pensées de la Religion," are considered among the finest specimens of French literature. The abbey of Port Royal occupied a lonely situation about six leagues from Paris. Its internal discipline had recently undergone a thorough reformation, and the abbey rose to such a high reputation, that men of piety and learning took up their abode in its vicinity, to enjoy literary leisure. The establishment received pupils, and its system of education became celebrated in a religious and intellectual point of view. The great rivals of the Port Royalists were the Jesuits. Pascal, though not a member of the establishment, was a frequent visitor, and one of his friends there, having been drawn into a controversy with the Sorbonne on the doctrines of the Jansenists, had recourse to his aid in replying. Pascal published a series of letters in a dramatic form, in which he brought his adversaries on the stage with himself, and fairly cut them up for the public amusement. These letters, combining the comic pleasantry of Molière with the eloquence of Demosthenes, so elegant and attractive in style, and so clear and popular that a child might understand them, gained immediate attention; but the Jesuits, whose policy and doctrines they attacked, finally induced the

parliament of Provence to condemn them to be burned by the common hangman; and the Port Royalists, refusing to renounce their opinions, were driven from their retreat, and the establishment broken up. Pascal's masterpiece is the "Pensées de la Religion;" it consists of fragments of thought, without apparent connection or unity of design. These thoughts are in some places obscure; they contain repetitions, and even contradictions, and require that arrangement that could only have been supplied by the hand of the writer. It has often been lamented that the author never constructed the edifice which it is believed he had designed, and of which these thoughts were the splendid materials.

6. THE RISE OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF FRENCH LITERATURE.--When Louis XIV. came to the throne (1638-1715), France was already subject to conditions certain to produce a brilliant period in literature. She had been brought into close relations with Spain and Italy, the countries then the most advanced in intellectual culture; and she had received from the study of the ancient masters the best correctives of whatever might have been extravagant in the national genius. She had learned some useful lessons from the polemical distractions of the sixteenth century. The religious earnestness excited by controversy was gratified by preachers of high endowments, and the political ascendancy of France, among the kingdoms of Europe, imparted a general freedom and buoyancy. But of all the influences which contributed to perfect the literature of France in the latter half of the seventeenth century, none was so powerful as that of the monarch himself, who, by his personal power, rendered his court a centre of knowledge, and, by his government, imparted a feeling of security to those who lived under it. The predominance of the sovereign became the most prominent feature in the social character of the age, and the whole circle of the literature bears its impress. Louis elevated and improved, in no small degree, the position of literary men, by granting pensions to some, while he raised others to high offices of state; or they were recompensed by the public, through the general taste, which the monarch so largely contributed to diffuse. The age, unlike that which followed it, was one of order and specialty in literature; and in classifying its literary riches, we shall find the principal authors presenting themselves under the different subjects: Racine with tragedy, Molière with comedy, Boileau with satirical and mock- heroic, La Fontaine with narrative poetry, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon with pulpit eloquence; Patru, Pellisson, and some others with that of the bar; Bossuet, de Retz, and St. Simon with history and memoirs; Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère with moral philosophy; Fénelon and Madame de Lafayette with romance; and Madame de Sévigné with letter-writing. The personal influence of the king was most marked on pulpit eloquence and dramatic poetry. Other branches found less favor, from his dislike to those who chiefly treated them. The recollections of the Fronde had left in his mind a distrust of Rochefoucauld. A similar feeling of political jealousy, with a thorough hatred of *bel esprit*, especially in a woman, prevented him from appreciating Madame de Sévigné; and he seems not even to have observed La Bruyère, in his modest functions as teacher of history to the Duke of Burgundy. He had no taste for the pure mental speculations of Malebranche or Fénelon; and in metaphysics, as in religion, had little patience for what was beyond the good sense of ordinary individuals. The same hatred of excess rendered him equally the enemy of refiners and free- thinkers, so that the like exile fell to the lot of Arnauld and Bayle, the one carrying to the extreme the doctrines of grace, and the other those of skeptical inquiry. Nor did he relish the excessive simplicity of La Fontaine, or deem that his talent was a sufficient compensation for his slovenly manners and inaptitude for court life. Of all these writers it may be said, that they flourished rather in spite of the personal influence of the monarch than under his favor.

7. TRAGEDY.--The first dramas of Racine (1639-1699) were but feeble imitations of Corneille, who advised the young author to attempt no more tragedy. He replied by producing "Andromaque," which had a most powerful effect upon the stage. The poet had discovered that sympathy was a more powerful source of tragic effect than admiration, and he accordingly employed the powers of his genius in a truthful expression of feeling and character, and a thrilling alternation of hope and fear, anger and pity. "Andromaque" was followed almost every year by a work of similar character. Henrietta of England induced Corneille and Racine, unknown to each other, to produce a tragedy on Berenice, in order to contrast the powers of these illustrious rivals. They were represented in the year 1670; that of Corneille proved a failure, but Racine's was honored; by the tears of the court and the city. Soon after, partly disgusted at the intrigues against him, and partly from religious principle, Racine abandoned his career while yet in the full vigor of his life and genius. He was appointed historiographer to the king, conjointly with Boileau, and after twelve years of silence he was induced by Madame de Maintenon to compose the drama of "Esther" for the pupils in the Maison de St. Cyr, which met with prodigious success. "Athalie," considered the most perfect of his works, was composed with similar views; theatricals having been abandoned at the school, however, the play was published, but found no readers. Discouraged by this second injustice, Racine finally abandoned the drama. "Athalie" was but little known till the year 1716, since when its reputation has considerably augmented. Voltaire pronounced it the most perfect work of human genius. The subject of this drama is taken from the twenty-second

and twenty-third chapter of II. Chronicles, where it is written that Athaliah, to avenge the death of her son, destroyed all the seed royal of the house of Judah, but that the young Joash was stolen from among the rest by his aunt Jehoshabeath, the wife of the high-priest, and hidden with his nurse for six years in the temple. Besides numerous tragedies, Racine composed odes, epigrams, and spiritual songs. By a rare combination of talents he wrote as well in prose as in verse. His "History of the Reign of Louis XIV." was destroyed by a conflagration, but there remain the "History of Port Royal," some pleasing letters, and some academic discourses. The tragedies of Racine are more elegant than those of Corneille, though less bold and striking. Corneille's principal characters are heroes and heroines thrown into situations of extremity, and displaying strength of mind superior to their position. Racine's characters are men, not heroes,--men such as they are, not such as they might possibly be. France produced no other tragic dramatists of the first class in this age. Somewhat later, Crébillon (1674-1762), in such wild tragedies as "Atrea," "Electra," and "Rhadamiste," introduced a new element, that of terror, as a source of tragic effect. Cardinal Mazarin had brought from Italy the opera or lyric tragedy, which was cultivated with success by Quinault (1637-1688). He is said to have taken the bones out of the French language by cultivating an art in which thought, incident, and dialogue are made secondary to the development of tender and voluptuous feeling.

8. COMEDY.--The comic drama, which occupied the French stage till the middle of the seventeenth century, was the comedy of intrigue, borrowed from Spain, and turning on disguises, dark lanterns, and trap-doors to help or hinder the design of personages who were types, not of individual character, but of classes, as doctors, lawyers, lovers, and confidants. It was reserved for Molière (1622-1673) to demolish all this childishness, and enthrone the true Thalia on the French stage. Like Shakspeare, he was both an author and an actor. The appearance of the "Précieuses Ridicules" was the first of the comedies in which the gifted poet assailed the follies of his age. The object of this satire was the system of solemn sentimentality which at this time was considered the perfection of elegance. It will be remembered that there existed at Paris a coterie of fashionable women who pretended to the most exalted refinement both of feeling and expression, and that these were waited upon and worshiped by a set of nobles and *littérateurs*, who used towards them a peculiar strain of high-flown, pedantic gallantry. These ladies adopted fictitious names for themselves and gave enigmatical ones to the commonest things. They lavished upon each other the most tender appellations, as though in contrast to the frigid tone in which the Platonism of the Hotel required them to address the gentlemen of their circle. *Ma chère, ma précieuse*, were the terms most frequently used by the leaders of this world of folly, and a *précieuse* came to be synonymous with a lady of the clique; hence the title of the comedy. The piece was received with unanimous applause; a more signal victory could not have been gained by a comic poet, and from the time of its first representation this bombastic nonsense was given up. Molière, perceiving that he had struck the true vein, resolved to study human nature more and Plautus and Terence less. Comedy after comedy followed, which were true pictures of the follies of society; but whatever was the theme of his satire, all proved that he had a falcon's eye for detecting vice and folly in every shape, and talons for pouncing upon all as the natural prey of the satirist. On the boards he always took the principal character himself, and he was a comedian in every look and gesture. The "Malade Imaginaire" was the last of his works. When it was produced upon the stage, the poet himself was really ill, but repressing the voice of natural suffering, to affect that of the hypochondriac for public amusement, he was seized with a convulsive cough, and carried home dying. Though he was denied the last offices of the church, and his remains were with difficulty allowed Christian burial, in the following century his bust was placed in the Academy, and a monument erected to his memory in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The best of Molière's works are, "Le Misanthrope," "Les Femmes Savantes," and "Tartuffe;" these are considered models of high comedy. Other comedians followed, but at a great distance from him in point of merit.

9. FABLE, SATIRE, MOCK-HEROIC, AND OTHER POETRY.--La Fontaine (1621-1695) was the prince of fabulists; his fables appeared successively in three collections, and although the subjects of some of these are borrowed, the dress is entirely new. His versification constitutes one of the greatest charms of his poetry, and seems to have been the result of an instinctive sense of harmony, a delicate taste, and rapidity of invention. There are few authors in France more popular, none so much the familiar genius of every fireside. La Fontaine himself was a mere child of nature, indolent, and led by the whim of the moment, rather than by any fixed principle. He was desired by his father to take charge of the domain of which he was the keeper, and to unite himself in marriage with a family relative. With unthinking docility he consented to both, but neglected alike his official duties and domestic obligations with an innocent unconsciousness of wrong. He was taken to Paris by the Duchess of Bouillon and passed his days in her coteries, and those of Racine and Boileau, utterly forgetful of his home and family, except when his pecuniary necessities obliged him to return to sell portions of his property to supply his wants. When this was exhausted, he became dependent on the kindness of female discerners of merit. Henrietta of England attached

him to her suite; and after her death, Madame de la Sablière gave him apartments at her house, supplied his wants, and indulged his humors for twenty years. When she retired to a convent, Madame d'Hervart, the wife of a rich financier, offered him a similar retreat. While on her way to make the proposal, she met him in the street, and said, "La Fontaine, will you come and live in my house?" "I was just going, madame," he replied, as if his doing so had been the simplest and most natural thing in the world. And here he remained the rest of his days. France has produced numerous writers of fables since the time of La Fontaine, but none worthy of comparison with him. The writings of Descartes and Pascal, with the precepts of the Academy and Port Royal, had established the art of prose composition, but the destiny of poetry continued doubtful. Corneille's masterpieces afforded models only in one department; there was no specific doctrine on the idea of what poetry ought to be. To supply this was the mission of Boileau (1636-1711); and he fulfilled it, first by satirizing the existing style, and then by composing an "Art of Poetry," after the manner of Horace. In the midst of men who made verses for the sake of making them, and composed languishing love-songs upon the perfections of mistresses who never existed except in their own imaginations, Boileau determined to write nothing but what interested his feelings, to break with this affected gallantry, and draw poetry only from the depths of his own heart. His début was made in unmerciful satires on the works of the poetasters, and he continued to plead the cause of reason against rhyme, of true poetry against false. Despite the anger of the poets and their friends, his satires enjoyed immense favor, and he consolidated his victory by writing the "Art of Poetry," in which he attempted to restore it to its true dignity. This work obtained for him the title of Legislator of Parnassus. The mock- heroic poem of the "Lutrin" is considered as the happiest effort of his muse, though inferior to the "Rape of the Lock," a composition of a similar kind. The occasion of this poem was a frivolous dispute between the treasurer and the chapter of a cathedral concerning the placing of a reading-desk (_lutrin_). A friend playfully challenged Boileau to write a heroic poem on the subject, to verify his own theory that the excellence of a heroic poem depended upon the power of the inventor to sustain and enlarge upon a slender groundwork. Boileau was the last of the great poets of the golden age. The horizon of the poets was at this time somewhat circumscribed. Confined to the conventional life of the court and the city, they enjoyed little opportunity for the contemplation of nature. The policy of Louis XIV. proscribed national recollections, so that the social life of the day was alone open to them. Poetry thus became abstract and ideal, or limited to the delineation of those passions which belong to a highly artificial state of society. Madame Deshoulières (1634-1694) indeed wrote some graceful idyls, but she by no means entered into the spirit of rural life and manners, like La Fontaine.

10. ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT AND OF THE BAR.--Louis XIV. afforded to religious eloquence the most efficacious kind of encouragement, that of personal attendance. The court preachers had no more attentive auditor than their royal master, who was singularly gifted with that tenderness of conscience which leads a man to condemn himself for his sins, yet indulge in their commission; to feel a certain pleasure in self-accusation, and to enjoy that reaction of mind which consists in occasionally holding his passions in abeyance. This attention on the part of a great monarch, the liberty of saying everything, the refined taste of the audience, who could on the same day attend a sermon of Bourdaloue and a tragedy of Racine, all tended to lead pulpit eloquence to a high degree of perfection; and, accordingly, we find the function of court preacher exercised successively by Bossuet (1627-1704), Bourdaloue (1632-1704), and Massillon (1663-1742), the greatest names that the Roman Catholic Church has boasted in any age or country. Bossuet addressed the conscience through the imagination, Bourdaloue through the judgment, and Massillon through the feelings. Fléchier (1632-1710), another court preacher, renowned chiefly as a rhetorician, was not free from the affectation of Les Précieuses; but Bossuet was perhaps the most distinguished type of the age of Louis XIV., in all save its vices. For the instruction of the Dauphin, to whom he had been appointed preceptor, he wrote his "Discourse upon Universal History," by which he is chiefly known to us. The Protestant controversy elicited his famous "Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine." A still more celebrated work is the "History of the Variations," the leading principle of which is, that to forsake the authority of the church leads one knows not whither, that there can be no new religious views except false ones, and that there can be no escape from the faith transmitted from age to age, save in the wastes of skepticism. In his controversy with Fénelon, in relation to the mystical doctrines of Madame Guyon, Bossuet showed himself irritated, and at last furious, at the moderate and submissive tone of his opponent. He procured the banishment of Fénelon from court, and the disgrace of his friends; and through his influence the pope condemned the "Maxims of the Saints," in which Fénelon endeavored to show that the views of Madame Guyon were those of others whom the church had canonized. The sermons of Bossuet were paternal and familiar exhortations; he seldom prepared them, but, abandoning himself to the inspiration of the moment, was now simple and touching, now energetic and sublime. His familiarity with the language of inspiration imparted to his discourses a tone of almost prophetic authority; his eloquence appeared as a native instinct, a gift direct from heaven, neither marred nor improved by the study of human rules. France does not acknowledge the Protestant Saurin (1677-1730), as the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes expatriated him in childhood; but his

sermons occupy a distinguished place in the theological literature of the French language. Political or parliamentary oratory was as yet unknown, for the parliament no sooner touched on matters of state and government, than Louis XIV entered, booted and spurred, with whip in hand, and not figuratively, but literally, lashed the refractory assembly into silence and obedience. But the eloquence of the bar enjoyed a considerable degree of freedom in this age. Law and reason, however, were too often overlaid by worthless conceits and a fantastic abuse of classic and scriptural citations. Le Maitre (1608-1658), Patru (1604-1681), Pellisson (1624-1693), Cochin (1687-1749), and D'Aguesseau (1668-1751), successively purified and elevated the language of the tribunals.

11. MORAL PHILOSOPHY.--The most celebrated moralist of the age was the Duke de Rochefoucauld (1613-1680). He was early drawn into those conflicts known as the wars of the Fronde, though he seems to have had little motive for fighting or intriguing, except his restlessness of spirit and his attachment to the Duchess de Longueville. He soon quarreled with the duchess, dissolved his alliance with Condé, and being afterwards included in the amnesty, he took up his residence at Paris, where he was one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Louis XIV. His chosen friends, in his declining years, were Madame de Sévigné, one of the most accomplished women of the age, and Madame de Lafayette, who said of him, "He gave me intellect, and I reformed his heart." But if the taint was removed from his heart, it continued in the understanding. His famous "Maxims," published in 1665, gained for the author a lasting reputation, not less for the perfection of his style, than for the boldness of his paradoxes. The leading peculiarity of this work is the principle that self-interest is the ruling motive in human nature, placing every virtue, as well as every vice, under contribution to itself. It is generally agreed that Rochefoucauld's views of human nature were perverted by the specimens of it which he had known in the wars of the Fronde, which were stimulated by vice, folly, and a restless desire of power. His "Memoirs of the Reign of Anne of Austria" embody the story of the Fronde, and his "Maxims" the moral philosophy he deduced from it. While Pascal, in proving all human remedies unworthy of confidence, had sought to drive men upon faith by pursuing them with despair, and Rochefoucauld, by his pitiless analysis of the disguises of the human heart, led his readers to suspect their most natural emotions, and well-nigh took away the desire of virtue by proving its impossibility, La Bruyère (1639-1696) endeavored to make the most of our nature, such as it is, to render men better, even with their imperfections, to assist them by a moral code suited to their strength, or rather to their weakness. His "Characters of our Age" is distinguished for the exactness and variety of the portraits, as well as for the excellence of its style. The philosophy of La Bruyère is unquestionably based on reason, and not on revelation. In the moral works of Nicole, the Port Royalist (1611-1645), we find a system of truly Christian ethics, derived from the precepts of revelation; they are elegant in style, though they display little originality. The only speculative philosopher of this age, worthy of mention, is Malebranche (1631-1715), a disciple of Descartes; but, unlike his master, instead of admitting innate ideas, he held that we see all in Deity, and that it is only by our spiritual union with the Being who knows all things that we know anything. He professed optimism, and explained the existence of evil by saying that the Deity acts only as a universal cause. His object was to reconcile philosophy with revelation; his works, though models of style, are now little read.

12. HISTORY AND MEMOIRS.--History attained no degree of excellence during this period. Bossuet's "Discourse on Universal History" was a sermon, with general history as the text. At a somewhat earlier date, Mézeray (1610-1683) compiled a history of France. The style is clear and nervous, and the spirit which pervades it is bold and independent, but the facts are not always to be relied on. The "History of Christianity," by the Abbé Fleury (1640-1723), was pronounced by Voltaire to be the best work of the kind that had ever appeared. Rollin (1661-1741) devoted his declining years to the composition of historical works for the instruction of young people. His "Ancient History" is more remarkable for the excellence of his intentions than for the display of historical talent. Indeed, the historical writers of this period may be said to have marked, rather than filled a void. The writers of memoirs were more happy. At an earlier period, Brantôme (1527-1614), a gentleman attached to the suite of Charles IX. and Henry III., employed his declining years in describing men and manners as he had observed them; and his memoirs are admitted to embody but too faithfully a representation of that singular mixture of elegance and grossness, of superstition and impiety, of chivalrous feelings and licentious morals, which characterized the sixteenth century. The Duke of Sully (1559-1641), the skillful financier of Henry IV., left valuable memoirs of the stirring events of his day. The "Memoirs" of the Cardinal de Betz (1614-1679), who took so active a part in the agitations of the Fronde, embody the enlarged views of the true historian, and breathe the impetuous spirit of a man whose native element is civil commotion, and who looks on the chieftainship of a party as worthy to engage the best powers of his head and heart; but his style abounds with negligences and irregularities which would have shocked the *littérateurs* of the day. The Duke de St. Simon (1675-1755) is another of those who made no pretensions to classical writing. All the styles of the seventeenth century are found in him. His language has been compared to a torrent, which appears somewhat

incumbered by the debris which it carries, yet makes its way with no less rapidity. Count Hamilton (1646-1720) narrates the adventures of his brother-in-law, Count de Grammont, of which La Harpe says, "Of all frivolous books, it is the most diverting and ingenious." Much lively narration is here expended on incidents better forgotten.

13. ROMANCE AND LETTER-WRITING.--The growth of kingly power, the order which it established, and the civilization which followed in its train, restrained the development of public life and increased the interests of the social relations. From this new state of things arose a modified kind of romance, in which elevated sentiments replaced the achievements of mediaeval fiction and the military exploits of Mademoiselle de Scudery's tales. Madame de Lafayette introduced that kind of romance in which the absorbing interest is that of conflicting passion, and external events were the occasion of developing the inward life of thought and feeling. She first depicted manners as they really were, relating natural events with gracefulness, instead of narrating those that never could have had existence. The illustrious Fénelon (1651-1715) was one of the few authors of this period who belonged exclusively to no one class. He appears as a divine in his "Sermons" and "Maxims;" as a rhetorician in his "Dialogues on Eloquence;" as a moralist in his "Education of Girls;" as a politician in his "Examination of the Conscience of a King;" and it may be said that all these characters are combined in "Telemachus," which has procured for him a widespread fame, and which classes him among the romancers. Telemachus was composed with the intention of its becoming a manual for his pupil, the young Duke of Burgundy, on his entrance into manhood. Though its publication caused him the loss of the king's favor, it went through numerous editions, and was translated into every language of Europe. It was considered, in its day, a manual for kings, and it became a standard book, on account of the elegance of its style, the purity of its morals, and the classic taste it was likely to foster in the youthful mind. Madame de Sévigné made no pretensions to authorship. Her letters were written to her daughter, without the slightest idea that they would be read, except by those to whom they were addressed; but they have immortalized their gifted author, and have been pronounced worthy to occupy an eminent place among the classics of French literature. The matter which these celebrated letters contain is multifarious; they are sketches of Madame de Sévigné's friends, Madame de Lafayette, Madame Scarron, and all the principal personages of that brilliant court, from which, however, she was excluded, in consequence of her early alliance with the Fronde, her friendship for Fouquet, and her Jansenist opinions. All the occurrences, as well as the characters of the day, are touched in these letters; and so graphic is the pen, so clear and easy the style, that we seem to live in those brilliant days, and to see all that was going on. Great events are detailed in the same tone as court gossip; Louis XIV., Turenne, Condé, the wars of France and of the empire are freely mingled with details of housewifery, projects of marriage,--in short, the seventeenth century is depicted in the correspondence of two women who knew nothing so important as their own affairs. Considerable interest attaches also to the letters of Madame de Maintenon (1635-1719), a lady whose life presents singular contrasts, worthy of the time. To her influence on the king, after her private marriage to him, is attributed much that is inauspicious in the latter part of his reign, the combination of ascetic devotion and religious bigotry with the most flagrant immorality, the appointment of unskillful generals and weak-minded ministers, the persecution of the Jansenists, and, above all, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which had secured religious freedom to the Protestants.

PERIOD THIRD.

LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF THE REVOLUTION AND OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (1700-1885).

1. THE DAWN OF SKEPTICISM.--In the age just past we have seen religion, antiquity, and the monarchy of Louis XIV., each exercising a distinct and powerful influence over the buoyancy of French genius, which cheerfully submitted to their restraining power. A school of taste and elegance had been formed, under these circumstances, which gave law to the rest of Europe and constituted France the leading spirit of the age. On the other hand, the dominant influences of the eighteenth century were a skeptical philosophy, a preference for modern literature, and a rage for political reform. The transition, however, was not sudden nor immediate, and we come now to the consideration of those works which occupy the midway position between the submissive age of Louis XIV. and the daring infidelity and republicanism of the eighteenth century. The eighteenth century began with the first timid protestation against the splendid monarchy of Louis XIV., the domination of the Catholic Church, and the classical authority of antiquity, and it ended when words came to deeds, in the sanguinary revolution of 1789. When the first generation of great men who sunned themselves in the glance of Louis XIV. had passed away, there were none to succeed them; the glory of the monarch began to fade as the noble cortège disappeared, and admiration and

enthusiasm were no more. The new generation, which had not shared the glory and prosperity of the old monarch, was not subjugated by the recollections of his early splendor, and was not, like the preceding, proud to wear his yoke. A certain indifference to principle began to prevail; men ventured to doubt opinions once unquestioned; the habit of jesting with everything and unblushing cynicism appeared almost under the eyes of the aged Louis; even Massillon, who exhorted the people to obedience, at the same time reminded the king that it was necessary to merit it by respecting their rights. The Protestants, exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, revenged themselves by pamphlets against the monarch and the church, and these works found their way into France, and fostered there the rising discontent and contempt for the authority of the government. Among these refugees was Bayle (1647-1706), the coolest and boldest of doubters. He wrote openly against the intolerance of Louis XIV., and he affords the first announcement of the characteristics of the century. His "Historical and Critical Dictionary," a vast magazine of knowledge and incredulity, was calculated to supersede the necessity of study to a lively and thoughtless age. His skepticism is learned and philosophical, and he ridicules those who reject without examination still more than those who believe with docile credulity. Jean Baptiste Rousseau (1670- 1741), the lyric poet of this age, displayed in his odes considerable energy, and a kind of pompous harmony, which no other had imparted to the language, yet he fails to excite the sympathy. In his writings we find that free commingling of licentious morals with a taste for religious sublimities which characterized the last years of Louis XIV. The Abbé Chaulieu (1639-1720) earned the appellation of the Anacreon of the Temple, but he did not, like Rousseau, prostitute poetry in strains of low debauchery. The tragedians followed in the footsteps of Racine with more or less success, and comedy continued, with some vigor, to represent the corrupt manners of the age. Le Sage (1668-1747) applied his talent to romance; and, like Molière, appreciated human folly without analyzing it. "Gil Blas" is a picture of the human heart under the aspect at once of the vicious and the ridiculous. Fontenelle (1657-1757), a nephew of the great Corneille, is regarded as the link between the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, he having witnessed the splendor of the best days of Louis XIV., and lived long enough to see the greatest men of the eighteenth century. He made his début in tragedy, in which, however, he found little encouragement. In his "Plurality of Worlds," and "Dialogues of the Dead," there is much that indicates the man of science. His other works are valued rather for their delicacy and impartiality than for striking originality. Lamotte (1672-1731) was more distinguished in criticism than in any other sphere of authorship. He raised the standard of revolt against the worship of antiquity, and would have dethroned poetry itself on the ground of its inutility. Thus skepticism began by making established literary doctrines matters of doubt and controversy. Before attacking more serious creeds it fastened on literary ones. Such is the picture presented by the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Part of the generation had remained attached to the traditions of the great age. Others opened the path into which the whole country was about to throw itself. The faith of the nation in its political institutions, its religious and literary creed, was shaken to its foundation; the positive and palpable began to engross every interest hitherto occupied by the ideal; and this disposition, so favorable to the cultivation of science, brought with it a universal spirit of criticism. The habit of reflecting was generally diffused, people were not afraid to exercise their own judgment, every man had begun to have a higher estimate of his own opinions, and to care less for those hitherto received as undoubted authority. Still, literature had not taken any positive direction, nor had there yet appeared men of sufficiently powerful genius to give it a decisive impulse.

2. PROGRESS OF SKEPTICISM.--The first powerful attack on the manners, institutions, and establishments of France, and indeed of Europe in general, is that contained in the "Persian Letters" of the Baron de Montesquieu (1689-1755); in which, under the transparent veil of pleasantries aimed at the Moslem religion, he sought to consign to ridicule the belief in every species of dogma. But the celebrity of Montesquieu is founded on his "Spirit of Laws," the greatest monument of human genius in the eighteenth century. It is a profound analysis of law in its relation with government, customs, climate, religion, and commerce. The book is inspired with a spirit of justice and humanity; but it places the mind too much under the dominion of matter, and argues for necessity rather than liberty, thus depriving moral obligation of much of its absolute character. It is an extraordinary specimen of argument, terseness, and erudition. The maturity of the eighteenth century is found in Voltaire (1694-1778); he was the personification of its rashness, its zeal, its derision, its ardor, and its universality. In him nature had, so to speak, identified the individual with the nation, bestowing on him a character in the highest degree elastic, having lively sensibility but no depth of passion, little system of principle or conduct, but that promptitude of self-direction which supplies its place, a quickness of perception amounting almost to intuition, and an unexampled degree of activity, by which he was in some sort many men at once. No writer, even in the eighteenth century, knew so many things or treated so many subjects. That which was the ruin of some minds was the strength of his. Rich in diversified talent and in the gifts of fortune, he proceeded to the conquest of his age with the combined power of the highest endowments under the most favorable circumstances. He was driven again and again, as a moral pest, from the capital of France by the powers that fain would have preserved the people from his opinions, yet ever gaining ground, his wit always

welcome, and his opinions gradually prevailing, one audacious sentiment after another broached, and branded with infamy, yet secretly entertained, till the futile struggle was at length given in, and the nation, as with one voice, avowed itself his disciple. It has been said that Voltaire showed symptoms of infidelity from infancy. When at college he gave way to sallies of wit, mirth, and profanity which astonished his companions and terrified his preceptors. He was twice imprisoned in the Bastille, and many times obliged to fly from the country. In England he became acquainted with Bolingbroke and all the most distinguished men of the time, and in the school of English philosophy he learned to use argument, as well as ridicule, in his war with religion. In 1740 we find him assisting Frederick the Great to get up a refutation of Machiavelli; again, he is appointed historiographer of France, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, and Member of the Academy; then he accepts an invitation to reside at the Court of Prussia, where he soon quarrels with the king. After many vicissitudes he finally purchased the estate of Ferney, near the Lake of Geneva, where he resided during the rest of his days. From this retreat he poured out an exhaustless variety of books, which were extensively circulated and eagerly perused. He had the admiration of all the wits and philosophers of Europe, and included among his pupils and correspondents some of the greatest sovereigns of the age. At the age of eighty-four he again visited Paris. Here his levees were more crowded than those of any emperor; princes and peers thronged his ante-chamber, and when he rode through the streets a train attended him which stretched far over the city. He was made president of the Academy, and crowned with laurel at the theatre, where his bust was placed on the stage and adorned with palms and garlands. He died soon after, without the rites of the church, and was interred secretly at a Benedictine abbey. The national enthusiasm which decreed Voltaire, as he descended to the tomb, such a triumph as might have honored a benefactor of the race, gave place to doubt and disputation as to his merits. In tragedy he is admitted to rank after Corneille and Racine; in "Zaïre," which is his masterpiece, there is neither the lofty conception of the one, nor the perfect versification of the other, but there is a warmth of passion, an enthusiasm of feeling, and a gracefulness of expression which fascinate and subdue. As an epic poet he has least sustained his renown; though the "Henriade" has unquestionably some great beauties, its machinery is tame, and the want of poetic illusion is severely felt. His poetry, especially that of his later years, is by no means so disgraceful to the author as the witticisms in prose, the tales, dialogues, romances, and pasquinades which were eagerly sought for and readily furnished, and which are, with little exception, totally unworthy of an honorable man. As a historian, Voltaire lacked reflection and patience for investigation. His "History of Charles XII.," however, was deservedly successful; the reason being that he chose for his hero the most romantic and adventurous of sovereigns, to describe whom there was more need of rapid narrative and brilliant coloring than of profound knowledge and a just appreciation of human nature. In his history of the age of Louis XIV., Voltaire sought not only to present a picture, but a series of researches destined to instruct the memory and exercise the judgment. The English historians, imitating his mode, have surpassed him in erudition and philosophic impartiality. Still later, his own countrymen have carried this species of writing to a high degree of perfection. Throughout the "Essay on the Manners of Nations" we find traces of that hatred of religion which he openly cherished in the latter part of his life. The style, however, is pleasing, the facts well arranged, and the portraits traced with originality and vivacity. Some have attributed to Voltaire the serious design of overturning the three great bases of society, religion, morality, and civil government, but he had not the genius of a philosopher, and there is no system of philosophy in his works. That he had a design to amuse and influence his age, and to avenge himself on his enemies, is obvious enough. Envy and hatred employed against him the weapons of religion, hence he viewed it only as an instrument of persecution. His great powers of mind were continually directed by the opinions of the times, and the desire of popularity was his ruling motive. The character of his earlier writings shows that he did not bring into the world a very independent spirit; they display the lightness and frivolity of the time with the submission of a courtier for every kind of authority, but as his success increased everything encouraged him to imbue his works with that spirit which found so general a welcome. In vain the authority of the civil government endeavored to arrest the impulse which was gaining strength from day to day; in vain this director of the public mind was imprisoned and exiled; the farther he advanced in his career and the more audaciously he propagated his views on religion and government, the more he was rewarded with the renown which he sought. Monarchs became his friends and his flatterers; opposition only increased his energy, and made him often forget moderation and good taste.

3. FRENCH LITERATURE DURING THE REVOLUTION.--The names of Voltaire and Montesquieu eclipse all others in the first half of the eighteenth century, but the influence of Voltaire was by far the most immediate and extensive. After he had reached the zenith of his glory, about the middle of the century, there appeared in France a display of various talent, evoked by his example and trained by his instructions, yet boasting an independent existence. In the works of these men was consummated the literary revolution of which we have marked the beginnings, a revolution more striking than any other ever witnessed in the same space of time. It was no longer a few eminent men that surrendered themselves boldly to the skeptical philosophy which is the grand characteristic of

the eighteenth century; writers of inferior note followed in the same path; the new opinions took entire possession of all literature and cooperated with the state of the morals and the government to bring about a fearful revolution. The whole strength of the literature of this age being directed towards the subversion of the national institutions and religion, formed a homogeneous body of science, literature, and the arts, and a compact phalanx of all writers under the common name of philosophers. Women had their share in the maintenance of this league; the salons of Mesdames du Deffand (1696-1780), Geoffrin (b. 1777), and De l'Espinasse (1732-1776) were its favorite resorts; but the great rendezvous was that of the Baron d'Holbach, whence its doctrines spread far and wide, blasting, like a malaria, whatever it met with on its way that had any connection with religion, morals, or venerable social customs. Besides Voltaire, who presided over this coterie, at least in spirit, the daily company included Diderot, an enthusiast by nature and a cynic and sophist by profession; D'Alembert, a genius of the first order in mathematics, though less distinguished in literature; the malicious Marmontel, the philosopher Helvétius, the Abbé Raynal, the furious enemy of all modern institutions; the would-be sentimentalist Grimm, and D'Holbach himself. Hume, Gibbon, Bolingbroke, and others were affiliated members. Their plan was to write a book which would in some sense supersede all others, itself forming a library containing the most recent discoveries in philosophy, and the best explanations and details on every topic, literary and scientific. The project of this great enterprise of an Encyclopaedia as an immense vehicle for the development of the opinions of the philosophers, alarmed the government, and the parliament and the clergy pronounced its condemnation. The philosophy of Descartes and the eminent thinkers of the seventeenth century assumed the soul of man as the starting-point in the investigation of physical science. The men of the eighteenth century had become tired of following out the sublimities and abstractions of the Cartesians, and they took the opposite course; beginning from sensation, they did not stop short of the grossest materialism and positive atheism. Such were the principles of the Encyclopaedia, more fully developed and explained in the writings of Condillac (1715-1780), the head of this school of philosophy. His first work, "On the Origin of Human Knowledge," contains the germ of all that he afterwards published. In his "Treatise on Sensation," he endeavored, but in vain, to derive the notion of duty from sensation, and expert as he was in logic, he could not conceal the great gulf which his theory left between these two terms. Few writers have enjoyed more success; he brought the science of thought within the reach of the vulgar by stripping it of everything elevated, and every one was surprised and delighted to find that philosophy was so easy a thing. Having determined not to establish morality on any innate principles of the soul, these philosophers founded it on the fact common to all animated nature, the feeling of self-interest. Already deism had rejected the evidence of a divine revelation. Now atheism raised a more audacious front, and proclaimed that all religious sentiment was but the reverie of a disordered mind. The works in which this opinion is most expressly announced, date from the period of the Encyclopaedia. D'Alembert (1717-1773) is now chiefly known as the author of the preliminary discourse of the Encyclopaedia, which is ranked among the principal works of the age. Diderot (1714-1784), had he devoted himself to any one sphere, instead of wandering about in the chaos of opinions which rose and perished around him, might have left a lasting reputation, and posterity, instead of merely repeating his name, would have spoken of his works. He may be regarded as a writer injurious at once to literature and to morals. The most faithful disciple of the philosophy of this period was Helvétius (1715-1771), known chiefly by his work, "On the Mind," the object of which is to prove that physical sensibility is the origin of all our thoughts. Of all the writers who maintained this opinion, none have represented it in so gross a manner. His work was condemned by the Sorbonne, the pope, and the parliament; it was burned by the hand of the hangman, and the author was compelled to retract it. Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778) was a writer who marched under none of the recognized banners of the day. The Encyclopaedists had flattered themselves that they had tuned the opinion of all Europe to their philosophical strain, when suddenly they heard his discordant note. Without family, without friends, without home, wandering from place to place, from one condition in life to another, he conceived a species of revolt against society, and a feeling of bitterness against those civil organizations in which he could never find a suitable place. He combated the atheism of the Encyclopaedists, their materialism and contempt for moral virtue, for pure deism was his creed. He believed in a Supreme Being, a future state, and the excellence of virtue, but denying all revealed religion, he would have men advance in the paths of virtue, freely and proudly, from love of virtue itself, and not from any sense of duty or obligation. In the "Social Contract" he traced the principles of government and laws in the nature of man, and endeavored to show the end which they proposed to themselves by living in communities, and the best means of attaining this end. The two most notable works of Rousseau are "Julie," or the "Nouvelle Héloïse," and "Emile." The former is a kind of romance, owing its interest mainly to development of character, and not to incident or plot. Emile embodies a system of education in which the author's thoughts are digested and arranged. He gives himself an imaginary pupil, the representative of that life of spontaneous development which was the writer's ideal. In this work there is an episode, the "Savoyard Vicar's Confession of Faith," which is a declaration of pure deism, leveled especially against the errors of Catholicism. It raised a perfect tempest against the author from every quarter. The council of Geneva caused his book to be burned by the executioner, and the parliament of Paris

threatened him with imprisonment. Under these circumstances he wrote his "Confessions," which he believed would vindicate him before the world. The reader, who may expect to find this book abounding with at least as much virtue as a man may possess without Christian principle, will find in it not a single feature of greatness; it is a proclamation of disagreeable faults; and yet he would persuade us that he was virtuous, by giving the clearest proofs that he was not. To the names of Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, must be added that of Buffon (1707-1788), and we have the four writers of this age who left all their contemporaries far behind. Buffon having been appointed superintendent of the Jardin des Plantes, and having enriched this fine establishment, and gathered into it, from all parts of the world, various productions of nature, conceived the project of composing a natural history, which should embrace the whole immensity of being, animate and inanimate. He first laid down the theory of the earth, then treated the natural history of man, afterwards that of viviparous quadrupeds and birds. The first volumes of his work appeared in 1749; the most important of the supplementary matter which followed was the "Epochs of Nature." He gave incredible attention to his style, and is one of the most brilliant writers of the eighteenth century. No naturalist has ever equaled him in the magnificence of his theories, or the animation of his descriptions of the manners and habits of animals. It is said that he wrote the "Epochs of Nature" eleven times over. He not only recited his compositions aloud, in order to judge of the rhythm and cadence, but he made a point of being in full dress before he sat down to write, believing that the splendor of his habiliments impressed his language with that pomp and elegance which he so much admired, and which is his distinguishing characteristic. Buffon, while maintaining friendship with the celebrated men of his age, did not identify himself with the party of the encyclopaedists, or the sects into which they were divided. But he lived among men who deemed physical nature alone worthy of study, and the wits of the age who had succeeded in discovering how a Supreme Being might be dispensed with. Buffon evaded the subject entirely, and amid all his lofty soarings showed no disposition to rise to the Great First Cause. After his time, science lost its contemplative and poetical character, and acquired that of intelligent observation. It became a practical thing, and entered into close alliance with the arts. The arts and sciences, thus combined, became the glory of France, as literature had been in the preceding age. The declining years of Voltaire and Rousseau witnessed no rising genius of similar power, but some authors of a secondary rank deserve notice. Marmontel (1728-1799) is distinguished as the writer of "Belisarius," a philosophical romance, "Moral Tales," and "Elements of Literature." He endeavors to lead his readers to the enjoyments of literature, instead of detaining them with frigid criticisms. La Harpe (1739-1803) displayed great eloquence in literary criticism, and some of his works maintain their place, though they have little claim to originality. Many writers devoted themselves to history, but the spirit of French philosophy was uncongenial to this species of composition, and the age does not afford one remarkable historian. The fame of the Abbé Raynal (1718-1796) rests chiefly on his "History of the Two Indies." It is difficult to conceive how a sober man could have arrived at such delirium of opinion, and how he could so complacently exhibit principles which tended to overthrow the whole system of society. Scarcely a crime was committed during the revolution, with which this century closes, but could find its advocate in this declaimer. When, however, Raynal found himself in the midst of the turmoils he had suggested, he behaved with justice, moderation, and courage; thus proving that his opinions were not the result of experience. The days of true religious eloquence were past; faith was extinct among the greater part of the community, and cold and timid among the rest. Preachers, in deference to their audience, kept out of view whatever was purely religious, and enlarged on those topics which coincided with mere human morality. Religion was introduced only as an accessory which it was necessary to disguise skillfully, in order to escape derision. Genuine pulpit eloquence was out of the question under these circumstances. Forensic eloquence had been improving in simplicity and seriousness since the commencement of the eighteenth century, and men of the law were now led by the circumstances of the times to trace out universal principles, rather than to discuss isolated facts. The eloquence of the bar thus acquired more extensive influence; the measures of the government converted it into a hostile power, and it furnished itself with weapons of reason and erudition which had not been thought of before. We come now close upon the epoch when the national spirit was no longer to be traced in books, but in actions. The reign of Louis XV. had been marked with general disorder, and while he was sinking into the grave, amid the scorn of the people, the magistrates were punished for opposing the royal authority, and the public were indignant at the arbitrary proceeding. Beaumarchais (1732-1799) became the organ of this feeling, and his memoirs, like his comedies, are replete with enthusiasm, cynicism, and buffoonery. Literature was never so popular; it was regarded as the universal and powerful instrument which it behooved every man to possess. All grades of society were filled with authors and philosophers; the public mind was tending towards some change, without knowing what it would have; from the monarch on the throne to the lowest of the people, all perceived the utter discordance that prevailed between existing opinions and existing institutions. In the midst of the dull murmur which announced the approaching storm, literature, as though its work of agitation had been completed, took up the shepherd's reed for public amusement. "Posterity would scarcely believe," says an eminent historian, "that 'Paul and Virginia' and the 'Indian Cottage' were composed at this juncture by Bernardin de St. Pierre, (1737-1814), as also the

'Fables of Florian' which are the only ones that have been considered readable since those of La Fontaine." About the same time appeared the "Voyage of Anacharsis," in which the Abbé Barthélemy (1716-1795) embodied his erudition in an attractive form, presenting a lively picture of Greece in the time of Pericles. Among the more moral writers of this age was Necker (1732-1804), the financial minister of Louis XVI., who maintained the cause of religion against the torrent of public opinion in works distinguished for delicacy and elevation, seriousness and elegance. When the storm at length burst, the country was exposed to every kind of revolutionary tyranny. The first actors in the work of destruction were, for the most part, actuated by good intentions; but these were soon superseded by men of a lower class, envious of all distinctions of rank and deeply imbued with the spirit of the philosophers. Some derived, from the writings of Rousseau, a hatred of everything above them; others had taken from Mably his admiration of the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, and would reproduce them in France; others had borrowed from Raynal the revolutionary torch which he had lighted for the destruction of all institutions; others, educated in the atheistic fanaticism of Diderot, trembled with rage at the very name of a priest or religion; and thus the Revolution was gradually handed over to the guidance of passion and personal interest. In hurrying past these years of anarchy and bloodshed, we cast a glance upon the poet, André Chénier (1762-1794), who dared to write against the excesses of his countrymen, in consequence of which he was cited before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned, and executed.

4. FRENCH LITERATURE UNDER THE EMPIRE.--Napoleon, on the establishment of the empire, gave great encouragement to the arts, but none to literature. Books were in little request; old editions were sold for a fraction of their original price; but new works were dear, because the demand for them was so limited. When literature again lifted its head, it appeared that in the chaos of events a new order of thought had been generated. The feelings of the people were for the freer forms of modern literature, introduced by Madame de Staël and Châteaubriand, rather than the ancient classics and the French models of the seventeenth century. Madame de Staël (1766-1817) has been pronounced by the general voice to be among the greatest of all female authors. She was early introduced to the society of the cleverest men in Paris, with whom her father's house was a favorite resort; and before she was twelve years of age, such men as Raynal, Marmontel, and Grimm used to converse with her as though she were twenty, calling out her ready eloquence, inquiring into her studies, and recommending new books. She thus imbibed a taste for society and distinction, and for bearing her part in the brilliant conversation of the salon. At the age of twenty she became the wife of the Baron de Staël, the Swedish minister at Paris. On her return, after the Reign of Terror, Madame de Staël became the centre of a political society, and her drawing-rooms were the resort of distinguished foreigners, ambassadors, and authors. On the accession of Napoleon, a mutual hostility arose between him and this celebrated woman, which ended in her banishment and the suppression of her works. "The Six Years of Exile" is the most simple and interesting of her productions. Her "Considerations on the French Revolution" is the most valuable of her political articles. Among her works of fiction, "Corinne" and "Delphine" have had the highest popularity. But of all her writings, that on "Germany" is considered worthy of the highest rank, and it was calculated to influence most beneficially the literature of her country, by opening to the rising generation of France unknown treasures of literature and philosophy. Writers like Delavigne, Lamartine, Béranger, De Vigny, and Victor Hugo, though in no respect imitators of Madame de Staël, are probably much indebted to her for the stimulus to originality which her writings afforded. Another female author, who lived, like Madame de Staël through the Revolution, and exercised an influence on public events, was Madame de Genlis (1746-1830). Her works, which extend to at least eighty volumes, are chiefly educational treatises, moral tales, and historical romances. Her political power depended rather on her private influence in the Orleans family than upon her pen. Châteaubriand (1769-1848) must be placed side by side with Madame de Staël, as another of those brilliant and versatile geniuses who have dazzled the eyes of their countrymen, and exerted a permanent influence on French literature. While the eighteenth century had used against religion all the weapons of ridicule, he defended it by poetry and romance. Christianity he considered the most poetical of all religions, the most attractive, the most fertile in literary, social, and artistic results, and he develops his theme with every advantage of language and style in the "Genius of Christianity" and the "Martyrs." Some of the characteristics of Châteaubriand, however, have produced a seriously injurious effect on French literature, and of these the most contagious and corrupting is his passion for the glitter of words and the pageantry of high-sounding phrases. The salutary reaction against skepticism, produced in literature by Madame de Staël and Châteaubriand was carried into philosophy by Maine de Biran (1766-1824), and more particularly by Royer-Collard (1763-1846) who took a decided stand against the school of Condillac and the materialists of the eighteenth century. Royer-Collard restored its spiritual character to the science of the human mind, by introducing into it the psychological discoveries of the Scotch school. Benjamin Constant (1767-1830) infused into political science a spirit of freedom before quite unknown. In his works he attempted to limit the authority of the government, to build up society on personal freedom, and on the guaranties of individual right. His writings combine extraordinary power of logic with great

variety and beauty of style. Proceeding in another direction, Bonald (1753-1846) opposed the spirit of the French Revolution, by establishing the authority of the church as the only criterion of truth and morality. As Rousseau had placed sovereign power in the will of the people, Bonald placed it in that of God, as it is manifested to man through language and revelation, and of this revelation he regarded the Catholic church as the interpreter. He develops his doctrines in numerous works, especially in his "Primitive Legislation," which is characterized by boldness, dogmatism, sophistry in argument, and by severity and purity of style. The peculiarities of Bonald were carried still farther by De Maistre (1755-1852), whose hatred of the Revolution led him into the system of an absolute theocracy, such as was dreamed of by Gregory VII. and Innocent III.

5. FRENCH LITERATURE FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.--The influences already spoken of, in connection with the literary progress which began in Germany and England towards the close of the eighteenth century, produced in the beginning of the nineteenth century a revival in French literature; but the conflict of opinions, the immense number of authors, and their extraordinary fecundity, render it difficult to examine or classify them. We first notice the great advances in history and biography. Among the earlier specimens may be mentioned the voluminous works of Sismondi and the "Biographie Universelle," in fifty-two closely printed volumes, the most valuable body of biography that any modern literature can boast. Since 1830, historians and literary critics have occupied the foreground in French literature. The historians have divided themselves into two schools, the descriptive and the philosophical. With the one class history consists of a narration of facts in connection with a picture of manners, bringing scenes of the past vividly before the mind of the reader, leaving him to deduce general truths from the particular ones brought before him. The style of these writers is simple and manly, and no opinions of their own shine through their statements. The chief representatives of this class, who regard Sir Walter Scott as their master, are Thierry, Villemain, Barante, and in historical sketches and novels, Dumas and De Vigny. The philosophical school, on the other hand, consider this scenic narrative more suitable to romance than to history; they seek in the events of the past the chain of causes and effects in order to arrive at general conclusions which may direct the conduct of men in the future. At the head of this school is Guizot (1787-1876), who has developed his historical views in his essays on the "History of France," and more particularly in his "History of European Civilization," in which he points out the origin of modern civilization, and follows the progress of the human mind from the fall of the Roman Empire. The philosophical historians have been again divided according to their different theories, but the most eminent of them are those whom Châteaubriand calls fatalists; men who, having surveyed the course of public events, have come to the conclusion that individual character has had little influence on the political destinies of mankind, that there is a general and inevitable series of events which regularly succeed each other with the certainty of cause and effect, and that it is as easy to trace it as it is impossible to resist or divert it from its course. A tendency to these views is visible in almost every French historian and philosopher of the present time. The philosophy of history thus grounded has, in their hands, assumed the aspect of a science.

HISTORY.--Among the celebrated writers who have combined the philosophical and narrative styles are the brothers Amadée and Augustine Thierry (1787- 1873), (1795-1856), who produced a "History of the Gauls," of "The Norman Conquest," and other excellent works; Sismondi (1773-1842), whose history of the "Italian Republics" and of the "French People" are characterized by immense erudition; Thiers (1797-1877), whose clearness of style is combined with comprehensiveness and eloquence; Mignet (1796-1884), celebrated for his history of the French Revolution. The voluminous "History of France," by Henri Martin (1810-1884), is perhaps the best and most important work treating the whole subject in detail. The downfall of the July Monarchy brought forth works of importance on this subject, the most noted of which are those by Lamartine, Michelet, and Louis Blanc. Lamartine's "History of the Girondins" was written from a constitutional and republican point of view, and was not without influence in producing the Revolution of 1848, but it is the work of an orator and poet rather than that of a historian. The historical and political works of Michelet (1778-1873) are of a more original character; his imaginative powers are of the highest order, and his style is striking and picturesque. The work of Louis Blanc (1813-1883) is that of a sincere and ardent republican, and is useful from that point of view, as is that of Quinet (1803-1875). Lanfrey places the character of Napoleon in a new and far from favorable light. Taine, so distinguished in literary criticism, has discussed elaborately the causes of the Revolution.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA; RISE OF THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.--During the Middle Ages men of letters followed each other in the cultivation of certain literary forms, often with little regard to their adaptation to the subject. The vast extension of thought and knowledge in the sixteenth century broke up the old forms and introduced the practice of treating each subject in a manner more or less appropriate to it. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries witnessed a return to the observance of arbitrary rules, though the evil effects were somewhat counterbalanced by the enlargement of thought and the increasing knowledge of other literature, ancient and modern. The great Romantic movement, which began in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, repeated on a larger scale the movement of the sixteenth to break up and discard

many stiff and useless literary forms, to give strength and variety to such as were retained, and to enrich the language by new inventions and revivals. The supporters of this reform long maintained an animated controversy with the adherents of the classical school, and it was only after several years that the younger combatants came out victorious. The objects of the school were so violently opposed that the king was petitioned to forbid the admission of any Romantic drama at the Théâtre Français, the petitioners asserting that the object of their adversaries was to burn everything that had been adored and to adore everything that had been burned. The representation of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" was the culmination of the struggle, and since that time all the greatest men of letters in France have been on the innovating side. In *_belles-lettres_* and history the result has been most remarkable. Obsolete rules which had so long regulated the French stage have been abolished; poetry not dramatic has been revived; prose romance and literary criticism have been brought to a degree of perfection previously unknown; and in history more various and remarkable works have been produced than ever before, while the modern French language, if it lacks the precision and elegance to which from 1680 to 1800 all else had been sacrificed, has become a much more suitable instrument for the accurate and copious treatment of scientific subjects. At the time of the accession of Charles X. (1824), the only writers of eminence were Béranger (1780-1857), Lamartine (1790-1869), and Lamennais (1782-1854), and they mark the transition between the old and new. Béranger was the poet of the people; most of his earlier compositions were political, extolling the greatness of the fallen empire or bewailing the low state of France under the restored dynasty. They were received with enthusiasm and sung from one end of the country to the other. His later songs exhibit a not unpleasing change from the audacious and too often licentious tone of his earlier days. In the hands of Lamartine the language, softened and harmonized, loses that clear epigrammatic expression which, before him, had appeared inseparable from French poetry. His works are pervaded by an earnest religious feeling and a rare delicacy of expression. "Jocelyn," a romance in verse, the "Meditations," and "Harmonies" are among his best works. Victor Hugo (b. 1800) at the age of twenty-five was the acknowledged master in poetry as in the drama, and this position he still holds. In him all the Romantic characteristics are expressed and embodied,--disregard of arbitrary rules, free choice of subjects, variety and vigor of metre, and beauty of diction. His poetical influence has been represented in three different schools, corresponding in point of time with the first outburst of the movement, a brief period of reaction, and the closing years of the second empire. Of the first, Théophile Gautier (1811-1872) was the most distinguished member. The next generation produced those remarkable poets, Theodore de Banville (b. 1820), who composed a large amount of verse faultless in form and exquisite in shade and color, but so neutral in tone that it has found few admirers, and Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867), who offends by the choice of unpopular subjects and the terrible truth of his analysis. The poems of De Vigny are sweet and elegant, though somewhat lacking in the energy belonging to lyric composition. Those of Alfred de Musset (1800-1857) are among the finest in the language. The Gascon poet Jasmin has produced a good deal of verse in the western dialect of the *_Langue d'oc_*, and recently a more cultivated and literary school of poets has arisen in Provence, the chief of whom is Mistral. The effect of the Romantic movement on the drama has been the introduction of a species of play called the *_drame_*, as opposed to regular comedy and tragedy, and admitting of freer treatment. Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas (1803-1874), Victorien Sardou (b. 1831), Alexandre Dumas *_fils_* (b. 1821), Legouv   (b. 1807), Scribe (1791-1861), Octave Feuillet (b. 1812), have produced works of this class. The literature of France during the last generation has been prolific in dramas and romances, all of which indicate a chaos of opinion. It is not professedly infidel, like that of the eighteenth century, nor professedly pietistic, like that of the seventeenth. It seems to have no general aim, the opinions and efforts of the authors being seldom consistent with themselves for any length of time. No one can deny that this literature engages the reader's most intense interest by the seductive sagacity of the movement, the variety of incident, and the most perfect command of those means calculated to produce certain ends. In 1866 appeared a collection of poems, "Le Parnasse Contemporain," which included contributions of many poets already named, and of others unknown. Two other collections followed, one in 1869 and one in 1876, by numerous contributors, who have mostly published separate works. They are called collectively, half seriously and half in derision, "Les Parnassiens." Their cardinal principle is a devotion to poetry as an art, with diversity of aim and subject. Of these, Copp  e devotes himself to domestic and social subjects; Louise Siefert indulges in the poetry of despair; Glatigny excels all in individuality of poetical treatment. The Parnassiens number three or four score poets; the average of their work is high, though to none can be assigned the first rank.

FICTION.--Previous to 1830 no writer of fiction had formed a school, nor had this form of literature been cultivated to any great extent. From the immense influence of Walter Scott, or from other causes, there suddenly appeared a remarkable group of novelists, Hugo, Gautier, Dumas, M  rim  e, Balzac, George Sand, Sandeau, Charles de Bernard, and others scarcely inferior. It is remarkable that the excellence of the first group has been maintained by a new generation, Murger, About, Feuillet, Flaubert, Erckmann-Chatrian, Droz, Daudet, Cherbulliez, Gaboriau, Dumas *_fils_*, and others. During this period the romance-writing of France has taken two different directions. The first, that of the novel of incident, of which Scott was the model; the second, that of analysis and character,

illustrated by the genius of Balzac and George Sand. The stories of Hugo are novels of incident with ideal character painting. Dumas's works are dramatic in character and charming for their brilliancy and wit. His "Trois Mousquetaires" and "Monte Christo" are considered his best novels. Of a similar kind are the novels of Eugene Sue. Both writers were followed by a crowd of companions and imitators. The taste for the novel of incident, which had nearly died out, was renewed in another form, with the admixture of domestic interest, by the literary partners, Erckmann-Chatrian. Théophile Gautier modified the incident novel in many short tales, a kind of writing for which the French have always been famous, and of which the writings of Gautier were masterpieces. With him may be classed Prosper Mérimée (1803-1871), one of the most exquisite masters of the language. Since 1830 the tendency has been towards novels of contemporary life. The two great masters of the novel of character and manners, as opposed to that of history and incident, are Honoré de Balzac (1799-1850) and Aurore Dudevant, commonly called George Sand (d. 1876), whose early writings are strongly tinged with the spirit of revolt against moral and social arrangements: later she devoted herself to studies of country life and manners, involving bold sketches of character and dramatic situations. One of the most remarkable characteristics of her work is the apparently inexhaustible imagination with which she continued to the close of her long life to pour forth many volumes of fiction year after year. Balzac, as a writer, was equally productive. In the "Comédie Humaine" he attempted to cover the whole ground of human, or at least of French life, and the success he attained was remarkable. The influence of these two writers affected the entire body of those who succeeded them with very few exceptions. Among these are Jules Sandeau, whose novels are distinguished by minute character-drawing in tones of a sombre hue. Saintine, the author of "Picciola," Mme. Craven (Reçit d'une Soeur), Henri Beyle, who, under the _nom de plume_ of _Stendhal_, wrote the "Chartreuse de Parme," a powerful novel of the analytical kind, and Henri Murger, a painter of Bohemian life. Octave Feuillet has attained great popularity in romances of fashionable life. Gustave Flaubert (b. 1821), with great acuteness and knowledge of human nature, combines scholarship and a power over the language not surpassed by any writer of the century. Edmond About (b. 1828) is distinguished by his refined wit. One of the most popular writers of the second empire is Ernest Feydeau (1821-1874), a writer of great ability, but morbid and affected in the choice and treatment of his subjects. Of late, many writers of the realist school have striven to outdo their predecessors in carrying out the principles of Balzac; among these are Gaboriau, Cherbuliez, Droz, Bédol, Alphonse Daudet. CRITICISM.--Previous to the Romantic movement in France the office of criticism had been to compare all literary productions with certain established rules, and to judge them accordingly. The theory of the new school was, that a work should be judged by itself alone or by the author's ideal. The great master of this school was Sainte-Beuve (1804- 1869), who possessed a rare combination of great and accurate learning, compass and profundity of thought, and above all sympathy in judgment. Hippolyte Taine (b. 1828), the most brilliant of living French critics, Théophile Gautier, Arsène Houssaye, Jules Janin (d. 1874), Sarcey, and others, are distinguished in this branch of letters. MISCELLANEOUS.--Among earlier writers of the nineteenth century are Sismondi, whose "Literature of Southern Europe" remains without a rival, the work of Ginguené on "Italian Literature," and of Renouard on "Provençal Poetry." In intellectual philosophy Jouffroy and Damiron continued the work begun by Royer-Collard, that of destroying the influence of sensualism and materialism. The philosophical writings of Cousin (1792-1867) are models of didactic prose, and in his work on "The Beautiful, True, and Good" he raises the science of aesthetics to its highest dignity. Lamennais (1782-1854) exhibits in his writings various phases of religious thought, ending in rationalism. Comte (1798-1857), in his "Positive Philosophy," shows power of generalization and force of logic, though tending to atheism and socialism. De Tocqueville and Chevalier are distinguished in political science, the former particularly for his able work on "Democracy in America." Renan (b. 1823) is a prominent name in theological writing, and Montalembert (1810-1870) a historian with strong religious tendencies. Among the orators Lacordaire, Père Felix, Père Hyacinthe, and Coquerel are best known. Among the women of France distinguished for their literary abilities are Mme. Durant, who, under the name of Henri Greville, has given, in a series of tales, many charming pictures of Russian life, Mlle. Clarisse Bader, who has produced valuable historical works on the condition of women in all ages, and Mme. Adam, a brilliant writer and journalist. In science, Pasteur and Milne-Edwards hold the first rank in biology, Paul Bert in physiology, and Quatrefages in anthropology of races.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.--1. Spanish Literature and its Divisions.--2. The Language.

PERIOD FIRST.--1. Early National Literature; the Poem of the Cid; Berceo, Alfonso the Wise, Segura; Don Juan Manuel, the Archpriest of Hita, Santob, Ayala.--2. Old Ballads.--3. The Chronicles.--4. Romances of Chivalry.--5.

The Drama.--6. Provençal Literature in Spain.--7. The Influence of Italian Literature in Spain.--8. The Cancioneros and Prose Writing.--9. The Inquisition.

PERIOD SECOND.--1. The Effect of Intolerance on Letters.--2. Influence of Italy on Spanish Literature; Boscan, Garcilasso de la Vega, Diego de Mendoza.--3. History; Cortez, Gomara, Oviedo, Las Casas.--4. The Drama, Rueda, Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca.--5. Romances and Tales; Cervantes, and other Writers of Fiction.--6. Historical Narrative Poems; Ercilla.--7. Lyric Poetry; the Argensolas; Luis de Leon, Quevedo, Herrera, Gongora, and others.--8. Satirical and other Poetry.--9. History and other Prose Writing; Zurita, Mariana, Sandoval, and others.

PERIOD THIRD.--1. French Influence on the Literature of Spain.--2. The Dawn of Spanish Literature in the Eighteenth Century; Feyjoo, Isla, Moratin the elder, Yriarte, Melendez, Gonzalez, Quintana, Moratin the younger.--3. Spanish Literature in the Nineteenth Century.

INTRODUCTION.

1. SPANISH LITERATURE AND ITS DIVISIONS.--At the period of the subversion of the Empire of the West, in the fifth century, Spain was invaded by the Suevi, the Alans, the Vandals, and the Visigoths. The country which had for six centuries been subjected to the dominion of the Romans, and had, adopted the language and arts of its masters, now experienced those changes in manners, opinions, military spirit, and language, which took place in the other provinces of the empire, and which, were, in fact, the origin of the nations which arose on the overthrow of the Roman power. Among the conquerors of Spain, the Visigoths were the most numerous; the ancient Roman subjects were speedily confounded with them, and their dominion soon extended over nearly the whole country. In the year 710 the peninsula was invaded by the Arabs or Moors, and from that time the active and incessant struggles of the Spanish Christians against the invaders, and their necessary contact with Arabian civilization, began to elicit sparks of intellectual energy. Indeed, the first utterance of that popular feeling which became the foundation of the national literature was heard in the midst of that extraordinary contest, which lasted for more than seven centuries, so that the earliest Spanish poetry seems but a breathing of the energy and heroism which, at the time it appeared, animated the Spanish Christians throughout the peninsula. Overwhelmed by the Moors, they did not entirely yield; a small but valiant band, retreating before the fiery pursuit of their enemies, established themselves in the extreme northwestern portion of their native land, amidst the mountains and the fastnesses of Biscay and Asturias, while the others remained under the yoke of the conquerors, adopting, in some degree, the manners and habits of the Arabians. On the destruction of the caliphate of Cordova, in the year 1031, the dismemberment of the Moslem territories into petty Independent kingdoms, often at variance with each other, afforded the Christians a favorable opportunity of reconquering their country. One after another the Moorish states fell before them. The Moors were driven farther and farther to the south, and by the middle of the thirteenth century they had no dominion in Spain except the kingdom of Granada, which for two centuries longer continued the splendid abode of luxury and magnificence. As victory inclined more and more to the Spanish arms, the Castilian dialect rapidly grew into a vehicle adequate to express the pride and dignity of the prevailing people, and that enthusiasm for liberty which was long their finest characteristic. The poem of the Cid early appeared, and in the thirteenth century a numerous family of romantic ballads followed, all glowing with heroic ardor. As another epoch drew near, the lyric form began to predominate, in which, however, the warm expressions of the Spanish heart were restricted by a fondness for conceit and allegory. The rudiments of the drama, religious, pastoral, and satiric, soon followed, marked by many traits of original thought and talent. Thus the course of Spanish literature proceeded, animated and controlled by the national character, to the end of the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth, the original genius of the Spaniards, and their proud consciousness of national greatness, contributed to the maintenance and improvement of their literature in the face of the Inquisition itself. Released by the conquest of Granada (1492) from the presence of internal foes, prosperous at home and powerful abroad, Spain naturally rose to high mental dignity; and with all that she gathered from foreign contributions, her writers kept much of their native vein, more free than at first from Orientalism, but still breathing of their own romantic land. A close connection, however, for more than one hundred years with Italy, familiarized the Spanish mind with eminent Italian authors and with the ancient classics. During the seventeenth

century, especially from the middle to the close, the decay of letters kept pace with the decline of Spanish power, until the humiliation of both seemed completed in the reign of Charles II. About that time, however, the Spanish drama received a full development and attained its perfection. In the eighteenth century, under the government of the Bourbons, and partly through the patronage of Philip V., there was a certain revival of literature; but unfortunately, parties divided, and many of the educated Spaniards were so much attracted by French glitter as to turn with disgust from their own writers. The political convulsions, of which Spain has been the victim since the time of Ferdinand VII., have greatly retarded the progress of national literature, and the nineteenth century has thus far produced little which is worthy of mention. The literary history of Spain may be divided into three periods:-- The first, extending from the close of the twelfth century to the beginning of the sixteenth, will contain the literature of the country from the first appearance of the present written language to the early part of the reign of Charles V., and will include the genuinely national literature, and that portion which, by imitating the refinement of Provence or of Italy, was, during the same interval, more or less separated from the popular spirit and genius. The second, the period of literary success and national glory, extending from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the close of the seventeenth, will embrace the literature from the accession of the Austrian family to its extinction. The third, the period of decline, extends from the beginning of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, or from the accession of the Bourbon family to the present time. 2. THE LANGUAGE.--The Spanish Christians who, after the Moorish conquest, had retreated to the mountains of Asturias, carried with them the Latin language as they had received it corrupted from the Romans, and still more by the elements introduced into it by the invasion of the northern tribes. In their retreat they found themselves amidst the descendants of the Iberians, the earliest race which had inhabited Spain, who appeared to have shaken off little of the barbarism that had resisted alike the invasion of the Romans and of the Goths, and who retained the original Iberian or Basque tongue. Coming in contact with this, the language of those Christians underwent new modifications; later, when they advanced in their conquest toward the south and the east, and found themselves surrounded by those portions of their race that had remained among the Arabs, known as Muçárabes, they felt that they were in the presence of a civilization and refinement altogether superior to their own. As the Goths, between the fifth and eighth centuries, had received a vast number of words from the Latin, because it was the language of a people with whom they were intimately mingled, and who were much more intellectual and advanced than themselves, so, for the same reason, the whole nation, between the eighth and thirteenth centuries, received another increase of their vocabulary from the Arabic, and accommodated themselves in a remarkable degree to the advanced culture of their southern countrymen, and of their new Moorish subjects. It appears that about the middle of the twelfth century this new dialect had risen to the dignity of being a written language; and it spread gradually through the country. It differed from the pure or the corrupted Latin, and still more from the Arabic; yet it was obviously formed by a union of both, modified by the analogies and spirit of the Gothic constructions and dialects, and containing some remains of the vocabularies of the Iberians, the Celts, the Phoenicians, and of the German tribes, who at different periods had occupied the peninsula. This, like the other languages of Southern Europe, was called originally the Romance, from the prevalence of the Roman and Latin elements. The territories of the Christian Spaniards were divided into three longitudinal sections, having each a separate dialect, arising from the mixture of different primitive elements. The Catalan was spoken in the east, the Castilian in the centre, while the Galician, which originated the Portuguese, prevailed in the west. The Catalan or Limousin, the earliest dialect cultivated in the peninsula, bore a strong resemblance to the Provençal, and when the bards were driven from Provence they found a home in the east of Spain, and numerous celebrated troubadours arose in Aragon and Catalonia. But many elements concurred to produce a decay of the Catalan, and from the beginning of the sixteenth century it rapidly declined. It is still spoken in the Balearic Islands and among the lower classes of some of the eastern parts of Spain, but since the sixteenth century the Castilian alone has been the vehicle of literature. The Castilian dialect followed the fortune of the Castilian arms, until it finally became the established language, even of the most southern provinces, where it had been longest withstood by the Arabic. Its clear, sonorous vowels and the beautiful articulation of its syllables, give it a greater resemblance to the Italian than any other idiom of the peninsula. But amidst this euphony the ear is struck with the sound of the German and Arabic guttural, which is unknown in the other languages in which Latin roots predominate.

PERIOD FIRST.

FROM THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE WRITTEN LANGUAGE TO THE EARLY PART OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES V. (1200-1500).

1. EARLY NATIONAL LITERATURE.--There are two traits of the earliest Spanish literature which so peculiarly distinguish it that they deserve to be noticed from the outset--religious faith and knightly loyalty. The Spanish

national character, as it has existed from the earliest times to the present day, was formed in that solemn contest which began when the Moors landed beneath the rock of Gibraltar, and which did not end until eight centuries after, when the last remnants of the race were driven from the shores of Spain. During this contest, especially that part of it when the earliest Spanish poetry appeared, nothing but an invincible faith and a not less invincible loyalty to their own princes could have sustained the Christian Spaniards in their struggles against their infidel oppressors. It was, therefore, a stern necessity which made these two high qualities elements of the Spanish national character, and it is not surprising that we find submission to the church and loyalty to the king constantly breathing through every portion of Spanish literature. The first monument of the Spanish, or, as it was oftener called, the Castilian tongue, the most ancient epic in any of the Romance languages, is "The Poem of the Cid." It consists of more than three thousand lines, and was probably not composed later than the year 1200. This poem celebrates the achievements of the great hero of the chivalrous age of Spain, Rodrigo Diaz (1020-1099), who obtained from five Moorish kings, whom he had vanquished in battle, the title of El Seid, or my lord. He was also called by the Spaniards El Campeador or El Cid Campeador, the Champion or the Lord Champion, and he well deserved the honorable title, for he passed almost the whole of his life in the field against the oppressors of his country, and led the conquering arms of the Christians over nearly a quarter of Spain. No hero has been so universally celebrated by his countrymen, and poetry and tradition have delighted to attach to his name a long series of fabulous achievements, which remind us as often of Amadis and Arthur, as they do of the sober heroes of history. His memory is so sacredly dear to the Spanish nation, that to say "by the faith of Rodrigo," is still considered the strongest vow of loyalty. The poem of the Cid is valuable mainly for the living picture it presents of manners and character in the eleventh century. It is a contemporary and spirited exhibition of the chivalrous times of Spain, given occasionally with an admirable and Homeric simplicity. It is the history of the most romantic hero of Spanish tradition, continually mingled with domestic and personal details, that bring the character of the Cid and his age very near to our own sympathies and interests. The language is the same which he himself spoke--still only imperfectly developed--it expresses the bold and original spirit of the time, and the metre and rhyme are rude and unsettled; but the poem throughout is striking and original, and breathes everywhere the true Castilian spirit. During the thousand years which elapsed from the time of the decay of Greek and Roman culture down to the appearance of the Divine Comedy, no poetry was produced so original in its tone, or so full of natural feeling, picturesqueness, and energy. There are a few other poems, anonymous, like that of the Cid, whose language and style carry them back to the thirteenth century. The next poetry we meet is by a known author, Gonzalo (1220-1260), a priest commonly called Berceo, from the place of his birth. His works, all on religious subjects, amount to more than thirteen thousand lines. His language shows some advance from that in which the Cid was written, but the power and movement of that remarkable legend are entirely wanting in these poems. There is a simple-hearted piety in them, however, that is very attractive, and in some of them a story-telling spirit that is occasionally vivid and graphic. Alfonso, surnamed the Wise (1221-1284), united the crowns of Leon and Castile, and attracted to his court many of the philosophers and learned men of the East. He was a poet closely connected with the Provençal troubadours of his time, and so skilled in astronomy and the occult sciences that his fame spread throughout Europe. He had more political, philosophical, and elegant learning than any man of his age, and made further advances in some of the exact sciences. At one period his consideration was so great, that he was elected Emperor of Germany; but his claims were set aside by the subsequent election of Rudolph of Hapsburg. The last great work undertaken by Alfonso was a kind of code known as "Las Siete Partidas," or The Seven Parts, from the divisions of the work itself. This is the most important legislative monument of the age, and forms a sort of Spanish common law, which, with the decisions under it, has been the basis of Spanish jurisprudence ever since. Becoming a part of the Constitution of the State in all Spanish colonies, it has, from the time Louisiana and Florida were added to the United States, become in some cases the law in our own country. The life of Alfonso was full of painful vicissitudes. He was driven from his throne by factious nobles and a rebellious son, and died in exile, leaving behind him the reputation of being the wisest fool in Christendom. Mariana says of him: "He was more fit for letters than for the government of his subjects; he studied the heavens and watched the stars, but forgot the earth and lost his kingdom." Yet Alfonso is among the chief founders of his country's intellectual fame, and he is to be remembered alike for the great advancement Castilian prose composition made in his hands, for his poetry, for his astronomical tables--which all the progress of modern science has not deprived of their value--and for his great work on legislation, which is at this moment an authority in both hemispheres. Juan Lorenzo Segura (1176-1250) was the author of a poem containing more than ten thousand lines, on the history of Alexander the Great. In this poem the manners and customs of Spain in the thirteenth century are substituted for those of ancient Greece, and the Macedonian hero is invested with all the virtues and even equipments of European chivalry. Don Juan Manuel, (1282-1347), a nephew of Alfonso the Wise, was one of the most turbulent and dangerous Spanish barons of his time. His life was full of intrigue and violence, and for thirty years he disturbed his country by his military and rebellious enterprises. But in all these circumstances, so adverse to

intellectual pursuits, he showed himself worthy of the family in which for more than a century letters had been honored and cultivated. Don Juan is known to have written twelve works, but it is uncertain how many of these are still in existence; only one, "Count Lucanor," has been placed beyond the reach of accident by being printed. The Count Lucanor is the most valuable monument of Spanish literature in the fourteenth century, and one of the earliest prose works in the Castilian tongue, as the Decameron, which appeared about the same time, was the first in the Italian. Both are collections of tales; but the object of the Decameron is to amuse, while the Count Lucanor is the production of a statesman, instructing a grave and serious nation in lessons of policy and morality in the form of apologues. These stories have suggested many subjects for the Spanish stage, and one of them contains the groundwork of Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew." Juan Ruiz, arch-priest of Hita (1292-1351), was a contemporary of Don Manuel. His works consist of nearly seven thousand verses, forming a series of stories which appear to be sketches from his own history, mingled with fictions and allegories. The most curious is "The Battle of Don Carnival with Madame Lent," in which Don Bacon, Madame Hungbeef, and a train of other savory personages, are marshaled in mortal combat. The cause of Madame Lent triumphs, and Don Carnival is condemned to solitary imprisonment and one spare meal each day. At the end of forty days the allegorical prisoner escapes, raises new followers, Don Breakfast and others, and re-appears in alliance with Don Amor. The poetry of the arch-priest is very various in tone. In general, it is satirical and pervaded by a quiet humor. His happiest success is in the tales and apologues which illustrate the adventures that constitute a framework for his poetry, which is natural and spirited; and in this, as in other points, he strikingly resembles Chaucer. Both often sought their materials in Northern French poetry, and both have that mixture of devotion and of licentiousness belonging to their age, as well as to the personal character of each. Rabbi Santob, a Jew of Carrion (fl. 1350), was the author of many poems, the most important of which is "The Dance of Death," a favorite subject of the painters and poets of the Middle Ages, representing a kind of spiritual masquerade, in which persons of every rank and age appear dancing with the skeleton form of Death. In this Spanish version it is perhaps more striking and picturesque than in any other--the ghastly nature of the subject being brought into very lively contrast with the festive tone of the verses. This grim fiction had for several centuries great success throughout Europe. Pedro Lopez Ayala (1332-1407), grand chancellor of Castile under four successive sovereigns, was both a poet and a historian. His poem, "Court Rhymes," is the most remarkable of his productions. His style is grave, gentle, and didactic, with occasional expressions of poetic feeling, which seem, however, to belong as much to their age as to their author.

2. OLD BALLADS.--From the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, the period we have just gone over, the courts of the different sovereigns of Europe were the principal centres of refinement and civilization, and this was peculiarly the case in Spain during this period, when literature was produced or encouraged by the sovereigns and other distinguished men. But this was not the only literature of Spain. The spirit of poetry diffused throughout the peninsula, excited by the romantic events of Spanish history, now began to assume the form of a popular literature, and to assert for itself a place which in some particulars it has maintained ever since. This popular literature may be distributed into four different classes. The first contains the Ballads, or the narrative and lyrical poetry of the common people from the earliest times; the second, the Chronicles, or the half-genuine, half-fabulous histories of the great events and heroes of the national annals; the third class comprises the Romances of Chivalry, intimately connected with both the others, and, after a time, as passionately admired by the whole nation; and the fourth includes the Drama, which in its origin has always been a popular and religious amusement, and was hardly less so in Spain than it was in Greece or in France. These four classes compose what was generally most valued in Spanish literature during the latter part of the fourteenth century, the whole of the fifteenth, and much of the sixteenth. They rested on the deep foundations of the national character, and therefore by their very nature were opposed to the Provençal, the Italian, and the courtly schools, which flourished during the same period. The metrical structure of the old Spanish ballad was extremely simple, consisting of eight-syllable lines, which are composed with great facility in other languages as well as the Castilian. Sometimes they were broken into stanzas of four lines each, thence called redondillas, or roundelays, but their prominent peculiarity is that of the asonante, an imperfect rhyme that echoes the same vowel, but not the same final consonant in the terminating syllables. This metrical form was at a later period adopted by the dramatists, and is now used in every department of Spanish poetry. The old Spanish ballads comprise more than a thousand poems, first collected in the sixteenth century, whose authors and dates are alike unknown. Indeed, until after the middle of that century, it is difficult to find ballads written by known authors. These collections, arranged without regard to chronological order, relate to the fictions of chivalry, especially to Charlemagne and his peers, to the traditions and history of Spain, to Moorish adventures, and to the private life and manners of the Spaniards themselves; they belong to the unchronicled popular life and character of the age which gave them birth. The ballads of chivalry, with the exception of those relating to Charlemagne, occupy a less important place than those founded on national subjects. The historical ballads are by

far the most numerous and the most interesting; and of those the first in the order of time are those relating to Bernardo del Carpio, concerning whom there are about forty. Bernardo (fl. 800) was the offspring of a secret marriage between the Count de Saldaña and a sister of Alfonso the Chaste, at which the king was so much offended that he sent the Infanta to a convent, and kept the Count in perpetual imprisonment, educating Bernardo as his own son, and keeping him in ignorance of his birth. The achievements of Bernardo ending with the victory of Roncesvalles, his efforts to procure the release of his father, the falsehood of the king, and the despair and rebellion of Bernardo after the death of the Count in prison, constitute the romantic incidents of these ballads. The next series is that on Fernan Gonzalez, a chieftain who, in the middle of the tenth century, recovered Castile from the Moors and became its first sovereign count. The most romantic are those which describe his being twice rescued from prison by his heroic wife, and his contest with King Sancho, in which he displayed all the turbulence and cunning of a robber baron of the Middle Ages. The Seven Lords of Lara form the next group; some of them are beautiful, and the story they contain is one of the most romantic in Spanish history. The Seven Lords of Lara are betrayed by their uncle into the hands of the Moors, and put to death, while their father, by the basest treason, is confined in a Moorish prison. An eighth son, the famous Mudarra, whose mother is a noble Moorish lady, at last avenges all the wrongs of his race. But from the earliest period, the Cid has been the occasion of more ballads than any other of the great heroes of Spanish history or fable. They were first collected in 1612, and have been continually republished to the present day. There are at least a hundred and sixty of them, forming a more complete series than any other, all strongly marked with the spirit of their age and country. The Moorish ballads form a large and brilliant class by themselves. The period when this style of poetry came into favor was the century after the fall of Granada, when the south, with its refinement and effeminacy, its magnificent and fantastic architecture, the foreign yet not strange manners of its people, and the stories of their warlike achievements, all took strong hold of the Spanish imagination, and made of Granada a fairy land. Of the ballads relating to private life, most of them are effusions of love, others are satirical, pastoral, and burlesque, and many descriptive of the manners and amusements of the people at large; but all of them are true representations of Spanish life. They are marked by an attractive simplicity of thought and expression, united to a sort of mischievous shrewdness. No such popular poetry exists in any other language, and no other exhibits in so great a degree that nationality which is the truest element of such poetry everywhere. The English and Scotch ballads, with which they may most naturally be compared, belong to a ruder state of society, which gave to the poetry less dignity and elevation than belong to a people who, like the Spanish, were for centuries engaged in a contest ennobled by a sense of religion and loyalty, and which could not fail to raise the minds of those engaged in it far above the atmosphere that settled around the bloody feuds of rival barons, or the gross maraudings of border warfare. The great Castilian heroes, the Cid, Bernardo del Carpio, and Pelayo, are even now an essential portion of the faith and poetry of the common people of Spain, and are still honored as they were centuries ago. The stories of Guarinos and of the defeat at Roncesvalles are still sung by the wayfaring muleteers, as they were when Don Quixote heard them on his journey to Toboso, and the showmen still rehearse the same adventures in the streets of Seville, that they did at the solitary inn of Montesinos when he encountered them there.

3. THE CHRONICLES.--As the great Moorish contest was transferred to the south of Spain, the north became comparatively quiet. Wealth and leisure followed; the castles became the abodes of a crude but free hospitality, and the distinctions of society grew more apparent. The ballads from this time began to subside into the lower portions of society; the educated sought forms of literature more in accordance with their increased knowledge and leisure, and their more settled system of social life. The oldest of these forms was that of the Spanish prose chronicles, of which there are general and royal chronicles, chronicles of particular events, chronicles of particular persons, chronicles of travels, and romantic chronicles. The first of these chronicles in the order of time as well as that of merit, comes from the royal hand of Alfonso the Wise, and is entitled "The Chronicle of Spain." It begins with the creation of the world, and concludes with the death of St. Ferdinand, the father of Alfonso. The last part, relating to the history of Spain, is by far the most attractive, and sets forth in a truly national spirit all the rich old traditions of the country. This is not only the most interesting of the Spanish chronicles, but the most interesting of all that in any country mark the transition from its poetical and romantic traditions to the grave exactness of historical truth. The chronicle of the Cid was probably taken from this work. Alfonso XI. ordered the annals of the kingdom to be continued down to his own reign, or through the period from 1252 to 1312. During many succeeding reigns the royal chronicles were continued,--that of Ferdinand and Isabella, by Pulgar, is the last instance of the old style; but though the annals were still kept up, the free and picturesque spirit that gave them life was no longer there. The chronicles of particular events and persons are most of them of little value. Among the chronicles of travels, the oldest one of any value is an account of a Spanish embassy to Tamerlane, the great Tartar potentate. Of the romantic chronicles, the principal specimen is that of Don Roderic, a fabulous account of the reign of King Roderic, the conquest of the country by the Moors, and the first attempts to recover it in the beginning of the eighth century. The

style is heavy and verbose, although upon it Southey has founded much of his beautiful poem of "Roderic, the last of the Goths." This chronicle of Don Roderic, which was little more than a romance of chivalry, marks the transition to those romantic fictions that had already begun to inundate Spain. But the series which it concludes extends over a period of two hundred and fifty years, from the time of Alfonso the Wise to the accession of Charles V. (1221-1516), and is unrivaled in the richness and variety of its poetic elements. In truth, these old Spanish chronicles cannot be compared with those of any other nation, and whether they have their foundation in truth or in fable, they strike their strong roots further down into the deep soil of popular feeling and character. The old Spanish loyalty, the old Spanish religious faith, as both were formed and nourished in long periods of national trial and suffering, everywhere appear; and they contain such a body of antiquities, traditions, and fables as has been offered to no other people; furnishing not only materials from which a multitude of old Spanish plays, ballads, and romances have been drawn, but a mine which has unceasingly been wrought by the rest of Europe for similar purposes, and which still remains unexhausted.

4. ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY.--The ballads originally belonged to the whole nation, but especially to its less cultivated portions. The chronicles, on the contrary, belonged to the knightly classes, who sought in these picturesque records of their fathers a stimulus to their own virtue. But as the nation advanced in refinement, books of less grave character were demanded, and the spirit of poetical invention soon turned to the national traditions, and produced from these new and attractive forms of fiction. Before the middle of the fourteenth century, the romances of chivalry connected with the stories of Arthur and the knights of the Round Table, and Charlemagne and his peers, which had appeared in France two centuries before, were scarcely known in Spain; but after that time they were imitated, and a new series of fictions was invented, which soon spread through the world, and became more famous than, either of its predecessors. This extraordinary family of romances is that of which "Amadis" is the poetical head and type, and this was probably produced before the year 1400, by Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese. The structure and tone of this fiction are original, and much more free than those of the French romances that had preceded it. The stories of Arthur and Charlemagne are both somewhat limited in invention by the adventures ascribed to them in the traditions and chronicles, while that of Amadis belongs purely to the imagination, and its sole purpose is to set forth the character of a perfect knight. Amadis is admitted by general consent to be the best of all the old romances of chivalry. The series which followed, founded upon the Amadis, reached the number of twenty-four. They were successively translated into French, and at once became famous. Considering the passionate admiration which this work so long excited, and the influence that, with little merit of its own, it has ever since exercised on the poetry and romance of modern Europe, it is a phenomenon without parallel in literary history. Many other series of romances followed, numbering more than seventy volumes, most of them in folio, and their influence over the Spanish character extended through two hundred years. Their extraordinary popularity may be accounted for, if we remember that, when they first appeared in Spain, it had long been peculiarly the land of knighthood. Extravagant and impossible as are many of the adventures recorded in these books of chivalry, they so little exceeded the absurdities of living men that many persons took the romances themselves to be true histories, and believed them. The happiest work of the greatest genius Spain has produced bears witness on every page to the prevalence of an absolute fanaticism for these books of chivalry, and becomes at once the seal of their vast popularity and the monument of their fate.

5. THE DRAMA.--The ancient theatre of the Greeks and Romans was continued in some of its grosser forms in Constantinople and in other parts of the fallen empire far into the Middle Ages. But it was essentially mythological or heathenish, and, as such, it was opposed by the Christian church, which, however, provided a substitute for what it thus opposed, by adding a dramatic element to its festivals. Thus the manger at Bethlehem, with the worship of the shepherds and magi, was at a very early period solemnly exhibited every year before the altars of the churches, at Christmas, as were the tragical events of the last days of the Saviour's life, during Lent and at the approach of Easter. To these spectacles, dialogue was afterwards added, and they were called, as we have seen, _Mysteries_; they were used successfully not only as a means of amusement, but for the religious edification of an ignorant multitude, and in some countries they have been continued quite down to our own times. The period when these representations were first made in Spain cannot now be determined, though it was certainly before the middle of the thirteenth century, and no distinct account of them now remains. A singular combination of pastoral and satirical poetry indicates the first origin of the Spanish secular drama. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, these pastoral dialogues were converted into real dramas by Enzina, and were publicly represented. But the most important of these early productions is the "Tragi-comedy of Calisto and Meliboea," or "Celestina." Though it can never have been represented, it has left unmistakable traces of its influence on the national drama ever since. It was translated into various languages, and few works ever had a more brilliant success. The great fault of the Celestina is its

shameless libertinism of thought and language; and its chief merits are its life-like exhibition of the most unworthy forms of human character, and its singularly pure, rich, and idiomatic Castilian style. The dramatic writers of this period seem to have had no idea of founding a popular national drama, of which there is no trace as late as the close of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

6. PROVENÇAL LITERATURE IN SPAIN.--When the crown of Provence was transferred, by the marriage of its heir, in 1113, to Berenger, Count of Barcelona, numbers of the Provençal poets followed their liege lady from Arles to Barcelona, and established themselves in her new capital. At the very commencement, therefore, of the twelfth century, Provençal refinement was introduced into the northeastern corner of Spain. Political causes soon carried it farther towards the centre of the country. The Counts of Barcelona obtained, by marriage, the kingdom of Aragon, and soon spread through their new territories many of the refinements of Provence. The literature thus introduced retained its Provençal character till it came in contact with that more vigorous spirit which had been advancing from the northwest, and which afterwards gave its tone to the consolidated monarchy. The poetry of the troubadours in Catalonia, as well as in its native home, belonged much to the court, and the highest in rank and power were earliest and foremost on its lists. From 1209 to 1229, the war against the Albigenses was carried on with extraordinary cruelty and fury. To this sect nearly all the contemporary troubadours belonged, and when they were compelled to escape from the burnt and bloody ruins of their homes, many of them hastened to the friendly court of Aragon, sure of being protected and honored by princes who were at the same time poets. >From the close of the thirteenth century, the songs of the troubadours were rarely heard in the land that gave them birth three hundred years before; and the plant that was not permitted to expand in its native soil, soon perished in that to which it had been transplanted. After the opening of the fourteenth century, no genuinely Provençal poetry appears in Castile, and from the middle of that century it begins to recede from Catalonia and Aragon; or rather, to be corrupted by the hardier dialect spoken there by the mass of the people. The retreat of the troubadours over the Pyrenees, from Aix to Barcelona, from Barcelona to Saragossa and Valencia, is everywhere marked by the wrecks and fragments of their peculiar poetry and cultivation. At length, oppressed by the more powerful Castilian, what remained of the language, that gave the first impulse to poetic feeling in modern times, sank into a neglected dialect.

7. THE INFLUENCE OF ITALIAN LITERATURE IN SPAIN.--The influence of the Italian literature over the Spanish, though less apparent at first, was more deep and lasting than that of the Provençal. The long wars that the Christians of Spain waged against the Moors brought them into closer spiritual connection with the Church of Rome than any other people of modern times. Spanish students repaired to the famous universities of Italy, and returned to Spain, bringing with them the influence of Italian culture; and commercial and political relations still further promoted a free communication of the manners and literature of Italy to Spain. The language, also, from its affinity with the Spanish, constituted a still more important and effectual medium of intercourse. In the reign of John II. (1407-1454), the attempt to form an Italian school in Spain became apparent. This sovereign gathered about him a sort of poetical court, and gave an impulse to refinement that was perceptible for several generations. Among those who interested themselves most directly in the progress of poetry in Spain, the first in rank, after the king himself, was the Marquis of Villena (1384-1434), whose fame rests chiefly on the "Labors of Hercules," a short prose treatise or allegory. First of all the courtiers and poets of this reign, in point of merit, stands the Marquis of Santillana (1398-1458), whose works belong more or less to the Provençal, Italian, and Spanish schools. He was the founder of an Italian and courtly school in Spanish poetry--one adverse to the national school and finally overcome by it, but one that long exercised a considerable sway. Another poet of the court of John II. is Juan de Mena, historiographer of Castile. His principal works are, "The Coronation" and "The Labyrinth," both imitations of Dante. They are of consequence as marking the progress of the language. The principal poem of Manrique the younger, one of an illustrious family of that name, who were poets, statesmen, and soldiers, on the death of his father, is remarkable for depth and truth of feeling. Its greatest charm is its beautiful simplicity, and its merit entitles it to the place it has taken among the most admired portions of the elder Spanish literature.

8. THE CANCIONEROS AND PROSE WRITINGS.--The most distinct idea of the poetical culture of Spain, during the fifteenth century, may be obtained from the "Cancioneros," or collections of poetry, sometimes all by one author, sometimes by many. The oldest of these dates from about 1450, and was the work of Baena. Many similar collections followed, and they were among the fashionable wants of the age. In 1511, Castillo printed at Valencia the "Cancionero General," which contained poems attributed to about a hundred different poets, from the time of Santillana to the period in which it was made. Ten editions of this remarkable book followed, and in it we find the poetry most in favor at the court and with the refined society of Spain. It contains no trace of the earliest poetry of the country, but the spirit of the troubadours is everywhere present; the occasional imitations from the Italian are

more apparent than successful, and in general it is wearisome and monotonous, overstrained, formal, and cold. But it was impossible that such a state of poetical culture should become permanent in a country so full of stirring events as Spain was in the age that followed the fall of Granada and the discovery of America; everything announced a decided movement in the literature of the nation, and almost everything seemed to favor and facilitate it. The prose writers of the fifteenth century deserve mention chiefly because they were so much valued in their own age. Their writings are encumbered with the bad taste and pedantry of the time. Among them are Lucena, Alfonso de la Torre, Pulgar, and a few others.

9. THE INQUISITION.--The first period of the history of Spanish literature, now concluded, extends through nearly four centuries, from the first breathings of the poetical enthusiasm of the mass of the people, down to the decay of the courtly literature in the latter part of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The elements of a national literature which it contains--the old ballads, the old chronicles, the old theatre-- are of a vigor and promise not to be mistaken. They constitute a mine of more various wealth than had been offered under similar circumstances, at so early a period, to any other people; and they give indications of a subsequent literature that must vindicate for itself a place among the permanent monuments of modern civilization. The condition of things in Spain, at the close of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, seemed to promise a long period of national prosperity. But one institution, destined to check and discourage all intellectual freedom, was already beginning to give token of its great and blighting power. The Christian Spaniards had from an early period been essentially intolerant. The Moors and the Jews were regarded by them with an intense and bitter hatred; the first as their conquerors, and the last for the oppressive claims which their wealth gave them on numbers of the Christian inhabitants; and as enemies of the Cross, it was regarded as a merit to punish them. The establishment of the Inquisition, therefore, in 1481, which had been so effectually used to exterminate the heresy of the Albigenses, met with little opposition. The Jews and the Moors were its first victims, and with them it was permitted to deal unchecked by the power of the state. But the movements of this power were in darkness and secrecy. From the moment when the Inquisition laid its grasp on the object of its suspicions to that of his execution, no voice was heard to issue from its cells. The very witnesses it summoned were punished with death if they revealed the secrets of its dread tribunals; and often of the victim nothing was known but that he had disappeared from his accustomed haunts never again to be seen. The effect was appalling. The imaginations of men were filled with horror at the idea of a power so vast, so noiseless, constantly and invisibly around them, whose blow was death, but whose step could neither be heard nor followed amidst the gloom into which it retreated. From this time, Spanish intolerance took that air of sombre fanaticism which it never afterwards lost. The Inquisition gradually enlarged its jurisdiction, until none was too humble to escape its notice, or too high to be reached by its power. From an inquiry into the private opinions of individuals to an interference with books and the press was but a step, and this was soon taken, hastened by the appearance and progress of the Reformation of Luther.

PERIOD SECOND.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF THE AUSTRIAN FAMILY TO ITS EXTINCTION (1500-1700).

1. THE EFFECT OF INTOLERANCE ON LETTERS.--The central point in Spanish history is the capture of Granada. During nearly eight centuries before that event, the Christians of Spain were occupied with conflicts that developed extraordinary energies, till the whole land was filled to overflowing with a power which had hardly yet been felt in Europe. But no sooner was the last Moorish fortress yielded up, than this accumulated flood broke loose and threatened to overspread the best portions of the civilized world. Charles the Fifth, grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, inherited not only Spain, but Naples, Sicily, and the Low Countries. The untold wealth of the Indies was already beginning to pour into his treasury. He was elected Emperor of Germany, and he soon began a career of conquest such as had not been imagined since the days of Charlemagne. Success and glory ever waited for him as he advanced, and this brilliant aspect seemed to promise that Spain would ere long be at the head of an empire more extensive than the Roman. But a moral power was at work, destined to divide Europe anew, and the monk Luther was already become a counterpoise to the military master of so many kingdoms. During the hundred and thirty years of struggle, that terminated with the peace of Westphalia, though Spain was far removed from the fields where the most cruel battles of the religious wars were fought, the interest she took in the contest may be seen from the presence of her armies in every part of Europe where it was possible to assail the great movement of the Reformation. In Spain, the contest with Protestantism was of short duration. By successive decrees the church ordained that all persons who kept in their possession books infected with the doctrines of Luther, and even all who failed to denounce such persons, should be excommunicated, and subjected to cruel and degrading punishments. The

power of the Inquisition was consummated in 1546, when the first "Index Expurgatorius" was published in Spain. This was a list of the books that all persons were forbidden to buy, sell, or keep possession of, under penalty of confiscation and death. The tribunals were authorized and required to proceed against all persons supposed to be infected with the new belief, even though they were cardinals, dukes, kings, or emperors,--a power more formidable to the progress of intellectual improvement, than had ever before been granted to any body of men, civil or ecclesiastical. The portentous authority thus given was freely exercised. The first public *auto da fê* of Protestants was held in 1559, and many others followed. The number of victims seldom exceeded twenty burned at one time, and fifty or sixty subjected to the severest punishments; but many of those who suffered were among the active and leading minds of the age. Men of learning were particularly obnoxious to suspicion, nor were persons of the holiest lives beyond its reach if they showed a tendency to inquiry. So effectually did the Inquisition accomplish its purpose, that, from the latter part of the reign of Philip II., the voice of religious dissent was scarcely heard in the land. The great body of the Spanish people rejoiced alike in their loyalty and their orthodoxy, and the few who differed from the mass of their fellow-subjects were either silenced by their fears, or sunk away from the surface of society. From that time down to its overthrow, in 1808, this institution was chiefly a political engine. The result of such extraordinary traits in the national character could not fail to be impressed upon the literature. Loyalty, which had once been so generous an element in the Spanish character and cultivation, was now infected with the ambition of universal empire, and the Christian spirit which gave an air of duty to the wildest forms of adventure in its long contest with misbelief, was now fallen into a bigotry so pervading that the romances of the time are full of it, and the national theatre becomes its grotesque monument. Of course the literature of Spain produced during this interval--the earlier part of which was the period of the greatest glory the country ever enjoyed--was injuriously affected by so diseased a condition of the national mind. Some departments hardly appeared at all, others were strangely perverted, while yet others, like the drama, ballads, and lyrical verse, grew exuberant and lawless, from the very restraints imposed on the rest. But it would be an error to suppose that these peculiarities in Spanish literature were produced by the direct action either of the Inquisition or of the government. The foundations of this dark work were laid deep and sure in the old Castilian character. It was the result of the excess and misdirection of that very Christian zeal which fought so gloriously against the intrusion of Mohammedanism into Spain, and of that loyalty which sustained the Spanish princes so faithfully through the whole of that terrible contest. This state of things, however, involved the ultimate sacrifice of the best elements of the national character. Only a little more than a century elapsed, before the government that had threatened the world with a universal empire, was hardly able to repel invasion from abroad or maintain its subjects at home. The vigorous poetical life which had been kindled through the country in its ages of trial and adversity, was evidently passing out of the whole Spanish character. The crude wealth from their American possessions sustained, for a century longer, the forms of a miserable political existence; but the earnest faith, the loyalty, the dignity of the Spanish people were gone, and little remained in their place but a weak subserviency to unworthy masters of state, and a low, timid bigotry in whatever related to religion. The old enthusiasm faded away, and the poetry of the country, which had always depended more on the state of the popular feeling than any other poetry of modern times, faded and failed with it.

2. INFLUENCE OF ITALY ON SPANISH LITERATURE.--The political connection between Spain and Italy in the early part of the sixteenth century, and the superior civilization and refinement of the latter country, could not fail to influence Spanish literature. Juan Boscan (d. 1543) was the first to attempt the proper Italian measures as they were then practiced. He established in Spain the Italian iambic, the sonnet, and canzone of Petrarch, the *terza rima* of Dante, and the flowing octaves of Ariosto. As an original poet, the talents of Boscan were not of the highest order. Garcilasso de la Vega (1503-1536), the contemporary and friend of Boscan, united with him in introducing an Italian school of poetry, which has been an important part of Spanish literature ever since. The poems of Garcilasso are remarkable for their gentleness and melancholy, and his versification is uncommonly sweet, and well adapted to the tender and sad character of his poetry. The example set by Boscan and Garcilasso so well suited the demands of the age, that it became as much a fashion at the court of Charles V. to write in the Italian manner, as it did to travel in Italy, or make a military campaign there. Among those who did most to establish the Italian influence in Spanish literature was Diego de Mendoza (1503-1575), a scholar, a soldier, a poet, a diplomatist, a statesman, a historian, and a man who rose to great consideration in whatever he undertook. One of his earliest works, "Lazarillo de Tormes," the auto-biography of a boy, little Lazarus, was written with the object of satirizing all classes of society under the character of a servant, who sees them in undress behind the scenes. The style of this work is bold, rich, and idiomatic, and some of its sketches are among the most fresh and spirited that can be found in the whole class of prose works of fiction. It has been more or less a favorite in all languages, down to the present day, and was the foundation of a class of fictions which the "Gil Blas" of Le Sage has made famous throughout the world. Mendoza, after having filled many high offices under Charles V., when Philip ascended the throne, was, for some slight

offense, banished from the court as a madman. In the poems which he occasionally wrote during his exile, he gave the influence of his example to the new form introduced by Boscan and Garcilasso. At a later period he occupied himself in writing some portions of the history of his native city, Granada, relating to the rebellion of the Moors (1568-1570). Familiar with everything of which he speaks, there is a freshness and power in his sketches that carry us at once into the midst of the scenes and events he describes. "The War of Granada" is an imitation of Sallust. Nothing in the style of the old chronicles is to be compared to it, and little in any subsequent period is equal to it for manliness, vigor, and truth.

3. HISTORY.--The imperfect chronicles of the age of Charles V. were surpassed in importance by the histories or narratives, more or less ample, of the discoverers of the western world, all of which were interesting from their subject and their materials. First in the foreground of this picturesque group stands Fernando Cortes (1485-1554), of whose voluminous documents the most remarkable were five long reports to the Emperor on the affairs of Mexico. The marvelous achievements of Cortes, however, were more fully recorded by Gomara (b. 1510), the oldest of the regular historians of the New World. His principal works are the "History of the Indies," chiefly devoted to Columbus and the conquest of Peru, and the "Chronicle of New Spain," which is merely the history and life of Cortes, under which title it has since been republished. The style of Gomara is easy and flowing, but his work was of no permanent authority, in consequence of the great and frequent mistakes into which he was led by those who were too much a part of the story to relate it fairly. These mistakes Bernal Diaz, an old soldier who had been long in the New World, set himself at work to correct, and the book he thus produced, with many faults, has something of the honest nationality, and the fervor and faith of the old chronicles. Among those who have left records of their adventures in America, one of the most considerable is Oviedo (1478-1557), who for nearly forty years devoted himself to the affairs of the Spanish colonies in which he resided. His most important work is "The Natural and General History of the Indies," a series of accounts of the natural condition, the aboriginal inhabitants, and the political affairs of the Spanish provinces in America, as they stood in the middle of the sixteenth century. It is of great value as a vast repository of facts, and not without merit as a composition. In Las Casas (1474-1566) Oviedo had a formidable rival, who, pursuing the same course of inquiries in the New World, came to conclusions quite opposite. Convinced from his first arrival in Hispaniola that the gentle nature and slight frames of the natives were subjected to toil and servitude so hard that they were wasting away, he thenceforth devoted his life to their emancipation. He crossed the Atlantic six times, in order to persuade the government of Charles V. to ameliorate their condition, and always with more or less success. His earliest work, "A Short Account of the Ruin of the Indies," was a tract in which the sufferings and wrongs of the Indians were doubtless much overstated by the zeal of its author, but it awakened all Europe to a sense of the injustice it set forth. Other short treatises followed, but none ever produced so deep and solemn an effect on the world. The great work of Las Casas, however, still remains inedited,--"A General History of the Indies from 1492 to 1525." Like his other works, it shows marks of haste and carelessness, but its value is great, notwithstanding his too fervent zeal for the Indians. It is a repository to which Herrera, and, through him, all subsequent historians of the Indies resorted for materials, and without which the history of the earliest period of the Spanish settlements in America cannot even now be written. There are numerous other works on the discovery and conquest of America, but they are of less consequence than those already mentioned. As a class, they resemble the old chronicles, though they announce the approach of the more regular form of history.

4. THE DRAMA.--Before the middle of the sixteenth century, the Mysteries were the only dramatic exhibitions of Spain. They were upheld by ecclesiastical power, and the people, as such, had no share in them. The first attempt to create a popular drama was made by Lope de Rueda, a goldbeater of Seville, who flourished between 1544 and 1567, and who became both a dramatic writer and an actor. His works consist of comedies, pastoral colloquies, and dialogues in prose and verse. They were written for representation, and were acted before popular audiences by a strolling company led about by Lope de Rueda himself. Naturalness of thought, the most easy, idiomatic Castilian terms of expression, a good-humored gayety, a strong sense of the ridiculous, and a happy imitation of the tone and manners of common life, are the prominent characteristics of these plays, and their author was justly reckoned by Cervantes and Lope de Vega as the true founder of the popular national theatre. The ancient simplicity and severity of the Spanish people had now been superseded by the luxury and extravagance which the treasures of America had introduced; the ecclesiastical fetters imposed on opinion and conscience had so connected all ideas of morality and religion with inquisitorial severity, that the mind longed for an escape, and gladly took refuge in amusements where these unwelcome topics had no place. So far, the number of dramas was small, and these had been written in forms so different and so often opposed to each other as to have little consistency or authority, and to offer no sufficient indication of the channel in which the dramatic literature of the country was at last to flow. It was reserved for Lope

de Vega to seize, with the instinct of genius, the crude and unsettled elements of the existing drama, and to form from them, and from the abundant and rich inventions of his own overflowing fancy, a drama which, as a whole, was unlike anything that had preceded it, and yet was so truly national and rested so faithfully on tradition, that it was never afterwards disturbed, till the whole literature of which it was so brilliant a part was swept away with it. Lope de Vega (1562-1635) early manifested extraordinary powers and a marvelous poetic genius. After completing his education, he became secretary to the Duke of Alba. Engaging in an affair of honor, in which he dangerously wounded his adversary, he was obliged to fly and to remain several years in exile. On his return to Madrid, religious and patriotic zeal induced him to join the expedition of the Invincible Armada for the invasion of England, and he was one of the few who returned in safety to his native country. Domestic afflictions soon after determined him to renounce the world and to enter holy orders. Notwithstanding this change, he continued to cultivate poetry to the close of his long life, with so wonderful a facility that a drama of more than two thousand lines, intermingled with sonnets and enlivened with all kinds of unexpected incidents and intrigues, frequently cost him no more than the labor of a single day. He composed more rapidly than his amanuensis could transcribe, and the managers of the theatres left him no time to copy or correct his compositions; so that his plays were frequently represented within twenty-four hours after their first conception. His fertility of invention and his talent for versification are unparalleled in the history of literature. He produced two thousand two hundred dramas, of which only about five hundred were printed. His other poems were published at Madrid in 1776, in twenty-one volumes quarto. His prodigious literary labors produced him nearly as much money as glory; but his liberality to the poor and his taste for pomp soon dissipated his wealth, and after living in splendor, he died almost in poverty. No poet has ever in his lifetime enjoyed such honors. Eager crowds surrounded him whenever he showed himself abroad, and saluted him with the appellation of *Prodigy of Nature*. Every eye was fixed on him, and children followed him with cries of pleasure. He was chosen President of the Spiritual College at Madrid, and the pope conferred upon him high marks of distinction, not only for his poetical talents, but for his enthusiastic zeal for the interests of religion. He was also appointed one of the *familiars* of the Inquisition, an office to which the highest honor was at that time attached. The fame of Lope de Vega rests upon his dramas alone, and in these there is no end to their diversity, the subjects varying from the deepest tragedy to the broadest farce, from the solemn mysteries of religion to the loosest frolics of common life, and the style embracing every variety of tone and measure known to the language of the country. In these dramas, too, the sacred and secular, the tragic and comic, the heroic and vulgar, all run into each other, until it seems that there is neither separate form nor distinction attributed to any of them. The first class of plays that Lope seems to have invented, and the one which still remains most popular in Spain, are *dramas of the cloak and sword*, so called from the picturesque national dress of the fashionable class of society from which the principal characters were selected. Their main principle is gallantry. The story is almost always involved and intriguing, accompanied with an under-plot and parody on the principal parties, formed by the servants and other inferior persons. The action is chiefly carried on by lovers full of romance, or by low characters, whose wit is mixed with buffoonery. To the second class belong the historical or heroic dramas. Their characters are usually kings, princes, and personages in the highest rank of life, and their prevailing tone is imposing and tragical. A love story, filled as usual with hair-breadth escapes, jealous quarrels, and questions of honor, runs through nearly every one of them; but truth, in regard to facts, manners, and customs, is entirely disregarded. The third class contains the dramas founded on the manners of common life; of these there are but few. Lope de Vega would doubtless have confined himself to these three forms, but that the interference of the church for a time forbade the representations of the secular drama, and he therefore turned his attention to the composition of religious plays. The subjects of these are taken from the Scriptures, or lives of the saints, and they approach so near to the comedies of intrigue, that but for the religious passages they would seem to belong to them. His *"Sacramental Acts"* was another form of the religious drama which was still more grotesque than the last. They were performed in the streets during the religious ceremonies of the Corpus Christi. The spiritual dramas of Lope de Vega are a heterogeneous mixture of bright examples of piety, according to the views of the age and country, and the wildest flights of imagination, combined into a whole by a fine poetic spirit. The variety and inexhaustible fertility of the genius of this writer constituted the corner-stone of his success, and did much to make him the monarch of the stage while he lived, and the great master of the national theatre ever since. But there were other circumstances that aided in producing these surprising results, the first of which is the principle, that runs through all his plays, of making all other interests subordinate to the interest of the story. For this purpose he used dialogue rather to bring out the plot than the characters, and to this end also he sacrificed dramatic probabilities and possibilities, geography, history, and a decent morality. Another element which he established in the Spanish drama, was the comic under-plot, and the witty *gracioso* or droll, the parody of the heroic character of the play. Much of his power over the people of his time is also to be found in the charm of his versification, which was always fresh, flowing, and effective. The success of Lope de Vega was in proportion to his rare powers. For the forty or fifty years that he wrote, nobody else was willingly heard upon the stage, and his

dramas were performed in France, Italy, and even in Constantinople. His extraordinary talent was nearly allied to improvisation, and it required but a little more indulgence of his feeling and fancy to have made him not only an improvisator, but the most remarkable one that ever lived. Nearly thirty dramatic writers followed Lope de Vega, but the school was not received with universal applause. In its gross extravagances and irregularities, severe critics found just cause for complaint. The opposition of the church to the theatre, however, which had been for a time so formidable, had at last given way, and from the beginning of the seventeenth century, the popular drama was too strong to be subjected either to classical criticism or ecclesiastical rule. Calderon de la Barca (1600-1681) was the great successor and rival of Lope de Vega. At the age of thirty-two, his reputation as a poet was an enviable one. Soon after, when the death of Lope de Vega left the theatre without a master, he was formally attached to the court for the purpose of furnishing dramas to be represented in the royal theatres. In 1651, he followed the example of Lope de Vega and other men of letters of his time, by entering a religious brotherhood. Many ecclesiastical dignities were conferred upon him, but he did not, however, on this account intermit his dramatic labors, but continued through his long life to write for the theatres, for the court, and for the churches. Many dramas of Calderon were printed without his consent, and many were attributed to him which he never wrote. His reputation as a dramatic poet rests on the seventy-three sacramental *autos*, and one hundred and eight dramas, which are known to be his. The *autos*, from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were among the favorite amusements of the people; but in the age of Calderon they were much increased in number and importance; they had become attractive to all classes of society, and were represented with great luxury and at great expense in the streets of all the larger cities. A procession, in which the king and court appeared, preceded by the fantastic figures of giants, with music, banners, and religious shows, followed the sacrament through the street, and then, before the houses of the great officers of state, the *autos* were performed; the giants made sport for the multitude, and the entertainment concluded with music and dancing. Sometimes the procession was headed by the figure of a monster called the *Tarasca*, half serpent in form, borne by men concealed in its cumbrous bulk, and surmounted by another figure representing the woman of Babylon, --all so managed as to fill with wonder and terror the country people who crowded round it, and whose hats and caps were generally snatched away by the grinning beast, and became the lawful prize of his conductors. This exhibition was at first rude and simple, but under the influence of Lope de Vega it became a well-defined, popular entertainment, divided into three parts, each distinct from the other. First came the *loa*, a kind of prologue; then the *entremes*, a kind of interlude or farce; and last, the *autos sacramentales*, or sacred acts themselves, which were more grave in their tone, though often whimsical and extravagant. The seventy-three *autos* written by Calderon are all allegorical, and by the music and show with which they abound, they closely approach to the opera. They are upon a great variety of subjects, and indicate by their structure that elaborate and costly machinery must have been used in their representation. They are crowded with such personages as Sin, Death, Judaism, Mercy, and Charity, and the purpose of all is to set forth the Real Presence in the Eucharist. The great enemy of mankind of course fills a large place in them. Almost all of them contain passages of striking lyrical poetry. The secular plays of Calderon can scarcely be classified, for in many of them even more than two forms of the drama are mingled. To the principle of making a story that should sustain the interest throughout, Calderon sacrificed almost as much as Lope de Vega did. To him facts are never obstacles. Coriolanus is a general under Romulus; the Danube is placed between Sweden and Russia; and Herodotus is made to describe America. But in these dramas we rarely miss the interest and charm of a dramatic story, which provokes the curiosity and enchains the attention. In the dramas of the Cloak and Sword the plots of Calderon are intricate. He excelled in the accumulation of surprises, in plunging his characters into one difficulty after another, maintaining the interest to the last. In style and versification Calderon has high merits, though they are occasionally mingled with the defects of his age. He added no new forms to dramatic composition, nor did he much modify those which had been already settled by Lope de Vega; but he showed greater skill in the arrangement of his incidents, and more poetry in the structure and tendency of his dramas. To his elevated tone we owe much of what distinguishes Calderon from his predecessors, and nearly all that is most individual in his merits and defects. In carrying out his theory of the national drama, he often succeeds and often fails; and when he succeeds, he sets before us an idealized drama, resting on the noblest elements of the Spanish national character, and one which, with all its unquestionable defects, is to be placed among the extraordinary phenomena of modern poetry. The most brilliant period of the Spanish drama falls within the reign of Philip II., which extended from 1620 to 1665, and embraced the last years of the life of Lope de Vega, and the thirty most fortunate years of the life of Calderon. After this period a change begins to be apparent; for the school of Lope was that of a drama in the freshness and buoyancy of youth, while that of Calderon belongs to the season of its maturity and gradual decay. The many writers who were either contemporary with Lope de Vega and Calderon, or who succeeded them, had little influence on the character of the theatre. This, in its proper outlines, always remained as it was left by these great masters, who maintained an almost unquestioned control over it while they lived, and at their death left a character impressed upon it, which it never lost till it ceased to exist

altogether. When Lope de Vega first appeared as a dramatic writer at Madrid, the only theatres he found were two unsheltered courtyards, which depended on such companies of strolling players as occasionally visited the capital. Before he died, there were, besides the court-yards in Madrid, several theatres of great magnificence in the royal palaces, and many thousand actors; and half a century later, the passion for dramatic representations had spread into every part of the kingdom, and there was hardly a village that did not possess a theatre. During the whole of the successful period of the drama, the representations took place in the daytime. Dancing was early an important part of the theatrical exhibitions in Spain, even of the religious, and its importance has continued down to the present day. From the earliest antiquity it was the favorite amusement of the rude inhabitants of the country, and in modern times dancing has been to Spain what music has been to Italy, a passion with the whole population. In all its forms and subsidiary attractions, the Spanish drama was essentially a popular entertainment, governed by the popular will. Its purpose was to please all equally, and it was not only necessary that the play should be interesting; it was, above all, required that it should be Spanish, and, therefore, whatever the subject might be, whether actual or mythological, Greek or Roman, the characters were always represented as Castilian, and Castilian of the seventeenth century. It was the same with their costumes. Coriolanus appeared in the costume of Don Juan of Austria, and Aristotle came on the stage dressed like a Spanish Abbé, with curled periwig and buckles on his shoes. The Spanish theatre, therefore, in many of its characteristics and attributes, stands by itself. It is entirely national, it takes no cognizance of ancient example, and it borrowed nothing from the drama of France, Italy, or England. Founded on traits of national character, with all its faults, it maintained itself as long as that character existed in its original attributes, and even now it remains one of the most striking and interesting portions of modern literature.

5. ROMANCES AND TALES.--Hitherto the writers of Spain had been little known, except in their own country; but we are now introduced to an author whose fame is bounded by no language and no country, and whose name is not alone familiar to men of taste and learning, but to almost every class of society. Cervantes (1547-1616), though of noble family, was born in poverty and obscurity, not far from Madrid. When he was about twenty-one years of age, he attached himself to the person of Cardinal Aquaviva, with whom he visited Rome. He soon after enlisted as a common soldier in the war against the Turks, and, in the great battle of Lepanto, 1572, he received a wound which deprived him of the use of his left hand and arm, and obliged him to quit the military profession. On his way home he was captured by pirates, carried to Algiers, and sold for a slave. Here he passed five years full of adventure and suffering. At length his ransom was effected, and he returned home to find his father dead, his family reduced to a still more bitter poverty by his ransom, and himself friendless and unknown. He withdrew from the world to devote himself to literature, and to gain a subsistence by his pen. One of the first productions of Cervantes was the pastoral romance of "Galatea." This was followed by several dramas, the principal of which is founded on the tragical fate of Numantia. Notwithstanding its want of dramatic skill, it may be cited as a proof of the author's poetical talent, and as a bold effort to raise the condition of the stage. After many years of poverty and embarrassment, in 1605, when Cervantes had reached his fiftieth year, he published the first part of "Don Quixote." The success of this effort was incredible. Many thousand copies are said to have been printed during the author's lifetime. It was translated into various languages, and eulogized by every class of readers, yet it occasioned little improvement in the pecuniary circumstances of the author. In 1615, he published the second part of the same work, and, in the year following, his eventful and troubled life drew to its close. "Don Quixote," of all the works of all modern times, bears most deeply the impression of the national character it represents, and it has in return enjoyed a degree of national favor never granted to any other. The object of Cervantes in writing it was, as he himself declares, "to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry." The fanaticism for these romances was so great in Spain during the sixteenth century, and they were deemed so noxious, that the burning of all copies extant in the country was earnestly asked for by the Cortes. To destroy a passion that had struck its roots so deeply in the character of all classes of men, to break up the only reading which, at that time, was fashionable and popular, was a bold undertaking, yet one in which Cervantes succeeded. No book of chivalry was written after the appearance of "Don Quixote;" and from that time to the present they have been constantly disappearing, until they are now among the rarest of literary curiosities,--a solitary instance of the power of genius to destroy, by a well-timed blow, an entire department of literature. In accomplishing this object, Cervantes represents "Don Quixote" as a country gentleman of La Mancha, full of Castilian honor and enthusiasm, but so completely crazed by reading the most famous books of chivalry, that he not only believes them to be true, but feels himself called upon to become the impossible knight-errant they describe, and actually goes forth into the world, like them, to defend the oppressed and avenge the injured. To complete his chivalrous equipment, which he had begun by fitting up for himself a suit of armor strange to his century, he took an esquire out of his neighborhood, a middle-aged peasant, ignorant, credulous, and good-natured, but shrewd enough occasionally to see the folly of their position. The two sally forth from their native village in search of adventures, of which the excited imagination of the knight-- turning windmills into giants,

solitary turrets into castles, and galley slaves into oppressed gentlemen--finds abundance wherever he goes, while the esquire translates them all into the plain prose of truth, with a simplicity strikingly contrasted with the lofty dignity and the magnificent illusions of the knight. After a series of ridiculous discomfitures, the two are at last brought home like madmen to their native village. Ten years later, Cervantes published the second part of *Don Quixote*, which is even better than the first. It shows more vigor and freedom, the invention and the style of thought are richer, and the finish more exact. Both *Don Quixote* and Sancho are brought before us like such living realities, that at this moment the figures of the crazed, gaunt, and dignified knight, and of his round, selfish, and most amusing esquire, dwell bodied forth in the imagination of more, among all conditions of men throughout Christendom, than any other of the creations of human talent. In this work Cervantes has shown himself of kindred to all times and all lands, to the humblest as well as to the highest degrees of cultivation, and he has received in return, beyond all other writers, a tribute of sympathy and admiration from the universal spirit of humanity. This romance, which Cervantes threw so carelessly from him, and which he regarded only as a bold effort to break up the absurd taste for the fancies of chivalry, has been established by an uninterrupted and an unquestioned success ever since, as the oldest classical specimen of romantic fiction, and as one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius. But Cervantes is entitled to a higher glory: it should be borne in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling, and a happy external condition; with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, its bright views, and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue, it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life which had been marked at nearly every step with struggle, disappointment, and calamity; it was begun in prison, and finished when he felt the hand of death pressing cold and heavy upon his heart. If this be remembered as we read, we may feel what admiration and reverence are due, not only to the living power of *Don Quixote*, but to the character and genius of Cervantes; if it be forgotten or underrated, we shall fail in regard to both. The first form of romantic fiction which succeeded the romances of chivalry was that of prose pastorals, which was introduced into Spain by Montemayor, a Portuguese, who lived, probably, between 1520 and 1561. To divert his mind from the sorrow of an unrequited attachment, he composed a romance entitled "*Diana*," which, with numerous faults, possesses a high degree of merit. It was succeeded by many similar tales. The next form of Spanish prose fiction, and the one which has enjoyed a more permanent regard, is that known as tales in the *_gusto picaresco_*, or style of the rogues. As a class, they constitute a singular exhibition of character, and are as separate and national as anything in modern literature. The first fiction of this class was the "*Lazarillo de Tormes*" of Mendoza, already spoken of, published in 1554,--a bold, unfinished sketch of the life of a rogue from the very lowest condition of society. Forty-five years afterwards this was followed by the "*Guzman de Alfarache*" of Aleman, the most ample portraiture of its class to be found in Spanish literature. It is chiefly curious and interesting because it shows us, in the costume of the times, the life of an ingenious Machiavelian rogue, who is never at a loss for an expedient, and who speaks of himself always as an honest man. The work was received with great favor, and translated into all the languages of Europe. But the work which most plainly shows the condition of social life which produced this class of tales, is the "*Life of Estevanillo Gonzalez*," first printed in 1646. It is the autobiography of a buffoon who was long in the service of Piccolomini, the great general of the Thirty Years' War. The brilliant success of these works at home and abroad subsequently produced the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage, an imitation more brilliant than any of the originals that it followed. The serious and historical fictions produced in Spain were limited in number, and with few exceptions deserved little favor. Short stories or tales were more successful than any other form of prose-fiction during the latter part of the sixteenth, and the whole of the seventeenth century. They belonged to the spirit of their own times and to the state of society in which they appeared. Taken together, the number of fictions in Spanish literature is enormous; but what is more remarkable than their multitude, is the fact that they were produced when the rest of Europe, with a partial exception in favor of Italy, was not yet awakened to corresponding efforts of the imagination. The creative spirit, however, soon ceased, and a spirit of French imitation took its place.

6. HISTORICAL NARRATIVE POEMS.--Epic poetry, from its dignity and pretensions, is almost uniformly placed at the head of the different divisions of a nation's literature. But in Spain little has been achieved in this department that is worthy of memory. The old half-epic poem of the *Cid*--the first attempt at narration in the languages of modern Europe that deserves the name--is one of the most remarkable outbreaks of poetical and national enthusiasm on record. The few similar attempts that followed during the next three centuries, while they serve to mark the progress of Spanish culture, show little of the power manifested in the *Cid*. In the reign of Charles V., the poets of the time evidently imagined that to them was assigned the task of celebrating the achievements in the Old World and in the New, which had raised their country to the first place among the powers of Europe. There were written, therefore, during this and the succeeding reigns, an extraordinary number of epic and narrative poems on subjects connected with ancient and modern Spanish glory, but they all belong to patriotism rather than to poetry; the best of these come with equal pretension into the province of history. There is but one long poem of this class which

obtained much regard when it appeared, and which has been remembered ever since, the "Araucana." The author of this work, Ercilla (1533-1595), was a page of Philip the Second, and accompanied him to England on the occasion of his marriage with Mary. News having arrived that the Araucans, a tribe of Indians in Chili, had revolted against the Spanish authority, Ercilla joined the adventurous expedition that was sent out to subdue them. In the midst of his exploits he conceived the plan of writing a narrative of the war in the form of an epic poem. After the tumult of a battle, or the fatigues of a march, he devoted the hours of the night to his literary labors, wielding the pen and sword by turns, and often obliged to write on pieces of skin or scraps of paper so small as to contain only a few lines. In this poem the descriptive powers of Ercilla are remarkable, and his characters, especially those of the American chiefs, are drawn with force and distinctness. The whole poem is pervaded by that deep sense of loyalty, always a chief ingredient in Spanish honor and heroism, and which, in Ercilla, seems never to have been chilled by the ingratitude of the master to whom he devoted his life, and to whose glory he consecrated this poem. These narrative and heroic poems continued long in favor in Spain, and they retained to the last those ambitious feelings of national greatness which had given them birth. Devoted to the glory of their country, they were produced when the national character was on the decline; and as they sprang more directly from that character, and depended more on its spirit than did the similar poetry of any other people in modern times, so they now visibly declined with them.

7. LYRIC POETRY.--The number of authors in the various classes of Spanish lyric poetry, whose works have been preserved between the beginning of the reign of Charles V. and the end of that of the last of his race, is not less than a hundred and twenty; but the number of those who were successful is small. A little of what was written by the Argensolas, more of Herrera, and nearly the whole of the Bachiller de la Torre and Luis de Leon, with occasional efforts of Lope de Vega and Quevedo, and single odes of other writers, make up what gives its character to the graver and less popular portion of Spanish lyric poetry. Their writings form a body of poetry, not large, but one that from its living, national feeling on the one side, and its dignity on the other, may be placed without question among the most successful efforts of modern literature. The Argensolas were two brothers who flourished in Spain at the beginning of the seventeenth century; both occupy a high place in this department of poetry. The original poems of Luis de Leon (1528-1591) fill no more than a hundred pages, but there is hardly a line of them which has not its value, and the whole taken together are to be placed at the head of Spanish lyric poetry. They are chiefly religious, and the source of their inspiration is the Hebrew Scriptures. Herrera (1534-1597) is the earliest classic ode writer in modern literature, and his poems are characterized by dignity of language, harmony of versification, and elevation of ideas. Luis de Leon and Herrera are considered the two great masters of Spanish lyric poetry. Quevedo (1580-1645) was successful in many departments of letters. The most prominent characteristics of his verse are a broad, grotesque humor, and a satire often imitated from the ancients. His amatory and religious poems are occasionally marked by extreme beauty and tenderness. The works upon which his reputation principally rests, however, are in prose, and belong to theology and metaphysics rather than to elegant literature. They were produced during the weary years of an unjust imprisonment. His prose satires are the most celebrated of his compositions, and by these he will always be remembered throughout the world. In the early part of the seventeenth century there arose a sect who attempted to create a new epoch in Spanish poetry, by affecting an exquisite refinement, and who ran into the most ridiculous extravagance and pedantry. The founder of this "cultivated style," as it was called, was Luis Gongora (1561-1627), and his name, like that of Marini in Italy, has become a byword in literature. The style he introduced became at once fashionable at court, and it struck so deep root in the soil of the whole country, that it has not yet been completely eradicated. The most odious feature of this style is, that it consists entirely of metaphors, so heaped upon one another that it is as difficult to find out the meaning hidden under their grotesque mass, as if it were a series of confused riddles. The success of this style was very great, and inferior poets bowed to it throughout the country.

8. SATIRICAL AND OTHER POETRY.--Satirical poetry never enjoyed a wide success in Spain. The nation has always been too grave and dignified to endure the censure it implied. It was looked upon with, distrust, and thought contrary to the conventions of good society to indulge in its composition. Neither was elegiac poetry extensively cultivated. The Spanish temperament was little fitted to the subdued, simple, and gentle tone of the proper elegy. The echoes of pastoral poetry in Spain are heard far back among the old ballads; but the Italian forms were early introduced and naturalized. Two Portuguese writers, Montemayor and Miranda, were most successful in this department of poetry. Equally characteristic of the Spanish genius, with its pastorals, were the short epigrammatic poems which appeared through the best age of its literature. They are generally in the truest tone of popular verse. Of didactic poetry, there were many irregular varieties; but the popular character of Spanish poetry, and the severe nature of the ecclesiastical and political constitutions of Spain, were unfavorable to the development of this form of verse, and unlikely to tolerate it on any important subject. It remained, therefore, one of the feeblest and least

successful departments of the national literature. In the seventeenth century, ballads had become the delight of the whole Spanish people. The soldier solaced himself with them in his tent, the maiden danced to them on the green, the lover sang them for his serenade, the street beggar chanted them for alms; they entered into the sumptuous entertainments of the nobility, the holiday services of the church, and into the orgies of thieves and vagabonds. No poetry of modern times has been so widely spread through all classes of society, and none has so entered into the national character. They were often written by authors otherwise little known, and they were always found in the works of those poets of note who desired to stand well with the mass of their countrymen.

9. HISTORY AND OTHER PROSE WRITINGS.--The fathers of Spanish history are Zurita and Morales. Zurita (1512-1580) was the author of the "Annals of Aragon," a work more important to Spanish history than any that had preceded it. Morales (1513-1591) was historiographer to the crown of Castile, and his unfinished history of that country is marked by much general ability. Contemporary with these writers was Mendoza, already mentioned. The honor of being the first historian of the country, however, belongs to Mariana (1536-1623), a foundling who was educated a Jesuit. His main occupation for the last thirty or forty years of his life was his great "History of Spain." There is an air of good faith in his accounts and a vividness in his details which are singularly attractive. If not in all respects the most trustworthy of annals, it is at least the most remarkable union of picturesque chronicling with sober history that the world has ever seen. Sandoval (d. 1621) took up the history of Spain where Mariana left it; but while his is a work of authority, it is unattractive in style. "The General History of the Indies," by Herrera, is a work of great value, and the one on which the reputation of the author as a historian chiefly rests. One of the most pleasing of the minor Spanish histories is Argensola's account of the Moluccas. It is full of the traditions found among the natives by the Portuguese when they first landed there, and of the wild adventures that followed when they had taken possession of the island. Garcilasso de la Vega, the son of one of the unscrupulous conquerors of Peru, descended on his mother's side from the Incas, wrote the "History of Florida," of which the adventures of De Soto constitute the most brilliant portion. His "Commentaries on Peru" is a striking and interesting work. The last of the historians of eminence in the elder school of Spanish history was Solis, whose "Conquest of Mexico" is beautifully written, and as it was flattering to the national history, it was at once successful, and has enjoyed an unimpaired popularity down to our times. The spirit of political tyranny in the government, and of religious tyranny in the Inquisition, now more than ever united, were more hostile to bold and faithful inquiry in the department of history than in almost any other. Still, the historians of this period were not unworthy of the national character. Their works abound in feeling rather than philosophy, and are written in a style that marks, not so much the peculiar genius of their authors, perhaps, as that of the country that gave them birth. Although they may not be entirely classical, they are entirely Spanish; and what they want in finish and grace they make up in picturesqueness and originality. In one form of didactic composition, Spain stands in advance of other countries: that of proverbs, which Cervantes has happily called "short sentences drawn from long experience." Spanish proverbs can be traced back to the earliest times. Although twenty-four thousand have been collected, many thousands still remain known only among the traditions of the humbler classes of society that have given birth to them all. >From the early part of the seventeenth century, Spanish prose became infected with that pedantry and affectation already spoken of as Gongorism, or "the cultivated style;" and from this time, everything in prose as well as in poetry announced that corrupted taste which both precedes and hastens the decay of a literature, and which in the latter half of the seventeenth century was in Spain but the concomitant of a general decline in the arts and the gradual degradation of the monarchy. No country in Christendom had fallen from such a height of power as that which Spain occupied in the time of Charles V. into such an abyss of degradation as she reached when Charles II., the last of the house of Austria, ceased to reign. The old religion of the country, the most prominent of all the national characteristics, was now so perverted from its true character by intolerance that it had become a means of oppression, such as Europe never before witnessed. The principle of loyalty, now equally perverted and mischievous, had sunk into servile submission, and as we approach the conclusion of the century, the Inquisition and the despotism seem to have cast their blight over everything.

PERIOD THIRD.

THE ACCESSION OF THE BOURBON FAMILY TO THE PRESENT TIME (1700-1885).

1. FRENCH INFLUENCE ON THE LITERATURE OF SPAIN.--The death of Charles II., in 1700, was followed by the War of the Succession between the houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon, which lasted thirteen years. It was terminated by the treaty of Utrecht and the accession of Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV. Under his reign the influence of France became apparent in the customs of the country. The Academy of Madrid was soon established in imitation of that of Paris, with the object of establishing and cultivating the purity of the Castilian language. The first

work published by this association was a Dictionary, which has continued in successive editions to be the proper standard of the language. At this time French began to be spoken in the elegant society of the court and the capital, translations from the French were multiplied, and at last, a poetical system, founded on the critical doctrine of Boileau, prevalent in France, was formally introduced into the country by Luzan, in his "Art of Poetry," which from its first appearance (1737) exercised a controlling authority at the court, and over the few writers of reputation then to be found in the country. Though the works of Luzan offered a remedy for the bad taste which had accompanied and in no small degree hastened the decline of the national taste, they did not lay a foundation for advancement in literature. The national mind had become dwarfed for want of its appropriate nourishment; the moral and physical sciences that had been advancing for a hundred years throughout Europe, were forbidden to cross the Pyrenees. The scholastic philosophy was still maintained as the highest form of intellectual culture; the system of Copernicus was looked upon as contrary to the inspired record; while the philosophy of Bacon and the very existence of mathematical science were generally unknown even to the graduates of universities. It seemed as if the faculties of thinking and reasoning were becoming extinct in Spain.

2. THE DAWN OF SPANISH LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.--The first effort for intellectual emancipation was made by a monk, Benito Feyjoo (1676-1764), who, having made himself acquainted with the truths brought to light by Galileo, Bacon, Newton, Leibnitz, and Pascal, devoted his life to the labor of diffusing them among his countrymen. The opposition raised against him only drew to his works the attention he desired. Even the Inquisition summoned him in vain, for it was impossible to question that he was a sincere and devout Catholic, and he had been careful not to interfere with any of the abuses sanctioned by the church. Before his death he had the pleasure of seeing that an impulse in the right direction had been imparted to the national mind. One of the striking indications of advancement was an attack upon the style of popular preaching, which was now in a state of scandalous degradation. The assailant was Isía (1703-1781), a Jesuit, whose "History of Friar Gerund" is a satirical romance, slightly resembling Don Quixote in its plan, describing one of those bombastic orators of the age. It was from the first successful in its object of destroying the evil at which it aimed, and preachers of the class of Friar Gerund soon found themselves without an audience. The policy of Charles III. (1759-1788) was highly favorable to the progress of literature. He abridged the power of the Inquisition, and forbade the condemnation of any book till its writer or publisher had been heard in its defense; he invited the suggestion of improved plans of study, made arrangements for popular education, and raised the tone of instruction in the institutions of learning. Finally, perceiving the Jesuits to be the most active opponents of these reforms, he expelled them from every part of his dominions, breaking up their schools, and confiscating their revenues. During his reign, intellectual life and health were infused into the country, and its powers, which had been so long wasting away, were revived and renewed. Among the writers of this age are Moratin the elder (1737-1780), whose poems are marked by purity of language and harmony of versification; and Yriarte (1750-1791), who was most successful in fables, which he applied, to the correction of the faults and follies of literary men. To this period may also be referred the school of Salamanca, whose object was to combine in literature the power and richness of the old writers of the time of the Philips with the severer taste then prevailing on the continent. Melendez (1754-1817), who was the founder of this school, devoted his muse to the joys and sorrows of rustic love, and the leisure and amusements of country life. Nothing can surpass some of his descriptions in the graceful delineation of tender feeling, and his verse is considered in sweetness and native strength, to be such a return to the tones of Garcilasso, as had not been heard in Spain for more than a century. Gonzalez (d. 1794), who, with happy success, imitated Luis de Leon, Jovellanos (1744-1811), who exerted great influence on the literary and political condition of his country, and Quintana (b. 1772), whose poems are distinguished by their noble and patriotic tone, are considered among the principal representatives of the school of Salamanca. The most considerable movement of the eighteenth century in Spain, is that relating to the theatre, which it was earnestly attempted to subject to the rules then prevailing on the French stage. The Spanish theatre, in fact, was now at its lowest ebb, and wholly in the hands of the populace. The plays acted for public amusement were still represented as they had been in the seventeenth century,--in open court-yards, in the daytime, without any pretense of scenery or of dramatic ingenuity. Soon after, through the influence of Isabella, the second wife of Philip V., improvements were made in the external arrangements and architecture of the theatres; yet, owing to the exclusive favor shown to the opera by the Italian queens, the old spirit continued to prevail. In the middle of the eighteenth century a reform of the comedy and tragedy was undertaken by Montiano and others, who introduced the French style in dramatic compositions, and from that time an active contest went on between the innovators and the followers of the old drama. The latter was attacked, in 1762, by Moratin the elder, who wrote against it, and especially against the *autos sacramentales*, showing that such wild, coarse, and blasphemous exhibitions, as they generally were, ought not to be tolerated in a civilized and religious community.

So far as the *autos* were concerned, Moratin was successful; they were prohibited in 1768, and since that time, in the larger cities, they have not been heard. The most successful writer for the stage was Ramon de la Cruz (1731-1799), the author of about three hundred dramatic compositions, founded on the manners of the middle and lower classes. They are entirely national in their tone, and abound in wit and in faithful delineations of character. While a number of writers pandered to the bad taste of low and vulgar audiences, a formidable antagonist appeared in the person of Moratin the younger (1760-1828), son of that poet who first produced, on the Spanish stage, an original drama written according to the French doctrines. Notwithstanding the taste of the public, he determined to tread in the footsteps of his father. Though his comedies have failed to educate a school strong enough to drive out the bad imitations of the old masters, they have yet been able to keep their own place. The eighteenth century was a period of revolution and change with the Spanish theatre. While the old national drama was not restored to its ancient rights, the drama founded on the doctrines taught by Luzan, and practiced by the Moratins, had only a limited success. The audiences did as much to degrade it as was done by the poets they patronized and the actors they applauded. On the one side, extravagant and absurd dramas in great numbers, full of low buffoonery, were offered; on the other, meagre, sentimental comedies, and stiff, cold translations from the French, were forced, in almost equal numbers, upon the actors, by the voices of those from whose authority or support they could not entirely emancipate themselves.

3. SPANISH LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.--The new life and health infused into literature in the age of Charles III. was checked by the French revolutionary wars in the reign of Charles IV., and afterwards by the restoration of civil despotism and the Inquisition, brought again into the country by the return of the Bourbon dynasty in 1814. Amidst the violence and confusion of the reign of Ferdinand VII. (1814-1833), elegant letters could hardly hope to find shelter or resting-place. Nearly every poet and prose writer, known as such at the end of the reign of Charles IV., became involved in the fierce political changes of the time,--changes so various and so opposite, that those who escaped from the consequences of one, were often, on that very account, sure to suffer in the next that followed. Indeed, the reign of Ferdinand VII. was an interregnum in all elegant culture, such as no modern nation has yet seen,--not even Spain herself during the War of the Succession. This state of things continued through the long civil war which arose soon after the death of that king, and, indeed, it is not yet entirely abated. But in despite of the troubled condition of the country, even while Ferdinand was living, a movement was begun, the first traces of which are to be found among the emigrated Spaniards, who cheered with letters their exile in England and France, and whose subsequent progress from the time when the death of their unfaithful monarch permitted them to return home, is distinctly perceptible in their own country. The two principal writers of the first half of the century are the satirist José de Larra (d. 1837), and the poet Espronceda (d. 1842); both were brilliant writers, and both died young. Zorrilla (b. 1817), has great wealth of imagination, and Fernan Caballero is a gifted woman whose stories have been often translated. Antonio de Trueba is a writer of popular songs and short stories not without merit, Campoamor (b. 1817) and Bequer represent the poetry of twenty years ago. The short lyrics of the first named are remarkable for their delicacy and finesse. Bequer, who died at the age of thirty, left behind him poems which have already exercised a wide influence in his own country and in Spanish America; they tell a story of passionate love, despair, and death. Perez Galdos, a writer of fiction, attacks the problem of modern life and thought, and represents with vivid and often bitter fidelity the conflicting interests and passions of Spanish life. Valera, the present minister from Spain to the United States, is the author of the most famous Spanish novel of the day, "Pepita Jimenez," a work of great artistic perfection, and his skill and grace are still more evident in his critical essays. Castelar has gained a European celebrity as an orator and a political and miscellaneous writer. The works of these authors, and of many others not named, show clearly that Spain is making vigorous efforts to bring herself, socially and intellectually, into line with the rest of Europe. Of the Spanish colonies Cuba has produced some writers of enduring renown. The most distinguished for poetic fame is Gertrude de Avellaneda; Heredia and Placido may also be mentioned. In Venezuela, Baralt is known as a historian, poet, and classical writer; Olmedo as a poet of Bolivia, and Caro a writer of the United States of Colombia.

PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

1. The Portuguese Language.--2. Early Literature of Portugal.--3. Poets of the Fifteenth Century; Macias, Ribeyro.--4. Introduction of the Italian Style; San de Miranda, Montemayor, Ferreira.--5. Epic Poetry; Camoëns; The Lusiad.--6. Dramatic Poetry; Gil Vicente.--7. Prose Writing; Rodriguez Lobo, Barros, Brito, Veira.--8. Portuguese Literature in the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries; Antonio José, Manuel do Nascimento, Manuel de Bocage.

1. THE PORTUGUESE LANGUAGE.--Portugal was long considered only as an integral part of Spain; its inhabitants called themselves Spaniards, and conferred on their neighbors the distinctive appellation of Castilians. Their language was originally the same as the Galician; and had Portugal remained a province of Spain, its peculiar dialect would probably, like that of Aragon, have been driven from the fields of literature by the Castilian. But at the close of the eleventh century, Alphonso VI., celebrated in Spanish history for his triumphs over the Moors, gave Portugal as a dowry to his daughter on her marriage with Henry of Burgundy, with permission to call his own whatever accessions to it the young prince might be able to conquer from the Moorish territory. Alphonso Henriquez, the son of this pair, was saluted King of Portugal by his soldiers on the battle-field of Castro-Verd, in the year 1139, his kingdom comprising all the provinces we now call Portugal, except the province of Algarve. Thenceforward the Portuguese became a separate nation from the Spaniards, and their language asserted for itself an independent existence. Still, however, the Castilian was long considered the proper vehicle for literature; and while few Portuguese writers wholly disused it, there were many who employed no other. Although the Portuguese language, founded on the Galician dialect, bears much similarity to the Spanish in its roots and structure, it differs widely from it in its grammatical combinations and derivations, so that it constitutes a language by itself. It has far more French, and fewer Basque and Arabic elements than the Spanish; it is softer, but it has, at the same time, a truncated and incomplete sound, compared with the sonorous beauty of the Castilian, and a predominance of nasal sounds stronger than those of the French. It is graceful and easy in its construction, but it is the least energetic of all the Romance tongues.

2. EARLY LITERATURE OF PORTUGAL.--The people, as well as the language, of Portugal possess a distinctive character. Early in the history of the country the extensive and fertile plains were abandoned to pasturage, and the number of shepherds in proportion to the rest of the population was so great, that the idea of rural life among them was always associated with the care of flocks. At the same time, their long extent of coast invited to the pursuits of commerce and navigation; and the nation, thus divided into hardy navigators, soldiers, and shepherds, was better calculated for the display of energy, valor, and enterprise than for laborious and persevering industry. Accustomed to active intercourse with society, rather than to the seclusion of castles, they were far less haughty and fanatical than the Castilians; and the greater number of Moçárabians that were incorporated among them, diffused over their feelings and manners a much stronger influence of orientalism. The passion of love seemed to occupy a larger share of their existence, and their poetry was more enthusiastic than that of any other people of Europe. Although the literature of Portugal, like the character of its people, is marked by excessive softness, elegiac sentimentality, and an undefined melancholy, it affords little originality in the general tone of its productions. Henry of Burgundy and his knights early introduced Provençal poetry, and the native genius was nurtured in the succeeding age by Spanish and Italian taste, and afterwards modified by the influence of French and English civilization. National songs were not wanting in the early history of the country, yet no relics of them have been preserved. The earliest monuments of Portuguese literature relate to the age of the French knights who founded the political independence of the country, and must be sought in the "Cancioneros," containing courtly ballads composed in the Galician dialect, after the Provençal fashion, and sung by wandering minstrels. The Cancionero of King Dionysius (1279-1325) is the most ancient of those collections, the king himself being considered by the Portuguese as the earliest poet. In fact, Galician poetry, modeled after the Provençal, was cultivated at that time all along the western portion of the Pyrenean peninsula. Alfonso the Wise, King of Castile, used this dialect in his poems; and as a poet and patron of the Spanish troubadours, he may be considered as belonging both to the Spanish and Portuguese literatures. In the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, Portuguese poetry preserved its Provençal character. The poets rallied around the court, and the kings and princes of the age sang to the Provençal lyre both in the Castilian and the Galician dialects; but only a few fragments of the poetry of the fourteenth century are extant.

3. POETS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.--Early in the fifteenth century, the same chivalrous spirit which had achieved the conquest of the country from the Moors, led the Portuguese to cross the Straits of Gibraltar, and plant their banner on the walls of Ceuta. Many other cities of Africa were afterwards taken; and in 1487, Bartolomeo Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and Vasco da Gama pointed out to Europe the hitherto unknown track to India. Within fifteen years after, a Portuguese kingdom was founded in Hindostan, and the treasures of the East flowed into Portugal. The enthusiasm of the people was thus awakened, and high views of national importance, and high hopes of national glory, arose in the public mind. The time was peculiarly favorable to the development of genius, and especially to the spirit of poetry. Indeed, the last part of the fifteenth century, and the beginning of the sixteenth, the age of King John (1481- 1495), and of Emanuel (1495-1521), may be called the golden age of the Portuguese poetry. At the head of the poetical school of the fifteenth century, stands Macias, surnamed the Enamored (fl. 1420). He was distinguished as a hero in the wars against the Moors of Granada, and as a poet in the retinue of the Marquis

of Villena. He became attached to a lady of the same princely household, who was forced to marry another. Macias continuing to express his love, though prohibited by the marquis from doing so, was thrown into prison; but even there, he still poured forth his songs on his ill-fated love, regarding the hardships of captivity as light, in comparison with the pangs of absence from his mistress. The husband of the lady, stung with jealousy, recognizing Macias through the bars of his prison, took deadly aim at him with his javelin, and killed him on the spot. The weapon was suspended over the poet's tomb, in the Church of St. Catherine, with the inscription, "Here lies Macias the Enamored." The death of Macias produced such a sensation as could only belong to an imaginative age. All those who desired to be thought cultivated mourned his fate. His few poems of moderate merit became generally known and admired, and his melancholy history continued to be the theme of songs and ballads, until, in the poetry of Lope de Vega and Calderon, the name of Macias passed into a proverb, and became synonymous with the highest and tenderest love. Ribeyro (1495-1521), one of the earliest and best poets of Portugal, was attached to the court of King Emanuel. Here he indulged a passion for one of the ladies of the court, which gave rise to some of his most exquisite effusions. It is supposed that the lady, whose name he studiously conceals, was the Infanta Beatrice, the king's own daughter. He was so wholly devoted to the object of his love, that he is said to have passed whole nights wandering in the woods, or beside the banks of a solitary stream, pouring forth the tale of his woes in strains of mingled tenderness and despair. The most celebrated productions of Ribeyro are eclogues. The scene is invariably laid in his own country; his shepherds are all Portuguese, and his peasant girls have Christian names. But under the disguise of fictitious characters, he evidently sought to place before the eyes of his beloved mistress the feelings of his own breast; and the wretchedness of an impassioned lover is always his favorite theme. The bucolic poets of Portugal may be regarded as the earliest in Europe, and their favorite creed, that pastoral life was the poetical model of human life, and the ideal point from which every sentiment and passion ought to be viewed, was first represented by Ribeyro. This idea threw an air of romantic sweetness and elegance over the poetry of the sixteenth century, but at the same time it gave to it a monotonous tone and an air of tedious affectation.

4. INTRODUCTION OF THE ITALIAN STYLE.--The poet who first introduced the Italian style into Portuguese poetry was so successful in seizing the delicate tone by which the blending of the two was to be effected that the innovation was accomplished without a struggle. Saa de Miranda (1495-1558) was one of the most pleasing and accomplished men of his age. He traveled extensively, and on his return was attached to the court of Lisbon. It is related of him that he would often sit silent and abstracted in company, and that tears, of which no one knew the cause, would flow from his eyes, while he seemed unconscious of the circumstance, and indifferent to the observation he was thus attracting. These emotions were of course attributed to poetic thought and romantic attachments. He insisted on marrying a lady who was neither young nor handsome, and whom he had never seen, having been captivated by her reputation for amiability and discretion. He became so attached to her, that when she died he renounced all his previous pursuits and purposes in life, remained inconsolable, and soon followed her to the grave. Miranda is chiefly celebrated for his lyric and pastoral poetry. Montemayor was a contemporary of Miranda, and a native of Portugal, but he declined holding any literary position in his own country. The pastoral romance of "Diana," written in the Castilian language, is his most celebrated work. It was received with great favor, and extensively imitated. With many faults, it possesses a high degree of poetic merit, and is entitled to the esteem of all ages. Ferreira (1528-1569) has been called the Horace of Portugal. His works are correct and elegant, but they are wanting in those higher efforts of genius which strike the imagination and fire the spirit. The glory, advancement, and civilization of his country were his darling themes, and it was this enthusiasm of patriotism that made him great. In his tragedy of Inez de Castro, Ferreira raised himself far above his Italian contemporaries. Many similar writers shed a lustre on this, the brightest and indeed the only brilliant period of Portuguese literature; but they are all more remarkable for taste and elegance than for richness of invention.

5. EPIC POETRY.--The chief and only boast of his country, the sole poet whose celebrity has extended beyond the peninsula, and whose name appears in the list of those who have conferred honor upon Europe, is Luis de Camoëns (1524-1579). He was descended from a noble, but by no means a wealthy family. After having completed his studies at the university, he conceived a passion for a lady of the court, so violent that for some time he renounced all literary and worldly pursuits. He entered the military service, and in an engagement before Ceuta, in which he greatly distinguished himself, he lost an eye. Neglected and contemned by his country, he embarked for the East Indies. After various vicissitudes there, he wrote a bitter satire on the government, which occasioned his banishment to the island of Macao, where he remained for five years, and where he completed the great work which was to hand down his name to posterity. There is still to be seen, on the most elevated point of the isthmus which unites the town of Macao to the Chinese continent, a sort of natural gallery formed out of the rocks, apparently almost suspended in the air, and commanding a magnificent prospect over both seas, and the lofty chain of mountains which rises above

their shores. Here he is said to have invoked the genius of the epic muse, and tradition has conferred on this retreat the name of the Grotto of Camoëns. On his return to Goa, Camoëns was shipwrecked, and of all his little property, he succeeded only in saving the manuscript of the *Lusiad*, which he bore in one hand above the water, while swimming to the shore. Soon after reaching Goa, he was thrown into prison upon some unjust accusation, and suffered for a long time to linger there. At length released, he took passage for his native country, which he reached after an absence of sixteen years. Portugal was at this time ravaged by the plague, and in the universal sorrow and alarm, the poet and his great work were alike neglected. The king at length consented to accept the dedication of this poem, and made to the author the wretched return of a pension, amounting to about twenty-five dollars. Camoëns was not unfrequently in actual want of bread, for which he was in part indebted to a black servant who had accompanied him from India, and who was in the habit of stealing out at night to beg in the streets for what might support his master during the following day. But more aggravated evils were in store for the unfortunate poet. The young king perished in the disastrous expedition against Morocco, and with him expired the royal house of Portugal. The independence of the nation was lost, her glory eclipsed, and the future pregnant with calamity and disgrace. Camoëns, who had so nobly supported his own misfortunes, sank under those of his country. He was seized with a violent fever, and expired in a public hospital without having a shroud to cover his remains. The poem on which the reputation of Camoëns depends, is entitled "*Os Lusíadas*;" that is, the Lusitanians (or Portuguese), and its design is to present a poetic and epic grouping of all the great and interesting events in the annals of Portugal. The discovery of the passage to India, the most brilliant point in Portuguese history, was selected as the groundwork of the epic unity of the poem. But with this, and the Portuguese conquests in India, the author combined all the illustrious actions performed by his countrymen in other quarters of the world, and whatever of splendid and heroic achievement history or tradition could supply. Vasco da Gama has been represented as the hero of the work, and those portions not immediately connected with his expedition, as episodes. But there is, in truth, no other leading subject than the country, and no episodes except such parts as are not immediately connected with her glory. Camoëns was familiar with the works of his Italian contemporaries, but the circumstance that essentially distinguishes him from them, and which forms the everlasting monument of his own and his country's glory, is the national love and pride breathing through the whole work. His patriotic spirit, devoting a whole life to raise a monument worthy of his country, seems never to have indulged a thought which was not true to the glory of an ungrateful nation. The Greek mythology forms the epic machinery of the *Lusiad*. Vasco da Gama, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, is steering along the western coast of Africa, when the gods assemble on Mount Olympus to deliberate on the fate of India. Venus and Bacchus form two parties; the former in favor, the latter opposed to the Portuguese. The poet thus gratified his national pride, as Portugal was eminently the land of love, and moderation in the use of wine was one of its highest virtues. Bacchus lays many snares to entrap and ruin the adventurers, who are warned and protected by Venus. He visits the palace of the gods of the sea, who consent to let loose the Winds and Waves upon the daring adventurers, but she summons her nymphs, and adorning themselves with garlands of the sweetest flowers, they subdue the boisterous Winds, who, charmed by the blandishments of love, become calm. Vasco is hospitably received by the African king of Melinda, to whom he relates the most interesting parts of the history of his native country. On the homeward voyage, Venus prepares a magic festival for the adventurers, on an enchanted island, and the goddess Thetis becomes the bride of the admiral. Here the poet finds the opportunity to complete the narrative of his country's history, and a prophetic nymph is brought forward to describe the future achievements of the nation from that period to the time of Camoëns. The *Lusiad* is one of the noblest monuments ever raised to the national glory of any people, and it is difficult to conceive how so grand and beautiful a whole could be formed on a plan so trivial and irregular. The plan has been compared to a scaffolding surrounded and concealed by a majestic building, serving to connect its parts, but having no share in producing the unity of the effect. One of the most affecting and beautiful of all the passages of the *Lusiad*, is the narrative of the tragical fate of Inez de Castro, who, after her death, was proclaimed queen of Portugal, upon the accession of her lover to the throne. In the poems of Camoëns we find examples of every species of composition practiced in his age and country. Some of them bear the impress of his personal character, and of his sad and agitated career. A wild tone of sorrow runs through them, which strikes the ear like wailings heard through the gloom of midnight and darkness. We know not by what calamity they were called forth, but it is the voice of grief, and it awakens an answering throb within the breast.

6. DRAMATIC POETRY.--The drama is quite a barren field in Portuguese literature. The stage of Lisbon has been occupied almost exclusively by the Italian opera and Spanish comedy. Only one poet of any name has written in the Portuguese spirit. This was Gil Vicente (1490-1556). He resided constantly at the court, and was employed in providing occasional pieces for its civil and religious festivities. It is probable that he was an actor, and it is certain that he educated for the stage his daughter, Paula, who was equally celebrated as an actress, a poetess, and a

musician. The dramas of Vicente consist of autos, comedies, tragi-comedies, and farces. The autos, or religious pieces, were written chiefly to furnish entertainment for the court on Christmas night. The shepherds had naturally an important part assigned to them, and the whole was pervaded by the pastoral feeling which distinguishes them remarkably from the Spanish autos. But the best productions of this author are his farces, which approach much nearer to the style of true comedy than the plays published under that name. Saa de Miranda, desirous of conferring on his country a classical theatre, produced two erudite comedies, but he was born a pastoral poet, and made himself a dramatist only by imitation. Ferreira belonged to the same school, and the favor bestowed by the court on the dramas of these two poets, was one obstacle to the formation of a national drama. Another was, the pertinacious attachment of the Portuguese to pastoral poetry, and nothing could be more contrary to dramatic life than the languor, sentimentality, and monotony peculiar to the eclogue. 7. PROSE WRITING.--After Camoëns, Saa de Miranda, and Ferreira, the language and the literature of Portugal are indebted to no other writer so much as to Rodriguez Lobo (b. 1558). The history of Portuguese eloquence may be said to commence with him, for he laid so good a foundation for the cultivation of a pure prose style that, in every effort to obtain classic perfection, subsequent writers have merely followed in his steps. His verse is nowise inferior to his prose. Among his poetic works appears a whole series of historic romances, written by way of ridiculing that species of composition. Lobo stood alone, in the sixteenth century, in his efforts to improve the prose of his country. Gongorism had, meanwhile, introduced bombast and metaphorical obscurity, and no writer of eminence arose to attempt a more natural style, till the end of the seventeenth century. Foremost among those who undertook to relate the history of their country, especially of her oriental discoveries, and who communicated to their records an ardent patriotic feeling, is Barros (1496-1571); he took Livy for his model, and his labors are worthy of honorable notice. India was the favorite topic of Portuguese historians; and several similar works, but inferior to that of Barros, appeared in the same age. Bernardo de Brito (d. 1617) undertook the task of compiling a history of Portugal. His narration begins with the creation of the world, and breaks off where the history of modern Portugal commences. It is eminently distinguished for style and descriptive talent. The biography of Juan de Castro, written by Jacinto de Andrade, is considered as a masterpiece of the Portuguese prose. The conquered Indians found an eloquent defender in Veira (1608-1697), a Catholic missionary, who spent a great part of his life in the deserts of South America, and wrote catechisms in different languages for the use of the natives. Having returned to the court of John IV., he undertook to defend the natural rights of Indians against the rapacity of the conquerors. He undertook also the defense of the Jews in his native country, and showed so much interest in their cause that he was twice brought before the Inquisition. His sermons and letters are models of prose writings, full of the inspiration which springs from the boldness of his subjects.

8. PORTUGUESE LITERATURE IN THE SEVENTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH, AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.--Portuguese literature during the seventeenth century would present an utter blank, but for the few literary productions to which we have alluded. Previous to that time, patriotic valor and romantic enterprise expanded the national genius; but before it could mature, the despotism of the monarchy, the horrors of the Inquisition, and the influence of wealth and luxury, had done their work of destruction, and the prostrate nation had in the seventeenth century reaped the bitter fruits. The most brilliant period of Portuguese poetry had passed away, and no new era commenced. The flame of patriotism was extinct, Brazil was the only colony that remained, the spirit of national enterprise was no more, and a general lethargy overspread the nation. Labor was reckoned a disgrace, commerce a degradation, and agriculture too fatiguing for even the lowest classes of the community. Both Spain and Portugal felt the paralyzing influence of their humbled position in the scale of nations, and civil and religious despotism had overthrown, in both countries, the intellectual power which had so long withstood its degrading influence. Thousands of sonnets, chiefly of an amorous nature, filled up the seventeenth century in Portugal, while Spain was exhausting its expiring energies in dramas. Souza, the most eminent of the sonneteers, alone produced six hundred. In the first, he announces that the collection is designed to celebrate "the penetrating shafts of love, which were shot from a pair of heavenly eyes, and which, after inflicting immortal wounds, issued triumphant from the poet's breast." In the eighteenth century, the influence of French taste crept quietly into the literature as well as the manners of the Portuguese nation. Royal academies of history and language were founded, and an academy of sciences, which, since 1792, has exercised an influence over literary taste, and given birth to many excellent treatises on philosophy and criticism. About the year 1735, the nation seemed on the eve of possessing a drama of its own. Antonio José, an obscure Jew, composed a number of comic operas, in the vernacular tongue, which had long been banished from the theatre of Lisbon. In spite of much coarseness, their genuine humor and familiar gayety excited the greatest enthusiasm, and for ten years the theatre was crowded with delighted audiences. But the Jew was seized and burnt, by order of the Inquisition, at the last *auto da fê*, which took place in 1745, and the theatre was closed. Although French literature continued to exert its influence in the beginning of the

nineteenth century, masterpieces of English literature at that time found their way into Portugal, and excited much admiration and imitation. Manuel do Nascimento (1734-1819) is the representative of the classic style, and his works, both in poetry and prose, are distinguished by purity of language. Manuel de Bocage (1766-1805) is one of the most celebrated modern poets, and though his poems are not examples of refined taste or elegance of style, they evince enthusiasm and poetical fire. Among the poets of the present day, there are some who have emancipated themselves from the imitation of foreign models, and have attempted to combine the earliest national elements of their literature with the characteristic tendencies of the present age.

FINNISH LITERATURE.

1. The Finnish Language and Literature: Poetry; the Kalevala; Lönnrot; Korhonen.--2. The Hungarian Language and Literature: the Age of Stephen I.; Influence of the House of Anjou; of the Reformation; of the House of Austria; Kossuth; Josika; Eötvös; Kuthy; Szigligeti; Petöfi.

1. THE FINNISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.--On passing northward from the Iranian plateaux through Turan to the Uralian mountains, which separate Europe and Asia, we arrive at the primitive seat of the Finnish race. Driven westward by other invading tribes, it scattered through northern Europe, and established itself more particularly in Finland, where, at the present time, we find its principal stock. From the earliest period of the history of the Finns, until the middle of the twelfth century, they lived under their own independent kings. They were then subjected by the Swedes, who established colonies upon their coasts, and introduced Christianity among them. After having been for many centuries the theatre of Russian and Swedish wars, in the beginning of the present century Finland passed under the dominion of Russia; yet, through these ages of foreign domination, its inhabitants preserved their national character, and maintained the use of their native tongue. The Finnish language is a branch of the Turanian family; it is written with the Roman alphabet, but it has fewer sounds; it is complicated in its declension and conjugation, but it has great capacity of expressing compound ideas in one word; it is harmonious in sound, and free, yet clear, in its construction. The Finns at an early period had attained a high degree of civilization, and they have always been distinguished for their love of poetry, especially for the melancholy strains of the elegy. They possess a vast number of popular songs or ballads, which are either lyrical or mythological; they are sung by the song-men, to the kantele, a kind of harp with five wire strings, a favorite national instrument. They have also legends, tales, and proverbs, some of which have recently been collected and published at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland. The great monument of Finnish literature is the "Kalevala," a kind of epic poem, which was arranged in a systematic collection, and given to the world in 1833, by Elias Lönnrot (d. 1884). He wandered from place to place in the remote districts of Finland, living with the peasants, and taking down from their lips the popular songs as he heard them chanted. The importance of this indigenous epic was at once recognized, and translations were made in various languages. The poem, which strongly resembles "Hiawatha," takes its name from the heroes of Kaleva, the land of happiness and plenty, who struggle with three others from the cold north and the land of death. It begins with the creation, and ends in the triumph of the heroes of Kaleva. Max Müller says of this poem that it possesses merits not dissimilar to those of the Iliad, and that it will claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world, beside that of the "Mahabharata," "Shah Nameh," and "Nibelungen." It is doubtless the product of different minds at different periods, having evidently received additions from time to time. During the present century there has been considerable literary activity in Finland, and we meet with many names of poets and dramatists. The periodical literature is specially rich and voluminous, and valuable works on Finnish history and geography have recently appeared. Of recent poets the most popular is Korhonen, a peasant, whose productions are characterized by their sharp and biting sarcasm. The prose of Finland has a religious and moral character, and is especially enriched by translations from Swedish literature.

2. HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.--The language of the Magyars belongs to the Turanian family, and more particularly to the Finnish branch. The Hungarian differs from most European languages in its internal structure and external form. It is distinguished by harmony and energy of sound, richness and vigor of form, regularity of inflexion, and power of expression. Towards the close of the seventh century, the Magyars emigrated from Asia into Europe, and for two hundred years they occupied the country between the Don and Dneiper. Being at length pressed forward by other emigrant tribes, they entered and established themselves in Hungary, after subjugating its former inhabitants. In the year 1000, Stephen I. founded the kingdom of Hungary. He had introduced

Christianity into the country, and with it a knowledge of the Latin language, which was now taught in the schools and made use of in public documents, while the native idiom was spoken by the people, and in part in the assemblies of the Diet. On the accession of the House of Anjou to the throne of Hungary, in the fourteenth century, a new impulse was given to the Hungarian tongue. The Bible was translated into it, and it became the language of the court; although the Latin was still the organ of the church and state, and from the fourteenth to the close of the fifteenth century remained the literary language of the country. This Latin literature boasted of many distinguished writers, but so little influence had they on the nation at large, that during this period it appears that many of the high officers of the kingdom could neither read nor write. The sixteenth century was more favorable to Hungarian literature, and the political and religious movements which took place in the reign of Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II. (1527-1576) proved to be most beneficial to the intellectual development of the people. The Reformation, which was introduced into Hungary through Bohemia, the example of this neighboring country, and the close alliance which existed between the two people, exercised great influence on the public mind. The Hungarian language was introduced into the church, the schools, and the religious controversies, and became the vehicle of sacred and popular poetry. It was thus enriched and polished, and acquired a degree of perfection which it retained until the latter part of the eighteenth century. Translations of the Bible were multiplied; chronicles, histories, grammars, and dictionaries were published, and the number of schools, particularly among the Protestants, was greatly increased. But these brilliant prospects were soon blighted when the country came under the absolute dominion of Austria. In order to crush the national tendencies of the Magyars, the government now restored the Latin and German languages; and newspapers, calendars, and publications of all kinds, including many valuable works, appeared in Latin. Indeed, the interval from 1702 to 1780 was the golden age of this literature in Hungary. Maria Theresa and Joseph II., however, by prescribing the use of the German language in the schools, official acts, and public transactions, produced a reaction in favor of the national tongue, which was soon after taught in the schools, heard in the lecture-room, the theatre, and popular assemblies, and became the organ of the public press. These measures, however, the good effects of which were mainly confined to the higher classes, were gradually pursued with less zeal. It is only of late that the literature of Hungary has assumed a popular character, and become a powerful engine for the advancement of political objects. Kossuth may be considered as the founder of a national party which is at the head of the contemporary literature of the Magyars. Through the action of this party and of its leader, the Hungarian Diet passed, in 1840, the celebrated "Law of the Language," by which the supremacy of the Hungarian tongue was established, and its use prescribed in the administration and in the institutions of learning. From 1841 to 1844, Kossuth published a paper, in which the most serious and important questions of politics and economy were discussed in a style characterized by great elegance and simplicity, and by a fervid eloquence, which awakened in all classes the liveliest emotions of patriotism and independence. His writings greatly enriched the national language, and excited the emulation even of those who did not accept his political views. His memoirs, lately published, have been extensively translated. The novels of Josika (1865), modeled after those of Walter Scott, the works of Eötvös and Kemeny after the writers of Germany, and those of Kuthy and others who have followed the French school, have greatly contributed to enrich the literature of Hungary. The comedies and the dramas of Eötvös and Gal, and particularly those of Szigligeti, show great progress in the Hungarian theatre, while in the poems of Petöfi and others is heard the harmonious yet sorrowful voice of the national muse. After 1849, the genius of Hungary seemed for a while buried under the ruins of the nation. Many of the most eminent writers either fell in the national struggle, or, being driven into exile, threw aside their pens in despair. But the intellectual condition of the people has of late been greatly improved. Public education has been promoted, scholastic institutions have been established, and at the present time there are eloquent voices heard which testify to the presence of a vigorous life latent in the very heart of the country. Among many other writers of the present day, are Jokai (b. 1825), the author of various historical romances which have been extensively translated, Varga, a lyric poet, and Arany, perhaps the greatest poet Hungary has produced, some of whose works are worthy of the literature of any age.

3. THE TURKISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.--The Turks, or Osmanlis, are descendants of the Tartars, and their language, which is a branch of the Turanian family, is at the present day the commercial and political tongue throughout the Levant. This language is divided into two principal dialects, the eastern and the western. The eastern, though rough and harsh, has been the vehicle of certain literary productions, of which the most important are the biographies of more than three hundred ancient poets, written by Mir-Ali-Schir, who flourished in the middle of the fifteenth century, and who was the Maecenas of several Persian poets, particularly of Jami; several historical memoirs, and a number of ballads, founded on the traditions of the ancient Turkish tribes, belong also to the literature of this dialect. The western idiom constitutes what is more properly called the Turkish language. It is euphonious in sound and regular in its grammatical forms, though poor in its vocabulary. To supply its deficiencies, the Osmanlis have introduced many elements of the Arabic and Persian. They have also adopted the Arabic

alphabet, with some alterations; and, like the Arabians, they write from right to left. The literature of Turkey, although it is extremely rich, contains little that is original or national, but is a successful imitation of Persian or Arabic. Even before the capture of Constantinople works had been produced which the nation has not let perish. The most flourishing period was during the reign of Solyman the Magnificent and his son Selim in the sixteenth century. Fasli (d. 1563) was an erotic poet, who attained a high reputation; and Baki (d. 1600), a lyric poet, is ranked by the Orientals with the Persian Hafiz. In the seventeenth century a new period of literature arose, though inferior to the last. Nebi was the most admired poet, Nefi a distinguished satirist, and Hadji Khalfa a historian of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish literature, who is the chief authority upon this subject for the East and West. The annals of Saad-El-Din (d. 1599) are important for the student of the history of the Ottoman Empire. The style of these writers, however, is for the most part bombastic, consisting of a mixture of poetry and prose overladen with figures. Novels and tales abound in this literature, and it affords many specimens of geographical works, many important collections of juridical decisions, and valuable researches on the Persian and Arabian languages. The press was introduced into Constantinople early in the eighteenth century, and has been actively engaged in publishing translations of the most important works in Persian and Arabic, as well as in the native tongue. Societies are established for the promotion of various branches of science, and many scientific and literary journals are published. There are numerous primary free schools and high scholastic institutions in Constantinople, and some public libraries.

4. THE ARMENIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.--The language of Armenia belongs to the Indo-European family, and particularly to the Iranian variety; but it has been greatly modified by contact with other languages, especially the Turkish. At present the modern dialect is spoken in southern Russia around the sea of Azof, in Turkey, Galicia, and Hungary. The ancient Armenian, which was spoken down to the twelfth century, is preserved in its purity in the ancient books of the people, and is still used in their best works. This tongue, owing to an abundance of consonants, is lacking in euphony; it is deficient in distinction of gender, though it is redundant in cases and inflexions. Its alphabet is modeled after the Greek. The Armenians, from the earliest period of their existence, through all the political disasters which have signalized their history, have exhibited a strong love for a national literature, and maintained themselves as a cultivated people amidst all the revolutions which barbarism, despotism, and war have occasioned. During so many ages they have faithfully preserved not only their historical traditions, reaching back to the period of the ancient Hebrew histories, but also their national character. Their first abode--the vicinity of Mount Ararat--is even at the present day the centre of their religious and political union. Commerce has scattered them, like the Israelites, among all nations, but without debasing their character; on the contrary, they are distinguished by superior cultivation, manners, and honesty from the barbarians under whose yoke they live. The cause is to be found in their creed and in their religious union. Until the beginning of the fourth century A.D. the Armenians were Parsees; the literature of the country up to this period was contained in a few songs or ballads, and its civilization was only that which could be wrought out by the philosophy of Zoroaster. In 319, when Christianity was introduced into Armenia, the language and learning of the Greeks were exciting the profound admiration of the most eminent fathers of the church, and this attention to Greek literature was immediately manifest in the literary history of Armenia. A multitude of Grecian works was translated, commented upon, and their philosophy adopted, and the literature was thus established upon a Grecian basis. About the same period, the alphabet at present in use in the Armenian language was invented, or the old alphabet perfected by Mesrob, in connection with which the language underwent many modifications. Mesrob, with his three sons, especially educated for the task, commenced the translation of the Bible 411 A.D., and its completion nearly half a century later gave a powerful impulse to Armenian learning, and at the same time stamped upon it a religious character which it has never lost. The period from the sixth to the tenth century is the golden age of this literature. Its temporary decline after this period was owing to the invasion of the Arabians, when many of the inhabitants were converted to the Mohammedan faith and many more compelled to suffer persecution for their refusal to abjure Christianity. After the subjection of Armenia to the Greek empire, literature again revived, and until the fourteenth century was in a flourishing condition. In 1375, when the Turks took possession of the country, the inhabitants were again driven from their homes, and from that time their literature has steadily declined. After their emigration, the Armenians established themselves in various countries of Europe and Asia, and amidst all the disadvantages of their position they still preserve not only the unity of their religious faith, but the same unwearied desire to sustain a national literature. Wherever they have settled, in Amsterdam, Leghorn, Venice, Constantinople, and Calcutta, they have established printing presses and published valuable books. Of their colonies or monasteries, the most interesting and fruitful in literary works is that of Venice, which was founded in the eighteenth century by Mechitar, an Armenian, and from him its monks are called Mechitarists. From the time of their establishment they have constantly issued translations of important religious works. They now publish a semi-monthly paper in the Armenian language, which is circulated and read among the scattered families of the Armenian faith over the world.

They also translate and publish standard works of modern literature. About the year 1840, through the influence of American missionaries, the Bible was translated into Armenian, freed as far as possible from foreign elements; school-books were also translated, newspapers established, and the language awoke to new life. Within the last twenty years the intellectual progress in Armenia has been very great. In 1863 Christopher Robert, an American gentleman, established and endowed a college at Constantinople for the education of pupils of all races, religions, and languages found in the empire. This institution, not sectarian, though Christian, has met with great success. It has two hundred and fifty students from fifteen nationalities, though chiefly Armenian, Bulgarian, and Greek.

SLAVIC LITERATURES.

The Slavic Race and Languages; the Eastern and Western Stems; the Alphabets; the Old or Church Slavic Language; St. Cyril's Bible; the *Pravda Russkaya*; the *Annals of Nestor*.

THE SLAVIC RACE AND LANGUAGES.--The Slavic race, which belongs to the great Indo-European family of nations, probably first entered Europe from Asia, seven or eight centuries B.C. About the middle of the sixth century A.D. we find Slavic tribes crossing the Danube in great multitudes, and settling on both the banks of that river; from that time they frequently appear in the accounts of the Byzantine historians, under different appellations, mostly as involved in the wars of the two Roman empires; sometimes as allies, sometimes as conquerors, often as vassals, and oftener as emigrants and colonists, thrust out of their own countries by the pressing forward of the more warlike Teutonic tribes. In the latter half of the eleventh century the Slavic nations were already in possession of the whole extent of territory which they still occupy, from the Arctic Ocean on the north to the Black and Adriatic seas on the south, and from Kamtschatka and the Russian islands of the Pacific to the Baltic, and along the banks of the rivers Elbe, Muhr, and Ruab, again to the Adriatic. They are represented by early historians as having been a peaceful, industrious, hospitable people, obedient to their chiefs, and religious in their habits. Wherever they established themselves, they began to cultivate the earth, and to trade in the productions of the country. There are also early traces of their fondness for music and poetry. The analogy between the Slavic and the Sanskrit languages indicates the Oriental origin of the Slavonians, which appears also from their mythology. The antithesis of a good and evil principle is met with among most of the Slavic tribes; and even at the present time, in some of their dialects, everything good and beautiful is to them synonymous with the purity of the white color; they call the good spirit the White God, and the evil spirit the Black God. We find also traces of their Oriental origin in the Slavic trinity, which is nearly allied to that of the Hindus. Other features of their mythology remind us of the sprightly and poetical imagination of the Greeks. Such is the life attributed to the inanimate objects of nature, rocks, brooks, and trees; such are also the supernatural beings dwelling in the woods and mountains, nymphs, naiads, and satyrs. Indeed, the Slavic languages, in their construction, richness, and precision, appear nearly related to the Greek and Latin, with which they have a common origin. Following the division of the Slavic nations into the eastern and western stems, their languages may be divided into two classes, the first containing the Russian and the Servian idioms, the second embracing the Bohemian and the Polish varieties. The Slavi of the Greek faith use the Cyrillic alphabet, so called from St. Cyril, its inventor, a Greek monk, who went from Constantinople (862 A.D.) to preach to them the gospel. It is founded on the Greek, with modifications and additions from Oriental sources. The Hieronymic alphabet, particularly used by the priests of Dalmatia and Croatia, is so called from the tradition which attributes it to St. Hieronymus. The Bohemians and Poles use the Roman alphabet, with a few alterations. St. Cyril translated the Bible into the language called the *Old or Church Slavic*, and from the fact that this translation, made in the middle of the ninth century, is distinguished by great copiousness, and bears the stamp of uncommon perfection in its forms, it is evident that this language must have been flourishing long before that time. The celebrated "*Pravda Russkaya*," a collection of the laws of Jaroslav (1035 A.D.), and the "*Annals of Nestor*," of the thirteenth century, are the most remarkable monuments of the old Slavic language. This, however, has for centuries ceased to be a living tongue.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

1. The Language.--2. Literature in the Reign of Peter the Great; of Alexander; of Nicholas; Danilof, Lomonosof, Kheraskof, Derzhavin, Karamzin.--3. History, Poetry, the Drama: Kostrof, Dmitrief, Zhukoffski, Krylof, Pushkin, Lermontoff, Gogol.--4. Literature in Russia since the Crimean War: School of Nature; Turgenieff; Ultra-realistic School; Science: Mendeleeff.

1. THE LANGUAGE.--In the Russian language three principal dialects are to be distinguished; but the Russian proper, as it is spoken in Moscow and all the central and northern parts of European Russia, is the literary language of the nation. It is distinguished by its immense copiousness, the consequence of its great flexibility in adopting foreign words, merely as roots, from which, by means of its own resources, stems and branches seem naturally to spring. Another excellence is the great freedom of construction which it allows, without any danger of becoming ambiguous. It is clear, euphonious, and admirably adapted to poetry. The germs of Russian civilization arose with the foundation of the empire by the Varegians of Scandinavia (862 A.D.), but more particularly with the introduction of Christianity by Vladimir the Great, who, towards the close of the tenth century, established the first schools, introduced the Bible of St. Cyril, called Greek artists from Constantinople, and became the patron, and at the same time the hero of poetry. Indeed, he and his knights are the Russian Charlemagne and his peers, and their deeds have proved a rich source for the popular tales and songs of succeeding times. Jaroslav, the son of Vladimir, was not less active than his father in advancing the cause of Christianity; he sent friars through the country to instruct the people, founded theological schools, and continued the translation of the church books. To this age is referred the epic, "Igor's Expedition against the Polovtzi," discovered in the eighteenth century, a work characterized by uncommon grace, beauty, and power. >From 1238 to 1462 A.D. the Russian princes were vassals of the Mongols, and during this time nearly every trace of cultivation perished. The invaders burned the cities, destroyed all written documents, and demolished the monuments of national culture; but at length Ivan I. (1462- 1505) delivered his country from the Mongols, and prepared a new era in the history of Russian civilization. At this early period the first germs of dramatic art were carried from Poland to Russia. In Kief the theological students performed ecclesiastical dramas, and traveled about, during the holidays, to exhibit their skill in other cities. The tragedies of Simeon of Polotzk (1628- 1680), in the old Slavic language, penetrated from the convents to the court, where they were performed in the middle of the seventeenth century. At this time the first secular drama, a translation from Molière, was also represented.

2. THE LITERATURE.--Peter the Great (1689-1725) raised the Russian dialect to the dignity of a written language, introduced it into the administration and courts of justice, and caused many books to be translated from foreign languages. He rendered the Slavic characters more conformable to the Latin, and these letters, then generally adopted, continue in use at the present time. Among the writers of the age of Peter the Great may be mentioned Kirsha Danilof, who versified the popular traditions of Vladimir and his heroes; and Kantemir, a satirist, who translated many epistles of Horace, and the work of Fontenelle on the plurality of worlds. Peter the Great laid the corner-stone of a national literature, but the temple was not reared above the ground until the reign of Elizabeth and of Catharine II. Lomonosof (1711-1765), a peasant, born in the dreary regions of Archangel, has the honor of being the true founder of the Russian literature. In his Russian grammar he first laid down the principles and fixed the rules of the language; he first ventured to draw the boundary line between the old Slavic and the Russian, and endeavored to fix the rules of poetry according to the Latin standard. Among his contemporaries may be mentioned Sumarokof (1718-1777) and Kheraskof (1733-1807), both very productive writers in prose and verse, and highly admired by their contemporaries. In the middle of the eighteenth century the dramatic talent of the Russians was awakened, through the establishment of theatres at Jaroslav, St. Petersburg, and Moscow; and several gifted literary men employed themselves in dramatic compositions; but of all the productions of this time, those of Von Wisin (1745-1792) only have continued to hold possession of the stage. Among the poets of the eighteenth century, Derzhavin (1743-1816) sang the glory of Catharine II., and of the Russian arms. His "Ode to God" has obtained the distinction of being translated into several European languages, and also into Chinese, and hung up in the Emperor's palace, printed on white satin in golden letters. The reign of Alexander I. (1801-1825) opened a new era in the literature. He manifested great zeal for the mental elevation of his subjects; he increased the number of universities, established theological seminaries and institutions for the study of oriental languages, and founded gymnasia and numerous common schools for the people; he richly endowed the Asiatic museum of St. Petersburg, and for a time patronized the Russian Bible Society, and promoted the printing of books on almost all subjects. But toward the close of his reign, in consequence of certain political measures, literature sank with great rapidity. Karamzin (1765-1826), the representative of this age, undertook to shake off the yoke of the classical rules established by Lomonosof, and introduced more simplicity and naturalness. His reputation rests chiefly upon his "History of the Russian Empire," which, with many faults, is a standard work in Slavic literature. The reign of the Emperor Nicholas opened with a bloody tragedy, which exhibited in a striking manner the dissatisfied and unhealthy spirit of the literary youth of Russia. Several poets and men of literary fame were among the conspirators; and to awaken patriotism and to counteract the tendencies of the age, the government promoted historical and archaeological researches, but at the same time abolished professorships of philosophy, increased the vigilance of its censorship of

the press, lengthened the catalogue of forbidden books, and reduced the term of lawful absence for its subjects. It took the most energetic measures to promote national education, and to cultivate those fields of science where no political tares could be sown. The leading idea of the time was Panslavism, the object of which was the union of the Slavic race, an opposition to all foreign domination, and the attainment of a higher intellectual and political condition in the general march of mankind. Panslavism rose to a special branch of literature, and its principal writers were Kollar, Grabowski, and Gurowski.

3. HISTORY, POETRY, THE DRAMA.--History is a department of letters which has been treated very successfully in Russia; critical researches have been extended to all branches of archaeology, philology, mythology, and kindred subjects, and valuable works have been produced. Dmitrief (1760-1827) combined in his poems imagination, taste, correctness, and purity of language. Zhukoffski (b. 1785) a poet of deep feeling, took his models from the Germans. The fables of Krylof (b. 1768) are equally celebrated among all classes and ages, and are among the first books read by Russian children. Above all the others, Pushkin (1799-1835) must be considered as the representative of Russian poetry in the nineteenth century. He was in the service of the government, when an ode "to Liberty," written in too bold a spirit, induced Alexander I. to banish him from St. Petersburg. The Emperor Nicholas recalled him, and became his patron. Though by no means a mere imitator, his poetry bears strong marks of the influence of Byron. Lermontoff (d. 1841) was a poet and novelist whose writings, like those of Pushkin, were strongly influenced by Byron. Koltsoff (d. 1842) is the first song writer of Russia, and his favorite theme is the joys and sorrows of the people. Through the influence of Pushkin and Gogol (d. 1852), Russian literature became emancipated from the classic rule and began to develop original tendencies. Gogol in his writings manifests a deep sentiment of patriotism, a strong love of nature, and a fine sense of humor. The Russians have few ballads of great antiquity, and these rarely have any reference to the subjects of the heroic prose tales which are the delight of Russian nurseries, the favorite subjects of which are the traditions of Vladimir and his giant heroes, which doubtless once existed in the form of ballads. The Russians have ever been a singing race. Every festival day and every extraordinary event has its accompanying song. Though these songs have been modernized in language and form, that they date from the age of paganism is evident from their frequent invocations of heathen deities and allusions to heathen customs. Allied to these songs are the various ditties which the peasant girls and lads sing on certain occasions, consisting of endless repetitions of words or syllables; yet through this melodious tissue, apparently without meaning, sparks of real poetry often shine. The Russian songs, like the language, have a peculiar tenderness, and are full of caressing epithets, which are often applied even to inanimate objects. Russian lovers are quite inexhaustible in their endearing expressions, and the abundance of diminutives which the language possesses is especially favorable to their affectionate mode of address. With this exquisite tenderness of the love-song is united a pensive feeling, which, indeed, pervades the whole popular poetry of Russia, and which may be characterized as melancholy musical, and in harmony with the Russian national music, the expressive sweetness of which has been the admiration of all foreign composers to whom it has been known. In the rich and fertile steppes of the Ukraine, where every forest tree seems to harbor a singer, and every blade of grass on the boundless plains seems to whisper the echo of a song, this pensive character of Russian poetry deepens into a melancholy that finds expression in a variety of sweet elegiac melodies. A German writer says of them, "they are the sorrows of whole centuries blended in one everlasting sigh." The spirit of the past indeed breathes through their mournful strains. The cradle of the Kozak was rocked to the music of clashing swords, and for centuries the country, on both banks of the Dnieper to the northwestern branch of the Carpathian Mountains, the seat of this race, was the theatre of constant warfare. Their narrative ballads, therefore, have few other subjects than the feuds with the Poles and Tartars, the Kozak's parting with his beloved one, his lonely death on the border or on the bloody field of battle. These ballads have sometimes a spirit and boldness which presents noble relief to the habitual melancholy of this poetry in general. Professional singers, with a kind of guitar in their hand, wander through the country, sure to find a willing audience in whatever village they may stop. Their ballads are not confined to the scenes of their early history, but find subjects in the later wars with the Turks and Tartars, and in the campaigns of more modern times; they illustrate the warlike spirit, as well as the domestic relations of the Kozaks, and their skill in narrative, as well as their power of expressing in lyric strains the unsophisticated emotions of a tender heart. The poets of the present age exercise little or no influence on a society distracted and absorbed by the political questions of the day. Although the history of Russia is rich in dramatic episodes, it has failed to inspire any native dramatist. Count Tolstoi has been one of the most successful writers in this line, but, with great merits, he has the fault common to the Russian drama in general, that of great attention to the study of the chief character, to the neglect of other points which contribute to secure interest.

4. LITERATURE IN RUSSIA SINCE THE CRIMEAN WAR.--After the Crimean War, in 1854, the Russian government took the initiative in an onward movement, and by the abolition of serfdom the country awoke to new

life. In literature this showed itself in the rise of a new school, that of Nature, in which Turgenieff (1818-1883) is the most prominent figure, a place which he still holds in contemporary Russian literature. The publication of his "Diary of a Sportsman" first made the nobility of Russia aware that the serf was a man capable of feeling and suffering, and not a brute to be bought and sold with the soil, and this work was not without its effect in causing the emancipation. No writer has studied so faithfully and profoundly the Russian peasant and better understood the moral needs of the time and the great questions which agitate it. Within the last twenty years the new theory of Nihilism has begun to find expression in literature, particularly in fiction. Rejecting all authority in religion, politics, science, and art, this school is the reaction from long ages of oppression. The school of nature lent itself to this new movement until at last it reached the pessimistic standpoint of Schopenhauer. Of late, the ultra-realistic school has appeared in Russia, the writers of which devote themselves to the study of a low realism in its most repulsive aspects. While it boasts of not idealizing the peasant, like Turgenieff and others, it presents him in an aspect to excite only aversion. Art being thus excluded, and the school having neither authority, principle, nor object, whatever influence it may have cannot but be pernicious. SCIENCE.--In mathematics and in all the natural sciences Russia keeps pace with the most advanced European nations. In chemistry Mendeleëff formulated the theory relating to atoms and their chemical properties and relations, not then discovered to be the law by which they were governed, as later experiments proved.

THE SERVIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The Servian alphabet was first fixed and the language reduced to certain general rules only within the present century. The language extends, with some slight variations of dialect, and various systems of writing, over the Turkish and Austrian provinces of Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Dalmatia, and the eastern part of Croatia. The southern sky, and the beauties of natural scenery that abound in all these regions, so favorable to the development of poetical genius, appear also to have exerted a happy influence on the language. While it yields to none of the other Slavic dialects in richness, clearness, and precision, it far surpasses them all in euphony. The most interesting feature of the literature of these countries is their popular poetry. This branch of literature still survives among the Slavic race, particularly the Servians and Dalmatians, in its beauty and luxuriance, while it is almost extinct in other nations. Much of this poetry is of unknown antiquity, and has been handed down by tradition from generation to generation. From the gray ages of paganism it reaches us like the chimes of distant bells, unconnected, and half lost in the air. It often manifests the strong, deep-rooted superstitions of the Slavic race, and is full of dreams, omens, and forebodings; witchcraft, and a certain Oriental fatalism, seeming to direct will and destiny. Love and heroism form the subject of all Slavic poetry, which is distinguished for the purity of manners it evinces. Wild passions or complicated actions are seldom represented, but rather the quiet scenes of domestic grief and joy. The peculiar relation of brother and sister, particularly among the Servians, often forms an interesting feature of the popular songs. To have no brother is a misfortune, almost a disgrace, and the cuckoo, the constant image of a mourning woman in Servian poetry, was, according to the legend, a sister who had lost her brother. This poetry was first collected by Vuk Stephanovitch Karadshitch (b. 1786), a Turkish Servian, the author of the first Oriental Servian grammar and dictionary, who gathered the songs from the lips of the peasantry. His work, published at Vienna in 1815, has been made known to the world through a translation into German by the distinguished authoress of the "Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations," from which this brief sketch has been made. Nearly one third of these songs consist of epic tales several hundred verses in length. The lyric songs compare favorably with those of other nations, but the long epic extemporized compositions, by which the peasant bard, in the circle of other peasants, in unpremeditated but regular and harmonious verse, celebrates the heroic deeds of their ancestors or contemporaries, have no parallel in the whole history of literature since the days of Homer. The poetry of the Servians is intimately interwoven with their daily life. The hall where the women sit spinning around the fireside, the mountain on which the boys pasture their flocks, the square where the village youth assemble to dance, the plains where the harvest is reaped, and the forests through which the lonely traveler journeys, all resound with song. Short compositions, sung without accompaniment, are mostly composed by women, and are called female songs; they relate to domestic life, and are distinguished by cheerfulness, and often by a spirit of graceful roguery. The feeling expressed in the Servian love-songs is gentle, often playful, indicating more of tenderness than of passion. In their heroic poems the Servians stand quite isolated; no modern nation can be compared to them in epic productiveness, and the recent publication of these poems throws new light on the grand compositions of the ancients. The general character of these Servian tales is objective and plastic; the poet is, in most cases, in a

remarkable degree above his subject; he paints his pictures, not in glowing colors, but in prominent features, and no explanation is necessary to interpret what the reader thinks he sees with his own eyes. The number and variety of the Servian heroic poems is immense, and many of them, until recently preserved only by tradition, cannot be supposed to have retained their original form; they are frequently interwoven with a belief in certain fanciful creatures of pagan superstition, which exercise a constant influence on human affairs. The poems are often recited, but most frequently sung to the music of a rude kind of guitar. The bard chants two lines, then he pauses and gives a few plaintive strokes on his instrument; then he chants again, and so on. While in Slavic poetry generally the musical element is prominent, in the Servian it is completely subordinate. Even the lyric poetry is in a high degree monotonous, and is chanted rather than sung. Goethe, Grimm, and "Talvi" drew attention to these songs, many translations of which were published in Germany, and Bowering, Lytton, and others have made them known in England. At present there is much intellectual activity among the Servians in various departments of literature, tragedy, comedy, satire, and fiction, but the names of the writers are new to Europeans, and not easily remembered.

THE BOHEMIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Comenius, and others.

The Bohemian is one of the principal Slavic languages. It is spoken in Bohemia and in Moravia, and is used by the Slovaks of Hungary in their literary productions. Of all the modern Slavic dialects, the Bohemian was the first cultivated; it early adopted the Latin characters, and was developed under the influence of the German language. In its free construction, the Bohemian approaches the Latin, and is capable of imitating the Greek in all its lighter shades. The first written documents of the Bohemians are not older than the introduction of Christianity into their country; but there exists a collection of national songs celebrating battles and victories, which probably belongs to the eighth or ninth century. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries the influence of German customs and habits is apparent in Bohemian literature; and in the thirteenth and fourteenth this influence increased, and was manifest in the lyric poetry, which echoed the lays of the German Minnesingers. Of these popular songs, however, very few are left. In 1348 the first Slavic university was founded in Prague, on the plan of those of Paris and Bologna, by the Emperor Charles IV., who united the crowns of Germany and Bohemia. The influence of this institution was felt, not merely in the two countries, but throughout Europe. The name of John Huss (1373-1415) stands at the head of a new period in Bohemian literature. He was professor at the university of Prague, and early became acquainted with the writings of Wickliffe, whose doctrines he defended in his lectures and sermons. The care and attention he bestowed on his compositions exerted a decided and lasting influence on the language. The old Bohemian alphabet he arranged anew, and first settled the Bohemian orthography according to fixed principles. Summoned to appear before the council of Constance to answer to the charges of heresy, he obeyed the call under a safe-conduct from the Emperor Sigismund. But he was soon arrested by order of the council, condemned, and burned alive. Among the coadjutors of Huss was Jerome of Prague, a professor in the same university, who in his erudition and eloquence surpassed his friend, whose doctrinal views he adopted, but he had not the mildness of disposition nor the moderation of conduct which distinguished Huss. He wrote several works for the instruction of the people, and translated some of the writings of Wickliffe into the Bohemian language. On hearing of the dangerous situation of his friend he hastened to Constance to assist and support him. He, too, was arrested, and even terrified into temporary submission; but at the next audience of the council he reaffirmed his faith, and declared that of all his sins he repented of none more than his apostasy from the doctrines he had maintained. In consequence of this avowal he was condemned to the same fate as his friend. These illustrious martyrs were, with the exception of Wickliffe, the first advocates of truth a century before the Reformation. Since then, in no language has the Bible been studied with more zeal and devotion than in the Bohemian. The long contest for freedom of conscience which desolated the country until the extinction of the nation is one of the great tragedies of human history. The period from 1520 to 1620 is considered the golden age of Bohemian literature. Nearly two hundred writers distinguished the reign of Rudolph I. (1526-1611), and among them were many ladies and gentlemen of the court, of which Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and other scientific men, from foreign countries, were the chief ornaments. Numerous historical works were published, theology was cultivated with talent and zeal, the eloquence of the pulpit and the bar acquired a high degree of cultivation, and in religious hymns all sects were equally productive. The triumph of the Catholic party, which followed the battle of the White Mountain, near Prague (1620), gave a fatal blow to Bohemia. The leading men of the country were executed, exiled, or imprisoned; the Protestant religion was abolished, and the country was declared a hereditary Catholic monarchy. The Bohemian language ceased to be used in public transactions; and

every book written in it was condemned to the flames as necessarily heretical. Great numbers of monks came from southern Europe, and seized whatever native books they could find; and this destruction continued to go on until the close of the last century. Among the Bohemian emigrants who continued to write in their foreign homes, Comenius (1592-1691) surpassed all others. When the great persecution of the Protestants broke out he fled to Poland, and in his exile he published several works in Latin and in Bohemian, distinguished for the classical perfection of their style. In the latter part of the eighteenth century the efforts to introduce into Bohemia the German as the official language of the country awoke the national feeling of the people, and produced a strong reaction in favor of their native tongue. When the tolerant views of Joseph II. were known, more than a hundred thousand Protestants returned to their country; books long hidden were brought to light, and many works were reprinted. During the reign of his two successors, the Bohemians received still more encouragement; the use of the language was ordained in all the schools, and a knowledge of it was made a necessary qualification for office. Among the writers who exerted a favorable influence in this movement may be mentioned Kramerius (1753-1808), the editor of the first Bohemian newspaper, and the author of many original works; Dobrovsky (1753-1829), the patriarch of modern Slavic literature, and one of the profoundest scholars of the age; and Kollar (b. 1763), the leading poet of modern times in the Bohemian language. Schaffarik (b. 1795), a Slovak, is the author of a "History of the Slavic Language and Literature," in German, which has, perhaps, contributed more than any other work to a knowledge of Slavic literature. Palacky, a Moravian by birth, was the faithful fellow-laborer of Schaffarik; his most important work is a "History of Bohemia." Since 1848 there has arisen a school of poets whose writings are more in accordance with those of the western nations. Among them are Hálek (d. 1874) and Cech, the most celebrated of living Bohemian poets. Caroline Soëtla (b. 1830) is the originator of the modern Bohemian novel. Since 1879 many poems have appeared, epic in their character, taking their materials both from the past and the present. In various branches of literature able writers are found, too numerous even to name.

THE POLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Rey, Bielski, Copernicus, Czartoryski, Niemcewicz, Mickiewicz, and others.

The Polish language is the only existing representative of that variety of idioms originally spoken by the Slavic tribes, which, under the name of Lekhes, in the sixth or seventh century, settled on the banks of the Vistula and Varta. Although very little is known of the progress of the language into its present state, it is sufficiently obvious that it has developed from the conflict of its natural elements with the Latin and German idioms. Of the other Slavic dialects, the Bohemian is the only one which has exerted any influence upon this tongue. The Polish language is refined and artificial in its grammatical structure, rich in its words and phrases, and, like the Bohemian, capable of faithfully imitating the refinements of the classical languages. It has a great variety and nicety of shades in the pronunciation of the vowels, and such combinations of consonants as can only be conquered by a Slavic tongue. The literary history of Poland begins, like that of Bohemia, at the epoch of the introduction of Christianity. In the year 965, Miecislav, Duke of Poland, married the Bohemian princess Dombrovka, who consented to the marriage on the condition of the duke becoming a convert to Christianity; and from that time the Polish princes, and the greater part of the nation, adopted the new faith. The clergy in those early ages in Poland, as well as elsewhere, were the depositaries of mental light; and the Benedictine monks who, with others, had been invited to the converted country, founded convents, to which they early attached schools. Their example was followed, at a later period, by other orders, and for several centuries the natives were excluded from all clerical dignities and privileges, and the education of the country was directed by foreign monks. They burned the few writings which they found in the vernacular tongue, and excited unnatural prejudices against it. From the ninth to the sixteenth century Polish literature was almost entirely confined to the translation of a part of the Bible and a few chronicles written in Latin. Among these must be noticed the chronicle of Martin Gallus (d. 1132), an emigrant Frenchman, who is considered as the oldest historian of Poland. Casimir (1333-1370) was one of the few princes who acquired the name of the Great, not by conquests, but by the substantial benefits of laws, courts of justice, and means of education, which he procured for his subjects. In his reign was formed the first code of laws, known by the name of "Statute of Wislica," a part of which is written in the Polish language; and he laid the foundation of the university of Cracow (1347), which, however, was only organized half a century later. Hedevig, the granddaughter of Casimir, married Jagello of Lithuania, and under their descendants, who reigned nearly two centuries, Poland rose to the summit of power and glory. With Sigismund I. (1505-1542), and Sigismund Augustus (1542-1613), a new period of Polish literature begins. The university of Cracow had been organized in 1400, on the model of that of Prague, and this opened a door for the doctrines, first of the Bohemian, then of the German reformers. The wild flame of superstition which

kindled the fagots for the disciples of the new doctrines in Poland was extinguished by Sigismund I. and Sigismund II., in whom the Reformation found a decided support. Under their administration Poland was the seat of a toleration then unequaled in the world; the Polish language became more used in literary productions, and was fixed as the medium through which laws and decrees were promulgated. Rey of Naglowic (1515-1569), who lived at the courts of the Sigismunds, is called the father of Polish poetry. Most of his productions are of a religious nature, and bear the stamp of a truly poetical talent. John Kochanowski (1530-1584) published a translation of the Psalms, which is still considered as a classical work. His other poems, in which Pindar, Anacreon, and Horace were alternately his models, are distinguished for their conciseness and terseness of style. Rybinski (fl. 1581) and Simon Szymonowicz (d. 1629), the former as a lyric poet, the latter as a writer of idyls, maintain a high rank. The Poles possess all the necessary qualities for oratory, and the sixteenth century was eminent for forensic and pulpit eloquence. History was cultivated with much zeal, but mostly in the Latin language. Martin Bielski (1500-1576) was the author of the "Chronicle of Poland," the first historical work in Polish. Scientific works were mostly written in Latin, the cultivation of which, in Poland, has ever kept pace with the study of the vernacular tongue. Indeed, the most eminent writers and orators of the sixteenth century, who made use of the Polish language, managed the Latin with equal skill and dexterity, and in common conversation both Latin and Polish were used. Among the scientific writers of Latin is the astronomer Copernicus (1473- 1543). He early went to Italy, and was appointed professor of mathematics at Rome. He at length returned to Poland, and devoted himself to the study of astronomy. Having spent twenty years in observations and calculations, he brought his scheme to perfection, and established the theory of the universe which is now everywhere received. The interval between 1622 and 1760 marks a period of a general decadence in Polish literature. The perversion of taste which, at the beginning of that age, reigned in Italy, and thence spread over Europe, reached Poland; and for nearly a hundred and fifty years the country, under the influence of the Jesuits, was the victim of a stifling intolerance, and of a general mental paralysis. But in the reign of Stanislaus Augustus (1762-1795), Poland began to revive, and the national literature received a new impulse. Though the French language and manners prevailed, and the bombastic school of Marini was only supplanted by that of the cold and formal poets of France, the cultivation of the Polish language was not neglected; a periodical work, to which the ablest men of the country contributed, was published, public instruction was made one of the great concerns of the government, and the power of the Jesuits was destroyed. The dissolution of the kingdom which soon followed, its partition and amalgamation with foreign nations, kindled anew the patriotic spirit of the Poles, who devoted themselves with more zeal than ever to the cultivation of their native language, the sole tie which still binds them together. The following are the principal representatives of this period: Stephen Konarski (1700-1773), a writer on politics and education, who devoted himself entirely to the literary and mental reform of his country; Zaluski (1724-1786), known more especially as the founder of a large library, which, at the dismemberment of Poland, was transferred to St. Petersburg; and, above all, Adam Czartoryski (1731-1823), and the two brothers Potocki, distinguished as statesmen, orators, writers, and patrons of literature and art. At the head of the historical writers of the eighteenth century stands Naruszewicz (1753-1796), whose history of Poland is considered as a standard work. In respect to erudition, philosophical conception, and purity of style, it is a masterpiece of Polish literature. Krasicki (1739-1802), the most distinguished poet under Stanislaus Augustus, was called the Polish Voltaire. His poems and prose writings are replete with wit and spirit, though bearing evident marks of French influence, which was felt in almost all the poetical productions of that age. Niemcewicz (1787-1846) is regarded as one of the greatest poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Having fought by the side of Kosciuszko, and shared his fate as a prisoner, he accompanied him to America, where he became the friend and associate of Washington, whose life he afterwards described. His other works consist of historical songs, dramas, and a history of the reign of Sigismund. There is no branch of literature in which the Poles have manifested greater want of original power than in the drama, where the influence of the French school is decided, and, indeed, exclusive. Novels and tales, founded on domestic life, are not abundant in Polish literature; philosophy has had few votaries, and the other sciences, with the exception of the mathematical and physical branches, have been, till recently, neglected. The failure of the revolution of 1830 forms a melancholy epoch in Polish history, and especially in Polish literature. The universities of Warsaw and Wilna were broken up, and their rich libraries removed to St. Petersburg. Even the lower schools were mostly deprived of their funds, and changed to Russian government schools. The press was placed under the strictest control, the language and the national peculiarities of the country were everywhere persecuted, the Russian tongue and customs substituted, and the poets and learned men either silenced or banished. Yet since that time the national history has become more than ever a chosen study with the people; and as the results of these researches, since 1830, cannot be written in Poland, Paris has become the principal seat of Polish learning. One of the first works of importance published there was the "History of the Polish Insurrection," by Mochnachi (1804- 1835), known before as the author of a work on the Polish literature of the nineteenth century, and as the able editor of several periodicals. Lelewel, one of the leaders of the revolution, wrote a work on the civil rights of the

Polish peasantry, which has exercised a more decided influence in Poland than that of any modern author. Mickiewicz (1798- 1843), a leader of the same revolution, is the most distinguished of the modern poets of Poland. His magnificent poem of "The Feast of the Dead" is a powerful expression of genius. His "Sonnets on the Crimea" are among his happiest productions, and his "Sir Thaddeus" is a graphic description of the civil and domestic life of Lithuania. Mickiewicz is the founder of the modern romantic school in Poland, to which belong the most popular productions of Polish literature. Zaleski, Grabowski, and others of this school have chosen the Ukraine as the favorite theatre of their poems, and give us pictures of that country, alternately sweet, wild, and romantic. Of all the Slavic nations, the Poles have most neglected their popular poetry, a fact which may be easily explained in a nation among whom whatever refers to mere boors and serfs has always been regarded with the utmost contempt. Their beautiful national dances, however, the graceful Polonaise, the bold Masur, the ingenious Cracovienne, are equally the property of the nobility and peasantry, and were formerly always accompanied by singing instead of instrumental music. These songs were extemporized, and were probably never committed to writing. The centre of literary activity in Poland is Warsaw, which, in spite of the severe restrictions on the press, has always maintained its preëminence.

ROUMANIAN LITERATURE.

Carmen Sylva.

The kingdom of Roumania, composed of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, united in 1859, has few literary monuments. The language is Wallachian, in which the Latin predominates, with a mixture of Slavic, Turkish, and Tartar, and has only of late been classed with the Romance languages, by the side of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. There are some historical fragments of the fifteenth century remaining; the literature that followed was mostly theological. In recent times a great number of learned and poetical works have been produced, and political movements have led to many political writings and to the establishment of many newspapers. The most distinguished name in Roumanian literature is that of "Carmen Sylva," the nom de plume of the beautiful and gifted queen of that country, whose writings in prose and verse are remarkable for passionate feeling, grace, and finished execution.

DUTCH LITERATURE.

1. The Language.--2. Dutch Literature to the Sixteenth Century: Maerlant; Melis Stoke; De Weert; the Chambers of Rhetoric; the Flemish Chroniclers; the Rise of the Dutch Republic.--3. The Latin Writers: Erasmus; Grotius; Arminius; Lipsius; the Scaligers, and others; Salmasius; Spinoza; Boerhaave; Johannes Secundus.--4. Dutch Writers of the Sixteenth Century: Anna Byns; Coornhert; Marnix de St. Aldegonde, Bor, Visscher, and Spieghel.--5. Writers of the Seventeenth Century: Hooft; Vondel; Cats; Antonides; Brandt, and others; Decline in Dutch Literature.--6. The Eighteenth Century: Poot; Langendijk; Hoogvliet; De Marre; Feitama; Huydecoper; the Van Harens; Smits; Ten Kate; Van Winter; Van Merken; De Lannoy; Van Alphen; Bellamy; Nieuwland, Styl, and others.--7. The Nineteenth Century: Feith; Helmers; Bilderdyk; Van der Palm; Loosjes; Loots, Tollens, Van Kampen, De s'Gravenweert, Hoevill, and others.

1. THE LANGUAGE.--The Dutch, Flemish, and Frisic languages, spoken in the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, are branches of the Gothic family. Toward the close of the fifteenth century, the Dutch gained the ascendancy over the others, which it has never since lost. This language is energetic and flexible, rich in synonyms and delicate shades, and from its fullness and strength, better adapted to history, tragedy, and odes, than to comedy and the lighter kinds of poetry. The Flemish, which still remains the literary language of the southern provinces, is inferior to the Dutch, and has been greatly corrupted by the admixture of foreign words. The Frisic, spoken in Friesland, is an idiom less cultivated than the others, and is gradually disappearing. In the seventeenth century it boasted of several writers, of whom the poet Japix was the most eminent. The first grammar of the Frisic language was published by Professor Rask, of Copenhagen, in 1825. In some parts of Belgium the Walloon, an old dialect of the French, is still spoken, but the Flemish continues to be the common language of the people, although since the

establishment of Belgium as an independent kingdom the use of the French language has prevailed among the higher classes.

2. DUTCH LITERATURE TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.--When the obscurity of the dark ages began to disappear with the revival of letters, the Netherlands were not last among the countries of Europe in coming forth from the darkness. The cities of Flanders were early distinguished for the commercial activity and industrial skill of their inhabitants. Bruges reached the height of its splendor in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and was for some time one of the great commercial emporiums of the world, to which Constantinople, Genoa, and Venice sent their precious argosies laden with the products of the East. At the close of the thirteenth century Ghent, in wealth and power, eclipsed the French metropolis; and at the end of the fifteenth century there was, according to Erasmus, no town in all Christendom to compare with it for magnitude, power, political institutions, or the culture of its citizens. The lays of the minstrels and the romances of chivalry were early translated, and a Dutch version of "Reynard the Fox" was made in the middle of the thirteenth century. Jakob Maerlant (1235-1300), the first author of note, translated the Bible into Flemish rhyme, and made many versions of the classics; and Melis Stoke, his contemporary, wrote a rhymed "Chronicle of Holland." The most important work of the fourteenth century is the "New Doctrine," by De Weert, which, for the freedom of its expression on religious subjects, may be regarded as one of the precursors of the Reformation. Towards the close of the fourteenth century there arose a class of wandering poets called *Sprekers*, who, at the courts of princes and elsewhere, rehearsed their maxims in prose or verse. In the fifteenth century they formed themselves into literary societies, known as "Chambers of Rhetoric" (poetry being at that time called the "Art of Rhetoric"), which were similar to the Guilds of the *Meistersingers*. These institutions were soon multiplied throughout the country, and the members exercised themselves in rhyming, or composed and performed mysteries and plays, which, at length, gave rise to the theatre. They engaged in poetical contests, distributed prizes, and were prominent in all national fêtes. The number of the rhetoricians was so immense, that during the reign of Philip II. of Spain more than thirty chambers, composed of fifteen hundred members, often entered Antwerp in triumphal procession. But the effect of these associations, composed for the most part of illiterate men, was to destroy the purity of the language and to produce degeneracy in the literature. The Chamber of Amsterdam, however, was an honorable exception, and towards the close of the sixteenth century it counted among its members distinguished scholars, such as *Spiegel*, *Coornhert*, *Marnix*, and *Visscher*, and it may be considered as the school which formed *Hooft* and *Vondel*. During the reign of the House of Burgundy (1383-1477), which was essentially French in tastes and manners, the native tongue became corrupted by the admixture of foreign elements. The poets and chroniclers of the time were chiefly of Flemish origin; the most widely known among the latter are *Henricourt* (d. 1403), *Monstrelet* (d. 1453), and *Chastelain* (d. 1475). A translation of the Bible and a few more works close the literary record of the fifteenth century. The invention of printing, the great event of the age, is claimed by the cities of Mayence, Strasbourg, and Harlem; but if the art which preserves literature originated in the Netherlands, it did not at once create a native literature, the growth of which was greatly retarded by the use of the Latin tongue, which long continued to be the organ of expression with the principal writers of the country, nearly all of whom, even to the present day, are distinguished for the purity and elegance with which they compose in this language. The Reformation and the great political agitations of the sixteenth century ended in the independence of the northern provinces and the establishment of the Dutch Republic (1581) under the name of the United Provinces, commonly called Holland, from the province of that name, which was superior to the others in extent, population, and influence. The new republic rose rapidly in power; and while intolerance and religious disputes distracted other European states, it offered a safe asylum to the persecuted of all sects. The expanding energies of the people soon sought a field beyond the narrow boundaries of the country; their ships visited every sea, and they monopolized the richest commerce of the world. They alone supplied Europe with the productions of the Spice Islands, and the gold, pearls, and jewels of the East all passed through their hands; and in the middle of the seventeenth century the United Provinces were the first commercial and the first maritime power in the world. A rapid development of the literature was the natural consequence of this increasing national development, which was still more powerfully promoted by the great and wise William I., Prince of Orange, who in 1575 founded the university of Leyden as a reward to that city for its valiant defense against the Spaniards. Similar institutions were soon established at Groningen, Utrecht, and elsewhere; these various seats of learning produced a rivalry highly advantageous to the diffusion of knowledge, and great men arose in all branches of science and literature. Among the distinguished names of the sixteenth century those of the Latin writers occupy the first place.

3. LATIN WRITERS.--One of the great restorers of letters in Europe, and one of the most elegant of modern Latin authors, was Gerard Didie, a native of Rotterdam, who took the name of Erasmus (1467-1536). To profound learning he joined a refined taste and a delicate wit, and few men have been so greatly admired as he was during his

lifetime. The principal sovereigns of Europe endeavored to draw him into their kingdoms. He several times visited England, where he was received with great deference by Henry VIII., and where he gave lectures on Greek literature at Cambridge. He made many translations from Greek authors, and a very valuable translation of the New Testament into Latin. His writings introduced the spirit of free inquiry on all subjects, and to his influence may be attributed the first dawning of the Reformation. But his caution offended some of the best men of the times. His treatise on "Free Will" made an open breach between him and Luther, whose opinions favored predestination; his "Colloquies" gave great offense to the Catholics; and as he had not declared for the Protestants, he had but lukewarm friends in either party. It has been said of Erasmus, that he would have purified and repaired the venerable fabric of the church, with a light and cautious touch, fearful lest learning, virtue, and religion should be buried in its fall, while Luther struck at the tottering ruin with a bold and reckless hand, confident that a new and more beautiful temple would rise from its ruins. Hugo de Groot, who, according to the fashion of the time, took the Latin name of Grotius (1583-1645), was a scholar and statesman of the most diversified talents, and one of the master minds of the age. He was involved in the religious controversy which at that time disturbed Holland, and he advocated the doctrines of Arminius, in common with the great statesman, Barneveldt, whom he supported and defended by his pen and influence. On the execution of Barneveldt, Grotius was condemned to imprisonment for life in the castle of Louvestein; but after nearly two years spent in the prison, his faithful wife planned and effected his escape. She had procured the privilege of sending him a chest of books, which occasionally passed and repassed, closely scrutinized. On one occasion the statesman took the place of the books, and was borne forth from the prison in the chest, which is still in the possession of the descendants of Grotius, in his native city of Delft. The States-General perpetuated the memory of the devoted wife by continuing to give her name to a frigate in the Dutch navy. After his escape from prison, Grotius found an asylum in Sweden, from whence he was sent ambassador to France. His countrymen at length repented of having banished the man who was the honor of his native land, and he was recalled; but on his way to Holland he was taken ill and died before he could profit by this tardy act of justice. The writings of Grotius greatly tended to diffuse an enlightened and liberal manner of thinking in all matters of science. He was a profound theologian, a distinguished scholar, an acute philosopher and jurist, and among the modern Latin poets he holds a high place. The philosophy of jurisprudence has been especially promoted by his great work on natural and national law, which laid the foundation of a new science. Arminius (1560-1609), the founder of the sect of Arminians or Remonstrants, was distinguished as a preacher and for his zeal in the Reformed Religion. He attempted to soften the Calvinistic doctrines of predestination, in which he was violently opposed by Gomarus. He counted among his adherents Grotius, Barneveldt, and many of the eminent men of Holland. Other eminent theologians of this period were Drusus and Coeceius. Lipsius (1547-1606) is known as a philologist and for his treatises on the military art of the Romans, on the Latin classics, and on the philosophy of the Stoics. Another scholar of extensive learning, whose editions of the principal Greek and Latin classics have rendered him famous all over Europe, was Daniel Heinsius (1580-1655). Gronovius and several of the members of the Spanheim family became also eminent for their scholarship in various branches of ancient learning. The two Scaligers, father and son (1483-1554) (1540-1609), Italians, resident in Holland, are eminent for their researches in chronology and archaeology, and for their valuable works on the classics. Prominent among those who followed in the new path of philological study opened by the elder Scaliger was Vossius, or Voss (1577-1649), who excelled in many branches of learning, and particularly in Latin philology, which owes much to him. He left five sons, all scholars of note, especially the youngest, Isaac Vossius (1618-1689). Peter Burmann (1668-1741) was a scholar of great erudition and industry. Christian Huyghens (1629-1695) was a celebrated astronomer and mathematician, and many great men in those branches of science flourished in Holland in the seventeenth century. Among the great philologists and scholars must also be mentioned Hemsterhuis, Ruhnkenius, and Valckenaer. Menno van Coehorn (1641-1704) was a general and engineer distinguished for his genius in military science; his great work on fortifications has been translated into many foreign languages. Helmont and Boerhaave have acquired world-wide fame by their labors in chemistry; Linnaeus collected the materials for his principal botanical work from the remarkable botanical treasures of Holland; and zoology and the natural sciences generally counted many devoted and eminent champions in that country. Salmasius (1588-1653), though born in France, is ranked among the writers of Holland. He was professor in the University of Leyden, and was celebrated for the extent and depth of his erudition. He wrote a defense of Charles I. of England, which was answered by Milton, in a work entitled "A Defense of the English People against Salmasius' Defense of the King." Salmasius died soon after, and some did not scruple to say that Milton killed him by the acuteness of his reply. Boerhaave (1668-1738) was one of the most eminent writers on medical science in the eighteenth century, and from the time of Hippocrates no physician had excited so much admiration. Spinoza (1632-1677) holds a commanding position as a philosophical writer. His metaphysical system, as expounded in his principal work, "Ethica," merges everything individual and particular in the Divine substance, and is thus essentially pantheistic. The philosophy of Spinoza exercised a powerful influence upon the mind of Kant, and the master-minds and great poets of modern times,

particularly of Germany, have drawn copiously from the deep wells of his suggestive thought. Among the many Latin poets of Holland, John Everard (1511-1536) (called Jan Second or Johannes Secundus, because he had an uncle of the same name) is most celebrated. His poem entitled "The Basia or Kisses" has been translated into the principal European languages. Nicholas Heinsius (1620- 1681), son of the great philologist and poet Heinsius, wrote various Latin poems, the melody of which is so sweet that he was called by his contemporaries the "Swan of Holland."

4. DUTCH WRITERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.--The first writer of this century in the native language was Anna Byns, who has been called the Flemish Sappho. She was bitterly opposed to the Reformation, and such of her writings as were free from religious intolerance evince more poetic fire than is found in those of her contemporaries. Coornhert (1522-1605) was a poet and philosopher, distinguished not less by his literary works than by his participation in the revolution of the Provinces. In purity of style and vigor of thought he far surpassed his predecessors. Marnix de St. Aldegonde (d. 1598) was a soldier, a statesman, a theologian, and a poet. He was the author of the celebrated "Compromise of the Nobles," and his satire on the Roman Catholic Church was one of the most effective productions of the time. He translated the Psalms from the original Hebrew, and was the author of a lyric which, after two centuries and a half, is still the rallying song of the nation on all occasions of peril or triumph. Bor (1559-1635) was commissioned by the States to write a history of their struggles with Spain, and his work is still read and valued for its truthfulness and impartiality. Meteren, the contemporary of Bor, wrote the history of the country from the accession of the House of Burgundy to the year 1612--a work which, with some faults, has a high place in the literature. Visscher (d. 1612) and Spieghel (d. 1613) form the connecting link between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Visscher, the Maecenas of the day, was distinguished for his epigrammatic and fugitive poems, and rendered immense service to letters by his influence on the literary men of his time. His charming daughters were both distinguished in literature. Spieghel is best remembered by his poem, the "Mirror of the Heart," which abounds in lofty ideas, and in sentiments of enlightened patriotism.

5. THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.--At the close of the sixteenth century, although the language was established, it still remained hard and inflexible, and the literature was still destitute of dramatic, erotic, and the lighter kinds of poetry; but an earnest, patriotic, religious, and national character was impressed upon it, and its golden age was near at hand. The commencement of the seventeenth century saw the people of the United Provinces animated by the same spirit and energy, preferring death to the abandonment of their principles, struggling with a handful of men against the most powerful monarchy of the time; conquering their political and religious independence, after more than half a century of conflict, and giving to the world a great example of freedom and toleration; covering the ocean with their fleets, and securing possessions beyond the sea a hundred times more vast than the mother country; becoming the centre of universal commerce, and cultivating letters, the sciences, and the arts, with equal success. Poetry was national, for patriotism predominated over all other sentiments; and it was original, because it recognized no models of imitation but the classics. The spirit of the age naturally communicated itself to the men of letters, who soon raised the literature of the country to a classic height; first among these were Hooft, Vondel, and Jacob Cats. Hooft (1581-1647), a tragic and lyric poet as well as a historian, greatly developed and perfected the language, and by a careful study of the Italian poets imparted to his native tongue that sonorous sweetness which has since characterized the poetry of Holland. He was the creator of native tragedy, as well as of erotic verse, in which his style is marked by great sweetness, tenderness, and grace. He rendered still greater service to the native prose. His histories of "Henry IV.," of the "House of Medici," and above all the history of the "War of Independence in the Low Countries," without sacrificing truth, often border on poetry, in their brilliant descriptions and paintings of character, and in their nervous and energetic style. Hooft was a man of noble heart; he dared to protect Grotius in the days of his persecution; he defended Descartes and offered an asylum to Galileo. Vondel (1587-1660), as a lyric, epic, and tragic poet, far surpassed all his contemporaries, and his name is honored in Holland as that of Shakspeare is in England. His tragedies, which are numerous, are his most celebrated productions, and among them "Palamedes Unjustly Sacrificed" is particularly interesting as representing the heroic firmness of Barneveldt, who repeated one of the odes of Horace when undergoing the torture. Vondel excelled as a lyric and epigrammatic poet, and the faults of his style belonged rather to his age than to himself. No writer of the time acquired a greater or more lasting reputation than Jacob Cats (1577-1660), no less celebrated for the purity of his life than for the sound sense and morality of his writings, and the statesmanlike abilities which he displayed as ambassador in England, and as grand pensioner of Holland. His style is simple and touching, his versification easy and harmonious, and his descriptive talent extraordinary. His works consist chiefly of apologues and didactic and descriptive poems. No writer of Holland has been more read than Father Cats, as the people affectionately call him; and up to the present hour, in all families his works have their place beside the Bible, and his verses are known by heart all over the country. An

illustrated edition of his poems in English has been recently published in London. Hooft and Vondel left many disciples and imitators, among whom are Antonides (1647-1684), surnamed Van der Goes, whose charming poem on the River Y, the model of several similar compositions, is still read and admired. Among numerous other writers were Huygens (b. 1596), a poet who wrote in many languages besides his own; Heinsius (b. 1580), a pupil of Scaliger, the author of many valuable works in prose and poetry; Vollenhoven, contemporary with Antonides, a religious poet; Rotgans, the author of an epic poem on William of England; Elizabeth Hoofman (b. 1664), a poetess of rare elegance and taste, and Welckens (b. 1658), whose eclogues and idyls occupy the first place among that class of poems. As a historian Hooft found a worthy successor in Brandt (1626-1683), also a poet, but best known by his "History of the Reformation in the Netherlands," which has been translated into French and English, and which is a model in point of style. At this period the Bible was translated and commented upon, and biographies, criticisms, and many other prose works appeared. The voyages and discoveries of the Dutch merchants and navigators were illustrated by numerous narratives, which, for their interest both in style and detail, deserve honorable mention. >From the commencement of the last quarter of the seventeenth century, however, many causes combined to produce a decline in the literature of the Netherlands. The honors which were accorded not only by the Dutch universities, but by all Europe to their Latin writers and learned professors, were rarely bestowed on writers in the native tongue, and thus the minds of men of genius were turned to the study of the classics and the sciences. The Dutch merchants, while they cultivated all other languages for the facilities they thus gained in their commercial transactions, restricted by so much the diffusion of their own. Other causes of this decline are to be found in the indifference of the republican government to the interests of literature, and in the increasing number of alliances with foreigners, who were attracted to Holland by the mildness of its laws, in the growing commercial spirit and taste for luxury, and especially in the influence of French literature, which, towards the close of the seventeenth century, became predominant in Holland as elsewhere.

6. THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.--For the first three quarters of the eighteenth century the literature of Holland, like that of other countries of Europe, with the exception of France, remained stationary, or slowly declined. But in the midst of universal mediocrity, a few names shine with distinguished lustre. Among them that of Poot (1689-1732) is commonly cited with those of Hooft and Vondel. He was a young peasant, whose rare genius found expression in a sweet and unaffected style. He excelled in idyllic and erotic poetry, and while he has no rival in Holland, he may perhaps be compared to Burns in Scotland, and Béranger in France. The theatre of Amsterdam, the only one of the country, continued to confine itself to translations or imitations from the French. There appeared, however, at the commencement of this period, an original comic author, Langendijk (1662-1735), whose works still hold their place upon the stage, partly for their merit, and partly to do honor to the only comic poet Holland has produced. Hoogvliet (1689-1763) was distinguished as the author of a poem entitled "Abraham," which had great and merited success, and which still ranks among the classics; for some years after it appeared, it produced a flood of imitations. De Marre (b. 1696), among numerous writers of tragedy, occupies the first place. From his twelfth year he was engaged in the merchant marine service, and besides his tragedies his voyages inspired many other works, the chief of which, a poem entitled "Batavia," celebrates the Dutch domination in the Asiatic archipelago. Feitama (1694-1758), with less poetic merit than De Marre, had great excellence. He was the first translator of the classics who succeeded in imparting to his verse the true spirit of his originals. Huydecoper (d. 1778) was the first grammarian of merit, and he united great erudition with true poetic power. His tragedies are still represented. Onno Zwier Van Haren (1713-1789) was also a writer of tragedy, and the author of a long poem in the epic style, called the Gueux (beggars), a name given in derision to the allied noblemen of the Netherlands in the time of Philip, and adopted by them. This poem represents the great struggle of the country with Spain, which ended in the establishment of the Dutch republic, and is distinguished for its fine episodes, its brilliant pictures, and its powerful development of character. The only strictly epic poem that Holland has produced is the "Friso" of William Van Haren (1710-1758), the brother of the one already named. Friso, the mythical founder of the Frisons, is driven from his home on the shores of the Ganges, and, after many adventures, finds an asylum and establishes his government in the country to which he gives his name. This work with many faults is full of beauties. The brothers Van Haren were free from all foreign influence, and may justly be regarded as the two great poets of their time. The poems of Smits (1702-1750) are full of grace and sentiment, but, like those of almost all the Dutch poets, they are characterized by a seriousness of tone nearly allied to melancholy. Ten Kate (1676-1723) stands first among the grammarians and etymologists, and his works are classical authorities on the subject of the language. Preëminent among the crowd of historians is Wagenaar (1709-1773), the worthy successor of Hooft and Brandt, whose "History of the United Provinces" is particularly valuable for its simplicity of style and truthfulness of detail. Of the lighter literature, Van Effen, who had visited England, produced in French the "Spectator," in imitation of the English periodical, and, like that, it is still read and considered classical. Towards the conclusion of the century, other

periodicals were established, which, in connection with literary societies and academies, exercised great influence on literature. The contemporary writers of Germany were also read and translated, and henceforth in some degree they counterbalanced French influence. First among the writers who mark the close of the eighteenth century are Van Winter (d. 1795), and his distinguished wife, Madame Van Merken (d. 1789). They published conjointly a volume of tragedies in which the chief merit of those of Van Winter consists in their originality and in the expression of those sentiments of justice, humanity, and equality before the law, which were just then beginning to find a voice in Europe. Madame Van Merken, who, late in life, married Van Winter, has been called the Racine of Holland. To masculine energy and power she united all the virtues and sweetness of her own sex. Besides many long poems, she was the author of several tragedies, many of which have remarkable merit. Madame Van Merken gave a new impulse to the literature of her country, of which she is one of the classic ornaments, and prepared the way for Feith and Bilderdyk. The Baroness De Lannoy, the contemporary of Madame Van Merken, was, like her, eminent in tragedy and other forms of poetry, though less a favorite, for in that free country an illustrious birth has been ever a serious obstacle to distinction in the republic of letters. Nomz (d. 1803) furnished the theatre of Amsterdam with many pieces, original and translated, and merited a better fate from his native city than to die in the public hospital. The poets who mark the age from Madame Van Merken to Bilderdyk, are Van Alphen, Bellamy, and Nieuwland. Van Alphen (d. 1803) is distinguished for his patriotism, originality, and deeply religious spirit. His poems for children are known by heart by all the children of Holland, and he is their national poet, as Cats is the poet of mature life and old age. Bellamy, who died at the early age of twenty-eight years (1786), left many poems characterized by originality, force, and patriotic fervor, no less than by beauty and harmony of style. Nieuwland (d. 1794), like Bellamy, rose from the lower order of society by the force of his genius; at the age of twenty-three he was called to the chair of philosophy, mathematics, and astronomy at Utrecht, and later to the university of Leyden. He was equally great as a mathematician and as a poet in the Latin language as well as his own. All his productions are marked by elegance and power. Styl (d. 1804) was a poet as well as a historian; one of the most valuable works on the history of the country is his "Growth and Prospects of the United Provinces." Te Water, Bondam, and Van de Spiegel contributed to the same department. Romance writing has, with few exceptions, been surrendered to women. Among the romances of character and manners, those of Elizabeth Bekker Wolff (d. 1804) are distinguished for their brilliant and caustic style, and those of Agatha Deken for their earnest and enlightened piety. The works of both present lively pictures of national character and manners.

7. THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.--The political convulsions of the last years of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, which overthrew the Dutch Republic, revolutionized the literature not less than the state,--and the new era was illustrated by its poets, historians, and orators. But in the elevation of inferior men by the popular party, the more eminent men of letters for a time withdrew from the field, and the noblest productions of native genius were forgotten in the flood of poor translations which inundated the country and corrupted the taste and the language by their Germanisms and Gallicisms. Among the crowd of poets, a few only rose superior to the influences of the time. Feith (d. 1824) united a lofty patriotism to a brilliant poetical genius; his odes and other poems possess rare merit, and his prose is original, forcible, and elegant. Helmers (d. 1813) is most honored for his poem, "The Dutch Nation," which, with some faults, abounds in beautiful episodes and magnificent passages. Bilderdyk (1756-1831) is not only the greatest poet Holland has produced, but he is equally eminent as a universal scholar. He was a lawyer, a physician, a theologian, a historian, astronomer, draftsman, engineer, and antiquarian, and he was acquainted with nearly all the ancient and modern languages. In 1820 he published five cantos of a poem on "The Destruction of the Primitive World," which, though it remains unfinished, is a superb monument of genius and one of the literary glories of Holland. Bilderdyk excelled in every species of poetry, tragedy only excepted, and his published works fill more than one hundred octavo volumes. Van der Palm (b. 1763) occupies the same place among the prose writers of the nineteenth century that Bilderdyk does among the poets. He held the highest position as a pulpit orator and member of the Council of State, and his discourses, orations, and other prose works are models of style, and are counted among the classics of the country. His great work, however, was the translation of the Bible. Since the time of Bilderdyk and Van der Palm no remarkable genius has appeared in Holland. Loosjes (d. 1806) added to his reputation as a poet by his historical romances, and Fokke (d. 1812) was a satirist of the follies and errors of his age. Among the historians who have devoted themselves to the history of foreign countries are Stuart, Van Hamelsveld, and Muntinghe, who, in a short space of time, enriched their native literature with more than sixty volumes of history, of a profoundly religious and philosophical character, which bear the stamp of originality and nationality. The department of oratory in Dutch literature, with the exception of that of the pulpit, is poor, and this is to be explained in part by the fact that the deliberations of the States-General were always held with closed doors. Holland was an aristocratic republic, and the few families who monopolized the power had no disposition to share it with the people, who, on the other hand, were too much occupied with their own affairs and

too confident of the wisdom and moderation of their rulers, to wish to mingle in the business of state. The National Assembly, however, from 1775 to 1800, had its orators, chiefly men carried into public life by the events of the age, but they were far inferior to those of other countries. The impulse given to literature by Bilderdyk and Van der Palm is not arrested. Among the numerous authors who have since distinguished themselves, are Loots, a patriotic poet of the school of Vondel; Tollens, who ranks with the best native authors in descriptive poetry and romance; Wiselius, the author of several tragedies, a scholar and political writer; Klyn (d. 1856); Van Walré and Van Halmaal, dramatic poets of great merit; Da Costa and Madame Bilderdyk, who, as a poetess, shared the laurels of her husband. In romance, there are Anna Toussaint, Bogaers, and Jan Van Lennep, son of the celebrated professor of that name, who introduced into Holland historical romances modeled after those of Scott, and who contributed much to discard French and to popularize the national literature. In prose, De Vries must be named for his eloquent history of the poetry of the Netherlands; Van Kampen (1776-1839) for his historical works; Geysbeck for his biographical dictionary and anthology of the poets, and De s'Gravenweert, a poet and the translator of the Iliad and Odyssey. Von Hoevell is the author of a work on slavery, which appeared not many years since, the effect of which can be compared only to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In Belgium, Conscience is a successful author of fiction and history, and his works have been frequently translated into other languages. De Laet, one of the ablest writers of the country in connection with Conscience, has done much for the revival of Flemish literature, which now boasts of many original writers in various departments. The literature of the Netherlands, like the people, is earnest, religious, always simple, and often elevated and sublime. It is especially distinguished for its reflective and patriotic character, and bears the mark of that accurate study of the classic models which has formed the basis of the national education, and to which its purity of taste, naturalness, and simplicity are undoubtedly to be attributed. There exists no nation of equal population which, within the course of two or three centuries, has produced a greater number of eminent men. >From the age of Hooft and Vondel to the present day, though the Dutch literature may have submitted at times to foreign influence, and though, like all others, it may have paid its tribute to the fashions and faults of the day, it has still preserved its nationality, and is worthy of being known and admired.

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

1. Introduction. The Ancient Scandinavians; their Influence on the English Race.--2. The Mythology.--3. The Scandinavian Languages.--4. Icelandic, or Old Norse Literature: the Poetic Edda, the Prose Edda, the Scalds, the Sagas, the "Heimskringla," The Folks-Sagas and Ballads of the Middle Ages.--5. Danish Literature: Saxo Grammaticus and Theodoric; Arreboe, Kingo, Tycho Brahe, Holberg, Evald, Baggesen, Oehlenschläger, Grundtvig, Blicher, Ingemann, Heiberg, Gyllenbourg, Winther, Hertz, Müller, Hans Andersen, Plong, Goldschmidt, Hastrup, and others; Malte Brun, Rask, Rafn, Magnusen, the brothers Oersted.--6. Swedish Literature: Messenius, Stjernhjelm, Lucidor, and others. The Gallic period: Dalin, Nordenflycht, Crutz and Gyllenborg, Gustavus III., Kellgren, Leopold, Oxenstjerna. The New Era: Bellman, Hallman, Kexel, Wallenberg, Lidnor, Thorild, Lengren, Franzen, Wallin. The Phosphorists: Atterborn, Hammarsköld, and Palmblad. The Gothic School: Geijer, Tegnér, Stagnelius, Almquist, Vitalis, Runeberg, and others. The Romance Writers: Cederborg, Bremer, Carlén, Knorring. Science: Swedenborg, Linnaeus, and others.

1. INTRODUCTION.--It is a singular fact that the progressive and expanding spirit which characterizes the English race should be so universally referred to their Anglo-Saxon blood, while the transcendent influence of the Scandinavian element is entirely overlooked. The so-called Anglo-Saxons were a handful of people in Holstein, where they may still be found in inglorious obscurity, the reluctant subjects of Denmark. The early emigrants who bore that name, were, it is true, from various portions of Germany; but even if the glory of our English ancestry be transferred from Anglen, and spread over the whole country, we find a race bearing no resemblance to the English in their more active and powerful qualities, but an intellectual people, possessed of a patient and conceding nature, which, without other more aspiring attributes, doubtless would have left the English people in the same condition of political slavery that the Germans continue in to this day. Of all those institutions so commonly and gratuitously ascribed to them, of representative government, trial by jury, and such machinery of political and social independence, there is not a vestige to be found in any age in Germany, from the Christian era to the present time. During the period of their dominion in England, the Anglo-Saxons, so far from showing themselves an enterprising people were notoriously weak, slothful, and degenerate, overrun by the Danes, and soon permanently subjected by the Normans. It is evident, from the trifling resistance they made, that they had neither energy to fight, nor property,

laws, nor institutions to defend, and that they were merely serfs on the lands of the nobles or of the church, who had nothing to lose by a change of masters. It is to the renewal of the original spirit of the Anglo-Saxons, by the fresh infusion of the Danish conquerors into a very large proportion of the whole population, in the eleventh century, that we must look for the actual origin of the national character and institutions of the English people, and for that check of popular opinion and will upon arbitrary rule which grew up by degrees, and which slowly but necessarily produced the English law, character, and institutions. These belong not to the German or Anglo-Saxon race settled in England previous to the tenth or eleventh century, but to that small, cognate branch of Northmen or Danes, who, between the ninth and twelfth centuries, brought their paganism, energy, and social institutions to conquer, mingle with, and invigorate the inert descendants of the old race. That this northern branch of the common race has been the more influential in the society of modern Europe, we need only compare England and the United States with Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, or any country of strictly ancient Teutonic descent, to be satisfied. From whatever quarter civil, religious, and political liberty and independence of mind may have come, it was not from the banks of the Rhine or the forests of Germany. The difference in the spirit of the two branches of the same original race was immense, even at the earliest period. When the Danes and Norwegians overran England, the Germans had, for six centuries, been growing more and more pliant to despotic government, and the Scandinavians more and more bold and independent. At home they elected their kings, and decided everything by the general voice of the *_Althing_*, or open Parliament. Abroad they became the most daring of adventurers; their Vikings spread themselves along the shores of Europe, plundering and planting colonies; they subdued England, seized Normandy, besieged Paris, conquered a large portion of Belgium, and made extensive inroads into Spain. They made themselves masters of lower Italy and Sicily under Robert Guiscard, in the eleventh century; during the Crusades they ruled Antioch and Tiberias, under Tancred; and in the same century they marched across Germany, and established themselves in Switzerland, where the traditions of their arrival, and traces of their language still remain. In 861 they discovered Iceland, and soon after peopled it; thence they stretched still farther west, discovered Greenland, and proceeding southward, towards the close of the tenth century they struck upon the shores of North America, it would appear, near the coast of Massachusetts. They seized on Novogorod, and became the founders of the Russian Empire, and of a line of Czars which became extinct only in 1598, when the Slavonic dynasty succeeded. From Russia they made their way to the Black Sea, and in 866 appeared before Constantinople, where their attacks were bought off only on the payment of large sums by the degenerate emperors. From 902 to the fall of the empire, the emperors retained a large body-guard of Scandinavians, who, armed with double-edged battle-axes, were renowned through the world, under the name of *Varengar*, or the *_Väringjar_* of the old Icelandic Sagas. Such were the ancient Scandinavians. To this extraordinary people the English and their descendants alone bear any resemblance. In them the old Norse fire still burns, and manifests itself in the same love of martial daring and fame, the same indomitable seafaring spirit, the same passion for the discovery of new seas and new lands, and the same insatiable longing, when discovered, to seize and colonize them.

2. THE MYTHOLOGY.--The mythology of the northern nations, as represented in the Edda, was founded on Polytheism; but through it, as through the religion of all nations, there is dimly visible, like the sun shining through a dense cloud, the idea of one Supreme Being, of infinite power, boundless knowledge, and incorruptible justice, who could not be represented by any corporeal form. Such, according to Tacitus, was the supreme God of the Germans, and such was the primitive belief of mankind. Doubtless, the poet priests, who elaborated the imaginative, yet philosophical mythology of the north, were aware of the true and only God, infinitely elevated above the attributes of that Nature, which they shaped into deities for the multitude whom they believed incapable of more than the worship of the material powers which they saw working in everything around them. The dark, hostile powers of nature, such as frost and fire, are represented as giants, "jotuns," huge, chaotic demons; while the friendly powers, the sun, the summer heat, all vivifying principles, were gods. >From the opposition of light and darkness, water and fire, cold and heat, sprung the first life, the giant Ymer and his evil progeny the frost giants, the cow *Adhumla*, and *Bor*, the father of the god *Odin*. *Odin*, with his brothers, slew the giant *Ymer*, and from his body formed the heavens and earth. From two stems of wood they also shaped the first man and woman, whom they endowed with life and spirit, and from whom descended all the human race. There were twelve principal deities among the Scandinavians, of whom *Odin* was the chief. There is a tradition in the north of a celebrated warrior of that name, who, near the period of the Christian era, fled from his country, between the Caspian and the Black Sea, to escape the vengeance of the Romans, and marched toward the north and west of Europe, subduing all who opposed him, and finally established himself in Sweden, where he received divine honors. According to the Eddas, however, *Odin* was the son of *Bor*, and the most powerful of the gods; the father of *Thor*, *Balder*, and others; the god of war, eloquence, and poetry. He was made acquainted with everything that happened on earth, through two ravens, *Hugin* and *Munin* (mind and memory); they flew daily round the world, and returned every night to whisper in his ear all that they had

seen and heard. Thor, the god of thunder, was the implacable and dreaded enemy of the giants, and the avenger and defender of the gods. His stature was so lofty that no horse could bear him, and lightning flashed from his eyes and from his chariot wheels as they rolled along. His mallet or hammer, his belt of strength and his gauntlets of iron, were of wonderful power, and with them he could overthrow the giants and monsters who were at war with the gods. Balder, the second son of Odin, was the noblest and fairest of the gods, beloved by everything in nature. He exceeded all beings in gentleness, prudence, and eloquence, and he was so fair and graceful that light emanated from him as he moved. In his palace nothing impure could exist. The death of Balder is the principal event in the mythological drama of the Scandinavians. It was foredoomed, and a prognostic of the approaching dissolution of the universe and of the gods themselves. Heimdall was the warder of the gods; his post was on the summit of Bifrost, called by mortals the rainbow--the bridge which connects heaven and earth, and down which the gods daily traveled to hold their councils under the shade of the tree Yggdrasil. The red color was the flaming fire, which served as a defense against the giants. Heimdall slept more lightly than a bird, and his ear was so exquisite that he could hear the grass grow in the meadows and the wool upon the backs of the sheep. He carried a trumpet, the sound of which echoed through all worlds. Loke was essentially of an evil nature, and descended from the giants, the enemies of the gods; but he was mysteriously associated with Odin from the infancy of creation. He instilled a spark of his fire into a man at his creation, and he was the father of three monsters, Hela or Death, the Midgard Serpent, and the wolf Fenris, the constant terror of the gods, and destined to be the means of their destruction. Besides these deities, there were twelve goddesses, the chief of whom was Frigga, the wife of Odin, and the queen and mother of the gods. She knew the future, but never revealed it; and she understood the language of animals and plants. Freya was the goddess of love, unrivaled in grace and beauty--the Scandinavian Venus. Iduna was possessed of certain apples, of such virtue that, by eating of them, the gods became exempted from the consequences of old age, and retained, unimpaired, all the freshness of youth. The gods dwelt above, in Asgard, the garden of the Asen or the Divinities; the home of the giants, with whom they were in perpetual war, was Jotunheim, a distant, dark, chaotic land, of which Utgard was the chief seat. Midgard, or the earth, the abode of man, was represented as a disk in the midst of a vast ocean; its caverns and recesses were peopled with elves and dwarfs, and around it lay coiled the huge Midgard Serpent. Muspelheim, or Flameland, and Nifelheim or Mistland, lay without the organized universe, and were the material regions of light and darkness, the antagonism of which had produced the universe with its gods and men. Nifelheim was a dark and dreary realm, where Hela, or Death, ruled with despotic sway over those who had died ingloriously of disease or old age. Helheim, her cold and gloomy palace, was thronged with their shivering and shadowy spectres. She was livid and ghastly pale, and her very looks inspired horror. The chief residence of Odin, in Asgard, was Valhalla, or the Hall of the Slain; it was hung round with golden spears, and shields, and coats of mail; and here he received the souls of warriors killed in battle, who were to assist him in the final conflict with the giants; and here, every day, they armed themselves for battle, and rode forth by thousands to their mimic combat on the plains of Asgard, and at night they returned to Valhalla to feast on the flesh of the boar, and to drink the intoxicating mead. Here dwelt, also, the numerous virgins called the Valkyriur, or Choosers of the Slain, whom Odin sent forth to every battle-field to sway the victory, to make choice of those who should fall in the combat, and to direct them on their way to Valhalla. They were called, also, the Sisters of War; they watched with intense interest over their favorite warriors and sometimes lent an ear to their love. In the field they were always in complete armor; led on by Skulda, the youngest of the Fates, they were foremost in battle, with helmets on their heads, armed with flaming swords, and surrounded by lightning and meteors. Sometimes they were seen riding through the air and over the sea on shadowy horses, from whose manes fell hail on the mountains and dew on the valleys; and at other times their fiery lances gleamed in the spectral lights of the aurora borealis; and again, they were represented clothed in white, with flowing hair, as cupbearers to the heroes at the feasts of Valhalla. In the centre of the world stood the great ash tree Yggdrasil, the Tree of Life, of which the Christmas tree and the Maypole of northern nations are doubtless emblems. It spread its life-giving arms through the heavens, and struck its three roots down through the three worlds. It nourished all life, even that of Nedhog, the most venomous of serpents, which continually gnawed at the root that penetrated Nifelheim. A second root entered the region of the frost giants, where was the well in which wisdom and understanding were concealed. A third root entered the region of the gods; and there, beside it, dwelt the three Nornor or Fates, over whom even the gods had no power, and who, every day, watered it from the primeval fountain, so that its boughs remained green. The gods were benevolent spirits--the friends of mankind, but they were not immortal. A destiny more powerful than they or their enemies, the giants, was one day to overwhelm them. At the Ragnarök, or twilight of the gods, foretold in the Edda, the monsters shall be unloosed, the heavens be rent asunder, and the sun and moon disappear; the great Midgard Serpent shall lash the waters of the ocean till they overflow the earth; the wolf Fenris, whose enormous mouth reaches from heaven to earth, shall rush upon and devour all within his reach; the genii of fire shall ride forth, clothed in flame, and lead on the giants to the storming of Asgard. Heimdall sounds his trumpet, which echoes through all worlds; the gods fly to arms; Odin appears in his

golden casque, his resplendent cuirass, with his vast scimitar in his hand, and marshals his heroes in battle array. The great ash tree is shaken to its roots, heaven and earth are full of horror and affright, and gods, giants, and heroes are at length buried in one common ruin. Then comes forth the mighty one, who is above all gods, who may not be named. He pronounces his decrees, and establishes the doctrines which shall endure forever. A new earth, fairer and more verdant, springs forth from the bosom of the waves, the fields bring forth without culture, calamities are unknown, and in Heaven, the abode of the good, a palace is reared, more shining than the sun, where the just shall dwell forevermore. Traces of the worship of these deities by our pagan ancestors still remain in the names given to four days of the week. Tuesday was consecrated to Tyr, a son of Odin; Wednesday, Odin's or Wooden's day, to Odin; Thursday, or Thor's day, to Thor; and Friday, or Freya's day, was sacred to the goddess Freya.

3. THE LANGUAGE.--The Scandinavian or Norse languages include the Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian dialects. The Icelandic or Old Norse, which was the common language of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, in the ninth century, was carried into Iceland, where, to the present time, it has wonderfully retained its early characteristics. The written alphabet was called Runic, and the letters, Runes, of which the most ancient specimens are the inscriptions on Rune stones, rings, and wooden tablets. The Danish and Swedish, may be called the New Norse languages; they began to assume a character distinct from the Old Norse about the beginning of the twelfth century. The Danish language is not confined to Denmark, but is used in the literature, and by the cultivated society of Norway. The Swedish is the most musical of the Scandinavian dialects, its pronunciation being remarkably soft and agreeable. Its character is more purely Norse than the Danish, which has been greatly affected by its contact with the German. The Norwegian exists only in the form of dialects spoken by the peasantry. It is distinguished from the other two by a rich vocabulary of words peculiar to itself, and by its own pronunciation and peculiar construction; only literary cultivation is wanted to make it an independent language like the others.

4. ICELANDIC OR OLD NORSE LITERATURE.--In 868 one of the Norwegian vikings or sea rovers, being driven on the coast of Iceland, first made known the existence of the island. Harold, the fair-haired, having soon after subdued or slain the petty kings of Norway, and introduced the feudal system, many of the inhabitants, disdaining to sacrifice their independence, set forth to colonize this dreary and inhospitable region, whose wild and desolate aspect seemed to attract their imaginations. Huge mountains of ice here rose against the northern sky, from which the smoke of volcanoes rolled balefully up; and the large tracts of lava, which had descended from them to the sea, were cleft into fearful abysses, where no bottom could be found. Here were strange, desolate valleys, with beds of pure sulphur, torn and overhanging precipices, gigantic caverns, and fountains of boiling water, which, mingled with flashing fires, soared up into the air, amid the undergroans of earthquakes, and howlings and hissings as of demons in torture. Subterranean fires, in terrific contest with the wintry ocean, seemed to have made sport of rocks, mountains, and rivers, tossing them into the most fantastic and appalling shapes. Yet such was the fondness of the Scandinavian imagination for the wild and desolate, and such their hatred of oppression, that they soon peopled this chaotic island to an extent it has never since reached. In spite of the rigor of the climate, where corn refused to ripen, and where the labors of fishing and agriculture could only be pursued for four months of the year, the people became attached to this wild country. They established a republic which lasted four hundred years, and for ages it was destined to be the sanctuary and preserver of the grand old literature of the North. The people took with them their Scalds and their traditions, and for a century after the peopling of the island, they retained their Pagan belief. Ages rolled away; the religion of Odin had perished from the mainland, and the very hymns and poems in which its doctrines were recorded had perished with it, when, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Rhythmical Edda of Samund was discovered, followed by the Prose Edda of Snorre Sturleson. These discoveries roused the zeal of the Scandinavian literati, and led to further investigations, which resulted in the discovery of a vast number of chronicles and sagas, and much has since been done by the learned men of Iceland and Denmark to bring to light the remote annals of northern Europe. These remains fall into the three divisions of Eddaic, Scaldic, and Saga literature. Samund the Wise (1056-1131), a Christian priest of Iceland, was the first to collect and commit to writing the oral traditions of the mythology and poetry of the Scandinavians. His collection has been termed the "Edda," a word by some supposed to signify grandmother, and by others derived, with more probability, from the obsolete word _oeda_, to teach. The elder or poetic Edda consists of thirty-eight poems, and is divided into two parts. The first, or mythological cycle, contains everything relating to the Scandinavian ideas of the creation of the world, the origin of man, the morals taught by the priests, and stories of the gods; the second, or heroic cycle, contains the original materials of the "Nibelungen Lied" of Germany. The poems consist of strophes of six or eight lines each, with little of the alliteration by which the Scalds were afterwards distinguished. One of the oldest and most interesting is the "Voluspa," or Song of the Prophetess, a kind of sibylline lay, which contains an account of the creation, the origin of man and of evil, and concludes with a prediction of the destruction and renovation of the universe, and a description

of the future abodes of happiness and misery. "Vafthrudnir's Song" is in the form of a dialogue between Odin, disguised as a mortal, and the giant Vafthrudnir, in which the same subjects are discussed. "Grimner's Song" contains a description of twelve habitations of the celestial deities, considered as symbolical of the signs of the zodiac. "Rig's Song" explains, allegorically, the origin of the three castes: the thrall, the churl, and the noble, which, at a very early period, appear to have formed the framework of Scandinavian society. "The Havamal," or the High Song of Odin, is the complete code of Scandinavian ethics. The maxims here brought together more resemble the Proverbs of Solomon than anything in human literature, but without the high religious views of the Scripture maxims. It shows a worldly wisdom, experience, and sagacity, to which modern life can add nothing. In the Havamal is included the Rune Song. Runes, the primitive rudely-shaped letters of the Gothic race, appear never to have been used to record their literature, which was committed to the Scalds and Sagamen, but they were reserved for inscriptions on rocks or memorial stones, or they were cut in staves of wood, as a rude calendar to assist the memory. Odin was the great master of runes, but all the gods, many of the giants, kings, queens, prophetesses, and poets possessed the secret of their power. In the ballads of the Middle Ages, long after the introduction of Christianity, we find everywhere the boast of Runic knowledge and of its power. Queens and princesses cast the runic spell over their enemies; ladies, by the use of runes, inspire warriors with love; and weird women by their means perform witchcraft and sorcery. Some of their rune songs taught the art of healing; others had power to stop flying spears in battle, and to excite or extinguish hatred and love. There were runes of victory inscribed on swords; storm runes, which gave power over sails, inscribed on rudders of ships, drink runes, which gave power over others, inscribed on drinking horns; and herb runes, cut in the bark of trees which cured sickness and wounds. These awful characters, which struck terror into the hearts of our heathen ancestors, and which appalled and subdued alike kings, warriors, and peasants, were simple letters of the alphabet; but they prove to what a stupendous extent knowledge was power in the dark ages of the earth. The poet who sings the Rune Song in the Havamal does it with every combination of mystery, calculated to inspire awe and wonder in the hearer. The two poems, "Odin's Raven Song" and the "Song of the Way-Tamer," are among the most deeply poetical hymns of the Edda. They relate to the same great event--the death of Balder--and are full of mystery and fear. A strange trouble has fallen upon the gods, the oracles are silent, and a dark, woeful foreboding seizes on all things living. Odin mounts his steed, Sleipner, and descends to hell to consult the Vala there in her tomb, and to extort from her, by runic incantations, the fate of his son. This "Descent of Odin" is familiar to the English reader through Gray's Ode. In all mythologies we have glimpses continually of the mere humanity of the gods, we witness their limited powers and their consciousness of a coming doom. In this respect every mythology is kept in infinite subordination to the true faith, in which all is sublime, infinite, and worthy of the Deity--in which God is represented as pure spirit, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain; and all assumption of divinity by false gods is treated as a base superstition. The remaining songs of the first part of the Edda relate chiefly to the exploits, wanderings, and love adventures of the gods. The "Sun Song," with which it concludes, is believed to be the production of Samund, the collector of the Edda. In this he retains some of the machinery of the old creed, but introduces the Christian Deity and doctrines. The second part of the elder Edda contains the heroic cycle of Icelandic poems, the first part of which is the Song of Voland, the renowned northern smith. The story of Voland, or Wayland, the Vulcan of the North, is of unknown antiquity; and his fame, which spread throughout Europe, still lives in the traditions of all northern nations. The poems concerning Sigurd and the Niflunga form a grand epic of the simplest construction. The versification consists of strophes of six or eight lines, without rhyme or alliteration. The sad and absorbing story here narrated was wonderfully popular throughout the ancient Scandinavian and Teutonic world, and it is impossible to say for how many centuries these great tragic ballads had agitated the hearts of the warlike races of the north. It is clear that Sigurd and Byrnhilda, with all their beauty, noble endowment, and sorrowful history, were real personages, who had taken powerful hold on the popular affections in the most ancient times, and had come down from age to age, receiving fresh incarnations and embellishments from the popular Scalds. There is a great and powerful nature living through these poems. They are pictures of men and women of godlike beauty and endowments, and full of the vigor of simple but impetuous natures. Though fragmentary, they stand in all the essentials of poetry far beyond the German Lied, and, in the tragic force of passion which they portray, they are superior to any remains of ancient poetry except that of Greece. Their greatness lies less in their language than their spirit, which is sublime and colossal. Passion, tenderness, and sorrow are here depicted with the most vivid power; and the noblest sentiments and the most heroic actions are crossed by the foulest crimes and the most terrific tragedies. They contain materials for a score of dramas of the most absorbing character. The Prose or Younger Edda was the work of Snorre Sturleson (1178-1241), who was born of a distinguished Icelandic family, and, after leading a turbulent and ambitious life, and being twice supreme magistrate of the republic, was at last assassinated. The younger Edda repeats in prose the sublime poetry of the elder Edda, mixed with many extravagances and absurdities; and in point of literary and philosophical value it bears no comparison with it. It marks the transition from the art of the Scalds to the prose relation of the Sagaman. This work

concludes with a treatise on the poetic phraseology of the Scalds, and a system of versification by Snorre. The Bard, or Scald (literally smoothers of language, from *_scaldre_*, to polish), formed an important feature of the courts of the princes and more powerful nobles. They often acted, at the same time, as bard, councilor, and warrior. Until the twelfth century, when the monks and the art of writing put an end to the Scaldic art, this race of poets continued to issue from Iceland, and to travel from country to country, welcomed as the honored guests of kings, and receiving in return for their songs, rings and jewels of great value, but never money. There is preserved a list of two hundred and thirty scalds, who had distinguished themselves from the time of Ragnor Lodbrok to that of Vladimir II., or from the latter end of the eighth, to the beginning of the thirteenth century. Ragnor Lodbrok was a Danish king, who, in one of his predatory excursions, was taken prisoner in England and thrown into a dungeon, to be stung to death by serpents. His celebrated death song is said to have been composed during his torments. The best of the scaldic lays, however, are greatly inferior to the Eddaic poems. Alliteration is the chief characteristic of the versification. The word Saga means literally a tale or narrative, and is used in Iceland to denote every species of tradition, whether fabulous or true. In amount, the Saga literature of ancient Scandinavia is surprisingly extensive, consisting of more than two hundred volumes. The Sagas are, for the most part, unconnected biographies or narratives of greater or less length, principally describing events which took place from the ninth to the thirteenth century. They are historical, mythic, heroic, and romantic. The first annalist of Iceland of whom we have any remains was Ari the Wise (b. 1067), the contemporary of Samund, and his annals, for the most part, have been lost. Snorre Sturleson, already spoken of as the collector of the Prose Edda, was the author of a great original work, the "Heimskringla," or Home-Circle, so called from the first word of the manuscript, a most admirable history of a great portion of northern Europe from the period of the Christian Era to 1177, including every species of Saga composition. It traces Odin and his followers from the East, from Asaland and Asgard, its chief city, to their settlement in Scandinavia. It narrates the contests of the kings, the establishment of the kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, the Viking expeditions, the discovery and settlement of Iceland and Greenland, the discovery of America, and the conquests of England and Normandy. The stories are told with a life and freshness that belong only to true genius, and a picture is given of human life in all its reality, genuine, vivid, and true. Some of the Sagas of the "Heimskringla" are grand romances, full of brilliant adventures, while at the same time they lie so completely within the range of history that they may be regarded as authentic. That of Harold Haardrada narrates his expedition to the East, his brilliant exploits in Constantinople, Syria, and Sicily, his scaldic accomplishments, and his battles in England against Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, where he fell only a few days before Godwin's son himself fell at the battle of Hastings. This Saga is a splendid epic in prose, and is particularly interesting to the English race. The first part of the "Heimskringla" is necessarily derived from tradition; as it advances fable and fact all curiously intermingle, and it terminates in authentic history. Among the most celebrated Sagas of the remaining divisions are the "Sagas of Erik the Wanderer," who went in search of the Island of Immortality; "Frithiof's Saga," made the subject of Tegnér's great poem; the Saga of Ragnor Lodbrok, of Dietrich of Bern, and the Volsunga Saga, relating to the ancestors of Sigurd or Siegfried, the hero of the Nibelungen Lied. There are, besides, Sagas of all imaginable fictions of heroes, saints, magicians, conquerors, and fair women. Almost every leading family of Iceland had its written saga. The Sagamen, like the Scalds, traveled over all Scandinavia, visited the courts and treasured up and transmitted to posterity the whole history of the North. This wonderful activity of the Scandinavian mind from the ninth to the thirteenth century, both in amount and originality, throws completely into the shade the literary achievements of the Anglo-Saxons during the same period. When Christianity superseded the ancient religion, the spirit and traditions of the old mythology remained in the minds of the people, and became their fireside literature under the name of "Folk Sagas." Their legends and nursery tales are diffused over modern Scandinavia, and appear, with many variations, through all the literature of Europe. Among them are found the originals of "Jack the Giant Killer," "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," the "Little Old Woman Cut Shorter," "The Giant who smelt the Blood of an Englishman," and many others. The Folk Sagas have only recently been collected, but they are the true productions of ancient Scandinavians. The art of the Scald and Sagaman, which was extinguished with the introduction of Christianity, revived after a time in the Romances of Chivalry and the popular ballads. These ballads are classified as heroic, supernatural, historic, and ballads of love and romance; they successively describe all the changes in the life and opinions of society, and closely resemble those of England, Scotland, and Germany. They are the common expression of the life and feelings of a common race, under the prevailing influences of the same period, and the same stories often inspired the nameless bards of both countries. They are composed in the same form and possess the same curious characteristic of the refrain or chorus which distinguishes this poetry in its transition from the epic to the lyric form. They express a peculiar poetic feeling which is sought for in vain in the epic age--a sentiment which, without art and without name, wanders on until it is caught up by fresh lips, and becomes the regular interpreter of the same feelings. Thus this simple voice of song travels onward from mouth to mouth, from heart to heart, the language of the general sorrows, hopes, and memories; strange, and yet near to every one, centuries old, yet never growing older, since the

human heart, whose history it relates in so many changing images and notes, remains forever the same. Though the great majority of the popular ballads of Scandinavia are attributed to the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, the composition of them by no means ceased then. This voice of the people continued more or less to find expression down to the close of the last century, when it became the means of leading back its admirers to truth and genuine feeling, and, more than anything else, contributed to the revival of a new era in literature.

5. DANISH LITERATURE--In taking leave of the splendid ancient literature of Scandinavia, we find before us a waste of nearly four centuries from the thirteenth, which presents scarcely a trace of intellectual cultivation. The ballads and tales, indeed, lingered in the popular memory and heart; fresh notes of genuine music were from time to time added to them, and they form the connecting link between the ancient and modern literature. Saxo Grammaticus and Theodoric the monk, in the thirteenth century, adopted the Latin language in their chronicles of Denmark and Norway, and from that time it usurped the place of the native tongue among the educated. In the sixteenth century the spirit of the Reformation began to exert an influence, and the Bible was translated into the popular tongue. New fields of thought were opened, a passion for literature was excited, and translations, chiefly from the German, were multiplied; a knowledge of the classics was cultivated, and, in time, a noble harvest of literature followed. The first author who marks the new era is Arreboe (1587-1637), who has been called the Chaucer of Denmark. His chief work was the "Hexameron," or "The World's First Week." It abounds with learning, and displays great poetic beauty. The religious psalms and hymns of Kingo (1634-1703) are characterized by a simple yet powerfully expressed spirit of piety, and are still held in high esteem. His Morning and Evening Prayers, or, as he beautifully terms them, "Sighs," are admirable. Many other names of note are found in the literature of this period, but the only one who achieved a world-wide celebrity, was Tycho Brahe (1546- 1601), who, for a time, was the centre of a brilliant world of science and literature. The learned and celebrated, from all countries, visited him, and he was loaded with gifts and honors, in return for the honor which he conferred upon his native land. But at length, through the machinations of his enemies, he lost the favor of the king, and was forced to exile himself forever from his country. The services rendered to astronomy by Tycho Brahe were great, although his theory of the universe, in which our own planet constituted the centre, has given way before the more profound one of Copernicus. Holberg (1684-1754), a native of Norway, is commonly styled the creator of the modern literature of Denmark, and would take a high place in that of any country. In the field of satire and comedy he was a great and unquestionable master. All his actors are types, and are as real and existent at the present hour as they were actual when he sketched them. Besides satires and numerous comedies, Holberg was the author of various histories, several volumes of letters, and a book of fables. The principal names which appear in Danish literature, from Holberg to Evald, are those of Stub, Sneedorf, Tullin, and Sheersen. Evald (1743- 1780) was the first who perceived the superb treasury of poetic wealth which lay in the far antiquity of Scandinavia, among the gods of the Odinic mythology, and who showed to his nation the grandeur and beauty which the national history had reserved for the true poetic souls who should dare to appropriate them. But the sound which he drew from the old heroic harp startled his contemporaries, while it did not fascinate them. The august figures which he brought before them seemed monstrous and uncouth. Neglected in life, and doomed to an early death, the history of this poet was painfully interesting; a strangely brilliant web of mingled gold and ordinary thread--a strangely blended fabric of glory and of grief. Solitary, poor, bowed down with physical and mental suffering, from his heart's wound, as out of a dark cleft in a rock, swelled the clear stream of song. The poem of "Adam and Eve," "Rolf Krage," the first original Danish tragedy, "Balder's Death," and "The Fishermen," are his principal productions. "Rolf Krage" is the outpouring of a noble heart, in which the most generous and exalted sentiments revel in all the inexperience of youth. "Balder's Death" is a masterpiece of beauty, sentiment, and eloquence of diction. It is full of the passion of an unhappy love, and thus expresses the burning emotions of the poet's own heart. The old northern gods and mythic personages are introduced, and the lyric element is blended with the dramatic. The lyrical drama of "The Fishermen" is perhaps the most perfect and powerful of all Evald's works. The intense interest it excites testifies to the power of the writer, while the music of the versification delights the ear. His lyric of "King Christian," now the national song of Denmark, is a masterly production of its kind. During the forty years which succeeded the death of Evald, Denmark produced a great number of poets and authors of various kinds, who advanced the fame of their country; but the chief of those who closed the eighteenth century are Baggesen (1764-1826) and Rahbek (1760-1830). Though they still wrote in the nineteenth century, they belonged in spirit essentially to the eighteenth. The life of Baggesen was a genuine romance, with all its sunshine and shade. He was born in poverty and obscurity, and when a child of seven years old, on one occasion, attracted the momentary attention of the young and lovely Queen Caroline, who took him in her arms and kissed him. "Still, after half a century," he writes, "glows the memory of that kiss; to all eternity I shall never forget it. From that kiss sprang the germ of my entire succeeding fate." After a long and severe struggle with poverty, he suddenly found himself the most popular poet of the country, and for a quarter of a century he was

the petted favorite of the nation. Supplanted in public favor by the rising glory of Oehlenschläger, he had the misfortune to see the poetic crown of Denmark placed on the head of his rival; and the last years of his life were embittered by disappointment and care. The works of Baggesen fill twelve volumes, and consist of comic stories, numerous letters, satires and impassioned lyrics, songs and ballads, besides dramas and operas. His "Poems to Nanna," who, in the northern mythology, is the bride of Balder, are among the most beautiful in the Danish language, and no poet could have written them until he had gone through the deep and ennobling baptism of suffering. In these, Nanna is the symbol of the pure and eternal principle of love, and Balder is the type of the human heart, perpetually yearning after it in sorrow, yet in hope. Nanna appears lost--departed into a higher and invisible world; and Balder, while forever seeking after her, bears with him an internal consciousness that there he shall overtake her, and possess her eternally. One of Baggesen's characteristics was the projection of great schemes, which were never accomplished. He was too fond of living in the present--in the charmed circle of admiring friends-- to achieve works otherwise within the limit of his powers. But with all his faults, his works will always remain brilliant and beautiful amid the literary wealth of his country. In the early part of the nineteenth century the new light which radiated from Germany found its way into Denmark, and in no country was the result so rapid or so brilliant. There soon arose a school of poets who created for themselves a reputation in all parts of Europe that would have done honor to any age or country. A new epoch in the language began with Oehlenschläger (1779-1856), the greatest poet of Denmark, and the representative, not only of the North, but, like Scott, Byron, Goethe, and Schiller, the outgrowth of a great era as well, and the incarnation of the broader and more natural spirit of his time. In 1819 he published the "Gods of the North," in which he combines all the legends of the Edda into one connected whole. He entered fully into the spirit of these grand old poems, and condensed and elaborated them into one. In the various regions of gods, giants, dwarfs, and men, in the striking variety of characters, the great and wise Odin, the mighty Thor, the good Balder, the malicious Loke, the queenly Frigga, the genial Freya, the lovely Iduna, the gentle Nanna--in all the magnificent scenery of Midgard, Asgard, and Nifelheim, with the glorious tree Yggdrasil and the rainbow bridge, the poet found inexhaustible scope for poetical embellishment, and he availed himself of it all with a genuine poet's power. The dramas of Oehlenschläger are his masterpieces, but they form only a small portion of his works. His prose stories and romances fill several volumes, and his smaller poems would of themselves have established almost a greater reputation than that of any Danish poet who went before him. Grundtvig (b. 1783) is one of the most original and independent minds of the North. As a preacher he was fervid and eloquent; as a writer on the Scandinavian mythology and hero-life, he gave, perhaps, the truest idea of the spirit of the northern myths. Blicher (1782-1868) was a stern realist, who made his native province of Jutland the scene of his poems and stories, which in many respects resemble those of Crabbe. Ingemann (1789-1862) is a voluminous writer in every department of literature. His historical romances are the delight of the people, who, by their winter firesides, forget their snow-barricaded woods and mountains in listening to his pages. Heiberg (1791-1860) as a critic ruled the Danish world of taste for many years, and by his writings did much to elevate dramatic art and public sentiment. The greatest authoress that Denmark has produced is the Countess Gyldenbourg (1773-1856). Her knowledge of life, sparkling wit, and faultless style, make her stories, the authorship of which was unknown before her death, masterpieces of their kind. The greatest pastoral lyricist of this country is Winther (1796-1876). His descriptions of scenery and rural life have an extraordinary charm. Hertz (1796-1870) is the most cosmopolitan Danish writer of his time. Müller (1809-1876) is celebrated for his comedies, tragedies, lyrics, and satires, all of which prove the immense breadth of his compass and the inexhaustible riches of his imagination. Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875) is known to the English reader by his stories and legends for the young, his romances, and autobiography. He was born of humble peasants, and early attracted the attention of persons in power, who, with that liberality to youthful genius so characteristic of Denmark, enabled him to enter the university, and afterwards to travel over Europe. The "Improvisatore" is considered the best of his romances. Three writers connect the age of romanticism with the present day,--Plong (b. 1812), a vigorous politician and poet; Goldschmidt (b. 1818), author of novels and poems in the purest Danish; Hastrup (b. 1818), the author of a series of comedies unrivaled in delicacy and wit. Among the names distinguished in science are those of Malte Brun in geography; Rask, Grundtvig, Molbech, Warsaae, Rafn, Finn Magnusen and others in philology and literary antiquities. Of the two brothers Oersted, one, a lawyer and statesman, has done much to establish the principles of state economy, while the discoveries of the other entitle him to the highest rank in physical science.

6. SWEDISH LITERATURE.--The first independent literature of modern Scandinavia was, as we have seen, the popular songs and ballads which, during the Middle Ages, kept alive the germ of intellectual life. The effect of the Reformation was soon seen in the literature of Sweden, as of other countries. The first intellectual development displayed itself in the dramatic attempt of Messenius and his son, who changed and substituted actual history for legendary and scriptural subjects. The genius of Sweden, however, is essentially lyrical, rather than dramatic or epic.

Stjernhjelm (1598-1672) was a writer of great merit,--the author of many dramas, lyrics, and epic and didactic poems. He so far surpassed his contemporaries that he decided the character of his country's literature for a century; but his influence was finally lost in the growing Italian and German taste. The principal names of this period are those of Lucidor, a wild, erratic genius; Mrs. Brenner, the first female writer of Sweden, whose numerous poems are distinguished for their neat and easy style; and Spegel (d. 1711), whose Psalms, full of the simplest beauty, give him a lasting place in the literature of the country. The literary taste of Sweden, in the seventeenth century, made great progress; native genius awoke to conscious power, and the finest productions of Europe were quoted and commented on. During the eighteenth century, French taste prevailed all over Europe; not only the manners, etiquette, and toilets of France were imitated, the fashion of its literature was also adopted. Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Boileau stamped their peculiar philosophy of literature on the greater portion of the civilized world. Imagination was frozen by these cold, glittering models; life and originality became extinct, imitator followed upon imitator, until there was a universal dearth of soul; and men gravely asserted that everything had been said and done in poetry and literature that could be said and done. What a glorious reply has since been given to this utterance of inanity and formalism, in a countless host of great and original names, all the world knows. But in no country was this Gallomania more strongly and enduringly prevalent than in Sweden. The principal writers of the early part of the Gallic period are Dalin, Nordenflycht, Creutz, and Gyllenborg. As a prose writer, rather than a poet, Dalin deserves remembrance. He established a periodical in imitation of the "Spectator," and through this conferred the same benefits on Swedish literature that Addison conferred on that of England,--a great improvement in style, and the origination of a national periodical literature. Charlotte Nordenflycht (b. 1718) is called the Swedish Sappho. Her poetry is all love and sorrow, as her life was; in a better age she would have been a better poetess, for she possessed great feeling, passion, and imagination. She exerted a wide influence on the literary life of her time, in the capital, where the coteries which sprung up about her embraced all the poets of the day. Gyllenborg and Creutz were deficient in lyric depth, and were neither of them poets of the first order. Of the midday of the Gallic era, the king, Gustavus III. (1771-1792), Kellgren, Leopold, and Oxenstjerna are the chiefs. Gustavus was a master of rhetoric, and in all his poetical tendencies fast bound to the French system. He was, however, the true friend of literature, and did whatever lay in his power to promote it, and to honor and reward literary men. In 1786 he established the Swedish Academy, which for a long time continued to direct the public taste. As an orator, Gustavus has rarely found a rival in the annals of Sweden, and his dramas in prose possess much merit, and are still read with interest. Kellgren (1751-1795) was the principal lyric poet of this period. His works betray a tendency to escape from the bondage of his age, and open a new spring-time in Swedish poetry. For his own fame, and that of his age, his early death was a serious loss. Leopold (1756-1829) continued to sway the literary sceptre, after the death of Kellgren, for the remainder of the century. He is best known by his dramas and miscellaneous poems. His plays have the faults that belong to his school, but many of his poems abound with striking thoughts, and are elastic and graceful in style. The great writer of this period, however, was Oxenstjerna (1750-1818), a descriptive poet, who, with all the faults of his age and school, displays a deep feeling for nature. His pictures of simple life, amid the fields and woods of Sweden, are full of idyllic beauty and attractive grace. As the French taste overspread Europe at very nearly the same time, so its influence decayed and died out almost simultaneously. In France itself, long before the close of the eighteenth century, elements were at work destined to produce the most extraordinary changes in the political, social, and literary condition of the world. Even those authors who were most French were most concerned in preparing this astounding revolution. In many countries it was not the French doctrines, but the French events, that startled, dazzled, and excited the human heart and imagination, and produced the greatest effects on literature. Those who sympathized least with French views were often most influenced by the magnificence of the scenes which swept over the face of the civilized world, and antagonism was not less potent than sympathy to arouse the energies of mind. But even before these movements had produced any marked effect, Gallic influence began to give way, and genius began freely to range the earth and choose its materials wherever God and man were to be found. The heralds of the new era in Sweden were Bellman, Hallman, Kexel, Wallenberg, Lidner, Thorild, and Lengren. Bellman (1740-1795) is regarded by the Swedes with great enthusiasm. There is something so perfectly national in his spirit that he finds an echo of infinite delight in all Swedish hearts. Everything patriotic, connected with home life and feelings, home memories, the loves and pleasures of the past, all seem to be associated with the songs of Bellman. Hallman, his friend, wrote comedies and farces. His characters are drawn from the bacchanalian class described in Bellman's lyrics, but they are not sufficiently varied in their scope and sphere to create an actual Swedish drama. Kexel, the friend of the two last named, lived a gay and vagabond life, and is celebrated for his comedies. Wallenberg was a clergyman, full of the enjoyment of life, and disposed to see the most amusing side of everything. Lidner and Thorild, unlike the writers just named, were grave, passionate, and sorrowful. Lidner was a nerve-sick, over-excited genius; but many of his inspired thoughts struck deep into the heart of the time, and Swedish literature is highly indebted to Thorild for the spirit of manly freedom and the principles of sound reasoning and taste which

he introduced into it. One of the most interesting names of the transition period is that of Anna Maria Lengren (1754-1811). She has depicted the scenes of domestic and social life with a skill and firmness, yet a delicacy of touch that is perhaps more difficult of attainment than the broad lines of a much more ambitious style. Her scenes and personages are all types, and her heroes and heroines continually present themselves in Swedish life in perpetual and amusing reproduction. These poems will secure her a place among the classical writers of her country. The political revolution of 1809 secured the freedom of the press, new men arose for the new times, and a deadly war was waged between the old school and the new, until the latter triumphed. The first distinguished names of the new school are those of Franzén and Wallin. Franzén (1772-1847), a bishop, was celebrated for his lyrics of social life, and in many points resembles Wordsworth. The qualities of heart, the home affections, and the gladsome and felicitous appreciation of the beauty of life and nature found in his poems, give him his great charm. Archbishop Wallin (1779- 1839) is the great religious poet of Sweden. In his hymns there is a strength and majesty, a solemn splendor and harmony of intonation, that have no parallel in the Swedish language. Among other writers of the time are Atterbom, Hammarsköld, and Palmblad. The works of Atterbom (b. 1790) indicate great lyrical talent, but they have an airy unreality, which disappoints the healthy appetite of modern readers. Hammarsköld (1785-1827) was an able critic and literary historian, though his poems are of little value. Palmblad, besides being a critic, is the author of several novels and translations from the Greek. These three writers belonged to the Phosphoric School, so called from a periodical called "The Phosphorus," which advocated their opinions. The most distinguished school in Swedish literature is the Gothic, which took its rise in 1811, and which, aiming at a national spirit and character, embraced in that nationality all the Gothic race as one original family, possessing the same ancestry, original religion, traditions, and even still the same spirit, predilections, and language, although broken into several dialects. This new school had truth, nature, and the spirit of the nation and the times with it, and it speedily triumphed. First in the rank of its originators may be placed Geijer (1783-1847), who was at once a poet, musician, and historian; his poems are among the most precious treasures of Swedish literature. In his "Chronicles of Sweden" he penetrates far into the mists and darkness of antiquity, and brings thence magnificent traces of men and ages that point still onward to the times and haunts of the world's youth. The work presents all that belongs to the North, its gods, its mythic doctrines, its grand traditions, its heroes, vikings, runes, and poets, carrying whole ages of history in their trains. In his hands the dry bones of history and chronology live like the actual flesh and blood of the present time. As Geijer is the first historian of Sweden, so is Tegnér (1782-1848) the first poet; and in his "Frithiof's Saga" he has made the nearest approach to a successful epic writer. Although this poem has rather the character of a series of lyrical poems woven into an epic cycle, it is still a complete and great poem. It is characterized by tender, sensitive, and delicate feeling rather than by deep and overwhelming passion. In the story he has, for the most part, adhered to the ancient Saga. Tegner is as yet only the most popular poet of Sweden; but the bold advance which he has made beyond the established models of the country shows what Swedish poets may yet accomplish by following on in the track of a higher and freer enterprise. The other most prominent poets of the new school are Stagnelius (1793-1828), who bears a strong resemblance to Shelley in his tendency to the mythic and speculative, and in his wonderful power of language and affluence of inspired phrase; Almquist (d. 1866), an able and varied writer, who has written with great wit, brilliancy, and power in almost every department; Vitalis (d. 1828), the author of some religious poetry; Dahlgren, an amusing author, and Fahlcrantz, who wrote "Noah's Ark," a celebrated humorous poem. Runeberg, one of the truest and greatest poets of the North, is a Finn by birth, though he writes in Swedish; with all the wild melancholy character of his country he mingles a deep feeling of its sufferings and its wrongs. His verse is solemn and strong, like the spirit of its subject. He brings before you the wild wastes and the dark woods of his native land, and its brave, simple, enduring people. You feel the wind blow fresh from the vast, dark woodlands; you follow the elk- hunters through the pine forests or along the shores of remote lakes; you lie in desert huts and hear the narratives of the struggles of the inhabitants with the ungenial elements, or their contentions with more ungenial men. Runeberg seizes on life wherever it presents itself in strong and touching forms,--in the beggar, the gypsy, or the malefactor,-- it is enough for him that it is human nature, doing and suffering, and in these respects he stands preeminently above all the poets of Sweden. Besides the poets already spoken of, there are many others who cannot here be even named. If the literature of Sweden is almost wholly modern, its romance literature is especially so. Cederborg was not unlike Dickens in his peculiar walk and character, and in all his burlesque there is something kind, amiable, and excellent. He was followed by many others, who displayed much talent, correct sketching of costumes and manners, and touches of true descriptive nature. But an authoress now appeared who was to create a new era in Swedish novel-writing, and to connect the literary name and interests of Sweden more intimately with the whole civilized world. In 1828, Fredrika Bremer (1802-1865) published her first works, which were soon followed by others, all of which attracted immediate attention. Later they were made known to the English and American public through the admirable translations of Mrs. Howitt, and now they are as familiar as "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Vicar of Wakefield," wherever the English language is spoken. Wherever these works have been known they have

awakened a more genial judgment of life, a better view of the world and its destinies, a deeper trust in Providence, and a persuasion that to enjoy existence truly ourselves is to spread that enjoyment around us to our fellow-men, and especially by the daily evidences of good-will, affection, cheerfulness, and graceful attention to the feelings of others, which, in the social and domestic circle, are so small in their appearance, but immense in their consequences. As a teacher of this quiet, smiling, but deeply penetrating philosophy of life, no writer has yet arisen superior to Fredrika Bremer, while she has all the time not even professed to teach, but only to entertain. The success of Miss Bremer's writings produced two contemporaneous female novelists of no ordinary merit--the Baroness Knorring (d. 1833) and Emily Carlon (b. 1833). The works of the former are distinguished by a brilliant wit and an extraordinary power of painting life and passion, while a kind and amiable feeling pervades those of the latter. Among the later novelists of Sweden are many names distinguished in other departments of literature. In conclusion, there are in Sweden hosts of able authors in whose hands all sciences, history, philology, antiquities, theology, every branch of natural and moral philosophy and miscellaneous literature have been elaborated with a talent and industry of which any nation might be proud. Among the names of a world-wide fame are those, of Swedenborg (1688-1772), not more remarkable for his peculiar religious ideas than for his profound and varied acquirements in science; Linnaeus (1707-1778), the founder of the established system of botany; and Scheele (1742-1786), eminent in chemistry. If the literature of Scandinavia continues to develop during the present century with the strength and rapidity it has manifested during the last, it will present to the mind of the English race rich sources of enjoyment of a more congenial spirit than that of any other part of the European continent; and the more this literature is cultivated the more it will be perceived that we are less an Anglo-Saxon than a Scandinavian race. The last few years in Sweden have been a period of political rather than literary activity, yielding comparatively few works of high aesthetic value, Rydberg, a statesman and metaphysician, has produced a powerful work of fiction, "The Last Athenian," and other works of minor importance have been produced in various departments of literature. LITERATURE OF NORWAY.--Norway cannot be said to have had a literature distinct from the Danish until after its union with Sweden in 1814. The period from that time to the present has been one of great literary activity in all departments, and many distinguished names might be mentioned, among them that of Björnson (b. 1832), whose tales have been extensively translated. Jonas Lie who enjoys a wide popularity, Camilla Collett, and Magdalene Thoresen are also favorite writers. Wergeland and Welhaven were two distinguished poets of the first half of the century. Kielland is an able novelist of the realistic school, and Professor Boyesen is well known in the United States for his tales and poems in English. Henrik Ibsen is the most distinguished dramatic writer of Norway and belongs to the realistic school. Among other writers of the present time are Björjesson whose "Eric XIV." is a masterpiece of Swedish drama; Tekla Knös, a poetess whose claims have been sanctioned by the Academy; and Claude Gérard (nom de plume), very popular as a novelist. Charles XV. and Oscar II. are poets of merit.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.--1. German Literature and its Divisions.--2. The Mythology. --3. The Language.

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INTRODUCTION.

1. GERMAN LITERATURE AND ITS DIVISIONS.--Central Europe, from the Adriatic to the Baltic, is occupied by a people who, however politically divided as respects language and race, form but one nation. The name Germans is that given to them by the Romans; the appellation which they apply to themselves is Deutsch, a term derived from Teutones, by which they were generally known, as also by the term Goths, in the early history of Europe. In glancing at the various phases of German literature, we see the bards at first uttering in primitive strains their war songs and traditions. The introduction of Christianity brought with it the cultivation of the classic languages, although the people had no part in this learned literature, which was confined to the monasteries and schools. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, letters, so long monopolized by the clergy, passed from their hands to those of the princes and nobles; and in the next century the songs of the minnesingers gave way to the pedantic craft of the mastersingers. A great intellectual regeneration followed the Reformation, but it was of brief duration. With the death of Luther and Melancthon the lofty spirit of reform degenerated into scholasticism, and the scholars were as exclusive in their dispensation of intellectual light as the clergy had been at an earlier period. While the priests, the minstrels, and the bookmen had each enlarged the avenues to knowledge, they were still closed and locked to the masses of the people; and so they remained, until philosophy arose to break down all barriers and to throw open to humanity at large the whole domain of knowledge and literature. In the midst of the convulsions which marked the close of the eighteenth century, the leading minds of Germany sought a solution of the great problems of civilization in the abysses of philosophy. Kant and his compeers gave an electric impulse to the German mind, the effects of which were manifest in the men who soon arose to apply the new discoveries of philosophy to literature. In Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, the clergy, the minstrels, and the bookmen were each represented, but philosophy had breathed into them an all-embracing, cosmical spirit of humanity, and under their influence German literature soon lost its exclusive and sectional character, and became cosmopolitan and universal. The long cycle of literary experiments, however, is not yet completed. Since the philosophers have accomplished their mission by establishing principles, and the poets have made themselves intelligible to the masses, the German mind has entered upon the exploration of all spheres of learning, and is making new and great advances in the solution of the problems of humanity. The most eminent scholars, no longer pursuing their studies as a matter of art or taste, are inspired by the noble desire of diffusing knowledge and benefiting their fellow-beings; and to grapple with the laws of nature, and to secure those conditions best adapted to the highest human welfare, are their leading aims. The German explorers of the universe have created a new school of natural philosophers; German historians are sifting the records of the past and bringing forth great political, social, and scientific revelations. In geography, ethnology, philology, and in all branches of science, men of powerful minds are at work, carrying the same enthusiasm into the world of fact that the poets have shown in the fairy-land of the imagination. To these earnest questioners, these untiring explorers, nature is reluctantly unveiling her mysteries, and history is giving up the buried secrets of the ages. The lyre of the bard may be silent for a time, but this mighty struggle with the forces of nature and with the obscurities of the past will at last inspire a new race of poets and open a new vein of poetry, far more rich than the world of fancy has ever afforded. Science, regarded from this lofty point of view, will gradually assume epic proportions, and other and more powerful Schillers and Goethes will arise to illustrate its achievements. The history of German literature may be divided into three periods. The first, extending from the earliest times to the beginning of the Reformation, 1517, embraces the early literature; that of the reign of Charlemagne and his successors; that of the Suabian age (1138-1272), and of the first centuries of the reign of the House of Hapsburg. The second period, extending from 1517 to 1700, includes the literature of the age of the Reformation, and of the Thirty Years' War. The third period, from 1700 to the present time, contains the development of German literature in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

2. THE MYTHOLOGY.--The German mythology is almost identical with the Scandinavian, and in it, as in all the legends of the North, women play an important part. Indeed, they occupied a far higher position among these ancient barbarians than in the polished nations of Greece and Rome. "It is believed," says Tacitus, "that there is something holy and prophetic about them, and therefore the warriors neither despise their counsels nor disregard their responses." The Paganism of the North, less graceful and beautiful than that of Greece, had still the same tendency to people earth, air, and water with beings of its own creation. The rivers had their Undines, the ocean its Nixes, the caverns their Gnomes, and the woods their Sprites. Christianity did not deny the existence of these supernatural races, but it invested them with a demoniac character. They were not regarded as immortal, although permitted to attain an age far beyond that granted to mankind, and they were denied the hope of salvation, unless purchased by a union with creatures of an earthly mould. According to the Edda, the Dwarfs were formed by Odin from the dust. They were either Cobolds--house spirits who attach themselves to the fortunes of the family, and, if well fed and

treated, nestle beside the domestic hearth--or Gnomes, who haunt deserted mansions and deep caverns. The mountain echoes are the mingled sounds of their voices as they mock the cries of the wanderer, and the fissures of the rocks are the entrances to their subterranean abodes. Here they have heaped up countless treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones, and here they pass their time in fabricating costly armor. The German Elves, like those of other climes, have an irresistible propensity to dance and song, especially the Nixes, who, rising from their river or ocean home, will seat themselves on the shore and pour forth such sweet music as to enchant all who hear them, and are ever ready to impart their wondrous skill for the hope or promise of salvation. To secure this, they also lure young maidens to their watery domains, and force or persuade them to become their brides. If they submit, they are allowed to sit on the rocks and wreath their tresses with corals, sea-weeds, and shells; but if they manifest any desire to return to their homes, a streak of blood on the surface of the waters tells the dark story of their doom. The Walkyres are the youthful maidens who have died upon their bridal eve, and who, unable to rest in their graves, return to earth and dance in the silver rays of the moon; but if a mortal chances to meet them, they surround and draw him within their magic ring, till, faint and exhausted, he falls lifeless to the earth. Not less dangerous are the river-maids, who, rising to the surface of the stream, lure the unwary traveler into the depths below. There are also the White Women, who often appear at dawn or evening, with their pale faces and shadowy forms; these are the goddesses of ancient Paganism, condemned to wander through ages to expiate the guilt of having received divine worship, and to suffer eternal punishment if not redeemed by mortal aid. Among the goddesses who, in the form of White Women, were long believed to exercise an influence for good or ill on human affairs, Hertha and Frigga play the most conspicuous parts, and figure in many wild legends; proving how strong was the hold which the creed of their ancestors had on the minds of the Germans long after its idols had been broken and its shrines destroyed. Hertha still cherished the same beneficent disposition ascribed to her in the old mythology, and continued to watch over and aid mankind until driven away by the calumnies of which she was the victim, while Frigga appears as a fearful ogress and sorceress. These popular superstitions, which retained their power over the minds of the people during the Middle Ages, and which even now are not wholly eradicated, have furnished a rich mine from which the poets and tale-writers of Germany have derived that element of the supernatural by which they are so often characterized.

3. THE LANGUAGE.--The Teutonic languages, which belong to the Indo-European stock, consist of two branches; the Northern or Scandinavian, and the Southern or German of the continent. The latter has three subdivisions; the Eastern or Gothic, with its kindred idioms, the high German or German proper,--the literary idiom of Germany,--and the low German, which includes the Frisian, old Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, and Flemish. The high German, or German proper, comprehends the language of three periods: the old high German, which prevailed from the seventh to the eleventh century; the middle high German, from the eleventh century to the time of the Reformation; and the new high German, which dates from the time of Luther, and is the present literary language of the country. No modern language equals the German in its productiveness and its capacity of constant and homogeneous growth, in its aesthetical and philosophical character, and in its originality and independence. Instead of borrowing from the Greek, Latin, and other languages, to find expressions for new combinations of ideas, it develops its own resources by manifold compositions of its own roots, words, and particles. To express one idea in its various modifications, the English requires Teutonic, Greek, and Latin elements, while the German tongue unfolds all the varieties of the same idea by a series of compositive words founded upon one Gothic root. The German language, therefore, while it is far superior in originality, flexibility, richness, and universality, does not admit the varieties which distinguish the English.

PERIOD FIRST

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE REFORMATION (360-1517).

1. EARLY LITERATURE.--Previous to the introduction of Christianity the Germans had nothing worthy of the name of literature. The first monument that has come down to us is the translation of the Bible into Moeso-Gothic, by Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths (360-388), who thus anticipated the work of Luther by a thousand years. As the art of writing was unknown to the Goths, Ulphilas formed an alphabet by combining Runic, Greek, and Roman, letters, and down to the ninth century this version was held in high esteem and seems to have been in general use. For nearly four hundred years after Ulphilas, no trace of literature is discovered among the Teutonic tribes. They, however, had their war-songs, and minstrel skill seems to have been highly prized by them. These lays were collected by Charlemagne, and are described by Eginhardt as "ancient barbarous poems, celebrating the deeds and

wars of the men of old;" but they have nearly all disappeared, owing, probably, to the refusal of the monks, then the only scribes, to transmit to paper aught which tended to recall the rites and myths of Paganism. Only two relics of this age, in their primitive form, remain; they are rhymeless, but alliterated,--a kind of versification common to the German, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian poetry, and which, early in the ninth century, gave place to rhyme. Of these two poems, the Hildebrand Lied is probably a fragment of the traditions which had circulated orally for centuries, and which, with many modifications, were transcribed by the Scandinavians in their sagas, and by Charlemagne in his collection. None of the other poems which have come down to us from this period bear an earlier date than the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when they were remodeled and appeared in the form of the Heldenbuch and Nibelungen Lied. The Hildebrand Lied belongs to the cycle of Theodoric the Great, or Dietrich of Bern or Verona, as he is called in poetry, from that town being the seat of his government after he had subdued the Empire of the West. This poem, though rude and wild, is not without grandeur and dramatic effect.

2. CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS SUCCESSORS.--The era of Charlemagne, in all respects so memorable, could not be without influence on the literature of Germany, then in a condition of almost primitive rudeness. The German language was taught by his command in the schools and academies which he established in all parts of the empire; he caused the monks to preach in the vernacular tongue, and he himself composed the elements of a grammar for the use of his subjects. He recompensed with imperial munificence the learned men who resorted to his court; Alcuin, Theodophilus, Paul Winifred, and Eginhardt were honored with his peculiar confidence. Under his influence the monasteries became literary as well as ecclesiastical seminaries, which produced such men as Otfried (fl. 840), the author of the rhymed Gospel-book, and Notker Teutonicus, the translator of the Psalms. After the death of Charlemagne the intellectual prospects of Germany darkened. The empire was threatened by the Normans from the west, and the Hungarians from the east, and there were few places where the peaceful pursuits of the monasteries and schools could be carried on without interruption. The most important relic of the last part of the ninth century is the "Ludwig's Lied," a hymn celebrating the victory of Louis over the Normans, composed by a monk with whom that monarch was on terms of great intimacy. The style is coarse and energetic, and blends the triumphant emotions of the warrior with the pious devotion of the recluse. Towards the close of the tenth century, Roswitha, a nun, composed several dramas in Latin, characterized by true Christian feeling and feminine tenderness. The eleventh century presents almost an entire blank in the history of German literature. The country was invaded by the Hungarian and Slavonic armies from abroad, or was the scene of contest between the emperors and their vassals at home, and in the struggle between Henry IV. and Pope Gregory VII., the clergy, who had hitherto been the chief supporters of their literature, became estranged from the German people. A series of lays or poems, however, known as the Lombard Cycle, belongs to this age, among which are "Duke Ernest," "Count Rudolph," and others, which combine the wild legends of Paganism with the more courtly style of the next period.

3. THE SUABIAN AGE.--A splendid epoch of belles-lettres dates from the year 1138, when Conrad III., of the Hohenstauffen dynasty, ascended the throne of the German Empire. The Crusades, which followed, filled Germany with religious and martial excitement, and chivalry was soon in the height of its splendor. The grand specimens of Gothic architecture produced during this period, the cathedrals of Ulm, Strasbourg, and Cologne, in which ponderous piles of matter were reduced to forms of beauty, speak of the great ideas and the great powers called into exercise to fulfill them. The commercial wealth of Germany was rapidly developed; thousands of serfs became freemen; large cities arose, mines were discovered, and a taste for luxury began to prevail. In 1149, when the emperor undertook a crusade in concert with Louis VII. of France, the nobility of Germany were brought into habitual acquaintance with the nobility of France, who at that time cultivated Provençal poetry, and the result was quickly apparent in German literature. The poets began to take their inspiration from real life, and though far from being imitators, they borrowed their models from the romantic cycles of Brittany and Provence. The emperors of the Suabian or Hohenstauffen dynasty formed a new rallying-point for the national sympathies, and their courts and the castles of their vassals proved a more genial home for the Muses than the monasteries of Fulda and St. Gall. In the Crusades, the various divisions of the German race, separated after their inroad into the seats of Roman civilization, again met; no longer with the impetuosity of Franks and Goths, but with the polished reserve of a Godfrey of Bouillon and the chivalrous bearing of a Frederic Barbarossa. The German emperors and nobles opened their courts and received their guests with brilliant hospitality; the splendor of their tournaments and festivals attracted crowds from great distances, and foremost among them poets and singers; thus French and German poetry were brought face to face. While the Hohenstauffen dynasty remained on the imperial throne (1138-1272) the Suabian dialect prevailed, the literature of chivalry was patronized at the court, and the Suabian minstrels were everywhere heard. These poets, who sang their love-songs, or *minne songs* (so called from an old German word signifying love), have received the name of Minnesingers. During a century and a half, from 1150 to 1300, emperors, princes, barons,

priests, and minstrels vied with each other in translating and producing lays of love, satiric fables, sacred legends, *_fabliaux_*, and metrical romances. Some of the bards were poor, and recited their songs from court to court; but many of them sang merely for pleasure when their swords were unemployed. This poetry was essentially chivalric; ideal love for a chosen lady, the laments of disappointed affection, or the charms of spring, formed the constant subjects of their verse. They generally sang their own compositions, and accompanied themselves on the harp; yet some even among the titled minstrels could neither read nor write, and it is related of one that he was forced to keep a letter from his lady-love in his bosom for ten days until he could find some one to decipher it. Among the names of nearly two hundred Minnesingers that have come down to us, the most celebrated are Wolfram of Eschenbach (fl. 1210), Henry of Ofterdingen (fl. 1250), and Walter of the Vogel Weide (1170-1227). The numerous romances of chivalry which were translated into German rhyme during the Suabian period have been divided into classes, or cycles. The first and earliest cycle relates to Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; the are of Anglo-Norman origin, and were probably derived from Welsh chronicles extant in Britain and Brittany before the poets on either side of the Channel began to rhyme in the *_Langue d'oui_*. Of all the Round Table traditions, none became so popular in Germany as that of the "San Graal," or *_Sang Réal_* (the real blood). By this was understood a cup or charger, supposed to have served the Last Supper, and to have been employed in receiving the precious blood of Christ from the side-wound given on the cross. This relic is stated to have been brought by Joseph of Arimathea into northern Europe, and to have been intrusted by him to the custody of Sir Parsifal. Wolfram of Eschenbach, in his "Parsifal," relates the adventures of the hero who passed many years of pilgrimage in search of the sanctuary of the Graal. The second cycle of romance, respecting Charlemagne and his twelve peers, was mostly translated from the literature of France. The third cycle relates to the heroes of classical antiquity, and exhibits them in the costume of chivalry. Among them are the stories of Alexander the Great, and "Aeneid," and the "Trojan War." But the age of German chivalry and chivalric poetry soon passed away. Toward the end of the thirteenth century the Crusades languished, and the contest between the imperial and papal powers raged fiercely; with the death of Frederic I. the star of the Suabian dynasty set, and the sweet sounds of the Suabian lyre died away with the last breath of Conradin on the scaffold at Naples, in 1268. During this period there was a wide difference between the minstrelsy patronized by the nobility and the old ballads preserved by the popular memory. These, however, were seized upon by certain poets of the time, probably Henry of Ofterdingen, Wolfram of Eschenbach, and others, and reduced to the epic form, in which they have come down to us under the titles of the *Heldenbuch* and the *Nibelungen Lied*. They contain many singular traits of a warlike age, and we have proof of their great antiquity in the morals and manners which they describe. The *Heldenbuch*, or Book of Heroes, which, in its present form, belongs to the close of the twelfth century, is a collection of poems, containing traditions of events which happened in the time of Attila, and the irruptions of the German nations into the Roman Empire. The principal personages who figure in these tales of love and war are Etzel or Attila, Dietrich or Theodoric the Great, Siegfried, the Achilles of the North, Gudrune, Hagan, and others, who reappear in the *Nibelungen Lied*, and who have been already alluded to in the heroic legends of the Scandinavian Edda. The *Nibelungen Lied* (from *_Nibelungen_*, the name of an ancient powerful Burgundian race, and *_Lied_*, a lay or song) occupies an important place in German literature, and in grandeur of design and beauty of execution it far surpasses any other poetical production of this period. The "Horny Siegfried," one of the poems of the *Heldenbuch*, serves as a sort of prelude to the *Nibelungen*. In that, Siegfried appears as the personification of manly beauty, virtue, and prowess; invulnerable, from having bathed in the blood of some dragons which he had slain, save in one spot between his shoulders, upon which a leaf happened to fall. Having rescued the beautiful Chriemhild from the power of a giant or dragon, and possessed himself of the treasures of the dwarfs, he restores her to her father, the King of the ancient city of Worms, where he is received with regal honors, and his marriage with Chriemhild celebrated with unparalleled splendor. In the *Nibelungen*, Chriemhild is represented as the sister of Günther the King of Burgundy; the gallant Siegfried having heard of her surpassing beauty, resolves to woo her for his bride, but all his splendid achievements fail to secure her favors. In the mean time tidings reach the court of the fame of the beautiful Brunhild, queen of Isenland, of her matchless courage and strength; every suitor for her hand being forced to abide three combats with her, and if vanquished to suffer a cruel death. Günther resolves to try his fortune, and to win her or perish, and Siegfried accompanies him on condition that the hand of Chriemhild shall be his reward if they succeed. At the court of Brunhild, Siegfried presents himself as the vassal of Günther, to increase her sense of his friend's power, and this falsehood is one cause of the subsequent calamities. In the combats, Siegfried, becoming invisible by means of a magic cap he had obtained from the dwarfs, seizes the arm of Günther and enables him to overcome the martial maid in every feat of arms: and the vanquished Brunhild bids her vassals do homage to him as their lord. A double union is now celebrated with the utmost pomp and rejoicing. The proud Brunhild, however, is indignant at her sister-in-law wedding a vassal. In vain Günther assures her that Siegfried is a mighty prince in his own country; the offended queen determines to punish his deception, and ties him hand and foot with her magic girdle, and hangs him upon a nail; Siegfried pitying the condition of the king, promises his aid in

depriving the haughty queen of the girdle, the source of all her magic strength. He successfully accomplishes the feat, and in a luckless hour presents the trophy to Chriemhild, and confides the tale to her ear. A dispute having afterwards arisen between the two queens, Chriemhild, carried away by pride and passion, produces the fatal girdle, a token which, if found in the possession of any save the husband, was regarded as an almost irrefutable proof of guilt among the nations of the North. At this Brunhild vows revenge, and is aided by the fierce Hagan, Günther's most devoted follower, who, having induced Chriemhild to confide to him the secret of the spot where Siegfried is mortal, seizes the first occasion to plunge a lance between his shoulders, and afterwards bears the body to the chamber door of Chriemhild, who is overwhelmed with grief and burning with resentment. To secure her revenge she at length marries Etzel, or Attila, king of the Huns, who invites the Burgundians to his court, and at a grand festival Chriemhild involves them in a bloody battle, in which thousands are slain on both sides. Günther and Hagan are taken prisoners by Dietrich of Berne, and put to death by Chriemhild, who in turn suffers death at the hands of one of the followers of Dietrich. Such is an imperfect outline of this ancient poem, which, despite all its horrors and improbabilities, has many passages of touching beauty, and wonderful power. Siegfried, the hero, is one of the most charming characters of romance or poetry. Chriemhild, at first all that the poet could fancy of loveliness, becomes at last an avenging fury. Brunhild is proud, haughty, stern, and vindictive, though not incapable of softer emotions. In the Scandinavian legend we find the same personages in grander outlines and more gigantic proportions. The mythological portion of the story occupies the most prominent place, and Brunhild is there represented as a Valkyriur. The time in which the scene of this historical tragedy is laid is about 430 A.D. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century it was widely read, and highly appreciated. But in the succeeding age it was almost entirely forgotten. It was brought again to light in the beginning of the present century, and since that time, it has been the subject of many learned commentaries and researches.

4. THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.--The period from the accession of the House of Hapsburg to the beginning of the Reformation was crowded with events of great social importance, but its literature was remarkably poor. The palmy days of the minstrels and romancists had passed away. Rudolph was an economical prince, who mended his own doublet to spare money, and as he had no taste for minstrelsy, the composers of songs who went to his court found no rewards there. The rank and influence of the metropolis were transferred from Frankfort to Vienna, and the communication with the southern and southwestern parts of Europe was greatly impeded. The Germans were occupied in crusades against the Huns; the court language was changed from west Gothic to an east Gothic dialect, which was less national, and much of the southern culture and the European sympathies which had characterized the reign of the Suabian emperors disappeared. Some inferior princes, however, encouraged versification, but the prizes were so reduced in value that the knights and noblemen left the field in favor of inferior competitors. A versifying mania now began to pervade all classes of society; chaplains, doctors, schoolmasters, weavers, blacksmiths, shoemakers--all endeavored to mend their fortunes by rhyming. Poetry sank rapidly into dullness and mediocrity, while the so-called poets rose in conceit and arrogance. The spirit of the age soon embodied these votaries of the muse in corporations, and the Emperor Charles IV. (1346-1378) gave them a charter. They generally called twelve poets among the minnesingers their masters, and hence their name Mastersingers. They met on certain days and criticised each other's productions. Correctness was their chief object, and they seemed to have little idea of the difference between poetical and prosaic expressions. Every fault was marked, and he who had fewest received the prize, and was allowed to take apprentices in the art. At the expiration of his poetical apprenticeship the young poet was admitted to the corporation and declared a master. Though the institution of the Mastersingers was established at the close of the thirteenth century, it was not until the fifteenth and sixteenth that it really flourished, particularly through the genius of Hans Sachs. The institution, survived, however, though languishing, through the seventeenth century, and the calamities of the Thirty Years' War. At Ulm it outlasted even the changes which the French Revolution effected in Europe, and as late as 1830 twelve old Mastersingers yet remained, who, after being driven from one asylum to another, sang their ancient melodies from memory in the little hostelry where the workmen used to meet in the evening to drink together. In 1839 four only were living, and in that year these veterans assembled with great solemnity, and declaring the society of Mastersingers forever closed, presented their songs, hymns, books, and pictures to a modern musical institution at Ulm. While the early Mastersingers were pouring forth their strains with undiminished confidence in their own powers, a new species of poetic literature was growing up beside them in the form of simple and humorous fables, or daring satires, often directed against the clergy and nobility, which were among the most popular productions of the Middle Ages. Such were "Friar Amis" and the "Ship of Fools." Indeed, from the year 1300 to the era of the Reformation, we may clearly trace the progress of a school of lay doctrine which was opposed to a great part of the teaching of the church, and which was yet allowed to prevail among the people. Among the fables, "Reynard the Fox" had a very early origin, and has remained a favorite of the German people for several centuries. After many

transformations it reappeared as a popular work at the era of the Reformation, and it was at last immortalized by the version of Goethe.

5. THE DRAMA.--We find the first symptoms of a German drama as early as the thirteenth century, in rude attempts to perform religious pieces like the old Mysteries once so popular throughout Europe. At first these dramatic readings were conducted in the churches and by the priests, but when the people introduced burlesque digressions, they were banished to the open fields, where they assumed still greater license. Students in the universities delighted to take part in them, and these exhibitions were continued after the Reformation. There is no reason to suppose that the early Christians objected to these sacred dramas or mysteries when they were compatible with their religion. They were imported into Europe from Constantinople, by crusaders and pilgrims, and became favorite shows to an illiterate populace. Indeed, Christianity was first taught throughout the north of Europe by means of these Mysteries and miracle plays, and the first missionaries had familiarized their rude audiences with the prominent incidents of Biblical history, long before the art of reading could have been called in to communicate the chronicles themselves. The most important writings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are the works of the monks of the mystic school, which form the connecting link between the great era of the Crusades and the greater era of the Reformation. They kindled and kept alive a new religious fervor among the inferior clergy and the middle and lower classes, and without the labors of these reformers of the faith, the reformers of the church would never have found a whole nation waiting to receive them, and ready to support them. While the scholastic divines who wrote in Latin introduced abstruse metaphysics into their theology, the mystics represented religion as abiding in the sentiments of the heart, rather than in doctrines. Their main principle was that piety depended not on ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies, but that it consisted in the abandonment of all selfish passions. The sentiments of the mystic writers were collected and arranged by Tauler (1361), in a well-known work, entitled "German Theology." Luther, in a preface to this book, expresses his admiration of its contents, and asserts that he had found in it the doctrines of the Reformation. Another celebrated work of this school is "The Imitation of Christ," written in Latin, and generally attributed to Thomas à Kempis, a monk who died 1471. It has passed through numberless editions, and still maintains its place among the standard devotional works of Germany and other countries. Two other events prepared the way for the German reformers of the sixteenth century--the foundation of the universities, (1350), and the invention of printing. The universities were national institutions, open alike to rich and poor, to the knight, the clerk, and the citizen. The nation itself called these schools into life, and in them the great men who inaugurated the next period of literature were fostered and formed. The invention of printing (1438) admitted the middle classes, who had been debarred from the use of books, to the privileges hitherto enjoyed almost exclusively by the clergy and the nobility, and placed in their hands weapons more powerful than the swords of the knights, or the thunderbolts of the clergy. The years from 1450 to 1500 form a period of preparation for the great struggle that was to signalize the coming age.

PERIOD SECOND.

THE REFORMATION TO THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (1517-1700).

1. THE LUTHERAN PERIOD.--With the sixteenth century we enter upon the modern history and modern literature of Germany. The language now becomes settled, and the literature for a time becomes national. Luther and the Reformers belonged to the people, who, through them, now for the first time claimed an equality with the old estates of the realm, the two representatives of which, the emperor and the pope, were never more powerful than at this period. The armies of the emperor were recruited from Spain, Austria, Naples, Sicily, and Burgundy while the pope, armed with the weapons of the Inquisition, and the thunderbolts of excommunication, levied his armies of priests and monks from all parts of the Christian world. Against these formidable powers a poor Augustine monk came forth from his study in the small university of Wittenberg, with no armies, no treasures, with no weapon in his hand but the Bible, and in his clear manly voice defied both emperor and pope, clergy and nobility. There never was a more memorable spectacle. After the Reformation nearly all eminent men in Germany, poets, philosophers, and historians, belonged to the Protestant party, and resided chiefly in the universities, which were what the monasteries had been under Charlemagne, and the castles under Frederic Barbarossa--the centres of gravitation for the intellectual and political life of the country. A new aristocracy now arose, founded on intellectual preëminence, which counted among its members princes, nobles, divines, soldiers, lawyers, and artists. But the danger which threatens all aristocracies was not averted from the intellectual nobility of Germany; the spirit of caste, which soon pervaded all their institutions, deprived the second generation of that power which men like Luther had gained at the

beginning of the Reformation. The moral influence of the universities was great, but it would have been far greater if the intellectual leaders of the realm had not separated themselves from the ranks whence they themselves had risen, and to which alone they owed their influence. This intellectual aristocracy manifested a disregard of the real wants of the people, a contempt of all knowledge which did not wear the academic garb, and the same exclusive spirit of caste that characterizes all aristocracies. Latin continued to be the literary medium of scholars, and at the close of the seventeenth century German was only beginning to assert its capabilities as a vehicle of elegant and refined literature. The sixteenth century may be called the Lutheran period, for Martin Luther (1483-1546) was the most prominent character in the general literature as well as in the theology of Germany. He was the exponent of the national feeling, he gave shape and utterance to thoughts and sentiments which had been before only obscurely expressed, and his influence was felt in almost every department of life and literature. The remodeling of the German tongue may be said to have gone hand in hand with the Reformation, and it is to Luther more than to any other that it owes its rapid progress. His translation of the Bible was the great work of the period, and gives to him the deserved title of creator of German prose. The Scriptures were now familiarly read by all classes, and never has their beautiful simplicity been more admirably rendered. The hymns of Luther are no less remarkable for their vigor of style, than for their high devotional feeling. His prose works consist chiefly of twenty volumes of sermons, and eight volumes of polemical writings, besides his "Letters" and "Table Talk," which give us a view of the singular mixture of qualities which formed the character of the great Reformer. The literature of that period also owes much to Melancthon (1497-1560), the author of the "Confession of Augsburg," who by his classical learning, natural sagacity, simplicity and clearness of style, and above all by his moderation and mildness, greatly contributed to the progress of the Reformation. He devoted himself to the improvement of schools and the diffusion of learning, and through his influence the Protestant princes of Germany patronized native literature, established public libraries, and promoted the general education of the people. The earnest polemical writings of the age must be passed over, as they belong rather to ecclesiastical and political than to literary history. Yet these are the most characteristic productions of the times, and display the effects of controversy in a very unfavorable light. The license, personality, acrimony, and grossness of the invectives published by the controversial writers, particularly of the sixteenth century, can hardly be imagined by a modern reader who has not read the originals. The better specimens of this style of writing are found in the remains of Manuel and Zwingli. Manuel (1484-1530), a native of Switzerland, is an instance of the versatility of talent, which was not uncommon at this time; he was a soldier, a poet, a painter, a sculptor, and a wood-engraver. The boldness and license of his satires are far beyond modern toleration. Zwingli (1484-1531), the leading reformer of Switzerland, was a statesman, a theologian, a musician, and a soldier. His principal work is the "Exposition of the Christian Faith." A celebrated writer of prose satire was Fischart (1530-1590), whose numerous works, under the most extravagant titles, are distinguished by wit and extensive learning. His "Prophetic Almanac" was the selling book at all the fairs and markets of the day, and was read with an excitement far exceeding that produced by any modern novels. In his "Gargantua," he borrowed some of his descriptions from Rabelais; and this extravagant, satirical, and humorous book, though full of the uncouth and far-fetched combinations of words found in his other writings, contains many ludicrous caricatures of the follies of society in his age. Franck (fl. 1533), one of the best writers of German prose on history and theology during the sixteenth century, was the representative of the mystic school, and opposed Luther, whom he called the new pope. His religious views in many respects correspond with those of the Society of Friends. Rejecting all ecclesiastical authority, he maintained that there is an internal light in man which is better fitted than even the Scriptures to guide him aright in religious matters. He wrote with bitterness and severity, though he seldom used the coarse style of invective common to his age. Arnd (1555-1621) may be classed among the best theological writers of the period. His treatise "On True Christianity" is still read and esteemed. He belonged to the mystic school, and the pious and practical character of his work made it a favorite among religious men of various sects. Jacob Boehm (1575-1624) was a poor shoemaker, who, without the advantages of education, devoted his mind to the most abstruse studies, and professed that his doctrines were derived from immediate revelation; his works contain many profound and lofty ideas mingled with many confused notions.

2. POETRY, SATIRE, AND DEMONOLOGY.--In the sixteenth century the old poetry of Germany was in a great measure forgotten; the Nibelungen Lied and the Heldenbuch were despised by the learned as relics of barbarian life; classical studies engaged the attention of all who loved elegant literature, and while Horace was admired, the title of German poet was generally applied as a badge of ridicule. A propensity to satire of the most violent and personal description seems to have been almost universal in these excited times. Hutten (1488-1523) shared the general excitement of the age, and warmly defended the views of Luther. He addressed many satirical pamphlets in prose and verse to the people, and was compelled to flee from one city to another, his life being always in danger from the numerous enemies excited by his severity. Next to invectives and satires, comic stories and fables were the

characteristic productions of these times. Hans Sachs (1494-1576), the most distinguished of the Mastersingers of the sixteenth century, excelled in that kind of poetry as well as in all other styles of composition, and following his business as shoemaker, he made verses with equal assiduity. He employed his pen chiefly in writing innumerable tales and fables containing common morality for common people. In one of these he represents the Apostle St. Peter as being greatly perplexed by the disorder and injustice prevailing in the world. Peter longs to have the reins of government in his own hand, and believes that he could soon reduce the world to order. While he is thinking thus, a peasant girl comes to him and complains that she has to do a day's work in the field, and at the same time to keep within bounds a frolicsome young goat. Peter kindly takes the goat into custody, but it escapes into the wood, and the apostle is so much fatigued by his efforts to recover the animal that he is led to this conclusion: "If I am not competent to keep even one young goat in my care, it cannot be my proper business to perplex myself about the management of the whole world." The best lyrical poetry was devoted to the service of the church. Its merit consists in its simple, energetic language. Hymns were the favorite literature of the people; they were the cradle songs which lulled the children to sleep, they were sung by mechanics and maid-servants engaged in their work; and they were heard in the streets and market-places instead of ballads. Luther, who loved music and psalmody, encouraged the people to take a more prominent part in public worship, and wrote for them several German hymns and psalms. The belief in demonology and witchcraft, which was universally diffused through Europe in the Middle Ages, raged in Germany with fearful intensity and fury. While in other countries persecution was limited to the old, the ugly, and the poor, here neither rank nor age offered any exemption from suspicion and torture. While this persecution was at its height, from 1580 to 1680, more than one hundred thousand individuals, mostly women, were consigned to the flames, or otherwise sacrificed to this blood-thirsty insanity. Luther himself was a devout believer in witchcraft, and in the bodily presence of the Spirit of Evil upon the earth; all his harassing doubts and mental struggles he ascribes to his visible agency. Germany, indeed, seemed to live and breathe in an atmosphere of mysticism. Among the mystic philosophers and speculators on natural history and the occult sciences who flourished in this period are Paracelsus (1493-1546), and Cornelius Agrippa (1486-1539). Camerarius was distinguished in the classics and philosophy; Gesner in botany, zoölogy, and the classics; Fuchs in botany and medicine; and Agricola in mineralogy. Among the legends of the period, that of Faust, or Dr. Faustus, has obtained the most lasting popularity. There are good reasons for believing that the hero of this tale was a real personage, who lived in Suabia in the early part of the sixteenth century. He is frequently mentioned as a well-known character who gained his celebrity by the profession of magic. In the "History of Dr. Faustus," first published 1587, he is represented as a magician, who gained by unlawful arts a mastery over nature. The legend rapidly spread; it was versified by the English dramatist Marlowe, it became the foundation of innumerable tales and dramas, until, transformed by the genius of Goethe, it has acquired a prominent place in German literature. At the conclusion of the sixteenth century, owing to the disturbed state of religious, social, and political life, and to the fact that the best minds of the age were occupied in Latin writings on theology, while a few, devoted to quiet study, cultivated only the classics, the hopes which had been raised of a national poetry and literature were blighted, and a scholastic and polemical theology continued to prevail. The native tongue was again neglected for the Latin; the national poems were translated into Latin to induce the learned to read them; native poets composed their verses in Latin, and all lectures at the universities were delivered in that tongue. The work of Luther was undone: ambitious princes and quarrelsome divines continued the rulers of Germany, and everything seemed drifting back into the Middle Ages. Then came the Thirty Years' War (1618- 1648), with all its disastrous consequences. At the close of that war the public mind was somewhat awakened, literary societies were organized, and literature was fostered; but the nation was so completely demoralized that it hardly cared for the liberty sanctioned by the treaty of Westphalia, or for the efforts of a few princes and scholars to better its intellectual condition. The population of Germany was reduced by one half; thousands of villages and towns had been burnt to the ground; the schools, the churches, the universities, were deserted; and a whole generation had grown up during the war, particularly among the lower classes, with no education at all. The once wealthy merchants were reduced to small traders. The Hanse League was broken up; commerce was suspended, and intellectual activity paralyzed. Where any national feeling was left, it was a feeling of shame and despair.

3. THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.--During the seventeenth century the German language was regarded by comparatively few writers as a fit vehicle for polite literature, and was reserved almost exclusively for satires, novels, and religious discourses. Opitz (1597-1639) attempted to introduce the use of his native tongue, and, in a work on German poetry, explained the laws of poetic composition and the mechanism of versification. Several scholars at length directed their attention to the grammar of the language, which, through their influence, now began to be used in the treatment of scientific subjects. Meantime great mathematical and physical discoveries were made through the Academy of Berlin, which was founded under the auspices of Leibnitz, and scientific and literary associations were everywhere established. Books became a vast branch of commerce and great philologists and

archaeologists devoted themselves to the study of classical antiquity. Puffendorf expounded his theories of political history, Kepler, of astronomy, Arnold, of ecclesiastical history; and Leibnitz laid a basis for the scientific study of philosophy in Germany. Wolf shaped the views of Leibnitz into a comprehensive system, and popularized them by publishing his works in the German language. Thomasius, the able jurist and pietistic philosopher, was the first, in 1688, to substitute in the universities the German for the Latin language as the medium of instruction. Satirical novels form a prominent feature in the prose literature of the time, and took the place of the invectives and satires of the sixteenth century. No work of fiction, however, produced such an excitement as the translation of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." Soon after its publication more than forty imitations appeared. During this century the Mastersingers went on composing, according to the rules of their guilds, but we look in vain for the raciness and simplicity of Hans Sachs. Some poets wrote plays in the style of Terence, or after English models; and fables in the style of Phaedrus became fashionable. But there was no trace anywhere of originality, truth, taste, or feeling, except in sacred poetry. Paul Gerhard (1606-1696) is yet without an equal in his sacred songs; many of the best hymns which are still heard in the churches of Germany date from the age of this poet. Soon, however, even this class of poetry degenerated on one side into dry theological phraseology, on the other into sentimental affectation. This century saw the rise and the fall of the first and the second Silesian schools. The first is represented by Opitz (1597-1639), Paul Flemming, a writer of hymns (1609-1640), and a number of less gifted poets. Its character is pseudo-classical. All these poets endeavored to write correctly, sedately, and eloquently. Some of them aimed at a certain simplicity and sincerity, particularly Flemming. But it would be difficult to find in all their writings one single thought or expression that had not been used before; although the works of Opitz and of his followers were marked by a servile imitation of French and Dutch poets, they exerted an influence on the literary taste of their country, enriched the German language with new words and phrases, and established the rules of prosody. The second Silesian school is represented by Hoffmanswaldan (1618-1679) and Lohenstein (1635-1683), who undertook to introduce into the German poetry the bad taste of Marini which at that time so corrupted the literature of Italy. Their compositions are bombastic and full of metaphors,--the poetry of adjectives, without substance, truth, or taste. Dramatic writing rose little above the level of the first period, The Mysteries and Moralities still continued popular, and some of them were altered to suit the new doctrines. Opitz wrote some operas in imitation of the Italian, and Gryphius acquired popularity by his translations from Marini and his introduction of the pastoral drama. The theatrical productions of Lohenstein, characterized by pedantry and bad taste, together with the multitude of others belonging to this age, are curious instances of the folly and degradation to which the stage may be reduced.

PERIOD THIRD.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT TIME (1700-1885.)

1. THE SAXONIC AND SWISS SCHOOLS.--In contrast to the barrenness of the last period, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries present us with a brilliant constellation of writers in every department of letters, whose works form an era in the intellectual development of Germany unsurpassed in many respects by any other in the history of literature. Gottsched and Bodmer each succeeded in establishing schools of poetry which exerted great influence on the literary taste of the country. Gottsched (1700- 1766), the founder of the Saxonian school, exercised the same dictatorship as a poet and critic which Opitz had exercised at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was the advocate and copyist of French models in art and poetry, and he used his widespread influence in favor of the correct and so-called classical style. After having rendered good service in putting down the senseless extravagance of the school of Lohenstein, he became himself a pedantic and arrogant critic; then followed a long literary warfare between him and Bodmer (1698-1783), the founder of the Swiss school. Gottsched and his followers at Leipsic defended the French and insisted on classical forms and traditional rules; Bodmer and his friends in Switzerland defended the English style, and insisted on natural sentiment and spontaneous expression. A paper war was carried on in their respective journals, which at length ended favorably to the Swiss or Bodmer's school, which, although the smaller party, obtained a splendid victory over its antagonist. Many of the followers of Gottsched, disgusted with his pedantry, finally separated themselves from him and formed a new poetical union, called the Second Saxonian School. They established at the same time a periodical, which was at once the channel of their communications and the point around which they centred. The principal representatives of this school were Rabener (1714-1771), very popular for the cheerful strain of wit that runs through his satires, and for the correctness of his language and style; Gellert (1715-1769), whose "Fables" contain great moral truth enlivened by vivid pictures of life, full of sprightliness and humor, and expressed in a style of extraordinary ease and clearness; Kästner (1719-1800), a celebrated and acute mathematician, and the author of many epigrams, elegies, odes, and songs; John Elias Schlegel

(1718-1749), distinguished for his dramatic compositions; and Zachariae (1726-1777), endowed with a poetical and witty invention, which he displayed in his comic epopees and descriptive poems. The following two poets were the most celebrated of them all: Hagedorn (1708-1754), whose fables and poems are remarkable for their fancy and wit; and Haller (1708-1777), who acquired an enduring fame as a poet, anatomist, physiologist, botanist, and scholar. Of inferior powers, but yet of great popularity, were: Gleim (1719-1803), upon whom the Germans bestowed the title of "father," which shows at once how high he ranked among the poets of his time; Kleist (1715-1759), whose poems are characterized by pleasant portraiture, harmonious numbers, great ease, and richness of thought, conciseness of expression, and a noble morality; Ramler (1725-1798), who has been styled the German Horace, from his odes in praise of Frederic the Great; Nicolai (1733-1811), who acquired considerable fame, both for the promotion of literature and for the correction of German taste particularly, through his critical reviews; and Gessner (1730-1787), who gained a great reputation for his "Idyls," which are distinguished by freshness of thought and grace and eloquence of style.

2. KLOPSTOCK, LESSING, WIELAND, AND HERDER.--Klopstock (1724-1803), inspired by the purest enthusiasm for Christianity, and by an exalted love for his fatherland, expressed his thoughts and feelings in eloquent but somewhat mystic strains. He was hailed as the herald of a new school of sacred and national literature, and his "Messiah" announced him in some respects as the rival of Milton. In comparing the Messiah with the "Paradise Lost," Herder says: "Milton's poem is a building resting on mighty pillars; Klopstock's, a magic picture hovering between heaven and earth, amid the tenderest emotions and the most moving scenes of human nature." Lessing (1729-1781) produced a reformation in German literature second only to that effected by Luther in theology. He was equally eminent as a dramatist, critic, and philosopher. His principal dramatic productions are "Emilie Galotti" and "Nathan the Wise." As a critic he demanded creative imagination from all who would claim the title of poet, and spared neither friends nor foes in his efforts to maintain a high standard of literary excellence. The writings of Lessing exerted a commanding influence on the best minds of Germany in almost all departments of thought. They mark, and in a great measure produced, the important change in the tone of German literature, from the national and Christian character of Klopstock to the cosmopolitan character which prevails in the writings of Goethe and Schiller. Wieland (1733-1813) was, in his youth, the friend of Klopstock, and would tolerate nothing but religious poetry; but he suddenly turned to the opposite extreme, and began to write epicurean romances as vehicles of his new views of human life and happiness. Among his tales are "Agathon," "Musarion," and "Aristippus," which last is considered his best work. In all these writings his purpose was to represent pleasure or utility as the only criterion of truth. Although there is much in his prose writings to subject him to severe censure, he maintains his place in the literature of his native country as one of its most gay, witty, and graceful poets. His "Oberon" is one of the most charming and attractive poems of modern times. Herder (1741-1803) was deeply versed in almost all branches of study, and exercised great influence, not only as a poet, but as a theologian, philosopher, critic, and philologist. He studied philosophy under Kant, and, after filling the offices of teacher and clergyman, he was invited to join the circle of poets and other literary men at Weimar, under the patronage of the Grand Duke Karl August. Here he produced a series of works on various subjects, all marked by a kindly and noble spirit of humanity. Among them are a treatise "On the Origin of Language," an essay on "Hebrew Poetry," and a work entitled "Ideas for the Philosophy of Humanity," besides poetical and critical writings. In his collection of popular ballads from various nations he showed his power of appreciating the various national tomes of poetry. The most noble feature in Herder's character was his constant striving for the highest interests of mankind. He did not employ literature as the means of satisfying personal ambition, and the melancholy of his last days arose from his lofty and unfulfilled aspirations. His friend Richter said of him: "Herder was no poet,--he was something far more sublime and better than a poet,--he was himself a poem,--an Indian Greek Epic composed by one of the purest of the gods."

3. GOETHE AND SCHILLER.--The close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, the age of Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, was one of remarkable intellectual excitement, and it has produced a literature richer, more voluminous, and more important than that of all preceding periods taken collectively. The time extending between 1150 and 1300 has been styled the First Classic Period, and that we are now entering upon is regarded as the second. These two epochs resemble each other not only in their productiveness, but in the failure of both to maintain a distinct national school of poetry. In the thirteenth century the national epic appeared, but was soon neglected for the foreign legends and sentimental verses of the romancists and minnesingers. In the eighteenth century, when Lessing had made a path for original genius by clearing away French pedantry and affectation, there appeared some hope of a revival of true national literature. But Herder directed the literary enthusiasm of his time towards foreign poetry and universal studies, and a cosmopolitan rather than a national style has been the result; although for thoughtfulness and sincerity, and for the number of important ideas which it has brought into circulation,

modern German literature may justly claim the highest honor. Goethe (1749-1832) was a man of universal genius; he was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and of his boyhood he gives a pleasant account in his work entitled "Poetry and Truth." In 1773 the appearance of his "Götz von Berlichingen," a drama founded upon the autobiography of that national and popular hero, was regarded as the commencement of an entirely new period in German dramatic literature. It was followed, in 1774, by the sentimental novel, "The Sorrows of Werther," in which Goethe gave expression to the morbid sentiments of many of his contemporaries. The Grand Duke of Weimar invited him to his court, where he was elevated to an honorable position. Here he produced his dramatic poems, "Iphigenia," "Egmont," "Tasso," and "Faust," besides many occasional poems and other works, and continued writing until his eighty-second year, while he varied his literary life with the pleasures of society. As a poet, Goethe is chiefly known by his dramas, "Faust," "Tasso," and "Egmont;" his lyrical and occasional poems, and his domestic epic, entitled "Herman and Dorothea." The first part of "Faust" is the poem by which the fame of this author has been most widely extended. Though incomplete, it is remarkably original, and suggests important reflections on human character and destiny. The narrative is partly founded on the old legend of Faust, the magician. We are introduced to the hero at the moment when he despairs of arriving at any valuable result, after years of abstruse study, and is about to put the cup of poison to his lips. The church bells of Easter Sunday recall to his mind the scenes of his innocent childhood, and he puts aside the cup and resolves to commence a new career of life. At this moment, his evil genius, Mephistopheles, appears, and persuades him to abandon philosophy and to enjoy the pleasures of the world. Faust yields to his advice, and after many adventures ends his career in crime and in misery. Many parts of the poem are written in a mystical vein, and intimate rather than express the various reflections to be deduced from it. The second part of "Faust" is remarkable for its varied and harmonious versification. Goethe was a voluminous writer, and much devoted to the fine arts and the natural sciences, as is attested by his remarkable work on the theory of colors. He extended his wide sympathies over almost every department of literature. The great merit of Goethe lies not so much in his separate productions, as in the philosophy of life and individual development which pervades his works, all of which, from "Faust," his greatest achievement, to his songs, elegies, and shorter poems, have the same peculiar character, and are tinged with the same profound reflections. The service he rendered to the German language was immense. The clearness and simplicity of his prose style make the best model for the imitation of his countrymen. During his lifetime, professors of various universities lectured on his works, and other authors wrote commentaries on his productions, while his genius has been amply recognized in foreign countries, especially within the last thirty years. Schiller (1759-1805) was born at Marbach, a town of Wurtemberg. At the age of fourteen he was admitted to the military academy at Stuttgart, where, in spite of its dull routine, he secretly educated himself as a poet. At the age of twenty-two, he gave to the world his tragedy of the "Robbers" (composed when he was only seventeen), in which his own wild longings for intellectual liberty found a turbulent and exaggerated expression. The public received it with great enthusiasm, as the production of a vigorous and revolutionary genius, and Schiller soon after escaped from the academy to try his fortune as a theatrical author. Accompanied by a young musician, with only twenty-three florins in his pocket, he set out for Manheim, on the night when the Grand Duke Paul of Russia paid a visit to Stuttgart, and all the people were too full of the excitement of the royal preparations and illuminations to observe the departure of the young poet. The good citizens did not dream that an obscure youth was leaving the city gate, of whom they would one day be far more proud than of the glittering visit of the Grand Duke. Yet the royal entrance is only now remembered because on that night young Schiller ran away; and the people of Stuttgart, when they would show a stranger their objects of interest, point first of all to the statue of Friedrich Schiller. After many adventures, Schiller was appointed poet to the theatre at Manheim. At a later period he was made Professor of History at the University of Jena, a position for which his genius eminently fitted him, and every prospect of happiness opened before him. But his health soon failed, and, after a short illness, he expired at the early age of forty-five. The principal works of Schiller are the dramas of "Wallenstein", "Marie Stuart", "The Maid of Orleans", "The Bride of Messina", and the celebrated ode called the "Song of the Bell". Besides these, he wrote many ballads, didactic poems, and lyrical pieces. The "Song of the Bell" stands alone as a successful attempt to unite poetry with the interests of daily life and industry. In his lyrical ballads and romances, Schiller rises above the didactic and descriptive style, and is inspired with noble purposes. The "Cranes of Ibycus" and the "Fight with the Dragon" may be mentioned as instances. Schiller was so interesting as a man, a philosopher, a historian, and critic, as well as poet, that, as Carlyle observes, in the general praise of his labors, his particular merits have been overlooked. His aspirations in literature were noble and benevolent. He regarded poetry especially as something other than a trivial amusement,--as the companion and cherisher of the best hopes and affections that can be developed in human life. While Goethe excels Schiller in completeness of aesthetical and philosophical perception, and in the versatility of his world-embracing and brilliant attainments, as a lover of his race, and as a poet who knew how to embody that love in the most exquisite conceptions, Schiller far surpassed him, and stands preeminent among all other poets. While Goethe represented the actual thoughts and feelings of his age, Schiller reflected its ideal yearnings; while the

practical result of Goethe's influence was to develop the capacities of each individual to their utmost extent, Schiller's aim was to lead men to consecrate their gifts to _the good, the beautiful, and the true_, the ethical trinity of the ages. The one poet represents the majesty, and at the same time the tyranny of the intellect; the other, the power and the loveliness of the affections; and although Goethe will always receive the respect and admiration of the world, Schiller will command its love.

4. THE GÖTTINGEN SCHOOL.--This association was formed at the epoch of Goethe and Schiller, when poets such as no other times had produced started up in quick succession. The following are among the principal members of this school: Voss (1756-1826) is distinguished by a classical taste and great fluency of style. His "Louise" is a masterpiece of bucolic poetry. His "Idyls" are the best of his minor poems. Christian Stolberg (1748-1821) was the author of two dramas, many elegiac poems and translations from the Greek. Leopold Stolberg (1750-1817), his brother, was still more successful as a poet, and distinguished for his acute observation of the beautiful in nature. Hoeltz (1748-1776) was a poet of the gentler affections, the eloquent advocate of love, friendship, and benevolence. Claudius (1743-1815), in his poetical productions, ranges through song, elegy, romance, and fable. Bürger (1748-1794) was remarkable as the author of wild, picturesque ballads and songs. His most celebrated poem is "Leonore", which was at one time known by heart all over Germany. Schubart (1739-1791), though not belonging to the Göttingen association, may be here referred to. His songs and poems evince a warm imagination, and his descriptions are true and beautiful. One of the most powerful writers of this period was Klinger (1753-1831), whose highly wrought productions reflected most vividly the vehemence of thought and feeling of his time, and whose drama, "Storm and Stress", gave the name to that peculiar school known as the Storm and Stress literature.

5. THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.--The founders of the Romantic School, Novalis, the two Schlegels, and Tieck, opposed the system which held up the great masters of antiquity as exclusive models of excellence; they condemned this theory as cold and narrow, and opposed alike to the true interests of literature and progress. They pointed out the vast changes in religion, morality, thought, habits, and manners which separated the ancient from the modern world, and declared that to follow blindly the works of Virgil and Cicero was to repress all originality and creative power. From the times of Pericles or Augustus they turned to the Middle Ages, and, forgetting their crimes and miseries, threw around them a halo of illusive romance. It was not only in poetry that this reaction was visible--in art and architecture the same tendency appeared. The stiff and quaint but vigorous productions of the old German painters were drawn forth from the obscurity where they had long mouldered; the glorious old cathedrals were repaired and embellished; the lays of the minnesingers, collected by Tieck, were on every lip, and the records of the olden times were ransacked for historic and traditionary lore. Although the Romantic School soon fell into extravagances which did much to diminish its influence, the whole of Germany was to some extent affected by it. The love for particular epochs led to researches in the language and antiquities, as such, as in Oriental studies, and during the calamitous period of the French invasion the national feeling was revived and kept alive by the stirring and patriotic songs which recalled the glories of the past. The brothers Schlegel are more celebrated as philologists and critics than as poets; although their metrical compositions are numerous, they are wholly deficient in warmth, passion, and imagination. Tieck is more distinguished as a novelist than a poet, but even his prose tales are so pervaded by the spirit of poetry that they may be said to belong to this department. Among other poets, Körner and Arndt are best remembered by their patriotic songs, which once thrilled every German heart. Seldom in romance or history is there found a more noble or heroic character than Theodore Körner (1791-1813). Short as was his existence, he had already struck, with more or less success, almost every chord of the poetic lyre. His dramas, with many faults, abound in scenes glowing with power and passion, and prove what he might have achieved had life been spared to him. But it is his patriotic poems, his "Lyre and Sword," which have invested the name of Körner with the halo of fame and rendered his memory sacred to his countrymen. The name of Arndt (1769-1860) is also associated in every German mind with the cause of national liberty; and his poems have incited many German hearts to the achievement of heroic deeds. His patriotic song, "Where is the German's fatherland," is a universal favorite. Arndt is not less celebrated for his historical and scientific works than for his poems. The Suabian School is represented by Uhland, Schwab, Kerner, and others who have enriched German poetry with many original lyrics. Uhland (1787- 1862) is the most distinguished ballad writer of the present age in Germany. The conceptions embodied in his poetry refer chiefly to the Middle Ages, and his stories are many of them founded on well-known legends. Kerner (b. 1786) is more intrinsically romantic than Uhland, but he is equally at home in other species of composition. Schwab (1792-1850) is distinguished among the lyric poets. An epic tendency, combined with great facility in depicting scenery and describing events, is the main feature of his metrical romances. Rückert (1789-1866), one of the most original lyric poets of Germany, is distinguished for the versatility of his descriptive powers, the richness of his imagination, and his bold, fiery spirit. He has been followed by Daumer, Bodenstedt, and others. The most remarkable poet whom Germany has produced in the present century is Heinrich Heine (1800-1856), and his poems are among the

most fascinating lyrics in European literature. The delicacy, wit, and humor of his writings, their cruel and cynical laughter, and their tender pathos, give him a unique place in the literature of his country. A school of writers known as *Young Germany* was deeply influenced by Heine. Their object was to revolutionize the political, social, and religious institutions of the country. Börne (d. 1837), the rival of Heine in the leadership of the party, was inferior to him in poetical power, but his superior in earnestness, moral beauty, and elevation. Börne was the nightmare of the German princes, at whom he darted, from his place of exile in Paris, the arrows of his bitter satire. Some of his writings are among the most eloquent of modern German compositions. Prominent among the followers of Heine and Börne are Gutzkow (b. 1811), a novelist, essayist, and dramatist; Laube (b. 1806); and Mundt (b. 1808). >From about 1830 a group of Austrian poets, more or less political in tendency, commanded the respect of all Germans, the chief among them was Count Auersperg, who, under the assumed name of Anastasius Grün, wrote lyrical and other brilliant and effective poems. Of the writers who before 1848 attempted to force poetry into the service of freedom, the best known is Herwegh, who advocated liberty with a vehemence that won for him immense popularity. The poems of Freiligrath (1810-1876) have graphic force, and possess merit of a high order. He has a rich imagination, great power of language, and musical versification. Among the more distinguished contemporary poets, Hamerling is remarkable for the boldness of his conceptions, and the passionate vehemence of his expression.

6. THE DRAMA.--At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Gottsched and his followers had rendered good service to the stage, not so much by their own productions as by driving from it the bombast of Lohenstein. Lessing followed this movement by attacking the French dramas, which had hitherto been esteemed the highest productions of human genius, and by bringing forward Shakspeare as the true model of dramatic style. This attack was so successful that the influence of the French drama soon declined, and in the reaction, Greeks, Romans, kings and princesses were replaced by honest, tiresome burghers, with their commonplace wives and daughters, and the toga and tunic gave way to woolen petticoats and dress-coats. Everything like poetry, either in language or sentiment, was banished from the stage. Such was the state of things when Goethe appeared. His rapid glance at once discerned the poverty of dramatic art, and his flexible and many-sided genius set itself to supply the deficiency. His "Götz von Berlichingen" illustrated the possibility of a dramatic literature founded upon national history and national character. His "Egmont" is a highly poetic and eloquent dramatization of that popular hero, and of the struggles of the Netherlands against the tyranny of Spain. His "Tasso" is a poem of psychological interest, illustrating a favorite maxim of the author that a poet, like every other artist, for his true development, needs education. "A hundred times," says Goethe, "have I heard artists boast that they owed everything to themselves, and I am often provoked to add, 'Yes, and the result is just what might be expected.' What, let me ask, is a man in and of himself?" The lesson of the drama of "Tasso" is this--that the poet cannot fulfill his duty by cultivating merely his imagination, however splendid and powerful it may be. Like all other men who would be good and great, he must exercise patience and moderation; must learn the value of self-denial; must endure the hardships and contradictions of the real world; contentedly occupy his place, with its pains and pleasures, as a part of the great whole, and patiently wait to see the beauty and brightness which flow from his soul, win their way through the obstacles presented by human society. The singular merit of this dramatic poem is this: that it is the fruit of genuine experience, adorned with the hues of a beautiful imagination, and clothed in classical language; but it is a work written for the few. "Iphigenia" is a fine imitation of the ancient Greek style, but not well suited to the stage. In his dramatic, as in all his other works, the only end and aim of Goethe was to carry to perfection the art in which he was so great a master. Virtue and vice, truth and falsehood, are each portrayed with the same graceful complacency and the same exquisite skill. His immense and wide-spreading influence renders this singular indifference, which seems to confound the very sense of right and wrong, doubly lamentable. In plastic skill and variety, the dramatic creations of Schiller are regarded, in some respects, inferior to those of Goethe, but they all glow with the love of true goodness and greatness, and with an enthusiasm for virtue and liberty which communicates itself, as by an electric spark, to his readers. The violent tone of Schiller's first tragedy, the "Robbers," was suggested by other theatrical writers of the period, who esteemed wildness and absurdity the chief characteristics of poetical genius. Schiller gave to his dramatic works more movement and popular interest than can be found in Goethe's dramas, but yielded in some instances to the sentimental tone so prevalent in German poetry. "Fiesco" was written in a better style than the "Robbers," though less suited to please the low theatrical taste of the time. "Don Carlos" showed more maturity of thought, and is pervaded by a coloring of poetic sentiment; "Wallenstein" won for the poet a universal reputation in his native land, and was translated into English by Coleridge. "Marie Stuart," the "Maid of Orleans," and the "Bride of Messina," contributed still more to increase the poet's fame. "Wilhelm Tell" was the most popular of Schiller's plays, and is still esteemed by some as his best production. Here the love of liberty, so wildly expressed in the "Robbers," appears in its true and refined character. Kotzebue (1760-1819) was one of the most successful playwrights of Germany. He composed an almost countless number of plays, and his plots were equally versatile and amusing; but he was

entirely destitute of poetic and moral beauty. His opposition to liberal principles caused him to be regarded as the enemy of liberty, and to be assassinated by an enthusiastic student named George Sand, who, on obtaining admittance to him under the pretense of business, stabbed him to the heart. While the influence of the Romantic School tended to invest all poetry with a dreamy and transcendental character, in the drama it was mingled with stormy and exciting incidents, often carried to the extreme of exaggeration and absurdity. The Romancists dealt almost exclusively with the perturbed elements of the human mind and the fearful secrets of the heart. They called to their aid the mysteries of the dark side of nature, and ransacked the supernatural world for its marvels and its horrors. The principal of these "Power Men," as they were called, are Müllner, Werner, Howald, and Grillparzer. Müllner (1774-1829) displayed no common order of poetic genius; but the elements of crime, horror, and remorse often supply the place of originality of thought and delineation of character. Werner (1768-1823), after a youth of alternate profligacy and remorse, embraced the Catholic faith and became a preacher. His dramas of "Martin Luther," "Attila," and the "Twenty-ninth of February," have rendered him one of the most popular authors in Germany. Grillparzer (b. 1790) is the author of a drama entitled the "Ancestress." The wildest dreams of Müllner and Werner sink into insignificance before the extravagance of this production, both in language and sentiment. The "Sappho" of this author displays much lyric beauty. Iffland (1759-1814) was a fertile but dull dramatist. One of the best national tragedies was written by Münch Bellinghausen. Charlotte Birchpfeifer has dramatized a great number of stories. Raupach (1784-1852) was one of the most able of recent German writers of plays, Gutzkow is distinguished among contemporary dramatists; and Freytag and Bauernfeld are excellent writers of comedy. Kleist (d. 1811) was also a distinguished writer of dramas of the Romantic School. Mosenthal, the author of "Deborah," has achieved distinction by aiming at something higher than stage effect.

7. PHILOSOPHY.--The appearance of Kant (1724-1804) created a new era in German philosophy. Previous to his time, the two systems most in vogue were the sensualism of Locke and his followers and the idealism of Leibnitz, Wolf, and others. Kant, in his endeavors to ascertain what we can know and what we originally do know, was led to the fundamental laws of the mind, and to investigate original or transcendental ideas, those necessary and unchangeable forms of thought, without which we can perceive nothing. For instance, our perceptions are submitted to the two forms of time and space. Hence these two ideas must be within us, not in the objects and not derived from experience, but the necessary and pure intuitions of the internal sense. The work in which Kant endeavored to ascertain those ideas, and the province of certain human knowledge, is entitled the "Critique of Pure Reason," and the doctrines there expounded have been called the Critical Philosophy and also the Transcendental. In the "Critique of Practical Reason" the subject of morals is treated, and that of aesthetics in the "Observations on the Sublime and Beautiful." The advent of Kant created a host of philosophical writers and critics, and besides Lessing and Herder there were Moses Mendelssohn, Hamann (the Magus of the North), Reinhold, Jacobi, and many others who speculated in various directions upon the most momentous problems of humanity and of the human soul. Fichte (1762-1814) carried the doctrine of Kant to its extreme point, and represented all that the individual perceives without himself, or all that is distinguished from the individual, as the creation of this I or ego; that the life of the mind is the only real life, and that everything else is a delusion. Schelling (1775-1854), in his "Philosophy of Identity," argues that the same laws prevail throughout the material and the intellectual world. His later writings contain theories in which the doctrines of Christianity are united with philosophical speculations. The leading principle of Schelling is found in a supposed intuition, which he describes as superior to all reasoning, and admitting neither doubt nor explanation. Coleridge adopted many views of this philosopher, and some of his ideas may be found in the contemplative poems of Wordsworth. Hegel (1770-1831), in his numerous, profound, and abstruse writings, has attempted to reduce all the departments of knowledge to one science, founded on a method which is expounded in his work on Logic. The "Identity System" of Schelling and the "Absolute Logic" of Hegel have already produced an extensive library of philosophical controversy, and the indirect influence of the German schools of philosophy has affected the tone of the literature in France, England, America, Denmark, and Sweden. The effect of German philosophy has been to develop intense intellectual activity. The habit of searching into the hidden mysteries of being has inclined the German mind to what is deepest, and sometimes to what is most obscure in thought; and the tendency to rise to the absolute, which is characteristic of this philosophy, manifests its influence not only in the blending of poetry and metaphysics, but in every department of science, literature, and art. The literary theory thus developed, that ideal beauty and not the imitation of nature is the highest principle of art, is everywhere applied even to the study of the great monuments of the past, and in the writings of the German archaeologists new youth seems to spring from the ruins of the ancient world. The physical sciences are also introduced into that universal sphere of ideas where the most minute observations, as well as the most important results, pertain to general interests. >From 1818 to the time of his death, in 1831, the influence of Hegel dominated the highest thought. Later, his school broke into three divisions; Ruge, one of the most brilliant writers of the school,

led the extreme radicals; Strauss resolved the narratives of the gospel into myths, and found the vital elements of Christianity in its spiritual teaching; while Feuerbach urged that all religion should be replaced by a sentiment of humanity. Ulrici and the younger Fichte exercised considerable influence as advocates of a pantheistic doctrine which aims to reconcile religion and science. None of these names, however, have the importance which attaches to that of Schopenhauer (d. 1860), who, at the present day, stirs a deeper interest than any other thinker. His main doctrine is that Will is the foundation principle of existence, the one reality in the universe, and all else is mere appearance. History is a record of turmoil and wretchedness, and the world and life essentially evil. High moral earnestness and great literary genius are shown in his graphic and scornful pictures of the darker aspects of the world. Van Hartmann, the most prominent leader of the Pessimistic School (1842- 1872), the latest original thinker of Germany, in his "Philosophy of the Unconscious," follows essentially the same line of thought. He assumes that there is in nature a blind, impersonal, unconscious, all-pervading will and idea, a pure and spiritual activity, independent of brain and nerve, and manifesting itself in thought, emotion, instinct, morals, language, perception, and history. He teaches that this is the last principle of philosophy, described by Spinoza as substance, by Fichte as the absolute I, by Plato and Hegel as the absolute idea, and by Schopenhauer as Will. He believes the world to be utterly and hopelessly bad, and the height of wisdom to suppress the desire to live. At the same time he believes that there is no peace for the heart and intellect until religion, philosophy, and science are seen to be one, as root, stem, and leaves are all organic expressions of one same living tree.

8. MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.--The best German minds of the nineteenth century have been absorbed by severe labor in all branches of learning and the sciences. Many memoirs of eminent persons have appeared, and many books of travel, since the days of George Forster (1754-1794), the teacher of Humboldt and the inaugurator of a new scientific and picturesque school of the literature of travel. Lichtenstein has written his travels in Southern Africa; Prince Maximilian von Wied and Martius, in Brazil; Pöppig, in Chili, Peru, etc.; Burmeister and Tschudi, in South America; Lepsius and Brugsch, in Egypt; and more recently, Gützlaff, in China; Siebold, in Japan; Barth and Vogel, in Africa; Leichhardt, in Australia; the brothers Schlagintweit, one of whom fell a victim to his zeal, in Asia; and Ida Pfeiffer (1797-1858), a woman of rare intrepidity, who visited, mostly on foot, the most remote regions of the globe. Another tourist and voluminous writer is Kohl (b. 1808). Qualities rarely united in one individual met in the character of Alexander von Humboldt (1769- 1859), an enterprising traveler, a man of extensive science, and an accomplished writer. Accompanied by his friend Bonpland, he visited South America, and after five years of adventurous research among the wonders of nature, he returned, and prepared for the press the results of his travels--the "Aspects of Nature," "Picturesque Views of the Cordilleras," and "Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of America." This veteran student produced at an advanced age a remarkable work entitled "Cosmos," containing the results of a long life of observation and contemplation. In the first part he gives general views of the economy of nature, while in the second we find ingenious speculations regarding the influence of nature on human society, in its various stages of culture. The Chevalier Bunsen (d. 1860) celebrated by his theological and historico-philosophical researches, has written, among other works, one on the "Position of Egypt in the History of the World," which is a learned dissertation on the antiquities and especially on the primitive language of Egypt. In the periodicals of Germany every department of letters and science is represented, and through the book-fairs of Leipsic all the literature of the ancient and modern world passes. They are the magazines of the productions of all nations. Every class of contending tastes and opinions is represented and all the contrasts of thought which have been developed in the course of ages meet in the Leipsic book-market. SCIENCE.--The growth of science has been one of the most powerful factors in the recent development of Germany, and some of the best works present in a popular form the results of scientific labor. Among these the first place belongs to the "Cosmos" of Humboldt. Although no longer in accordance with the best thought, it has enduring merit from the author's power of handling vast masses of facts, his poetic feeling and purity and nobility of style. In chemistry Liebig (d. 1873) is widely and popularly known; DuBois-Raymond has made great researches in animal electricity, physics, and physiology; Virchow in biology; Helmholtz in physiological optics and sound; Haeckel has extended the theories and investigations of Darwin, and all have made admirable attempts to render science intelligible to ordinary readers. With the death of Goethe began a new era in German literature not yet closed. The period has been one of intense political excitement, and while much of the best of the nation has been devoted to politics there has also been great literary activity deeply influenced by the practical struggles, hopes, and fears of the time. There has been a tendency in German writers hitherto to neglect the laws of expression, although their writings have evinced great originality and power of imagination, owing doubtless to the fact that they were addressed only to particular classes of readers. But since the political unity of the country has been accomplished, increasing numbers of thinkers and scholars have appealed to the whole nation, and, in consequence, have cultivated more directness and force of style. NOVELS, ROMANCES, AND POPULAR LEGENDS.--Poetry and prose fiction form the general literature of a nation, and are distinguished from the

literature of the study or from special literature, which consists chiefly of books for the use of distinct classes or parties. Fiction borders closely on the province of history, which, in its broad and comprehensive outlines, must necessarily leave unnoticed many of the finer lights and shades of human life, descriptions of motives, private characters, and domestic scenes. To supply these in the picture of humanity is the distinct office of fiction, which, while free in many respects, should still be essentially true. The poetry and fiction of a country should be the worthy companion to its history. The true poet should be the interpreter and illustrator of life. While the historian describes events and the outward lives of men, the poet penetrates into the inner life, and portrays the spirit that moves them. The historian records facts; the poet records feelings, thoughts, hopes, and desires; the historian keeps in view the actual man; the poet, the ideal man; the historian tells us what man has been; the poet reminds us either in his dreams of the past, or in his visions of the future, what man can be; and the true poet who fulfills such a duty is as necessary to the development and education of mankind as the historian. The numerous fictitious works of Germany may be arranged in four different classes. The first, comprehending historical romances, affords few writers who bear comparison with Scott. In the second class, containing novels which describe characters and scenes in real life, German literature is also comparatively poor. The third class comprises all the fictions marked by particular tendencies respecting art, literature, or society. In the fourth class, which includes imaginative tales, German literature is especially rich. To this department of fiction, in which the imagination is allowed to wander far beyond the bounds of real life and probability, the Germans apply distinctively the term poetical. In these imaginative and mystical fictions there is an important distinction between such tales as convey moral truth and interest under an array of visionary adventures, and those which are merely fantastic and almost destitute of meaning. Goethe's novel, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," may be classed with fictions intended to convey certain views of life; but its chief defect is, that the object of the writer remains in a mist, even at the end of the story. The "Elective Affinities," while it contains many beauties as a work of art, is objectionable in a moral point of view. Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825) describes human life in all its aspects of light and shade, and his voluminous works embrace all subjects, from the highest problems of transcendental philosophy and the most passionate poetical delineations to "Instructions in the Art of Falling Asleep," but his essential character, however disguised, is that of a philosopher and moral poet, whose study has been human nature, and whose delight is in all that is beautiful, tender, and mysteriously sublime in the fate or history of man. Humor is the ruling quality of his mind, the central fire that pervades and vivifies his whole being. The chief productions of Jean Paul (the title under which he wrote) are novels, of which "Hesperus" and "Titan" are considered his masterpieces. These and the charming prose idyl, "The Years of Wild Oats," keep their place as works of permanent excellence. In his famous "Dream," in which he describes a universe without religion, he rises to the loftiest height of imagination. Tieck (1773-1853) was at once a novelist, poet, and critic; but his fairy tales have perhaps rendered him most popular. His fancy was brilliant and sportive, and his imagination varied and fantastic. The world of his creation was peopled by demons who shed their malignant influence on mankind, or by spirits such as the Rosicrucians had conjured up, nymphs of the air, the woods, or waters. These airy visions he wove into form and shape with a master hand, and he invested even the common objects of life with a supernatural hue. At times he seems almost to have acquired a closer intimacy with nature than that granted to common men, and to have dived into the secret of her operations and the working of her laws. But while Tieck is unrivaled in the world of phantasy, he becomes an ordinary writer when he descends to that of daily life. Hardenberg, known by the assumed name of Novalis (1772-1801), by his unsullied character, his early death, and the mystic tone of his productions, was long regarded with an enthusiasm which has now greatly declined. His romance, "Henry von Ofterdingen," contains elements of beauty, but it deals too exclusively with the shadowy, the distant, and the unreal. His "Aphorisms" are sometimes deep and original, but often paradoxical and unintelligible. La Motte Fouqué (1777-1843) is best known by his charming story of "Undine," founded on one of those traditions in which the ancient fairy mythology of Germany abounded. Undine, a beautiful water-spirit, wins the heart of a noble knight, and consents to be his bride. We have seen it was only through the union with a being of mortal mould that the spirits of air and water could obtain the gift of a soul. But before giving her hand to her lover, Undine reminds him that the relentless laws of her race condemn her to become herself the instrument of his destruction if he should break his plighted vow. The knight accepts the conditions, and for a time he remains true to his beautiful wife. But at length, weary of her charms, he seeks the daughter of a neighboring baron for his bride, and in the midst of the wedding festivities the faithless knight is suffocated by an embrace from Undine, who is forced by the race of spirits thus to destroy him. The sweetness and pathos of this tale and its dream-like beauty have given it a place among those creations which appeal to all the world, and do not depend for their popularity on the tendencies of any particular age. Chamisso (1781-1836), one of the most popular poets of Germany, was the author of "Peter Schlemihl," a well-known tale describing the adventures of a man who sold his shadow for a large sum of money, and found afterward that he had made a very bad bargain. The moral it seems to indicate is that gold is dearly obtained at the sacrifice of any part, even of the shadow, of our humanity. Hoffmann (1776-1822) surpassed all

other imaginative writers in inventing marvelous incidents, while he was inferior to many of them in poetical genius. His stories mingle the circumstances of real life with grotesque and visionary adventures. Zschokke (1771-1847) was remarkable as a man and an author. His literary activity extended over more than half a century, and his tales and miscellaneous writings have had extensive popularity. His studies were generally directed toward human improvement, as in "The Goldmaker's Village," where he describes the progress of industry and civilization among a degraded population. Of the other numerous writers of fiction the names of a few only can be mentioned. Theresa Huber (1764-1829) was the authoress of several popular novels. Benedicte Naubert wrote several historical romances mentioned by Scott as having afforded him some suggestions. Caroline Pichler's "Tales" were accounted among the best fictions of her times. Henriette Hanke produced eighty-eight volumes of domestic narratives and other writings of a moral character; the Countess Hahn-Hahn follows the tendencies of Madame Dudevant (George Sand), though with less genius. Brentano, the author of "Godiva," and Arnim, author of the "Countess Dolores," may also be mentioned among the remarkable writers of fantastic romances. Bettina (1785-1859), the sister of Brentano, and the wife of Arnim, who resembles these authors in her imaginative character, wrote a singularly enthusiastic book, entitled, "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." Imaginative pictures in words, interspersed with sentiments, characterize the writings of Bettina and many other romancists, while they show little power in the construction of plots and the development of character. Among the more renowned female writers are Auguste von Paalzow, Amalie Schoppe, Johanna Schoppenhauer, Friederike Brun, Talvi (Mrs. Robinson). Henriette Herz (1764-1841) and Rahel (1771-1844) also occupied a brilliant position in the literary and social world. The latter was the wife of Varnhagen von Ense (d. 1859), the most able and attractive biographical writer of Germany. Wilhelm Häring (Wilibald Alexis) is particularly eminent as a romance writer. The historical novelists of the early part of this century, as Van der Velde, Spindler, Rellstab, Storch, and Rau, have been succeeded by König, Heller, and several others. Good French and English novels are translated into German, almost immediately after their appearance, and the comparative scarcity of interesting German novels is accounted for by the taste for this foreign literature, and also by the increasing absorption of literary talent in the periodical press. Schucking is remarkable for his power of vividly conceiving character. Fanny Lewald is artistic in her methods and true and keen in her observation of life; and among novelists of simple village life Auerbach (1812-1883) takes the first place. Gustave Freytag (b. 1816), whose "Debit and Credit" is an intensely realistic study of commercial life, is also one of the distinguished writers of fiction. The popular legends of Germany are numerous and characteristic of the country. These narratives are either legends of local interest, associated with old castles, or other antiquities, or they are purely fabulous. Though they are sometimes fantastic and in their incidents show little respect to the laws of probability, they are genuine and fairly represent the play of the popular imagination; while under their wild imagery they often convey symbolically a deep and true meaning,

LITERARY HISTORY AND CRITICISM.--Modern German literature is singularly rich in this department. In the Republic of Letters, German students have found the liberty they could not enjoy in actual life, and this cause has promoted investigation in ancient and modern literature. Poets, historians, philosophers, and other writers have been studied and criticised, not merely as authors, but with especial reference to their respective contributions to the progress of ideas and the movements of society. Some of the most eminent German critical writers have already been mentioned under various preceding heads. Winckelmann (1717-1768) devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of antique sculpture, and wrote elegant dissertations on the grace and beauty of the works of ancient art. His writings display true enthusiasm and refined taste. It may be said that the school of art-criticism in Germany owes its origin to the studies of Winckelmann. The critical writings of Herder were more remarkable for the impulse which they gave to the studies of authors than for their intrinsic merits. Goethe in his prose writings showed with what grace and precision the German language might be written. The letters of Schiller are pervaded by a lofty and ideal tone. William von Humboldt (1762-1832) was the founder of the science of comparative philology, a scholar of remarkable comprehensiveness and scientific knowledge, and the author of several highly important works on language and literature. The brothers Schlegel developed that taste for universal literature which had been introduced by Herder. The mind of Augustus Schlegel (1767-1845) was rather comprehensive than endowed with original and creative genius. His poems are elegant, but not remarkable. Friedrich Schlegel (1772-1829), like his brother, was opposed to the skeptical character of some of the philosophical theories of his day, and after entering the Catholic Church he expressed his religious and polemical opinions in his works on literature. His lectures on "The Philosophy of History" were evidently written with political and religious purposes. He participated with his brother in the study of Oriental literature and language, but his lectures on "The Literature of all Nations" have chiefly extended his fame for great capacity, critical acumen, and extensive learning. The main purpose of the author is to describe the development of literature in its connection with the social and religious institutions of various nations and periods. He thus elevates literature, and especially poetry, far above the views of trivial and

commonplace criticism, and regards it in its highest aspect as the product of human life and genius in various stages of cultivation. The history of the world of books is thus represented as no dry and pedantic study, but as one intimately connected with the best interests of humanity. In the establishment of this humanitarian style of literature, the services of this author were of great value, although many of his works, as well as those of others in this department, have been written rather for the use of scholars than for the public. There still remains in Germany that distinction between a popular and scholastic style which characterized the Middle Ages, when the literati excluded their thoughts from the people by writing in Latin. The literature of the past, which is in itself too diffuse to be comprehended by men of scanty leisure in modern times, is with most writers too often rather complicated and extended than simplified and compressed into a readable form. If the labors of learned historians and critics had been directed to popularize the results of their extensive scholarship, readers without much time for study might have acquired a fair general acquaintance with universal literature. But while concise and masterly summaries are required, many scholars love to wander in never-ending disquisitions, and the consequence is that the greater number of readers acquire only a fragmentary and accidental knowledge of books. While the brothers Schlegel, and many other writers, followed the tendencies of Herder in universal literature, a national school of criticism was founded and supported by the brothers Grimm, with many able associates. Jacob, the eldest (d. 1863), devoted his researches to the German literature of the Middle Ages, and collected the scattered remnants of old popular legends. In conjunction with, his brother William (d. 1860) he published his "Children's Fables," or "Household Tales," which are marked by great simplicity, and often convey pleasing sentiments and good morals mingled with fantastic and supernatural adventures. Later works on the "German Language," "Legal Antiquities," and "German Mythology," have secured for this author the highest position among national philologists and antiquaries. The example of these brothers gave a strong impulse to the study of German archaeology, and the results have been received with great enthusiasm. Many relics of old literature have been recovered, and these remains form a considerable library of literary antiquities. Menzel (d. 1855), well known as a critical and polemical writer of the national school, has written the "History of German Literature," "The Spirit of History," and other works, in which he has warmly opposed the extreme revolutionary tendencies of recent political and social theorists. Gervinus (d. 1871) may be considered as a historian, politician, and critic. In his "History of the Poetical National Literature of the Germans," he traces the development of poetry in its relations to civilization and society. He has also written a work on Shakspeare, and a history of the nineteenth century, which is characterized by its liberal tendencies. His views of literature are directly opposed to those of Frederic Schlegel. As historians of ancient classical literature, German scholars have maintained the highest position, and to them the world is prodigiously indebted. Their works, however, are too comprehensive to be described here, and too numerous even to be mentioned. The idea of classical erudition, as maintained by them, is extended far beyond its common limitation, and is connected with researches respecting not the language only, but also the religion, philosophy, social economy, arts, and sciences of ancient nations. Karl Otfried Müller (d. 1840) must be mentioned as an accomplished scholar and the author of a standard work, the "History of Greek Literature." Among the other great writers on ancient history are Böckh, Duncker, Droysen, Mommsen, and Kortüm. Several works on the modern literature of European nations have recently been published in Germany; and much industry and research have been displayed in numerous criticisms on the fine arts. The principles of Winckelmann and Lessing have been developed by later authors who have written excellent critical and historical works on the plastic arts, sculpture, painting, and architecture. In general, the literary criticism of Germany deserves the highest commendation for its candor, carefulness, and philosophical consistency.

HISTORY AND THEOLOGY.--The extensive historical works of the modern writers of Germany form an important feature in the literature. The political circumstances of the country have been in many respects favorable to the progress of these studies. Professors and students, excluded in a great measure from political life, have explored the histories of ancient nations, and have given opinions in the form of historical essays, which they could not venture to apply to the institutions of Germany. While Prussia and Austria were perilous topics for discussion, liberal and innovating doctrines might be promulgated in lectures on the progress and decline of liberty in the ancient world. Accordingly, the study of universal history, to which the philosophical views of Herder gave the impulse, has been industriously prosecuted during the last fifty years, and learned and diligent collectors of historical material are more numerous in Germany than in any other country. Müller (d. 1804), a native of Switzerland, displayed true historical genius and extended erudition in his "Lectures on Universal History." Among other writers on the same subject are Rotteck, Becker, Böttiger, Dittmar, and Vehse. Of the two last authors, the one wrote on this vast subject especially in reference to Christianity, and the other describes the progress of civilization and intellectual culture. Schlosser's (b. 1786) "History of the Ancient World and its Culture" holds a prominent place among historical works. His writings are the result of laborious and conscientious researches to which he has devoted his life. Heeren (d. 1842) opened a new vein of ancient history in his learned work on the "Commercial

Relations of Antiquity." While other historians have been attracted by the sword of the conqueror, Heeren followed the merchant's caravan laden with corn, wine, oils, silks, and spices. His work is a valuable contribution to the true history of humanity. Carl Ritter (d. 1859) has united the studies of geography and history in his "Geography viewed in its Relations to Nature and History." This great work, the result of a life devoted to industrious research, has established the science of comparative geography. Lepsius and Brugsch have rendered important services to Egyptology, and Lachmann, K. O. Müller, Von der Hagen, Böckh, the brothers Grimm, Moritz Haupt, and others, to ancient and German philology. In Roman history, Niebuhr (1776-1831), stands alone as the founder of a new school of research, by which the fictions so long mingled with the early history of Rome, and copied from book to book, and from century to century, have been fully exploded. Through the labors of this historian, modern readers know the ancient Romans far better than they were known by nations who were in close contact with them. Niebuhr made great preparations for his work, and took care not to dissipate his powers by appearing too soon as an author. Besides many other histories relating to the Roman Empire, German literature is especially rich in those relating to the Middle Ages. The historical writings of Ranke (b. 1795) connect the events of that period with modern times, and give valuable notices of the age of the Reformation. "The History of Papacy in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" is highly esteemed, though Catholic critics have objected to some of its statements. Histories of the German people, of the Hohenstauffen Dynasty, of the Crusades; histories of nations, of cities, of events, and of individuals, all have found their interpreters in German genius. Schlosser (b. 1776), the vigorous and truthful historian of the eighteenth century; Dahlmann (b. 1785) the German Guizot, and Raumer (b. 1781), the historian of the Hohenstauffens, deserve particular mention. Nor is the department of ecclesiastical history and theology less distinguished by its research. No writer of his time contributed more towards the formation of an improved prose style than Mosheim (1694-1755); although his "Ecclesiastical History" is now superseded by works of deeper research. His contemporary, Reimar, wrote in favor of natural theology, and may be considered the founder of the Rationalistic School. Neander (d. 1850) wrote a history of the church, in ten volumes, distinguished for its liberal views. The sermons of Reinhard (d. 1812), in thirty-nine volumes, display earnestness and unaffected solemnity of style. Schleiermacher (d. 1834), celebrated as a preacher at Berlin, was the author of many works, in which he attempted to reconcile the doctrines of Protestantism with certain philosophical speculations. De Wette, the friend of Schleiermacher, is one of the most learned and able representatives of the Rationalistic School. Tholuck (b. 1799) is celebrated as a learned exegetical writer. Mommsen (b. 1817) is the vigorous historian of ancient Rome, and Curtius (b. 1819), the author of a history of Greece, not more remarkable for its learning than for the clear and attractive arrangement of its material. In histories of philosophy recent German literature is absolutely supreme. Hegel still ranks as one of the greatest writers in this line, and Ueberweg, Uedmann, and others are important workers in the same department. Fischer writes the history of philosophy with sympathetic appreciation and in a fascinating style, and Lange, in his "History of Materialism," does full justice to the different phases of materialistic philosophy. Since the time of Lessing, aesthetics have formed a prominent branch of philosophy with the Germans, and they have been no less successful as historians of art than of metaphysics. Among the most distinguished are Kugler, Carrière, and Lübke. Biographers and historians of literature are numerous.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.--1. English Literature. Its Divisions.--2. The Language.

PERIOD FIRST.--1. Celtic Literature. Irish, Scotch, and Cymric Celts; the Chronicles of Ireland; Ossian's Poems; Traditions of Arthur; the Triads; Tales.--2. Latin Literature. Bede; Alcuin; Erigena.--3. Anglo-Saxon Literature. Poetry; Prose; Versions of Scripture: the Saxon Chronicle; Alfred.

PERIOD SECOND.--The Norman Age and the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.--1. Literature in the Latin Tongue.--2. Literature in Norman-French. Poetry; Romances of Chivalry.--3. Saxon-English. Metrical Remains.--4. Literature in the Fourteenth Century.--Prose Writers; Occam, Duns Scotus, Wickliffe, Mandeville, Chaucer. Poetry; Langland, Gower, Chaucer.--5. Literature in the Fifteenth Century. Ballads.--6. Poets of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries in Scotland. Wyntoun, Barbour, and others.

PERIOD THIRD.--1. Age of the Reformation (1509-1558), Classical, Theological, and Miscellaneous Literature: Sir Thomas More and others. Poetry: Skelton, Surrey, and Sackville; the Drama.--2. The Age of Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon, and Milton (1558-1660). Scholastic and Ecclesiastical Literature. Translations of the Bible: Hooker, Andrews, Donne, Hall, Taylor, Baxter: other Prose Writers: Fuller, Cudworth, Bacon, Hobbes. Raleigh,

Milton, Sidney, Selden, Burton, Browne and Cowley. Dramatic Poetry: Marlowe and Greene, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and others; Massinger, Ford, and Shirley; Decline of the Drama. Non-dramatic Poetry: Spenser and the Minor Poets. Lyrical Poets; Donne, Cowley, Denham, Waller, Milton.--3. The Age of the Restoration and Revolution (1660-1702). Prose: Leighton, Tilotson, Barrow, Bunyan, Locke and others. The Drama: Dryden, Otway. Comedy; Didactic Poetry: Roscommon, Marvell, Butler, Pryor, Dryden.--4. The Eighteenth Century. The First Generation (1702-1727): Pope, Swift, and others; the Periodical Essayists: Addison, Steele. The Second Generation (1727-1760); Theology; Warburton, Butler, Watts, Doddridge. Philosophy: Hume. Miscellaneous Prose: Johnson; the Novelists: Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne. The Drama; Non- dramatic Poetry: Young, Blair, Akenside, Thomson, Gray, and Collins. The Third Generation (1780-1800); the Historians: Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. Miscellaneous Prose: Johnson, Goldsmith, "Junius," Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke. Criticism: Burke, Reynolds, Campbell, Kames. Political Economy: Adam Smith. Ethics: Paley, Smith, Tucker, Metaphysics: Reid. Theological and Religious Writers: Campbell, Paley, Watson, Newton, Hannah More, and Wilberforce. Poetry: Comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan; Minor Poets; Later Poems; Beattie's Minstrel; Cowper and Burns. 5. The Nineteenth Century. The Poets: Campbell, Southey, Scott, Byron; Coleridge and Wordsworth; Wilson, Shelley, Keats; Crabbe, Moore, and others; Tennyson, Browning, Proctor, and others. Fiction: the Waverley and other Novels; Dickens, Thackeray, and others. History: Arnold, Thirlwall, Grote, Macaulay, Alison, Carlyle, Freeman, Buckle. Criticism: Hallam, De Quincey, Macaulay, Carlyle, Wilson, Lamb, and others. Theology: Foster, Hall, Chalmers. Philosophy: Stewart, Brown, Mackintosh, Bentham, Alison, and others. Political Economy: Mill, Whewell, Whately, De Morgan, Hamilton. Periodical Writings: the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Westminster Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine. Physical Science: Brewster, Herschel, Playfair, Miller, Buckland, Whewell.--Since 1860. 1. Poets: Matthew Arnold, Algernon Swinburne, Dante Rossetti, Robert Buchanan, Edwin Arnold, "Owen Meredith," William Morris, Jean Ingelow, Adelaide Procter, Christina Rossetti, Augusta Webster, Mary Robinson, and others. 2. Fiction: "George Eliot," MacDonald, Collins, Black, Blackmore, Mrs. Oliphant, Yates, McCarthy, Trollope, and others. 3. Scientific Writers: Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and others. 4. Miscellaneous.

INTRODUCTION.

1. ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ITS DIVISIONS.--The original inhabitants of England, belonging to the great race of Celts, were not the true founders of the English nation; and their language, which is still spoken unchanged in various parts of the kingdom, has exerted but an incredibly small influence on the English tongue. During the period of the Roman domination (55 B.C.-447 A.D.), the relations between the conquerors and the natives did not materially alter the nationality of the people, nor did the Latin language permanently displace or modify the native tongue. The great event of the Dark Ages which succeeded the fall of the Roman empire was the vast series of emigrations which planted tribes of Gothic blood over large tracts of Europe, and which was followed by the formation of all the modern European languages, and by the general profession of Christianity. The Anglo-Saxon invaders of England continued to emigrate from the Continent for more than a hundred years, and before many generations had passed away, their language, customs, and character prevailed throughout the provinces they had seized. During the six hundred years of their independence (448-1066), the nation made wonderful progress in the arts of life and thought. The Pagans accepted the Christian faith; the piratical sea-kings applied themselves to the tillage of the soil and the practice of some of the ruder manufactures; the fierce soldiers constructed, out of the materials of legislation common to the whole Teutonic race, a manly political constitution. The few extant literary monuments of the Anglo-Saxons possess a singular value as illustrations of the character of the people, and have the additional attraction of being written in what was really our mother tongue. In the Middle Ages (from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries), the painful convulsions of infant society gave way to the growing vigor of healthy though undisciplined youth. All the relations of life were modified, more or less, by the two influences predominant in the early part of the period, but decaying in the latter,--Feudalism and the Church of Rome,--and by the consolidation of the new languages, which were successively developed in all European countries, and were soon qualified as instruments for communicating the results of intellectual activity. The Middle Ages closed by two events occurring nearly at the same time: the erection of the great monarchies on the ruins of feudalism, and the shattering of the sovereignty of the Romish Church by the Reformation. At the same period, the invention of printing, the most important event in the annals of literature, became available as a means of enlightenment. The Norman conquest of England (1066) subjected the nation at once to both of the ruling mediaeval impulses: feudalism, which metamorphosed the relative positions of the people and the nobles, and the recognition of papal supremacy, which altered not less thoroughly the standing of the church. While these changes were not unproductive of good at that time, they were distasteful to the nation, and soon became injurious, both to freedom and knowledge, until at length,

under the dynasty of the Tudors, the ecclesiastical shackles were cast off, and the feudal bonds began gradually to be loosened. The Norman invaders of England took possession of the country as military masters. They suppressed the native polity by overwhelming force, made Norman-French the fashionable speech of the court and the aristocracy, and imposed it on the tribunals. Their romantic literature soon weaned the hearts of educated men from the ancient rudeness of taste, but the mass of the English people clung so obstinately to their ancestral tongue, that the Anglo-Saxon language kept its hold in substance until it was evolved into modern English; and the Norman nobles were at length forced to learn the dialect which had been preserved among their despised English vassals. Emerging from the Middle Ages into the illuminated vista of modern history, we find the world of action much more powerfully influenced by the world of letters than ever before. Among the causes which produced this change are the invention of printing, the use of a cultivated living language, and in England the vindication of freedom of thought and constitutional liberty. The period from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration (1558-1660) is the most brilliant in the literary history of England. The literature assumes its most varied forms, expatiates over the most distant regions of speculation and investigation; and its intellectual chiefs, while they breathe the spirit of modern knowledge and freedom, speak to us in tones which borrow an irregular stateliness from the chivalrous past. But this magnificent panorama does not meet the eye at once; the unveiling of its features is as gradual as the passing away of the mists that shroud the landscape before the morning sun. The first quarter of the century was unproductive in all departments of literature. Of the great writers who have immortalized the name of Elizabeth, scarcely one was born five years before she ascended the throne, and the immense and invaluable series of literary works which embellished the period in question may be regarded as beginning only with the earliest poem of Spenser, 1579. "There never was anywhere," says Lord Jeffrey, "anything like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of the reign of Elizabeth to the Restoration. In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles nor the age of Augustus, nor the times of Leo X., or of Louis XIV., can come at all into comparison. In that short period we shall find the names of almost all the very great men that this nation has ever produced." Among the influences which made the last generation of the sixteenth century so strong in itself, and capable of bequeathing so much strength to those who took up its inheritance, was the expanding elasticity, the growing freedom of thought and action. The chivalry of the Middle Ages began to seek more useful fields of adventure in search of new worlds, and fame, and gold. There was an increasing national prosperity, and a corresponding advance of comfort and refinement, and mightier than all these forces was the silent working of the Reformation on the hearts of the people. The minor writers of this age deserve great honor, and may almost be considered the builders of the structure of English literature, whose intellectual chiefs were Spenser, Shakspeare, and Hooker. Spenser and Shakspeare were both possessed of thoughts, feelings, and images, which they could not have had if they had lived a century later, or much earlier; and, although their views were very dissimilar, they both bear the characteristic features of the age in which they lived. Spenser dwelt with animation on the gorgeous scenery which covered the elfin land of knighthood and romance, and present realities were lost in his dream of antique grandeur and ideal loveliness. He was the modern poet of the remote past; the last minstrel of chivalry, though incomparably greater than his forerunners. Shakspeare was the poet of the present and the future, and of universal humanity. He saw in the past the fallen fragments on which men were to build anew--august scenes of desolation, whose ruin taught men to work more wisely. He painted them as the accessory features and distant landscape of colossal pictures, in whose foreground stood figures soaring beyond the limits of their place, instinct with the spirit of the time in which the poet lived, yet lifted out of it and above it by the impulse of potent genius prescient of momentous truths that lay slumbering in the bosom of futurity. By the side of poetry contemporary prose shows poorly, with one great exception. In respect to style, Hooker stands almost alone in his time, and may be considered the first of the illustrious train of great prose writers. His "Ecclesiastical Polity" appeared in 1594. Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" had been written before 1587. Bacon's Essays appeared in 1596, and also Spenser's "View of Ireland," But none of these are comparable in point of style to Hooker. The reign of Elizabeth gave the key-note to the literature of the two succeeding reigns, that of James I. (1603-1625), and Charles (1625-1649), and the literary works of this period were not only more numerous, but stand higher in the mass than those which closed the sixteenth century. But Spenser remained un-imitated and Shakspeare was inimitable; the drama, however, which in this as in the last generation monopolized the best minds, received new developments, poetry was enriched beyond precedent, and prose writing blossomed into a harvest of unexampled eloquence. But although, under the rule of James, learning did good service in theology and the classics, English writing began to be infected with pedantic affectations. The chivalrous temper of the preceding age was on the wane, coarseness began to pass into licentiousness, and moral degeneracy began to diffuse its poison widely over the lighter kinds of literature. Bacon, the great pilot of modern science, gave to the world the rudiments of his philosophy. Bishop Hall exemplified not only the eloquence and talent of the clergy, but the beginning of that resistance to the tendencies by which the church was to be soon overthrown. The drama was headed by Ben Jonson, honorably severe in morals, and by Beaumont and Fletcher, who heralded the licentiousness which soon corrupted

the art generally, while the poet Donne introduced fantastic eccentricities into poetical composition. Some of the most eloquent prose writings of the English language had their birth amidst the convulsions of the Civil War, or in the strangely perplexed age of the Commonwealth and protectorate (1649-1660), that stern era which moulded the mind of one poet gifted with extraordinary genius. Although Milton would not, in all likelihood, have conceived the "Paradise Lost" had he not felt and acted with the Puritans, yet it would have been less the consummate work of art which it is, had he not fed his fancy with the courtly pomp of the last days of the monarchy. The prose writers of this time are represented by Bishop Hall and Jeremy Taylor, among the clergy, and Selden and Camden among the laymen. The roughness of speech and manners of Elizabeth's time, followed, in the next reign, by a real coarseness and lowness of sentiment, grew rapidly worse under Charles, whose reign was especially prolific in poetry, the tone of which varied from grave to gay, from devotion to licentiousness, from severe solemnity to indecent levity; but no great poet appeared in the crowd. The drama was still rich in genius, its most distinguished names being those of Ford, Massinger, and Shirley; but here depravity had taken a deeper root than elsewhere, and it was a blessing that, soon after the breaking out of the war, the theatres were closed, and the poets left to idleness or repentance. The Commonwealth and Protectorate, extending over eleven years (1649- 1660), made an epoch in literature, as well as in the state and church. The old English drama was extinct, and poetry had few votaries. Cowley now closed with great brilliancy the eccentric and artificial school of which Donne had been the founder, and Milton was undergoing the last steps of that mental discipline that was to qualify him for standing forth the last and all but the greatest of the poetical ancients. At the same time, the approach of a modern era was indicated by the frivolity of sentiment and ease of versification which prevailed in the poems of Waller. In philosophy, Hobbes now uttered his defiance to constitutional freedom and ecclesiastical independence; Henry More expounded his platonic dreams in the cloisters of Cambridge; and Cudworth vindicated the belief in the being of the Almighty and in the foundations of moral distinctions. The Puritans, the ruling power in the state, became also a power in literature, nobly represented by Richard Baxter. Milton, like many of his remarkable contemporaries, lived into the succeeding generation, and he may be accepted as the last representative of the eloquence of English prose in that brilliant stage of its history which terminated about the date of the Restoration. The aspect of the last forty years of the seventeenth century--the age of the Restoration and the Revolution--is far from being encouraging, and some features marking many of their literary works are positively revolting. Of the social evils of the time, none infected literature so deeply as the depravation of morals, into which the court and aristocracy plunged, and many of the people followed. The drama sunk to a frightful grossness, and the tone of all other poetry was lowered. The reinstated courtiers imported a mania for foreign models, especially French, literary works were anxiously moulded on the tastes of Paris, and this prevalence of exotic predilections lasted for more than a century. But amidst these and other weaknesses and blots there was not wanting either strength or brightness. The literary career of Dryden covers the whole of this period and marks a change which contained many improvements. Locke was the leader of philosophical speculation; and mathematical and physical science had its distinguished votaries, headed by Sir Isaac Newton, whose illustrious name alone would have made the age immortal. The Nonconformists, forbidden to speak, wrote and printed. A younger generation was growing up among them, and some of the elder race still survived, such as Baxter, Owen, and Calamy. But greatest of all, and only now reaching the climax of his strength, was Milton, in his neglected old age consoling himself for the disappointments which had darkened a weary life, by consecrating its waning years, with redoubled ardor of devotion, to religion, to truth, and to the service of a remote posterity. In England, as elsewhere in Europe, the temper of the eighteenth century was cold, dissatisfied, and hypercritical. Old principles were called in question, and the literary man, the statesman, the philosopher, and the theologian found their tasks to be mainly those of attack or defence. The opinions of the nation and the sentiments which they prompted were neither speculative nor heroic, and they received adequate literary expression in a philosophy which acknowledged no higher motive than utility,--in a kind of poetry which found its field in didactic discussion, and sunk in narrative into the coarse and domestic. In all departments of literature, the form had come to be more regarded than the matter; and melody of rhythm, elegance of phrase, and symmetry of parts were held to be higher excellences than rich fancy or fervid emotion. Such an age could not give birth to a literature possessing the loftiest and most striking qualities of poetry or of eloquence; but it increased the knowledge previously possessed by mankind, swept away many wrong opinions, produced many literary works, excellent in thought and expression, and exercised on the English language an influence partly for good and partly for evil, which is shown in every sentence which we now speak or write. The First Generation is named from Queen Anne (1702-1714), but it includes also the reign of her successor. Our notion of its literary character is derived from the poetry of Pope and the prose of Addison and his friends. In its own region, which, though not low, is yet far from the highest, the lighter and more popular literature of Queen Anne's time is valuable; its lessons were full of good sense and correct taste, and as literary artists, the writers of this age attained an excellence as eminent as can be attained by art not inspired by the enthusiasm of genius nor employed on majestic themes. In its moral tone, the early part of the eighteenth century was much better

than that of the age before it. The Second Generation of the century may be reckoned as contained in the reign of George II. (1727-1760). It was more remarkable than the preceding for vigor of thinking and often for genuine poetic fancy and susceptibility, though inferior in the skill and details of literary composition. Samuel Johnson produced his principal works before the close of this period. Among the novelists, Richardson alone had anything in common with him. Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne are equally distant from the dignified pomp of his manner and the ascetic elevation of his morality. In contrast to the looseness of the novels and the skepticism of Hume, the reasoning of Butler was employed in defense of sacred truth, and the stern dissent of Whitefield and Wesley was entered against religious deadness. Poetry began to stir with new life; a noble ambition animated Young and Akenside, and in Thomson, Gray, and Collins a finer poetic sense was perceptible. The Third Generation of the eighteenth century, beginning with the accession of George III. (1760), was by no means so fertile in literary genius as either of the other two. But the earliest of its remarkable writers, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, produced works which have rarely been exceeded as literary compositions of their class. In ethics, there were Paley and Adam Smith; in psychology and metaphysics, Reid and the founders of the Scottish school; and in the list of poets who adorned these forty years were Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns. The nineteenth century, for us naturally more interesting than any other period of English literature, is, in its intellectual character, peculiarly difficult of analysis, from its variety and novelty. For the reason that we have been moulded on its lessons, we are not favorably placed for comprehending it profoundly, or for impartially estimating the value of the monuments it has produced. It has been a time of extraordinary mental activity more widely diffused than ever before throughout the nation at large. While books have been multiplied beyond precedent, readers have increased in a yet greater proportion, and the diffusion of enlightenment has been aimed at as zealously as the discovery of new truths. While no other time has exhibited so surprising a variety in the kinds of literature, none has been so distinguished for the prevalence of enlightened and philanthropic sentiment. In point of literary merit, the half century presents two successive and dissimilar stages, of which the first or opening epoch of the century, embraced in its first thirty years, was by far the most brilliant. The animation and energy which characterized it arose from the universal excitation of feeling and the mighty collision of opinions which broke out over all Europe with the first French Revolution, and the fierce struggle so long maintained almost single-handed by England against Napoleon I. The strength of that age was greatest in poetry, but it gave birth to much valuable speculation and eloquent writing. The poetical literature of that time has no parallel in English literature, unless in the age of Shakspeare. A marked feature in the English poetry of the nineteenth century is the want of skill in execution. Most of the poets not only neglect polishing in diction but also in symmetry of plan, and this fault is common to the most reflective as well as the most passionate of them. Byron, in his tales and sketches, is not more deficient in skill as an artist than Wordsworth in his "Excursion," the huge fragment of an unfathomable design, cherished throughout a long and thoughtful lifetime. Another feature is this, that the poems which made the strongest impression were of the narrative kind. That and the drama may be said to be the only forms of representation adequate to embody the spirit or to interest the sympathies of an age and nation immersed in the turmoil of energetic action. Among the prose writings of this period, two kinds of composition employed a larger fund of literary genius than any other, and exercised a wider influence; these were the novels and romances, and the reviews and other periodicals. Novel-writing acquired an unusually high rank in the world of letters, through its greatest master, and was remarkable for the high character imprinted on it. By Scott and two or three precursors and some not unworthy successors, the novel was made for us nearly all that the drama in its palmy days had been for our fore-fathers, imbibing as much of its poetic spirit as its form and purpose allowed, thoughtful in its views of life, and presenting pictures faithful to nature. In the beginning of the present century was founded the dynasty of the reviews, which now began to be chosen as the vehicles of the best prose writing and the most energetic thinking that the nation could command. Masses of valuable knowledge have been laid up, and streams of eloquence have been poured out in the periodicals of our century by authors who have often left their names to be guessed at. But the best writers have not always escaped the dangers of this form of writing, which is unfavorable to completeness and depth of knowledge, and strongly tempting to exaggeration of style and sentiment. This evil has worked on the ranks of inferior contributors with a force which has seriously injured the purity of the public taste. The strong points of periodical writers are their criticism of literary works and their speculation in social and political philosophy, which have nowhere been handled so skillfully as in the Reviews. After poetry, they are the most valuable departments in the literature of the first age. Since the Anglo-Saxon period, English literature has derived much of its materials and inspiration from the teaching of other countries. In the Middle Ages, France furnished the models of chivalrous poetry and much of the social system; the Augustan age of French letters, the reign of Louis XIV., ruled the literary taste of England from the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century; and from Germany, more than from any other foreign nation, have come the influences by which the intellect of Great Britain has been affected, especially during the last thirty years. Within this time, the study and translation of German literature have become fashionable pursuits, and on the whole, highly beneficial. The philology of Germany

and its profound poetical criticism have taught much: the philosophical tendency of German theology has engaged the attention of teachers of religion, and had its effect both for good and evil, and the accurate study of the highest branches of German philosophy has tended decidedly to elevate the standard of abstract speculation. The most hopeful symptom of English literature in the last thirty years is to be found in the zeal and success with which its teachings have been extended beyond the accustomed limits. Knowledge has been diffused with a zeal and rapidity never before dreamed of, and the spirit which prompted it has been worthily embodied in the enlarged and enlightened temper with which it has been communicated. In the midst of much error, there are many features prominent which presage the birth of a love of mankind more expansive and generous than any that has ever yet pervaded society. The present age possesses no poetry comparable to that of the preceding, and few men who unite remarkable eloquence with power of thought. Among the thinkers, there is greater activity of speculation in regard to questions affecting the nature and destiny of man; and problems have been boldly propounded, but the solutions have not been found, and amidst much doubt and dimness, the present generation seems to be struggling toward a new organization of social and intellectual life. The literature of England may be divided into three periods: the first, extending from the departure of the Romans to the Norman Conquest (448- 1066), comprises the literature in the Celtic, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon tongues. The second period, extending from the Norman Conquest to the accession of Henry VIII. (1066-1509), contains the literature of the Norman period from 1066 to 1307, in the Latin, Norman-French, and Anglo-Saxon tongues, the transition of the Anglo-Saxon into English, and the literature of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The third period, extending from 1509 to 1884, includes the literature of the age of the Reformation, that of the age of Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon, and Milton, of the Restoration and Revolution, and of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

2. THE LANGUAGE.--The English language is directly descended from the Anglo-Saxon, but derives much from the Norman-French, and from the Latin. Although the Celtic in its branches of Cymric and Gaelic still continues to be the speech of a portion of the inhabitants of Great Britain, it has never exercised any influence on the language of the nation. The origin of the Anglo-Saxon tongue is involved in obscurity. It most nearly resembles the Frisic, a Low German dialect once spoken between the Rhine and the Elbe, and which is the parent of modern Dutch. Before the battle of Hastings, the Anglo-Saxon tongue had been spoken in England for at least six hundred years, during which time it must have undergone many changes and dialectic variations. On the subjugation of the conflicting states by the kings of Wessex, the language of the West Saxons came to be the ruling one, and its use was extended and confirmed by the example of Alfred, himself a native of Berks. But it does not necessarily follow that this dialect is the parent of the English language. We must look for the probable ground-work of this in the gradual coalescence of the leading dialects. The changes by which the Anglo-Saxon passed into the modern English assumed in succession two distinct types, marking two eras quite dissimilar. First came the Semi-Saxon, or transition period, throughout which the old language was suffering disorganization and decay, a period of confusion, perplexing alike to those who then used the tongue, and to those who now endeavor to trace its vicissitudes. This chaotic state came to an end about the middle of the thirteenth century, after a duration of nearly two hundred years. The second era, or period of reconstruction, follows, during which the language may be described as English. A late critic divides the Old English Period, extending from 1250 to 1500, into the Early English (1250-1330) and the Middle English (1330-1500). The latter was used by Chaucer and Wickliffe, and is in all essentials so like the modern tongue, except in the spelling, that a tolerable English scholar may easily understand it. A great change was effected in the vocabulary by the introduction and naturalization of words from the French. The poems of Chaucer and Gower are studded with them, and the style of these favorite writers exercised a commanding influence ever after. The grammar of the English language, in all points of importance, is a simplification of the grammar of the Anglo-Saxon. In considering the sources of the English vocabulary, we find that from the Anglo-Saxon are derived first, almost all those words which import relations; secondly, not only all the adjectives, but all the other words, nouns, and verbs which grammarians call irregular; thirdly, the Saxon gives us in most instances our only names, and in all instances those which suggest themselves most readily for the objects perceived through the senses; fourthly, all words, with a few exceptions, whose signification is specific, are Anglo-Saxon. For instance, we use a foreign, naturalized term when we speak of color, or motion, in general, but the Saxon in speaking of the particular color or motion, and the style of a writer becomes animated and suggestive in proportion to the frequency with which he uses these specific terms; fifthly, it furnishes a rich fund of expressions for the feelings and affections, for the persons who are the earliest and most natural objects of our attachment, and for those inanimate things whose names are figuratively significant of domestic union; sixthly, the Anglo-Saxon is, for the most part, the language of business; of the counting-house, the shop, the street, the market, the farm. Among an eminently practical people it is eminently the organ of practical action, and it retains this prerogative in defiance alike of the necessary innovations caused by scientific discovery

and of the corruptions of ignorance and affectation. Seventhly, a very large proportion of the language of invective, humor, satire, and colloquial pleasantry is Anglo-Saxon. In short, the Teutonic elements of our vocabulary are equally valuable in enabling us to speak and write perspicuously and with animation; and besides dictating the laws which connect our words, and furnishing the cement which binds them together, they yield all our aptest means of describing imagination, feeling, and the every-day facts of life. >From the Latin the English has borrowed more or less for two thousand years, and freely for more than six centuries; but from the time of the Conquest it is difficult to distinguish words of Latin origin from those of French. The Latinisms of the language have arisen chiefly in three epochs. The first was the thirteenth century, which followed an age devoted to classical studies, and its theological writers and poets coined freely in the Roman mint. The second was the Elizabethan age, when, in the enthusiasm of a new revival of admiration for antiquity, the privilege of naturalization was used to an extent which threatened serious danger to the purity and ease of speech. In the third epoch, the latter part of the eighteenth century, Johnson was the dictator of form and style, and the pompous rotundity that then prevailed has been permanently injurious, although our Latin words, on the whole, have done much more good than harm. The introduction of French words began with the Conquest, when the political condition of the country made it imperative that many words should be understood. The second stage began about a century later, when the few native Englishmen who loved letters entered on the study of French poetry. The third era of English Gallicisms opened in the fourteenth century, when the French tastes of the nobles, and the zeal with which Chaucer and other men of letters studied the poetry of France, greatly contributed to introduce that tide of French diction which flowed on to the close of the Middle Ages. By that time the new words were so numerous and so strongly ingrafted on the native stock that all subsequent additions are unimportant. The dictionaries of modern English are said to contain about 38,000 words, of which about 23,000 or five eighths of the whole number, come from the Anglo-Saxon. The English language, by its remarkable combination of strength, precision, and copiousness, is worthy of being, as it already is, spoken by many millions, and these the part of the human race that appear likely to control, more than any others, the future destinies of the world.

PERIOD FIRST.

FROM THE DEPARTURE OF THE ROMANS TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST (448-1066).

1. CELTIC LITERATURE.--During this period four languages were used for literary communication in the British Islands; two Celtic tongues spoken by nations of that race, who still occupied large portions of the country; Latin, as elsewhere the organ of the church and of learning; and Anglo-Saxon. The first of the Celtic tongues, the Erse or Gaelic, was common only to the Celts of Ireland and Scotland, where it is still spoken. The second, that of the Cymrians or ancient Britons, has been preserved by the Welsh. The literary remains of this period in Ireland consist of bardic songs and historical legends, some of which are asserted to be older than the ninth century, the date of the legendary collection called the "Psalter of Cashel," which still survives. There exist, also, valuable prose chronicles which are believed to contain the substance of others of a very early date, and which furnish an authentic contemporary history of the country in the language of the people from the fifth century. No other modern nation of Europe is able to make a similar boast. All the earliest relics of the Scotch Celts are metrical. The poems which bear the name of Ossian are professedly celebrations by an eye-witness of events which occurred in the third century. They were first presented to the world in 1762 by Macpherson, a Scotch poet, and represented by him to be translations from the ancient Gaelic poetry handed down by tradition through so many centuries and still found among the Highlands. The question of their authenticity excited a fierce literary controversy which still remains unsettled. By some recent English and German critics, however, Ossian's poems are considered genuine. The existence of bards among the Celtic nations is well established, and their songs were preserved with pride. The name of Ossian is mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis in the twelfth century, and that of Fingal, the hero of the legends, was so popular that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries many bishops complained that their people were more familiar with Fingal than with the catechism. The Gaelic original of Ossian was published in 1807. The literature of the Cymric Celts is particularly interesting, as affording those fragments of British poetry and history from which the magnificent legends were built up to immortalize King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. In the bardic songs and elsewhere, frequent allusion is made to this heroic prince, who with his warriors resisted the Saxon enemies of his country, and who, we are told, died by domestic treason, the flower of the British nobles perishing with him. His deeds were magnified among the Welsh Britons, and among those who sought refuge on the banks of the Loire. The chroniclers wove these traditions into a legendary history of Britain. From this compilation Geoffrey of Monmouth, in the twelfth century, constructed a Latin historical work; and the poets of chivalry, allured by the beauty and pathos of the tale, made it for ages the centre of the most animated pictures of romance. Many ancient

Welsh writings are extant which treat of a wonderful variety of topics, both in prose and verse. The singular pieces called the Triads show a marked character of primitive antiquity. They are collections of historical facts, mythological doctrines, maxims, traditions, and rules for the structure of verse, expressed with extreme brevity, and disposed in groups of three. Among the Welsh metrical remains, some are plausibly assigned to celebrated bards of the sixth century. There is also a considerable stock of old Welsh romances, the most remarkable of which are contained in a series called the "Mabinogi," or Tales of Youth, many of which have been translated into English. Some of these stories are very similar to the older Norse Sagas, and must have sprung from traditions of a very rude and early generation.

2. LATIN LITERATURE.--The Latin learning of the Dark Ages formed a point of contact between instructed men of all countries. At first it was necessarily adopted,--the native tongues being in their infancy; and it was afterwards so tenaciously adhered to, that the Latin literature of the Middle Ages far exceeds in amount all other. Its cultivation in England arose out of the introduction of Christianity, and its most valued uses related to the church. Almost all who cultivated Latin learning were ecclesiastics, and by far the larger number of those who became eminent in it were natives of Ireland. Amidst the convulsions which followed the fall of the Roman empire, Ireland was a place of rest and safety to fugitives from England and the Continent, and it contained for some centuries a larger amount of learning than could have been collected in all Europe. With the introduction of the Christian faith each nation became a member of the ecclesiastical community, and maintained its connection with other nations and with Rome as the common centre; thus communication between different countries received a new impulse. The churches and schools of England received many distinguished foreigners, and many of the native churchmen lived abroad. Of the three scholars who held the highest place in the literature of this period--Bede (d. 735), Alcuin (d. 804), and Erigena (d. 884), (celebrated for his original views in philosophy)--the two last gave the benefit of their talents to France. The writings of the Venerable Bede, as he is called, exhibit an extent of classical scholarship surprising for his time, and his "Ecclesiastical History of England" is to this day a leading authority not only for church annals, but for all public events that occurred in the earlier part of the Saxon period.

3. LITERATURE IN THE ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE.--The remains of Anglo-Saxon literature, both in prose and verse, differ essentially from the specimens of a similar age which come down to us from other nations. The ancestral legends, which were at once the poetry and history of their contemporaries, the Anglo-Saxons entirely neglected; they even avoided the choice of national themes for their poetry, which consisted of ethical reflections and religious doctrines or narratives. They eschewed all expression of impassioned fancy, and embodied in rough but lucid phrases practical information and every-day shrewdness. Among the Anglo-Saxon metrical monuments three historical poems are still preserved, which embody recollections of the Continent, and must have been composed long before the emigrations to England; of these the most important is the tale of "Beowulf," consisting of six thousand lines, which is essentially a Norse Saga. After the introduction of Christianity there appeared many hymns, metrical lives of the saints, and religious and reflective poems. The most remarkable relics of this period are the works attributed to Caedmon (d. 680), whose narrative poems on scriptural events are inspired by a noble tone of solemn imagination. The melody of the Saxon verse was regulated by syllabic accent or emphasis, and not by quantity, like the classical metres. Alliteration, or the use of several syllables in the same stanza beginning with the same letter, takes the place of rhyme. The alliterative metres and the strained and figurative diction common to the Anglo-Saxon poets was common to the Northmen, and seems to have been derived from them. Anglo-Saxon prose was remarkable for its straightforward and perspicuous simplicity, and, especially after the time of Alfred, it had a marked preference over the Latin. Translations were early made from the Latin, particularly versions of parts of the Scriptures, which come next, in point of date, to the Moeso-Gothic translation of Ulphilas, and preceded by several generations all similar attempts in any of the new languages of Europe. The most important monument of Saxon prose literature is the series of historical records arranged together under the name of "The Saxon Chronicle," which is made up from records kept in the monasteries, probably from the time of Alfred, and brought down to the year 1154. The illustrious name of Alfred (849-900) closes the record of Anglo-Saxon literature. From him went forth a spirit of moral strength and a thirst for enlightenment which worked marvels among an ignorant and half-barbarous people. Besides his translations from the Scriptures, he made selections from St. Augustine, Bede, and other writers; he translated "The Consolations of Philosophy," by Boethius, and he incorporates his own reflections with all these authors. It is impossible, at this time, to estimate justly the labors of Alfred, since the obstacles which in his time impeded the acquisition of knowledge cannot even now be conceived. "I have wished to live worthily," said he, "while I lived, and after my life, to leave to the men who should come after me, my remembrance in good works."

PERIOD SECOND.

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE ACCESSION OF HENRY VIII. (1066-1509).

1. LITERATURE IN THE LATIN TONGUE.--The Norman Conquest introduced into England a foreign race of kings and barons, with their military vassals, and churchmen, who followed the conqueror and his successors. The generation succeeding the Conquest gave birth to little that was remarkable, but the twelfth century was particularly distinguished for its classical scholarship, and Norman-French poetry began to find English imitators. The thirteenth century was a decisive epoch in the constitutional as well as in the intellectual history of England. The Great Charter was extorted from John; the representation of the commons from his successors; the universities were founded or organized; the romantic poetry of France began to be transfused into a language intelligible throughout England; and above all, the Anglo-Saxon tongue was in this century finally transformed into English. Three of the Crusades had already taken place; the other four fell within the next century; and these wars diffused knowledge, and kindled a flame of zeal and devotion to the church. The only names which adorned the annals of erudition in England in the latter half of the eleventh century were those of two Lombard priests-- Lanfranc (d. 1089) and Anselm (d. 1109). They prepared the means for diffusing classical learning among the ecclesiastics, and both acquired high celebrity as theological writers. Their influence was visible on the two most learned men whom the country produced in the next century--John of Salisbury (d. 1181), befriended by Thomas à Becket, and Peter of Blois, the king's secretary, and an active statesman. In the thirteenth century, when the teachings of Abelard and Rosellinus had made philosophy the favorite pursuit of the scholars of Europe, England possessed many names which, in this field, stood higher than any others--among them Alexander de Hales, called "the Irrefragable Doctor," and Johannes Duns Scotus, one of the most acute of thinkers. In the same age, while Scotland sent Michael Scott into Germany, where he prosecuted his studies with a success that earned for him the fame of a sorcerer, a similar character was acquired by Roger Bacon (d. 1292), a Franciscan friar, who made many curious conjectures on the possibility of discoveries which have since been made. Very few of the historical works of this period possess any merit, except as curious records of fact. Chronicles were kept in the various monasteries, which furnish a series extending through the greater part of the Middle Ages. Among these historians are William of Malmesbury, who belonged properly to the twelfth century; Geoffrey of Monmouth, who preserved for us the stories of Arthur, of Lear, and Cymbeline; Gerald de Barri, or Giraldus Cambrensis; Matthew Paris, a Benedictine monk, of St. Albans; Henry of Huntingdon; Gervase of Tilbury; and Roger de Hoveden. The spirit of resistance to secular and ecclesiastical tyranny, which now began to show itself among the English people, found also a medium of expression in the Latin tongue. The most biting satires against the church, and the most lively political pasquinades, were thus expressed, and written almost always by churchmen. To give these satires a wider circulation, the Norman-French came to be frequently used, but at the close of the period the English dialect was almost the only organ of this satirical minstrelsy. The Latin tongue also became the means of preserving and transmitting an immense stock of tales, by which the later poetry of Europe profited largely. One of these legends, narrated by Gervase of Tilbury, suggested to Scott the combat of Marmion with the spectre knight. A series of fictions called the "Gesta Romanorum" attained great celebrity. It is composed of fables, traditions, and familiar pictures of society, varying with the different countries it passed through. The romance of Apollonius, in the Gesta, furnished the plot of two or three of Chaucer's tales, and of Gower's most celebrated poem, which again gave the ground-work of Pericles, Prince of Tyre. The Merchant of Venice, the Three Black Crows, and Parnell's Hermit, are indebted also to the Gesta Romanorum.

4. LITERATURE IN NORMAN-FRENCH.--From the preference of the Norman kings of England for the poets of their own country, the distinguished literary names of the first two centuries after the Conquest are those of Norman poets. One of the chief of these is Wace (fl. 1160), who composed in French his "Brut d'Angleterre" (Brutus of England), the mythical son of Aeneas and founder of Britain. The Britons settled in Cornwall, Wales, and Bretagne had long been distinguished for their traditionary legends, which were at length collected by Geoffrey of Monmouth (fl. 1138), and gravely related by him in Latin as serious history. This production, composed of incredible stories, furnished the ground-work for Wace's poem, and proved an unfailing resource for writers of romantic narration for two centuries; at a later period Shakspeare drew from it the story of Lear; Sackville that of Ferrex and Porrex; Drayton reproduced it in his Poly-Olbion, and Milton and other poets frequently draw allusions from it. The Romances of chivalry, drawn from the same source, were composed for the English court and nobles, and the translation of them was the most frequent use to which the infant English was applied. They imprinted on English poetry characteristics which it did not lose for centuries, if it can be said to have lost them at all. A poetess known as Marie of France made copious use of British materials, and addressed herself to a king, supposed to have been Henry VI. Her twelve lays, which celebrate the marvels of the Round Table, are among the most beautiful relics of

the Middle Ages, and were freely used by Chaucer and other English poets. The romances are, many of them, in parts at least, delightfully imaginative, spirited, or pathetic, and their history is important as illustrating mediaeval manners and customs, and for their connection with early English literature. Among the oldest of these romances is "Havelok," relating to the early Norse settlement in England, the "Gest of King Horn," and "Guy of Warwick." But of all the French romances, the most interesting by far are those that celebrate the glory and fall of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. The order in which they were composed seems to have been the same with that of the events narrated. First comes the romance of "The Saint Graal," relating the history of this sacred relic which was carried by Joseph of Arimathea or his descendants into Britain, where it vanished for ages from the eyes of sinful men. Second, the romance of "Merlin," which derives its name from the fiend-born prophet and magician, celebrates the birth and exploits of Arthur, and the gathering round him of the Knights of the Round Table. The historic origin of this story is from Geoffrey of Monmouth, though it is disguised by its supernatural and chivalrous features. In the third romance, that of Launcelot, the hero nurtured by the Lady of the Lake in her fairy realm beneath the waters, grows up the bravest champion of chivalry, admired for all its virtues, although guilty of treachery to Arthur, and from his guilt is to ensue the destruction of the land. Fourth, the "Quest of the Saint Graal" relates the solitary wanderings of the knights in this search, and how the adventure is at last achieved by Sir Gallahad, who, while the vision passes before him, prays that he may no longer live, and is immediately taken away from a world of calamity and sin. Fifth, "The Mort Artus," or Death of Arthur, winds up with supernatural horrors the tale into which the fall of the ancient Britons had been thus transformed. Arthur, wounded and dying, is carried by the fairy of the lake to the enchanted island of Avalon, there to dream away the ages that must elapse before his return to reign over the perfected world of chivalry. Sixth, "The Adventures of Tristram," or Tristan, is a repetition of those which had been attributed to Launcelot of the Lake. These six romances of the British cycle, the originals of all others, were written in the latter half of the twelfth century for the English court and nobles, some of them at the suggestion of king Henry II. Although, composed in French, the authors were Englishmen, and from these prose romances the poets of France constructed many metrical romances which in the fifteenth century reappeared as English metrical romances.

5. SAXON ENGLISH.--The Saxon tongue of England decayed, but like the healthy seed in the ground it germinated again. The Saxon Chronicle which had been kept in the monasteries ceased abruptly on the accession of Henry II., 1154, and at the same period the Saxon language began to take a form in which the beginning of the present English is apparent. During the thirteenth century appeared a series of rhyming chroniclers, the chief of whom were Layamon and Robert of Gloucester. All the remains of the English tongue, in its transition state, are chiefly in verse; among them are the "Ormulum" (so called from the name of the author, Ormin), which is a metrical harmony of passages from the gospels contained in the service of the mass, and the long fable of "The Owl and the Nightingale," one of the most pleasing of these early relics. "The Land of Cockayne," a satirical poem, said to have been written by Michael of Kildare, belongs also to the thirteenth century, as well as many anonymous poems, both amatory and religious. The old English drama was almost contemporaneous with the formation of the Old English language; but all dramatic efforts previous to the sixteenth century were so rude as to deserve little notice.

6. LITERATURE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.--The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the afternoon and evening of the Middle Ages, are the picturesque period in English history. In the contemporary chronicle of Froissart, the reign of Edward III. shines with a long array of knightly pageants, and a loftier cast of imaginative adornment is imparted by the historical dramas of Shakspeare to the troubled rule of the house of Lancaster and the crimes and fall of the brief dynasty of York. The reign of Edward II. was as inglorious in literature as in the history of the nation. That of his son was not more remarkable for the victories of Poitiers and Cressy than for the triumphs in poetry and thought. The Black Prince, the model of historic chivalry, and Occam, the last and greatest of the English scholastic philosophers, lived in the same century with Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and Wickliffe, the herald of the Reformation. The earlier half of the fourteenth century, in its literary aspects, may be regarded as a separate period from the later. The genius of the nation seemed to sleep. England, indeed, was the birth-place of Occam (1300- 1347), but he neither remained in his own country, nor imparted any strong impulse to his countrymen. Educated abroad, he lived chiefly in France, and died in Munich. While the writings of his master, Duns Scotus (d. 1308), were the chief authorities of the metaphysical sect called Realists, Occam himself was the ablest and one of the earliest writers among the Nominalists. While the former of these sects was held especially favorable to the Romish Church, the latter was discouraged as heretical, and Occam was persecuted for enunciating those opinions which are now held in one form or another by almost all metaphysicians. No eminent names appear in the ecclesiastical literature of this period, nor in that of the spoken tongue; but the dawn of English literature was close at hand. The latter half of this century was a remarkable era in the ecclesiastical and intellectual progress of

England. Many colleges were founded, and learning had munificent patrons. The increase of papal power led to claims which were resisted by the clergy as well as by the parliament. Foremost among those who called for reform was the celebrated John Wickliffe (1324- 1384). A priest of high fame for his knowledge and logical dexterity, he was placed at the head of several of the colleges of Oxford, and there, and from the country parsonages to which he was afterwards compelled to retreat, he thundered forth his denunciations against the abuses of the church, attacked the papal supremacy, and set forth doctrinal views of his own nearly approaching to Calvinism. Although repeatedly called to account for his opinions he was never even imprisoned, and he enjoyed his church- livings to the last. But the church was weakened by the _Great Schism_, and he was protected by powerful nobles. Soon after his death, however, a storm of persecution burst on his disciples, which crushed dissent till the sixteenth century. We owe to Wickliffe the earliest version of the Scriptures into English, which is among the first prose writings in the old tongue. The very oldest book in English prose, however, is the account given by Sir John Mandeville of his thirty-three years' travel in the East, from which he returned about 1355. It is an odd and amusing compound of facts and marvelous stories. But the best specimens of English prose of this period are Chaucer's translation of Boethius, his "Testament of Love," and two of his Canterbury Tales. In poetical literature, "The Vision of Piers Plowman," written (1362) by a priest named Robert Langland, is one of the highest works in point of genius and one of the most curious as illustrating manners and opinions. The poet supposes himself falling asleep on Malvern Hills, and in his vision he describes the vices of the times in an allegorical form, which has been compared to "The Pilgrim's Progress." The poetical vigor of many passages is extraordinary. John Gower (d. 1408), a contemporary and friend of Chaucer, is chiefly remembered for his "Confessio Amantis," or Lover's Confession, a long English poem, containing physical, metaphysical, and ethical reflections and stories taken from the common repertoires of the Middle Ages. It is tedious, and often feeble, but it has many excellences of language and description. Geoffrey Chaucer (1328-1400) was born in London. He was early thrown into public life and intimacy with men of high rank. John of Gaunt was his chief patron, and he was several times employed in embassies to France and Italy. A very large proportion of Chaucer's writings consists of free versions from the Latin and French, and perhaps also from the Italian; but in some of these he has incorporated so much that is his own as to make them the most celebrated and valuable of his works. His originals were not the chivalrous romances, but the comic Fabliaux, and the allegorical poetry cultivated by the Trouvères and Troubadours. Three of his largest minor works are thus borrowed; the "Romance of the Rose," from one of the most popular French poems of the preceding century; "Troilus and Cressida," a free translation, probably, from Boccaccio; and the "Legend of Good Women," founded on Ovid's Epistles. The poetical immortality of Chaucer rests on his "Canterbury Tales," a series of stories linked together by an ingenious device. A party of about thirty persons, the poet being one, are bound on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury; each person is to tell two tales, one in going, and the other in returning. Twenty-four only of the stories are related, but they extend to more than 17,000 lines. In the prologue, itself a poem of great merit, the poet draws up the curtain from a scene of life and manners which has not been surpassed in subsequent literature, a picture whose figures have been studied with the truest observation, and are outlined with the firmest, yet most delicate pencil. The vein of sentiment in these tales is always unaffected, cheerful, and manly, the most touching seriousness varying with the keenest humor. In some the tone rises to the highest flight of heroic, reflective, and even religious poetry; while in others it sinks below coarseness into positive licentiousness of thought and sentiment.

LITERATURE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.--The fifteenth century, usually marked in continental history as the epoch of the Revival of Classical Learning, was not in England a period of erudition or of original invention. The unwise and unjust wars with France, the revolts of the populace, and the furious struggles between the partisans of the rival houses desolated the country, and blighted and dwarfed all intellectual growth. For more than a hundred years after the death of Chaucer, scarcely any names of mark distinguish the literary annals of England, and the poetical compositions of this period are principally valuable as specimens of the rapid transition of the language into modern English. Almost all the literary productions previous to the time of Chaucer were designed only for a limited audience. Neither comprehensive observation of society nor a wish to instruct or please a wide circle of readers was observable before this period. Chaucer was indeed a national poet, an active and enlightened teacher of all classes of men who were susceptible of literary instruction. John Lydgate (d. 1430), a Benedictine monk, the best and most popular poet of the fifteenth century, began to write before the death of Chaucer, but in passing from the works of the latter to those of Lydgate, we seem to be turning from the open highway into the dark, echoing cloisters. If he was the pupil of Chaucer in manner and style, his masters in opinion and sentiment were the compilers of the "Gesta Romanorum." Stephen Hawes, who wrote in the reign of Henry VII., is the author of "The Pastime of Pleasure," an allegorical poem in the same taste as the "Romance of the Rose." This allegorical school of poetry, so widely spread through the Middle Ages, reappears in the Elizabethan age, where the same turn of thought is seen in the immortal

"Faerie Queene." In leaving this period we bid adieu to metrical romances, which, introduced into English in the latter half of the thirteenth century, continued to be composed until the middle of the fifteenth century, and were to the last almost always translations or imitations. Chivalrous stories next began to be related in prose. The most famous of these, one of the best specimens of Old English, and the most delightful of all repositories of romantic fiction is the "Mort Arthur," in which Sir Thomas Mallory, a priest in the reign of Edward IV., combined into one narrative the leading adventures of the Round Table. As the romances ceased to be produced, the ballads gradually took their place, many of which indeed are either fragments or abridgments of them. The ballad-poetry was to the popular audience what the recital of the romances had been among the nobles. The latter half of the fifteenth century appears to have been fertile in minstrels and minstrelsy. "Chevy Chase," of which Sir Philip Sidney said it would move him like the blast of a trumpet, is one of the most ancient; but, according to Hallam, it relates to a totally fictitious event. The ballad of "Robin Hood" had probably as little origin in fact. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, a mighty revolution took place. William Caxton, a merchant of London residing abroad, became acquainted with the recently invented art of printing, and embraced it as a profession. He introduced it into England about 1474, and practiced it for nearly twenty years. He printed sixty-four works in all, and the low state of taste and information in the public for which they were designated is indicated by the selection. But the enterprise and patience of Caxton hastened the time when this mighty discovery became available in England, and his name deserves to stand with honor at the close of the survey of English literature in the Middle Ages. Thenceforth literary works were to undergo a total change of character, brought about by many causes, but none more active than the substitution of the printed book for the manuscript.

6. THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES IN SCOTLAND.--From the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there might be collected the names of a few scholastic theologians of Scottish birth, whose works have survived; but they spent their lives mostly on the continent, as was the case with Michael Scott, who gained his fame as a wizard at the court of the Emperor Frederic II. His extant writings are wholly inferior to those of Friar Bacon, his contemporary. Two metrical romances of note belong to the fourteenth century, the "Original Cronykil" of Andrew Wyntoun (d. 1420), a long history of Scotland, and of the world at large; and "The Bruce" of John Barbour (d. 1396), a narrative of the adventures of King Robert in more than thirteen thousand rhymed lines. Dramatic vigor and occasional breadth of sentiment entitle this poem to a high rank. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lord of the Isles," owes much to "The Bruce." The earliest Scottish poem of the fifteenth century, "The King's Quair," or Book, in which James I. (d. 1437) celebrates the lady whom he afterwards married, presents no traces of a distinct Scottish dialect. But James was educated in England, and probably wrote there, and his pleasing poem exhibits the influence of those English writers whom he acknowledges as his masters. From this time, however, the development of the language of Scotland into a dialect went rapidly on. The "Wallace" of Henry the Minstrel, or Blind Harry, rivaled the "Bruce" in popularity, on account of the more picturesque character of the incidents, its passionate fervor, and the wildness of fancy by which it is distinguished. Towards the close of this century, and in the beginning of the next, Scottish poetry, now couched in a dialect decidedly peculiar, was cultivated by men of high genius. Robert Henryson (d. 1400) wrote "The Testament of the Faire Cresside," a continuation of Chaucer's poem, and "Robin and Makyne," a beautiful pastoral, preserved in Percy's "Reliques." More vigorous in thought and fancy, though inferior in skill and expression, was Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld (d. 1522). His "King Hart" and "Palace of Honor" are complex allegories; and his translation of the Aeneid is the earliest attempt to render classical poetry into the living language of the country. William Dunbar (d. 1520), the best British poet of his age, exhibits a versatility of talent which has rarely been equaled; but in his comic and familiar pieces, the grossness of language and sentiment destroys the effect of their force and humor. Allegory is his favorite field. In his "Golden Terge," the target is Reason, a protection against the assaults of love. "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins" is wonderfully striking; but the design even of this remarkable poem could not be decorously described. While Scotland thus redeemed the poetical character of the fifteenth century, her living tongue was used only in versified compositions. Scottish prose does not appear in any literary shape until the first decade of the sixteenth century.

PERIOD THIRD.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF HENRY VIII. TO THE PRESENT TIME (1509-1884).

1. AGE OF THE REFORMATION.--In the early part of the sixteenth century human intellect began to be stirred by impulses altogether new, while others, which had as yet been held in check, were allowed, one after another, to work

freely. But there was no sudden or universal metamorphosis in literature, or in those phenomena by which its form and spirit were determined. It was not until 1568, when the reign of Elizabeth was within thirty years of its close, that English literature assumed a character separating it decisively from that of the ages which had gone before, and took its station as the worthy organ of a new epoch in the history of civilization. But the literary poverty of the age of the Reformation was the poverty which the settler in a new country experiences, while he fells the woods and sows his half-tilled fields; a poverty, in the bosom of which lay rich abundance. The students of classical learning profited at first more than others by the diffusion of the art of printing, from the greater number of classical works which, were given to the press. Foreign men of letters visited England; Erasmus, especially, gave a strong impulse to study, and Greek and Latin were learned with an accuracy never before attained. Among the scholars of the time were Cardinals Pole and Wolsey, Ridley, Ascham, and Sir Thomas More, the author of the "Utopia," a romance in the scholastic garb. It describes an imaginary commonwealth, the chief feature of which is a community of property, on an imaginary island, from which the book takes its name. The epithet "Utopian" is still used as descriptive of chimerical schemes. The most important works in the living tongue were those devoted to theology, and first among them were the translations of the Scriptures into English, none of which had been publicly attempted since that of Wickliffe. In 1526, William Tyndale (afterwards strangled and burnt for heresy, at Antwerp), translated the New Testament, and the five books of Moses. In 1537, after the final breach of Henry VIII. with Rome, there was published the first complete translation of the Bible, by Miles Coverdale. Many others followed until the accession of Mary, when the circulation of the translation was made in secrecy and fear. The theological writers of this period are chiefly controversial. Among them are Ridley, famous as a preacher; Cranmer, remarkable for his patronage of theological learning, and Latimer (d. 1555), whose sermons and letters are highly instructive and interesting. The "Book of Martyrs," by John Fox (d. 1527), was printed towards the close of this period. The miscellaneous writings of this age in prose are most valuable as specimens of the language in its earliest maturity. None of them are entitled to high rank as monuments of English literature. The style of Sir Thomas More (1480-1535) had great excellence; but his works were only the recreation of an accomplished man in a learned age. The writings of the learned Ascham (1515-1565) have a value not to be measured by their inconsiderable bulk. Their language is pure, idiomatic, vigorous English; and they exhibit a great variety of knowledge, remarkable sagacity, and sound common sense. His most celebrated work, the "Schoolmaster," proposes improvements in education for which there is still both room and need. Thomas Wilson, who wrote a treatise on the "Art of Logic" and "Rhetoric," may be considered the first critical writer in the living tongue. The poetry of England during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his immediate successors is like the prose, valuable for its relation to other things, rather than for its own merit. Yet it occupies a higher place than the prose; it exhibits a decided contrast to that of the times past, and in many points bears a close resemblance to the poetry of the energetic age that was soon to open. The names of the poets of this age may be arrayed in three groups, headed by Skelton, Surrey, and Sackville. The poems of Skelton (d. 1529) are singularly though coarsely energetic. He was the tutor of Henry VIII., and during the greater part of the reign of his pupil he continued to satirize social and ecclesiastical abuses. His poems are exceedingly curious and grotesque, and the volubility with which he vents his acrid humors is truly surprising. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1516-1547), opened a new era in English poetry, and by his foreign studies, and his refinement of taste and feeling, was enabled to turn poetical literature into a path as yet untrodden, although in vigor and originality this ill-fated poet was inferior to others who have been long forgotten. His works consist of sonnets and poems of a lyrical and amatory cast, and a translation of the Aeneid. He first introduced the sonnet, and the refined and sentimental turn of thought borrowed from Petrarch and the other Italian masters. In his Aeneid he introduced blank verse, a form of versification in which the noblest English poetry has since been couched. This was also taken from Italy, where it had appeared only in the century. Surrey's versions of some of the Psalms, and those of his contemporary, Sir Thomas Wyatt, are the most polished of the many similar attempts made at that time, among which was the collection of Sternhold and Hopkins. Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (1586-1608) wrote those portions most worthy of notice, of the "Mirror for Magistrates," a collection of poems celebrating illustrious but unfortunate personages who figure in the history of England. From his "Induction," or preparatory poem, later writers have drawn many suggestions. The dramatic exhibitions of the Middle Ages, which originated in the church, or were soon appropriated by the clergy, were of a religious cast, often composed by priests and monks who were frequently the performers of them in the convents. All the old religious plays called Mysteries were divided into Miracles, or Miracle plays, founded on Bible narratives or legends of the saints; and Moralities or Moral plays, which arose out of the former by the introduction of imaginary features and allegorical personages, the story being so constructed as to convey an ethical or religious lesson. They became common in England about the time of the reign of Henry VI. (1422-1461). Some of the Miracle plays treated of all the events of Bible history, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment; they were acted on festivals, and the performance often lasted more than one day. The most sacred things are here treated with undue freedom, and the broadest and coarsest mirth is introduced to keep the

attention of the rude audience. Many of them had a character called *_Iniquity_*, whose avowed function was that of buffoonery. The Mysteries were not entirely overthrown by the Reformation, the Protestant Bishop Bale having composed several, intended to instruct the people in the errors of popery. After the time of Henry VIII. these plays are known by the name of *_Interludes_*, the most celebrated of which are those by John Heywood (the epigrammatist). They deal largely in satire, and are not devoid of spirit and humor. But they have little skill in character- painting, and little interest in the story. About the middle of the century (sixteenth) the drama extricated itself completely from its ancient fetters, and both comedy and tragedy began to exist in a rude reality. The oldest known comedy was written by Nicholas Udall (d. 1556); it has the title of "Ralph Roister Doister," a personage whose misadventures are represented with much comic force. Ten years later the earliest tragedy, known by two names, "Gorboduc" and "Ferrex and Porrex," was publicly played in the Lower Temple. It is founded on the traditions of fabulous British history, and is believed to have been written by Thomas Norton and Lord Buckhurst. The chief merit of this earliest English tragedy lies in its stately language and solemnly reflective tone of sentiment.

2. THE AGE OF SPENSER, SHAKSPEARE, BACON, AND MILTON (1558-1660).--The prose of this illustrious period is vast in amount and various in range. The study of the Oriental languages and other pursuits bearing on theology were prosecuted with success, and many of the philosophical and polemical writings were composed in Latin. A second series of translations of the Scriptures were among the most important works of the time. The first of the three versions which now appeared (1560), came from a knot of English and Scotch exiles who sought refuge in Geneva, and their work, known as the Geneva Bible, though not adopted by the Church of England, long continued in favor with the English Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians. Cranmer's version was next revised (1568) under the superintendence of Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, eminent among the fathers of the English church, and called the Bishops' Bible, a majority of fifteen translators having been selected from the bench. The Catholic version, known as the Douay Bible, appeared in 1610. Our current translation, which also appeared in 1610, during the reign of James I., occupied forty-seven learned men, assisted by other eminent scholars, for a period of three years. Among theological writings, the "Ecclesiastical Polity" of Hooker (1553- 1600) is a striking effort of philosophical thinking, and in point of eloquence one of the noblest monuments of the language. More than Ciceronian in its fullness and dignity of style, it wears with all its richness a sober majesty which is equally admirable and rare. The sermons of Bishop Andrews (1565-1626), though corrupt as models of style, made an extraordinary impression, and contain more than any other works of the kind the inwrought materials of oratory. The sermons of Donne (1573-1631), while they are superior in style, are sometimes fantastic, like his poetry, but they are never coarse, and they derive a touching interest from his history. But the most eloquent of all the old English divines are the two celebrated prelates of the reign of Charles I., Joseph Hall (1574-1656) and Jeremy Taylor (1613-1671), alike eminent for Christian piety and conscientious zeal. Besides his pulpit discourses, Bishop Hall has left a series of "Contemplations" on passages of the Bible, and "Meditations," which are particularly rich in beautiful descriptions. Among the most practical and popular of Taylor's works are his "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying," while his sermons distinguish him as one of the great ornaments of the English pulpit. The chief theologian of the close of the period was Richard Baxter (1615-1691). His works have great value for their originality and acuteness of thought, and for their vigorous and passionate though unpolished eloquence. His "Call to the Unconverted" and "The Saint's Everlasting Rest" deserve their wide popularity. Among the semi-theological writers of the time are Fuller, Cudworth, and Henry More, Fuller (1608-1661) is most widely known through his "Worthies of England," a book of lively and observant gossip. Cudworth and More, his contemporaries, deviated in their philosophical writings from the tendencies of Bacon and the sensualistic doctrines of Hobbes, and regarded existence rather from the spiritual point of view of Plato; in the preceding generation, the skepticism of Lord Herbert of Cherbury taught a different lesson from theirs. In this period we encounter in the philosophical field two of the strongest thinkers who have appeared in modern Europe, Bacon and Hobbes. Bacon (1561-1620) aimed at the solution of two great problems, the answers to which were intended to constitute the "Instauratio Magna," the great Restoration of Philosophy, that colossal work, towards which the chief writings of this illustrious author were contributions. The first problem was an Analytic Classification of all departments of Human Knowledge, which occupies a portion of his treatise "On the Advancement of Learning." Imperfect and erroneous as his scheme may be allowed to be, D'Alembert and his coadjutors in the last century were able to do no more than to copy and distort it. In his "Novum Organum" he undertakes to supply certain deficiencies of the Aristotelian system of logic, and expounds his mode of philosophizing; he was the first to unfold the inductive method, which he did in so masterly a way, that he has earned, with posterity, the title of the father of experimental science. His "Essays," from the excellence of their style and the interesting nature of the subjects, are the most generally read of all the author's productions. No English writer surpasses Bacon in fervor and brilliancy of style, in force of expression, or in richness and significance of imagery. His writings, though they received during his lifetime the neglect for which he had proudly prepared

himself, gave a mighty impulse to scientific thought for at least a century after his time. In his will, the following strikingly prophetic passage is found: "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own country, after some time is passed over." The influence of Hobbes on philosophy in England has been greater than that of Bacon. In politics, his theory is that of uncontrolled absolutism, subjecting religion and morality to the will of the sovereign; in ethics he resolves all our impulses regarding right and wrong into self-love. His reasoning is close and consistent, and if his premises are granted, it is hardly possible to avoid his conclusions. Other departments in the prose literature of this period were amply filled and richly adorned. Speculations upon the Theory of Society and Civil Polity were frequent. Among them are the Latin works of Bellenden "On the State," the "New Atlantis," a romance by Lord Bacon, the "Oceana" of Harrington, and the "Leviathan" of Hobbes. In the collection of materials for national history the period was exceedingly active. Camden and Selden stand at the head of the band of antiquaries. Hobbes wrote in his old age "Behemoth, or a History of the Civil Wars," and the "Turkish History" of Knolles has been pronounced one of the most spirited narratives in the language. Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), while lying in the Tower under sentence of death, wrote a "History of the World," from the Creation to the Republic of Rome. The narrative is spirited and pervaded by a tone of devout sentiment. The accomplished Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), in his "Defense of Poesy," pays an eloquent tribute to the value of the most powerful of all the literary arts. His "Arcadia" is a ponderous combination of romantic and pastoral incidents, the unripe production of a young poet, but it abounds in isolated passages beautiful alike in sentiment and language. Towards the close of the period, Milton manifested extraordinary power in prose writing; his defense of the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" is one of the most impressive pieces of eloquence in the English tongue. His style is more Latinized than that of most of his contemporaries, and this exotic infection pervades both his terms and his arrangement; yet he has passages marvelously sweet, and others in which the grand sweep of his sentences emulates the cathedral music of Hooker. The press now began to pour forth shoals of short novels, romances, and essays, and pamphlets on various subjects. Among other productions is Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," a storehouse of odd learning and quaintly-original ideas; it is deficient, however, in style and power of consecutive reasoning. Far above Burton in eloquence and strength of thought is Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), whose writings have all the characteristics of the age in a state of extravagant exaggeration. The thoughtful melancholy, the singular mixture of skepticism and credulity, and the brilliancy of imaginative illustration, give his essays a peculiarity of character that renders them exceedingly fascinating. The poet Cowley, in his prose writings, is distinguished for his undeviating simplicity and perspicuity, and for smoothness and ease, of which hardly another instance could be produced from any other book written before the Restoration. The English drama has been called Irregular in contrast to the Regular drama of Greece and that of modern France, founded upon the Greek, by the French critics of the age of Louis XIV. The principal law of this system, as we have seen, prescribed obedience to the Three Unities, of Time, of Place, and of Action; the two first being founded on the desire to imitate in the drama the series of events which it represents, the time of action was allowed to extend to twenty-four hours, and the scene to change from place to place in the same city. But by Shakspeare and his contemporaries no fixed limits were acknowledged in regard either of time or place, the action stretching through many years, and the scene changing to very wide distances. The rule prescribing unity of action, that everything shall be subordinate to the series of events which is taken as the guiding-thread, is a much more sound one; and in most of Shakspeare's works, as well as those of his contemporaries, this unity of impression, as it has been called, is fully preserved. Before the year 1585 no perceptible advance had been made in the drama, and for the period of sixty years, from that date to the closing of the theatres in 1645, on the breaking out of the Civil War, the history of Shakspeare's works forms the leading thread. Men of eminent genius lived around and after him, but there were none who do not derive much of their importance from the relation in which they stand to him, and hardly any whose works do not owe much of their excellence to the influence of his. Thus considered, the stages through which the drama now passed may be said to have been four, three of which occurred chiefly during the life of the poet, the fourth after his death. The first of these periods witnessed the early manhood of Shakspeare, and closes about 1593. Among his immediate predecessors and coadjutors were Marlowe and Greene. The plays of Marlowe (1562-1593) are stately tragedies, serious in purpose, energetic and often extravagant in passion and in language, and richly and pompously imaginative. His "Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" is one of the finest poems in the language. The productions of Greene are loose, legendary plays of a form exemplified in Cymbeline. To the first period of the dramatic life of Shakspeare (1564-1616) belong the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the "Comedy of Errors," and "Love's Labor's Lost," which show that the mighty master, even in these juvenile essays, had taken a wide step beyond the dramas of the time. Pure comedy had no existence in England until he created it, and in these comedies it is evident that everything is juvenile, unripe, and marvelously unlike the grand pictures of life which he soon afterwards began to paint. But if he was more than a student in this first stage of his progress, he was a teacher and model ever after. The second period for Shakspeare and the drama closes with the year 1600. During this most active part of his literary life, he produced eight comedies, and re-wrote "Romeo and Juliet." But

the most elevated works of these six years were his magnificent series of historical plays. The series after 1600 began with the great tragedies, *Othello*, *Hamlet* (recomposed), *Macbeth*, and *Lear*, followed by *Henry VIII.*, the three tragedies on Roman subjects, and the three singular pieces, "*Timon of Athens*," "*Troilus and Cressida*," and "*Measure for Measure*," apparently of the same date. "*Cymbeline*" and the "*Winter's Tale*" were probably composed after he had retired from the turmoil of his profession to the repose of his early home. In the "*Tempest*," doubtless his last work, he peopled his haunted island with a group of beings whose conception indicates a greater variety of imagination, and in some points a greater depth of thought than any others which he has bequeathed to us. The name of Shakspeare is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in creative power--no man had ever such strength combined with such variety of imagination. Of all authors, he is the most natural in his style, and yet there is none whose words are so musical in arrangement, so striking and picturesque in themselves, or contain so many thoughts. Every page furnishes instances of that intensifying of expression, where some happy word conveys a whole train of ideas condensed into a single luminous point--words so new, so full of meaning, yet so unforced and natural, that the rudest mind intuitively perceives their meaning, and yet which no study could improve or imitate. This constitutes the most striking peculiarity of the Shakspearean language, and while it justifies the almost idolatrous veneration of his countrymen, renders him, of all writers, the most untranslatable. Of all authors, Shakspeare has least imitated or repeated himself. While he gives us, in many places, portraits of the same passion, the delineations are as distinct and dissimilar as they are in nature; all his personages involuntarily, and in spite of themselves, express their own characters. From his works may be gleaned a complete collection of precepts adapted to every condition of life and every conceivable circumstance of human affairs. His wit is unbounded, his passion inimitable, and over all he has thrown a halo of human sympathy no less tender than his genius was immeasurable and profound. The effect of Shakspeare's influence on his contemporaries was predominating in everything but the moral aspect of his plays. The licentiousness, begun in the earlier years of the seventeenth century, increased with accelerated speed down to the closing of the theatres by the Civil War. Highest by far, in poetical and dramatic value, stand the works of Beaumont (1586-1615) and Fletcher (1576-1625). Many of them are said to have been written by the two jointly, a few by the former alone, and a large number by the latter after he had lost his friend; such alliances in dramatic poetry were common in England at this period. But the looseness of fancy which deformed the drama, and which degenerated at last into deliberate licentiousness, is nowhere so glaring as in these finest and most imaginative productions of their day, and which are poetically superior to all of the kind in the language, except those of Shakspeare. The classical model was closely approached by Ben Jonson (1574-1637) in both tragedy and comedy, and he deserves immortality for other reasons than his comparative purity of morals. He was the one man of his time besides Shakspeare who deserves to be called a reflective artist, who perceived the rules of art and worked in obedience to them. His tragedies are stately, eloquent, and poetical; his comedies are more faithful poetic portraits of contemporary English life than those of any other dramatist, Shakspeare excepted. Jonson wrote for men of sense and knowledge; Beaumont and Fletcher for men of fashion and the world. A similar audience to that of Jonson may have been aimed at in the stately tragedies of Chapman, and the other class would have relished the plays of Middleton and Webster. Among the dramatists of the commonalty may be named Thomas Heywood, one of the most moral play writers of his time, who has sometimes been called the prose Shakspeare, and Decker, a voluminous writer, who cooperated in several plays of more celebrated men, especially those of Massinger. The closing period of the old English drama is represented by Massinger, Ford, and Shirley. Massinger (1584-1640) is by some critics ranked next to Shakspeare. The theatres have retained unaltered his "*New Way to Pay Old Debts*," and his "*Fatal Dowry*" is preserved in Rowe's plagiarism from it, in the "*Fair Penitent*." But the low moral tone of the time is indicated in all these works, in which heroic sentiments, rising often even to religious rapture, are mingled with scenes of the grossest ribaldry. By Ford, incidents of the most revolting kind are laid down as the foundation of his plots, upon which he wastes a pathos and tenderness deeper than is elsewhere found in the drama; and with Shirley vice is no longer held up as a mere picture, but it is indicated, and sometimes directly recommended, as a fit example. When the drama was at length suppressed, the act destroyed a moral nuisance. Spenser (1553-1599), among the English poets, stands lower only than Shakspeare, Chaucer, and Milton. His works unite rare genius with moral purity, exquisite sweetness of language, luxuriant beauty of imagination, and a tenderness of feeling rarely surpassed, and never elsewhere conjoined with an imagination so vivid. His magnificent poem, the "*Faerie Queene*," though it contains many thousand lines, is yet incomplete, no more than half of the original design being executed. The diction is studded purposely with forms of expression already become antiquated, and many peculiarities are forced upon the author from the difficulties of the complex measure which he was the first to adopt, and which still bears his name. The Fairy Land of Spenser is rather the Land of Chivalry than the region we are accustomed to understand by that term; a scene in which heroic daring and ideal purity are the objects chiefly presented to our imagination, in which the principal personages are knights achieving perilous adventures, ladies rescued from frightful miseries, and good and evil enchanters, whose spells affect the destiny of

those human persons. Spenser would probably not have written precisely as he did, if Ariosto had not written before him; nor is it unlikely that he was also guided by the later example of Tasso; but his design was in many features nobler and more arduous than that of either. His deep seriousness is unlike the mocking tone of the "Orlando Furioso," and in his moral enthusiasm he rises higher than the "Jerusalem;" although the poetic effect of his work is marred by his design of producing a series of ethical allegories. The hero is the chivalrous Arthur of the British legends, but wrapt in a cloud of symbols. Gloriana, the Faërie Queene, who was to be the object of the prince's warmest love, was herself an emblem of Virtuous Renown, and designed also to represent the poet's queen, Elizabeth. All the incidents are significant of moral truth, and all the personages are allegorical. The adventures of the characters, connected by no tie, except the occasional interposition of Arthur, form really six independent poetic tales. The First Book, by far the finest of all, relates the Legend of the Red Cross Knight, who is a type of Holiness, and who shadows forth the history of the Church of England. In the second, which abounds in exquisite painting of picturesque landscapes, we have the Legend of Sir Guyon, illustrating the virtue of Temperance. The theme of the Third Book is the Legend of Britomart, or of Chastity, in which we are introduced to Belphebe and Amoret, two of those beautiful female characters which the poet takes such pleasure in delineating. Next comes the Legend of Friendship, personified in the knights Cambel and Triamond. In the Fifth Book, containing the Legends of Sir Artegal, the emblem of Justice, there is a perceptible falling off. The Sixth Book, the Legend of Sir Calidore, or Courtesy, though it lacks unity, is in some scenes inspired with the warmest glow of fancy. The mind of Spenser embraced a vast range of imaginary creation, but the interest of real life is wanting. His world is ideal, abstract, and remote, yet affording in its multiplied scenes ample scope for those nobler feelings and heroic virtues which we love to see even in transient connection with human nature. The non-dramatic poets of this time begin with Spenser and end with Milton, and between these two there were writers of great excellence. The vice of the age was a laboring after conceits or novel turns of thought, usually false, and resting upon some equivocation of language or remote analogy. No poet of the time was free from it; Shakspeare indulged in it occasionally, others incessantly, holding its manifestations to be their finest strokes of art. The poetical works of this age were metrical translations from the classics--narrative, historical, descriptive, didactic, pastoral, and lyrical poems. One of the most beautiful religious poems in any language is "Christ's Victory and Triumph," by Giles Fletcher (d. 1623): it is animated in narrative, lively in fancy, and touching in feeling. Drayton (d. 1631) was the author of the "Poly-Olbion," a topographical description of England, and a signal instance of fine fancy and great command of language, almost thrown away from its prosaic design. Fulke Greville (Lord Brooke), the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, exhibits great powers of philosophical thought, in pointed and energetic diction, in his poem on "Human Learning." Among the religious poets are "Holy George Herbert" (d. 1632), who, by his life and writings, presented the belief and offices of the church in their most amiable aspect, and Quarles (d. 1644), best known by his "Divine Emblems," which abound in quaint and grotesque illustrations. The lyrical poems of the time were numerous, and were written by almost all the poets eminent in other departments. In those of Donne, in spite of their conceits and affectations, are many passages wonderfully fine. Those of Herrick (b. 1591), in graceful fancy and delicate expression, are many of them unsurpassed; in subject and tone they vary from grossly licentious expression to the utmost warmth of devout aspiration. Cowley (1618-1667), the latest and most celebrated of the lyric poets, was gifted with extraordinary poetic sensibility and fancy, but he was prone to strained analogies and unreal refinements. Among the minor lyrical poets are Carew, Ayton, Habington, Suckling, and Lovelace. Denham (1615-1668) and Waller (1605-1687) form a sort of link between the time before the Restoration and that which followed. The "Cooper's Hill" of the first is a reflective and descriptive poem in heroic verse, and the diversified poems of the last were remarkable advances in ease and correctness of diction and versification. The poetry of that imaginative period which began with Spenser closes yet more nobly with Milton (1608-1674). He, standing in some respects apart from his stern contemporaries of the Commonwealth as from those who debased literature in the age of the Restoration, yet belongs rather to the older than the newer period. In the midst of evil men and the gloom of evil days the brooding thought of a great poetical work was at length matured, and the Christian epic, chanted at first when there were few disposed to hear, became an enduring monument of genius, learning, and art. His early poems alone would indicate his superiority to all the poets of the period, except Shakspeare and Spenser. The most popular of them, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," are the best of their kind in any language. In the "Comus" there are passages exquisite for imagination, for sentiment, and for the musical flow of the rhythm, in which the majestic swell of the poet's later blank verse begins to be heard. The "Paradise Regained" abounds with passages in themselves beautiful, but the plan is poorly conceived, and the didactic tendency prevails to weariness as the work proceeds. The theme of the "Paradise Lost" is the noblest of any ever chosen. The stately march of its diction; the organ peal with which its versification rolls on; the continual overflowing of beautiful illustrations; the brightly-colored pictures of human happiness and innocence; the melancholy grandeur with which angelic natures are clothed in their fall, are features which give the mind images and feelings not soon or easily effaced.

3. THE AGE OF THE RESTORATION AND THE REVOLUTION (1660-1702).--Among the able churchmen who passed from the troubles of the Commonwealth and Protectorate to the Restoration were Jeremy Taylor, Archbishop Leighton, and others of eminence. South, Tillotson, and Barrow were more able theologians, but their writings lack the charm of sentiment which Leighton's warmth of heart diffuses over all his works. South (d. 1716) was a man of remarkable oratorical endowments, sarcastic, intolerant, and fierce in polemical attacks. The writings of Tillotson (d. 1694) are pervaded by a higher and better spirit, and the sermons of Barrow (d. 1677) combine comprehensiveness, sagacity, and clearness. Other divines, such as Stillingfleet, Pearson, Burnet, Bull, hold a more prominent place in the history of the church than in that of letters. But all the writers of this age are wanting in that impressiveness and force of undisciplined eloquence which distinguished the first half of the seventeenth century. Among the nonconformist clergy, Howe (d. 1715) wrote the "Living Temple," which is ranked among the religious classics. The great though untrained genius of John Bunyan (1628-1688) produced the "Pilgrim's Progress," which holds a distinguished place in permanent English literature. John Locke (1632-1704) may be taken as the representative of the English Philosophy of the time, and his influence on the speculative opinions of his day was second only to that of Hobbes. His "Essay on the Understanding" contains the germ of utter skepticism and was the ground on which Berkeley denied the existence of the material world, and Hume involved all human knowledge in doubt. In classical learning the greatest of the scholars of this period was Bentley (1662-1742). In history Lord Clarendon (1608-1774) wrote the "History of the Rebellion," and Burnet (1643-1715) his "History of the Reformation," one of the most thoroughly digested works of the century. His "History of his own Times" is valuable for its facts, and for the shrewdness with which he describes the state of things around him. In miscellaneous prose, John Evelyn wrote several useful and tasteful works, and Izaak Walton (1593-1688), a London tradesman, wrote his interesting Biographies and the quaint treatise "On Angling." Both in diction and sentiment these works remind us of the preceding age; and Walton, surviving Milton, closes the series of old English prose writers. Samuel Butler (1612-1680), the unfortunate, ill-requited laureate of the Royalists, who satirized the Puritans and Republicans in his celebrated "Hudibras," left some exceedingly witty and vigorous prose writings; and Andrew Marvell (1620-1678), the friend and protector of Milton, was most successful in sarcastic irony, and in his attacks on the High Church opinions and doings. John Dryden (1631-1700) was the literary chief of the interval between Cromwell and Queen Anne. His prose writings, besides comedies, are few, but in these he taught principles of poetical art previously unknown to his countrymen, and showed the capabilities of the tongue in a new light. Inferior to Dryden in vigor of thought was Sir William Temple (1628-1698), who may yet share with him the merit of having founded regular English prose. His literary character rests chiefly on his "Miscellaneous Essays." The symmetrical structure and artificial polish of contemporaneous French literature, while it was not without some good influence on English prose, was less beneficial to poetry, and its worst effect was on the drama, which soon ceased to be pictures of human beings in action and became only descriptive of such pictures. In this walk as in others Dryden was the literary chief, and of his plays it can truly be said that the serious ones contain many striking and poetical pieces of declamation, finely versified. His comedies are bad morally, and as dramas even worse than those of his rival Shadwell. Lee was only a poor likeness of Dryden. In the "Orphan" and "Venice Preserved" of Otway we have southing of the revival of the ancient strength of feeling though alloyed by false sentiment and poetic poverty. Congreve showed great power of language in tragedy, and Southerne not a little nature and pathos. In comedy the fame of these writers was eclipsed by a knot of dramatists who adopted prose, but whose works are the foulest that ever disgraced the literature of a nation. They are excellent specimens of that which has been called the comedy of manners; vice is inextricably interwoven in the texture of all alike, in the broad humor of Wycherly (the most vigorous of the set), in the wit of Congreve, in the character painting of Vanbrugh, and the lively invention of Farquhar. In other kinds of poetry we find similar changes of taste which affected the art injuriously, although the increased attention paid to correctness and refinement was a step in improvement. These mischievous changes related both to the themes and forms of poetry, and in neither can the true functions of art be forgotten without injury to the work. An age must be held unpoetical, and cannot produce great poetical works, if its poetry chooses insufficient topics; and the aims of the age of the Restoration were low, producing only a constant crop of poems celebrating contemporary events or incidents in the lives of individuals. The dramatic and narrative forms of poetry are undoubtedly those in which that imaginative excitement of pleasing emotion, which is the immediate and characteristic end of the art, may be most powerfully worked out, and to one of these forms all the greatest poems have belonged. But in the age of the Restoration the drama had lost its elevation and poetic significance, and original narrative poetry was hardly known. Almost all the poems of the day were didactic, and the prevalence of this style of poetry is a palpable symptom of an unpoetical age. The verse-making of these forty years, after setting aside a very few works, maintains a dead level. Among the dwarfish rhymers of the day there lingered some of the august shapes of a former age. Milton still walked his solitary course, and Waller wrote his occasional odes and verses, but

of names not already given there are no more than two or three that require commemoration. One of the famous poems of the day was an "Essay on Translated Verse," by Lord Roscommon; and the smaller poems of Marvell are felicitous in feeling and diction; both writers are distinguished for their moral purity. The "Hudibras" of Butler, which properly belongs to the age before, is a phenomenon in the history of English literature. His pungent wit, his extraordinary ingenuity, and his command of words are rare endowments, but he has no poetic vein that yields jewels of the first water, and his place is not a high one in the path which leads upward to the ethereal regions of the imagination. Dryden (1661-1721) in his lighter pieces shows wit of a less manly kind. His serious poems have great facility of phrase and melody. Dryden was a man of high endowments as a poet and thinker, condemned to labor for a corrupt generation, and he has received from posterity no higher fame than that of having improved English prose style and versification. His poems are rather essays couched in vigorous verse, with here and there passages of great poetical beauty. His "Annus Mirabilis," celebrating with great animation the year 1666, is an effusion of historical panegyric. The "Absalom and Achitophel" is a satire on the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth and his adviser Shaftesbury. "The Hind and Panther," full of poetical and satirical force, was an argument to justify the author's recent change of religion. One of the most thoroughly sustained poems is the "Ode on Alexander's Feast." His translation of the Aeneid, as imperfect a picture of the original as Pope's translation of the Iliad, is yet full of vigor and one of his best specimens of the heroic couplet, a measure never so well written in English as by Dryden.

4. THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.--The influence of the eighteenth century on prose style has been great and permanent, and the two dissimilar manners of writing which were then formed, have contributed to all that is distinctive in our modern form of expression. The earlier of these is found in the language of Addison and Swift, the later in that of Johnson. The style of Addison and his friends reproduced those genuine idiomatic peculiarities of our speech which had been received into the conversation of intelligent men. The style of which Johnson was the characteristic example abandons in part the native and familiar characteristics of the Saxon for those expressions and forms common to the modern European tongues. Large use was made of words derived from the Latin, which, in addition to the effect of novelty, gave greater impressiveness and pomp to the style. In the First Generation, named from Queen Anne, but including also the reign of George I. (d. 1727), the drama scarcely deserves more than a parenthesis. Although the moral tone had improved, it was still not high, when Gray's "Beggars' Opera" and Cibber's "Careless Husband" were the most famous works. The "Fair Penitent" has been noticed as a clever plagiarism from Massinger; in Addison's "Cato" the strict rules of the French stage were preserved, but its stately and impressive speeches cannot be called dramatic. The "Revenge" of Young had more of tragic passion; but it wanted the force of characterization which seemed to have been buried with the old dramatists. The heroic measure, as it was now used, aimed at smoothness of melody and pointedness of expression, and in this the great master was Pope. In the poems of Pope (1688-1744), we find passages beautifully poetical, exquisite thoughts, vigorous portraits of character, shrewd observation, and reflective good sense, but we are wafted into no bright world of imagination, rapt in no dream of strong passion, and seldom raised into any high region of moral thought. Like all the poets of his day, he set a higher value on skill of execution than on originality of conception, and systematically abstained from all attempts to excite imagination or feeling. The taste of the poet and of his times is most clearly shown in his "Essay on Criticism," published before his twenty-first year. None of his works unites more happily, regularity of plan, shrewdness of thought, and beauty of verse. His most successful effort, the "Rape of the Lock," assumed its complete shape in his twenty-sixth year, and is the best of all mock-heroic poems. The sharpest wit, the keenest dissection of the follies of fashionable life, the finest grace of diction, and the softest flow of melody, come appropriately to adorn a tale in which we learn how a fine gentleman stole a lock of a lady's hair. In the "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard," and in the "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady," he attempted the pathetic not altogether in vain. The last work of his best years was his "Translation of the Iliad;" of the Odyssey he translated only half. Both misrepresent the natural and simple majesty of manner which the ancient poet never lost; yet if we could forget Homer, we might be proud of them. In the "Dunciad" he threw away an infinity of wit upon writers who would not otherwise have been remembered. His "Essay on Man" contains much exquisite poetry and finely solemn thought; it abounds in striking passages which, by their felicities of fancy, good sense, music, and extraordinary terseness of diction, have gained a place in the memory of every one. Among the philosophical writers none holds so prominent a place as Bishop Berkeley (1684-1753), whose refinement of style and subtlety of thought have seldom been equaled. His philosophical Idealism exercised much influence on the course of metaphysical inquiry. Lord Shaftesbury's brilliant but indistinct treatises have also been the germ of many discussions in ethics. Bolingbroke wrote with great liveliness, but with equal shallowness of thought and knowledge. Daniel Defoe (1661-1731) is not likely to be forgotten on account of one of his many novels, "Robinson Crusoe." His idiomatic English style is not one of the least of his merits. Among the prose writings of Swift (1667-1745) there is none that is not a masterpiece of strong Saxon-English, and none quite destitute of his keen wit or cutting sarcasm. His satirical romances are most

pungent when human nature is his victim, as in "Gulliver's Travels;" and not less amusing in "The Battle of the Books," or where he treats of church disputes in the "Tale of a Tub." The burlesque memoir of "Martinus Scriblerus" was the joint production of Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot. It contains more good criticism than any of the serious writings of the generation, and it abounds in the most biting strokes of wit. Arbuthnot is supposed to have been the sole author of the whimsical, national satire called the "History of John Bull," the best work of the class produced in that day. The "Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu" belong to this age. Of all the popular writers, however, that adorned the reign of Queen Anne and her successor, those whose influence has been the greatest and most salutary are the Essayists, among whom Joseph Addison and Richard Steele are preeminently distinguished. "The Tatler," begun in Ireland by Steele, aided first by Swift, and afterwards by Addison, appeared three times a week from 1709 to 1711; "The Spectator," in which Addison took the lead, from 1711 to 1712; and "The Guardian," a part of the next year. Steele (1676-1729) had his merits somewhat unfairly clouded by the fame of his coadjutor. The extraordinary popularity of those periodicals, especially "The Spectator," was creditable to the reading persons of the community, then much fewer than now. The writers discarded from their papers all party-spirit, and designed to make them the vehicle of judicious teaching in morals, manners, and literary criticism. Thus they widened the circle of readers, and raised the standard of taste and thinking. Of some of the more serious papers of the "Spectator," those of Addison (1672-1719) on the "Immortality of the Soul" and the "Pleasures of the Imagination" may be cited. Among the theological writers of the Second Generation of the eighteenth century (the reign of George II., 1726-1760), one of the most famous in his day, though not the most meritorious, was Bishop Warburton; Bishop Butler (d. 1752), wrote his "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature," a work of extraordinary force of thought; and there is much literary merit in the writings of the pious Watts and the devout Doddridge. The increasing zeal both in the Church of England and among the Dissenters, and the more cordial recognition of the importance of religion, greatly affected the literature of the times. Philosophy had also its distinguished votaries. The philosophical works of Hume (1711-1776) are allowed by those who dissent most strenuously from their results to have constituted an epoch in the history of the science. In accepting the principles which had been received before him, and showing that they led to no conclusion but universal doubt, he laid bare the flaws in the system, and prepared the way for the subtle speculations of Kant and the more cautious systems of Reid and the Scottish school. The miscellaneous literature of this, the age of Johnson, cannot stand comparison with that of the preceding, which was headed by Addison. Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), one of the most celebrated of the professional authors of the eighteenth century, however, belongs to this period. Compelled by poverty to leave his education uncompleted, he sought the means of living in London, where, for a long time, unpatronized and obscure, he labored with dogged perseverance, until at length he won a fame which must have satisfied the most grasping ambition, but when, as he says, "most of those whom he had wished to please had sunk into the grave, and he had little to fear from censure or praise." That the reputation of his writings was above their deserts, cannot be denied, though it must also be admitted that the literature of our time is deficient in many of their excellences, both of thought and expression. They are the fruit of a strong and original mind, working with imperfect knowledge and an inadequate scope for activity. The language of Johnson is superior to his matter; he has striking force of diction, and many of his sentences roll on the ear like the sound of the distant sea, while the thoughts they convey impress us so vividly that we are slow to scrutinize them. His great merit lies in the two departments of morals and criticism, but everywhere he is inconsistent and unequal. His Dictionary occupied him for eight years, but it is of little value now to the student of language, being poor and incorrect in etymology and unsatisfactory though acute in definition. His poems, which are of Pope's school, would scarcely have preserved his name. The "Rambler," and "Rasselas," are characteristic of his merits and defects. The "Tour to the Hebrides" is one of the most pleasant and easy of his writings. His "Lives of the Poets" is admirable for its skill of narration, but it is alternately enlightened and unsound in criticism, and frequently marred by political prejudices and personal jealousies. Of the novels of the time, the series begun by Richardson's (1689-1761) "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison" have a virtuous aim, but they err by the plainness with which they describe vice. The tediousness and overwrought sentimentality of these works go far towards disqualifying the reader from appreciating their extraordinary skill in invention and in the portraiture of character. Fielding (1707-1754) unites these qualities with greater knowledge of the world, pungent wit, and idiomatic strength of style. His mastery in the art of fictitious narrative has never been excelled; but his living pictures of familiar life, as well as the whimsical caricatures of Smollett and the humorous fantasies of Sterne, are disfigured by faults of which the very smallest are coarseness of language and bareness of licentious description, in which they outdid Richardson. Not only is their standard of morality low, but they display indifference to the essential distinctions of right and wrong, in regard to some of the cardinal relations of society. The drama of the period has little literary importance. In non-dramatic poetry, several men of distinguished genius appeared, and changes occurred which indicated more just and comprehensive views of the art than those that had been prevalent in the last generation. Young (1681-1765), in his "Night Thoughts," produced a work eloquent rather than poetical,

dissertative when true poetry would have been imaginative, but suggesting much of imagery and feeling as well as religious reflection. Resembling it in some points, but with more force of imagination, is the train of gloomy scenes which appears in Blair's "Grave." In Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination," a vivid fancy and an alluring pomp of language are lavished on a series of pictures illustrating the feelings of beauty and sublimity; but, theorizing and poetizing by turns, the poet loses his hold of the reader. The more direct and effective forms of poetry now came again into favor, such as the Scottish pastoral drama of Ramsay, and Falconer's "Shipwreck." But the most decisive instance of the growing insight into the true functions of poetry is furnished by Thomson's (1700-1748) "Seasons." No poet has ever been more inspired by the love of external nature, or felt with more keenness and delicacy those analogies between the mind and the things it looks upon, which are the fountains of poetic feeling. The faults of Thomson are triteness of thought when he becomes argumentative and a prevalent pomposity and pedantry of diction; though his later work, "The Castle of Indolence," is surprisingly free from these blemishes. But the age was an unpoetical one, and two of the finest poetical minds of the nation were so dwarfed and weakened by the ungenial atmosphere as to bequeath to posterity nothing more than a few lyrical fragments. In the age which admired the smooth feebleness of Shenstone's pastorals and elegies, and which closed when the libels of Churchill were held to be good examples of poetical satire, Gray turned aside from the unrequited labors of verse to idle in his study, and Collins lived and died almost unknown. Gray (1716-1771) was as consummate a poetical artist as Pope. His fancy was less lively, but his sympathies were warmer and more expanded, though the polished aptness of language and symmetry of construction which give so classical an aspect to his Odes bring with them a tinge of classical coldness. The "Ode on Eton College" is more genuinely lyrical than "The Bards," and the "Elegy In a Country Churchyard" is perhaps faultless. The Odes of Collins (1720-1759) have more of the fine and spontaneous enthusiasm of genius than any other poems ever written by one who wrote so little. We close his tiny volume with the same disappointed surprise which overcomes us when a harmonious piece of music suddenly ceases unfinished. His range of tones is very wide, and the delicacy of gradation with which he passes from thought to thought has an indescribable charm. His most popular poem, "The Passions," conveys no adequate idea of some of his most marked characteristics. All can understand the beauty and simplicity of his odes "To Pity," "To Simplicity," "To Mercy," and the finely woven harmonies and the sweetly romantic pictures in the "Ode to Evening" recall the youthful poems of Milton. Between the period just reviewed and the reign of George III., or the Third Generation of the eighteenth century, there were several connecting links, one of which was formed by a group of historians whose works are classical monuments of English literature. The publication of Hume's "History of England" began in 1754. Robertson's "History of Scotland" appeared in 1759, followed by his "Reign of Charles V." and his "History of America;" Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was completed in twelve years from 1776. The narrative of Hume is told with great clearness, good sense, and quiet force of representation, and if his matter had been as carefully studied as his manner, if his social and religious theories had been as sound as his theory of literary art, his history would still hold a place from which no rival could hope to degrade it. The style of Robertson and Gibbon is totally unlike that of Hume. They want his seemingly unconscious ease, his delicate tact, and his calm yet lively simplicity. Hume tells his tale to us as a friend to friends; his successors always seem to hold that they are teachers and we pupils. This change of tone had long been coming on, and was now very general in all departments of prose. Very few writers of the last thirty years of Johnson's life escaped this epidemic desire of dictatorship. Robertson (1722-1793) is an excellent story-teller, perspicuous, lively, and interesting. His opinions are wisely formed and temperately expressed, his disquisitions able and instructive, and his research so accurate that he is still a valuable historical authority. The learning of Gibbon (1737-1794), though not always exact, was remarkably extensive, and sufficient to make him a trustworthy guide, unless in those points where he was inclined to lead astray. There is a patrician haughtiness in the stately march of his narrative and in the air of careless superiority with which he treats his heroes and his audience. He is a master in the art of painting and narration, nor is he less skillful in indirect insinuation, which is, indeed, his favorite mode of communicating his own opinions, but he is most striking in those passages in his history of the church, where he covertly attacks a religion which he neither believed nor understood. Other historians produced works useful in their day, but now, for the most part, superseded; and in various other departments men of letters actively exerted themselves. Johnson, seated at last in his easy-chair, talked for twenty years, the oracle of the literary world, and Boswell, soon after his death, gave to the world the clever record of these conversations, which has aided to secure the place in literature he had obtained by his writings. Goldsmith (1728-1774), had he never written poems, would stand among the classic writers of English prose from the few trifles on which he was able, in the intervals of literary drudgery, to exercise his powers of observation and invention, and to exhibit his warm affections and purity of moral sentiment. Such is his inimitable little novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and that good-natured satire on society, the "Citizen of the World." Among the novelists, Mackenzie (1745-1831) wrote his "Man of Peeling," not unworthy of the companionship of Goldsmith's masterpiece; and among later novelists, Walpole, Moore, Cumberland, Mrs. Inchbald, and Charlotte Smith, Miss Burney and Mrs.

Radcliffe may also be named. In literary criticism, the authoritative book of the day was Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" (1765) was a delightful compilation, which, after being quite neglected for many years, became the poetical text-book of Sir Walter Scott and the poets of his time. A more scientific and ambitious effort was Warton's (1729-1790) "History of English Poetry," which has so much of antiquarian learning, poetical taste, and spirited writing, that it is not only an indispensable and valuable authority, but an interesting book to the mere amateur. With many errors and deficiencies, it has yet little chance of being ever entirely superseded. In parliamentary eloquence, before the middle of the eighteenth century, we have the commanding addresses of the elder Pitt (Lord Chatham), and at the close, still leading the senate, are the younger Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke. Burke (1730-1797) must be remembered not only for his speeches but for his writing on political and social questions, as a great thinker of comprehensive and versatile intellect, and extraordinary power of eloquence. The letters of "Junius," a remarkable series of papers, the authorship of which is still involved in mystery, appeared in a London daily journal from 1769 to 1772. They were remarkable for the audacity of their attacks upon the government, the court, and persons high in power, and from their extraordinary ability and point they produced an indelible impression on the public mind. The "Letters" of Walpole are poignantly satirical; those of Cowper are models of easy writing, and lessons of rare dignity and purity of sentiment. In the history of philosophy, the middle of the eighteenth century was a very important epoch; before the close of the century, almost all of those works had appeared which have had the greatest influence on more recent thinking. These works may be divided into four classes. Under the first, Philosophical Criticism, may be classed Burke's treatise "On the Sublime and Beautiful," Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourse on Painting," Campbell's "Philosophy of Rhetoric," Kames's "Elements of Criticism," Blair's "Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," and Horne Tooke's "Philosophy of Language." In the second department, Political Economy, Adam Smith's great work, "The Wealth of Nations," stands alone, and is still acknowledged as the standard text-book of this science. In the third department, Ethics, are Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiment," Tucker's "Light of Nature," and Paley's "Moral and Political Philosophy." In the fourth or Metaphysical department, we have only to note the rise of the Scottish School, under Thomas Reid (1710-1796), who combats each of the three schools, the Sensualistic evolved from Locke, holding that our ideas are all derived from sensation; the Idealistic, as proposed by Berkeley, which, allowing the existence of mind, denies that of matter; and the Skeptical, headed by Hume, which denies that we can know anything at all. Reid is a bold, dry, but very clear and logical writer, a sincere lover of truth, and a candid and honorable disputant; his system is original and important in the history of philosophy. In the theological literature of this time are found Campbell's "Essay on Miracles," Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" and "Natural Theology," and Bishop Watson's "Apology for Christianity." Among the devout teachers of religion was John Newton of Olney, the spiritual guide of Cowper; and of the moral writers, Hannah More and Wilberforce may be mentioned. The only tragedy that has survived from these last forty years of the eighteenth century is the "Douglas" of Home, whose melody and romantic pathos lose much of their effect from its monotony of tone and feebleness in the representation of character. Comedy was oftener successful. There was little merit in the plays of the elder Colman or those of Mrs. Cowley, or of Cumberland. The comedies of Goldsmith abound in humor and gayety, and those of Sheridan have an unintermitted fire of epigrams, a keen insight into the follies and weaknesses of society, and great ingenuity in inventing whimsical situations. Of the verse-writers in the time of Johnson's old age, Goldsmith has alone achieved immortality. "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" cannot be forgotten while the English tongue is remembered. The foundations of a new school of poetry were already laid. Percy's "Reliques" and Macpherson's "Fingal" attracted great attention, and many minor poets followed. The short career of the unhappy Chatterton (1752-1770) held out wonderful promise of genius. Darwin, in his "Botanic Garden," went back to the mazes of didactic verse. Seattle's (1735-1803) "Minstrel" is the outpouring of a mind exquisitely poetical in feeling; it is a kind of autobiography or analytic narrative of the early growth of a poet's mind and heart, and is one of the most delightful poems in our language. Opening with Goldsmith, our period closes with Cowper and Burns. The unequalled popularity of Cowper's (1731-1800) poems is owing, in part, to the rarity of good religious poetry, and also to their genuine force and originality. He unhesitatingly made poetry use, always when it was convenient, the familiar forms of common conversation, and he showed yet greater boldness by seeking to interest his readers in the scenes of everyday life. In spite of great faults, the effect of his works is such as only a genuine poet could have produced. His translation of the Iliad has the simplicity of the original, though wanting its warlike fervor, and portions of the Odyssey are rendered with exceeding felicity of poetic effect. Our estimate of Cowper's poems is heightened by our love and pity for the poet, writing not for fame but for consolation, and uttering from the depths of a half-broken heart his reverent homage to the power of religious truth. Our affection is not colder, and our compassion is more profound, when we contemplate the agitated and erring life of Robert Burns (1759-1796), the Scottish peasant, who has given to the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race some of its most precious jewels, although all which this extraordinary man achieved was inadequate to the power and the vast variety of his endowments. It is

on his songs that his fame rests most firmly, and no lyrics in any tongue have a more wonderful union of thrilling passion, melting tenderness, concentrated expressiveness of language, and apt and natural poetic fancy. But neither the song nor the higher kinds of lyrical verse could give scope to the qualities he has elsewhere shown; his aptness in representing the phases of human character, his genial breadth and keenness of humor, and his strength of creative imagination, indicate that if born under a more benignant star he might have been a second Chaucer. 5. THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.--In the illustrious band of poets who enriched the literature of England during the first generation of the present century, there are four who have gained greater fame than any others, and exercised greater influence on their contemporaries. These are Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron, who, though unlike, yet in respect of their ruling spirit and tendencies may be classed in pairs as they have been named; and all whose works call for exact scrutiny may be distributed into four groups. In the first of them stand Thomas Campbell and Robert Southey, dissimilar to each other, and differing as widely from their contemporaries. Campbell (1777-1844) employed an unusually delicate taste in elaborating his verses both in diction and melody. His "Pleasures of Hope" was written between youth and manhood, and "Gertrude of Wyoming," the latest of his productions worthy of him, appeared soon after his thirtieth year. His mind, deficient in manly vigor of thought, had worked itself out in the few first bursts of youthful emotion, but no one has clothed with more of romantic sweetness the feelings and fancies which people the fairy-land of early dreams, or thrown around the enchanted region a purer atmosphere of moral contemplation. Southey (1774-1843), with an ethical tone higher and sterner than Campbell's, offers in other features a marked contrast to him. He is careless in details, and indulges no poetical reveries; he scorns sentimentalism, and throws off rapid sketches of human action with great pomp of imagery, but he seldom touches the key of the pathetic. In much of this he is the man of his age, but in other respects he is above it. He is the only poet of his clay who strove to emulate the great masters of epic song, and to give his works external symmetry of plan. He alone attempted to give poetry internal union, by making it the representation of one leading idea; a loftier theory of poetic art than that which ruled the irregular outbursts of Scott and Byron. But the aspiration was above the competency of the aspirer. He wanted spontaneous depth of sympathy; his emotion has the measured flow of the artificial canal, not the leaping gush of the river in its self-worn channel. In two of the three best poems he has founded the interest on supernatural agency of a kind which cannot command even momentary belief and the splendid panoramas of "Thalaba the Destroyer" pass away like the shadows of a magic lantern. In the "Curse of Kehama," he strives to interest us in the monstrous fables of the Hindoo mythology, and in "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," the story contains circumstances that deform the fairest proof the author gave of the practicability of his poetic theory. The second group of poets, unless Moore find a place in it, will contain only Scott and Byron, who were in succession the most popular of all, and owed their popularity mainly to characteristics which they had in common. They are distinctively the poets of active life. They portray idealized resemblances of the scenes of reality, events which arise out of the universal relations of society, hopes, fears, and wishes which are open to the consciousness of all mankind. The originals of Scott were the romances of chivalry, and this example was applied by Byron to the construction of narratives founded on a different kind of sentiment. Scott, wearying of the narrow round that afforded him no scope for some of his best and strongest powers, turned aside to lavish them on his prose romances, and Byron, as his knowledge grew and his meditations became deeper, rose from Turkish tales to the later cantos of "Childe Harold." Scott (1771-1832), in his poetical narratives, appealed to national sympathies through ennobling historic recollections. He painted the externals of scenery and manners with unrivaled picturesqueness, and embellished all that was generous and brave in the world of chivalry with an infectious enthusiasm. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a romance of border chivalry, has a more consistent unity than its successors, and is more faithful to the ancient models. "Marmion" seeks to combine the chivalrous romance with the metrical chronicle. "The Lady of the Lake" is a kind of romantic pastoral, and "Rokeby" is a Waverley novel in verse. The moral faults of the poetry of Byron (1788-1824) became more glaring as he grew older. Starting with the carelessness of ill-trained youth in regard to most serious truths, he provoked censure without scruple, and was censured not without caprice; thus placed in a dangerous and false position, he hardened himself into a contempt for the most sacred laws of society, and although the closing scenes of his life give reason for a belief that purer and more elevated views were beginning to dawn upon his mind, he died before the amendment had found its way into his writings. He endeavored to inculcate lessons that are positively bad; his delinquency did not consist in choosing for representation scenes of violent passion and guilty horror, it lay deeper than in his theatrical fondness for identifying himself with his misanthropes, pirates, and seducers. He sinned more grievously still, against morality as against possibility, by mixing up, in one and the same character, the utmost extremes of vice and virtue, generosity and vindictiveness, of lofty heroism and actual grossness. But with other and great faults, he far excelled all the poets of his time in impassioned strength, varying from vehemence to pathos. He was excelled by few of them in his fine sense of the beautiful, and his combination of passion with beauty, standing unapproachable in his own day, has hardly ever been surpassed. His tales, except "Parisina" and the "Prisoner of Chillon," rise less often than his other poems into that

flow of poetic imagery, prompted by the loveliness of nature, which he had attempted in the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," and poured forth with added fullness of thought and emotion in the last two. "Manfred," with all its shortcomings, shows perhaps most adequately his poetic temperament; and his tragedies, though not worthy of the poet, are of all his works those which do most honor to the man. The third section of this honored file of poets contains the names of Coleridge and Wordsworth; they are characteristically the poets of imagination, of reflection, and of a tone of sentiment that owes its attraction to its ideal elevation. Admired and emulated by a few zealous students, Coleridge became the poetical leader from the very beginning of his age, and effects yet wider have since been worked by the extended study of Wordsworth. Coleridge (1772-1834) is the most original of the poets of his very original time, and among the most original of its thinkers. His most frequent tone of feeling is a kind of romantic tenderness or melancholy, often solemnized by an intense access of religious awe. This fine passion is breathed out most finely when it is associated with some of his airy glimpses of external nature, and his power of suggestive sketching is not more extraordinary than his immaculate taste and nervous precision of language. His images may be obscure, from the moonlight haze in which they float, but they are rarely so through faults of diction. It is disappointing to remember that this gifted man executed little more than fragments; his life ebbed away in the contemplation of undertakings still to be achieved, the result of weakness of will rather than of indolence. The romance of "Christabel," the most powerful of all his works, and the prompter of Scott and Byron, was thrown aside when scarce begun, and stands as an interrupted vision of mysterious adventures clothed in the most exquisite fancies. His tragedy of "Remorse" is full of poetic pictures; the "Ode to the Departing Year" shows his force of thought and moral earnestness; "Kubla Khan" represents in its gorgeous incoherence his singular power of lighting up landscapes with thrilling fancies; and "The Dark Lady" is one of the most tender and romantic love-poems ever written. The most obvious feature of Wordsworth (1770-1850) is the intense and unwearied delight which he takes in all the shapes and appearances of rural and mountain scenery. He is carried away by an almost passionate rapture when he broods over the grandeur and loveliness of the earth and air; his verse lingers with fond reluctance to depart on the wild flowers, the misty lake, the sound of the wailing blast, or the gleam of sunshine breaking through the passes among the hills, and the thoughts and feelings these objects suggest flow forth with an enthusiasm of expression which in a man less pious and rational might be interpreted as a raising of the inanimate world to a level with human dignity and intelligence. The tone which prevails in his contemplation of mortal act and suffering is a serene seriousness, on which there never breaks in anything rightly to be called passion; yet it often rises to an intensely solemn awe, and is not less often relieved by touches of a quiet pathos. Almost all his poems may be called poems of sentiment and reflection, and his own ambition was that of being worthy to be honored as a philosophical poet. His theory that the poet's function is limited to an exact representation of the real and the natural, a heresy which his own best poems triumphantly refute, often led him to triviality and meanness in the choice both of subjects and diction, and marred the beauty of many otherwise fine poems. A fascinating airiness and delicacy of conception prevail in these poems, and the tender sweetness of expression is often wonderfully touching. They were the effusions of early manhood, and the imperfect embodiments of a strength which found a freer outlet in prose. "Laodamia" and "Dion" are classical gems without a flaw; many of the sonnets unite original thought and poetic vividness with a perfection hardly to be surpassed; above all, "The Excursion" rolls on its thousands of blank verse lines with the soul-felt harmony of a divine hymn pealed forth from a cathedral organ. We forget the insignificance characterizing the plan, which embraces nothing but a three days' walk among the mountains, and we refuse to be aroused from our trance of meditative pleasure by the occasional tediousness of dissertation. "The Excursion" abounds in verses and phrases once heard never to be forgotten, and it contains trains of poetical musing through which the poet moves with a majestic fullness of reflection and imagination not paralleled, by very far, in anything else of which our century can boast. Wilson, Shelley, and Keats make up the fourth poetical group. The principal poems of Professor Wilson (1785-1854) are the "Isle of Palms," a romance of shipwreck and solitude, full of rich pictures and delicate pathos, and the "City of the Plague," a series of dramatic scenes, representing with great depth of emotion a domestic tragedy from the plague of London. Shelley was the pure apostle of a noble but ideal philanthropy; yet it is easy to separate his poetry from his philosophy, which, though hostile to existing conditions of society, is so ethereal, so imbued with love for everything noble, and yet so abstract and impracticable, that it is not likely to do much harm. Keats poured forth with great power the dreams of his immature youth, and died in the belief that the radiant forms had been seen in vain. In native felicity of poetic adornment these two were the first minds of their time, but the inadequacy of their performance to their poetic faculties shows how needful to the production of effective poetry is a substratum of solid thought, of practical sense, and of manly and extensive sympathy. If we would apprehend the fullness and firmness of the powers of Shelley (1792-1822) without remaining ignorant of his weakness, we might study the lyrical drama of "Prometheus Unbound," a marvelous galaxy of dazzling images and wildly touching sentiments, or the "Alastor," a scene in which the melancholy quiet of solitude is visited but by the despairing poet who lies down to die. We find here, instead of sympathy with ordinary and

universal feelings, warmth for the abstract and unreal, or, when the poet's own unrest prompts, as in the "Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples," a strain of lamentation which sounds like a passionate sigh. Instead of clearness of thinking, we find an indistinctness which sometimes amounts to the unintelligible. In the "Revolt of Islam," his most ambitious poem, it is often difficult to apprehend even the outlines of the story. No youthful poet ever exhibited more thorough possession of those faculties that are the foundation of genius than Keats (1798-1820), and it is impossible to say what he might have been had he lived to become acquainted with himself and with mankind. It was said of his "Endymion" most truly, that no book could be more aptly used as a test to determine whether a reader has a genuine love for poetry. His works have no interest of story, no insight into human nature, no clear sequence of thought; they are the rapturous voice of youthful fancy, luxuriating in a world of beautiful unrealities. It may be questioned whether Crabbe and Moore are entitled to rank with the poets already reviewed. Crabbe's (1754-1832) "Metrical Tales," describing everyday life, are striking, natural, and sometimes very touching, but they are warmed by no kindly thoughts and elevated by nothing of ideality. Moore (1780-1851), one of the most popular of English poets, will long be remembered for his songs, so melodious and so elegant in phrase. His fund of imagery is inexhaustible, but oftener ingenious than poetical. His Eastern romances in "Lalla Rookh," with all their occasional felicities, are not powerful poetic narratives. He was nowhere so successful as in his satirical effusions of comic rhyme, in which his fanciful ideas are prompted by a wit so gayly sharp, and expressed with a neatness and pointedness so unusual, that it is to be regretted that these pieces should be condemned to speedy forgetfulness, as they must be, from the temporary interest of their topics. Among the works of the numerous minor poets, the tragedies of Joanna Baillie, with all their faults as plays, are noble additions to the literature, and the closest approach made in recent times to the merit of the old English drama. After these may be named the stately and imposing dramatic poems of Milman, Maturin's impassioned "Bertram," and the finely-conceived "Julian" of Miss Mitford. Rogers and Bowles have given us much of pleasing and reflective sentiment, accompanied with great refinement of taste. To another and more modern school belong Procter (Barry Cornwall) and Leigh Hunt; the former the purer in taste, the latter the more original and inventive. Some of the lyrical and meditative poems of Walter Savage Landor are very beautiful; his longer poems sometimes delight but oftener puzzle us by their obscurity of thought and want of constructive skill. The poems of Mrs. Hemans breathe a singularly attractive tone of romantic and melancholy sweetness, and many of the ballads and songs of Hogg and Cunningham will not soon be forgotten. The poems of Kirke White are more pleasing than original. Montgomery has written, besides many other poems, not a few meditative and devotional pieces among the best in the language. Pollok's "Course of Time" is the immature work of a man of genius who possessed very imperfect cultivation. It is clumsy in plan and tediously dissertative, but it has passages of genuine poetry. The pleasing verses of Bishop Heber and the more recent effusions of Keble may also be named. Of the Scotch poets, James Hogg (d. 1835) is distinguished for the beauty and creative power of his fairy tales, and Allan Cunningham (d. 1842) for the fervor, simplicity, and natural grace of his songs. Edward Lytton Bulwer (Lord Lytton) deserves honorable mention for his high sense of the functions of poetic art; for the skill with which his dramas are constructed, and for the overflowing picturesqueness which fills his "King Arthur." Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer, is vigorous in conception, and Hood has a remarkable union of grotesque humor with depth of serious feeling. Henry Taylor (b. 1800) deserves notice for the fine meditateness and well-balanced judgment shown in his dramas and prose essays. "Philip Van Artevelde" is his masterpiece. The poems of Arthur Hugh Clough (d. 1861) are worthy of attention, although it may be doubted if his genius reached its full development; in those of Milnes (Lord Houghton, b. 1809), emotion and intellect are harmoniously blended. R.H. Horne (d. 1884) is the author of some noble poems; Aytoun (d. 1865), of many ballads of note; and in Kingsley (d. 1875) the poetic faculty finds its best expression in his popular lyrics. Alfred Tennyson (b. 1810) is by eminence the representative poet of his era. The central idea of his poetry is that of the dignity and efficiency of law in its widest sense and of the progress of the race. The elements which form his ideal of human character are self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, the recognition of a divine order, of one's own place in that order, and a faithful adhesion to the law of one's highest life. "In Memoriam" is his most characteristic work, distinctly a poem of this century, the great threnody of our language. The "Idylls of the King" present in epic form the Christian ideal of chivalry. In Browning (b. 1812) the greatness and glory of man lie not in submission to law, but in infinite aspiration towards something higher than himself. He must perpetually grasp at things attainable by his highest striving, and, finding them unsatisfactory, he is urged on by an endless series of aspirations and endeavors. In his poetry strength of thought struggles through obscurity of expression, and he is at once the most original and unequal of living poets. Elizabeth Barrett Browning (d. 1861) may be regarded as the representative of her sex in the present age. The instinct of worship, the religion of humanity, and a spiritual unity of zeal, love, and worship preside over her work. To this period belong the writings of Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Blackwood, Mrs. Crosland, Mary Howitt, and Eliza Cook.

FICTION.--Previous to the appearance of Scott's novels the department of prose writing had undergone an elevating process in the hands of Godwin, Miss Austen, Miss Porter, and Miss Edgeworth. "Waverley" appeared in 1814, and the series which followed with surprising rapidity obtained universal and unexampled popularity. The Waverley Novels are not merely love stories, but pictures of human life animated by sentiments which are cheerful and correct, and they exhibit history in a most effective light without degrading facts or falsifying them beyond the lawful stretch of poetical embellishment. These novels stand in literary value as far above all other prose works of fiction as those of Fielding stand above all others in the language except these. The novels of Lockhart are strong in the representation of tragic passion. Wilson, in his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," shows the visionary loveliness and pathos which appear in his poems, though they give no scope to those powers of sarcasm and humor which found expression elsewhere. Extremes in the tone of thought and feeling are shown in the despondent imagination of Mrs. Shelley and the coarse and shrewd humor of Galt. To this time belong Hope's "Anastasia," which unites reflectiveness with pathos, and the delightful scenes which Miss Mitford has constructed by embellishing the facts of English rural life. Among the earlier novels of the time, those of Bulwer had more decidedly than the others the stamp of native genius. Though not always morally instructive, they have great force of serious passion, and show unusual skill of design. In some of his later works he rises into a much higher sphere of ethical contemplation. The novels of Theodore Hook, sparkling as they are, have no substance to endure long continuance, nor is there much promise of life in the showy and fluent tales of James, the sea-stories of Marryat, or the gay scenes of Lever. The novels and sketches of Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Hall are pleasing and tasteful; Mrs. Trollope's portraits of character are rough and clever caricatures. In describing the lower departments of Irish life, Banim is the most original, Griffin weaker, and Carleton better than either. The novels of Disraeli are remarkable for their brilliant sketches of English life and their embodiment of political and social theories. Miss Martineau's stories are full of the writer's clearness and sagacity. Kingsley, the head of the Christian socialistic school, is the author of many romances, and the eloquent preacher of a more earnest and practical Christianity. The narrative sketches of Douglas Jerrold deserve a place among the speculative fictions of the day. Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855) had consummate mastery of expression, and a perception of the depth of human nature that is only revealed through suffering experience. The works of her sister Emily show a powerful imagination, regulated by no consideration of beauty of proportion, or of artistic feeling. Among those writers who aim at making the novel illustrate questions that agitate society most powerfully are the founders of a new school of novelists, Thackeray and Dickens (1812-1870). The former has given his pictures of society all that character they could receive from extraordinary skill of mental analysis, acute observation, and strength of sarcastic irony, but he has never been able to excite continuous and lively sympathy either by interesting incidents or by deep passion. Dickens has done more than all which Thackeray has left unattempted; while his painting of character is as vigorous and natural, his power of exciting emotion ranges with equal success from horror sometimes too intense, to melting pathos, and thence to a breadth of humor which degenerates into caricature. He cannot soar into the higher worlds of imagination, but he becomes strong, inventive, and affecting the moment his foot touches the firm ground of reality, and nowhere is he more at ease, more sharply observant, or more warmly sympathetic, than in scenes whose meanness might have disgusted, or whose moral foulness might have appalled. Of the later novelists, the names of Mrs. Craik (Miss Muloch) and Charles Reade (d. 1884) may be mentioned as having acquired a wide popularity. HISTORY.--In history Niebuhr's masterly researches have communicated their spirit to the "Roman History" of Arnold; the history of Greece has assumed a new aspect in the hands of Thirlwall and Grote; and that of Grecian literature has been in part excellently related by Muir (d. 1860). Modern history has likewise been cultivated with great assiduity, and several works of great literary merit have appeared which are valuable as storehouses of research. Macaulay, in his great work, "The History of England," showed that history might be written as it had not been before, telling the national story with accuracy and force, making it as lively as a novel, through touches of individual interest and teaching precious truths with fascinating eloquence. Alison's "History of Europe" takes its place among the highest works of its kind. Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution" and "Life of Frederic the Great" are most picturesque, attractive, and original works. The History of the Norman Conquest of England is the most important work of Freeman. Buckle (d. 1882) in his Introduction to the projected History of Civilization in Europe reiterated the theory that all events depend upon the action of inevitable law.

CRITICISM AND REVIEWS.--In the art of criticism, Hallam's (d. 1859) "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries" has taken its place as a classical standard. Among the fragments of criticism, the most valuable are those of De Quincey (d. 1860). The essays of Macaulay (d. 1860) are among the most impressive of all the periodical papers of our century. In Carlyle, a generous sentiment alternates with despondent gloom and passionate restlessness and inconsistency. But it is impossible to hear, without a deep sense of original power, the oracular voices that issue from the cell; enigmatical, like the ancient responses, and like

them illuminating doubtful vaticination with flashes of wild and half poetic fantasy. His language and thoughts alike set aside hereditary rules, and are compounded of elements, English and German, and elements predominant over all, which no name would fit except that of the author. Among numerous other writers may be mentioned the names of William and Mary Howitt, Isaac Taylor, Arthur Helps, and the brothers Hare, and in art-criticism the brilliant and paradoxical Ruskin (b. 1819) and the accomplished Mrs. Jameson (d. 1860). The writings of Christopher North (Professor Wilson) are characterized by the quaintest humor and the most practical shrewdness combined with tender and passionate emotion (d. 1854). Those of Charles Lamb (d. 1835) it is impossible to describe intelligibly to those who have not read them. Some of his scenes are in sentiment, imagery, and style the most anomalous medleys by which readers were ever alternately perplexed and amused, moved and delighted. No man of his time influenced social science so much as Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832). Of his immediate pupils James Mill is the ablest, Cobbett, a vigorous and idiomatic writer of English, in the course of his long life advocated all varieties of political principle. In political science we have the accurate McCulloch; Malthus, known through his *Theory of Population*; and Ricardo, the most original thinker in science since Adam Smith. Foster (1770-1843) had originality and a wider grasp of mind than the other two. Hall (1761-1831) is more eloquent, but in oratorical power Chalmers (1780-1847) was one of the great men of our century, which has produced few comparable to him in original keenness of intuition, and who combined so much power of thought with so much power of impressive communication. In philosophy, Dugald Stewart (1753-1828) is one of the most attractive writers. Thomas Brown (1778-1820), his successor in the chair of Edinburgh, exhibited a subtlety of thought hardly ever exceeded in the history of philosophy; probably no writings on mental philosophy were ever so popular. Equally worthy of a place in the annals of their era are those dissertations on the History of Philosophy contributed to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* by Playfair, Leslie, and Mackintosh, and a system of Ethics by Bentham. Among the speculations in mental philosophy must also be placed a group of interesting treatises on the "Theory of the Sublime and Beautiful," a matter deeply important to poetry and the other fine arts, represented by Alison's essays on Taste, Jeffrey's on Beauty, and by contributions from Stewart, Thomas Brown, and Payne Knight. In political economy John Mill is one of the most powerful and original minds of the nineteenth century. The pure sciences of mind have been enriched by important accessions; logic has been vigorously cultivated in two departments; on the one hand by Mill and Whewell, the former following the tendencies of Locke and Hobbes, the latter that of the German school; on the other hand, Archbishop Whately has expounded the Aristotelian system with clearness and sagacity, and De Morgan has attempted to supply certain deficiencies in the old analysis. But by far the greatest metaphysician who has appeared in the British empire during the present century is Sir William Hamilton. In his union of powerful thinking with profound and varied erudition, he stands higher, perhaps, than any other man whose name is preserved in the annals of modern speculation.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.--A most curious and important fact in the literary history of the age is the prominence acquired by the leading Reviews and Magazines. Their high position was secured and their power founded beyond the possibility of overturn by the earliest of the series, the "Edinburgh Review." Commenced in 1802, it was placed immediately under the editorship of Francis Jeffrey, who conducted it till 1829. In the earlier part of its history there were not many distinguished men of letters in the empire who did not furnish something to its contents; among others were Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, Malthus, Playfair, Mackintosh, and Sydney Smith. Differences of political opinion led to the establishment of the "London Quarterly," which advocated Tory principles, the Edinburgh being the organ of the Whigs. Its editors were first Gifford and then Lockhart, and it numbered among its contributors many of the most famous men of the time. The "Westminster Review" was established in 1825 as the organ of Jeremy Bentham and his disciples. "Blackwood's Magazine," begun 1817, has contained articles of the highest literary merit. It was the unflinching and idolatrous advocate of Wordsworth, and some of its writers were the first translators of German poetry and the most active introducers of German taste and laws in poetical criticism. The best efforts in literary criticism--the most brilliant department of recent literature, have been with few exceptions essays in the periodicals. Among the essayists the name of Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850) stands highest. In his essays selected for republication we find hardly any branch of general knowledge untouched, and while he treated none without throwing on them some brilliant ray of light, he contributed to many of them truths alike valuable and original. His criticisms on Poetry are flowing and spirited, glittering with a gay wit and an ever-ready fancy, and often blossoming into exquisite felicities of diction. While Macaulay uses poets and their works as hints for constructing picturesque dissertations on man and society, and while poetical reading prompts Wilson to enthusiastic bursts of original poetry, Jeffrey, fervid in his admiration of genius, but conscientiously stern in his respect for art, tries poetry by its own laws, and his writings are invaluable to those who desire to learn the principles of poetical criticism. A high place among the critical essayists must also be assigned to William Hazlitt, who in his lectures and elsewhere did manful service towards reviving the study of ancient poetry,

and who prompts to study and speculation all readers, and not the least those who hesitate to accept his critical opinions.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.--The spirit of philosophical inquiry and discovery is increasing in England, and is everywhere accompanied by a growing tendency to popularize all branches of science, and to bring them before the general mind in an attractive form.

The physical sciences have made marvelous advances; many brilliant discoveries have been made during the present and last generation, and many scientific men have brought much power of mind to bear on questions lying apart from their principal studies; among them are Sir David Brewster, Sir John Herschel, Sir John Playfair, Sir Charles Lyell, Hugh Miller, Buckland, and Professor Whewell.

SINCE 1860.

1. POETRY.--Matthew Arnold (b. 1822) has written some of the most refined verse of our day, and among critics holds the first rank. Algernon Swinburne (b. 1837) excels all living poets in his marvelous gift of rhythm and command over the resources of the language. Dante Rossetti (d. 1883) had great lyrical power; Robert Buchanan has large freedom and originality of style; Edwin Arnold has extraordinary popularity in the United States for his remarkable poem, "The Light of Asia," and for other poems on Oriental subjects; Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith") has a place of honor among poets as the author of "Lucile" and other poems; William Morris writes in the choicest fashion of romantic narrative verse. Among other poets of the present generation whose writings are marked by excellences of various kinds are Edmund Gosse, Austin Dobson, Cosmo Monkhouse, Andrew Lang, Philip Marston, and Arthur O'Shaughnessy. The poems of Jean Ingelow have a merited popularity; those of Adelaide Procter (d. 1864) are pervaded by a beautiful spirit of faith and hope; Christina Rossetti shows great originality and deep and serious feeling. The lyrics and dramas of Augusta Webster are marked by strength and breadth of thought; the ballads, sonnets, and other poems of Mary Robinson show that she possesses the true gift of song.

2. FICTION.--The writings of Mrs. Lewes, "George Eliot" (1815-1880), are the work of a woman of rare genius, and place her among the greatest novelists England has produced. They are in sympathy with all the varieties of human character, and written in a spirit of humanity that is allied with every honest aspiration. Anthony Trollope (d. 1884) has produced many works remarkable for their accurate pictures of English life and character. George MacDonald and Wilkie Collins are novelists of great merit, as are William Black, Richard Blackmore, Mrs. Oliphant, Edmund Yates, Justin McCarthy.

3. SCIENCE.--Herbert Spencer (b. 1820) as early as 1852 advanced the theory of the natural and gradual coalition of organic life upon this globe. In 1855, in his "Principles of Psychology," he gave a new exposition of the laws of mind, based upon this principle, and held that it is by experience, registered in the slowly perfecting nervous system, that the mental faculties have been gradually evolved through long courses of descent, each generation inheriting all that had been previously gained, and adding its own increment to the sum of progress; that all knowledge, and even the faculties of knowing, originate in experience, but that the primary elements of thought are *a priori* intuitions to the individual derived from ancestral experience. Thus the intuitional and experience hypotheses, over which philosophers had so long disputed, were here for the first time reconciled. This work, the first permanent scientific result of the application of the law of evolution, formed a turning-point in the thought of the scientific world. Spencer's prospectus of a philosophical system, in which the principles of evolution were applied to the subjects of life, mind, society, and morals, appeared in 1858, maturely elaborated in its scientific proofs and applications, thus preceding the works of other evolutionary writers, the most distinguished of whom, Charles Darwin (1809-1883), has been more identified in the popular mind with the theories of evolution than Spencer himself. The writings of Darwin have had a wider influence and have been the subject of more controversy than those of any other contemporary writer. In his "Origin of Species" he accounts for the diversities of life on our globe by means of continuous development, without the intervention of special creative fiat at the origin of each species, and to this organic evolution he added the important principle of natural selection. He may be regarded as the great reformer of biology and the most distinguished naturalist of the age. Tyndall (b. 1810) has done more than any other writer to popularize great scientific truths. Huxley (b. 1825) stands foremost among physiologists and naturalists. Among numerous other writers distinguished in various branches of science a few only can be here named. Walter Bagehot writes on Political Society; Alexander Bain on Mind and Body; Henry Maudsley on Brain and Mind; Norman Lockyer on Spectrum Analysis; and Sir John Lubbock on Natural History.

4. MISCELLANEOUS.--The most distinguished historian of the times is James Anthony Froude (b. 1818), who, in his "Short Studies," shows the same vigor of thought and power of description that render his history so fascinating. The histories of John Richard Green are valuable for their original research, and have a wide celebrity. Max Müller has rendered important services to the sciences of Philology and Ethnology, by his researches in Oriental languages and literatures. Lecky is eminent for his history of "Rationalism in Europe" and "History of Morals." Leslie Stephen, John Morley, and Addington Symonds are distinguished in various departments of criticism and history. Justin McCarthy, in his "History of our own Times," has skillfully presented an intellectual panorama of the period. Hamerton writes on Art and on general topics with keen and critical observation. Lewes (d. 1878) is the able expounder of the philosophy of Comte. Frances Power Cobbe, in her "Intuitive Morals" and other works, shows strong reasoning powers and great earnestness of purpose. John Stuart Mill (d. 1873) holds a high place as a writer on Political Economy, Liberty, and on the Subjection of Women. The periodicals and newspapers of the day show remarkable intellectual ability, and represent the best contemporary thought in England in all departments.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE COLONIAL PERIOD.--1. The Seventeenth Century. George Sandys; The Bay Psalm Book; Anne Bradstreet, John Eliot, and Cotton Mather.--2. From 1700 to 1770; Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, Cadwallader Colden.

FIRST AMERICAN PERIOD FROM 1771 TO 1820.--1. Statesmen and Political Writers: Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton. The Federalist: Jay, Madison, Marshall, Fisher Ames, and others.--2. The Poets: Freneau, Trumbull, Hopkinson, Barlow, Clifton, and Dwight.--3. Writers in other Departments: Bellamy, Hopkins, Dwight, and Bishop White. Rush, McClurg, Lindley Murray, Charles Brockden Brown. Ramsay, Graydon. Count Rumford, Wirt, Ledyard, Pinkney, and Pike.

SECOND AMERICAN PERIOD FROM 1820 TO 1860.--1. History, Biography, and Travels: Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Godwin, Ticknor, Schoolcraft, Hildreth, Sparks, Irving, Headley, Stephens, Kane, Squier, Perry, Lynch, Taylor, and others.--2. Oratory: Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Everett, and others.--3. Fiction: Cooper, Irving, Willis, Hawthorne, Poe, Simms, Mrs. Stowe, and others.--4. Poetry: Bryant, Dana, Halleck, Longfellow, Willis, Lowell, Allston, Hillhouse, Drake, Whittier, Hoffman, and others. --5. The Transcendental Movement in New England.--6. Miscellaneous Writings: Whipple, Tuckerman, Curtis, Briggs, Prentice, and others.--7. Encyclopedias, Dictionaries, and Educational Books. The Encyclopaedia Americana. The New American Cyclopaedia. Allibone, Griswold, Duyckinck, Webster, Worcester, Anthon, Felton, Barnard, and others.--8. Theology, Philosophy, Economy, and Jurisprudence: Stuart, Robinson, Wayland, Barnes, Channing, Parker. Tappan, Henry, Hickok, Haven. Carey, Kent, Wheaton, Story, Livingston, Lawrence, Bouvier.--9. Natural Sciences: Franklin, Morse, Fulton, Silliman, Dana, Hitchcock, Rogers, Bowditch, Peirce, Bache, Holbrook, Audubon, Morton, Gliddon, Maury, and others.--10. Foreign Writers: Paine, Witherspoon, Rowson, Priestley, Wilson, Agassiz, Guyot, Mrs. Robinson, Gurowski, and others.--11. Newspapers and Periodicals. --12. Since 1860.

THE COLONIAL PERIOD (1640-1770).

1. THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.--Of all the nations which have sprung into existence through the medium of European colonization, since the discovery of America, the United States is the only one having a literature of its own creation, and containing original works of a high order. Its earliest productions, however, are of little value; they belong not to a period of literary leisure, but to one of trial and danger, when the colonist was forced to contend with a savage enemy, a rude soil, and all the privations of pioneer life. It was not until the spirit of freedom began to influence the national character, that the literature of the colonies assumed a distinctive form, although its earliest productions are not without value as marking its subsequent development. Among the bold spirits who, with Captain John Smith, braved the pestilential swamps and wily Indians of Virginia, there were some lovers of literature, the most prominent of whom was George Sandys, who translated Ovid's "Metamorphoses" on the banks of James River. The work, published in London in 1620, was dedicated to Charles I. and received the commendations of Pope and Dryden. The Puritans, too, carried a love of letters with them to the shores of New England, and their literary productions, like their colony, took a far more lasting root than did those of their more southern brethren. The intellect of the colonies first developed itself in a theological form, which was the natural consequence of emigration, induced by difference of religious opinion, the free scope afforded for discussion, and the variety of creeds represented by the different races who thus met on a common soil. The clergy, also, were the best educated and the most influential class, and the colonial era therefore boasted chiefly a theological literature, though for the

most part controversial and fugitive. While there is no want of learning or reasoning power in the tracts of many of the theologians of that day, they are now chiefly referred to by the antiquarian or the curious student of divinity. The first book printed in the colonies was the "Bay Psalm Book," which appeared in 1640; it was reprinted in England, where it passed through seventy editions, and retained its popularity for more than a century, although it was not strictly original, and was devoid of literary merit. This was followed by a volume of original poems, by Mrs. Anne Bradstreet (d. 1672); though not above mediocrity, these effusions are chaste in language and not altogether insipid in ideas. A few years later, John Eliot (1604-1690), the famous Apostle to the Indians, published a version of the Psalms and of the Old and New Testaments in the Indian tongue, which was the first Bible printed in America. The next production of value was a "Concordance of the Scriptures," by John Newman (d. 1663), compiled by the light of pine knots in one of the frontier settlements of New England; the first work of its kind, and for more than a century the most perfect. Cotton Mather (d. 1728) was one of the most learned men of his age, and one of its representative writers. His principal work is the "Magnalia Christi Americana," an ecclesiastical history of New England, from 1620 to 1698, including the civil history of the times, several biographies, and an account of the Indian wars, and of New England witchcraft. Eliot and Mather were the most prominent colonial writers down to 1700.

2. FROM 1700 TO 1770.--From the year 1700 to the breaking out of the Revolution, it was the custom of many of the colonists to send their sons to England to be educated. Yale College and other institutions of learning were established at home, from which many eminent scholars graduated, and, although it was the fashion of the day to imitate the writers of the time of Queen Anne and the two Georges, the productions of this age exhibit a manly vigor of thought, and mark a transition from the theological to the more purely literary era of American authorship. Jonathan Edwards (1703-1785) was the first native writer who gave unequivocal evidence of great reasoning power and originality of thought; he may not unworthily be styled the first man of the world during the second quarter of the eighteenth century; and as a theologian, Dr. Chalmers and Robert Hall declare him to have been the greatest in all Christian ages. Of the works of Edwards, consisting of diaries, discourses, and treatises, that on "The Will" is the most celebrated. Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) was equally illustrious in statesmanship and philosophy. The style of his political and philosophical writings is admirable for its simplicity, clearness, precision, and condensation; and that of his letters and essays has all the wit and elegance that characterize the best writers of Queen Anne's time. His autobiography is one of the most pleasing compositions in the English language, and his moral writings have had a powerful influence on the character of the American people. >From the early youth of Franklin until about the year 1770, general literature received much attention, and numerous productions of merit both in prose and verse appeared, which, if not decidedly great, were interesting for the progress they displayed. Many practical minds devoted themselves to colonial history, and their labors have been of great value to subsequent historians. Among these historical writings, those of Cadwallader Colden (1688-1776) take the first rank. As we approach the exciting dawn of the Revolution, the growing independence of thought becomes more and more manifest.

FIRST AMERICAN PERIOD (1770-1820).

1. STATESMEN AND POLITICAL WRITERS.--Among the causes which rapidly developed literature and eloquence in the colonies, the most important were the oppressions of the mother country, at first silently endured, then met with murmurs of dissatisfaction, and finally with manful and boldly-expressed opposition. Speeches and pamphlets were the weapons of attack, and treating as they did upon subjects affecting the individual liberty of every citizen, they had a powerful influence on the public mind, and went far towards severing that mental reliance upon Europe which American authorship is now so rapidly consummating. The conventionalism of European literature was cast aside, and the first fruits of native genius appeared. The public documents of the principal statesmen of the age of the Revolution were declared by Lord Chatham to equal the finest specimens of Greek or Roman wisdom. The historical correspondence of this period constitutes a remarkable portion of American literature, and is valuable not only for its high qualities of wisdom and patriotism, but for its graces of expression and felicitous illustration. The letters of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Jay, Morris, Hamilton, and many of their compatriots, possess a permanent literary value aside from that which they derive from their authorship and the gravity of their subjects. The speeches of many of the great orators of the age of the Revolution are not preserved, and are known only by tradition. Of the eloquence of Otis, which was described as "flames of fire," there are but a few meagre reports; the passionate appeals of Patrick Henry and of the elder Adams, which "moved the hearers from their seats," and the resistless declamation of Pinkney and Rutledge, are preserved only in the history of the effects which these orators produced. The writings of Washington (1732-1799), produced chiefly in the camp surrounded by the din of arms, are remarkable for clearness of expression, force of language, and a tone of lofty

patriotism. They are second to none of similar character in any nation, and they display powers which, had they been devoted to literature, would have achieved a position of no secondary character. Jefferson (1743-1826) early published a "Summary View of the Rights of British America," which passed through several editions in London, under the supervision of Burke. His "Notes on Virginia" is still a standard work, and his varied and extensive correspondence is a valuable contribution to American political history. Hamilton (1757-1804) was one of the most remarkable men of the time, and to his profound sagacity the country was chiefly indebted for a regulated currency and an established credit after the conclusion of the war. During a life of varied and absorbing occupation as a soldier, lawyer, and statesman, he found time to record his principles; and his writings, full of energy and sound sense, are noble in tone, and deep in wisdom and insight. "The Federalist," a joint production of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, exhibits a profundity of research and an acuteness of understanding which would do honor to the most illustrious statesmen of any age. The name of Madison (1751-1836) is one of the most prominent in the history of the country, and his writings, chiefly on political, constitutional, and historical subjects, are of extraordinary value to the student in history and political philosophy. Marshall (1755-1835) was for thirty-five years chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; a court, the powers of which are greater than were ever before confided to a judicial tribunal. Determining, without appeal, its own jurisdiction and that of the legislative and executive departments, this court is not merely the highest estate in the country, but it settles and continually moulds the constitution of the government. To the duties of his office, Judge Marshall brought a quickness of conception commensurate with their difficulty, and the spirit and strength of one capable of ministering to the development of a nation. The vessel of state, it has been said, was launched by the patriotism of many; the chart of her course was designed chiefly by Hamilton; but when the voyage was begun, the eye that observed, the head that reckoned, and the hand that compelled the ship to keep her course amid tempests without, and threats of mutiny within, were those of the great chief-justice, whom posterity will reverence as one of the founders of the nation. Marshall's "Life of Washington" is a faithful and conscientious narrative, written in a clear, unpretending style, and possesses much literary merit. Fisher Ames (1758-1808), one of the leaders of the federal party during the administration of Washington, was equally admired for his learning and eloquence; although, owing to the temporary interest of many of the subjects on which he wrote, his reputation has somewhat declined. Among other writers and orators of the age of the Revolution were Warren, Adams, and Otis, Patrick Henry, Rutledge, Livingston, Drayton, Quincy, Dickinson, and numerous firm and gifted men, who, by their logical and earnest appeals roused the country to the assertion of its rights and gave a wise direction to the power they thus evoked.

2. THE POETS.--One of the most distinguished poets of the Age of the Revolution was Philip Freneau (1752-1832). Although many of his compositions which had great political effect at the time they were written have little merit, or relate to forgotten events, enough remains to show that he was not wanting in genius and enthusiasm. John Trumbull (1750-1831) was the author of "McFingal," a humorous poem in the style of Butler's Hudibras, the object of which was to render ludicrous the zeal and logic of the tories. There is no contemporaneous record which supplies so vivid a representation of the manners of the age, and the habits and modes of thinking that then prevailed. The popularity of *McFingal* was extraordinary, and it had an important influence on the great events of the time. Trumbull was a tutor in Yale College, and attempted to introduce an improved course of study and discipline into the institution, which met with much opposition. His most finished poem, "The Progress of Dullness," was hardly less serviceable to the cause of education than his *McFingal* was to that of liberty. Francis Hopkinson (1738-1791), another wit of the Revolution, may be ranked beside Trumbull for his efficiency in the national cause. Joel Barlow (1755-1812) as an author was among the first of his time. His principal work is the "Columbiad," an epic poem which, with many faults, has occasional bursts of patriotism and true eloquence, which should preserve it from oblivion. His pleasing poem celebrating "Hasty Pudding" has gained a more extensive popularity. The few songs of William Clifton (1772-1799), a more original and vigorous poet, are imbued with the true spirit of lyric poetry. Timothy Dwight (1752-1819) was the author of "Greenfield Hill," the "Conquest of Canaan," an epic poem, and several other productions; but his fame rests chiefly on his merits as a theologian, in which department he had few if any equals. Many other names might be cited, but none of commanding excellence.

3. WRITERS IN OTHER DEPARTMENTS.--Although in the period immediately succeeding the Revolution there was a strong tendency to political discussion, not a few writers found exercise in other departments. Theology had its able expounders in Bellamy, Hopkins, Dwight, and Bishop White. Barton merits especial notice for his work on botany, and for his ethnological investigations concerning the Indian race, and Drs. Rush and McClurg were eminent in various departments of medical science. In 1795, Lindley Murray (1745-1826) published his English Grammar, which for a long time held its place as the best work of the kind in the language. It should be borne in mind, however, that during this period very few writers devoted themselves exclusively to literature. Charles Brockden

Brown (1771-1810) was the first purely professional author. His chief productions are two works of fiction, "Wieland" and "Arthur Mervyn," which from their merit, and as the first of American creations in the world of romance, were favorably received, and early attracted attention in England. One of the earliest laborers in the field of history was David Ramsay (1749-1815), and his numerous works are monuments of his unwearied research and patient labor for the public good and the honor of his country. Graydon's (1742-1818) "Memoirs of his own Times, with Reminiscences of Men and Events of the Revolution," illustrates the most interesting and important period of our history, and combines the various excellences of style, scholarship, and impartiality. Benjamin Thompson (1753-1814), better known by his title of Count Rumford, acquired an extensive reputation in the scientific world for his various philosophical improvements in private and political economy. William Wirt was the author of the "Letters of the British Spy," which derives its interest from its descriptions and notices of individuals. His "Life of Patrick Henry" is a finished piece of biography, surpassed by few works of its kind in elegance of style and force of narrative. John Ledyard (1751-1788), who died in Egypt while preparing for the exploration of Central Africa, was the first important contributor to the literature of travel, in America, and his journals, abounding in pleasing description and truthful narratives, have become classic in this department of letters. A captivating book of travels in France, by Lieutenant Pinkney, which appeared in 1809, created such a sensation in England, that Leigh Hunt tells us it set all the idle world going to France. Zebulon Pike, under the auspices of the government, published the first book ever written on the country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains.

SECOND AMERICAN PERIOD (1820-1860).

1. HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.--From the year 1820, American literature may be considered as fairly launched upon its national career. The early laborers in the field had immense difficulties to encounter from ridicule abroad and want of appreciation at home; but they at last succeeded in dispelling all doubts as to the capability of the American mind for the exercise of original power, and to some extent diverted public thought from Europe as an exclusive source of mental supplies. The era we are now to consider will be found prolific in works of merit, and the expansion of mind will be seen to have kept pace with the political, social, and commercial progress of the nation. No subject of human knowledge has been overlooked; many European works have been elucidated by the fresh light of the American mind; a new style of thought has been developed; new scenes have been opened to the world, and Europe is receiving compensation in kind for the intellectual treasures she has heretofore sent to America. The marvelous growth of the United States, its relations to the past and future, and to the great problem of humanity, render its history one of the most suggestive episodes in the annals of the world, and give to it a universal as well as a special dignity. Justly interpreted, it is the practical demonstration of principles which the noblest spirits of England advocated with their pens, and often sealed with their blood. The early colonists were familiar with the responsibilities and progressive tendency of liberal institutions, and in achieving the Revolution they only carried out what had long existed in idea, and actualized the views of Sidney and his illustrious compeers. Through this intimate relation with the past of the Old World, and as initiative to its future self-enfranchisement, our history daily unfolds new meaning and increases in importance and interest. It is only within the last quarter of a century, however, that this theme has found any adequate illustration. Before that time the labors of American historians had been chiefly confined to the collection of materials, the unadorned record of facts which rarely derived any charm from the graces of style or the resources of philosophy. The most successful attempt to reduce the chaotic but rich materials of American history to order, beauty, and moral significance has been made by Bancroft (b. 1800), who has brought to the work not only talent and scholarship of high order, but an earnest sympathy with the spirit of the age he was to illustrate. In sentiment and principle his history is thoroughly American, although in its style and philosophy it has that broad and eclectic spirit appropriate to the general interest of the subject, and the enlightened sympathies of the age. Unwearied and patient in research, discriminating and judicious in the choice of authorities, and possessed of all the qualities required to fuse into a vital unity the narrative thus carefully gleaned, Bancroft has written the most accurate and philosophical account that has been given of the United States. The works of Prescott (1796-1858) are among the finest models of historical composition, and they breathe freely the spirit of our liberal institutions. His "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," of the "Conquest of Mexico," and the "Conquest of Peru," unite all the fascination of romantic fiction with the grave interest of authentic events. The picturesque and romantic character of his subjects, the harmony and beauty of his style, the dramatic interest of his narrative, and the careful research which renders his works as valuable for their accuracy as they are attractive for their style, have given Prescott's histories a brilliant and extensive reputation; and it is a matter of deep regret that his last and crowning work, "The History of Philip II.," should remain uncompleted. Another important contribution to the literature of the country is Motley's (1814- 1877) "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," a work distinguished for its historical accuracy, philosophical breadth of treatment, and clearness and vigor of style. The narrative proceeds with a steady

and easy flow, and the scenes it traces are portrayed with the hand of a master; while the whole work is pervaded by a spirit of humanity and a genuine sympathy with liberty. Parke Godwin's "History of France" is remarkable for its combination of deep research, picturesqueness of style; and John Poster Kirk is the author of a valuable history of Charles the Bold. Ticknor's (1791-1871) "History of Spanish Literature," as an intellectual achievement, ranks with the best productions of its kind, and is everywhere regarded by scholars as a standard authority. It is thoroughly penetrated with the true Castilian spirit, and is a complete record of Spanish civilization, both social and intellectual, equally interesting to the general reader and to the student of civil history. It has been translated into several languages. Henry R. Schoolcraft has devoted much time to researches among the Indian tribes of North America, and embodied the result of his labors in many volumes, containing their traditions, and the most interesting facts of their history. Catlin's "Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Conditions of the North American Indians," though without literary pretensions or literary merit; fills an important place in ethnological literature. Another work of a more historical character is "The History of the Indian Tribes of North America," the joint production of Hall and McKinney. Bradford's "American Antiquities and Researches into the Origin of the Red Race" is also an able and instructive work. In Hildreth's "History of the United States," rhetorical grace and effect give way to a plain narrative confined to facts gleaned with great care and conscientiousness. The "Field-Book of the Revolution," by Lossing, who has visited all the scenes of that memorable war, and delineated them with pen and pencil, is a work which finds its way to all the school libraries of the country. Cooper's "Naval History of the United States" abounds in picturesque and thrilling descriptions of naval warfare, and is one of the most characteristic histories, both in regard to style and subject, yet produced in America. S. G. Goodrich (1793-1860), who, under the name of Peter Parley, has acquired an extensive popularity in England and the United States, was the pioneer in the important reform of rendering historical school-books attractive, and his numerous works occupy a prominent place in the literature designed for the young. Two other able writers in this department are John S.C. and Jacob Abbott. Among the numerous local and special histories, valuable for their correctness and literary merit, are Brodhead's "History of New York," Palfrey's and Elliott's Histories of New England, Trumbull's "History of Connecticut," Hawks's "History of North Carolina," and Dr. Francis's "Historical Sketches." To the department of Biography, Jared Sparks has made many valuable contributions. Washington Irving's "Life and Voyages of Columbus" and "Life of Washington" have gained a popularity as extensive as the fame of this charming writer. Mrs. Kirkland, also, has written a popular "Life of Washington." The biographies and histories of J.T. Headley are remarkable for a vivacity and energy, which have given them great popularity. The "Biographical and Historical Studies" of G.W. Greene, Randall's "Life of Jefferson," Parton's Biographies of Aaron Burr and other celebrated men, Mrs. Ellet's "Women of the Revolution" and "Women Artists in all Ages," and Mrs. Hale's "Sketches of Distinguished Women in all Ages," are among the numerous works belonging to this department. The restlessness of the American character finds a mode of expression in the love of travel and adventure, and within the last thirty years no nation has contributed to literature more interesting books of travel than the United States. Flint's "Wanderings in the Valley of the Mississippi," Schoolcraft's "Discoveries and Adventures in the Northwest," Irving's "Astoria," and Fremont's Reports are instructive and entertaining accounts of the West. The "Incidents of Travel" of John L. Stephens (1805-1857) has had remarkable success in Europe as well as in this country. The adventurous Arctic explorations of E.K. Kane (1822-1857) have elicited universal admiration for the interest of their descriptions and for the heroism and indomitable energy of the writer. These narratives have been followed by those of Hayes in the same field of adventure. The scientific explorations of E.G. Squier have thrown new light on the antiquities and ethnology of the aboriginal tribes of America. Wilkes's "Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition" and Perry's "Narrative of an Expedition to Japan" are full of scientific and general information. Lynch's "Exploration of the Dead Sea" and Herndon's "Valley of the Amazon" belong to the same class. Bartlett's "Explorations in Texas and New Mexico" is interesting from the accuracy of its descriptions and the novelty of the scenes it describes. Among the numerous other entertaining books of travel in foreign countries are those of Bayard Taylor, who has left few parts of the world unvisited; Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," Curtis's "Nile Notes," Norman's "Cities of Yucatan," Dix's "Winter in Madeira," Brace's "Hungary," "Home Life in Germany," and "Norse Folk," Olmsted's "Travels in the Seaboard Slave States," and other works; Ross Browne's "Notes," Prime's "Boat" and "Tent Life," and "Letters of Irenaeus," Slidell's "Year in Spain," Willis's "Pencillings by the Way," Hillard's "Six Months in Italy" and "Letters," "Memories" and "Souvenirs," by Catherine M. Sedgwick, Sarah Haight, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Grace Greenwood, and Octavia Walton Le Vert.

2. ORATORY.--The public speeches of a nation's chief legislators are shining landmarks of its policy and lucid developments of the character and genius of its institutions. Of the statesmen of the present century, the most eminent are Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. Daniel Webster (1782- 1852) is acknowledged to be one of the greatest men America has produced. His speeches and forensic arguments constitute a characteristic as well as an

intrinsically valuable and interesting portion of our native literature, and some of his orations on particular occasions are everywhere recognized as among the greatest instances of genius in this branch of letters to be met with in modern times. The style of Webster is remarkable for its clearness and impressiveness, and rises occasionally to absolute grandeur. His dignity of expression, breadth and force of thought realize the ideal of a republican statesman; his writings, independent of their literary merit, are invaluable for the nationality of their tone and spirit. The speeches of Henry Clay (1777-1852) are distinguished by a sincerity and warmth which were characteristic of the man, who united the gentlest affections with the pride of the haughtiest manhood. His style of oratory, full, flowing, and sensuous, was modulated by a voice of sustained power and sweetness and a heart of chivalrous courtesy, and his eloquence reached the heart of the whole nation. The style of John C. Calhoun (1782-1850) was terse and condensed, and his eloquence, though sometimes impassioned, was always severe. He had great skill as a dialectician and remarkable power of analysis, and his works will have a permanent place in American literature. The writings and speeches of John Quincy Adams (1769-1848) are distinguished by universality of knowledge and independence of judgment, and they are repositories of rich materials for the historian and political philosopher. Benton's (1783-1858) "Thirty Years' View" of the working of the American government is a succession of historical pictures which will increase in value as the scenes they portray become more distant. Edward Everett (1794-1865), as an orator, has few living equals, and his occasional addresses and orations have become permanent memorials of many important occasions of public interest. Of the numerous other orators, eminent as rhetoricians or debaters, a few only can be named; among them are Legaré, Randolph, Choate, Sumner, Phillips, Preston, and Prentiss.

3. FICTION.--Romantic fiction found its first national development in the writings of James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), and through his works American literature first became widely known in Europe. His nautical and Indian tales; his delineations of the American mind in its adventurous character, and his vivid pictures of the aborigines, and of forest and frontier life, from their freshness, power, and novelty, attracted universal attention, and were translated into the principal European languages as soon as they appeared. "The Spy," "The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans," and numerous other productions of Cooper, must hold a lasting place in English literature. The genial and refined humor of Washington Irving (1783-1859), his lively fancy and poetic imagination, have made his name a favorite wherever the English language is known. He depicts a great variety of scenes and character with singular skill and felicity, and his style has all the ease and grace, the purity and charm, that distinguish that of Goldsmith, with whom he may justly be compared. "The Sketch-Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York" are among the most admired of his earlier writings, and his later works have more than sustained his early fame. The tales and prose sketches of N.P. Willis are characterized by genial wit, and a delicate rather than a powerful imagination, while beneath his brilliant audacities of phrase there is a current of original thought and genuine feeling. Commanding all the resources of passion, while he is at the same time master of all the effects of manner, in the power of ingenious and subtle comment on passing events, of sketching the lights and shadows which flit over the surface of society, of playful and felicitous portraiture of individual traits, and of investing his descriptions with the glow of vitality, this writer is unsurpassed. Hawthorne is remarkable for the delicacy of his psychological insight, his power of intense characterization, and for his mastery of the spiritual and the supernatural. His genius is most at home when delineating the darker passages of life and the enactments of guilt and pain. He does not feel the necessity of time or space to realize his spells, and the early history of New England and its stern people have found no more vivid illustration than his pages afford. The style of Hawthorne is the pure colorless medium of his thought; the plain current of his language is always equable, full and unvarying, whether in the company of playful children, among the ancestral associations of family or history, or in grappling with the mysteries and terrors of the supernatural world. "The Scarlet Letter" is a psychological romance, a study of character in which the human heart is anatomized with striking poetic and dramatic power. "The House of the Seven Gables" is a tale of retribution and expiation, dating from the time of the Salem witchcraft. "The Marble Faun" is the most elaborate and powerfully drawn of his later works. Edgar A. Poe (1811-1849) acquired much reputation as a writer of tales and many of his productions exhibit extraordinary metaphysical acuteness, and an imagination that delights to dwell in the shadowy confines of human experience, among the abodes of crime and horror. A subtle power of analysis, a minuteness of detail, a refinement of reasoning in the anatomy of mystery, give to his most improbable inventions a wonderful reality. Of the numerous writings of William Gilmore Simms, historical or imaginative romances form no inconsiderable part. As a novelist he is vigorous in delineation, dramatic in action, poetic in description, and skilled in the art of story-telling. His pictures of Southern border scenery and life are vivid and natural. Harriet Beecher Stowe was well known as a writer before the appearance of the work which has given her a world-wide reputation. No work of fiction of any age ever attained so immediate and extensive a popularity as "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" before the close of the first year after its publication it had been translated into all the languages of Europe; many millions of copies had been sold, and it had been dramatized in twenty different forms,

and performed in every capital of Europe. Besides the authors already named, there is a crowd of others of various and high degrees of merit and reputation, but whose traits are chiefly analogous to those already described. Paulding, in "Westward Ho" and "The Dutchman's Fireside," has drawn admirable pictures of colonial life; Dana, in "The Idle Man," has two or three remarkable tales; Flint, Hall, and Webber have written graphic and spirited tales of Western life. Kennedy has described Virginia life in olden times in "Swallow Barn;" and Fay has described "Life in New York;" Hoffman has embodied the early history of New York in a romantic form, and Dr. Bird, that of Mexico. William Ware's "Probus" and "Letters from Palmyra" are classical romances, and Judd's "Margaret" is a tragic story of New England life. Cornelius Mathews has chosen new subjects, and treated them in an original way; John Neal has written many novels full of power and incident. The "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh" of Longfellow establish his success as a writer of fiction; and in adventurous description, the "Omoo" and "Typee" of Melville, and the "Kaloolah" and "Berber" of Mayo have gained an extensive popularity. This department of literature has been ably represented by the women of the United States, and their contributions form an important part of our national literature. Catharine M. Sedgwick has written the most pleasing and graphic tales of New England life. Lydia M. Child is the author of several fictions, as well as other prose works, which evince great vigor, beauty, and grace. Maria J. McIntosh has written many charming tales; the "New Home" of Mrs. Kirkland, an admirable picture of frontier life, was brilliantly successful, and will be permanently valuable as representing scenes most familiar to the early settlers of the Western States. The works of the Misses Warner are equally popular in England and the United States. Among numerous other names are those of Eliza Leslie, Lydia H. Sigourney, Caroline Gilman, E. Oakes Smith, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Elizabeth F. Ellet, Sarah J. Hale, Emma Willard, Caroline Lee Hentz, Alice B. Neal, Caroline Chesebro, Emma Southworth, Ann S. Stephens, Maria Cummings, Anna Mowatt Ritchie, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Augusta J. Evans, Catharine A. Warfield, and the writers under the assumed names of Fanny Forrester, Grace Greenwood, Fanny Fern, Marion Harland, and Mary Forrest, besides many anonymous writers.

4. POETRY.--America has as yet produced no great epic poet, although the existence of a high degree of poetical talent cannot be denied. Carrying the same enthusiasm into the world of fancy that he does into the world of fact, the American finds in the cultivation of the poetic faculty a pleasant relief from the absorbing pursuits of daily life; hence, while poetry is sometimes cultivated as an art, it is oftener resorted to as a pastime; the number of writers is more numerous here than in any other country, and the facility of poetical expression more universal. William C. Bryant (1794-1878) is recognized as the best representative of American poetry. He is extremely felicitous in the use of native materials, and he has a profound love of nature and of freedom united with great artistic skill. He is eminently a contemplative poet; in his writings there is a remarkable absence of those bursts of tenderness and passion which constitute the essence of a large portion of modern verse. His strength lies in his descriptive power, in his serene and elevated philosophy, and in his noble simplicity of language. Richard H. Dana (1787-1879) is the most psychological of the American poets; the tragic and remorseful elements of humanity exert a powerful influence over his imagination, while the mysteries and aspirations of the human soul fill and elevate his mind. His verse is sometimes abrupt, but never feeble. The poems of Fitz-Greene Halleck are spirited and warm with emotion, or sparkling with genuine wit. His humorous poems are marked by an uncommon ease of versification, a natural flow of language, and a playful felicity of jest; his serious poems are distinguished for manly vigor of thought and language, and a beauty of imagery. The poems of Henry W. Longfellow (1807- 1882) are chiefly meditative, and often embody and illustrate significant truths. They give little evidence of the power of overmastering passion, but they are pervaded with an earnestness and beauty of sentiment, expressed in a finished and artistic form, which at once wins the ear and impresses the memory and heart. In "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," the most popular of his later productions, he has skillfully succeeded in the use of metres unusual in English. The poems of N. P. Willis (1807-1867) are characterized by a vivid imagination and a brilliant wit, combined with grace of utterance and artistic finish. His picturesque elaborations of some of the incidents recorded in the Bible are the best of his poetical compositions. His dramas are delicate creations of sentiment and passion with a relish of the Elizabethan age. J. R. Lowell (b. 1819) unites in his most effective poems a philosophic simplicity with a transcendental suggestiveness. Imagination and philanthropy are the dominant elements in his writings, which are marked by a graceful flow and an earnest tone. His satires contain many sharply-drawn portraits, and his humorous poems are replete with wit. Washington Allston (1779-1843) owed his chief celebrity to his paintings, but his literary works alone would have given him high rank among men of genius. His poems are delicate, subtle, and philosophical, and though few in number, they are exquisite in finish and in the thoughts which they embody. James A. Hillhouse (1789-1841) excelled in what may be called the written drama, which, though unsuited to representation, is characterized by noble sentiment and imagery. His dramatic and other poems are the first instances in this country of artistic skill in the higher and more elaborate spheres of poetic writing, and have gained for him a permanent place among the

American poets. The "Culprit Fay" of Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820) is a poem exhibiting a most delicate fancy and much artistic skill. It was a sudden and brilliant flash of a highly poetical mind which was extinguished before its powers were fully expanded. The poetry of John G. Whittier (b. 1809) is characterized by boldness, energy, and simplicity, often united with tenderness and grace; that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by humor and genial sentiment. In poetry, as in prose, Edgar A. Poe was most successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. His poems, which are constructed with great ingenuity, illustrate a morbid sensitiveness and a shadowy and gloomy imagination. The poems of Henry T. Tuckerman (1813-1871) are expressions of graceful and romantic sentiment or the fruits of reflection, illustrated with a scholar's taste. Charles Fenno Hoffman (1806-1884) is the author of many admired convivial and amatory poems, and George P. Morris is a recognized song-writer of America. Of numerous other poets, whose names are familiar to all readers of American literature, a few only can be named; among them are John G.C. Brainerd, James G. Percival, Richard H. Wilde, James G. Brooks, Charles Sprague, Alfred B. Street, T. Buchanan Read, T.B. Aldrich, William Allen Butler, Albert G. Greene, George D. Prentice, William J. Pabodie, Park Benjamin, William Gilmore Simms, John R. Thompson, William Ross Wallace, Charles G. Leland, Thomas Dunn English, William D. Gallagher, Albert Pike, John G. Saxe, James T. Fields, Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Cornelius Mathews, John Neal, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Among the literary women of the United States are many graceful writers who possess true poetical genius, and enjoy a high local reputation. The "Zophiel" of Maria Brooks (1795-1845) evinces an uncommon degree of power in one of the most refined and difficult provinces of creative art. Frances S. Osgood (1812-1850) was endowed with great playfulness of fancy, and a facility of expression which rendered her almost an improvisatrice. Her later poems are marked by great intensity of feeling and power of expression. The "Sinless Child" of Elizabeth Oakes Smith is a melodious and imaginative poem, with many passages of deep significance. Amelia B. Welby's poems are distinguished for sentiment and melody. The "Passion Flowers" and other poems of Julia Ward Howe are full of ardor and earnestness. Mrs. Sigourney's metrical writings are cherished by a large class of readers. Hannah F. Gould has written many pretty and fanciful poems, and Grace Greenwood's "Ariadne" is a fine burst of womanly pride and indignation. Among many other equally well known and honored names, there are those of Elizabeth F. Ellet, Emma C. Embury, Sarah J. Hale, Anna Mowatt Ritchie, Ann S. Stephens, Sarah H. Whitman, Catharine A. Warfield, and Eleanor Lee, ("Two Sisters of the West") Alice and Phoebe Cary, "Edith May," Caroline C. Marsh, Elizabeth C. Kinney, and Maria Lowell. Nothing of very decided mark has been contributed to dramatic literature by American writers, though this branch of letters has been cultivated with some success. John Howard Payne wrote several successful plays; George H. Boker is the author of many dramatic works which establish his claim to an honorable rank among the dramatic writers of the age. Single dramas by Bird, Sargent, Conrad, and other writers still keep their place upon the stage; with many faults, they abound in beauties, and they are valuable as indications of awakening genius.

5. THE TRANSCENDENTAL MOVEMENT IN NEW ENGLAND.--The Transcendental Philosophy, so-called, had its distinct origin in the "Critique of Pure Reason," the work of Immanuel Kant, which appeared in Germany in 1781, although, under various forms, the questions it discussed are as old as Plato and Aristotle. The first principle of this philosophy is that ideas exist in the soul which transcend the senses, while that of the school of Locke, or the School of Sensation, is that there is nothing in the intellect that was not first in the senses. The Transcendentalist claimed an intuitive knowledge of God, belief in immortality, and in man's ability to apprehend absolute ideas of truth, justice, and rectitude. The one regarded expediency, prudence, caution, and practical wisdom as the highest of the virtues, and distrusted alike the seer, the prophet, and the reformer. The other was by nature a reformer and dissatisfied with men as they are, but with passionate aspirations for a pure social state, he recognized, above all, the dignity of the individual man. These two schools of philosophy aimed at the same results, but by different methods. The one worked up from beneath by material processes, the other worked down from above by intellectual ones. There had been in other countries a transcendental philosophy, but, in New England alone, where the sense of individual freedom was active, and where there were no fixed and unalterable social conditions, was this philosophy applied to actual life. Of late the scientific method, so triumphant in the natural world, has been applied to the spiritual, and the principles of the sensational philosophy have been, re-stated by Bain, Mill, Spencer, and other leaders of speculative opinion, who present it under the name of the "Philosophy of Experience," and resolve the intuitions of the Ideal into the results of experience and the processes of organic life. Mill was the first to organize the psychological side, while Lewes, Spencer, and Tyndall have approached the same problem from the side of organization. Should these analyses be accepted, Idealism as a philosophy must disappear. There is, however, no cause to apprehend a return to the demoralization which the sensualist doctrines of the last century were accused of encouraging. The attitude of the human mind towards the great problems of destiny has so far altered, and the problems themselves have so far changed their face, that no shock will be felt in the passage from the philosophy of intuition to that of experience. Early in the second quarter of our century the doctrines of Kant and of his German

followers, Jacobi, Fichte, and Schelling, found their way into New England, and their influence on thought and life was immediate and powerful, affecting religion, literature, laws, and institutions. As an episode or special phase of thought, it was of necessity transient, but had it bequeathed nothing more than the literature that sprang from it and the lives of the men and women who had their intellectual roots in it, it would have conferred a lasting benefit on America. Among the first to plant the seeds of the Transcendental Philosophy in New England was George Ripley (1802-1880), a philanthropist on ideal principles, whose faith blossomed into works, and whose well known attempt to create a new earth in preparation for a new heaven, although it ended in failure, commanded sympathy and respect. Later, as a critic, he aided the development of literature in America by erecting a high standard of judgment and by his just estimation of the rights and duties of literary men. Theodore Parker (d. 1860) owed his great power as a preacher to his faith in the Transcendental philosophy. The Absolute God, the Moral Law, and the Immortal Life he held to be the three cardinal attestations of the universal consciousness. The authority of the "higher law," the absolute necessity of religion for safely conducting the life of the individual and the life of the state, he asseverated with all the earnestness of an enthusiastic believer. A. Bronson Alcott (b. 1799) is a philosopher of the Mystic school. Seeking wisdom, not through books, but by intellectual processes, he appeals at once to consciousness, claims immediate insight, and contemplates ultimate laws in his own soul. His "Orphic Sayings" amused and perplexed the critics, who made them an excuse for assailing the entire Transcendental school. Margaret Fuller (1810-1850) adopted the spiritual philosophy, and had the subtlest perception of its bearings. Her vigorous and original writings possess a lasting value, although they imperfectly represent her remarkable powers. Among the representatives of the Spiritual Philosophy the first place belongs to Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), who lighted up its doctrines with the rays of ethical and poetical imagination. Without the formality of dogma, he was a teacher of vigorous morality in line with the ruling tendencies of the age, and bringing all the aid of abstract teaching towards the solution of the moral problems of society. The first article of his faith is the primacy of Mind; that Mind is supreme, eternal, absolute, one, manifold, subtle, living, immanent in all things, permanent, flowing, self-manifesting; that the universe is the result of mind; that nature is the symbol of mind; that finite minds live and act through concurrence with infinite mind. His second is the connection of the individual intellect with the primal mind and its ability to draw thence wisdom, will, virtue, prudence, heroism, all active and passive qualities. In his essays, which are prose poems, he lays incessant emphasis on the cardinal virtues of humility, sincerity, obedience, aspiration, and acquiescence to the will of the Supreme Power, and he sustains the mind at an elevation that makes the heights of accepted morality disappear in the level of the plain. With many inconsistencies to be allowed for, Emerson still remains the highest mind that the world of letters has produced in America, inspiring men by word and example, rebuking their despondency, awakening them from the slumber of conformity and convention, and lifting them from low thoughts and sullen moods of helplessness and impiety. Among other writers identified with the Transcendental movement in New England are O. B. Frothingham, Orestes A. Brownson, James Freeman Clarke, William H. Channing, Henry Thoreau, John S. Dwight, C. P. Cranch, W. E. Channing, T. W. Higginson, C. A. Bartol, D. A. Wasson, John Weiss, and Samuel Longfellow.

6. MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.--Of the essayists, critics, and miscellaneous writers of the United States, a few only may be here characterized. Parke Godwin is a brilliant political essayist. E. P. Whipple is an able critic and an essayist of great acuteness, insight, and logical power. H. T. Tuckerman is a genial and appreciative writer, combining extensive scholarship with elevated sentiment and feeling. Richard Grant White's "Commentaries on Shakspeare" have met with a cordial reception from all Shakspearean scholars. Oliver Wendell Holmes conceals under the garb of wit and humor an earnest sympathy and a deep knowledge of human nature; George W. Curtis combines fine powers of observation and satire with delicacy of taste and refinement of feeling; and Donald G. Mitchell gives to the world his "Reveries" in a pleasing and attractive manner. The writings of A. J. Downing, on subjects relating to rural life and architecture, have exercised a wide and salutary influence on the taste of the country. Willis Gaylord Clark (1810-1841) is best remembered by his "Ollapodiana" and his occasional poems, in which humor and pathos alternately prevail. The "Charcoal Sketches" of Joseph C. Neal (1807-1847) exhibit a genial humor, and will be remembered for the curious specimens of character they embody. Seba Smith has been most successful in adapting the Yankee dialect to the purposes of humorous writing in his "Jack Downing's Letters" and other productions. The writings of Henry D. Thoreau, combining essay and description, are quaint and humorous, while those of "Timothy Titcomb" (J.G. Holland) are addressed to the practical common sense of the American people. Charles T. Brooks (d. 1883) is distinguished for his felicitous translations from the German poets and writers. The writings of George D. Prentice abound in wit and humor. W.H. Hurlburt is an able expositor of political affairs and a brilliant descriptive writer.

7. ENCYCLOPAEDIAS, DICTIONARIES, AND EDUCATIONAL BOOKS. The *Encyclopaedia Americana*, the first work of the kind undertaken in America, appeared in 1829, under the auspices of Dr. Lieber, and contains articles on almost every subject of human knowledge. The *New American Cyclopaedia*, edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, is a work on a larger and more original plan, and is particularly valuable as the repository of all knowledge bearing upon American civilization, while at the same time it embodies a great amount of interesting and valuable information on all subjects. Allibone's "*Dictionary of English Authors*," completed in four large volumes, exceeds all similar works in the number of authors it describes and the details it contains. Among the works containing abundant materials for the history of American literature are the several volumes of Rufus W. Griswold, the "*Cyclopaedia of American Literature*," by G.L. and E.A. Duyckinck, and other collections or sketches by Hart, Cleveland, Tuckerman, Everest, and Caroline May. The *Dictionary of Noah Webster* (1778-1843), an elaborate and successful undertaking, has exercised an influence over the English language which will probably endure for generations. The more recent publication of Worcester's *Dictionary*, which adds many thousand words to the registered English vocabulary, marks an epoch in the history of the language. It is regarded by competent critics as the first of all English dictionaries in point of merit, and as the fitting representative of the language of the two great branches of the Anglican stock. The "*Lectures on the English Language*," by George P. Marsh, exhibit a thorough knowledge of the subject, and are admirably designed to render the study attractive to all persons of taste and culture. The scholars of Europe are much indebted to those of America for their investigations of the Karen, the Siamese, Asamese, Chinese, and numerous African languages; and for grammars and dictionaries of the Burmese, Chinese, the Hawaiian, and the modern Armenian, Syrian, and Chaldee tongues. Foreign and comparatively unknown languages have thus been reduced to a system and grammar by which they can readily be acquired by Europeans. Many valuable works have also appeared on the language of the American Indians. The text-books of the United States are unsurpassed by those of any country, and many of them are in use in England. Among them are Anthon's admirable series of Latin and Greek Classics and Classical Dictionary, Robinson's Hebrew and English Dictionary of Gesenius, and the Latin and English Dictionary of Andrews, founded on the celebrated work of Freund. Felton's "*Classical Studies*," and his various editions of the classics, have been ably prepared and evince a scholar's enthusiasm. Henry Barnard, by his "*Journal of Education*" and numerous other writings, is identified with the cause of popular education and has acquired an extensive reputation in Europe and the United States. Horace Mann is also widely known through his "*Reports*" on education; and in the practical carrying out of profound liberal and national views in our colleges, Presidents Nott, Tappan, Wayland, Sears, King, and Barnard have been eminently successful.

8. THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, ECONOMY, AND JURISPRUDENCE. It is generally conceded that the theological writers of this country are among the ablest of modern times, and the diversity of sects, a curious and striking fact in our social history, is fully illustrated by the literary organs of each denomination, from the spiritual commentaries of Bush to the ardent Catholicism of Brownson. The works of Moses Stuart (1780-1852), Edward Robinson, Francis Wayland, and Albert Barnes are standard authorities with all classes of Protestant Christians. William Ellery Channing (1780-1842) achieved a wide reputation for genius in ethical literature, and as a moral essayist will hold a permanent place in English letters. Among other members of the clerical profession who have had a marked influence on the mind of the age by their scholarship or eloquence are Drs. Hickok, C.S. Henry, Tappan, H.B. Smith, Hitchcock, W.R. Williams, Alexander, Bethune, Hawks, Sprague, Bushnell, Thompson, Tyng, Bartol, Dewey, Norton, Frothingham, Osgood, Chapin, Bellows, Furness, Livermore, Ware, Peabody, and Henry Ward Beecher. The philosophical writings of Dr. Tappan, the author of a "*Treatise on the Will*" and a work on the "*Elements of Logic*," those of C.S. Henry, Wayland, Hickok, and Haven have an extensive reputation; and of the various works on political economy those of Henry C. Carey are most widely known. Most prominent among the writings of American jurists are those of Kent, Wheaton, Story, Livingston, Lawrence, and Bouvier. Kent's (1768-1847) "*Commentaries*" on American Law at once took a prominent place in legal literature, and are now universally considered of the highest authority. Of Wheaton's (1785-1848) great works on International Law, it is sufficient to say that one has been formally adopted by the University of Cambridge, England, as the best work of its kind extant, and as a manual for tuition by the professors of legal science. Among modern legal writers, Story (1779-1845) occupies a distinguished position. His "*Commentaries*" have acquired a European reputation, and have been translated into French and German. Livingston's (1764-1833) "*System of Penal Laws for the United States*," since its publication in 1828, has materially modified the penal laws of the world, and may be considered the first complete penal system based upon philanthropy, and designed to substitute mildness for severity in the punishment of criminals. Bouvier's "*Institutes of American Law*" and "*Dictionary of Law*" are considered as among the best works of their kind, both in the United States and Europe. Other branches of legal research have been treated in a masterly manner by American writers, and many authors might be named whose works take a high rank in both hemispheres.

9. NATURAL SCIENCES.--The physical sciences, from an early period, have found able investigators in the United States. Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford) successfully applied his knowledge to increase the convenience, economy, and comfort of mankind. Franklin's discoveries in electricity, the most brilliant which had yet been made, have been followed by those of Morse, whose application of that power to the telegraphic wire is one of the most wonderful achievements of modern science. Fitch and Fulton were the first to apply steam to navigation, a force which has become one of the most powerful levers of civilization. In chemistry the works of Hare, Silliman, Henry, Hunt, and Morfit are equally honorable to themselves and the country. The names of Dana, Hitchcock, Hall, the brothers Rogers, Eaton, Hodge, Owen, and Whitney are identified with the science of geology in the United States. The names of Torrey and Gray are eminent in botany, and the writings of the latter especially rank among the most valuable botanical works of the age. The mathematical sciences have found able expounders. The merits of Dr. Bowditch (1773-1838) entitle him to a high rank among the mathematicians of the world. His *Commentary on the "Mécanique Céleste"* of La Place, which he translated, is an original work, and contains many discoveries of his own. His *"Practical Navigator"* is the universally adopted guide in the American marine, and to a great extent in the naval service of England and France. In mathematics as well as astronomy, Peirce and Hill have shown themselves able investigators. Bache, of the United States Coast Survey, has made many valuable contributions to physical science. The astronomical works of Professors Loowis, Gould, Norton, Olmsted, and Mitchell hold a high position in the United States and Europe; and valuable astronomical observations have been made by Lieutenants Maury and Gillies, and Maria Mitchell. In natural history, Holbrook's *"North American Herpetology,"* or a description of the reptiles of the United States, is a work of great magnitude, and sustains a high scientific reputation. Audubon's (1780- 1851) *"Birds of America"* is the most magnificent work on ornithology ever published. Since the death of Audubon, the subject to which he devoted his life has been pursued by Cassin and Girard, who rank with him as naturalists. Goodrich's *"Animal Kingdom"* is a recent popular work in this department. The *"Crania Americana"* of Dr. Morton, the *"Crania Egyptiaca"* of Gliddon, and the *"Types of Mankind,"* the joint production of the above writers and Dr. Nott, are important contributions to the department of ethnology. De Vere and Dwight are eminent writers on philology; Jarvis, Hough, Tucker, De Bow, Kennedy, and Wynne, on statistics. Medical literature has been ably illustrated, and American writers on naval and military affairs have contributed largely to the effectiveness of modern warfare. Geographical knowledge has been greatly increased. Many explorations and publications have been made under the patronage of the government, and many excellent maps and charts have been executed from actual surveys. The Wind Charts and other works of Lieutenant Maury have greatly advanced the science of navigation, and his *"Physical Geography of the Sea"* has revealed the mysteries of the submarine world with graphic power.

10. FOREIGN WRITERS.--Many foreign writers in the United States, some of whom have had their tastes formed here, and are essentially American in principle and feeling, have contributed to the literature of the country. The celebrated Bishop Berkeley (1684-1753), whose prophetic verses on America are so often quoted, brought with him the prestige which attached to high literary reputation, and had an influence on the progress of literature in the colonies. His *"Minute Philosopher"* contains many passages descriptive of the scene at Newport, in the midst of which it was written. Thomas Paine (1736-1809) wrote his pamphlet entitled *"Common Sense,"* and his *"Crisis,"* in America, the former of which, especially, powerfully affected the political condition of the country. John Witherspoon (1722-1794), lineal descendant of John Knox, was the author of many religious works, and of some valuable political essays. Susanna Rowson (1762-1824) was the author of *"Charlotte Temple,"* a novel which had extraordinary success in its day, and of many books of less fame. Joseph Priestley (1733-1804) wrote and published many of his most valuable works in the United States. His friend Thomas Cooper (1759-1840) was one of the most active minds of the age, and his religious, political, and scientific writings were not without their influence on the national literature. *"The American Ornithology"* of Alexander Wilson (1766-1813), a native of Scotland, is second only to the great work of Audubon. The names of Matthew Carey, Peter Duponceau, and Albert Gallatin are also honorably associated with American letters. Of the more recent writers, Dr. Lieber has done much for the advancement of political and philosophical science in the United States. The names of Agassiz, father and son, and Guyot, prominent among the scientific investigators of the age, are indissolubly connected with science in America; and Drs. Draper and Dunglison have made valuable contributions to the medical literature of the world. Count A. de Gurowski, an able scholar, has published a work on *"Russia as it is,"* and another on *"America and Europe."* Mrs. Robinson's various works entitle her to high distinction in the more grave as well as the lighter departments of literature. Professor Koeppen has written two valuable works on the *"World in the Middle Ages."* Dr. Brunow has brought a European reputation to the aid of one of our Western universities. Henry Giles has gained distinction by

his essays and criticisms, and Henry William Herbert by his novels and miscellaneous writings. Many other foreign men of letters might be named, who, in various ways, aid the development of the national literature.

11. NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.--One of the most powerful engines in creating a taste for literature among the people of the United States is the newspaper and periodical press. Every interest, every social and political doctrine has its organ, and every village has its newspaper; not devoted solely to special, local, or even to national topics, but registering the principal passing events of the actual as well as of the intellectual world, and in this respect differing essentially from the press of all other countries. These papers are offered at so small a price as to place them within the reach of all; and in a country where every one reads, the influence of such a power as a public educator, in stimulating and diffusing mental activity, and in creating cosmopolitan interests, can scarcely be comprehended in its full significance. While there is much in these publications that is necessarily of an evanescent character, and much that might perhaps be better excluded, it cannot be denied that the best of our daily and weekly papers often contain literary matter which in a less fugitive form would become a permanent and valuable contribution to the national literature. The magazines and reviews of the United States take a worthy place beside those of Great Britain, and present a variety of reading which exhibits at once the versatility of the people and the cosmopolitan tendency of the literature which addresses itself to the sympathies of the most diversified classes of readers. Among the quarterly reviews, the North American occupies a prominent position. It is associated with the earliest dawnings of the national literature, and in the list of its contributors is found almost every name of note in American letters. The Scientific American and the Popular Science Monthly are the most eminent of the scientific periodicals; the Bibliotheca Sacra, the Andover and Princeton Reviews, the Christian Union, the Independent, the Churchman are among the ablest religious journals. With the decease of H.S. Legaré, one of the most finished scholars of the South, the Southern Quarterly, which had been indebted to his pen for many of its ablest articles, ceased its existence. Putnam's Magazine was long the medium of the most valuable and interesting fugitive literature; and the Atlantic Monthly, which has succeeded it, is under the auspices of the most eminent men of letters in New England, and has become the nucleus of a number of young and able writers. The Magazine of American History is the repository of much valuable information and many curious incidents in the history of the country. Harper's Magazine and the Century are periodicals of high literary character and of wide circulation both in this country and in England. They have by means of their illustrations done much to advance and develop the art of engraving. The language of American literature being that of England, its early productions were naturally modeled after those of the mother-country. But the cosmopolitan elements of which the nation is composed, and the peculiar influences of American civilization in holding out to the human race opportunities and destinies unparalleled in history, are rapidly developing a distinct national character which in the future must be reflected in American literature, and cannot fail to produce great results. This at least is the belief of all those who have faith in humanity and in the spirit which laid the foundation of our Republic.

12. SINCE 1800.--The period intervening between 1860 and 1885 has not been marked by any important literary development. In the great war for the support of the institution of slavery on one hand and for national existence on the other, history was enacted rather than written, and the sudden and rapid development of material interests succeeding the war have absorbed, to a great extent, the energies of the people. Many histories of special occurrences of the war have since appeared, and many biographies of those who played prominent parts in it, and when time shall have given these, and the great events they commemorate, their true perspective, the poet, novelist, and historian of the future will find in them ample material for a truly national literature. Among the poets of the time only a few of the more prominent can be named. Bayard Taylor (1825-1878) is equally distinguished as a poet and prose writer of fiction and travels. His translation of Faust in the original metre is accepted as the best representation of the German master in the English tongue, and apart from its merits as a translation, it has added to the literature by the beauty and power of its versification. His poem of "Deukalion" shows great originality and power of imagination. Richard H. Stoddard (b. 1825) is a poet and critic, equally distinguished in both departments. Edmund C. Stedman (b. 1833) is known by his translations from the Greek poets and his original poems marked by vigor and spontaneity of thought, poetic power, and precision in art. His critical volume on the Victorian poets is notable for dispassionate, conscientious, and skillful and sympathetic criticism. Walt Whitman (b. 1819) writes with great force, originality, and sympathy with all forms of struggle and suffering, but with utter contempt for conventionalities and for the acknowledged limits of true art. Richard W. Gilder has a delicate fancy and power of poetic expression. William Winter, as a writer of occasional verses, has rare felicity of thought and execution. William W. Story adds to his many other gifts those of a true poet. Charles De Kay is the author of many poems original in conception and execution. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has written much dainty and musical verse and several successful novels. Will Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads," displays a keen sympathy for the harder phases of

common life. Charles G. Leland, in prose and humorous poetry, is widely read, and known also by his efforts to introduce industrial art into schools. Henry Howard Brownell is the author of "War Lyrics," among the best of their kind. Edgar Fawcett is equally known as a poet and novelist. Joaquin Miller, in his poems, gives pictures of lawless and adventurous life. Of the many distinguished women in contemporary American literature only a few can here be named. Helen Jackson (H. H.) is a brilliant prose writer and a poet of originality and power. She is the author of many essays and works of fiction, and of an exhaustive work on the Indian question. Emma Lazarus has written many poems of a high order. Annie Fields recalls the spirit and imagination of the Greek mythology. Edith M. Thomas, in her poems, shows high culture, originality, and imagination. Those of Lucy Larcom belong to every-day life, and are truthful and pathetic. Mary Mapes Dodge is a charming writer of tales and poems for children, and of other poems, Celia Thaxter dwells on the picturesque features of nature on sea and land. Julia Dorr in her novels and poems gives proof of great versatility of talents. Ellen Hutchinson is a writer of imaginative and musical verses. Elizabeth Stoddard is the author of several powerful novels and of some fine poems. Of equal merit are the productions of Louise Chandler Moulton, Nora Perry, Edna Dean Proctor, S. M. B. Piatt, Margaret Preston, Harriet Preston, Elizabeth Akers Allen, Sarah Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), Laura Johnson, Mary Clemmer, Mary C. Bradley, Kate Putnam Osgood, Harriet Kimball, Marian Douglas, Mary Prescott, Laura C. Redden. In prose Frances Hodgson Burnett is the author of many interesting novels and stories; Harriet Spofford, of original tales; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, of popular and highly wrought novels; Adeline Whitney, of entertaining novels of every-day life; Rebecca Harding Davis, of powerful though sombre novels, of pictures of contemporary life, society, and thought; Louisa Alcott, of a series of charming New England stories for the young. Rose Terry Cooke, in her short stories, has presented many striking studies of New England life and character; and Sarah Orne Jewett deals with the same material in a manner both strong and refined. Julia Fletcher and Blanche Willis Howard have each written successful novels, and Constance Fenimore Woolson is the author of many vivid and well written tales. Mary A. Dudge (Gail Hamilton) is a writer on many subjects, sparkling, witty, aggressive; Clara Erskine Waters writes ably on art; Kate Field is a vigorous and brilliant writer in journalism, travels, and criticism.

FICTION.--Theodore Winthrop (1828-1861) fell an early sacrifice in the war. His descriptions of prairie life, his fresh and vigorous individualization of character and power of narrative indicate a vein of original genius which was foil of promise. William Dean Howells and Henry James are foremost as writers of the analytic and realistic school. Their studies of character are life-like and finished, their satire keen and good-natured. The romances of Julian Hawthorne deal with the marvelous and unreal. Bret Harte (b. 1839) presents us with vivid and lifelike pictures of wild Californian life, of the rude hate and love which prevail in an atmosphere of lawlessness, redeemed by touching exhibitions of gratitude and magnanimity. His dialect poems and those of John Hay enjoy a wide popularity. The latter will also be remembered for his "Castilian Days," a volume of fascinating studies of Spanish subjects. George W. Cable is known for his pictures of Creole life; Edward Eggleston, for his sketches of the shrewd and kindly humorous Western life. Albion Tourgée has been the first to avail himself in fiction of the political conditions growing out of the war. Joel Chandler Harris delineates the character, dialect, and peculiarities of the negro race in his "Sketches in Black and White," and Richard Malcolm Johnston has graphically described phases of Southern life which have almost passed away. F. Marion Crawford shows originality and promise in the novels he has so far given to the public; the same may be said of Arthur S. Hardy, George P. Lathrop, W.H. Bishop, Frank R. Stockton, and F.J. Stinson.

SCIENCE.--In astronomy, Young, Henry Draper, and Langley may be named; in geology, Dana and Leconte; in physiology, Flint and Dalton; Marsh, in palaeontology, and Leidy, in zoology; Professor Whitney is an able writer on philology and Oriental literature. Professor E.L. Youmans has organized the simultaneous publication, in this country, England, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, of an international series of scientific works by the ablest living writers, which has proved eminently successful. Among the theologians representing various schools may be named, Philip Schaff, Roswell D. Hitchcock, Samuel Osgood, Henry W. Bellows, Frederick H. Hedge, Edward E. Hale, Newman Smyth, William R. Alger, and Octavius B. Frothingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.--John Fiske is an able and versatile thinker and an expounder of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and a writer on American history, and on the leading subjects of scientific thought. Charles Brace is the author of many volumes on various social problems. Moses Coit Tyler is a writer on American literature and history; Andrew D. White, on French history, and on science and religion. Professor McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" is considered a scholarly and picturesque work. Professor Lounsbury has written, in his "Cooper," one of the best of modern biographies. Charles Dudley Warner is distinguished by the great geniality and humor of his writings, alternately quaint, delicate, and pungent. The charm and purity of his diction recall the best school of English essayists. Paul Du Chaillu is widely known for his accounts of travel in Africa and elsewhere;

Moncure D. Conway, as a writer on social, literary, and artistic themes. John Burroughs is a close observer of nature; Eugene Schuyler is the author of a history of Peter the Great; Parkman throws much light on early American history; Parton is the author of many attractive biographies; Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) is known for his humorous writings.

CONCLUSION.

In the preceding pages the progress of literature has been briefly traced through its various periods--from the time when its meagre records were confined to inscriptions engraved on stone, or inscribed on clay tablets or papyrus leaves, or in its later and more perfect development when, written on parchment, it was the possession of the learned few, hidden in libraries and so precious that a book was sometimes the ransom of a city-- till the invention of printing gave to the world the accumulated treasures of the past; and from that time to the present, when the press has poured forth from year to year an ever increasing succession of books, the records of human thought, achievement, and emotion which constitute literature. The question here naturally arises as to whether the human mind has now reached its highest development in this direction, whether it is henceforth to retrograde or to advance. It was only towards the close of the last century that the idea of human progress gained ground, after the American and French revolutions had broken down old barriers, inaugurated new systems, inspired new hopes, and revealed new possibilities. What was then but a feeble sentiment, later advances in the direction of science have confirmed. Among them are the discovery of the correlation and conservation of force, according to Faraday the highest law which our faculties permit us to perceive; the spectroscope, that gives the chemist power to analyze the stars; the microscope, that lays bare great secrets of nature, and almost penetrates the mystery of life itself; the application of steam and electricity, that puts all nations into communication and binds mankind together with nerves of steel; above all, the theory of evolution, which opens to man an almost illimitable vista of progress and development. It is true that these great intellectual triumphs of the nineteenth century are all in the direction of science; but literature in its true sense embraces both science and art; science which discovers through the intellect, and art which transmutes, through the imagination, knowledge and emotion into beauty. When the stupendous discoveries of our time have been fully recognized and appreciated and followed, as they doubtless will be, by a long series of others equally great, a higher order of thought must follow, and literature, which, is but the reflection of the thought of any age, cannot but be in harmony with it. This consummation more than one poet, with the prescience of genius, has already foretold. "Poetry," says Wordsworth, "is the first and last of all knowledge, immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition and in the impressions we habitually receive, the poet will sleep no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, and if the time should ever come when what is now called science shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration." "The sublime and all reconciling revelations of nature," writes Emerson, "will exact of poetry a corresponding height and scope, or put an end to it." George Eliot says,-- "Presentiment of better things on earth Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls." Throughout the verse of Tennyson the idea of progress is variously expressed. He dreams of a future "When the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags are furled." "When comes the statelier Eden back to man." "When springs the crowning race of human kind." Thus the inspirations of poetry not less than the conclusions of science indicate that we must look for the Golden Age, not in a mythical past, but in an actual though far-off future.

3. 19th Century: Gilbert Keith Chesterton. *The Victorian Age in Literature*

Introduction

The Victorian Age in Literature

A section of a long and splendid literature can be most conveniently treated in one of two ways. It can be divided as one cuts a currant cake or a Gruyère cheese, taking the currants (or the holes) as they come. Or it can be divided as one cuts wood--along the grain: if one thinks that there is a grain. But the two are never the same: the names never come in the same order in actual time as they come in any serious study of a spirit or a tendency. The critic who wishes to move onward with the life of an epoch, must be always running backwards and forwards among its mere dates; just as a branch bends back and forth continually; yet the grain in the branch runs true like an unbroken river. Mere chronological order, indeed, is almost as arbitrary as alphabetical order. To deal with Darwin, Dickens, Browning, in the sequence of the birthday book would be to forge about as real a chain as the "Tacitus, Tolstoy, Tupper" of a biographical dictionary. It might lend itself more, perhaps, to accuracy: and it might satisfy that school of critics who hold that every artist should be treated as a solitary craftsman, indifferent to the commonwealth and unconcerned about moral things. To write on that principle in the present case, however, would involve all those delicate difficulties, known to politicians, which beset the public defence of a doctrine which one heartily disbelieves. It is quite needless here to go into the old "art for art's sake"--business, or explain at length why individual artists cannot be reviewed without reference to their traditions and creeds. It is enough to say that with other creeds they would have been, for literary purposes, other individuals. Their views do not, of course, make the brains in their heads any more than the ink in their pens. But it is equally evident that mere brain-power, without attributes or aims, a wheel revolving in the void, would be a subject about as entertaining as ink. The moment we differentiate the minds, we must differentiate by doctrines and moral sentiments. A mere sympathy for democratic merry-making and mourning will not make a man a writer like Dickens. But without that sympathy Dickens would not be a writer like Dickens; and probably not a writer at all. A mere conviction that Catholic thought is the clearest as well as the best disciplined, will not make a man a writer like Newman. But without that conviction Newman would not be a writer like Newman; and probably not a writer at all. It is useless for the aesthete (or any other anarchist) to urge the isolated individuality of the artist, apart from his attitude to his age. His attitude to his age is his individuality: men are never individual when alone. It only remains for me, therefore, to take the more delicate and entangled task; and deal with the great Victorians, not only by dates and names, but rather by schools and streams of thought. It is a task for which I feel myself wholly incompetent; but as that applies to every other literary enterprise I ever went in for, the sensation is not wholly novel: indeed, it is rather reassuring than otherwise to realise that I am now doing something that nobody could do properly. The chief peril of the process, however, will be an inevitable tendency to make the spiritual landscape too large for the figures. I must ask for indulgence if such criticism traces too far back into politics or ethics the roots of which great books were the blossoms; makes Utilitarianism more important than Liberty or talks more of the Oxford Movement than of The Christian Year. I can only answer in the very temper of the age of which I write: for I also was born a Victorian; and sympathise not a little with the serious Victorian spirit. I can only answer, I shall not make religion more important than it was to Keble, or politics more sacred than they were to Mill.

CHAPTER I

THE VICTORIAN COMPROMISE AND ITS ENEMIES

The previous literary life of this country had left vigorous many old forces in the Victorian time, as in our time. Roman Britain and Mediæval England are still not only alive but lively; for real development is not leaving things behind, as on a road, but drawing life from them, as from a root. Even when we improve we never progress. For progress, the metaphor from the road, implies a man leaving his home behind him: but improvement means a man exalting the towers or extending the gardens of his home. The ancient English literature was like all the several literatures of Christendom, alike in its likeness, alike in its very unlikeness. Like all European cultures, it was European; like all European cultures, it was something more than European. A most marked and unmanageable national temperament is plain in Chaucer and the ballads of Robin Hood; in spite of deep and sometimes disastrous changes of national policy, that note is still unmistakable in Shakespeare, in Johnson and his friends, in Cobbett, in Dickens. It is vain to dream of defining such vivid things; a national soul is as indefinable as a smell, and as unmistakable. I remember a friend who tried impatiently to explain the word "mistletoe" to a German, and cried at

last, despairing, "Well, you know holly--mistletoe's the opposite!" I do not commend this logical method in the comparison of plants or nations. But if he had said to the Teuton, "Well, you know Germany--England's the opposite"--the definition, though fallacious, would not have been wholly false. England, like all Christian countries, absorbed valuable elements from the forests and the rude romanticism of the North; but, like all Christian countries, it drank its longest literary draughts from the classic fountains of the ancients: nor was this (as is so often loosely thought) a matter of the mere "Renaissance." The English tongue and talent of speech did not merely flower suddenly into the gargantuan polysyllables of the great Elizabethans; it had always been full of the popular Latin of the Middle Ages. But whatever balance of blood and racial idiom one allows, it is really true that the only suggestion that gets near the Englishman is to hint how far he is from the German. The Germans, like the Welsh, can sing perfectly serious songs perfectly seriously in chorus: can with clear eyes and clear voices join together in words of innocent and beautiful personal passion, for a false maiden or a dead child. The nearest one can get to defining the poetic temper of Englishmen is to say that they couldn't do this even for beer. They can sing in chorus, and louder than other Christians: but they must have in their songs something, I know not what, that is at once shamefaced and rowdy. If the matter be emotional, it must somehow be also broad, common and comic, as "Wapping Old Stairs" and "Sally in Our Alley." If it be patriotic, it must somehow be openly bombastic and, as it were, indefensible, like "Rule Britannia" or like that superb song (I never knew its name, if it has one) that records the number of leagues from Ushant to the Scilly Isles. Also there is a tender love-lyric called "O Tarry Trousers" which is even more English than the heart of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. But our greatest bards and sages have often shown a tendency to rant it and roar it like true British sailors; to employ an extravagance that is half conscious and therefore half humorous. Compare, for example, the rants of Shakespeare with the rants of Victor Hugo. A piece of Hugo's eloquence is either a serious triumph or a serious collapse: one feels the poet is offended at a smile. But Shakespeare seems rather proud of talking nonsense: I never can read that rousing and mounting description of the storm, where it comes to-- "Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds." without seeing an immense balloon rising from the ground, with Shakespeare grinning over the edge of the car, and saying, "You can't stop me: I am above reason now." That is the nearest we can get to the general national spirit, which we have now to follow through one brief and curious but very national episode. Three years before the young queen was crowned, William Cobbett was buried at Farnham. It may seem strange to begin with this great neglected name, rather than the old age of Wordsworth or the young death of Shelley. But to any one who feels literature as human, the empty chair of Cobbett is more solemn and significant than the throne. With him died the sort of democracy that was a return to Nature, and which only poets and mobs can understand. After him Radicalism is urban--and Toryism suburban. Going through green Warwickshire, Cobbett might have thought of the crops and Shelley of the clouds. But Shelley would have called Birmingham what Cobbett called it--a hell-hole. Cobbett was one with after Liberals in the ideal of Man under an equal law, a citizen of no mean city. He differed from after Liberals in strongly affirming that Liverpool and Leeds are mean cities. It is no idle Hibernianism to say that towards the end of the eighteenth century the most important event in English history happened in France. It would seem still more perverse, yet it would be still more precise, to say that the most important event in English history was the event that never happened at all--the English Revolution on the lines of the French Revolution. Its failure was not due to any lack of fervour or even ferocity in those who would have brought it about: from the time when the first shout went up for Wilkes to the time when the last Luddite fires were quenched in a cold rain of rationalism, the spirit of Cobbett, of rural republicanism, of English and patriotic democracy, burned like a beacon. The revolution failed because it was foiled by another revolution; an aristocratic revolution, a victory of the rich over the poor. It was about this time that the common lands were finally enclosed; that the more cruel game laws were first established; that England became finally a land of landlords instead of common land-owners. I will not call it a Tory reaction; for much of the worst of it (especially of the land-grabbing) was done by Whigs; but we may certainly call it Anti-Jacobin. Now this fact, though political, is not only relevant but essential to everything that concerned literature. The upshot was that though England was full of the revolutionary ideas, nevertheless there was no revolution. And the effect of this in turn was that from the middle of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth the spirit of revolt in England took a wholly literary form. In France it was what people did that was wild and elemental; in England it was what people wrote. It is a quaint comment on the notion that the English are practical and the French merely visionary, that we were rebels in arts while they were rebels in arms. It has been well and wittily said (as illustrating the mildness of English and the violence of French developments) that the same Gospel of Rousseau which in France produced the Terror, in England produced *Sandford and Merton*. But people forget that in literature the English were by no means restrained by Mr. Barlow; and that if we turn from politics to art, we shall find the two parts peculiarly reversed. It would be equally true to say that the same eighteenth-century emancipation which in France produced the pictures of David, in England produced the pictures of Blake. There never were, I think, men who gave to the imagination so

much of the sense of having broken out into the very borderlands of being, as did the great English poets of the romantic or revolutionary period; than Coleridge in the secret sunlight of the Antarctic, where the waters were like witches' oils; than Keats looking out of those extreme mysterious casements upon that ultimate sea. The heroes and criminals of the great French crisis would have been quite as incapable of such imaginative independence as Keats and Coleridge would have been incapable of winning the battle of Wattignies. In Paris the tree of liberty was a garden tree, clipped very correctly; and Robespierre used the razor more regularly than the guillotine. Danton, who knew and admired English literature, would have cursed freely over *Kubla Khan*; and if the Committee of Public Safety had not already executed Shelley as an aristocrat, they would certainly have locked him up for a madman. Even Hébert (the one really vile Revolutionist), had he been reproached by English poets with worshipping the Goddess of Reason, might legitimately have retorted that it was rather the Goddess of Unreason that they set up to be worshipped. Verbally considered, Carlyle's *French Revolution* was more revolutionary than the real French Revolution: and if Carrier, in an exaggerative phrase, empurpled the Loire with carnage, Turner almost literally set the Thames on fire. This trend of the English Romantics to carry out the revolutionary idea not savagely in works, but very wildly indeed in words, had several results; the most important of which was this. It started English literature after the Revolution with a sort of bent towards independence and eccentricity, which in the brighter wits became individuality, and in the duller ones, Individualism. English Romantics, English Liberals, were not public men making a republic, but poets, each seeing a vision. The lonelier version of liberty was a sort of aristocratic anarchism in Byron and Shelley; but though in Victorian times it faded into much milder prejudices and much more *bourgeois* crotchets, England retained from that twist a certain odd separation and privacy. England became much more of an island than she had ever been before. There fell from her about this time, not only the understanding of France or Germany, but to her own long and yet lingering disaster, the understanding of Ireland. She had not joined in the attempt to create European democracy; nor did she, save in the first glow of Waterloo, join in the counter-attempt to destroy it. The life in her literature was still, to a large extent, the romantic liberalism of Rousseau, the free and humane truisms that had refreshed the other nations, the return to Nature and to natural rights. But that which in Rousseau was a creed, became in Hazlitt a taste and in Lamb little more than a whim. These latter and their like form a group at the beginning of the nineteenth century of those we may call the Eccentrics: they gather round Coleridge and his decaying dreams or linger in the tracks of Keats and Shelley and Godwin; Lamb with his bibliomania and creed of pure caprice, the most unique of all geniuses; Leigh Hunt with his Bohemian impecuniosity; Landor with his tempestuous temper, throwing plates on the floor; Hazlitt with his bitterness and his low love affair; even that healthier and happier Bohemian, Peacock. With these, in one sense at least, goes De Quincey. He was, unlike most of these embers of the revolutionary age in letters, a Tory; and was attached to the political army which is best represented in letters by the virile laughter and leisure of Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. But he had nothing in common with that environment. It remained for some time as a Tory tradition, which balanced the cold and brilliant aristocracy of the Whigs. It lived on the legend of Trafalgar; the sense that insularity was independence; the sense that anomalies are as jolly as family jokes; the general sense that old salts are the salt of the earth. It still lives in some old songs about Nelson or Waterloo, which are vastly more pompous and vastly more sincere than the cockney cocksureness of later Jingo lyrics. But it is hard to connect De Quincey with it; or, indeed, with anything else. De Quincey would certainly have been a happier man, and almost certainly a better man, if he had got drunk on toddy with Wilson, instead of getting calm and clear (as he himself describes) on opium, and with no company but a book of German metaphysics. But he would hardly have revealed those wonderful vistas and perspectives of prose, which permit one to call him the first and most powerful of the decadents: those sentences that lengthen out like nightmare corridors, or rise higher and higher like impossible eastern pagodas. He was a morbid fellow, and far less moral than Burns; for when Burns confessed excess he did not defend it. But he has cast a gigantic shadow on our literature, and was as certainly a genius as Poe. Also he had humour, which Poe had not. And if any one still smarting from the pinpricks of Wilde or Whistler, wants to convict them of plagiarism in their "art for art" epigrams--he will find most of what they said said better in *Murder as One of the Fine Arts*. One great man remains of this elder group, who did their last work only under Victoria; he knew most of the members of it, yet he did not belong to it in any corporate sense. He was a poor man and an invalid, with Scotch blood and a strong, though perhaps only inherited, quarrel with the old Calvinism; by name Thomas Hood. Poverty and illness forced him to the toils of an incessant jester; and the revolt against gloomy religion made him turn his wit, whenever he could, in the direction of a defence of happier and humaner views. In the long great roll that includes Homer and Shakespeare, he was the last great man who really employed the pun. His puns were not all good (nor were Shakespeare's), but the best of them were a strong and fresh form of art. The pun is said to be a thing of two meanings; but with Hood there were three meanings, for there was also the abstract truth that would have been there with no pun at all. The pun of Hood is underrated, like the "wit" of Voltaire, by those who forget that the words of Voltaire were not pins, but swords. In Hood at his best the verbal neatness only gives to the satire or the scorn a ring

of finality such as is given by rhyme. For rhyme does go with reason, since the aim of both is to bring things to an end. The tragic necessity of puns tautened and hardened Hood's genius; so that there is always a sort of shadow of that sharpness across all his serious poems, falling like the shadow of a sword. "Sewing at once with a double thread a shroud as well as a shirt"--"We thought her dying when she slept, and sleeping when she died"--"Oh God, that bread should be so dear and flesh and blood so cheap"--none can fail to note in these a certain fighting discipline of phrase, a compactness and point which was well trained in lines like "A cannon-ball took off his legs, so he laid down his arms." In France he would have been a great epigrammatist, like Hugo. In England he is a punster. There was nothing at least in this group I have loosely called the Eccentrics that disturbs the general sense that all their generation was part of the sunset of the great revolutionary poets. This fading glamour affected England in a sentimental and, to some extent, a snobbish direction; making men feel that great lords with long curls and whiskers were naturally the wits that led the world. But it affected England also negatively and by reaction; for it associated such men as Byron with superiority, but not with success. The English middle classes were led to distrust poetry almost as much as they admired it. They could not believe that either vision at the one end or violence at the other could ever be practical. They were deaf to that great warning of Hugo: "You say the poet is in the clouds; but so is the thunderbolt." Ideals exhausted themselves in the void; Victorian England, very unwisely, would have no more to do with idealists in politics. And this, chiefly, because there had been about these great poets a young and splendid sterility; since the pantheist Shelley was in fact washed under by the wave of the world, or Byron sank in death as he drew the sword for Hellas. The chief turn of nineteenth-century England was taken about the time when a footman at Holland House opened a door and announced "Mr. Macaulay." Macaulay's literary popularity was representative and it was deserved; but his presence among the great Whig families marks an epoch. He was the son of one of the first "friends of the negro," whose honest industry and philanthropy were darkened by a religion of sombre smugness, which almost makes one fancy they loved the negro for his colour, and would have turned away from red or yellow men as needlessly gaudy. But his wit and his politics (combined with that dropping of the Puritan tenets but retention of the Puritan tone which marked his class and generation), lifted him into a sphere which was utterly opposite to that from which he came. This Whig world was exclusive; but it was not narrow. It was very difficult for an outsider to get into it; but if he did get into it he was in a much freer atmosphere than any other in England. Of those aristocrats, the Old Guard of the eighteenth century, many denied God, many defended Bonaparte, and nearly all sneered at the Royal Family. Nor did wealth or birth make any barriers for those once within this singular Whig world. The platform was high, but it was level. Moreover the upstart nowadays pushes himself by wealth: but the Whigs could choose their upstarts. In that world Macaulay found Rogers, with his phosphorescent and corpse-like brilliancy; there he found Sydney Smith, bursting with crackers of common sense, an admirable old heathen; there he found Tom Moore, the romantic of the Regency, a shortened shadow of Lord Byron. That he reached this platform and remained on it is, I say, typical of a turning-point in the century. For the fundamental fact of early Victorian history was this: the decision of the middle classes to employ their new wealth in backing up a sort of aristocratical compromise, and not (like the middle class in the French Revolution) insisting on a clean sweep and a clear democratic programme. It went along with the decision of the aristocracy to recruit itself more freely from the middle class. It was then also that Victorian "prudery" began: the great lords yielded on this as on Free Trade. These two decisions have made the doubtful England of to-day; and Macaulay is typical of them; he is the bourgeois in Belgravia. The alliance is marked by his great speeches for Lord Grey's Reform Bill: it is marked even more significantly in his speech against the Chartists. Cobbett was dead. Macaulay makes the foundation of the Victorian age in all its very English and unique elements: its praise of Puritan politics and abandonment of Puritan theology; its belief in a cautious but perpetual patching up of the Constitution; its admiration for industrial wealth. But above all he typifies the two things that really make the Victorian Age itself, the cheapness and narrowness of its conscious formulæ; the richness and humanity of its unconscious tradition. There were two Macaulays, a rational Macaulay who was generally wrong, and a romantic Macaulay who was almost invariably right. All that was small in him derives from the dull parliamentarism of men like Sir James Mackintosh; but all that was great in him has much more kinship with the festive antiquarianism of Sir Walter Scott. As a philosopher he had only two thoughts; and neither of them is true. The first was that politics, as an experimental science, must go on improving, along with clocks, pistols or penknives, by the mere accumulation of experiment and variety. He was, indeed, far too strong-minded a man to accept the hazy modern notion that the soul in its highest sense can change: he seems to have held that religion can never get any better and that poetry rather tends to get worse. But he did not see the flaw in his political theory; which is that unless the soul improves with time there is no guarantee that the accumulations of experience will be adequately used. Figures do not add themselves up; birds do not label or stuff themselves; comets do not calculate their own courses; these things are done by the soul of man. And if the soul of man is subject to other laws, is liable to sin, to sleep, to anarchism or to suicide, then all sciences including politics may fall as sterile and lie as fallow as before man's reason was made. Macaulay seemed sometimes to talk as if clocks produced

clocks, or guns had families of little pistols, or a penknife littered like a pig. The other view he held was the more or less utilitarian theory of toleration; that we should get the best butcher whether he was a Baptist or a Muggletonian, and the best soldier whether he was a Wesleyan or an Irvingite. The compromise worked well enough in an England Protestant in bulk; but Macaulay ought to have seen that it has its limitations. A good butcher might be a Baptist; he is not very likely to be a Buddhist. A good soldier might be a Wesleyan; he would hardly be a Quaker. For the rest, Macaulay was concerned to interpret the seventeenth century in terms of the triumph of the Whigs as champions of public rights; and he upheld this one-sidedly but not malignantly in a style of rounded and ringing sentences, which at its best is like steel and at its worst like tin. This was the small conscious Macaulay; the great unconscious Macaulay was very different. His noble enduring quality in our literature is this: that he truly had an abstract passion for history; a warm, poetic and sincere enthusiasm for great things as such; an ardour and appetite for great books, great battles, great cities, great men. He felt and used names like trumpets. The reader's greatest joy is in the writer's own joy, when he can let his last phrase fall like a hammer on some resounding name like Hildebrand or Charlemagne, on the eagles of Rome or the pillars of Hercules. As with Walter Scott, some of the best things in his prose and poetry are the surnames that he did not make. And it is remarkable to notice that this romance of history, so far from making him more partial or untrustworthy, was the only thing that made him moderately just. His reason was entirely one-sided and fanatical. It was his imagination that was well-balanced and broad. He was monotonously certain that only Whigs were right; but it was necessary that Tories should at least be great, that his heroes might have foemen worthy of their steel. If there was one thing in the world he hated it was a High Church Royalist parson; yet when Jeremy Collier the Jacobite priest raises a real banner, all Macaulay's blood warms with the mere prospect of a fight. "It is inspiring to see how gallantly the solitary outlaw advances to attack enemies formidable separately, and, it might have been thought, irresistible when combined; 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." That is exactly where Macaulay is great; because he is almost Homeric. The whole triumph turns upon mere names; but men are commanded by names. So his poem on the Armada is really a good geography book gone mad; one sees the map of England come alive and march and mix under the eye. The chief tragedy in the trend of later literature may be expressed by saying that the smaller Macaulay conquered the larger. Later men had less and less of that hot love of history he had inherited from Scott. They had more and more of that cold science of self-interests which he had learnt from Bentham. The name of this great man, though it belongs to a period before the Victorian, is, like the name of Cobbett, very important to it. In substance Macaulay accepted the conclusions of Bentham; though he offered brilliant objections to all his arguments. In any case the soul of Bentham (if he had one) went marching on, like John Brown; and in the central Victorian movement it was certainly he who won. John Stuart Mill was the final flower of that growth. He was himself fresh and delicate and pure; but that is the business of a flower. Though he had to preach a hard rationalism in religion, a hard competition in economics, a hard egoism in ethics, his own soul had all that silvery sensitiveness that can be seen in his fine portrait by Watts. He boasted none of that brutal optimism with which his friends and followers of the Manchester School expounded their cheery negations. There was about Mill even a sort of embarrassment; he exhibited all the wheels of his iron universe rather reluctantly, like a gentleman in trade showing ladies over his factory. There shone in him a beautiful reverence for women, which is all the more touching because, in his department, as it were, he could only offer them so dry a gift as the Victorian Parliamentary Franchise. Now in trying to describe how the Victorian writers stood to each other, we must recur to the very real difficulty noted at the beginning: the difficulty of keeping the moral order parallel with the chronological order. For the mind moves by instincts, associations, premonitions and not by fixed dates or completed processes. Action and reaction will occur simultaneously: or the cause actually be found after the effect. Errors will be resisted before they have been properly promulgated: notions will be first defined long after they are dead. It is no good getting the almanac to look up moonshine; and most literature in this sense is moonshine. Thus Wordsworth shrank back into Toryism, as it were, from a Shelleyan extreme of pantheism as yet disembodied. Thus Newman took down the iron sword of dogma to parry a blow not yet delivered, that was coming from the club of Darwin. For this reason no one can understand tradition, or even history, who has not some tenderness for anachronism. Now for the great part of the Victorian era the utilitarian tradition which reached its highest in Mill held the centre of the field; it was the philosophy in office, so to speak. It sustained its march of codification and inquiry until it had made possible the great victories of Darwin and Huxley and Wallace. If we take Macaulay at the beginning of the epoch and Huxley at the end of it, we shall find that they had much in common. They were both square-jawed, simple men, greedy of controversy but scornful of sophistry, dead to mysticism but very much alive to morality; and they were both very much more under the influence of their own admirable rhetoric than they knew. Huxley, especially, was much more a literary than a scientific man. It is amusing to note that when Huxley was charged with being rhetorical, he expressed his horror of "plastering the fair face of truth with that pestilent cosmetic, rhetoric," which is itself about as well-plastered a piece

of rhetoric as Ruskin himself could have managed. The difference that the period had developed can best be seen if we consider this: that while neither was of a spiritual sort, Macaulay took it for granted that common sense required some kind of theology, while Huxley took it for granted that common sense meant having none. Macaulay, it is said, never talked about his religion: but Huxley was always talking about the religion he hadn't got. But though this simple Victorian rationalism held the centre, and in a certain sense was the Victorian era, it was assailed on many sides, and had been assailed even before the beginning of that era. The rest of the intellectual history of the time is a series of reactions against it, which come wave after wave. They have succeeded in shaking it, but not in dislodging it from the modern mind. The first of these was the Oxford Movement; a bow that broke when it had let loose the flashing arrow that was Newman. The second reaction was one man; without teachers or pupils--Dickens. The third reaction was a group that tried to create a sort of new romantic Protestantism, to pit against both Reason and Rome--Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley, Maurice--perhaps Tennyson. Browning also was at once romantic and Puritan; but he belonged to no group, and worked against materialism in a manner entirely his own. Though as a boy he bought eagerly Shelley's revolutionary poems, he did not think of becoming a revolutionary poet. He concentrated on the special souls of men; seeking God in a series of private interviews. Hence Browning, great as he is, is rather one of the Victorian novelists than wholly of the Victorian poets. From Ruskin, again, descend those who may be called the Pre-Raphaelites of prose and poetry. It is really with this rationalism triumphant, and with the romance of these various attacks on it, that the study of Victorian literature begins and proceeds. Bentham was already the prophet of a powerful sect; Macaulay was already the historian of an historic party, before the true Victorian epoch began. The middle classes were emerging in a state of damaged Puritanism. The upper classes were utterly pagan. Their clear and courageous testimony remains in those immortal words of Lord Melbourne, who had led the young queen to the throne and long stood there as her protector. "No one has more respect for the Christian religion than I have; but really, when it comes to intruding it into private life----" What was pure paganism in the politics of Melbourne became a sort of mystical cynicism in the politics of Disraeli; and is well mirrored in his novels--for he was a man who felt at home in mirrors. With every allowance for aliens and eccentrics and all the accidents that must always eat the edges of any systematic circumference, it may still be said that the Utilitarians held the fort. Of the Oxford Movement what remains most strongly in the Victorian Epoch centres round the challenge of Newman, its one great literary man. But the movement as a whole had been of great significance in the very genesis and make up of the society: yet that significance is not quite easy immediately to define. It was certainly not æsthetic ritualism; scarcely one of the Oxford High Churchmen was what we should call a Ritualist. It was certainly not a conscious reaching out towards Rome: except on a Roman Catholic theory which might explain all our unrests by that dim desire. It knew little of Europe, it knew nothing of Ireland, to which any merely Roman Catholic revulsion would obviously have turned. In the first instance, I think, the more it is studied, the more it would appear that it was a movement of mere religion as such. It was not so much a taste for Catholic dogma, but simply a hunger for dogma. For dogma means the serious satisfaction of the mind. Dogma does not mean the absence of thought, but the end of thought. It was a revolt against the Victorian spirit in one particular aspect of it; which may roughly be called (in a cosy and domestic Victorian metaphor) having your cake and eating it too. It saw that the solid and serious Victorians were fundamentally frivolous--because they were fundamentally inconsistent. A man making the confession of any creed worth ten minutes' intelligent talk, is always a man who gains something and gives up something. So long as he does both he can create: for he is making an outline and a shape. Mahomet created, when he forbade wine but allowed five wives: he created a very big thing, which we have still to deal with. The first French Republic created, when it affirmed property and abolished peerages; France still stands like a square, four-sided building which Europe has besieged in vain. The men of the Oxford Movement would have been horrified at being compared either with Moslems or Jacobins. But their sub-conscious thirst was for something that Moslems and Jacobins had and ordinary Anglicans had not: the exalted excitement of consistency. If you were a Moslem you were not a Bacchanal. If you were a Republican you were not a peer. And so the Oxford men, even in their first and dimmest stages, felt that if you were a Churchman you were not a Dissenter. The Oxford Movement was, out of the very roots of its being, a rational movement; almost a rationalist movement. In that it differed sharply from the other reactions that shook the Utilitarian compromise; the blinding mysticism of Carlyle, the mere manly emotionalism of Dickens. It was an appeal to reason: reason said that if a Christian had a feast day he must have a fast day too. Otherwise, all days ought to be alike; and this was that very Utilitarianism against which their Oxford Movement was the first and most rational assault. This idea, even by reason of its reason, narrowed into a sort of sharp spear, of which the spear blade was Newman. It did forget many of the other forces that were fighting on its side. But the movement could boast, first and last, many men who had this eager dogmatic quality: Keble, who spoilt a poem in order to recognise a doctrine; Faber, who told the rich, almost with taunts, that God sent the poor as eagles to strip them; Froude, who with Newman announced his return in the arrogant motto of Achilles. But the greater part of all this happened before what is properly our period; and in that period Newman, and perhaps Newman alone, is the expression and summary

of the whole school. It was certainly in the Victorian Age, and after his passage to Rome, that Newman claimed his complete right to be in any book on modern English literature. This is no place for estimating his theology: but one point about it does clearly emerge. Whatever else is right, the theory that Newman went over to Rome to find peace and an end of argument, is quite unquestionably wrong. He had far more quarrels after he had gone over to Rome. But, though he had far more quarrels, he had far fewer compromises: and he was of that temper which is tortured more by compromise than by quarrel. He was a man at once of abnormal energy and abnormal sensibility: nobody without that combination could have written the *Apologia*. If he sometimes seemed to skin his enemies alive, it was because he himself lacked a skin. In this sense his *Apologia* is a triumph far beyond the ephemeral charge on which it was founded; in this sense he does indeed (to use his own expression) vanquish not his accuser but his judges. Many men would shrink from recording all their cold fits and hesitations and prolonged inconsistencies: I am sure it was the breath of life to Newman to confess them, now that he had done with them for ever. His *Lectures on the Present Position of English Catholics*, practically preached against a raging mob, rise not only higher but happier, as his instant unpopularity increases. There is something grander than humour, there is fun, in the very first lecture about the British Constitution as explained to a meeting of Russians. But always his triumphs are the triumphs of a highly sensitive man: a man must feel insults before he can so insultingly and splendidly avenge them. He is a naked man, who carries a naked sword. The quality of his literary style is so successful that it succeeds in escaping definition. The quality of his logic is that of a long but passionate patience, which waits until he has fixed all corners of an iron trap. But the quality of his moral comment on the age remains what I have said: a protest of the rationality of religion as against the increasing irrationality of mere Victorian comfort and compromise. So far as the present purpose is concerned, his protest died with him: he left few imitators and (it may easily be conceived) no successful imitators. The suggestion of him lingers on in the exquisite Elizabethan perversity of Coventry Patmore; and has later flamed out from the shy volcano of Francis Thompson. Otherwise (as we shall see in the parallel case of Ruskin's Socialism) he has no followers in his own age: but very many in ours. The next group of reactionaries or romantics or whatever we elect to call them, gathers roughly around one great name. Scotland, from which had come so many of those harsh economists who made the first Radical philosophies of the Victorian Age, was destined also to fling forth (I had almost said to spit forth) their fiercest and most extraordinary enemy. The two primary things in Thomas Carlyle were his early Scotch education and his later German culture. The first was in almost all respects his strength; the latter in some respects his weakness. As an ordinary lowland peasant, he inherited the really valuable historic property of the Scots, their independence, their fighting spirit, and their instinctive philosophic consideration of men merely as men. But he was not an ordinary peasant. If he had laboured obscurely in his village till death, he would have been yet locally a marked man; a man with a wild eye, a man with an air of silent anger; perhaps a man at whom stones were sometimes thrown. A strain of disease and suffering ran athwart both his body and his soul. In spite of his praise of silence, it was only through his gift of utterance that he escaped madness. But while his fellow-peasants would have seen this in him and perhaps mocked it, they would also have seen something which they always expect in such men, and they would have got it: vision, a power in the mind akin to second sight. Like many ungainly or otherwise unattractive Scotchmen, he was a seer. By which I do not mean to refer so much to his transcendental rhapsodies about the World-soul or the Nature-garment or the Mysteries and Eternities generally, these seem to me to belong more to his German side and to be less sincere and vital. I mean a real power of seeing things suddenly, not apparently reached by any process; a grand power of guessing. He *saw* the crowd of the new States General, Danton with his "rude flattened face," Robespierre peering mistily through his spectacles. He *saw* the English charge at Dunbar. He *guessed* that Mirabeau, however dissipated and diseased, had something sturdy inside him. He *guessed* that Lafayette, however brave and victorious, had nothing inside him. He supported the lawlessness of Cromwell, because across two centuries he almost physically *felt* the feebleness and hopelessness of the moderate Parliamentarians. He said a word of sympathy for the universally vituperated Jacobins of the Mountain, because through thick veils of national prejudice and misrepresentation, he felt the impossibility of the Gironde. He was wrong in denying to Scott the power of being inside his characters: but he really had a good deal of that power himself. It was one of his innumerable and rather provincial crotchets to encourage prose as against poetry. But, as a matter of fact, he himself was much greater considered as a kind of poet than considered as anything else; and the central idea of poetry is the idea of guessing right, like a child. He first emerged, as it were, as a student and disciple of Goethe. The connection was not wholly fortunate. With much of what Goethe really stood for he was not really in sympathy; but in his own obstinate way, he tried to knock his idol into shape instead of choosing another. He pushed further and further the extravagances of a vivid but very unbalanced and barbaric style, in the praise of a poet who really represented the calmest classicism and the attempt to restore a Hellenic equilibrium in the mind. It is like watching a shaggy Scandinavian decorating a Greek statue washed up by chance on his shores. And while the strength of Goethe was a strength of completion and serenity, which Carlyle not only never found but never even sought, the weaknesses of

Goethe were of a sort that did not draw the best out of Carlyle. The one civilised element that the German classicists forgot to put into their beautiful balance was a sense of humour. And great poet as Goethe was, there is to the last something faintly fatuous about his half sceptical, half sentimental self-importance; a Lord Chamberlain of teacup politics; an earnest and elderly flirt; a German of the Germans. Now Carlyle had humour; he had it in his very style, but it never got into his philosophy. His philosophy largely remained a heavy Teutonic idealism, absurdly unaware of the complexity of things; as when he perpetually repeated (as with a kind of flat-footed stamping) that people ought to tell the truth; apparently supposing, to quote Stevenson's phrase, that telling the truth is as easy as blind hookey. Yet, though his general honesty is unquestionable, he was by no means one of those who will give up a fancy under the shock of a fact. If by sheer genius he frequently guessed right, he was not the kind of man to admit easily that he had guessed wrong. His version of Cromwell's filthy cruelties in Ireland, or his impatient slurring over of the most sinister riddle in the morality of Frederick the Great--these passages are, one must frankly say, disingenuous. But it is, so to speak, a generous disingenuousness; the heat and momentum of sincere admirations, not the shuffling fear and flattery of the constitutional or patriotic historian. It bears most resemblance to the incurable prejudices of a woman. For the rest there hovered behind all this transcendental haze a certain presence of old northern paganism; he really had some sympathy with the vast vague gods of that moody but not unmanly Nature-worship which seems to have filled the darkness of the North before the coming of the Roman Eagle or the Christian Cross. This he combined, allowing for certain sceptical omissions, with the grisly Old Testament God he had heard about in the black Sabbaths of his childhood; and so promulgated (against both Rationalists and Catholics) a sort of heathen Puritanism: Protestantism purged of its evidences of Christianity. His great and real work was the attack on Utilitarianism: which did real good, though there was much that was muddled and dangerous in the historical philosophy which he preached as an alternative. It is his real glory that he was the first to see clearly and say plainly the great truth of our time; that the wealth of the state is not the prosperity of the people. Macaulay and the Mills and all the regular run of the Early Victorians, took it for granted that if Manchester was getting richer, we had got hold of the key to comfort and progress. Carlyle pointed out (with stronger sagacity and humour than he showed on any other question) that it was just as true to say that Manchester was getting poorer as that it was getting richer: or, in other words, that Manchester was not getting richer at all, but only some of the less pleasing people in Manchester. In this matter he is to be noted in connection with national developments much later; for he thus became the first prophet of the Socialists. *Sartor Resartus* is an admirable fantasia; *The French Revolution* is, with all its faults, a really fine piece of history; the lectures on Heroes contain some masterly sketches of personalities. But I think it is in *Past and Present*, and the essay on *Chartism*, that Carlyle achieves the work he was chosen by gods and men to achieve; which possibly might not have been achieved by a happier or more healthy-minded man. He never rose to more deadly irony than in such *macabre* descriptions as that of the poor woman proving her sisterhood with the rich by giving them all typhoid fever; or that perfect piece of *badinage* about "Overproduction of Shirts"; in which he imagines the aristocrats claiming to be quite clear of this offence. "Will you bandy accusations, will you accuse *us* of overproduction? We take the Heavens and the Earth to witness that we have produced nothing at all.... He that accuses us of producing, let him show himself. Let him say what and when." And he never wrote so sternly and justly as when he compared the "divine sorrow" of Dante with the "undivine sorrow" of Utilitarianism, which had already come down to talking about the breeding of the poor and to hinting at infanticide. This is a representative quarrel; for if the Utilitarian spirit reached its highest point in Mill, it certainly reached its lowest point in Malthus. One last element in the influence of Carlyle ought to be mentioned; because it very strongly dominated his disciples--especially Kingsley, and to some extent Tennyson and Ruskin. Because he frowned at the cockney cheerfulness of the cheaper economists, they and others represented him as a pessimist, and reduced all his azure infinities to a fit of the blues. But Carlyle's philosophy, more carefully considered, will be found to be dangerously optimist rather than pessimist. As a thinker Carlyle is not sad, but recklessly and rather unscrupulously satisfied. For he seems to have held the theory that good could not be definitely defeated in this world; and that everything in the long run finds its right level. It began with what we may call the "Bible of History" idea: that all affairs and politics were a clouded but unbroken revelation of the divine. Thus any enormous and unaltered human settlement--as the Norman Conquest or the secession of America--we must suppose to be the will of God. It lent itself to picturesque treatment; and Carlyle and the Carlyleans were above all things picturesque. It gave them at first a rhetorical advantage over the Catholic and other older schools. They could boast that their Creator was still creating; that he was in Man and Nature, and was not hedged round in a Paradise or imprisoned in a pyx. They could say their God had not grown too old for war: that He was present at Gettysburg and Gravelotte as much as at Gibeon and Gilboa. I do not mean that they literally said these particular things: they are what I should have said had I been bribed to defend their position. But they said things to the same effect: that what manages finally to happen, happens for a higher purpose. Carlyle said the French Revolution was a thing settled in the eternal councils to be; and therefore (and not because it was right) attacking it was "fighting against God." And

Kingsley even carried the principle so far as to tell a lady she should remain in the Church of England mainly because God had put her there. But in spite of its superficial spirituality and encouragement, it is not hard to see how such a doctrine could be abused. It practically comes to saying that God is on the side of the big battalions--or at least, of the victorious ones. Thus a creed which set out to create conquerors would only corrupt soldiers; corrupt them with a craven and unsoldierly worship of success: and that which began as the philosophy of courage ends as the philosophy of cowardice. If, indeed, Carlyle were right in saying that right is only "rightly articulated" might, men would never articulate or move in any way. For no act can have might before it is done: if there is no right, it cannot rationally be done at all. This element, like the Anti-Utilitarian element, is to be kept in mind in connection with after developments: for in this Carlyle is the first cry of Imperialism, as (in the other case) of Socialism: and the two babes unborn who stir at the trumpet are Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Kipling also carries on from Carlyle the concentration on the purely Hebraic parts of the Bible. The fallacy of this whole philosophy is that if God is indeed present at a modern battle, He may be present not as on Gilboa but Golgotha. Carlyle's direct historical worship of strength and the rest of it was fortunately not very fruitful; and perhaps lingered only in Froude the historian. Even he is more an interruption than a continuity. Froude develops rather the harsher and more impatient moral counsels of his master than like Ruskin the more romantic and sympathetic. He carries on the tradition of Hero Worship: but carries far beyond Carlyle the practice of worshipping people who cannot rationally be called heroes. In this matter that eccentric eye of the seer certainly helped Carlyle: in Cromwell and Frederick the Great there was at least something self-begotten, original or mystical; if they were not heroes they were at least demigods or perhaps demons. But Froude set himself to the praise of the Tudors, a much lower class of people; ill-conditioned prosperous people who merely waxed fat and kicked. Such strength as Henry VIII had was the strength of a badly trained horse that bolts, not of any clear or courageous rider who controls him. There is a sort of strong man mentioned in Scripture who, because he masters himself, is more than he that takes a city. There is another kind of strong man (known to the medical profession) who cannot master himself; and whom it may take half a city to take alive. But for all that he is a low lunatic, and not a hero; and of that sort were too many of the heroes whom Froude attempted to praise. A kind of instinct kept Carlyle from over-praising Henry VIII; or that highly cultivated and complicated liar, Queen Elizabeth. Here, the only importance of this is that one of Carlyle's followers carried further that "strength" which was the real weakness of Carlyle. I have heard that Froude's life of Carlyle was unsympathetic; but if it was so it was a sort of parricide. For the rest, like Macaulay, he was a picturesque and partisan historian: but, like Macaulay (and unlike the craven scientific historians of to-day) he was not ashamed of being partisan or of being picturesque. Such studies as he wrote on the Elizabethan seamen and adventurers, represent very triumphantly the sort of romance of England that all this school was attempting to establish; and link him up with Kingsley and the rest. Ruskin may be very roughly regarded as the young lieutenant of Carlyle in his war on Utilitarian Radicalism: but as an individual he presents many and curious divergences. In the matter of style, he enriched English without disordering it. And in the matter of religion (which was the key of this age as of every other) he did not, like Carlyle, set up the romance of the great Puritans as a rival to the romance of the Catholic Church. Rather he set up and worshipped all the arts and trophies of the Catholic Church as a rival to the Church itself. None need dispute that he held a perfectly tenable position if he chose to associate early Florentine art with a Christianity still comparatively pure, and such sensualities as the Renaissance bred with the corruption of a Papacy. But this does not alter, as a merely artistic fact, the strange air of ill-ease and irritation with which Ruskin seems to tear down the gargoyles of Amiens or the marbles of Venice, as things of which Europe is not worthy; and take them away with him to a really careful museum, situated dangerously near Clapham. Many of the great men of that generation, indeed, had a sort of divided mind; an ethical headache which was literally a "splitting headache"; for there was a schism in the sympathies. When these men looked at some historic object, like the Catholic Church or the French Revolution, they did not know whether they loved or hated it most. Carlyle's two eyes were out of focus, as one may say, when he looked at democracy: he had one eye on Valmy and the other on Sedan. In the same way, Ruskin had a strong right hand that wrote of the great mediæval minsters in tall harmonies and traceries as splendid as their own; and also, so to speak, a weak and feverish left hand that was always fidgeting and trying to take the pen away--and write an evangelical tract about the immorality of foreigners. Many of their contemporaries were the same. The sea of Tennyson's mind was troubled under its serene surface. The incessant excitement of Kingsley, though romantic and attractive in many ways, was a great deal more like Nervous Christianity than Muscular Christianity. It would be quite unfair to say of Ruskin that there was any major inconsistency between his mediæval tastes and his very unmediæval temper: and minor inconsistencies do not matter in anybody. But it is not quite unfair to say of him that he seemed to want all parts of the Cathedral except the altar. As an artist in prose he is one of the most miraculous products of the extremely poetical genius of England. The length of a Ruskin sentence is like that length in the long arrow that was boasted of by the drawers of the long bow. He draws, not a cloth-yard shaft but a long lance to his ear: he shoots a spear. But the whole goes light as a bird and straight as a bullet. There is no

Victorian writer before him to whom he even suggests a comparison, technically considered, except perhaps De Quincey; who also employed the long rich rolling sentence that, like a rocket, bursts into stars at the end. But De Quincey's sentences, as I have said, have always a dreamy and insecure sense about them, like the turret on toppling turret of some mad sultan's pagoda. Ruskin's sentence branches into brackets and relative clauses as a straight strong tree branches into boughs and bifurcations, rather shaking off its burden than merely adding to it. It is interesting to remember that Ruskin wrote some of the best of these sentences in the attempt to show that he did understand the growth of trees, and that nobody else did--except Turner, of course. It is also (to those acquainted with his perverse and wild rhetorical prejudices) even more amusing to remember that if a Ruskin sentence (occupying one or two pages of small print) does not remind us of the growth of a tree, the only other thing it does remind of is the triumphant passage of a railway train. Ruskin left behind him in his turn two quite separate streams of inspiration. The first and more practical was concerned, like Carlyle's *Chartism*, with a challenge to the social conclusions of the orthodox economists. He was not so great a man as Carlyle, but he was a much more clear-headed man; and the point and stab of his challenge still really stands and sticks, like a dagger in a dead man. He answered the theory that we must always get the cheapest labour we can, by pointing out that we never do get the cheapest labour we can, in any matter about which we really care twopence. We do not get the cheapest doctor. We either get a doctor who charges nothing or a doctor who charges a recognised and respectable fee. We do not trust the cheapest bishop. We do not allow admirals to compete. We do not tell generals to undercut each other on the eve of a war. We either employ none of them or we employ all of them at an official rate of pay. All this was set out in the strongest and least sentimental of his books, *Unto this Last*; but many suggestions of it are scattered through *Sesame and Lilies*, *The Political Economy of Art*, and even *Modern Painters*. On this side of his soul Ruskin became the second founder of Socialism. The argument was not by any means a complete or unconquerable weapon, but I think it knocked out what little remained of the brains of the early Victorian rationalists. It is entirely nonsensical to speak of Ruskin as a lounging aesthete, who strolled into economics, and talked sentimentalism. In plain fact, Ruskin was seldom so sensible and logical (right or wrong) as when he was talking about economics. He constantly talked the most glorious nonsense about landscape and natural history, which it was his business to understand. Within his own limits, he talked the most cold common sense about political economy, which was no business of his at all. On the other side of his literary soul, his mere unwrapping of the wealth and wonder of European art, he set going another influence, earlier and vaguer than his influence on Socialism. He represented what was at first the Pre-Raphaelite School in painting, but afterwards a much larger and looser Pre-Raphaelite School in poetry and prose. The word "looser" will not be found unfair if we remember how Swinburne and all the wildest friends of the Rossettis carried this movement forward. They used the mediæval imagery to blaspheme the mediæval religion. Ruskin's dark and doubtful decision to accept Catholic art but not Catholic ethics had borne rapid or even flagrant fruit by the time that Swinburne, writing about a harlot, composed a learned and sympathetic and indecent parody on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. With the poets I deal in another part of this book; but the influence of Ruskin's great prose touching art criticism can best be expressed in the name of the next great prose writer on such subjects. That name is Walter Pater: and the name is the full measure of the extent to which Ruskin's vague but vast influence had escaped from his hands. Pater eventually joined the Church of Rome (which would not have pleased Ruskin at all), but it is surely fair to say of the mass of his work that its moral tone is neither Puritan nor Catholic, but strictly and splendidly Pagan. In Pater we have Ruskin without the prejudices, that is, without the funny parts. I may be wrong, but I cannot recall at this moment a single passage in which Pater's style takes a holiday or in which his wisdom plays the fool. Newman and Ruskin were as careful and graceful stylists as he. Newman and Ruskin were as serious, elaborate, and even academic thinkers as he. But Ruskin let himself go about railways. Newman let himself go about Kingsley. Pater cannot let himself go for the excellent reason that he wants to stay: to stay at the point where all the keenest emotions meet, as he explains in the splendid peroration of *The Renaissance*. The only objection to being where all the keenest emotions meet is that you feel none of them. In this sense Pater may well stand for a substantial summary of the aesthetes, apart from the purely poetical merits of men like Rossetti and Swinburne. Like Swinburne and others he first attempted to use mediæval tradition without trusting it. These people wanted to see Paganism *through* Christianity: because it involved the incidental amusement of seeing through Christianity itself. They not only tried to be in all ages at once (which is a very reasonable ambition, though not often realised), but they wanted to be on all sides at once: which is nonsense. Swinburne tries to question the philosophy of Christianity in the metres of a Christmas carol: and Dante Rossetti tries to write as if he were Christina Rossetti. Certainly the almost successful summit of all this attempt is Pater's superb passage on the Mona Lisa; in which he seeks to make her at once a mystery of good and a mystery of evil. The philosophy is false; even evidently false, for it bears no fruit to-day. There never was a woman, not Eve herself in the instant of temptation, who could smile the same smile as the mother of Helen and the mother of Mary. But it is the high-water mark of that vast attempt at an impartiality reached through art: and no other mere artist ever rose so high again. Apart from this Ruskinian offshoot through Pre-

Raphaelism into what was called Æstheticism, the remains of the inspiration of Carlyle fill a very large part in the Victorian life, but not strictly so large a part in the Victorian literature. Charles Kingsley was a great publicist; a popular preacher; a popular novelist; and (in two cases at least) a very good novelist. His *Water Babies* is really a breezy and roaring freak; like a holiday at the seaside--a holiday where one talks natural history without taking it seriously. Some of the songs in this and other of his works are very real songs: notably, "When all the World is Young, Lad," which comes very near to being the only true defence of marriage in the controversies of the nineteenth century. But when all this is allowed, no one will seriously rank Kingsley, in the really literary sense, on the level of Carlyle or Ruskin, Tennyson or Browning, Dickens or Thackeray: and if such a place cannot be given to him, it can be given even less to his lusty and pleasant friend, Tom Hughes, whose personality floats towards the frankness of the *Boy's Own Paper*; or to his deep, suggestive metaphysical friend Maurice, who floats rather towards *The Hibbert Journal*. The moral and social influence of these things is not to be forgotten: but they leave the domain of letters. The voice of Carlyle is not heard again in letters till the coming of Kipling and Henley. One other name of great importance should appear here, because it cannot appear very appropriately anywhere else: the man hardly belonged to the same school as Ruskin and Carlyle, but fought many of their battles, and was even more concentrated on their main task--the task of convicting liberal *bourgeois* England of priggishness and provinciality. I mean, of course, Matthew Arnold. Against Mill's "liberty" and Carlyle's "strength" and Ruskin's "nature," he set up a new presence and entity which he called "culture," the disinterested play of the mind through the sifting of the best books and authorities. Though a little dandified in phrase, he was undoubtedly serious and public-spirited in intention. He sometimes talked of culture almost as if it were a man, or at least a church (for a church has a sort of personality): some may suspect that culture was a man, whose name was Matthew Arnold. But Arnold was not only right but highly valuable. If we have said that Carlyle was a man that saw things, we may add that Arnold was chiefly valuable as a man who knew things. Well as he was endowed intellectually, his power came more from information than intellect. He simply happened to know certain things, that Carlyle didn't know, that Kingsley didn't know, that Huxley and Herbert Spencer didn't know: that England didn't know. He knew that England was a part of Europe: and not so important a part as it had been the morning after Waterloo. He knew that England was then (as it is now) an oligarchical State, and that many great nations are not. He knew that a real democracy need not live and does not live in that perpetual panic about using the powers of the State, which possessed men like Spencer and Cobden. He knew a rational minimum of culture and common courtesy could exist and did exist throughout large democracies. He knew the Catholic Church had been in history "the Church of the multitude": he knew it was not a sect. He knew that great landlords are no more a part of the economic law than nigger-drivers: he knew that small owners could and did prosper. He was not so much the philosopher as the man of the world: he reminded us that Europe was a society while Ruskin was treating it as a picture gallery. He was a sort of Heaven-sent courier. His frontal attack on the vulgar and sullen optimism of Victorian utility may be summoned up in the admirable sentence, in which he asked the English what was the use of a train taking them quickly from Islington to Camberwell, if it only took them "from a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to a dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell?" His attitude to that great religious enigma round which all these great men were grouped as in a ring, was individual and decidedly curious. He seems to have believed that a "Historic Church," that is, some established organisation with ceremonies and sacred books, etc., could be perpetually preserved as a sort of vessel to contain the spiritual ideas of the age, whatever those ideas might happen to be. He clearly seems to have contemplated a melting away of the doctrines of the Church and even of the meaning of the words: but he thought a certain need in man would always be best satisfied by public worship and especially by the great religious literatures of the past. He would embalm the body that it might often be revisited by the soul--or souls. Something of the sort has been suggested by Dr. Coit and others of the ethical societies in our own time. But while Arnold would loosen the theological bonds of the Church, he would not loosen the official bonds of the State. You must not disestablish the Church: you must not even leave the Church: you must stop inside it and think what you choose. Enemies might say that he was simply trying to establish and endow Agnosticism. It is fairer and truer to say that unconsciously he was trying to restore Paganism: for this State Ritualism without theology, and without much belief, actually was the practice of the ancient world. Arnold may have thought that he was building an altar to the Unknown God; but he was really building it to Divus Cæsar. As a critic he was chiefly concerned to preserve criticism itself; to set a measure to praise and blame and support the classics against the fashions. It is here that it is specially true of him, if of no writer else, that the style was the man. The most vital thing he invented was a new style: founded on the patient unravelling of the tangled Victorian ideas, as if they were matted hair under a comb. He did not mind how elaborately long he made a sentence, so long as he made it clear. He would constantly repeat whole phrases word for word in the same sentence, rather than risk ambiguity by abbreviation. His genius showed itself in turning this method of a laborious lucidity into a peculiarly exasperating form of satire and controversy. Newman's strength was in a sort of stifled passion, a dangerous patience of polite logic and then: "Cowards! if I advanced a step you would

run away: it is not you I fear. *_Di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis._*" If Newman seemed suddenly to fly into a temper, Carlyl

e seemed never to fly out of one. But Arnold kept a smile of heart-broken forbearance, as of the teacher in an idiot school, that was enormously insulting. One trick he often tried with success. If his opponent had said something foolish, like "the destiny of England is in the great heart of England," Arnold would repeat the phrase again and again until it looked more foolish than it really was. Thus he recurs again and again to "the British College of Health in the New Road" till the reader wants to rush out and burn the place down. Arnold's great error was that he sometimes thus wearied us of his own phrases, as well as of his enemies'. These names are roughly representative of the long series of protests against the cold commercial rationalism which held Parliament and the schools through the earlier Victorian time, in so far as those protests were made in the name of neglected intellect, insulted art, forgotten heroism and desecrated religion. But already the Utilitarian citadel had been more heavily bombarded on the other side by one lonely and unlettered man of genius. The rise of Dickens is like the rising of a vast mob. This is not only because his tales are indeed as crowded and populous as towns: for truly it was not so much that Dickens appeared as that a hundred Dickens characters appeared. It is also because he was the sort of man who has the impersonal impetus of a mob: what Poe meant when he truly said that popular rumour, if really spontaneous, was like the intuition of the individual man of genius. Those who speak scornfully of the ignorance of the mob do not err as to the fact itself; their error is in not seeing that just as a crowd is comparatively ignorant, so a crowd is comparatively innocent. It will have the old and human faults; but it is not likely to specialise in the special faults of that particular society: because the effort of the strong and successful in all ages is to keep the poor out of society. If the higher castes have developed some special moral beauty or grace, as they occasionally do (for instance, mediæval chivalry), it is likely enough, of course, that the mass of men will miss it. But if they have developed some perversion or over-emphasis, as they much more often do (for instance, the Renaissance poisoning), then it will be the tendency of the mass of men to miss that too. The point might be put in many ways; you may say if you will that the poor are always at the tail of the procession, and that whether they are morally worse or better depends on whether humanity as a whole is proceeding towards heaven or hell. When humanity is going to hell, the poor are always nearest to heaven. Dickens was a mob--and a mob in revolt; he fought by the light of nature; he had not a theory, but a thirst. If any one chooses to offer the cheap sarcasm that his thirst was largely a thirst for milk-punch, I am content to reply with complete gravity and entire contempt that in a sense this is perfectly true. His thirst was for things as humble, as human, as laughable as that daily bread for which we cry to God. He had no particular plan of reform; or, when he had, it was startlingly petty and parochial compared with the deep, confused clamour of comradeship and insurrection that fills all his narrative. It would not be gravely unjust to him to compare him to his own heroine, Arabella Allen, who "didn't know what she did like," but who (when confronted with Mr. Bob Sawyer) "did know what she didn't like." Dickens did know what he didn't like. He didn't like the Unrivalled Happiness which Mr. Roebuck praised; the economic laws that were working so faultlessly in Fever Alley; the wealth that was accumulating so rapidly in Bleeding Heart Yard. But, above all, he didn't like the *_mean_* side of the Manchester philosophy: the preaching of an impossible thrift and an intolerable temperance. He hated the implication that because a man was a miser in Latin he must also be a miser in English. And this meanness of the Utilitarians had gone very far--infecting many finer minds who had fought the Utilitarians. In the *_Edinburgh Review_*, a thing like Malthus could be championed by a man like Macaulay. The twin root facts of the revolution called Dickens are these: first, that he attacked the cold Victorian compromise; second, that he attacked it without knowing he was doing it--certainly without knowing that other people were doing it. He was attacking something which we will call Mr. Gradgrind. He was utterly unaware (in any essential sense) that any one else had attacked Mr. Gradgrind. All the other attacks had come from positions of learning or cultured eccentricity of which he was entirely ignorant, and to which, therefore (like a spirited fellow), he felt a furious hostility. Thus, for instance, he hated that Little Bethel to which Kit's mother went: he hated it simply as Kit hated it. Newman could have told him it was hateful, because it had no root in religious history; it was not even a sapling sprung of the seed of some great human and heathen tree: it was a monstrous mushroom that grows in the moonshine and dies in the dawn. Dickens knew no more of religious history than Kit; he simply smelt the fungus, and it stank. Thus, again, he hated that insolent luxury of a class counting itself a comfortable exception to all mankind; he hated it as Kate Nickleby hated Sir Mulberry Hawke--by instinct. Carlyle could have told him that all the world was full of that anger against the impudent fatness of the few. But when Dickens wrote about Kate Nickleby, he knew about as much of the world--as Kate Nickleby. He did write *_The Tale of Two Cities_* long afterwards; but that was when he *_had_* been instructed by Carlyle. His first revolutionism was as private and internal as feeling sea-sick. Thus, once more, he wrote against Mr. Gradgrind long before he created him. In *_The Chimes_*, conceived in quite his casual and charitable season, with the *_Christmas Carol_* and the *_Cricket on the Hearth_*, he hit hard at the economists. Ruskin, in the same fashion, would have told him that the worst thing about the economists was that they were not economists: that they missed many essential

things even in economics. But Dickens did not know whether they were economists or not: he only knew that they wanted hitting. Thus, to take a last case out of many, Dickens travelled in a French railway train, and noticed that this eccentric nation provided him with wine that he could drink and sandwiches he could eat, and manners he could tolerate. And remembering the ghastly sawdust-eating waiting-rooms of the North English railways, he wrote that rich chapter in *Mugby Junction*. Matthew Arnold could have told him that this was but a part of the general thinning down of European civilisation in these islands at the edge of it; that for two or three thousand years the Latin society has learnt how to drink wine, and how not to drink too much of it. Dickens did not in the least understand the Latin society: but he did understand the wine. If (to prolong an idle but not entirely false metaphor) we have called Carlyle a man who saw and Arnold a man who knew, we might truly call Dickens a man who tasted, that is, a man who really felt. In spite of all the silly talk about his vulgarity, he really had, in the strict and serious sense, good taste. All real good taste is gusto--the power of appreciating the presence--or the absence--of a particular and positive pleasure. He had no learning; he was not misled by the label on the bottle--for that is what learning largely meant in his time. He opened his mouth and shut his eyes and saw what the Age of Reason would give him. And, having tasted it, he spat it out. I am constrained to consider Dickens here among the fighters; though I ought (on the pure principles of Art) to be considering him in the chapter which I have allotted to the story-tellers. But we should get the whole Victorian perspective wrong, in my opinion at least, if we did not see that Dickens was primarily the most successful of all the onslaughts on the solid scientific school; because he did not attack from the standpoint of extraordinary faith, like Newman; or the standpoint of extraordinary inspiration, like Carlyle; or the standpoint of extraordinary detachment or serenity, like Arnold; but from the standpoint of quite ordinary and quite hearty dislike. To give but one instance more, Matthew Arnold, trying to carry into England constructive educational schemes which he could see spread like a clear railway map all over the Continent, was much badgered about what he really thought was *wrong* with English middle-class education. Despairing of explaining to the English middle class the idea of high and central public instruction, as distinct from coarse and hole-and-corner private instruction, he invoked the aid of Dickens. He said the English middle-class school was the sort of school where Mr. Creakle sat, with his buttered toast and his cane. Now Dickens had probably never seen any other kind of school--certainly he had never understood the systematic State Schools in which Arnold had learnt his lesson. But he saw the cane and the buttered toast, and he *knew* that it was all wrong. In this sense, Dickens, the great romanticist, is truly the great realist also. For he had no abstractions: he had nothing except realities out of which to make a romance. With Dickens, then, re-arises that reality with which I began and which (curtly, but I think not falsely) I have called Cobbett. In dealing with fiction as such, I shall have occasion to say wherein Dickens is weaker and stronger than that England of the eighteenth century: here it is sufficient to say that he represents the return of Cobbett in this vital sense; that he is proud of being the ordinary man. No one can understand the thousand caricatures by Dickens who does not understand that he is comparing them all with his own common sense. Dickens, in the bulk, liked the things that Cobbett had liked; what is perhaps more to the point, he hated the things that Cobbett had hated; the Tudors, the lawyers, the leisurely oppression of the poor. Cobbett's fine fighting journalism had been what is nowadays called "personal," that is, it supposed human beings to be human. But Cobbett was also personal in the less satisfactory sense; he could only multiply monsters who were exaggerations of his enemies or exaggerations of himself. Dickens was personal in a more godlike sense; he could multiply persons. He could create all the farce and tragedy of his age over again, with creatures unborn to sin and creatures unborn to suffer. That which had not been achieved by the fierce facts of Cobbett, the burning dreams of Carlyle, the white-hot proofs of Newman, was really or very nearly achieved by a crowd of impossible people. In the centre stood that citadel of atheist industrialism: and if indeed it has ever been taken, it was taken by the rush of that unreal army.

CHAPTER II

THE GREAT VICTORIAN NOVELISTS

The Victorian novel was a thing entirely Victorian; quite unique and suited to a sort of cosiness in that country and that age. But the novel itself, though not merely Victorian, is mainly modern. No clear-headed person wastes his time over definitions, except where he thinks his own definition would probably be in dispute. I merely say, therefore, that when I say "novel," I mean a fictitious narrative (almost invariably, but not necessarily, in prose) of which the essential is that the story is not told for the sake of its naked pointedness as an anecdote, or for the sake of the irrelevant landscapes and visions that can be caught up in it, but for the sake of some study of the difference

between human beings. There are several things that make this mode of art unique. One of the most conspicuous is that it is the art in which the conquests of woman are quite beyond controversy. The proposition that Victorian women have done well in politics and philosophy is not necessarily an untrue proposition; but it is a partisan proposition. I never heard that many women, let alone men, shared the views of Mary Wollstonecraft; I never heard that millions of believers flocked to the religion tentatively founded by Miss Frances Power Cobbe. They did, undoubtedly, flock to Mrs. Eddy; but it will not be unfair to that lady to call her following a sect, and not altogether unreasonable to say that such insane exceptions prove the rule. Nor can I at this moment think of a single modern woman writing on politics or abstract things, whose work is of undisputed importance; except perhaps Mrs. Sidney Webb, who settles things by the simple process of ordering about the citizens of a state, as she might the servants in a kitchen. There has been, at any rate, no writer on moral or political theory that can be mentioned, without seeming comic, in the same breath with the great female novelists. But when we come to the novelists, the women have, on the whole, equality; and certainly, in some points, superiority. Jane Austen is as strong in her own way as Scott is in his. But she is, for all practical purposes, never weak in her own way--and Scott very often is. Charlotte Brontë dedicated *Jane Eyre* to the author of *Vanity Fair*. I should hesitate to say that Charlotte Brontë's is a better book than Thackeray's, but I think it might well be maintained that it is a better story. All sorts of inquiring asses (equally ignorant of the old nature of woman and the new nature of the novel) whispered wisely that George Eliot's novels were really written by George Lewes. I will cheerfully answer for the fact that, if they had been written by George Lewes, no one would ever have read them. Those who have read his book on Robespierre will have no doubt about my meaning. I am no idolater of George Eliot; but a man who could concoct such a crushing opiate about the most exciting occasion in history certainly did not write *The Mill on the Floss*. This is the first fact about the novel, that it is the introduction of a new and rather curious kind of art; and it has been found to be peculiarly feminine, from the first good novel by Fanny Burney to the last good novel by Miss May Sinclair. The truth is, I think, that the modern novel is a new thing; not new in its essence (for that is a philosophy for fools), but new in the sense that it lets loose many of the things that are old. It is a hearty and exhaustive overhauling of that part of human existence which has always been the woman's province, or rather kingdom; the play of personalities in private, the real difference between Tommy and Joe. It is right that womanhood should specialise in individuals, and be praised for doing so; just as in the Middle Ages she specialised in dignity and was praised for doing so. People put the matter wrong when they say that the novel is a study of human nature. Human nature is a thing that even men can understand. Human nature is born of the pain of a woman; human nature plays at peep-bo when it is two and at cricket when it is twelve; human nature earns its living and desires the other sex and dies. What the novel deals with is what women have to deal with; the differentiations, the twists and turns of this eternal river. The key of this new form of art, which we call fiction, is sympathy. And sympathy does not mean so much feeling with all who feel, but rather suffering with all who suffer. And it was inevitable, under such an inspiration, that more attention should be given to the awkward corners of life than to its even flow. The very promising domestic channel dug by the Victorian women, in books like *Cranford*, by Mrs. Gaskell, would have got to the sea, if they had been left alone to dig it. They might have made domesticity a fairyland. Unfortunately another idea, the idea of imitating men's cuffs and collars and documents, cut across this purely female discovery and destroyed it. It may seem mere praise of the novel to say it is the art of sympathy and the study of human variations. But indeed, though this is a good thing, it is not universally good. We have gained in sympathy; but we have lost in brotherhood. Old quarrels had more equality than modern exonerations. Two peasants in the Middle Ages quarrelled about their two fields. But they went to the same church, served in the same semi-feudal militia, and had the same morality, which ever might happen to be breaking it at the moment. The very cause of their quarrel was the cause of their fraternity; they both liked land. But suppose one of them a teetotaler who desired the abolition of hops on both farms; suppose the other a vegetarian who desired the abolition of chickens on both farms: and it is at once apparent that a quarrel of quite a different kind would begin; and that in that quarrel it would not be a question of farmer against farmer, but of individual against individual. This fundamental sense of human fraternity can only exist in the presence of positive religion. Man is merely man only when he is seen against the sky. If he is seen against any landscape, he is only a man of that land. If he is seen against any house, he is only a householder. Only where death and eternity are intensely present can human beings fully feel their fellowship. Once the divine darkness against which we stand is really dismissed from the mind (as it was very nearly dismissed in the Victorian time) the differences between human beings become overpoweringly plain; whether they are expressed in the high caricatures of Dickens or the low lunacies of Zola. This can be seen in a sort of picture in the Prologue of the *Canterbury Tales*; which is already pregnant with the promise of the English novel. The characters there are at once graphically and delicately differentiated; the Doctor with his rich cloak, his careful meals, his coldness to religion; the Franklin, whose white beard was so fresh that it recalled the daisies, and in whose house it snowed meat and drink; the Summoner, from whose fearful face, like a red cherub's, the children fled, and who wore a garland like a hoop; the Miller with his

short red hair and bagpipes and brutal head, with which he could break down a door; the Lover who was as sleepless as a nightingale; the Knight, the Cook, the Clerk of Oxford. Pendennis or the Cook, M. Mirabolan, is nowhere so vividly varied by a few merely verbal strokes. But the great difference is deeper and more striking. It is simply that Pendennis would never have gone riding with a cook at all. Chaucer's knight rode with a cook quite naturally; because the thing they were all seeking together was as much above knighthood as it was above cookery. Soldiers and swindlers and bullies and outcasts, they were all going to the shrine of a distant saint. To what sort of distant saint would Pendennis and Colonel Newcome and Mr. Moss and Captain Costigan and Ridley the butler and Bayham and Sir Barnes Newcome and Laura and the Duchess d'Ivry and Warrington and Captain Blackball and Lady Kew travel, laughing and telling tales together? The growth of the novel, therefore, must not be too easily called an increase in the interest in humanity. It is an increase in the interest in the things in which men differ; much fuller and finer work had been done before about the things in which they agree. And this intense interest in variety had its bad side as well as its good; it has rather increased social distinctions in a serious and spiritual sense. Most of the oblivion of democracy is due to the oblivion of death. But in its own manner and measure, it was a real advance and experiment of the European mind, like the public art of the Renaissance or the fairyland of physical science explored in the nineteenth century. It was a more unquestionable benefit than these: and in that development women played a peculiar part, English women especially, and Victorian women most of all. It is perhaps partly, though certainly not entirely, this influence of the great women writers that explains another very arresting and important fact about the emergence of genuinely Victorian fiction. It had been by this time decided, by the powers that had influence (and by public opinion also, at least in the middle-class sense), that certain verbal limits must be set to such literature. The novel must be what some would call pure and others would call prudish; but what is not, properly considered, either one or the other: it is rather a more or less business proposal (right or wrong) that every writer shall draw the line at literal physical description of things socially concealed. It was originally merely verbal; it had not, primarily, any dream of purifying the topic or the moral tone. Dickens and Thackeray claimed very properly the right to deal with shameful passions and suggest their shameful culminations; Scott sometimes dealt with ideas positively horrible--as in that grand Glenallan tragedy which is as appalling as the *Oedipus* or *The Cenci*. None of these great men would have tolerated for a moment being talked to (as the muddle-headed amateur censors talk to artists to-day) about "wholesome" topics and suggestions "that cannot elevate." They had to describe the great battle of good and evil and they described both; but they accepted a working Victorian compromise about what should happen behind the scenes and what on the stage. Dickens did not claim the license of diction Fielding might have claimed in repeating the senile ecstasies of Grice (let us say) over his purchased bride: but Dickens does not leave the reader in the faintest doubt about what sort of feelings they were; nor is there any reason why he should. Thackeray would not have described the toilet details of the secret balls of Lord Steyne: he left that to Lady Cardigan. But no one who had read Thackeray's version would be surprised at Lady Cardigan's. But though the great Victorian novelists would not have permitted the impudence of the suggestion that every part of their problem must be wholesome and innocent in itself, it is still tenable (I do not say it is certain) that by yielding to the Philistines on this verbal compromise, they have in the long run worked for impurity rather than purity. In one point I do certainly think that Victorian Bowdlerism did pure harm. This is the simple point that, nine times out of ten, the coarse word is the word that condemns an evil and the refined word the word that excuses it. A common evasion, for instance, substitutes for the word that brands self-sale as the essential sin, a word which weakly suggests that it is no more wicked than walking down the street. The great peril of such soft mystifications is that extreme evils (they that are abnormal even by the standard of evil) have a very long start. Where ordinary wrong is made unintelligible, extraordinary wrong can count on remaining more unintelligible still; especially among those who live in such an atmosphere of long words. It is a cruel comment on the purity of the Victorian Age, that the age ended (save for the bursting of a single scandal) in a thing being everywhere called "Art," "The Greek Spirit," "The Platonic Ideal" and so on--which any navvy mending the road outside would have stamped with a word as vile and as vulgar as it deserved. This reticence, right or wrong, may have been connected with the participation of women with men in the matter of fiction. It is an important point: the sexes can only be coarse separately. It was certainly also due, as I have already suggested, to the treaty between the rich *bourgeoisie* and the old aristocracy, which both had to make, for the common and congenial purpose of keeping the English people down. But it was due much more than this to a general moral atmosphere in the Victorian Age. It is impossible to express that spirit except by the electric bell of a name. It was latitudinarian, and yet it was limited. It could be content with nothing less than the whole cosmos: yet the cosmos with which it was content was small. It is false to say it was without humour: yet there was something by instinct unsmiling in it. It was always saying solidly that things were "enough"; and proving by that sharpness (as of the shutting of a door) that they were not enough. It took, I will not say its pleasures, but even its emancipations, sadly. Definitions seem to escape this way and that in the attempt to locate it as an idea. But every one will understand me if I call it George Eliot. I begin with this great woman of letters for both the two reasons already

mentioned. She represents the rationalism of the old Victorian Age at its highest. She and Mill are like two great mountains at the end of that long, hard chain which is the watershed of the Early Victorian time. They alone rise high enough to be confused among the clouds--or perhaps confused among the stars. They certainly were seeking truth, as Newman and Carlyle were; the slow slope of the later Victorian vulgarity does not lower their precipice and pinnacle. But I begin with this name also because it emphasises the idea of modern fiction as a fresh and largely a female thing. The novel of the nineteenth century was female; as fully as the novel of the eighteenth century was male. It is quite certain that no woman could have written *Roderick Random*. It is not quite so certain that no woman could have written *Esmond*. The strength and subtlety of woman had certainly sunk deep into English letters when George Eliot began to write. Her originals and even her contemporaries had shown the feminine power in fiction as well or better than she. Charlotte Brontë, understood along her own instincts, was as great; Jane Austen was greater. The latter comes into our present consideration only as that most exasperating thing, an ideal unachieved. It is like leaving an unconquered fortress in the rear. No woman later has captured the complete common sense of Jane Austen. She could keep her head, while all the after women went about looking for their brains. She could describe a man coolly; which neither George Eliot nor Charlotte Brontë could do. She knew what she knew, like a sound dogmatist: she did not know what she did not know--like a sound agnostic. But she belongs to a vanished world before the great progressive age of which I write. One of the characteristics of the central Victorian spirit was a tendency to substitute a certain more or less satisfied seriousness for the extremes of tragedy and comedy. This is marked by a certain change in George Eliot; as it is marked by a certain limitation or moderation in Dickens. Dickens was the People, as it was in the eighteenth century and still largely is, in spite of all the talk for and against Board School Education: comic, tragic, realistic, free-spoken, far looser in words than in deeds. It marks the silent strength and pressure of the spirit of the Victorian middle class that even to Dickens it never occurred to revive the verbal coarseness of Smollett or Swift. The other proof of the same pressure is the change in George Eliot. She was not a genius in the elemental sense of Dickens; she could never have been either so strong or so soft. But she did originally represent some of the same popular realities: and her first books (at least as compared with her latest) were full of sound fun and bitter pathos. Mr. Max Beerbohm has remarked (in his glorious essay called *Ichabod*, I think), that Silas Marner would not have forgotten his miserliness if George Eliot had written of him in her maturity. I have a great regard for Mr. Beerbohm's literary judgments; and it may be so. But if literature means anything more than a cold calculation of the chances, if there is in it, as I believe, any deeper idea of detaching the spirit of life from the dull obstacles of life, of permitting human nature really to reveal itself as human, if (to put it shortly) literature has anything on earth to do with being *interesting*--then I think we would rather have a few more Marners than that rich maturity that gave us the analysed dust-heaps of *Daniel Deronda*. In her best novels there is real humour, of a cool sparkling sort; there is a strong sense of substantial character that has not yet degenerated into psychology; there is a great deal of wisdom, chiefly about women; indeed there is almost every element of literature except a certain indescribable thing called *glamour*; which was the whole stock-in-trade of the Brontës, which we feel in Dickens when Quilp clammers amid rotten wood by the desolate river; and even in Thackeray when Esmond with his melancholy eyes wanders like some swarthy crow about the dismal avenues of Castlewood. Of this quality (which some have called, but hastily, the essential of literature) George Eliot had not little but nothing. Her air is bright and intellectually even exciting; but it is like the air of a cloudless day on the parade at Brighton. She sees people clearly, but not through an atmosphere. And she can conjure up storms in the conscious, but not in the subconscious mind. It is true (though the idea should not be exaggerated) that this deficiency was largely due to her being cut off from all those conceptions that had made the fiction of a Muse; the deep idea that there are really demons and angels behind men. Certainly the increasing atheism of her school spoilt her own particular imaginative talent: she was far less free when she thought like Ladislaw than when she thought like Casaubon. It also betrayed her on a matter specially requiring common sense; I mean sex. There is nothing that is so profoundly false as rationalist flirtation. Each sex is trying to be both sexes at once; and the result is a confusion more untruthful than any conventions. This can easily be seen by comparing her with a greater woman who died before the beginning of our present problem. Jane Austen was born before those bonds which (we are told) protected woman from truth, were burst by the Brontës or elaborately untied by George Eliot. Yet the fact remains that Jane Austen knew much more about men than either of them. Jane Austen may have been protected from truth: but it was precious little of truth that was protected from her. When Darcy, in finally confessing his faults, says, "I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice *though not in theory*," he gets nearer to a complete confession of the intelligent male than ever was even hinted by the Byronic lapses of the Brontës' heroes or the elaborate exculpations of George Eliot's. Jane Austen, of course, covered an infinitely smaller field than any of her later rivals; but I have always believed in the victory of small nationalities. The Brontës suggest themselves here; because their superficial qualities, the qualities that can be seized upon in satire, were in this an exaggeration of what was, in George Eliot, hardly more than an omission. There was perhaps a time when Mr. Rawjester was more widely known

than Mr. Rochester. And certainly Mr. Rochester (to adopt the diction of that other eminent country gentleman, Mr. Darcy) was simply individualistic not only in practice, but in theory. Now any one may be so in practice: but a man who is simply individualistic in theory must merely be an ass. Undoubtedly the Brontës exposed themselves to some misunderstanding by thus perpetually making the masculine creature much more masculine than he wants to be. Thackeray (a man of strong though sleepy virility) asked in his exquisite plaintive way: "Why do our lady novelists make the men bully the women?" It is, I think, unquestionably true that the Brontës treated the male as an almost anarchic thing coming in from outside nature; much as people on this planet regard a comet. Even the really delicate and sustained comedy of Paul Emanuel is not quite free from this air of studying something alien. The reply may be made that the women in men's novels are equally fallacious. The reply is probably just. What the Brontës really brought into fiction was exactly what Carlyle brought into history; the blast of the mysticism of the North. They were of Irish blood settled on the windy heights of Yorkshire; in that country where Catholicism lingered latest, but in a superstitious form; where modern industrialism came earliest and was more superstitious still. The strong winds and sterile places, the old tyranny of barons and the new and blacker tyranny of manufacturers, has made and left that country a land of barbarians. All Charlotte Brontë's earlier work is full of that sullen and unmanageable world; moss-troopers turned hurriedly into miners; the last of the old world forced into supporting the very first crudities of the new. In this way Charlotte Brontë represents the Victorian settlement in a special way. The Early Victorian Industrialism is to George Eliot and to Charlotte Brontë, rather as the Late Victorian Imperialism would have been to Mrs. Humphry Ward in the centre of the empire and to Miss Olive Schreiner at the edge of it. The real strength there is in characters like Robert Moore, when he is dealing with anything except women, is the romance of industry in its first advance: a romance that has not remained. On such fighting frontiers people always exaggerate the strong qualities the masculine sex does possess, and always add a great many strong qualities that it does not possess. That is, briefly, all the reason in the Brontës on this special subject: the rest is stark unreason. It can be most clearly seen in that sister of Charlotte Brontë's who has achieved the real feat of remaining as a great woman rather than a great writer. There is really, in a narrow but intense way, a tradition of Emily Brontë: as there is a tradition of St. Peter or Dr. Johnson. People talk as if they had known her, apart from her works. She must have been something more than an original person; perhaps an origin. But so far as her written works go she enters English letters only as an original person--and rather a narrow one. Her imagination was sometimes superhuman--always inhuman. *Wuthering Heights* might have been written by an eagle. She is the strongest instance of these strong imaginations that made the other sex a monster: for Heathcliff fails as a man as catastrophically as he succeeds as a demon. I think Emily Brontë was further narrowed by the broadness of her religious views; but never, of course, so much as George Eliot. In any case, it is Charlotte Brontë who enters Victorian literature. The shortest way of stating her strong contribution is, I think, this: that she reached the highest romance through the lowest realism. She did not set out with Amadis of Gaul in a forest or with Mr. Pickwick in a comic club. She set out with herself, with her own dingy clothes, and accidental ugliness, and flat, coarse, provincial household; and forcibly fused all such muddy materials into a spirited fairy-tale. If the first chapters on the home and school had not proved how heavy and hateful *sanity* can be, there would really be less point in the insanity of Mr. Rochester's wife--or the not much milder insanity of Mrs. Rochester's husband. She discovered the secret of hiding the sensational in the commonplace: and *Jane Eyre* remains the best of her books (better even than *Villette*) because while it is a human document written in blood, it is also one of the best blood-and-thunder detective stories in the world. But while Emily Brontë was as unsociable as a storm at midnight, and while Charlotte Brontë was at best like that warmer and more domestic thing, a house on fire--they do connect themselves with the calm of George Eliot, as the forerunners of many later developments of the feminine advance. Many forerunners (if it comes to that) would have felt rather ill if they had seen the things they foreran. This notion of a hazy anticipation of after history has been absurdly overdone: as when men connect Chaucer with the Reformation; which is like connecting Homer with the Syracusan Expedition. But it is to some extent true that all these great Victorian women had a sort of unrest in their souls. And the proof of it is that (after what I will claim to call the healthier time of Dickens and Thackeray) it began to be admitted by the great Victorian men. If there had not been something in that irritation, we should hardly have had to speak in these pages of *Diana of the Crossways* or of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. To what this strange and very local sex war has been due I shall not ask, because I have no answer. That it was due to votes or even little legal inequalities about marriage, I feel myself here too close to realities even to discuss. My own guess is that it has been due to the great neglect of the military spirit by the male Victorians. The woman felt obscurely that she was still running her mortal risk, while the man was not still running his. But I know nothing about it; nor does anybody else. In so short a book on so vast, complex and living a subject, it is impossible to drop even into the second rank of good authors, whose name is legion; but it is impossible to leave that considerable female force in fiction which has so largely made the very nature of the modern novel, without mentioning two names which almost brought that second rank up to the first rank. They were at utterly opposite poles. The one succeeded by being a much mellower and more Christian George

Eliot; the other succeeded by being a much more mad and unchristian Emily Brontë. But Mrs. Oliphant and the author calling herself "Ouida" both forced themselves well within the frontier of fine literature. *The Beleaguered City* is literature in its highest sense; the other works of its author tend to fall into fiction in its best working sense. Mrs. Oliphant was infinitely saner in that city of ghosts than the cosmopolitan Ouida ever was in any of the cities of men. Mrs. Oliphant would never have dared to discover, either in heaven or hell, such a thing as a hairbrush with its back encrusted with diamonds. But though Ouida was violent and weak where Mrs. Oliphant might have been mild and strong, her own triumphs were her own. She had a real power of expressing the senses through her style; of conveying the very heat of blue skies or the bursting of palpable pomegranates. And just as Mrs. Oliphant transfused her more timid Victorian tales with a true and intense faith in the Christian mystery--so Ouida, with infinite fury and infinite confusion of thought, did fill her books with Byron and the remains of the French Revolution. In the track of such genius there has been quite an accumulation of true talent as in the children's tales of Mrs. Ewing, the historical tales of Miss Yonge, the tales of Mrs. Molesworth, and so on. On a general review I do not think I have been wrong in taking the female novelists first. I think they gave its special shape, its temporary twist, to the Victorian novel. Nevertheless it is a shock (I almost dare to call it a relief) to come back to the males. It is the more abrupt because the first name that must be mentioned derives directly from the mere maleness of the Sterne and Smollett novel. I have already spoken of Dickens as the most homely and instinctive, and therefore probably the heaviest, of all the onslaughts made on the central Victorian satisfaction. There is therefore the less to say of him here, where we consider him only as a novelist; but there is still much more to say than can even conceivably be said. Dickens, as we have stated, inherited the old comic, rambling novel from Smollett and the rest. Dickens, as we have also stated, consented to expurgate that novel. But when all origins and all restraints have been defined and allowed for, the creature that came out was such as we shall not see again. Smollett was coarse; but Smollett was also cruel. Dickens was frequently horrible; he was never cruel. The art of Dickens was the most exquisite of arts: it was the art of enjoying everybody. Dickens, being a very human writer, had to be a very human being; he had his faults and sensibilities in a strong degree; and I do not for a moment maintain that he enjoyed everybody in his daily life. But he enjoyed everybody in his books: and everybody has enjoyed everybody in those books even till to-day. His books are full of baffled villains stalking out or cowardly bullies kicked downstairs. But the villains and the cowards are such delightful people that the reader always hopes the villain will put his head through a side window and make a last remark; or that the bully will say one thing more, even from the bottom of the stairs. The reader really hopes this; and he cannot get rid of the fancy that the author hopes so too. I cannot at the moment recall that Dickens ever killed a comic villain, except Quilp, who was deliberately made even more villainous than comic. There can be no serious fears for the life of Mr. Wegg in the muckcart; though Mr. Pecksniff fell to be a borrower of money, and Mr. Mantalini to turning a mangle, the human race has the comfort of thinking they are still alive: and one might have the rapture of receiving a begging letter from Mr. Pecksniff, or even of catching Mr. Mantalini collecting the washing, if one always lurked about on Monday mornings. This sentiment (the true artist will be relieved to hear) is entirely unmoral. Mrs. Wilfer deserved death much more than Mr. Quilp, for she had succeeded in poisoning family life persistently, while he was (to say the least of it) intermittent in his domesticity. But who can honestly say he does not hope Mrs. Wilfer is still talking like Mrs. Wilfer--especially if it is only in a book? This is the artistic greatness of Dickens, before and after which there is really nothing to be said. He had the power of creating people, both possible and impossible, who were simply precious and priceless people; and anything subtler added to that truth really only weakens it. The mention of Mrs. Wilfer (whom the heart is loth to leave) reminds one of the only elementary ethical truth that is essential in the study of Dickens. That is that he had broad or universal sympathies in a sense totally unknown to the social reformers who wallow in such phrases. Dickens (unlike the social reformers) really did sympathise with every sort of victim of every sort of tyrant. He did truly pray for *all* who are desolate and oppressed. If you try to tie him to any cause narrower than that Prayer Book definition, you will find you have shut out half his best work. If, in your sympathy for Mrs. Quilp, you call Dickens the champion of downtrodden woman, you will suddenly remember Mr. Wilfer, and find yourself unable to deny the existence of downtrodden man. If in your sympathy for Mr. Rouncewell you call Dickens the champion of a manly middle-class Liberalism against Chesney Wold, you will suddenly remember Stephen Blackpool--and find yourself unable to deny that Mr. Rouncewell might be a pretty insupportable cock on his own dung-hill. If in your sympathy for Stephen Blackpool you call Dickens a Socialist (as does Mr. Pugh), and think of him as merely heralding the great Collectivist revolt against Victorian Individualism and Capitalism, which seemed so clearly to be the crisis at the end of this epoch--you will suddenly remember the agreeable young Barnacle at the Circumlocution Office: and you will be unable, for very shame, to assert that Dickens would have trusted the poor to a State Department. Dickens did not merely believe in the brotherhood of men in the weak modern way; he was the brotherhood of men, and knew it was a brotherhood in sin as well as in aspiration. And he was not only larger than the old factions he satirised; he was larger than any of our great social schools that have gone forward since he died. The seemingly quaint custom of

comparing Dickens and Thackeray existed in their own time, and no one will dismiss it with entire disdain who remembers that the Victorian tradition was domestic and genuine, even when it was hoodwinked and unworldly. There must have been some reason for making this imaginary duel between two quite separate and quite amiable acquaintances. And there is, after all, some reason for it. It is not, as was once cheaply said, that Thackeray went in for truth, and Dickens for mere caricature. There is a huge accumulation of truth, down to the smallest detail, in Dickens: he seems sometimes a mere mountain of facts. Thackeray, in comparison, often seems quite careless and elusive; almost as if he did not quite know where all his characters were. There is a truth behind the popular distinction; but it lies much deeper. Perhaps the best way of stating it is this: that Dickens used reality, while aiming at an effect of romance; while Thackeray used the loose language and ordinary approaches of romance, while aiming at an effect of reality. It was the special and splendid business of Dickens to introduce us to people who would have been quite incredible if he had not told us so much truth about them. It was the special and not less splendid task of Thackeray to introduce us to people whom we knew already. Paradoxically, but very practically, it followed that his introductions were the longer of the two. When we hear of Aunt Betsy Trotwood, we vividly envisage everything about her, from her gardening gloves to her seaside residence, from her hard, handsome face to her tame lunatic laughing at the bedroom window. It is all so minutely true that she must be true also. We only feel inclined to walk round the English coast until we find that particular garden and that particular aunt. But when we turn from the aunt of Copperfield to the uncle of Pendennis, we are more likely to run round the coast trying to find a watering-place where he isn't than one where he is. The moment one sees Major Pendennis, one sees a hundred Major Pendennises. It is not a matter of mere realism. Miss Trotwood's bonnet and gardening tools and cupboard full of old-fashioned bottles are quite as true in the materialistic way as the Major's cuffs and corner table and toast and newspaper. Both writers are realistic: but Dickens writes realism in order to make the incredible credible. Thackeray writes it in order to make us recognise an old friend. Whether we shall be pleased to meet the old friend is quite another matter: I think we should be better pleased to meet Miss Trotwood, and find, as David Copperfield did, a new friend, a new world. But we recognise Major Pendennis even when we avoid him. Henceforth Thackeray can count on our seeing him from his wig to his well-blackened boots whenever he chooses to say "Major Pendennis paid a call." Dickens, on the other hand, had to keep up an incessant excitement about his characters; and no man on earth but he could have kept it up. It may be said, in approximate summary, that Thackeray is the novelist of memory--of our memories as well as his own. Dickens seems to expect all his characters, like amusing strangers arriving at lunch: as if they gave him not only pleasure, but surprise. But Thackeray is everybody's past--is everybody's youth. Forgotten friends flit about the passages of dreamy colleges and unremembered clubs; we hear fragments of unfinished conversations, we see faces without names for an instant, fixed for ever in some trivial grimace: we smell the strong smell of social cliques now quite incongruous to us; and there stir in all the little rooms at once the hundred ghosts of oneself. For this purpose Thackeray was equipped with a singularly easy and sympathetic style, carved in slow soft curves where Dickens hacked out his images with a hatchet. There was a sort of avuncular indulgence about his attitude; what he called his "preaching" was at worst a sort of grumbling, ending with the sentiment that boys will be boys and that there's nothing new under the sun. He was not really either a cynic or a *censor morum*; but (in another sense than Chaucer's) a gentle pardoner: having seen the weaknesses he is sometimes almost weak about them. He really comes nearer to exculpating Pendennis or Ethel Newcome than any other author, who saw what he saw, would have been. The rare wrath of such men is all the more effective; and there are passages in *Vanity Fair* and still more in *The Book of Snobs*, where he does make the dance of wealth and fashion look stiff and monstrous, like a Babylonian masquerade. But he never quite did it in such a way as to turn the course of the Victorian Age. It may seem strange to say that Thackeray did not know enough of the world; yet this was the truth about him in large matters of the philosophy of life, and especially of his own time. He did not know the way things were going: he was too Victorian to understand the Victorian epoch. He did not know enough ignorant people to have heard the news. In one of his delightful asides he imagines two little clerks commenting erroneously on the appearance of Lady Kew or Sir Brian Newcome in the Park, and says: "How should Jones and Brown, who are not, *vous comprenez, du monde*, understand these mysteries?" But I think Thackeray knew quite as little about Jones and Brown as they knew about Newcome and Kew; his world was *le monde*. Hence he seemed to take it for granted that the Victorian compromise would last; while Dickens (who knew his Jones and Brown) had already guessed that it would not. Thackeray did not realise that the Victorian platform was a moving platform. To take but one instance, he was a Radical like Dickens; all really representative Victorians, except perhaps Tennyson, were Radicals. But he seems to have thought of all reform as simple and straightforward and all of a piece; as if Catholic Emancipation, the New Poor Law, Free Trade and the Factory Acts and Popular Education were all parts of one almost self-evident evolution of enlightenment. Dickens, being in touch with the democracy, had already discovered that the country had come to a dark place of divided ways and divided counsels. In *Hard Times* he realised Democracy at war with Radicalism; and became, with so incompatible an ally as Ruskin, not

indeed a Socialist, but certainly an anti-Individualist. In *Our Mutual Friend* he felt the strength of the new rich, and knew they had begun to transform the aristocracy, instead of the aristocracy transforming them. He knew that Veneering had carried off Twemlow in triumph. He very nearly knew what we all know to-day: that, so far from it being possible to plod along the progressive road with more votes and more Free Trade, England must either sharply become very much more democratic or as rapidly become very much less so. There gathers round these two great novelists a considerable group of good novelists, who more or less mirror their mid-Victorian mood. Wilkie Collins may be said to be in this way a lesser Dickens and Anthony Trollope a lesser Thackeray. Wilkie Collins is chiefly typical of his time in this respect: that while his moral and religious conceptions were as mechanical as his carefully constructed fictitious conspiracies, he nevertheless informed the latter with a sort of involuntary mysticism which dealt wholly with the darker side of the soul. For this was one of the most peculiar of the problems of the Victorian mind. The idea of the supernatural was perhaps at as low an ebb as it had ever been--certainly much lower than it is now. But in spite of this, and in spite of a certain ethical cheeriness that was almost *de rigueur*--the strange fact remains that the only sort of supernaturalism the Victorians allowed to their imaginations was a sad supernaturalism. They might have ghost stories, but not saints' stories. They could trifle with the curse or unpardoning prophecy of a witch, but not with the pardon of a priest. They seem to have held (I believe erroneously) that the supernatural was safest when it came from below. When we think (for example) of the uncountable riches of religious art, imagery, ritual and popular legend that has clustered round Christmas through all the Christian ages, it is a truly extraordinary thing to reflect that Dickens (wishing to have in *The Christmas Carol* a little happy supernaturalism by way of a change) actually had to make up a mythology for himself. Here was one of the rare cases where Dickens, in a real and human sense, did suffer from the lack of culture. For the rest, Wilkie Collins is these two elements: the mechanical and the mystical; both very good of their kind. He is one of the few novelists in whose case it is proper and literal to speak of his "plots." He was a plotter; he went about to slay Godfrey Ablewhite as coldly and craftily as the Indians did. But he also had a sound though sinister note of true magic; as in the repetition of the two white dresses in *The Woman in White*; or of the dreams with their double explanations in *Armada*. His ghosts do walk. They are alive; and walk as softly as Count Fosco, but as solidly. Finally, *The Moonstone* is probably the best detective tale in the world. Anthony Trollope, a clear and very capable realist, represents rather another side of the Victorian spirit of comfort; its leisureliness, its love of detail, especially of domestic detail; its love of following characters and kindred from book to book and from generation to generation. Dickens very seldom tried this latter experiment, and then (as in *Master Humphrey's Clock*) unsuccessfully; those magnesium blazes of his were too brilliant and glaring to be indefinitely prolonged. But Thackeray was full of it; and we often feel that the characters in *The Newcomes* or *Philip* might legitimately complain that their talk and tale are being perpetually interrupted and pestered by people out of other books. Within his narrower limits, Trollope was a more strict and masterly realist than Thackeray, and even those who would call his personages "types" would admit that they are as vivid as characters. It was a bustling but a quiet world that he described: politics before the coming of the Irish and the Socialists; the Church in the lull between the Oxford Movement and the modern High Anglican energy. And it is notable in the Victorian spirit once more that though his clergymen are all of them real men and many of them good men, it never really occurs to us to think of them as the priests of a religion. Charles Reade may be said to go along with these; and Disraeli and even Kingsley; not because these three very different persons had anything particular in common, but because they all fell short of the first rank in about the same degree. Charles Reade had a kind of cold coarseness about him, not morally but artistically, which keeps him out of the best literature as such: but he is of importance to the Victorian development in another way; because he has the harsher and more tragic note that has come later in the study of our social problems. He is the first of the angry realists. Kingsley's best books may be called boys' books. There is a real though a juvenile poetry in *Westward Ho!* and though that narrative, historically considered, is very much of a lie, it is a good, thundering honest lie. There are also genuinely eloquent things in *Hypatia*, and a certain electric atmosphere of sectarian excitement that Kingsley kept himself in, and did know how to convey. He said he wrote the book in his heart's blood. This is an exaggeration, but there is a truth in it; and one does feel that he may have relieved his feelings by writing it in red ink. As for Disraeli, his novels are able and interesting considered as everything except novels, and are an important contribution precisely because they are written by an alien who did not take our politics so seriously as Trollope did. They are important again as showing those later Victorian changes which men like Thackeray missed. Disraeli did do something towards revealing the dishonesty of our politics--even if he had done a good deal towards bringing it about. Between this group and the next there hovers a figure very hard to place; not higher in letters than these, yet not easy to class with them; I mean Bulwer Lytton. He was no greater than they were; yet somehow he seems to take up more space. He did not, in the ultimate reckoning, do anything in particular: but he was a figure; rather as Oscar Wilde was later a figure. You could not have the Victorian Age without him. And this was not due to wholly superficial things like his dandyism, his dark, sinister good looks and a great deal of the mere polished melodrama that he wrote. There was

something in his all-round interests; in the variety of things he tried; in his half-aristocratic swagger as poet and politician, that made him in some ways a real touchstone of the time. It is noticeable about him that he is always turning up everywhere and that he brings other people out, generally in a hostile spirit. His Byronic and almost Oriental ostentation was used by the young Thackeray as something on which to sharpen his new razor of Victorian common sense. His pose as a dilettante satirist inflamed the execrable temper of Tennyson, and led to those lively comparisons to a bandbox and a lion in curlpapers. He interposed the glove of warning and the tear of sensibility between us and the proper ending of *Great Expectations*. Of his own books, by far the best are the really charming comedies about *The Caxtons* and *Kenelm Chillingly*; none of his other works have a high literary importance now, with the possible exception of *A Strange Story*; but his *Coming Race* is historically interesting as foreshadowing those novels of the future which were afterwards such a weapon of the Socialists. Lastly, there was an element indefinable about Lytton, which often is in adventurers; which amounts to a suspicion that there was something in him after all. It rang out of him when he said to the hesitating Crimean Parliament: "Destroy your Government and save your army." With the next phase of Victorian fiction we enter a new world; the later, more revolutionary, more continental, freer but in some ways weaker world in which we live to-day. The subtle and sad change that was passing like twilight across the English brain at this time is very well expressed in the fact that men have come to mention the great name of Meredith in the same breath as Mr. Thomas Hardy. Both writers, doubtless, disagreed with the orthodox religion of the ordinary English village. Most of us have disagreed with that religion until we made the simple discovery that it does not exist. But in any age where ideas could be even feebly disentangled from each other, it would have been evident at once that Meredith and Hardy were, intellectually speaking, mortal enemies. They were much more opposed to each other than Newman was to Kingsley; or than Abelard was to St. Bernard. But then they collided in a sceptical age, which is like colliding in a London fog. There can never be any clear controversy in a sceptical age. Nevertheless both Hardy and Meredith did mean something; and they did mean diametrically opposite things. Meredith was perhaps the only man in the modern world who has almost had the high honour of rising out of the low estate of a Pantheist into the high estate of a Pagan. A Pagan is a person who can do what hardly any person for the last two thousand years could do: a person who can take Nature naturally. It is due to Meredith to say that no one outside a few of the great Greeks has ever taken Nature so naturally as he did. And it is also due to him to say that no one outside Colney Hatch ever took Nature so unnaturally as it was taken in what Mr. Hardy has had the blasphemy to call *Wessex Tales*. This division between the two points of view is vital; because the turn of the nineteenth century was a very sharp one; by it we have reached the rapids in which we find ourselves to-day. Meredith really is a Pantheist. You can express it by saying that God is the great All: you can express it much more intelligently by saying that Pan is the great god. But there is some sense in it, and the sense is this: that some people believe that this world is sufficiently good at bottom for us to trust ourselves to it without very much knowing why. It is the whole point in most of Meredith's tales that there is something behind us that often saves us when we understand neither it nor ourselves. He sometimes talked mere intellectualism about women: but that is because the most brilliant brains can get tired. Meredith's brain was quite tired when it wrote some of its most quoted and least interesting epigrams: like that about passing Seraglio Point, but not doubling Cape Turk. Those who can see Meredith's mind in that are with those who can see Dickens' mind in *Little Nell*. Both were chivalrous pronouncements on behalf of oppressed females: neither has any earthly meaning as ideas. But what Meredith did do for women was not to emancipate them (which means nothing) but to express them, which means a great deal. And he often expressed them right, even when he expressed himself wrong. Take, for instance, that phrase so often quoted: "Woman will be the last thing civilised by man." Intellectually it is something worse than false; it is the opposite of what he was always attempting to say. So far from admitting any equality in the sexes, it logically admits that a man may use against a woman any chains or whips he has been in the habit of using against a tiger or a bear. He stood as the special champion of female dignity: but I cannot remember any author, Eastern or Western, who has so calmly assumed that man is the master and woman merely the material, as Meredith really does in this phrase. Any one who knows a free woman (she is generally a married woman) will immediately be inclined to ask two simple and catastrophic questions, first: "Why should woman be civilised?" and, second: "Why, if she is to be civilised, should she be civilised by man?" In the mere intellectualism of the matter, Meredith seems to be talking the most brutal sex mastery: he, at any rate, has not doubled Cape Turk, nor even passed Seraglio Point. Now why is it that we all really feel that this Meredithian passage is not so insolently masculine as in mere logic it would seem? I think it is for this simple reason: that there is something about Meredith making us feel that it is not woman he disbelieves in, but civilisation. It is a dark undemonstrated feeling that Meredith would really be rather sorry if woman were civilised by man--or by anything else. When we have got that, we have got the real Pagan--the man that does believe in Pan. It is proper to put this philosophic matter first, before the æsthetic appreciation of Meredith, because with Meredith a sort of passing bell has rung and the Victorian orthodoxy is certainly no longer safe. Dickens and Carlyle, as we have said, rebelled against the orthodox

compromise: but Meredith has escaped from it. Cosmopolitanism, Socialism, Feminism are already in the air; and Queen Victoria has begun to look like Mrs. Grundy. But to escape from a city is one thing: to choose a road is another. The free-thinker who found himself outside the Victorian city, found himself also in the fork of two very different naturalistic paths. One of them went upwards through a tangled but living forest to lonely but healthy hills: the other went down to a swamp. Hardy went down to botanise in the swamp, while Meredith climbed towards the sun. Meredith became, at his best, a sort of daintily dressed Walt Whitman: Hardy became a sort of village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot. It is largely because the free-thinkers, as a school, have hardly made up their minds whether they want to be more optimist or more pessimist than Christianity that their small but sincere movement has failed. For the duel is deadly; and any agnostic who wishes to be anything more than a Nihilist must sympathise with one version of nature or the other. The God of Meredith is impersonal; but he is often more healthy and kindly than any of the persons. That of Thomas Hardy is almost made personal by the intense feeling that he is poisonous. Nature is always coming in to save Meredith's women; Nature is always coming in to betray and ruin Hardy's. It has been said that if God had not existed it would have been necessary to invent Him. But it is not often, as in Mr. Hardy's case, that it is necessary to invent Him in order to prove how unnecessary (and undesirable) He is. But Mr. Hardy is anthropomorphic out of sheer atheism. He personifies the universe in order to give it a piece of his mind. But the fight is unequal for the old philosophical reason: that the universe had already given Mr. Hardy a piece of its mind to fight with. One curious result of this divergence in the two types of sceptic is this: that when these two brilliant novelists break down or blow up or otherwise lose for a moment their artistic self-command, they are both equally wild, but wild in opposite directions. Meredith shows an extravagance in comedy which, if it were not so complicated, every one would call broad farce. But Mr. Hardy has the honour of inventing a new sort of game, which may be called the extravagance of depression. The placing of the weak lover and his new love in such a place that they actually see the black flag announcing that Tess has been hanged is utterly inexcusable in art and probability; it is a cruel practical joke. But it is a practical joke at which even its author cannot brighten up enough to laugh. But it is when we consider the great artistic power of these two writers, with all their eccentricities, that we see even more clearly that free-thought was, as it were, a fight between finger-posts. For it is the remarkable fact that it was the man who had the healthy and manly outlook who had the crabbed and perverse style; it was the man who had the crabbed and perverse outlook who had the healthy and manly style. The reader may well have complained of paradox when I observed above that Meredith, unlike most neo-Pagans, did in his way take Nature naturally. It may be suggested, in tones of some remonstrance, that things like "though pierced by the cruel acerb," or "thy fleetingness is bigger in the ghost," or "her gabbling grey she eyes askant," or "sheer film of the surface awag" are not taking Nature naturally. And this is true of Meredith's style, but it is not true of his spirit; nor even, apparently, of his serious opinions. In one of the poems I have quoted he actually says of those who live nearest to that Nature he was always praising-- "Have they but held her laws and nature dear, They mouth no sentence of inverted wit"; which certainly was what Meredith himself was doing most of the time. But a similar paradox of the combination of plain tastes with twisted phrases can also be seen in Browning. Something of the same can be seen in many of the cavalier poets. I do not understand it: it may be that the fertility of a cheerful mind crowds everything, so that the tree is entangled in its own branches; or it may be that the cheerful mind cares less whether it is understood or not; as a man is less articulate when he is humming than when he is calling for help. Certainly Meredith suffers from applying a complex method to men and things he does not mean to be complex; nay, honestly admires for being simple. The conversations between Diana and Redworth fail of their full contrast because Meredith can afford the twopence for Diana coloured, but cannot afford the penny for Redworth plain. Meredith's ideals were neither sceptical nor finicky: but they can be called insufficient. He had, perhaps, over and above his honest Pantheism two convictions profound enough to be called prejudices. He was probably of Welsh blood, certainly of Celtic sympathies, and he set himself more swiftly though more subtly than Ruskin or Swinburne to undermining the enormous complacency of John Bull. He also had a sincere hope in the strength of womanhood, and may be said, almost without hyperbole, to have begotten gigantic daughters. He may yet suffer for his chivalric interference as many champions do. I have little doubt that when St. George had killed the dragon he was heartily afraid of the princess. But certainly neither of these two vital enthusiasms touched the Victorian trouble. The disaster of the modern English is not that they are not Celtic, but that they are not English. The tragedy of the modern woman is not that she is not allowed to follow man, but that she follows him far too slavishly. This conscious and theorising Meredith did not get very near his problem and is certainly miles away from ours. But the other Meredith was a creator; which means a god. That is true of him which is true of so different a man as Dickens, that all one can say of him is that he is full of good things. A reader opening one of his books feels like a schoolboy opening a hamper which he knows to have somehow cost a hundred pounds. He may be more bewildered by it than by an ordinary hamper; but he gets the impression of a real richness of thought; and that is what one really gets from such riots of felicity as Evan Harrington or Harry Richmond. His philosophy may be barren, but he was not. And the

chief feeling among those that enjoy him is a mere wish that more people could enjoy him too. I end here upon Hardy and Meredith; because this parting of the ways to open optimism and open pessimism really was the end of the Victorian peace. There are many other men, very nearly as great, on whom I might delight to linger: on Shorthouse, for instance, who in one way goes with Mrs. Browning or Coventry Patmore. I mean that he has a wide culture, which is called by some a narrow religion. When we think what even the best novels about cavaliers have been (written by men like Scott or Stevenson) it is a wonderful thing that the author of *John Inglesant* could write a cavalier romance in which he forgot Cromwell but remembered Hobbes. But Shorthouse is outside the period in fiction in the same sort of way in which Francis Thompson is outside it in poetry. He did not accept the Victorian basis. He knew too much. There is one more matter that may best be considered here, though briefly: it illustrates the extreme difficulty of dealing with the Victorian English in a book like this, because of their eccentricity; not of opinions, but of character and artistic form. There are several great Victorians who will not fit into any of the obvious categories I employ; because they will not fit into anything, hardly into the world itself. Where Germany or Italy would relieve the monotony of mankind by paying serious respect to an artist, or a scholar, or a patriotic warrior, or a priest--it was always the instinct of the English to do it by pointing out a Character. Dr. Johnson has faded as a poet or a critic, but he survives as a Character. Cobbett is neglected (unfortunately) as a publicist and pamphleteer, but he is remembered as a Character. Now these people continued to crop up through the Victorian time; and each stands so much by himself that I shall end these pages with a profound suspicion that I have forgotten to mention a Character of gigantic dimensions. Perhaps the best example of such eccentrics is George Borrow; who sympathised with unsuccessful nomads like the gipsies while every one else sympathised with successful nomads like the Jews; who had a genius like the west wind for the awakening of wild and casual friendships and the drag and attraction of the roads. But whether George Borrow ought to go into the section devoted to philosophers, or the section devoted to novelists, or the section devoted to liars, nobody else has ever known, even if he did. But the strongest case of this Victorian power of being abruptly original in a corner can be found in two things: the literature meant merely for children and the literature meant merely for fun. It is true that these two very Victorian things often melted into each other (as was the way of Victorian things), but not sufficiently to make it safe to mass them together without distinction. Thus there was George Macdonald, a Scot of genius as genuine as Carlyle's; he could write fairy-tales that made all experience a fairy-tale. He could give the real sense that every one had the end of an elfin thread that must at last lead them into Paradise. It was a sort of optimist Calvinism. But such really significant fairy-tales were accidents of genius. Of the Victorian Age as a whole it is true to say that it did discover a new thing; a thing called Nonsense. It may be doubted whether this thing was really invented to please children. Rather it was invented by old people trying to prove their first childhood, and sometimes succeeding only in proving their second. But whatever else the thing was, it was English and it was individual. Lewis Carroll gave mathematics a holiday: he carried logic into the wild lands of illogicality. Edward Lear, a richer, more romantic and therefore more truly Victorian buffoon, improved the experiment. But the more we study it, the more we shall, I think, conclude that it reposed on something more real and profound in the Victorians than even their just and exquisite appreciation of children. It came from the deep Victorian sense of humour. It may appear, because I have used from time to time the only possible phrases for the case, that I mean the Victorian Englishman to appear as a blockhead, which means an unconscious buffoon. To all this there is a final answer: that he was also a conscious buffoon--and a successful one. He was a humorist; and one of the best humorists in Europe. That which Goethe had never taught the Germans, Byron did manage to teach the English--the duty of not taking him seriously. The strong and shrewd Victorian humour appears in every slash of the pencil of Charles Keene; in every undergraduate inspiration of Calverley or "Q." or J. K. S. They had largely forgotten both art and arms: but the gods had left them laughter. But the final proof that the Victorians were alive by this laughter, can be found in the fact they could manage and master for a moment even the cosmopolitan modern theatre. They could contrive to put "The Bab Ballads" on the stage. To turn a private name into a public epithet is a thing given to few: but the word "Gilbertian" will probably last longer than the name Gilbert. It meant a real Victorian talent; that of exploding unexpectedly and almost, as it seemed, unintentionally. Gilbert made good jokes by the thousand; but he never (in his best days) made the joke that could possibly have been expected of him. This is the last essential of the Victorian. Laugh at him as a limited man, a moralist, conventionalist, an opportunist, a formalist. But remember also that he was really a humorist; and may still be laughing at you.

CHAPTER III

THE GREAT VICTORIAN POETS

What was really unsatisfactory in Victorian literature is something much easier to feel than to state. It was not so much a superiority in the men of other ages to the Victorian men. It was a superiority of Victorian men to themselves. The individual was unequal. Perhaps that is why the society became unequal: I cannot say. They were lame giants; the strongest of them walked on one leg a little shorter than the other. A great man in any age must be a common man, and also an uncommon man. Those that are only uncommon men are perverts and sowers of pestilence. But somehow the great Victorian man was more and less than this. He was at once a giant and a dwarf. When he has been sweeping the sky in circles infinitely great, he suddenly shrivels into something indescribably small. There is a moment when Carlyle turns suddenly from a high creative mystic to a common Calvinist. There are moments when George Eliot turns from a prophetess into a governess. There are also moments when Ruskin turns into a governess, without even the excuse of sex. But in all these cases the alteration comes as a thing quite abrupt and unreasonable. We do not feel this acute angle anywhere in Homer or in Virgil or in Chaucer or in Shakespeare or in Dryden; such things as they knew they knew. It is no disgrace to Homer that he had not discovered Britain; or to Virgil that he had not discovered America; or to Chaucer that he had not discovered the solar system; or to Dryden that he had not discovered the steam-engine. But we do most frequently feel, with the Victorians, that the very vastness of the number of things they know illustrates the abrupt abyss of the things they do not know. We feel, in a sort of way, that it is a disgrace to a man like Carlyle when he asks the Irish why they do not bestir themselves and re-forest their country: saying not a word about the soaking up of every sort of profit by the landlords which made that and every other Irish improvement impossible. We feel that it is a disgrace to a man like Ruskin when he says, with a solemn visage, that building in iron is ugly and unreal, but that the weightiest objection is that there is no mention of it in the Bible; we feel as if he had just said he could find no hair-brushes in Habakkuk. We feel that it is a disgrace to a man like Thackeray when he proposes that people should be forcibly prevented from being nuns, merely because he has no fixed intention of becoming a nun himself. We feel that it is a disgrace to a man like Tennyson, when he talks of the French revolutions, the huge crusades that had recreated the whole of his civilisation, as being "no graver than a schoolboy's barring out." We feel that it is a disgrace to a man like Browning to make spluttering and spiteful puns about the names Newman, Wiseman, and Manning. We feel that it is a disgrace to a man like Newman when he confesses that for some time he felt as if he couldn't come in to the Catholic Church, because of that dreadful Mr. Daniel O'Connell, who had the vulgarity to fight for his own country. We feel that it is a disgrace to a man like Dickens, when he makes a blind brute and savage out of a man like St. Dunstan; it sounds as if it were not Dickens talking but Dombey. We feel it is a disgrace to a man like Swinburne, when he has a Jingo fit and calls the Boer children in the concentration camps "Whelps of treacherous dams whom none save we have spared to starve and slay": we feel that Swinburne, for the first time, really has become an immoral and indecent writer. All this is a certain odd provincialism peculiar to the English in that great century: they were in a kind of pocket; they appealed to too narrow a public opinion; I am certain that no French or German men of the same genius made such remarks. Renan was the enemy of the Catholic Church; but who can imagine Renan writing of it as Kingsley or Dickens did? Taine was the enemy of the French Revolution; but who can imagine Taine talking about it as Tennyson or Newman talked? Even Matthew Arnold, though he saw this peril and prided himself on escaping it, did not altogether escape it. There must be (to use an Irishism) something shallow in the depths of any man who talks about the Zeitgeist as if it were a living thing. But this defect is very specially the key to the case of the two great Victorian poets, Tennyson and Browning; the two spirited or beautiful tunes, so to speak, to which the other events marched or danced. It was especially so of Tennyson, for a reason which raises some of the most real problems about his poetry. Tennyson, of course, owed a great deal to Virgil. There is no question of plagiarism here; a debt to Virgil is like a debt to Nature. But Tennyson was a provincial Virgil. In such passages as that about the schoolboy's barring out he might be called a suburban Virgil. I mean that he tried to have the universal balance of all the ideas at which the great Roman had aimed: but he hadn't got hold of all the ideas to balance. Hence his work was not a balance of truths, like the universe. It was a balance of whims; like the British Constitution. It is intensely typical of Tennyson's philosophical temper that he was almost the only Poet Laureate who was not ludicrous. It is not absurd to think of Tennyson as tuning his harp in praise of Queen Victoria: that is, it is not absurd in the same sense as Chaucer's harp hallowed by dedication to Richard II or Wordsworth's harp hallowed by dedication to George IV is absurd. Richard's court could not properly appreciate either Chaucer's daisies or his "devotion." George IV would not have gone pottering about Helvellyn in search of purity and the simple annals of the poor. But Tennyson did sincerely believe in the Victorian compromise; and sincerity is never undignified. He really did hold a great many of the same views as Queen Victoria, though he was gifted with a more fortunate literary style. If Dickens is Cobbett's democracy stirring in its grave, Tennyson is the exquisitely ornamental extinguisher on the flame of the first revolutionary poets. England has settled down; England has become Victorian. The compromise was interesting, it was national and for a long time it was successful: there is still a great deal to be said for it. But it was as freakish and unphilosophic, as arbitrary and untranslatable, as a

beggar's patched coat or a child's secret language. Now it is here that Browning had a certain odd advantage over Tennyson; which has, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated his intellectual superiority to him. Browning's eccentric style was more suitable to the poetry of a nation of eccentrics; of people for the time being removed far from the centre of intellectual interests. The hearty and pleasant task of expressing one's intense dislike of something one doesn't understand is much more poetically achieved by saying, in a general way "Grrr--you swine!" than it is by laboured lines such as "the red fool-fury of the Seine." We all feel that there is more of the man in Browning here; more of Dr. Johnson or Cobbett. Browning is the Englishman taking himself wilfully, following his nose like a bull-dog, going by his own likes and dislikes. We cannot help feeling that Tennyson is the Englishman taking himself seriously--an awful sight. One's memory flutters unhappily over a certain letter about the Papal Guards written by Sir Willoughby Patterne. It is here chiefly that Tennyson suffers by that very Virgilian loveliness and dignity of diction which he put to the service of such a small and anomalous national scheme. Virgil had the best news to tell as well as the best words to tell it in. His world might be sad; but it was the largest world one could live in before the coming of Christianity. If he told the Romans to spare the vanquished and to war down the mighty, at least he was more or less well informed about who were mighty and who were vanquished. But when Tennyson wrote verses like-- "Of freedom in her regal seat, Of England; not the schoolboy heat, The blind hysterics of the Celt" he quite literally did not know one word of what he was talking about; he did not know what Celts are, or what hysterics are, or what freedom was, or what regal was or even of what England was--in the living Europe of that time. His religious range was very much wider and wiser than his political; but here also he suffered from treating as true universality a thing that was only a sort of lukewarm local patriotism. Here also he suffered by the very splendour and perfection of his poetical powers. He was quite the opposite of the man who cannot express himself; the inarticulate singer who dies with all his music in him. He had a great deal to say; but he had much more power of expression than was wanted for anything he had to express. He could not think up to the height of his own towering style. For whatever else Tennyson was, he was a great poet; no mind that feels itself free, that is, above the ebb and flow of fashion, can feel anything but contempt for the later effort to discredit him in that respect. It is true that, like Browning and almost every other Victorian poet, he was really two poets. But it is just to him to insist that in his case (unlike Browning's) both the poets were good. The first is more or less like Stevenson in metre; it is a magical luck or skill in the mere choice of words. "Wet sands marbled with moon and cloud"--"Flits by the sea-blue bird of March"--"Leafless ribs and iron horns"--"When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow"--in all these cases one word is the keystone of an arch which would fall into ruin without it. But there are other strong phrases that recall not Stevenson but rather their common master, Virgil--"Tears from the depths of some divine despair"--"There is fallen a splendid tear from the passion-flower at the gate"--"Was a great water; and the moon was full"--"God made Himself an awful rose of dawn." These do not depend on a word but on an idea: they might even be translated. It is also true, I think, that he was first and last a lyric poet. He was always best when he expressed himself shortly. In long poems he had an unfortunate habit of eventually saying very nearly the opposite of what he meant to say. I will take only two instances of what I mean. In the Idylls of the King, and in In Memoriam (his two sustained and ambitious efforts), particular phrases are always flashing out the whole fire of the truth; the truth that Tennyson meant. But owing to his English indolence, his English aristocratic irresponsibility, his English vagueness in thought, he always managed to make the main poem mean exactly what he did not mean. Thus, these two lines which simply say that "Lancelot was the first in tournament, But Arthur mightiest in the battle-field" do really express what he meant to express about Arthur being after all "the highest, yet most human too; not Lancelot, nor another." But as his hero is actually developed, we have exactly the opposite impression; that poor old Lancelot, with all his faults, was much more of a man than Arthur. He was a Victorian in the bad as well as the good sense; he could not keep priggishness out of long poems. Or again, take the case of In Memoriam. I will quote one verse (probably incorrectly) which has always seemed to me splendid, and which does express what the whole poem should express--but hardly does. "That we may lift from out the dust, A voice as unto him that hears A cry above the conquered years Of one that ever works, and trust." The poem should have been a cry above the conquered years. It might well have been that if the poet could have said sharply at the end of it, as a pure piece of dogma, "I've forgotten every feature of the man's face: I know God holds him alive." But under the influence of the mere leisurely length of the thing, the reader does rather receive the impression that the wound has been healed only by time; and that the victor hours can boast that this is the man that loved and lost, but all he was is overworn. This is not the truth; and Tennyson did not intend it for the truth. It is simply the result of the lack of something militant, dogmatic and structural in him: whereby he could not be trusted with the trail of a very long literary process without entangling himself like a kitten playing cat's-cradle. Browning, as above suggested, got on much better with eccentric and secluded England because he treated it as eccentric and secluded; a place where one could do what one liked. To a considerable extent he did do what he liked; arousing not a few complaints; and many doubts and conjectures as to why on earth he liked it. Many comparatively sympathetic persons pondered upon what pleasure it

could give any man to write Sordello or rhyme "end-knot" to "offend not." Nevertheless he was no anarchist and no mystagogue; and even where he was defective, his defect has commonly been stated wrongly. The two chief charges against him were a contempt for form unworthy of an artist, and a poor pride in obscurity. The obscurity is true, though not, I think, the pride in it; but the truth about this charge rather rises out of the truth about the other. The other charge is not true. Browning cared very much for form; he cared very much for style. You may not happen to like his style; but he did. To say that he had not enough mastery over form to express himself perfectly like Tennyson or Swinburne is like criticising the griffin of a mediæval gargoyle without even knowing that it is a griffin; treating it as an infantile and unsuccessful attempt at a classical angel. A poet indifferent to form ought to mean a poet who did not care what form he used as long as he expressed his thoughts. He might be a rather entertaining sort of poet; telling a smoking-room story in blank verse or writing a hunting-song in the Spenserian stanza; giving a realistic analysis of infanticide in a series of triolets; or proving the truth of Immortality in a long string of limericks. Browning certainly had no such indifference. Almost every poem of Browning, especially the shortest and most successful ones, was moulded or graven in some special style, generally grotesque, but invariably deliberate. In most cases whenever he wrote a new song he wrote a new kind of song. The new lyric is not only of a different metre, but of a different shape. No one, not even Browning, ever wrote a poem in the same style as that horrible one beginning "John, Master of the Temple of God," with its weird choruses and creepy prose directions. No one, not even Browning, ever wrote a poem in the same style as Pisgah-sights. No one, not even Browning, ever wrote a poem in the same style as Time's Revenges. No one, not even Browning, ever wrote a poem in the same style as Meeting at Night and Parting at Morning. No one, not even Browning, ever wrote a poem in the same style as The Flight of the Duchess, or in the same style as The Grammarian's Funeral, or in the same style as A Star, or in the same style as that astounding lyric which begins abruptly "Some people hang pictures up." These metres and manners were not accidental; they really do suit the sort of spiritual experiment Browning was making in each case. Browning, then, was not chaotic; he was deliberately grotesque. But there certainly was, over and above this grotesqueness, a perversity and irrationality about the man which led him to play the fool in the middle of his own poems; to leave off carving gargoyles and simply begin throwing stones. His curious complicated puns are an example of this: Hood had used the pun to make a sentence or a sentiment especially pointed and clear. In Browning the word with two meanings seems to mean rather less, if anything, than the word with one. It also applies to his trick of setting himself to cope with impossible rhymes. It may be fun, though it is not poetry, to try rhyming to ranunculus; but even the fun presupposes that you do rhyme to it; and I will affirm, and hold under persecution, that "Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle-us" does not rhyme to it. The obscurity, to which he must in a large degree plead guilty, was, curiously enough, the result rather of the gay artist in him than the deep thinker. It is patience in the Browning students; in Browning it was only impatience. He wanted to say something comic and energetic and he wanted to say it quick. And, between his artistic skill in the fantastic and his temperamental turn for the abrupt, the idea sometimes flashed past unseen. But it is quite an error to suppose that these are the dark mines containing his treasure. The two or three great and true things he really had to say he generally managed to say quite simply. Thus he really did want to say that God had indeed made man and woman one flesh; that the sex relation was religious in this real sense that even in our sin and despair we take it for granted and expect a sort of virtue in it. The feelings of the bad husband about the good wife, for instance, are about as subtle and entangled as any matter on this earth; and Browning really had something to say about them. But he said it in some of the plainest and most unmistakable words in all literature; as lucid as a flash of lightning. "Pompilia, will you let them murder me?" Or again, he did really want to say that death and such moral terrors were best taken in a military spirit; he could not have said it more simply than: "I was ever a fighter; one fight more, the best and the last." He did really wish to say that human life was unworkable unless immortality were implied in it every other moment; he could not have said it more simply: "leave now to dogs and apes; Man has for ever." The obscurities were not merely superficial, but often covered quite superficial ideas. He was as likely as not to be most unintelligible of all in writing a compliment in a lady's album. I remember in my boyhood (when Browning kept us awake like coffee) a friend reading out the poem about the portrait to which I have already referred, reading it in that rapid dramatic way in which this poet must be read. And I was profoundly puzzled at the passage where it seemed to say that the cousin disparaged the picture, "while John scorns ale." I could not think what this sudden teetotalism on the part of John had to do with the affair, but I forgot to ask at the time and it was only years afterwards that, looking at the book, I found it was "John's corns ail," a very Browningsque way of saying he winced. Most of Browning's obscurity is of that sort--the mistakes are almost as quaint as misprints--and the Browning student, in that sense, is more a proof reader than a disciple. For the rest his real religion was of the most manly, even the most boyish sort. He is called an optimist; but the word suggests a calculated contentment which was not in the least one of his vices. What he really was was a romantic. He offered the cosmos as an adventure rather than a scheme. He did not explain evil, far less explain it away; he enjoyed defying it. He was a troubadour even in theology and metaphysics: like the Jongleurs de Dieu of St.

Francis. He may be said to have serenaded heaven with a guitar, and even, so to speak, tried to climb there with a rope ladder. Thus his most vivid things are the red-hot little love lyrics, or rather, little love dramas. He did one really original and admirable thing: he managed the real details of modern love affairs in verse, and love is the most realistic thing in the world. He substituted the street with the green blind for the faded garden of Watteau, and the "blue spirt of a lighted match" for the monotony of the evening star. Before leaving him it should be added that he was fitted to deepen the Victorian mind, but not to broaden it. With all his Italian sympathies and Italian residence, he was not the man to get Victorian England out of its provincial rut: on many things Kingsley himself was not so narrow. His celebrated wife was wider and wiser than he in this sense; for she was, however one-sidedly, involved in the emotions of central European politics. She defended Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel; and intelligently, as one conscious of the case against them both. As to why it now seems simple to defend the first Italian King, but absurd to defend the last French Emperor--well, the reason is sad and simple. It is concerned with certain curious things called success and failure, and I ought to have considered it under the heading of The Book of Snobs. But Elizabeth Barrett, at least, was no snob: her political poems have rather an impatient air, as if they were written, and even published, rather prematurely--just before the fall of her idol. These old political poems of hers are too little read to-day; they are amongst the most sincere documents on the history of the times, and many modern blunders could be corrected by the reading of them. And Elizabeth Barrett had a strength really rare among women poets; the strength of the phrase. She excelled in her sex, in epigram, almost as much as Voltaire in his. Pointed phrases like: "Martyrs by the pang without the palm"--or "Incense to sweeten a crime and myrrh to embitter a curse," these expressions, which are witty after the old fashion of the conceit, came quite freshly and spontaneously to her quite modern mind. But the first fact is this, that these epigrams of hers were never so true as when they turned on one of the two or three pivots on which contemporary Europe was really turning. She is by far the most European of all the English poets of that age; all of them, even her own much greater husband, look local beside her. Tennyson and the rest are nowhere. Take any positive political fact, such as the final fall of Napoleon. Tennyson wrote these profoundly foolish lines-- "He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak Madman!" as if the defeat of an English regiment were a violation of the laws of Nature. Mrs. Browning knew no more facts about Napoleon, perhaps, than Tennyson did; but she knew the truth. Her epigram on Napoleon's fall is in one line "And kings crept out again to feel the sun." Talleyrand would have clapped his horrible old hands at that. Her instinct about the statesman and the soldier was very like Jane Austen's instinct for the gentleman and the man. It is not unnoticeable that as Miss Austen spent most of her life in a village, Miss Barrett spent most of her life on a sofa. The godlike power of guessing seems (for some reason I do not understand) to grow under such conditions. Unfortunately Mrs. Browning was like all the other Victorians in going a little lame, as I have roughly called it, having one leg shorter than the other. But her case was, in one sense, extreme. She exaggerated both ways. She was too strong and too weak, or (as a false sex philosophy would express it) too masculine and too feminine. I mean that she hit the centre of weakness with almost the same emphatic precision with which she hit the centre of strength. She could write finally of the factory wheels "grinding life down from its mark," a strong and strictly true observation. Unfortunately she could also write of Euripides "with his droppings of warm tears." She could write in A Drama of Exile, a really fine exposition, touching the later relation of Adam and the animals: unfortunately the tears were again turned on at the wrong moment at the main; and the stage direction commands a silence, only broken by the dropping of angel's tears. How much noise is made by angel's tears? Is it a sound of emptied buckets, or of garden hose, or of mountain cataracts? That is the sort of question which Elizabeth Barrett's extreme love of the extreme was always tempting people to ask. Yet the question, as asked, does her a heavy historical injustice; we remember all the lines in her work which were weak enough to be called "womanly," we forget the multitude of strong lines that are strong enough to be called "manly"; lines that Kingsley or Henley would have jumped for joy to print in proof of their manliness. She had one of the peculiar talents of true rhetoric, that of a powerful concentration. As to the critic who thinks her poetry owed anything to the great poet who was her husband, he can go and live in the same hotel with the man who can believe that George Eliot owed anything to the extravagant imagination of Mr. George Henry Lewes. So far from Browning inspiring or interfering, he did not in one sense interfere enough. Her real inferiority to him in literature is that he was consciously while she was unconsciously absurd. It is natural, in the matter of Victorian moral change, to take Swinburne as the next name here. He is the only poet who was also, in the European sense, on the spot; even if, in the sense of the Gilbertian song, the spot was barred. He also knew that something rather crucial was happening to Christendom; he thought it was getting unchristened. It is even a little amusing, indeed, that these two Pro-Italian poets almost conducted a political correspondence in rhyme. Mrs. Browning sternly reproached those who had ever doubted the good faith of the King of Sardinia, whom she acclaimed as being truly a king. Swinburne, lyrically alluding to her as "Sea-eagle of English feather," broadly hinted that the chief blunder of that wild fowl had been her support of an autocratic adventurer: "calling a crowned man royal, that was no more than a king." But it is not fair, even in this important connection, to judge Swinburne by Songs Before Sunrise. They

were songs before a sunrise that has never turned up. Their dogmatic assertions have for a long time past stared starkly at us as nonsense. As, for instance, the phrase "Glory to Man in the Highest, for man is the master of things"; after which there is evidently nothing to be said, except that it is not true. But even where Swinburne had his greater grip, as in that grave and partly just poem *Before a Crucifix*, Swinburne, the most Latin, the most learned, the most largely travelled of the Victorians, still knows far less of the facts than even Mrs. Browning. The whole of the poem, *Before a Crucifix*, breaks down by one mere mistake. It imagines that the French or Italian peasants who fell on their knees before the Crucifix did so because they were slaves. They fell on their knees because they were free men, probably owning their own farms. Swinburne could have found round about Putney plenty of slaves who had no crucifixes: but only crucifixions. When we come to ethics and philosophy, doubtless we find Swinburne in full revolt, not only against the temperate idealism of Tennyson, but against the genuine piety and moral enthusiasm of people like Mrs. Browning. But here again Swinburne is very English, nay, he is very Victorian, for his revolt is illogical. For the purposes of intelligent insurrection against priests and kings, Swinburne ought to have described the natural life of man, free and beautiful, and proved from this both the noxiousness and the needlessness of such chains. Unfortunately Swinburne rebelled against Nature first and then tried to rebel against religion for doing exactly the same thing that he had done. His songs of joy are not really immoral; but his songs of sorrow are. But when he merely hurls at the priest the assertion that flesh is grass and life is sorrow, he really lays himself open to the restrained answer, "So I have ventured, on various occasions, to remark." When he went forth, as it were, as the champion of pagan change and pleasure, he heard uplifted the grand choruses of his own *Atalanta*, in his rear, refusing hope. The splendid diction that blazes through the whole of that drama, that still dances exquisitely in the more lyrical *Poems and Ballads*, makes some marvellous appearances in *Songs Before Sunrise*, and then mainly falters and fades away, is, of course, the chief thing about Swinburne. The style is the man; and some will add that it does not, thus unsupported, amount to much of a man. But the style itself suffers some injustice from those who would speak thus. The views expressed are often quite foolish and often quite insincere; but the style itself is a manlier and more natural thing than is commonly made out. It is not in the least languorous or luxurious or merely musical and sensuous, as one would gather from both the eulogies and the satires, from the conscious and the unconscious imitations. On the contrary, it is a sort of fighting and profane parody of the Old Testament; and its lines are made of short English words like the short Roman swords. The first line of one of his finest poems, for instance, runs, "I have lived long enough to have seen one thing, that love hath an end." In that sentence only one small "e" gets outside the monosyllable. Through all his interminable tragedies, he was fondest of lines like-- "If ever I leave off to honour you God give me shame; I were the worst churl born." The dramas were far from being short and dramatic; but the words really were. Nor was his verse merely smooth; except his very bad verse, like "the lilies and languors of virtue, to the raptures and roses of vice," which both, in cheapness of form and foolishness of sentiment, may be called the worst couplet in the world's literature. In his real poetry (even in the same poem) his rhythm and rhyme are as original and ambitious as Browning; and the only difference between him and Browning is, not that he is smooth and without ridges, but that he always crests the ridge triumphantly and Browning often does not-- "On thy bosom though many a kiss be, There are none such as knew it of old. Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe, Male ringlets or feminine gold, That thy lips met with under the statue Whence a look shot out sharp after thieves From the eyes of the garden-god at you Across the fig-leaves." Look at the rhymes in that verse, and you will see they are as stiff a task as Browning's: only they are successful. That is the real strength of Swinburne--a style. It was a style that nobody could really imitate; and least of all Swinburne himself, though he made the attempt all through his later years. He was, if ever there was one, an inspired poet. I do not think it the highest sort of poet. And you never discover who is an inspired poet until the inspiration goes. With Swinburne we step into the circle of that later Victorian influence which was very vaguely called *Æsthetic*. Like all human things, but especially Victorian things, it was not only complex but confused. Things in it that were at one on the emotional side were flatly at war on the intellectual. In the section of the painters, it was the allies or pupils of Ruskin, pious, almost painfully exact, and copying mediæval details rather for their truth than their beauty. In the section of the poets it was pretty loose, Swinburne being the leader of the revels. But there was one great man who was in both sections, a painter and a poet, who may be said to bestride the chasm like a giant. It is in an odd and literal sense true that the name of Rossetti is important here, for the name implies the nationality. I have loosely called Carlyle and the Brontës the romance from the North; the nearest to a general definition of the *Æsthetic* movement is to call it the romance from the South. It is that warm wind that had never blown so strong since Chaucer, standing in his cold English April, had smelt the spring in Provence. The Englishman has always found it easier to get inspiration from the Italians than from the French; they call to each other across that unconquered castle of reason. Browning's *Englishman in Italy*, Browning's *Italian in England*, were both happier than either would have been in France. Rossetti was the Italian in England, as Browning was the Englishman in Italy; and the first broad fact about the artistic revolution Rossetti wrought is written when we have written his name. But if the South lets in warmth or

heat, it also lets in hardness. The more the orange tree is luxuriant in growth, the less it is loose in outline. And it is exactly where the sea is slightly warmer than marble that it looks slightly harder. This, I think, is the one universal power behind the Æsthetic and Pre-Raphaelite movements, which all agreed in two things at least: strictness in the line and strength, nay violence, in the colour. Rossetti was a remarkable man in more ways than one; he did not succeed in any art; if he had he would probably never have been heard of. It was his happy knack of half failing in both the arts that has made him a success. If he had been as good a poet as Tennyson, he would have been a poet who painted pictures. If he had been as good a painter as Burne-Jones, he would have been a painter who wrote poems. It is odd to note on the very threshold of the extreme art movement that this great artist largely succeeded by not defining his art. His poems were too pictorial. His pictures were too poetical. That is why they really conquered the cold satisfaction of the Victorians, because they did mean something, even if it was a small artistic thing. Rossetti was one with Ruskin, on the one hand, and Swinburne on the other, in reviving the decorative instinct of the Middle Ages. While Ruskin, in letters only, praised that decoration Rossetti and his friends repeated it. They almost made patterns of their poems. That frequent return of the refrain which was foolishly discussed by Professor Nordau was, in Rossetti's case, of such sadness as sometimes to amount to sameness. The criticism on him, from a mediæval point of view, is not that he insisted on a chorus, but that he could not insist on a jolly chorus. Many of his poems were truly mediæval, but they would have been even more mediæval if he could ever have written such a refrain as "Tally Ho!" or even "Tooral-ooral" instead of "Tall Troy's on fire." With Rossetti goes, of course, his sister, a real poet, though she also illustrated that Pre-Raphaelite's conflict of views that covered their coincidence of taste. Both used the angular outlines, the burning transparencies, the fixed but still unfathomable symbols of the great mediæval civilisation; but Rossetti used the religious imagery (on the whole) irreligiously, Christina Rossetti used it religiously but (on the whole) so to make it seem a narrower religion. One poet, or, to speak more strictly, one poem, belongs to the same general atmosphere and impulse as Swinburne; the free but languid atmosphere of later Victorian art. But this time the wind blew from hotter and heavier gardens than the gardens of Italy. Edward Fitzgerald, a cultured eccentric, a friend of Tennyson, produced what professed to be a translation of the Persian poet Omar, who wrote quatrains about wine and roses and things in general. Whether the Persian original, in its own Persian way, was greater or less than this version I must not discuss here, and could not discuss anywhere. But it is quite clear that Fitzgerald's work is much too good to be a good translation. It is as personal and creative a thing as ever was written; and the best expression of a bad mood, a mood that may, for all I know, be permanent in Persia, but was certainly at this time particularly fashionable in England. In the technical sense of literature it is one of the most remarkable achievements of that age; as poetical as Swinburne and far more perfect. In this verbal sense its most arresting quality is a combination of something haunting and harmonious that flows by like a river or a song, with something else that is compact and pregnant like a pithy saying picked out in rock by the chisel of some pagan philosopher. It is at once a tune that escapes and an inscription that remains. Thus, alone among the reckless and romantic verses that first rose in Coleridge or Keats, it preserves something also of the wit and civilisation of the eighteenth century. Lines like "a Muezzin from the tower of darkness cries," or "Their mouths are stopped with dust" are successful in the same sense as "Pinnacled dim in the intense inane" or "Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways." But-- "Indeed, indeed, repentance oft before I swore; but was I sober when I swore?" is equally successful in the same sense as-- "Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer And without sneering teach the rest to sneer." It thus earned a right to be considered the complete expression of that scepticism and sensual sadness into which later Victorian literature was more and more falling away: a sort of bible of unbelief. For a cold fit had followed the hot fit of Swinburne, which was of a feverish sort: he had set out to break down without having, or even thinking he had, the rudiments of rebuilding in him; and he effected nothing national even in the way of destruction. The Tennysonians still walked past him as primly as a young ladies' school--the Browningites still inked their eyebrows and minds in looking for the lost syntax of Browning; while Browning himself was away looking for God, rather in the spirit of a truant boy from their school looking for birds' nests. The nineteenth-century sceptics did not really shake the respectable world and alter it, as the eighteenth-century sceptics had done; but that was because the eighteenth-century sceptics were something more than sceptics, and believed in Greek tragedies, in Roman laws, in the Republic. The Swinburnian sceptics had nothing to fight for but a frame of mind; and when ordinary English people listened to it, they came to the conclusion that it was a frame of mind they would rather hear about than experience. But these later poets did, so to speak, spread their soul in all the empty spaces; weaker brethren, disappointed artists, unattached individuals, very young people, were sapped or swept away by these songs; which, so far as any particular sense in them goes, were almost songs without words. It is because there is something which is after all indescribably manly, intellectual, firm about Fitzgerald's way of phrasing the pessimism that he towers above the slope that was tumbling down to the decadents. But it is still pessimism, a thing unfit for a white man; a thing like opium, that may often be a poison and sometimes a medicine, but never a food for us, who are driven by an inner command not only to think but to live, not only to live but to grow, and not only to grow but to build. And,

indeed, we see the insufficiency of such sad extremes even in the next name among the major poets; we see the Swinburnian parody of mediævalism, the inverted Catholicism of the decadents, struggling to get back somehow on its feet. The æsthetic school had, not quite unjustly, the name of mere dilettanti. But it is fair to say that in the next of them, a workman and a tradesman, we already feel something of that return to real issues leading up to the real revolts that broke up Victorianism at last. In the mere art of words, indeed, William Morris carried much further than Swinburne or Rossetti the mere imitation of stiff mediæval ornament. The other mediævalists had their modern moments; which were (if they had only known it) much more mediæval than their mediæval moments. Swinburne could write-- "We shall see Buonaparte the bastard Kick heels with his throat in a rope." One has an uneasy feeling that William Morris would have written something like-- "And the kin of the ill king Bonaparte Hath a high gallows for all his part." Rossetti could, for once in a way, write poetry about a real woman and call her "Jenny." One has a disturbed suspicion that Morris would have called her "Jehanne." But all that seems at first more archaic and decorative about Morris really arose from the fact that he was more virile and real than either Swinburne or Rossetti. It arose from the fact that he really was, what he so often called himself, a craftsman. He had enough masculine strength to be tidy: that is, after the masculine manner, tidy about his own trade. If his poems were too like wallpapers, it was because he really could make wallpapers. He knew that lines of poetry ought to be in a row, as palings ought to be in a row; and he knew that neither palings nor poetry looks any the worse for being simple or even severe. In a sense Morris was all the more creative because he felt the hard limits of creation as he would have felt them if he were not working in words but in wood; and if he was unduly dominated by the mere conventions of the mediævals, it was largely because they were (whatever else they were) the very finest fraternity of free workmen the world is ever likely to see. The very things that were urged against Morris are in this sense part of his ethical importance; part of the more promising and wholesome turn he was half unconsciously giving to the movement of modern art. His hazier fellow-Socialists blamed him because he made money; but this was at least in some degree because he made other things to make money: it was part of the real and refreshing fact that at last an æsthete had appeared who could make something. If he was a capitalist, at least he was what later capitalists cannot or will not be--something higher than a capitalist, a tradesman. As compared with aristocrats like Swinburne or aliens like Rossetti, he was vitally English and vitally Victorian. He inherits some of that paradoxical glory which Napoleon gave reluctantly to a nation of shopkeepers. He was the last of that nation; he did not go out golfing: like that founder of the artistic shopman, Samuel Richardson, "he kept his shop, and his shop kept him." The importance of his Socialism can easily be exaggerated. Among other lesser points, he was not a Socialist; he was a sort of Dickensian anarchist. His instinct for titles was always exquisite. It is part of his instinct of decoration: for on a page the title always looks important and the printed mass of matter a mere dado under it. And no one had ever nobler titles than *The Roots of the Mountains* or *The Wood at the End of the World*. The reader feels he hardly need read the fairy-tale because the title is so suggestive. But, when all is said, he never chose a better title than that of his social Utopia, *News from Nowhere*. He wrote it while the last Victorians were already embarked on their bold task of fixing the future--of narrating to-day what has happened to-morrow. They named their books by cold titles suggesting straight corridors of marble--titles like *Looking Backward*. But Morris was an artist as well as an anarchist. *News from Nowhere* is an irresponsible title; and it is an irresponsible book. It does not describe the problem solved; it does not describe wealth either wielded by the State or divided equally among the citizens. It simply describes an undiscovered country where every one feels good-natured all day. That he could even dream so is his true dignity as a poet. He was the first of the Æsthètes to smell mediævalism as a smell of the morning; and not as a mere scent of decay. With him the poetry that had been peculiarly Victorian practically ends; and, on the whole, it is a happy ending. There are many other minor names of major importance; but for one reason or other they do not derive from the schools that had dominated this epoch as such. Thus Thompson, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, was a fine poet; but his pessimism combined with a close pugnacity does not follow any of the large but loose lines of the Swinburnian age. But he was a great person--he knew how to be democratic in the dark. Thus Coventry Patmore was a much greater person. He was bursting with ideas, like Browning--and truer ideas as a rule. He was as eccentric and florid and Elizabethan as Browning; and often in moods and metres that even Browning was never wild enough to think of. No one will ever forget the first time he read Patmore's hint that the cosmos is a thing that God made huge only "to make dirt cheap"; just as nobody will ever forget the sudden shout he uttered when he first heard Mrs. Toderger asked for the rough outline of a wooden leg. These things are not jokes, but discoveries. But the very fact that Patmore was, as it were, the Catholic Browning, keeps him out of the Victorian atmosphere as such. The Victorian English simply thought him an indecent sentimentalist, as they did all the hot and humble religious diarists of Italy or Spain. Something of the same fate followed the most powerful of that last Victorian group who were called "Minor Poets." They numbered many other fine artists: notably Mr. William Watson, who is truly Victorian in that he made a manly attempt to tread down the decadents and return to the right reason of Wordsworth-- "I have not paid the world The evil and the insolent courtesy Of offering it my

baseness as a gift." But none of them were able even to understand Francis Thompson; his sky-scraping humility, his mountains of mystical detail, his occasional and unashamed weakness, his sudden and sacred blasphemies. Perhaps the shortest definition of the Victorian Age is that he stood outside it.

CHAPTER IV THE BREAK-UP OF THE COMPROMISE

If it be curiously and carefully considered it will, I think, appear more and more true that the struggle between the old spiritual theory and the new material theory in England ended simply in a deadlock; and a deadlock that has endured. It is still impossible to say absolutely that England is a Christian country or a heathen country; almost exactly as it was impossible when Herbert Spencer began to write. Separate elements of both sorts are alive, and even increasingly alive. But neither the believer nor the unbeliever has the impudence to call himself the Englishman. Certainly the great Victorian rationalism has succeeded in doing a damage to religion. It has done what is perhaps the worst of all damages to religion. It has driven it entirely into the power of the religious people. Men like Newman, men like Coventry Patmore, men who would have been mystics in any case, were driven back upon being much more extravagantly religious than they would have been in a religious country. Men like Huxley, men like Kingsley, men like most Victorian men, were equally driven back on being irreligious; that is, on doubting things which men's normal imagination does not necessarily doubt. But certainly the most final and forcible fact is that this war ended like the battle of Sheriffmuir, as the poet says; they both did fight, and both did beat, and both did run away. They have left to their descendants a treaty that has become a dull torture. Men may believe in immortality, and none of the men know why. Men may not believe in miracles, and none of the men know why. The Christian Church had been just strong enough to check the conquest of her chief citadels. The rationalist movement had been just strong enough to conquer some of her outposts, as it seemed, for ever. Neither was strong enough to expel the other; and Victorian England was in a state which some call liberty and some call lockjaw. But the situation can be stated another way. There came a time, roughly somewhere about 1880, when the two great positive enthusiasms of Western Europe had for the time exhausted each other--Christianity and the French Revolution. About that time there used to be a sad and not unsympathetic jest going about to the effect that Queen Victoria might very well live longer than the Prince of Wales. Somewhat in the same way, though the republican impulse was hardly a hundred years old and the religious impulse nearly two thousand, yet as far as England was concerned, the old wave and the new seemed to be spent at the same time. On the one hand Darwin, especially through the strong journalistic genius of Huxley, had won a very wide spread though an exceedingly vague victory. I do not mean that Darwin's own doctrine was vague; his was merely one particular hypothesis about how animal variety might have arisen; and that particular hypothesis, though it will always be interesting, is now very much the reverse of secure. But it is only in the strictly scientific world and among strictly scientific men that Darwin's detailed suggestion has largely broken down. The general public impression that he had entirely proved his case (whatever it was) was early arrived at, and still remains. It was and is hazily associated with the negation of religion. But (and this is the important point) it was also associated with the negation of democracy. The same Mid-Victorian muddle-headedness that made people think that "evolution" meant that we need not admit the supremacy of God, also made them think that "survival" meant that we must admit the supremacy of men. Huxley had no hand in spreading these fallacies; he was a fair fighter; and he told his own followers, who spoke thus, most emphatically not to play the fool. He said most strongly that his or any theory of evolution left the old philosophical arguments for a creator, right or wrong, exactly where they were before. He also said most emphatically that any one who used the argument of Nature against the ideal of justice or an equal law, was as senseless as a gardener who should fight on the side of the ill weeds merely because they grew apace. I wish, indeed, that in such a rude summary as this, I had space to do justice to Huxley as a literary man and a moralist. He had a live taste and talent for the English tongue, which he devoted to the task of keeping Victorian rationalism rational. He did not succeed. As so often happens when a rather unhealthy doubt is in the atmosphere, the strongest words of their great captain could not keep the growing crowds of agnostics back from the most hopeless and inhuman extremes of destructive thought. Nonsense not yet quite dead about the folly of allowing the unfit to survive began to be more and more wildly whispered. Such helpless specimens of "advanced thought" are, of course, quite as inconsistent with Darwinism as they are with democracy or with any other intelligent proposition ever offered. But these unintelligent propositions were offered; and the ultimate result was this rather important one: that the harshness of Utilitarianism began to turn into downright tyranny. That beautiful faith in human nature and in freedom which had made delicate the dry air of John Stuart Mill; that robust, romantic sense of justice which had redeemed even the injustices of Macaulay--all that seemed slowly and sadly to be drying up. Under the shock of Darwinism all that was good in the Victorian rationalism shook and dissolved like

dust. All that was bad in it abode and clung like clay. The magnificent emancipation evaporated; the mean calculation remained. One could still calculate in clear statistical tables, how many men lived, how many men died. One must not ask how they lived; for that is politics. One must not ask how they died; for that is religion. And religion and politics were ruled out of all the Later Victorian debating clubs; even including the debating club at Westminster. What third thing they were discussing, which was neither religion nor politics, I do not know. I have tried the experiment of reading solidly through a vast number of their records and reviews and discussions; and still I do not know. The only third thing I can think of to balance religion and politics is art; and no one well acquainted with the debates at St. Stephen's will imagine that the art of extreme eloquence was the cause of the confusion. None will maintain that our political masters are removed from us by an infinite artistic superiority in the choice of words. The politicians know nothing of politics, which is their own affair: they know nothing of religion, which is certainly not their affair: it may legitimately be said that they have to do with nothing; they have reached that low and last level where a man knows as little about his own claim, as he does about his enemies'. In any case there can be no doubt about the effect of this particular situation on the problem of ethics and science. The duty of dragging truth out by the tail or the hind leg or any other corner one can possibly get hold of, a perfectly sound duty in itself, had somehow come into collision with the older and larger duty of knowing something about the organism and ends of a creature; or, in the everyday phrase, being able to make head or tail of it. This paradox pursued and tormented the Victorians. They could not or would not see that humanity repels or welcomes the railway-train, simply according to what people come by it. They could not see that one welcomes or smashes the telephone, according to what words one hears in it. They really seem to have felt that the train could be a substitute for its own passengers; or the telephone a substitute for its own voice. In any case it is clear that a change had begun to pass over scientific inquiry, of which we have seen the culmination in our own day. There had begun that easy automatic habit, of science as an oiled and smooth-running machine, that habit of treating things as obviously unquestionable, when, indeed, they are obviously questionable. This began with vaccination in the Early Victorian Age; it extended to the early licence of vivisection in its later age; it has found a sort of fitting foolscap, or crown of crime and folly, in the thing called Eugenics. In all three cases the point was not so much that the pioneers had not proved their case; it was rather that, by an unexpressed rule of respectability, they were not required to prove it. This rather abrupt twist of the rationalistic mind in the direction of arbitrary power, certainly weakened the Liberal movement from within. And meanwhile it was being weakened by heavy blows from without. There is a week that is the turn of the year; there was a year that was the turn of the century. About 1870 the force of the French Revolution faltered and fell: the year that was everywhere the death of Liberal ideas: the year when Paris fell: the year when Dickens died. While the new foes of freedom, the sceptics and scientists, were damaging democracy in ideas, the old foes of freedom, the emperors and the kings, were damaging her more heavily in arms. For a moment it almost seemed that the old Tory ring of iron, the Holy Alliance, had recombined against France. But there was just this difference: that the Holy Alliance was now not arguably, but almost avowedly, an Unholy Alliance. It was an alliance between those who still thought they could deny the dignity of man and those who had recently begun to have a bright hope of denying even the dignity of God. Eighteenth-century Prussia was Protestant and probably religious. Nineteenth-century Prussia was almost utterly atheist. Thus the old spirit of liberty felt itself shut up at both ends, that which was called progressive and that which was called reactionary: barricaded by Bismarck with blood and iron and by Darwin by blood and bones. The enormous depression which infects many excellent people born about this time, probably has this cause. It was a great calamity that the freedom of Wilkes and the faith of Dr. Johnson fought each other. But it was an even worse calamity that they practically killed each other. They killed each other almost simultaneously, like Herminius and Mamilus. Liberalism (in Newman's sense) really did strike Christianity through headpiece and through head; that is, it did daze and stun the ignorant and ill-prepared intellect of the English Christian. And Christianity did smite Liberalism through breastplate and through breast; that is, it did succeed, through arms and all sorts of awful accidents, in piercing more or less to the heart of the Utilitarian--and finding that he had none. Victorian Protestantism had not head enough for the business; Victorian Radicalism had not heart enough for the business. Down fell they dead together, exactly as Macaulay's Lay says, and still stood all who saw them fall almost until the hour at which I write. This coincident collapse of both religious and political idealism produced a curious cold air of emptiness and real subconscious agnosticism such as is extremely unusual in the history of mankind. It is what Mr. Wells, with his usual verbal delicacy and accuracy, spoke of as that ironical silence that follows a great controversy. It is what people less intelligent than Mr. Wells meant by calling themselves *_fin de siècle_*; though, of course, rationally speaking, there is no more reason for being sad towards the end of a hundred years than towards the end of five hundred fortnights. There was no arithmetical autumn, but there was a spiritual one. And it came from the fact suggested in the paragraphs above; the sense that man's two great inspirations had failed him together. The Christian religion was much more dead in the eighteenth century than it was in the nineteenth century. But the republican enthusiasm was also much more alive. If their scepticism was cold, and their faith even colder, their

practical politics were wildly idealistic; and if they doubted the kingdom of heaven, they were gloriously credulous about the chances of it coming on earth. In the same way the old pagan republican feeling was much more dead in the feudal darkness of the eleventh or twelfth centuries, than it was even a century later; but if creative politics were at their lowest, creative theology was almost at its highest point of energy. The modern world, in fact, had fallen between two stools. It had fallen between that austere old three-legged stool which was the tripod of the cold priestess of Apollo; and that other mystical and mediæval stool that may well be called the Stool of Repentance. It kept neither of the two values as intensely valuable. It could not believe in the bonds that bound men; but, then, neither could it believe in the men they bound. It was always restrained in its hatred of slavery by a half remembrance of its yet greater hatred of liberty. They were almost alone, I think, in thus carrying to its extreme the negative attitude already noted in Miss Arabella Allen. Anselm would have despised a civic crown, but he would not have despised a relic. Voltaire would have despised a relic; but he would not have despised a vote. We hardly find them both despised till we come to the age of Oscar Wilde. These years that followed on that double disillusionment were like one long afternoon in a rich house on a rainy day. It was not merely that everybody believed that nothing would happen; it was also that everybody believed that anything happening was even duller than nothing happening. It was in this stale atmosphere that a few flickers of the old Swinburnian flame survived; and were called Art. The great men of the older artistic movement did not live in this time; rather they lived through it. But this time did produce an interregnum of art that had a truth of its own; though that truth was near to being only a consistent lie. The movement of those called *Æsthetes* (as satirised in *Patience*) and the movement of those afterwards called *Decadents* (satirised in Mr. Street's delightful *Autobiography of a Boy*) had the same captain; or at any rate the same bandmaster. Oscar Wilde walked in front of the first procession wearing a sunflower, and in front of the second procession wearing a green carnation. With the æsthetic movement and its more serious elements, I deal elsewhere; but the second appearance of Wilde is also connected with real intellectual influences, largely negative, indeed, but subtle and influential. The mark in most of the arts of this time was a certain quality which those who like it would call "uniqueness of aspect," and those who do not like it "not quite coming off." I mean the thing meant something from one standpoint; but its mark was that the *smallest* change of standpoint made it unmeaning and unthinkable--a foolish joke. A beggar painted by Rembrandt is as solid as a statue, however roughly he is sketched in; the soul can walk all round him like a public monument. We see he would have other aspects; and that they would all be the aspects of a beggar. Even if one did not admit the extraordinary qualities in the painting, one would have to admit the ordinary qualities in the sitter. If it is not a masterpiece it is a man. But a nocturne by Whistler of mist on the Thames is either a masterpiece or it is nothing; it is either a nocturne or a nightmare of childish nonsense. Made in a certain mood, viewed through a certain temperament, conceived under certain conventions, it may be, it often is, an unreplaceable poem, a vision that may never be seen again. But the moment it ceases to be a splendid picture it ceases to be a picture at all. Or, again, if *Hamlet* is not a great tragedy it is an uncommonly good tale. The people and the posture of affairs would still be there even if one thought that Shakespeare's moral attitude was wrong. Just as one could imagine all the other sides of Rembrandt's beggar, so, with the mind's eye (Horatio), one can see all four sides of the castle of Elsinore. One might tell the tale from the point of view of Laërtes or Claudius or Polonius or the gravedigger; and it would still be a good tale and the same tale. But if we take a play like *Pelléas and Mélisande*, we shall find that unless we grasp the particular fairy thread of thought the poet rather hazily flings to us, we cannot grasp anything whatever. Except from one extreme poetic point of view, the thing is not a play; it is not a bad play, it is a mass of clotted nonsense. One whole act describes the lovers going to look for a ring in a distant cave when they both know they have dropped it down a well. Seen from some secret window on some special side of the soul's turret, this might convey a sense of faerie futility in our human life. But it is quite obvious that unless it called forth that one kind of sympathy, it would call forth nothing but laughter and rotten eggs. In the same play the husband chases his wife with a drawn sword, the wife remarking at intervals "I am not gay." Now there may really be an idea in this; the idea of human misfortune coming most cruelly upon the optimism of innocence; that the lonely human heart says, like a child at a party, "I am not enjoying myself as I thought I should." But it is plain that unless one thinks of this idea (and of this idea only) the expression is not in the least unsuccessful pathos; it is very broad and highly successful farce. Maeterlinck and the decadents, in short, may fairly boast of being subtle; but they must not mind if they are called narrow. This is the spirit of Wilde's work and of most of the literary work done in that time and fashion. It is, as Mr. Arthur Symonds said, an attitude; but it is an attitude in the flat, not in the round; not a statue, but the cardboard king in a toy-theatre, which can only be looked at from the front. In Wilde's own poetry we have particularly a perpetually toppling possibility of the absurd; a sense of just falling too short or just going too far. "Plant lilies at my head" has something wrong about it; something silly that is not there in-- "And put a grey stone at my head" in the old ballad. But even where Wilde was right, he had a way of being right with this excessive strain on the reader's sympathy (and gravity) which was the mark of all these men with a "point of view." There is a very sound sonnet of his in which he begins by lamenting mere anarchy, as

hostile to the art and civilisation that were his only gods; but ends by saying-- "And yet These Christs that die upon the barricades God knows that I am with them--in some ways." Now that is really very true; that is the way a man of wide reading and worldly experience, but not ungenerous impulses, does feel about the mere fanatic, who is at once a nuisance to humanity and an honour to human nature. Yet who can read that last line without feeling that Wilde is poised on the edge of a precipice of bathos; that the phrase comes very near to being quite startlingly silly. It is as in the case of Maeterlinck, let the reader move his standpoint one inch nearer the popular standpoint, and there is nothing for the thing but harsh, hostile, unconquerable mirth. Somehow the image of Wilde lolling like an elegant leviathan on a sofa, and saying between the whiffs of a scented cigarette that martyrdom is martyrdom in some respects, has seized on and mastered all more delicate considerations in the mind. It is unwise in a poet to goad the sleeping lion of laughter. In less dexterous hands the decadent idea, what there was of it, went entirely to pieces, which nobody has troubled to pick up. Oddly enough (unless this be always the Nemesis of excess) it began to be insupportable in the very ways in which it claimed specially to be subtle and tactful; in the feeling for different art-forms, in the welding of subject and style, in the appropriateness of the epithet and the unity of the mood. Wilde himself wrote some things that were not immorality, but merely bad taste; not the bad taste of the conservative suburbs, which merely means anything violent or shocking, but real bad taste; as in a stern subject treated in a florid style; an over-dressed woman at a supper of old friends; or a bad joke that nobody had time to laugh at. This mixture of sensibility and coarseness in the man was very curious; and I for one cannot endure (for example) his sensual way of speaking of dead substances, satin or marble or velvet, as if he were stroking a lot of dogs and cats. But there was a sort of power--or at least weight--in his coarseness. His lapses were those proper to the one good thing he really was, an Irish swashbuckler--a fighter. Some of the Roman Emperors might have had the same luxuriousness and yet the same courage. But the later decadents were far worse, especially the decadent critics, the decadent illustrators--there were even decadent publishers. And they utterly lost the light and reason of their existence: they were masters of the clumsy and the incongruous. I will take only one example. Aubrey Beardsley may be admired as an artist or no; he does not enter into the scope of this book. But it is true that there is a certain brief mood, a certain narrow aspect of life, which he renders to the imagination rightly. It is mostly felt under white, deathly lights in Piccadilly, with the black hollow of heaven behind shiny hats or painted faces: a horrible impression that all mankind are masks. This being the thing Beardsley could express (and the only thing he could express), it is the solemn and awful fact that he was set down to illustrate Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. There is no need to say more; taste, in the artist's sense, must have been utterly dead. They might as well have employed Burne-Jones to illustrate *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It would not have been more ludicrous than putting this portrayer of evil puppets, with their thin lines like wire and their small faces like perverted children's, to trace against the grand barbaric forests the sin and the sorrow of Lancelot. To return to the chief of the decadents, I will not speak of the end of the individual story: there was horror and there was expiation. And, as my conscience goes at least, no man should say one word that could weaken the horror--or the pardon. But there is one literary consequence of the thing which must be mentioned, because it bears us on to that much breezier movement which first began to break in upon all this ghastly idleness--I mean the Socialist Movement. I do not mean "*De Profundis*"; I do not think he had got to the real depths when he wrote that book. I mean the one real thing he ever wrote: *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*; in which we hear a cry for common justice and brotherhood very much deeper, more democratic and more true to the real trend of the populace to-day, than anything the Socialists ever uttered even in the boldest pages of Bernard Shaw. Before we pass on to the two expansive movements in which the Victorian Age really ended, the accident of a distinguished artist is available for estimating this somewhat cool and sad afternoon of the epoch at its purest; not in lounging pessimism or luxurious aberrations, but in earnest skill and a high devotion to letters. This change that had come, like the change from a golden sunset to a grey twilight, can be very adequately measured if we compare the insight and intricacy of Meredith with the insight and intricacy of Mr. Henry James. The characters of both are delicate and indisputable; but we must all have had a feeling that the characters in Meredith are gods, but that the characters in Henry James are ghosts. I do not mean that they are unreal: I believe in ghosts. So does Mr. Henry James; he has written some of his very finest literature about the little habits of these creatures. He is in the deep sense of a dishonoured word, a Spiritualist if ever there was one. But Meredith was a materialist as well. The difference is that a ghost is a disembodied spirit; while a god (to be worth worrying about) must be an embodied spirit. The presence of soul and substance together involves one of the two or three things which most of the Victorians did not understand--the thing called a sacrament. It is because he had a natural affinity for this mystical materialism that Meredith, in spite of his affectations, is a poet: and, in spite of his Victorian Agnosticism (or ignorance) is a pious Pagan and not a mere Pantheist. Mr. Henry James is at the other extreme. His thrill is not so much in symbol or mysterious emblem as in the absence of interventions and protections between mind and mind. It is not mystery: it is rather a sort of terror at knowing too much. He lives in glass houses; he is akin to Maeterlinck in a feeling of the nakedness of souls. None of the Meredithian things, wind or wine or sex or stark nonsense, ever gets

between Mr. James and his prey. But the thing is a deficiency as well as a talent: we cannot but admire the figures that walk about in his afternoon drawing-rooms; but we have a certain sense that they are figures that have no faces. For the rest, he is most widely known, or perhaps only most widely chaffed, because of a literary style that lends itself to parody and is a glorious feast for Mr. Max Beerbohm. It may be called The Hampered, or Obstacle Race Style, in which one continually trips over commas and relative clauses; and where the sense has to be perpetually qualified lest it should mean too much. But such satire, however friendly, is in some sense unfair to him; because it leaves out his sense of general artistic design, which is not only high, but bold. This appears, I think, most strongly in his short stories; in his long novels the reader (or at least one reader) does get rather tired of everybody treating everybody else in a manner which in real life would be an impossible intellectual strain. But in his short studies there is the unanswerable thing called real originality; especially in the very shape and point of the tale. It may sound odd to compare him to Mr. Rudyard Kipling; but he is like Kipling and also like Wells in this practical sense: that no one ever wrote a story at all like the *Mark of the Beast*; no one ever wrote a story at all like *A Kink in Space*; and in the same sense no one ever wrote a story like *The Great Good Place*. It is alone in order and species; and it is masterly. He struck his deepest note in that terrible story, *The Turn of the Screw*; and though there is in the heart of that horror a truth of repentance and religion, it is again notable of the Victorian writers that the only supernatural note they can strike assuredly is the tragic and almost the diabolic. Only Mr. Max Beerbohm has been able to imagine Mr. Henry James writing about Christmas. Now upon this interregnum, this cold and brilliant waiting-room which was Henry James at its highest and Wilde at its worst, there broke in two positive movements, largely honest though essentially unhistoric and profane, which were destined to crack up the old Victorian solidity past repair. The first was Bernard Shaw and the Socialists: the second was Rudyard Kipling and the Imperialists. I take the Socialists first not because they necessarily came so in order of time, but because they were less the note upon which the epoch actually ended. William Morris, of whom we have already spoken, may be said to introduce the Socialists, but rather in a social sense than a philosophical. He was their friend, and in a sort of political way, their father; but he was not their founder, for he would not have believed a word of what they ultimately came to say. Nor is this the conventional notion of the old man not keeping pace with the audacity of the young. Morris would have been disgusted not with the wildness, but the tameness of our tidy Fabians. He was not a Socialist, but he was a Revolutionist; he didn't know much more about what he was; but he knew that. In this way, being a full-blooded fellow, he rather repeats the genial sulkiness of Dickens. And if we take this fact about him first, we shall find it a key to the whole movement of this time. For the one dominating truth which overshadows everything else at this point is a political and economic one. The Industrial System, run by a small class of Capitalists on a theory of competitive contract, had been quite honestly established by the early Victorians and was one of the primary beliefs of Victorianism. The Industrial System, so run, had become another name for hell. By Morris's time and ever since, England has been divided into three classes: Knaves, Fools, and Revolutionists. History is full of forgotten controversies; and those who speak of Socialism now have nearly all forgotten that for some time it was an almost equal fight between Socialism and Anarchism for the leadership of the exodus from Capitalism. It is here that Herbert Spencer comes in logically, though not chronologically; also that much more interesting man, Auberon Herbert. Spencer has no special place as a man of letters; and a vastly exaggerated place as a philosopher. His real importance was that he was very nearly an Anarchist. The indefinable greatness there is about him after all, in spite of the silliest and smuggest limitations, is in a certain consistency and completeness from his own point of view. There is something mediæval, and therefore manful, about writing a book about everything in the world. Now this simplicity expressed itself in politics in carrying the Victorian worship of liberty to the most ridiculous lengths; almost to the length of voluntary taxes and voluntary insurance against murder. He tried, in short, to solve the problem of the State by eliminating the State from it. He was resisted in this by the powerful good sense of Huxley; but his books became sacred books for a rising generation of rather bewildered rebels, who thought we might perhaps get out of the mess if everybody did as he liked. Thus the Anarchists and Socialists fought a battle over the death-bed of Victorian Industrialism; in which the Socialists (that is, those who stood for increasing instead of diminishing the power of Government) won a complete victory and have almost exterminated their enemy. The Anarchist one meets here and there nowadays is a sad sight; he is disappointed with the future, as well as with the past. This victory of the Socialists was largely a literary victory; because it was effected and popularised not only by a wit, but by a sincere wit; and one who had the same sort of militant lucidity that Huxley had shown in the last generation and Voltaire in the last century. A young Irish journalist, impatient of the impoverished Protestantism and Liberalism to which he had been bred, came out as the champion of Socialism not as a matter of sentiment, but as a matter of common sense. The primary position of Bernard Shaw towards the Victorian Age may be roughly summarised thus: the typical Victorian said coolly: "Our system may not be a perfect system, but it works." Bernard Shaw replied, even more coolly: "It may be a perfect system, for all I know or care. But it does not work." He and a society called the Fabians, which once exercised considerable influence, followed this shrewd and sound strategic

hint to avoid mere emotional attack on the cruelty of Capitalism; and to concentrate on its clumsiness, its ludicrous incapacity to do its own work. This campaign succeeded, in the sense that while (in the educated world) it was the Socialist who looked the fool at the beginning of that campaign, it is the Anti-Socialist who looks the fool at the end of it. But while it won the educated classes it lost the populace for ever. It dried up those springs of blood and tears out of which all revolt must come if it is to be anything but bureaucratic readjustment. We began this book with the fires of the French Revolution still burning, but burning low. Bernard Shaw was honestly in revolt in his own way: but it was Bernard Shaw who trod out the last ember of the Great Revolution. Bernard Shaw proceeded to apply to many other things the same sort of hilarious realism which he thus successfully applied to the industrial problem. He also enjoyed giving people a piece of his mind; but a piece of his mind was a more appetising and less raw-looking object than a piece of Hardy's. There were many modes of revolt growing all around him; Shaw supported them--and supplanted them. Many were pitting the realism of war against the romance of war: they succeeded in making the fight dreary and repulsive, but the book dreary and repulsive too. Shaw, in *Arms and the Man*, did manage to make war funny as well as frightful. Many were questioning the right of revenge or punishment; but they wrote their books in such a way that the reader was ready to release all mankind if he might revenge himself on the author. Shaw, in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, really showed at its best the merry mercy of the pagan; that beautiful human nature that can neither rise to penance nor sink to revenge. Many had proved that even the most independent incomes drank blood out of the veins of the oppressed: but they wrote it in such a style that their readers knew more about depression than oppression. In *Widowers' Houses* Shaw very nearly (but not quite) succeeded in making a farce out of statistics. And the ultimate utility of his brilliant interruption can best be expressed in the very title of that play. When ages of essential European ethics have said "widows' houses," it suddenly occurs to him to say "but what about widowers' houses?" There is a sort of insane equity about it which was what Bernard Shaw had the power to give, and gave. Out of the same social ferment arose a man of equally unquestionable genius, Mr. H. G. Wells. His first importance was that he wrote great adventure stories in the new world the men of science had discovered. He walked on a round slippery world as boldly as Ulysses or Tom Jones had worked on a flat one. Cyrano de Bergerac or Baron Munchausen, or other typical men of science, had treated the moon as a mere flat silver mirror in which Man saw his own image--the Man in the Moon. Wells treated the moon as a globe, like our own; bringing forth monsters as moonish as we are earthy. The exquisitely penetrating political and social satire he afterwards wrote belongs to an age later than the Victorian. But because, even from the beginning, his whole trend was Socialist, it is right to place him here. While the old Victorian ideas were being disturbed by an increasing torture at home, they were also intoxicated by a new romance from abroad. It did not come from Italy with Rossetti and Browning, or from Persia with Fitzgerald: but it came from countries as remote, countries which were (as the simple phrase of that period ran) "painted red" on the map. It was an attempt to reform England through the newer nations; by the criticism of the forgotten colonies, rather than of the forgotten classes. Both Socialism and Imperialism were utterly alien to the Victorian idea. From the point of view of a Victorian aristocrat like Palmerston, Socialism would be the cheek of gutter snipes; Imperialism would be the intrusion of cads. But cads are not alone concerned. Broadly, the phase in which the Victorian epoch closed was what can only be called the Imperialist phase. Between that and us stands a very individual artist who must nevertheless be connected with that phase. As I said at the beginning, Macaulay (or, rather, the mind Macaulay shared with most of his powerful middle class) remains as a sort of pavement or flat foundation under all the Victorians. They discussed the dogmas rather than denied them. Now one of the dogmas of Macaulay was the dogma of progress. A fair statement of the truth in it is not really so hard. Investigation of anything naturally takes some little time. It takes some time to sort letters so as to find a letter: it takes some time to test a gas-bracket so as to find the leak; it takes some time to sift evidence so as to find the truth. Now the curse that fell on the later Victorians was this: that they began to value the time more than the truth. One felt so secretarial when sorting letters that one never found the letter; one felt so scientific in explaining gas that one never found the leak; and one felt so judicial, so impartial, in weighing evidence that one had to be bribed to come to any conclusion at all. This was the last note of the Victorians: procrastination was called progress. Now if we look for the worst fruits of this fallacy we shall find them in historical criticism. There is a curious habit of treating any one who comes before a strong movement as the "forerunner" of that movement. That is, he is treated as a sort of slave running in advance of a great army. Obviously, the analogy really arises from St. John the Baptist, for whom the phrase "forerunner" was rather peculiarly invented. Equally obviously, such a phrase only applies to an alleged or real divine event: otherwise the forerunner would be a founder. Unless Jesus had been the Baptist's God, He would simply have been his disciple. Nevertheless the fallacy of the "forerunner" has been largely used in literature. Thus men will call a universal satirist like Langland a "morning star of the Reformation," or some such rubbish; whereas the Reformation was not larger, but much smaller than Langland. It was simply the victory of one class of his foes, the greedy merchants, over another class of his foes, the lazy abbots. In real history this constantly occurs; that some small movement happens to favour one of the million things suggested by some

great man; whereupon the great man is turned into the running slave of the small movement. Thus certain sectarian movements borrowed the sensationalism without the sacramentalism of Wesley. Thus certain groups of decadents found it easier to imitate De Quincey's opium than his eloquence. Unless we grasp this plain common sense (that you or I are not responsible for what some ridiculous sect a hundred years hence may choose to do with what we say) the peculiar position of Stevenson in later Victorian letters cannot begin to be understood. For he was a very universal man; and talked some sense not only on every subject, but, so far as it is logically possible, in every sense. But the glaring deficiencies of the Victorian compromise had by that time begun to gape so wide that he was forced, by mere freedom of philosophy and fancy, to urge the neglected things. And yet this very urgency certainly brought on an opposite fever, which he would not have liked if he had lived to understand it. He liked Kipling, though with many healthy hesitations; but he would not have liked the triumph of Kipling; which was the success of the politician and the failure of the poet. Yet when we look back up the false perspective of time, Stevenson does seem in a sense to have prepared that imperial and downward path. I shall not talk here, any more than anywhere else in this book, about the "sedulous ape" business. No man ever wrote as well as Stevenson who cared only about writing. Yet there is a sense, though a misleading one, in which his original inspirations were artistic rather than purely philosophical. To put the point in that curt covenanting way which he himself could sometimes command, he thought it immoral to neglect romance. The whole of his real position was expressed in that phrase of one of his letters "our civilisation is a dingy ungentelemanly business: it drops so much out of a man." On the whole he concluded that what had been dropped out of the man was the boy. He pursued pirates as Defoe would have fled from them; and summed up his simplest emotions in that touching *_cri de coeur_* "shall we never shed blood?" He did for the penny dreadful what Coleridge had done for the penny ballad. He proved that, because it was really human, it could really rise as near to heaven as human nature could take it. If Thackeray is our youth, Stevenson is our boyhood: and though this is not the most artistic thing in him, it is the most important thing in the history of Victorian art. All the other fine things he did were, for curious reasons, remote from the current of his age. For instance, he had the good as well as the bad of coming from a Scotch Calvinist's house. No man in that age had so healthy an instinct for the actuality of positive evil. In *_The Master of Ballantrae_* he did prove with a pen of steel, that the Devil is a gentleman--but is none the less the Devil. It is also characteristic of him (and of the revolt from Victorian respectability in general) that his most blood-and-thunder sensational tale is also that which contains his most intimate and bitter truth. *_Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde_* is a double triumph; it has the outside excitement that belongs to Conan Doyle with the inside excitement that belongs to Henry James. Alas, it is equally characteristic of the Victorian time that while nearly every Englishman has enjoyed the anecdote, hardly one Englishman has seen the joke--I mean the point. You will find twenty allusions to Jekyll and Hyde in a day's newspaper reading. You will also find that all such allusions suppose the two personalities to be equal, neither caring for the other. Or more roughly, they think the book means that man can be cloven into two creatures, good and evil. The whole stab of the story is that man *_can't_*: because while evil does not care for good, good must care for evil. Or, in other words, man cannot escape from God, because good is the God in man; and insists on omniscience. This point, which is good psychology and also good theology and also good art, has missed its main intention merely because it was also good story-telling. If the rather vague Victorian public did not appreciate the deep and even tragic ethics with which Stevenson was concerned, still less were they of a sort to appreciate the French finish and fastidiousness of his style; in which he seemed to pick the right word up on the point of his pen, like a man playing spillikins. But that style also had a quality that could be felt; it had a military edge to it, an *_acies_*; and there was a kind of swordsmanship about it. Thus all the circumstances led, not so much to the narrowing of Stevenson to the romance of the fighting spirit; but the narrowing of his influence to that romance. He had a great many other things to say; but this was what we were willing to hear: a reaction against the gross contempt for soldiering which had really given a certain Chinese deadness to the Victorians. Yet another circumstance thrust him down the same path; and in a manner not wholly fortunate. The fact that he was a sick man immeasurably increases the credit to his manhood in preaching a sane levity and pugnacious optimism. But it also forbade him full familiarity with the actualities of sport, war, or comradeship: and here and there his note is false in these matters, and reminds one (though very remotely) of the mere provincial bully that Henley sometimes sank to be. For Stevenson had at his elbow a friend, an invalid like himself, a man of courage and stoicism like himself; but a man in whom everything that Stevenson made delicate and rational became unbalanced and blind. The difference is, moreover, that Stevenson was quite right in claiming that he could treat his limitation as an accident; that his medicines "did not colour his life." His life was really coloured out of a shilling paint-box, like his toy-theatre: such high spirits as he had are the key to him: his sufferings are not the key to him. But Henley's sufferings are the key to Henley; much must be excused him, and there is much to be excused. The result was that while there was always a certain dainty equity about Stevenson's judgments, even when he was wrong, Henley seemed to think that on the right side the wronger you were the better. There was much that was feminine in him; and he is most understandable when surprised in those little solitary poems which speak of

emotions mellowed, of sunset and a quiet end. Henley hurled himself into the new fashion of praising Colonial adventure at the expense both of the Christian and the republican traditions; but the sentiment did not spread widely until the note was struck outside England in one of the conquered countries; and a writer of Anglo-Indian short stories showed the stamp of the thing called genius; that indefinable, dangerous and often temporary thing. For it is really impossible to criticise Rudyard Kipling as part of Victorian literature, because he is the end of such literature. He has many other powerful elements; an Indian element, which makes him exquisitely sympathetic with the Indian; a vague Jingo influence which makes him sympathetic with the man that crushes the Indian; a vague journalistic sympathy with the men that misrepresent everything that has happened to the Indian; but of the Victorian virtues, nothing. All that was right or wrong in Kipling was expressed in the final convulsion that he almost in person managed to achieve. The nearest that any honest man can come to the thing called "impartiality" is to confess that he is partial. I therefore confess that I think this last turn of the Victorian Age was an unfortunate turn; much on the other side can be said, and I hope will be said. But about the facts there can be no question. The Imperialism of Kipling was equally remote from the Victorian caution and the Victorian idealism: and our subject does quite seriously end here. The world was full of the trampling of totally new forces, gold was sighted from far in a sort of cynical romanticism: the guns opened across Africa; and the great queen died.

* * * * *

Of what will now be the future of so separate and almost secretive an adventure of the English, the present writer will not permit himself, even for an instant, to prophesy. The Victorian Age made one or two mistakes, but they were mistakes that were really useful; that is, mistakes that were really mistaken. They thought that commerce outside a country must extend peace: it has certainly often extended war. They thought that commerce inside a country must certainly promote prosperity; it has largely promoted poverty. But for them these were experiments; for us they ought to be lessons. If we continue the capitalist use of the populace--if we continue the capitalist use of external arms, it will lie heavy on the living. The dishonour will not be on the dead.

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History of American Literature

Preface

The wide use of the author's *History of English Literature*, the favor with which it has been received in all parts of the United States, and the number of earnest requests for a *History of American Literature* on the same plan, have led to the writing of this book. It has not appeared sooner because the author has followed his rule of making a careful first-hand study, not only of all the matter discussed, but also of a far greater amount, which, although it must be omitted from a condensed textbook, is, nevertheless, necessary as a background for judgment and selection. The following chapters describe the greatest achievements in American literature from the earliest times until the present. Many pupils fail to obtain a clear idea of great American authors and literary movements because textbook writers and teachers ignore the element of truth in the old adage, "The half is greater than the whole," and dwell too much on minor authors and details, which could reasonably be expected to interest only a specialist. In the following pages especial attention has been paid, not only to the individual work of great authors, but also to literary movements, ideals, and animating principles, and to the relation of all these to English literature. The author has further aimed to make this work both interesting and suggestive. He has endeavored to present the subject in a way that necessitates the comparison of authors and movements, and leads to stimulating thinking. He has tried to communicate enough of the spirit of our literature to make students eager for a first-hand acquaintance with it, to cause them to investigate for themselves this remarkable American record of spirituality, initiative, and democratic accomplishment. As a guide to such study, there have been placed at the end of each chapter *Suggested Readings* and still further hints, called *Questions and Suggestions*. In *A Glance Backward*, the author emphasizes in brief compass the most important truths that American literature teaches, truths that have resulted in raising the ideals of Americans and in arousing them to greater activity. Any one who makes an original study of American literature will not be a mere apologist for it. He will marvel at the greatness of the moral lesson, at the fidelity of the presentation of the thought which has molded this nation, and at the peculiar aptness which its great authors have displayed in ministering to the special needs and aspirations of Americans. He will realize that the youth who stops with the indispensable study of English literature is not prepared for American citizenship, because our literature is needed to present the ideals of American life. There may be greater literatures, but none of them can possibly take the place of ours for citizens of this democracy. The moral element, the most impressive quality in American literature, is continuous from the earliest colonial days until the present. Teachers should be careful not to obscure this quality. As the English scientist, John Tyndall, has shown in the case of Emerson, this moral stimulus is capable of adding immeasurably to the achievement of the young. The temptation to slight the colonial period should be resisted. It has too often been the fashion to ask, Why should the student not begin the study of American literature with Washington Irving, the first author read for pure pleasure? The answer is that the student would not then comprehend the stages of growth of the new world ideals, that he would not view our later literature through the proper atmosphere, and that he would lack certain elements necessary for a sympathetic comprehension of the subject. The seven years employed in the preparation of this work would have been insufficient, had not the author been assisted by his wife, to whom he is indebted not only for invaluable criticism but also for the direct authorship of some of the best matter in this book.

R. P. H.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

COLONIAL LITERATURE

RELATION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE.--The literature produced in that part of America known as the United States did not begin as an independent literature. The early colonists were Englishmen who brought with them their

own language, books, and modes of thought. England had a world-famous literature before her sons established a permanent settlement across the Atlantic. Shakespeare had died four years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. When an American goes to Paris he can neither read the books, nor converse with the citizens, if he knows no language but his own. Let him cross to London, and he will find that, although more than three hundred years have elapsed since the first colonists came to America, he immediately feels at home, so far as the language and literature are concerned. For nearly two hundred years after the first English settlements in America, the majority of the works read there were written by English authors. The hard struggle necessary to obtain a foothold in a wilderness is not favorable to the early development of a literature. Those who remained in England could not clear away the forest, till the soil, and conquer the Indians, but they could write the books and send them across the ocean. The early settlers were for the most part content to allow English authors to do this. For these reasons it would be surprising if early American literature could vie with that produced in England during the same period. When Americans began to write in larger numbers, there was at first close adherence to English models. For a while it seemed as if American literature would be only a feeble imitation of these models, but a change finally came, as will be shown in later chapters. It is to be hoped, however, that American writers of the future will never cease to learn from Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, and Wordsworth. AMERICAN LITERATURE AN IMPORTANT STUDY.--We should not begin the study of American literature in an apologetic spirit. There should be no attempt to minimize the debt that America owes to English literature, nor to conceal the fact that American literature is young and has not had time to produce as many masterpieces as England gave to the world during a thousand years. However, it is now time also to record the fact that the literature of England gained something from America. Cultivated Englishmen to-day willingly admit that without a study of Cooper, Poe, and Hawthorne no one could give an adequate account of the landmarks of achievement in fiction, written in our common tongue. French critics have even gone so far as to canonize Poe. In a certain field he and Hawthorne occupy a unique place in the world's achievement. Again, men like Bret Harte and Mark Twain are not common in any literature. Foreigners have had American books translated into all the leading languages of the world. It is now more than one hundred years since Franklin, the great American philosopher of the practical, died, and yet several European nations reprint nearly every year some of his sayings, which continue to influence the masses. English critics, like John Addington Symonds, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Edward Dowden, have testified to the power of the democratic element in our literature and have given the dictum that it cannot be neglected. Some of the reasons why American literature developed along original lines and thus conveyed a message of its own to the world are to be found in the changed environment and the varying problems and ideals of American life. Even more important than the changed ways of earning a living and the difference in climate, animals, and scenery were the struggles leading to the Revolutionary War, the formation and guidance of the Republic, and the Civil War. All these combined to give individuality to American thought and literature. Taken as a whole, American literature has accomplished more than might reasonably have been expected. Its study is especially important for us, since the deeds associated with our birthplace must mean more to us than more remarkable achievements of men born under other skies. Our literature, even in its humble beginnings, contains a lesson that no American can afford to miss. Unless we know its ideals and moral aims and are swayed by them, we cannot keep our heritage. WHY VIRGINIA WAS COLONIZED.--In 1607 the first permanent English colony within the present limits of the United States was planted at Jamestown in Virginia. The colony was founded for commercial reasons by the London Company, an organization formed to secure profits from colonization. The colonists and the company that furnished their ship and outfit expected large profits from the gold mines and the precious stones which were believed to await discovery. Of course, the adventurers were also influenced by the honor and the romantic interest which they thought would result from a successful settlement. When the expedition sailed from England in December, 1606, Michael Drayton, an Elizabethan poet, wrote verses dedicated "To the Virginian Voyage." These stanzas show the reason for sending the colonizers to Virginia:--

"You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue,
Whilst loit'ring hinds
Lurk here at home with shame,
Go and subdue.

* * * * *

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold;

And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise."

The majority of the early Virginian colonists were unfit for their task. Contemporary accounts tell of the "many unruly gallants, packed hither by their friends to escape ill destinies." Beggars, vagabonds, indentured servants, kidnapped girls, even convicts, were sent to Jamestown and became the ancestors of some of the "poor white trash" of the South. After the execution of Charles I. in 1649, and the setting up of the Puritan Commonwealth, many of the royalists, or Cavaliers, as they were called, came to Virginia to escape the obnoxious Puritan rule. They became the ancestors of Presidents and statesmen, and of many of the aristocratic families of the South. The ideals expressed by Captain John Smith, the leader and preserver of the Jamestown colony, are worthy to rank beside those of the colonizers of New England. Looking back at his achievement in Virginia, he wrote, "Then seeing we are not born for ourselves but each to help other ... Seeing honor is our lives' ambition ... and seeing by no means would we be abated of the dignities and glories of our predecessors; let us imitate their virtues to be worthily their successors."

WHY THE PURITANS COLONIZED NEW ENGLAND.--During the period from 1620 to 1640, large numbers of Englishmen migrated to that part of America now known as New England. These emigrants were not impelled by hope of wealth, or ease, or pleasure. They were called Puritans because they wished to purify the Church of England from what seemed to them great abuses; and the purpose of these men in emigrating to America was to lay the foundations of a state built upon their religious principles.

These people came for an intangible something--liberty of conscience, a fuller life of the spirit--which has never commanded a price on any stock exchange in the world. They looked beyond

"Things done that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice."

These Puritans had been more than one century in the making. We hear of them in the time of Wycliffe (1324-1384). Their religion was a constant command to put the unseen above the seen, the eternal above the temporal, to satisfy the aspiration of the spirit. James I. (reign, 1603-1625) told them that he would harry them out of the kingdom unless they conformed to the rites of the Established Church. His son and successor Charles I. (reign, 1625-1649) called to his aid Archbishop Laud (1573-1645), a bigoted official of that church. Laud hunted the dissenting clergy like wild beasts, threw them into prison, whipped them in the pillory, branded them, slit their nostrils, and mutilated their ears. JOHN COTTON, pastor of the church of Boston, England, was told that if he had been guilty only of an infraction of certain of the Ten Commandments, he might have been pardoned, but since his crime was Puritanism, he must suffer. He had great trouble in escaping on a ship bound for the New England Boston. Professor Tyler says: "New England has perhaps never quite appreciated its great obligations to Archbishop Laud. It was his overmastering hate of nonconformity, it was the vigilance and vigor and consecrated cruelty with which he scoured his own diocese and afterward all England, and hunted down and hunted out the ministers who were committing the unpardonable sin of dissent, that conferred upon the principal colonies of New England their ablest and noblest men." It should be noted that the Puritan colonization of New England took place in a comparatively brief space of time, during the twenty years from 1620 to 1640. Until 1640 persecution drove the Puritans to New England in multitudes, but in that year they suddenly stopped coming. "During the one hundred and twenty-five years following that date, more persons, it is supposed, went back from the New to the Old England than came from the Old England to the New," says Professor Tyler. The year 1640 marks the assembling of the Long Parliament, which finally brought to the block both Archbishop Laud (1645) and King Charles I. (1649), and chose the great Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, to lead the Commonwealth. ELIZABETHAN TRAITS.--The leading men in the colonization of Virginia and New England were born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603), and they and their descendants showed on this side of the Atlantic those characteristics which made the Elizabethan age preeminent. In the first place, the Elizabethans possessed initiative. This power consists, first, in having ideas, and secondly, in passing from the ideas to the suggested action. Some people merely dream. The Elizabethans dreamed glorious dreams, which they translated into action. They defeated the Spanish Armada; they circumnavigated the globe; they made it possible for Shakespeare's pen to mold the thought and to influence the actions of the world. If we except those indentured servants and apprentices who came to America merely because others brought them, we shall find not only that the first colonists were born in an age distinguished for its initiative, but also that they came because they possessed this characteristic in a greater degree than those who remained behind. It was easier for the

majority to stay with their friends; hence England was not depopulated. The few came, those who had sufficient initiative to cross three thousand miles of unknown sea, who had the power to dream dreams of a new commonwealth, and the will to embody those dreams in action. In the second place, the Elizabethans were ingenious, that is, they were imaginative and resourceful. Impelled by the mighty forces of the Reformation and the Revival of Learning which the England of Elizabeth alone felt at one and the same time, the Elizabethans craved and obtained variety of experience, which kept the fountainhead of ingenuity filled. It is instructive to follow the lives of Elizabethans as different as Sir Philip Sidney, William Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith, and John Winthrop, and to note the varied experiences of each. Yankee ingenuity had an Elizabethan ancestry. The hard conditions of the New World merely gave an opportunity to exercise to the utmost an ingenuity which the colonists brought with them. In the third place, the Elizabethans were unusually democratic; that is, the different classes mingled together in a marked degree, more than in modern England, more even than in the United States to-day. This intermingling was due in part to increased travel, to the desire born of the New Learning to live as varied and as complete a life as possible, and to the absence of overspecialization among individuals. This chance for varied experience with all sorts and conditions of men enabled Shakespeare to speak to all humanity. All England was represented in his plays. When the Rev. Thomas Hooker, born in the last half of Elizabeth's reign, was made pastor at Hartford, Connecticut, he suggested to his flock a democratic form of government much like that under which we now live. Let us remember that American life and literature owe their most interesting traits to these three Elizabethan qualities--initiative, ingenuity, and democracy. Let us not forget that the Cambridge University graduate, the cooper, cloth-maker, printer, and blacksmith had the initiative to set out for the New World, the ingenuity to deal with its varied exigencies, and the democratic spirit that enabled them to work side by side, no matter how diverse their former trades, modes of life, and social condition.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, 1579-1631

The hero of the Jamestown colony, and its savior during the first two years, was Captain John Smith, born in Willoughby, Lincolnshire, in 1579, twenty-four years before the death of Elizabeth and thirty-seven before the death of Shakespeare. Smith was a man of Elizabethan stamp--active, ingenious, imaginative, craving new experiences. While a mere boy, he could not stand the tediousness of ordinary life, and so betook himself to the forest where he could hunt and play knight. In the first part of his young manhood he crossed the Channel, voyaged in the Mediterranean, fought the Turks, killing three of them in single combat, was taken prisoner and enslaved by the Tartars, killed his inhuman master, escaped into Russia, went thence through Europe to Africa, was in desperate naval battles, returned to England, sailing thence for Virginia, which he reached at the age of twenty-eight. He soon became president of the Jamestown colony and labored strenuously for its preservation. The first product of his pen in America was A True Relation of Virginia, written in 1608, the year in which John Milton was born. The last work written by Smith in America is entitled: A Map of Virginia, with a Description of the Country, the Commodities, People, Government, and Religion. His description of the Indians shows his capacity for quickly noting their traits:-- "They are inconstant in everything, but what fear constraineth them to keep. Crafty, timorous, quick of apprehension and very ingenious. Some are of disposition fearful, some bold, most cautious, all savage. Generally covetous of copper, beads, and such like trash. They are soon moved to anger, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury: they seldom steal one from another, lest their conjurors should reveal it, and so they be pursued and punished. That they are thus feared is certain, but that any can reveal their offences by conjuration I am doubtful." Smith has often been accused of boasting, and some have said that he was guilty of great exaggeration or something worse, but it is certain that he repeatedly braved hardships, extreme dangers, and captivity among the Indians to provide food for the colony and to survey Virginia. After carefully editing Captain John Smith's Works in a volume of 983 pages, Professor Edwin Arber says: "For [our] own part, beginning with doubtfulness and wariness we have gradually come to the unhesitating conviction, not only of Smith's truthfulness, but also that, in regard to all personal matters, he systematically understates rather than exaggerates anything he did." Although by far the greater part of Smith's literary work was done after he returned to England, yet his two booklets written in America entitle him to a place in colonial literature. He had the Elizabethan love of achievement, and he records his admiration for those whose 'pens writ what their swords did.' He was not an artist with his pen, but our early colonial literature is the richer for his rough narrative and for the description of Virginia and the Indians. In one sense he gave the Indian to literature, and that is his greatest achievement in literary history. Who has not heard the story of his capture by the Indians, of his rescue from torture and death, by the beautiful Indian maiden, Pocahontas, of her risking her life to save him a second time from Indian treachery, of her bringing corn and preserving the colony from famine, of her visit to England in 1616, a few weeks after the death of Shakespeare, of her royal reception as a

princess, the daughter of an Indian king, of Smith's meeting her again in London, where their romantic story aroused the admiration of the court and the citizens for the brown-eyed princess? It would be difficult to say how many tales of Indian adventure this romantic story of Pocahontas has suggested. It has the honor of being the first of its kind written in the English tongue. Did Pocahontas actually rescue Captain Smith? In his account of his adventures, written in Virginia in 1608, he does not mention this rescue, but in his later writings he relates it as an actual occurrence. When Pocahontas visited London, this story was current, and there is no evidence that she denied it. Professor Arber says, "To deny the truth of the Pocahontas incident is to create more difficulties than are involved in its acceptance." But literature does not need to ask whether the story of Hamlet or of Pocahontas is true. If this unique story of American adventure is a product of Captain Smith's creative imagination, the literary critic must admit the captain's superior ability in producing a tale of such vitality. If the story is true, then our literature does well to remember whose pen made this truth one of the most persistent of our early romantic heritages. He is as well known for the story of Pocahontas as for all of his other achievements. The man who saved the Virginia colony and who first suggested a new field to the writer of American romance is rightly considered one of the most striking figures in our early history, even if he did return to England in less than three years and end his days there in 1631.

LITERARY ACTIVITY IN VIRGINIA COLONY

A POSSIBLE SUGGESTION FOR SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST.--WILLIAM STRACHEY, a contemporary of Shakespeare and secretary of the Virginian colony, wrote at Jamestown and sent to London in 1610 the manuscript of *A True Repertory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Kt., upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas*. This is a story of shipwreck on the Bermudas and of escape in small boats. The book is memorable for the description of a storm at sea, and it is possible that it may even have furnished suggestions to Shakespeare for *The Tempest*. If so, it is interesting to compare these with what they produced in Shakespeare's mind. Strachey tells how "the sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven." He speaks of "an apparition of a little round light, like a faint star, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the main mast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud." Ariel says to Prospero:--

"I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join."

Strachey voices the current belief that the Bermudas were harassed by tempests, devils, wicked spirits, and other fearful objects. Shakespeare has Ferdinand with fewer words intensify Strachey's picture:--

"Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

The possibility that incidents arising out of Virginian colonization may have turned Shakespeare's attention to "the still vex'd Bermoothes" and given him suggestions for one of his great plays lends added interest to Strachey's *True Repertory*. But, aside from Shakespeare, this has an interest of its own. It has the Anglo-Saxon touch in depicting the wrath of the sea, and it shows the character of the early American colonists who braved a wrath like this.

POETRY IN THE VIRGINIA COLONY.--GEORGE SANDYS (1577-1644), during his stay in the colony as its treasurer, translated ten books of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, sometimes working by the light of a pine knot. This work is rescued from the class of mere translation by its literary art and imaginative interpretation, and it possesses for us an additional interest because of its nativity amid such surroundings. Two lines telling how Philemon

"Took down a fitch of bacon with a prung,
That long had in the smoky chimney hung,"

show that his environment aided him somewhat in the translation. He himself says of this version that it was "bred in the new world, whereof it cannot but participate, especially having wars and tumults to bring it to light, instead of the muses." He was read by both Dryden and Pope in their boyhood, and the form of their verse shows his influence.

The only original poem which merits our attention in the early Virginian colony was found soon after the Revolutionary War in a collection of manuscripts, known as the Burwell Papers. This poem is an elegy on the death of Nathaniel Bacon (1676), a young Virginian patriot and military hero, who resisted the despotic governor, Sir William Berkeley. It was popularly believed that Bacon's mysterious death was due to poison. An unknown friend wrote the elegy in defense of Bacon and his rebellion. These lines from that elegy show a strength unusual in colonial poetry:--

"Virginia's foes,
To whom, for secret crimes, just vengeance owes
Deserved plagues, dreading their just desert,
Corrupted death by Paracelsian art,
Him to destroy . . .
Our arms, though ne'er so strong,
Will want the aid of his commanding tongue,
Which conquered more than Caesar."

DESCRIPTIONS OF VIRGINIA.--ROBERT BEVERLY, clerk of the Council of Virginia, published in London in 1705 a History and Present State of Virginia. This is today a readable account of the colony and its people in the first part of the eighteenth century. This selection shows that in those early days Virginians were noted for what has come to be known as southern hospitality:--

"The inhabitants are very courteous to travellers, who need no other recommendation, but the being human creatures. A stranger has no more to do, but to inquire upon the road where any gentleman or good housekeeper lives, and there he may depend upon being received with hospitality. This good nature is so general among their people, that the gentry, when they go abroad, order their principal servant to entertain all visitors with everything the plantation affords. And the poor planters who have but one bed, will very often sit up, or lie upon a form or couch all night, to make room for a weary traveller to repose himself after his journey."

COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD (1674-1744), a wealthy Virginian, wrote a History of the Dividing Line run in the Year 1728. He was commissioned by the Virginian colony to run a line between it and North Carolina. This book is a record of personal experiences, and is as interesting as its title is forbidding. This selection describes the Dismal Swamp, through which the line ran:--

"Since the surveyors had entered the Dismal they had laid eyes on no living creature; neither bird nor beast, insect nor reptile came in view. Doubtless the eternal shade that broods over this mighty bog and hinders the sunbeams from blessing the ground, makes it an uncomfortable habitation for anything that has life. Not so much as a Zealand frog could endure so aguish a situation. It had one beauty, however, that delighted the eye, though at the expense of all the other senses: the moisture of the soil preserves a continual verdure, and makes every plant an evergreen, but at the same time the foul damps ascend without ceasing, corrupt the air, and render it unfit for respiration. Not even a turkey buzzard will venture to fly over it, no more than the Italian vultures will fly over the filthy lake Avernus or the birds in the Holy Land over the salt sea where Sodom and Gomorrah formerly stood.

"In these sad circumstances the kindest thing we could do for our

suffering friends was to give them a place in the Litany. Our chaplain for his part did his office and rubbed us up with a seasonable sermon. This was quite a new thing to our brethren of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can breathe, any more than spiders in Ireland."

These two selections show that American literature, even before the Revolution, came to be something more than an imitation of English literature. They are the product of our soil, and no critic could say that they might as well have been written in London as in Virginia. They also show how much eighteenth-century prose had improved in form. Even in England, modern prose may almost be said to begin with John Dryden, who died at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In addition to improvement in form, we may note the appearance of a new quality--humor. Our earliest writers have few traces of humor because colonization was a serious life and death affair to them.

DIFFERENT LINES OF DEVELOPMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND.--As we now go back more than a hundred years to the founding of the Plymouth colony in 1620, we may note that Virginia and New England developed along different lines. We shall find more dwellers in towns, more democracy and mingling of all classes, more popular education, and more literature in New England. The ruling classes of Virginia were mostly descendants of the Cavaliers who had sympathized with monarchy, while the Puritans had fought the Stuart kings and had approved a Commonwealth. In Virginia a wealthy class of landed gentry came to be an increasing power in the political history of the country. The ancestors of George Washington and many others who did inestimable service to the nation were among this class. It was long the fashion for this aristocracy to send their children to England to be educated, while the Puritans trained theirs at home.

New England started a printing press, and was printing books by 1640. In 1671 Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, wrote, "I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has developed them."

Producers of literature need the stimulus of town life. The South was chiefly agricultural. The plantations were large, and the people lived in far greater isolation than in New England, where not only the town, but more especially the church, developed a close social unit. One other reason served to make it difficult for a poet of the plowman type, like Robert Burns, or for an author from the general working class, like Benjamin Franklin, to arise in the South. Labor was thought degrading, and the laborer did not find the same chance as at the North to learn from close association with the intelligent class. The reason for this is given by Colonel William Byrd, from whom we have quoted in the preceding section. He wrote in 1736 of the leading men of the South:-- "They import so many negroes hither, that I fear this Colony will some time or other be confirmed by the name of New Guinea. I am sensible of many bad consequences of multiplying these Ethiopians amongst us. They blow up the pride and ruin the industry of our white people, who seeing a rank of poor creatures below them, detest work, for fear it should make them look like slaves."

WILLIAM BRADFORD, 1590-1657

William Bradford was born in 1590 in the Pilgrim district of England, in the Yorkshire village of Austerfield, two miles north of Scrooby. While a child, he attended the religious meetings of the Puritans. At the age of eighteen he gave up a good position in the post service of England, and crossed to Holland to escape religious persecution. His History of Plymouth Plantation is not a record of the Puritans as a whole, but only of that branch known as the Pilgrims, who left England for Holland in 1607 and 1608, and who, after remaining there for nearly twelve years, had the initiative to be the first of their band to come to the New World, and to settle at Plymouth in 1620. For more than thirty years he was governor of the Plymouth colony, and he managed its affairs with the discretion of a Washington and the zeal of a Cromwell. His History tells the story of the Pilgrim Fathers from the time of the formation of their two congregations in England, until 1647. [Illustration: FACSIMILE OF FIRST PARAGRAPH OF BRADFORD'S "HISTORY OF PLYMOUTH PLANTATION"] In 1897 the United States for the first time came into possession of the manuscript of this famous History of Plymouth Plantation, which had in some mysterious manner been taken from Boston in colonial times and had found its way into the library of the Lord Bishop of London. Few of the English seem to have read it. Even its custodian miscalled it The Log of the Mayflower, although after the ship finally cleared from England, only five incidents of the voyage are briefly mentioned: the death of a young seaman who cursed the Pilgrims on the voyage and made sport of their misery; the

cracking of one of the main beams of the ship; the washing overboard in a storm of a good young man who was providentially saved; the death of a servant; and the sight of Cape Cod. On petition, the Lord Bishop of London generously gave this manuscript of 270 pages to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In a speech at the time of its formal reception, Senator Hoar eloquently summed up the subject matter of the volume as follows:-- "I do not think many Americans will gaze upon it without a little trembling of the lips and a little gathering of mist in the eyes, as they think of the story of suffering, of sorrow, of peril, of exile, of death, and of lofty triumph which that book tells,--which the hand of the great leader and founder of America has traced on those pages. There is nothing like it in human annals since the story of Bethlehem. These Englishmen and English women going out from their homes in beautiful Lincoln and York, wife separated from husband and mother from child in that hurried embarkation for Holland, pursued to the beach by English horsemen; the thirteen years of exile; the life at Amsterdam, 'in alley foul and lane obscure'; the dwelling at Leyden; the embarkation at Delfthaven; the farewell of Robinson; the terrible voyage across the Atlantic; the compact in the harbor; the landing on the rock; the dreadful first winter; the death roll of more than half the number; the days of suffering and of famine; the wakeful night, listening for the yell of wild beast and the war whoop of the savage; the building of the State on those sure foundations which no wave or tempest has ever shaken; the breaking of the new light; the dawning of the new day; the beginning of the new life; the enjoyment of peace with liberty,--of all these things this is the original record by the hand of our beloved father and founder." In addition to giving matter of unique historical importance, Bradford entertains his readers with an account of Squanto, the Pilgrims' tame Indian, of Miles Standish capturing the "lord of misrule" at Merrymount, and of the failure of an experiment in tilling the soil in common. Bradford says that there was immediate improvement when each family received the full returns from working its own individual plot of ground. He thus philosophizes about this social experiment of the Pilgrims:-- "The experience that was had in this common course and condition, tried sundry years, and that amongst godly and sober men, may well evince the vanity of that conceit of Plato's and other ancients, applauded by some of later times;---that the taking away of property and bringing in community into a common wealth would make them happy and flourishing.... Let none object this is men's corruption, and nothing to the course itself. I answer, seeing all men have this corruption in them, God in his wisdom saw another course fitter for them." America need not be ashamed of either the form or the subject matter of her early colonial prose in comparison with that produced in England at the same time.

JOHN WINTHROP, 1588-1649

On March 29, 1630, John Winthrop made the first entry in his Journal on board the ship Arbella, before she left the Isle of Wight for Massachusetts Bay. This Journal was to continue until a few months before his death in 1649, and was in after times to receive the dignified name of History of New England, although it might more properly still be called his Journal, as its latest editor does indeed style it. John Winthrop was born in the County of Suffolk, England, in 1588, the year of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. He was a wealthy, well-educated Puritan, the owner of broad estates. As he paced the deck of the Arbella, the night before he sailed for Massachusetts, he knew that he was leaving comfort, home, friends, position, all for liberty of conscience. Few men have ever voluntarily abandoned more than Winthrop, or clung more tenaciously to their ideals.

After a voyage lasting more than two months, he settled with a large number of Puritans on the site of modern Boston. For the principal part of the time from his arrival in 1630 until his death in 1649, he served as governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Not many civil leaders of any age have shown more sagacity, patriotism, and tireless devotion to duty than John Winthrop.

His Journal is a record of contemporaneous events from 1630 to 1648. The early part of this work might with some justice have been called the Log of the Arbella.

TRANSLITERATION OF FACSIMILE OF WINTHROP'S "JOURNAL"

"ANNO DOMINI 1630, MARCH 29, MONDAY.
"EASTER MONDAY.

"Riding at the Cowes, near the Isle of Wight, in the Arbella, a ship of 350 tons, whereof Capt. Peter Milborne was master, being manned with 52 seamen, and 28 pieces of ordnance, (the wind coming to the N. by W. the evening before,) in the morning there came aboard us Mr. Cradock, the late governor, and the masters of his 2 ships, Capt. John Lowe, master of the Ambrose, and Mr. Nicholas Hurlston, master of the Jewel, and Mr. Thomas Beecher, master of the Talbot." The entry for Monday, April 12, 1630, is:-- "The wind more large to the N. a stiff gale, with fair weather. In the afternoon less wind, and our people began to grow well again. Our children and others, that were sick and lay groaning in the cabins, we fetched out, and having stretched a rope from the steerage to the main-mast, we made them stand, some of one side and some of the other, and sway it up and down till they were warm, and by this means they soon grew well and merry." The following entry for June 5, 1644, reflects an interesting side light on the government of Harvard, our first American college:-- "Two of our ministers' sons, being students in the college, robbed two dwelling houses in the night of some fifteen pounds. Being found out, they were ordered by the governors of the college to be there whipped, which was performed by the president himself--yet they were about twenty years of age; and after they were brought into the court and ordered to twofold satisfaction, or to serve so long for it. We had yet no particular punishment for burglary." Another entry for 1644 tells of one William Franklin, condemned for causing the death of his apprentice:-- "The case was this. He had taken to apprentice one Nathaniel Sewell, one of those children sent over the last year for the country; the boy had the scurvy and was withal very noisome, and otherwise ill disposed. His master used him with continual rigour and unmerciful correction, and exposed him many times to much cold and wet in the winter season, and used divers acts of rigour towards him, as hanging him in the chimney, etc., and the boy being very poor and weak, he tied him upon an horse and so brought him (sometimes sitting and sometimes hanging down) to Boston, being five miles off, to the magistrates, and by the way the boy calling much for water, would give him none, though he came close by it, so as the boy was near dead when he came to Boston, and died within a few hours after." Winthrop relates how Franklin appealed the case when he was found guilty, and how the Puritans inflicted the death penalty on him after searching the Bible for a rule on which to base their decision. The most noticeable qualities of this terrible story are its simplicity, its repression, its lack of striving after effect. Winthrop, Bradford, and Bunyan had learned from the 1611 version of the Bible to be content to present any situation as simply as possible and to rely on the facts themselves to secure the effect. Winthrop's finest piece of prose, Concerning Liberty, appears in an entry for the year 1645. He defines liberty as the power "to do that which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard, not only of your goods, but of your lives, if need be." Winthrop saw clearly what many since his day have failed to see, that a government conducted by the people could not endure, if liberty meant more than this. Winthrop's Journal records almost anything which seemed important to the colonists. Thus, he tells about storms, fires, peculiar deaths of animals, crimes, trials, Indians, labor troubles, arrival of ships, trading expeditions, troubles with England about the charter, politics, church matters, events that would point a moral, like the selfish refusal of the authorities to loan a quantity of gunpowder to the Plymouth colony and the subsequent destruction of that same powder by an explosion, or the drowning of a child in the well while the parents were visiting on Sunday. In short, this Journal gives valuable information about the civil, religious, and domestic life of the early days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The art of modern prose writing was known neither in England nor in America in Winthrop's time. The wonder is that he told the story of this colony in such good form and that he still holds the interest of the reader so well.

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAL

William Bradford and John Winthrop were governors of two religious commonwealths. We must not forget that the Puritans came to America to secure a higher form of spiritual life. In the reign of Elizabeth, it was thought that the Revival of Learning would cure all ills and unlock the gates of happiness. This hope had met with disappointment. Then Puritanism came, and ushered in a new era of spiritual aspiration for something better, nobler, and more satisfying than mere intellectual attainments or wealth or earthly power had been able to secure. The Puritans chose the Bible as the guidebook to their Promised Land. The long sermons to which they listened were chiefly biblical expositions. The Puritans considered the saving of the soul the most important matter, and they neglected whatever form of culture did not directly tend toward that result. They thought that entertaining reading and other forms of amusement were contrivances of the devil to turn the soul's attention away from the Bible. Even beauty and art were considered handmaids of the Evil One. The Bible was read, reread, and constantly studied, and it took the place of secular poetry and prose. The New England Puritan believed in the theology of John Calvin, who died in 1564. His creed, known as Calvinism, emphasized the importance of the individual, of life's continuous moral struggle, which would land each soul in heaven or hell for all eternity. In the New England Primer, the children were taught the first article of belief, as they learned the letter A:--

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all."

Calvinism stressed the doctrine of foreordination, that certain ones, "the elect," had been foreordained to be saved. THOMAS SHEPHARD (1605-1649), one of the great Puritan clergy, fixed the mathematical ratio of the damned to the elect as "a thousand to one." On the physical side, scientists have pointed out a close correspondence between Calvin's creed and the theory of evolution, which emphasizes the desperate struggle resulting from the survival of the fittest. The "fittest" are the "elect"; those who perish in the contest, the "damned." In the evolutionary struggle, only the few survive, while untold numbers of the unfit, no matter whether seeds of plants, eggs of fish, human beings, or any other form of life, go to the wall. In spite of the apparent contradiction between free will and foreordination, each individual felt himself fully responsible for the saving of his soul. A firm belief in this tremendous responsibility made each one rise the stronger to meet the other responsibilities of life. Civil responsibility seemed easier to one reared in this school. The initiative bequeathed by Elizabethan times was increased by the Puritans' religion. Although there were probably as many university men in proportion to the population in early colonial Massachusetts as in England, the strength and direction of their religious ideals helped to turn their energy into activities outside the field of pure literature. In course of time, however, Nathaniel Hawthorne appeared to give lasting literary expression to this life. THE NEW ENGLAND CLERGY.--The clergy occupied a leading place in both the civil and religious life of New England. They were men of energy and ability, who could lead their congregations to Holland or to the wilds of New England. For the purpose in hand the world has never seen superior leaders. Many of them were graduates of Cambridge University, England. Their great authority was based on character, education, and natural ability. A contemporary historian said of John Cotton, who came as pastor from the old to the new Boston in 1633, that whatever he "delivered in the pulpit was soon put into an order of court ... or set up as a practice in the church." The sermons, from two to four hours long, took the place of magazines, newspapers, and modern musical and theatrical entertainments. The church members were accustomed to hard thinking and they enjoyed it as a mental exercise. Their minds had not been rendered flabby by such a diet of miscellaneous trash or sensational matter as confronts modern readers. Many of the congregation went with notebooks to record the different heads and the most striking thoughts in the sermon, such, for instance, as the following on the dangers of idleness:-- "Whilst the stream keeps running, it keeps clear; but let it stand still, it breeds frogs and toads and all manner of filth. So while you keep going, you keep clear." The sermons were often doctrinal, metaphysical, and extremely dry, but it is a mistake to conclude that the clergy did not speak on topics of current interest. Winthrop in his Journal for 1639 relates how the Rev. John Cotton discussed whether a certain shopkeeper, who had been arraigned before the court for extortion, for having taken "in some small things, above two for one," was guilty of sin and should be excommunicated from the church, or only publicly admonished. Cotton prescribed admonition and he laid down a code of ethics for the guidance of sellers. With the exception of Roger Williams (1604?-1683), who had the modern point of view in insisting on complete "soul liberty," on the right of every man to think as he pleased on matters of religion, the Puritan clergy were not tolerant of other forms of worship. They said that they came to New England in order to worship God as they pleased. They never made the slightest pretense of establishing a commonwealth where another could worship as he pleased, because they feared that such a privilege might lead to a return of the persecution from which they had fled. If those came who thought differently about religion, they were told that there was sufficient room elsewhere, in Rhode Island, for instance, whither Roger Williams went after he was banished from Salem. The history of the Puritan clergy would have been more pleasing had they been more tolerant, less narrow, more modern, like Roger Williams. Yet perhaps it is best not to complain overmuch of the strange and somewhat repellent architecture of the bridge which bore us over the stream dividing the desert of royal and ecclesiastical tyranny from the Promised Land of our Republic. Let us not forget that the clergy insisted on popular education; that wherever there was a clergyman, there was almost certain to be a school, even if he had to teach it himself, and that the clergy generally spoke and acted as if they would rather be "free among the dead than slaves among the living."

POETRY

The trend of Puritan theology and the hard conditions of life did not encourage the production of poetry. The Puritans even wondered if singing in church was not an exercise which turned the mind from God. The Rev. John Cotton investigated the question carefully under four main heads and six subheads, and he cited scriptural authority to show that Paul and Silas (Acts, xvi., 25) had sung a Psalms in the prison. Cotton therefore concluded that the Psalms might be sung in church. [Illustration: FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE TO "BAY PSALM BOOK"] BAY PSALM BOOK.--"The divines in the country" joined to translate "into English metre" the whole book of Psalms

from the original Hebrew, and they probably made the worst metrical translation in existence. In their preface to this work, known as the *Bay Psalm Book* (1640), the first book of verse printed in the British American colonies, they explained that they did not strive for a more poetic translation because "God's altar needs not our polishings." The following verses from *Psalm* cxxxvii. are a sample of the so-called metrical translation which the Puritans sang:--

"1. The rivers on of Babilon
there-when wee did sit downe:
yea even then wee mourned, when
wee remembred Sion.

"2. Our Harps wee did it hang amid,
upon the willow tree.

"3. Because there they that us away
led in captivitee,
Requir'd of us a song, & thus
askt mirth: us waste who laid,
sing us among a Sion's song,
unto us then they said."

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH (1631-1705).--This Harvard graduate and Puritan preacher published in 1662 a poem setting forth some of the tenets of Calvinistic theology. This poem, entitled *The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment*, had the largest circulation of any colonial poem. The following lines represent a throng of infants at the left hand of the final Judge, pleading against the sentence of infant damnation:--

"Not we, but he ate of the tree,
whose fruit was interdicted;
Yet on us all of his sad fall
the punishment's inflicted.
How could we sin that had not been,
or how is his sin our,
Without consent, which to prevent
we never had the pow'r?"

Wigglesworth represents the Almighty as replying:--

"You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners may expect;
Such you shall have, for I do save
none but mine own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
though every sin's a crime.

"A crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell."

When we read verse like this, we realize how fortunate the Puritanism of Old England was to have one great poet schooled in the love of both morality and beauty. John Milton's poetry shows not only his sublimity and high ideals, but also his admiration for beauty, music, and art. Wigglesworth's verse is inferior to much of the ballad doggerel, but it has a swing and a directness fitted to catch the popular ear and to lodge in the memory. While some of his work seems humorous to us, it would not have made that impression on the early Puritans. At the same time, we must not rely on verse like this for our understanding of their outlook on life and death. Beside Wigglesworth's lines

we should place the epitaph, "Reserved for a Glorious Resurrection," composed by the great orthodox Puritan clergyman, Cotton Mather (p. 46), for his own infant, which died unbaptized when four days old. It is well to remember that both the Puritans and their clergy had a quiet way of believing that God had reserved to himself the final interpretation of his own word.

ANNE BRADSTREET (1612-1672).--Colonial New England's best poet, or "The Tenth Muse," as she was called by her friends, was a daughter of the Puritan governor, Thomas Dudley, and became the wife of another Puritan governor, Simon Bradstreet, with whom she came to New England in 1630. Although she was born before the death of Shakespeare, she seems never to have studied the works of that great dramatist. Her models were what Milton called the "fantastics," a school of poets who mistook for manifestations of poetic power, far-fetched and strained metaphors, oddities of expression, remote comparisons, conceits, and strange groupings of thought. She had especially studied Sylvester's paraphrase of *The Divine Weeks and Works* of the French poet Du Bartas, and probably also the works of poets like George Herbert (1593-1633), of the English fantastic school. This paraphrase of Du Bartas was published in a folio of 1215 pages, a few years before Mrs. Bradstreet came to America. This book shows the taste which prevailed in England in the latter part of the first third of the seventeenth century, before Milton came into the ascendancy. The fantastic comparison between the "Spirit Eternal," brooding upon chaos, and a hen, is shown in these lines from Du Bartas:--

"Or as a Hen that fain would hatch a brood
(Some of her own, some of adoptive blood)
Sits close thereon, and with her lively heat,
Of yellow-white balls, doth live birds beget:
Even in such sort seemed the Spirit Eternal
To brood upon this Gulf with care paternal."

A contemporary critic thought that he was giving her early work high praise when he called her "a right Du Bartas girl." One of her early poems is *The Four Elements*, where Fire, Air, Earth, and Water

"... did contest
Which was the strongest, noblest, and the best,
Who was of greatest use and mightiest force."

Such a debate could never be decided, but the subject was well suited to the fantastic school of poets because it afforded an opportunity for much ingenuity of argument and for far-fetched comparisons, which led nowhere.

Late in life, in her poem, *Contemplations*, she wrote some genuine poetry, little marred by imitation of the fantastic school. Spenser seems to have become her master in later years. No one without genuine poetic ability could have written such lines as:--

"I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black-clad cricket bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and played on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art."

These lines show both poetic ease and power:--

"The mariner that on smooth waves doth glide
Sings merrily, and steers his bark with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great master of the seas."

The comparative excellence of her work in such an atmosphere and amid the domestic cares incident to rearing eight children is remarkable.

NATHANIEL WARD, 1578?-1652

[Illustration: FACSIMILE OF TITLE PAGE TO WARD'S
"SIMPLE COBBLER OF AGAWAM"]

In 1647 Nathaniel Ward, who had been educated for the law, but who afterward became a clergyman, published a strange work known as *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam, in America* "willing," as the sub-title continues, "to help mend his native country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take." He had been assistant pastor at Agawam (Ipswich) until ill health caused him to resign. He then busied himself in compiling a code of laws and in other writing before he returned to England in 1647. The following two sentences from his

unique book show two points of the religious faith of the Puritans: (1) the belief in a personal devil always actively seeking the destruction of mankind, and (2) the assumption that the vitals of the "elect" are safe from the mortal sting of sin.

"Satan is now in his passions, he feels his passion approaching, he loves to fish in roiled waters. Though that dragon cannot sting the vitals of the elect mortally, yet that Beelzebub can fly-blow their intellectuals miserably."

He is often a bitter satirist, a sort of colonial Carlyle, as this attack on woman shows:--

"I honor the woman that can honor herself with her attire; a good text always deserves a fair margent; I am not much offended if I see a trim far trimmer than she that wears it. In a word, whatever Christianity or civility will allow, I can afford with London measure: but when I hear a nugiperous gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the Court; I mean the very newest; with egg to be in it in all haste, whatever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cipher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kicked, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honored or humored."

He does not hesitate to coin a word. The preceding short selection introduces us to "nugiperous" and "nudiustertian." Next, he calls the women's tailor-made gowns "the very pettitoes of infirmity, the giblets of perquisquilian toys."

The spirit of a reformer always sees work to be done, and Ward emphasized three remedies for mid-seventeenth-century ills: (1) Stop toleration of departure from religious truth; (2) banish the frivolities of women and men; and (3) bring the civil war in England to a just end. In proportion to the population, his *Simple Cobbler*, designed to mend human ways, was probably as widely read as Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* in later days.

In criticism, Ward deserves to be remembered for these two lines:--

"Poetry's a gift wherein but few excel;
He doth very ill that doth not passing well."

SAMUEL SEWALL, 1652-1730

There was born in 1652 at Bishopstoke, Hampshire, England, a boy who sailed for New England when he was nine years old, and who became our greatest colonial diarist. This was Samuel Sewall, who graduated from Harvard in 1671 and finally became chief justice of Massachusetts.

[Illustration: SAMUEL SEWALL]

His *Diary* runs with some breaks from 1673 to 1729, the year before his death. Good diaries are scarce in any literature. Those who keep them seldom commit to writing many of the most interesting events and secrets of their

lives. This failing makes the majority of diaries and memoirs very dry, but this fault cannot be found with Samuel Sewall. His Diary will more and more prove a mine of wealth to the future writers of our literature, to our dramatists, novelists, poets, as well as to our historians. The early chronicles and stories on which Shakespeare founded many of his plays were no more serviceable to him than this Diary may prove to a coming American writer with a genius like Hawthorne's.

In Sewall's Diary we at once feel that we are close to life. The following entry brings us face to face with the children in a Puritan household:--

"Nov. 6, 1692. Joseph threw a knop of brass and hit his sister Betty on the forehead so as to make it bleed and swell; upon which, and for his playing at Prayer-time, and eating when Return Thanks, I whipped him pretty smartly. When I first went in (called by his Grandmother) he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the cradle: which gave me the sorrowful remembrance of Adam's carriage."

Sewall was one of the seven judges who sentenced nineteen persons to be put to death for witchcraft at Salem. After this terrible delusion had passed, he had the manliness to rise in church before all the members, and after acknowledging "the blame and shame of his decision," call for "prayers that God who has an unlimited authority would pardon that sin."

Sewall's Diary is best known for its faithful chronicle of his courtship of Mrs. Catharine Winthrop. Both had been married twice before, and both had grown children. He was sixty-nine and she fifty-six. No record of any other Puritan courtship so unique as this has been given to the world. He began his formal courtship of Mrs. Winthrop, October 1, 1720. His Diary contains records of each visit, of what they said to each other, of the Sermons, cake, and gingerbread that he gave her, of the healths that he drank to her, the lump of sugar that she gave him, of how they "went into the best room, and clos'd the shutters."

"Nov. 2. Gave her about 1/2 pound of sugar almonds, cost 3 shillings per [pound]. Carried them on Monday. She seem'd pleas'd with them, ask'd what they cost. Spake of giving her a hundred pounds per annum if I died before her. Ask'd her what sum she would give me, if she should die first?"

"Monday, Nov. 7. I went to Mad. Winthrop; found her rocking her little Katy in the cradle. I excused my coming so late (near eight). She set me an arm'd chair and cushion; and so the cradle was between her arm'd chair and mine. Gave her the remnant of my almonds. She did not eat of them as before.... The fire was come to one short brand besides the block, which brand was set up in end; at last it fell to pieces and no recruit was made.... Took leave of her.... Her dress was not so clean as sometime it had been. Jehovah jireh!"

Acute men have written essays to account for the aristocratic Mrs. Winthrop's refusal of Chief-Justice Sewall. Some have said that it was due to his aversion to slavery and to his refusal to allow her to keep her slaves. This episode is only a small part of a rich storehouse. The greater part of the Diary contains only the raw materials of literature, yet some of it is real literature, and it ranks among the great diaries of the world.

COTTON MATHER, 1663-1728

[Illustration: COTTON MATHER]

LIFE AND PERSONALITY.--Cotton Mather, grandson of the Rev. John Cotton (p. 14), and the most distinguished of the old type of Puritan clergymen, was born in Boston and died in his native city, without ever having traveled a hundred miles from it. He entered Harvard at the age of eleven, and took the bachelor's degree at fifteen. His life

shows such an overemphasis of certain Puritan traits as almost to presage the coming decline of clerical influence. He says that at the age of only seven or eight he not only composed forms of prayer for his schoolmates, but also obliged them to pray, although some of them cuffed him for his pains. At fourteen he began a series of fasts to crucify the flesh, increase his holiness, and bring him nearer to God.

He endeavored never to waste a minute. In his study, where he often worked sixteen hours a day, he had in large letters the sign, "BE SHORT," to greet the eyes of visitors. The amount of writing which he did almost baffles belief. His published works, numbering about four hundred, include sermons, essays, and books. During all of his adult life, he also preached in the North Church of Boston.

He was a religious "fantastic" (p. 40), that is, he made far-fetched applications of religious truth. A tall man suggested to him high attainments in Christianity; washing his hands, the desirability of a clean heart.

Although Cotton Mather became the most famous clergyman of colonial New England, he was disappointed in two of his life's ambitions. He failed to become president of Harvard and to bring New England back in religious matters to the first halcyon days of the colony. On the contrary, he lived to see Puritan theocracy suffer a great decline. His fantastic and strained application of religious truth, his overemphasis of many things, and especially his conduct in zealously aiding and abetting the Salem witchcraft murders, were no mean factors in causing that decline.

His intentions were certainly good. He was an apostle of altruism, and he tried to improve each opportunity for doing good in everyday life. He trained his children to do acts of kindness for other children. His *Essays to Do Good* were a powerful influence on the life of Benjamin Franklin. Cotton Mather would not have lived in vain if he had done nothing else except to help mold Franklin for the service of his country; but this is only one of Mather's achievements. We must next pass to his great work in literature. *THE MAGNALIA*.--This "prose epic of New England Puritanism," the most famous of Mather's many works, is a large folio volume entitled *Magnalia Christi Americana: or the Ecclesiastical History of New England*. It was published in London in 1702, two years after Dryden's death. The book is a remarkable compound of whatever seemed to the author most striking in early New England history. His point of view was of course religious. The work contains a rich store of biography of the early clergy, magistrates, and governors, of the lives of eleven of the clerical graduates of Harvard, of the faith, discipline, and government of the New England churches, of remarkable manifestations of the divine providence, and of the "Way of the Lord" among the churches and the Indians. We may to-day turn to the *Magnalia* for vivid accounts of early New England life. Mather has a way of selecting and expressing facts in such a way as to cause them to lodge in the memory. These two facts about John Cotton give us a vivid impression of the influence of the early clergy:--

"The keeper of the inn where he did use to lodge, when he came to Derby, would profanely say to his companions, that he wished Mr. Cotton were gone out of his house, for he was not able to swear while that man was under his roof....

"The Sabbath he began the evening before, for which keeping of the Sabbath from evening to evening he wrote arguments before his coming to New England; and I suppose 'twas from his reason and practice that the Christians of New England have generally done so too."

We read that the daily vocation of Thomas Shepard, the first pastor at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was, to quote Mather's noble phrase, "*A Trembling Walk with God*." He speaks of the choleric disposition of Thomas Hooker, the great Hartford clergyman, and says it was "useful unto him," because "he had ordinarily as much government of his choler as a man has of a mastiff dog in a chain; he 'could let out his dog, and pull in his dog, as he pleased.'" Some of Mather's prose causes modern readers to wonder if he was not a humorist. He says that a fire in the college buildings in some mysterious way influenced the President of Harvard to shorten one of his long prayers, and gravely adds, "that if the devotions had held three minutes longer, the Colledge had been irrecoverably laid in ashes." One does not feel sure that Mather saw the humor in this demonstration of practical religion. It is also doubtful whether he is intentionally humorous in his most fantastic prose, such, for instance, as his likening the Rev. Mr. Partridge to the bird of that name, who, because he "had no defence neither of beak nor claw," took "a flight

over the ocean" to escape his ecclesiastical hunters, and finally "took wing to become a bird of paradise, along with the winged seraphim of heaven."

Such fantastic conceits, which for a period blighted the literature of the leading European nations, had their last great exponent in Cotton Mather. Minor writers still indulge in these conceits, and find willing readers among the uneducated, the tired, and those who are bored when they are required to do more than skim the surface of things. John Seccomb, a Harvard graduate of 1728, the year in which Mather died, then gained fame from such lines as:--

"A furrowed brow,
Where corn might grow,"

but the best prose and poetry have for a long time won their readers for other qualities. Even the taste of the next generation showed a change, for Cotton Mather's son, Samuel, noted as a blemish his father's "straining for far-fetched and dear-bought hints." Cotton Mather's most repellent habit to modern readers is his overloading his pages with quotations in foreign languages, especially in Latin. He thus makes a pedantic display of his wide reading.

He is not always accurate in his presentation of historical or biographical matter, but in spite of all that can be said against the *Magnalia*, it is a vigorous presentation of much that we should not willingly let die. In fact, when we read the early history of New England, we are frequently getting from the *Magnalia* many things in changed form without ever suspecting the source.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, 1703-1758

LIFE AND WRITINGS.--Jonathan Edwards, who ranks among the world's greatest theologians and metaphysicians, was born in 1703 in East Windsor, Connecticut. Like Cotton Mather, Edwards was precocious, entering Yale before he was thirteen. The year previous to his going to college, he wrote a paper on spiders, showing careful scientific observation and argument. This paper has been called "one of the rarest specimens of precocious scientific genius on record." At fourteen, he read Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, receiving from it, he says, higher pleasure "than the most greedy miser finds when gathering up handfuls of silver and gold from some newly discovered treasure." Before he was seventeen, he had graduated from Yale, and he had become a tutor there before he was twenty-one.

Like Dante, he had a Beatrice. Thinking of her, he wrote this prose hymn of a maiden's love for the Divine Power:--

"They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world, and there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him, that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven, being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her"

[Illustration: MEMORIAL TABLET TO JONATHAN EDWARDS
(First Church, Northampton, Mass)]

Jonathan Edwards thus places before us Sarah Pierrepont, a New England Puritan maiden. To note the similarity of thought between the Old Puritan England and the New, let us turn to the maiden in Milton's *Comus*:--

"A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,

Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal."

Unlike Dante, Edwards married his Beatrice at the age of seventeen. In 1727, the year of his marriage, he became pastor of the church in Northampton, Massachusetts. With the aid of his wife, he inaugurated the greatest religious revival of the century, known as the "Great Awakening," which spread to other colonial churches, crossed the ocean, and stimulated Wesley to call sinners to repentance.

Early in life, Edwards formed a series of resolutions, three of which are:--

"To live with all my might, while I do live."

"Never to do anything, which, if I should see in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him."

"Never, henceforward, till I die, to act as if I were any way my own, but entirely and altogether God's."

He earnestly tried to keep these resolutions until the end. After a successful pastorate of twenty-three years at Northampton, the church dismissed him for no fault of his own.

Like Dante, he was driven into exile, and he went from Northampton to the frontier town of Stockbridge, where he remained for seven years as a missionary to the Indians. His wife and daughters did their utmost to add to the family income, and some contributions were sent him from Scotland, but he was so poor that he wrote his books on the backs of letters and on the blank margins cut from newspapers. His fame was not swallowed up in the wilderness. Princeton College called him to its presidency in 1757. He died in that office in 1758, after less than three months' service in his new position. His wife was still in Stockbridge when he passed away. "Tell her," he said to his daughter, "that the uncommon union which has so long subsisted between us has been of such a nature as I trust is spiritual, and therefore will continue forever." In September of the same year she came to lie beside him in the graveyard at Princeton.

In 1900, the church that had dismissed him one hundred and fifty years before placed on its walls a bronze tablet in his memory, with the noble inscription from Malachi ii., 6.

As a writer, Jonathan Edwards won fame in three fields. He is (1) America's greatest metaphysician, (2) her greatest theologian, and (3) a unique poetic interpreter of the universe as a manifestation of the divine love. His best known metaphysical work is The Freedom of the Will (1754). The central point of this work is that the will is determined by the strongest motive, that it is "repugnant to reason that one act of the will should come into existence without a cause." He boldly says that God is free to do only what is right. Edwards emphasizes the higher freedom, gained through repeated acts of the right kind, until both the inclination and the power to do wrong disappear.

As a theologian, America has not yet produced his superior. His Treatise concerning the Religious Affections, his account of the Great Awakening, called Faithful Narrative of the Surprising Work of God, and Thoughts on the Revival, as well as his more distinctly technical theological works, show his ability in this field. Unfortunately, he did not rise superior to the Puritan custom of preaching about hell fire. He delivered on that subject a sermon which causes modern readers to shudder; but this, although the most often quoted, is the least typical of the man and his writings. Those in search of really typical statements of his theology will find them in such specimens as, "God and real existence is the same. God is and there is nothing else." He was a theological idealist, believing that all the varied phenomena of the universe are "constantly proceeding from God, as light from the sun." Such statements suggest Shelley's lines, which tell how

"... the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear."

Dr. Allen, Edwards's biographer and critic, and a careful student of his unpublished, as well as of his published, writings, says, "He was at his best and greatest, most original and creative, when he described the divine love." Such passages as the following, and also the one quoted on page 51, show this quality:--

"When we behold the fragrant rose and lily, we see His love and purity.
So the green trees and fields and singing of birds are the emanations of
His infinite joy and benignity. The easiness and naturalness of trees and
vines are shadows of His beauty and loveliness."

His favorite text was, "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys," and his favorite words were "sweet and bright."

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

The great English writers between the colonization of Jamestown in 1607 and the outbreak of the French and Indian War in 1754 are: (1) JOHN MILTON (1608-1674), the great poetic spokesman of Puritan England, whose Comus is addressed to those, who:--

"... by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity,"

whose Sonnets breathe a purposeful prayer to live this life as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye, and whose Paradise Lost is the colossal epic of the loss of Eden through sin; (2) JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688), whose Pilgrim's Progress addressed itself in simple, earnest English to each individual human being, telling him what he must do to escape the City of Destruction and to reach the City of All Delight; (3) JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700), a master in the field of satiric and didactic verse and one of the pioneers in the field of modern prose criticism; (4) ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744), another poet of the satiric and didactic school, who exalted form above matter, and wrote polished couplets which have been models for so many inferior poets; (5) the essayists, RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729) and JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719), the latter being especially noted for the easy, flowing prose of his papers in the Spectator; (6) JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745), a master of prose satire, whose Gulliver's Travels has not lost its fascination; (7) DANIEL DEFOE (1661?-1731) whose Robinson Crusoe continues to increase in popularity; (8) SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689-1761), and HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754), the two great mid-eighteenth-century novelists.

The colonial literature of this period was influenced only in a very minor degree by the work of these men, for a generation usually passed before the influence of contemporary English authors appeared in American literature. In the next chapter, we shall see evidences of the influence of Pope. Benjamin Franklin will tell us how Bunyan and Addison were his teachers, and the early fiction will show its indebtedness to the work of Samuel Richardson.

LEADING HISTORICAL FACTS

Virginia and Massachusetts produced the most of our colonial literature. There were, however, thirteen colonies stretched along the seaboard from Georgia (1733), the last to be founded, to Canada. Although these colonies were established under different grants or charters, and although some had more liberty and suffered less from the interference of England than others, it is nevertheless true that every colony was a school for a self-governing democracy. No colonies elsewhere in the world had the same amount of liberty. This period was a necessary preparation for the coming republic. We must not suppose that there was complete liberty in those days. Such a state has not been reached even in the twentieth century. The early government of Virginia was largely aristocratic; that of Massachusetts, theocratic. Virginia persecuted the Puritans. The early settlers of Massachusetts drove out Roger

Williams and hanged Quakers. New York persecuted those who did not join the Church of England. The central truth, however, is that these thirteen colonies were making the greatest of all world experiments in democracy and liberty. The important colony of New Netherland (New York) was settled by the Dutch early in the seventeenth century. They established an aristocracy with great landed estates along the Hudson. The student of literature is specially interested in this colony because Washington Irving (p. 112) has invested it with a halo of romance. He shows us the sturdy Knickerbockers, the Van Cortlands, the Van Dycks, the Van Wycks, and other chivalrous Dutch burghers, sitting in perfect silence, puffing their pipes, and thinking of nothing for hours together in those "days of simplicity and sunshine." For literary reasons it is well that this was not made an English colony until the Duke of York took possession of it in 1664. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the colonists in the middle and northern part of the country divided their energies almost equally between trade and agriculture. At the South, agriculture was the chief occupation and tobacco and rice were the two leading staples. These were produced principally by the labor of negro slaves. There were also many indentured servants at the South, where the dividing lines between the different classes were most strongly marked. Up to 1700 the history of each colony is practically that of a separate unit. Almost all the colonies had trouble with Indians and royal governors. Pirates, rapacious politicians, religious matters, or witchcraft were sometimes sources of disturbance. All knew the hard labor and the privations involved in subduing the wilderness and making permanent settlements in a new land. History tells of the abandonment of many other colonies and of the subjugation of many other races, but no difficulty and no foe daunted this Anglo-Saxon stock. In 1700 the population of New England was estimated at about one hundred and ten thousand. In 1754, the beginning of the French and Indian War, Connecticut alone had that number, while all New England probably had at this time nearly four hundred thousand. The middle colonies began the eighteenth century with about fifty-nine thousand and grew by the middle of the century to about three hundred and fifty-five thousand. During the same period, the southern group increased from about ninety thousand to six hundred thousand. By 1750 the thirteen colonies probably had a total population of nearly fourteen hundred thousand. Since no census was taken until 1790, these figures are only approximately correct. Such development serves to show the trend of coming events. This remarkable increase in population soon caused numbers to go farther west. This movement resulted in collision with the French, who were at this time holding the central part of the country, from the Gulf into Canada. One other result followed. The colonies began to seem valuable to England because they furnished a market for English manufactures and a carrying trade for English ships. The previous comparative insignificance of the colonies and the trouble in England had served to protect them, but their trade had now assumed a proportion that made the mother country realize what a valuable commercial asset she would have if she regulated the colonies in her own interest.

SUMMARY

In this chapter we have traced the history of American colonial literature from the foundation of the Jamestown Colony until 1754. Before 1607 Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare had written, and before 1620 the King James version of the Bible had been produced. England had, therefore, a wonderful literature before her colonies came to America. They were the heirs of all that the English race had previously accomplished; and they brought to these shores an Elizabethan initiative, ingenuity, and democratic spirit. The Virginia colony was founded, as colonies usually are, for a commercial reason. The Virginians and the other southern colonists lived more by agriculture, were more widely scattered, had fewer schools, more slaves, and less town life than the New Englanders. Under the influence of a commanding clergy, common schools, and the stimulus of town life, the New England colony produced more literature. The chief early writers of Virginia are: (1) Captain John Smith, who described the country and the Indians, and gave to literature the story of Pocahontas, thereby disclosing a new world to the imagination of writers; (2) William Strachey, who outranks contemporary colonial writers in describing the wrath of the sea, and who may even have furnished a suggestion to Shakespeare for The Tempest; (3) two poets, (a) George Sandys, who translated part of Ovid, and (b) the unknown author of the elegy on Nathaniel Bacon; and (4) Robert Beverly and William Byrd, who gave interesting descriptions of early Virginia. The chief colonial writers of New England are: (1) William Bradford, whose History of Plymouth Plantation tells the story of the first Pilgrim colony; (2) John Winthrop, who wrote in his Journal the early history of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; (3) the poets, including (a) the translators of the Bay Psalm Book, the first volume of so-called verse printed in the British American colonies, (b) Wigglesworth, whose Day of Doom, was a poetic exposition of Calvinistic theology, (c) Anne Bradstreet, who wrote a small amount of genuine poetry, after she had passed from the influence of the "fantastic" school of poets; (4) Nathaniel Ward, the author of The Simple Cobbler of Agawam, an attempt to mend human ways; (5) Samuel Sewall, New England's greatest colonial diarist; (6) Cotton Mather, the most famous clerical writer, whose Magnalia is a compound of early colonial history and biography, sometimes written in a

"fantastic" style; (7) Jonathan Edwards, America's greatest metaphysician and theologian, who maintained that the action of the human will is determined by the strongest motive, that the substance of this universe is nothing but "the divine Idea," communicated to human consciousness, and who could invest spiritual truth with the beauty of the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys. The New England colonist came to America because of religious feeling. His religion was to him a matter of eternal life or eternal death. From the modern point of view, this religion may seem too inflexibly stern, too little illumined by the spirit of love, too much darkened by the shadow of eternal punishment, but unless that religion had communicated something of its own dominating inflexibility to the colonist, he would never have braved the ocean, the wilderness, the Indians; he would never have flung the gauntlet down to tyranny at Lexington and Concord. The greatest lesson taught by colonial literature, by men like Bradford, Winthrop, Edwards, and the New England clergy in general, is moral heroism, the determination to follow the shining path of the Eternal over the wave and through the forest to a new temple of human liberty. Their aspiration, endeavor, suffering, accomplishment, should strengthen our faith in the worth of those spiritual realities which are not quoted in the markets of the world, but which alone possess imperishable value.

REFERENCES FOR FURTHER STUDY

HISTORICAL

ENGLISH HISTORY.--In either Gardiner's *_Students' History of England_*, Walker's *_Essentials in English History_*, Andrews's *_History of England_*, or Cheney's *_Short History of England_*, read the chapters dealing with the time of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., the Commonwealth, Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Anne, George I. and II. A work like Halleck's *_History of English Literature_*, covering these periods, should be read.

AMERICAN HISTORY.--Read the account from the earliest times to the outbreak of the French and Indian War in any of the following:--

Thwaites's *_The Colonists_*, 1492-1750.

Fisher's *_Colonial Era_*.

Lodge's *_A Short History of the English Colonies in America_*.

Doyle's *_The English in America_*.

Hart's *_Essentials in American History_*.

Channing's *_A Students' History of the United States_*.

Eggleston's *_A Larger History of the United States of America_*.

James and Sanford's *_American History_*.

For an account of special colonies, consult the volumes in *_American Commonwealths_* series, and also,

Fiske's *_Beginnings of New England_*, *_The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America_*, *_Old Virginia and Her Neighbors_*.

LITERARY

Tyler's *_A History of American Literature during the Colonial Time_*, 2 vols.

Otis's *_American Verse_*, 1625-1807.

Richardson's American Literature, 2 vols.

Trent's A History of American Literature, 1607-1865.

Wendell's History of Literature in America.

Narratives of Early Virginia, edited by Tyler.

Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation. New edition, edited by Davis. (Scribner, 1908.)

Winthrop's Journal ("History of New England"). New edition, edited by Hosmer, 2 vols., (Scribner, 1908.)

Chamberlain's Samuel Sewall and the World He Lived in.

Lodge's "A Puritan Pepys" (Sewall) in Studies in History.

Campbell's Anne Bradstreet and her Time.

Twichell's John Winthrop.

Walker's Thomas Hooker.

Wendell's Life of Cotton Mather.

Allen's Life of Jonathan Edwards.

Gardiner's Jonathan Edwards, a Retrospect.

SUGGESTED READINGS

The following volumes of selections from American Literature will be referred to either by the last name of the author, or, if there are more authors than one, by the initials of the last names:--

Cairns's Selections from Early American Writers, 1607-1800. (Macmillan.)

Trent and Wells's Colonial Prose and Poetry, 3 vols., 1607-1775. (Crowell.)

Stedman and Hutchinson's A Library of American Literature, 1608-1890, 11 vols. (Benjamin.)

Carpenter's American Prose Selections. (Macmillan.)

Trent's Southern Writers: Selections in Prose and Verse. (Macmillan.)

At least one of the selections indicated for each author should be read.

JOHN SMITH.--The Beginnings of Jamestown (from A True Relation of Virginia, 1608); The Religious Observances of the Indians (from A Map of Virginia, published in 1612), Cairns, pp. 2-4, 10-14; The Romance of Pocahontas (from The General History of Virginia, 1624), S. & H., Vol.

I., pp. 10-17; T. & W., Vol. I., pp. 12-22.

WILLIAM STRACHEY.--Read the selection from A True Repertory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, in Cairns, 19-26.

POETRY IN THE VIRGINIA COLONY.--For George Sandys, see pp. 51-58 in Vol. I. of Tyler's A History of American Literature during the Colonial Time.

For the elegy on the death of Nathaniel Bacon, see Tyler, Vol. I., 78, 79; Cairns, 185-188; T. & W., II., 166-169; S. & H., I., 456-458; Trent, 12-14.

DESCRIPTIONS OF VIRGINIA.--The best selection from Beverly's History and Present State of Virginia may be found in T. & W., II., 354-360. See also Trent, 16-18; S. & H., II., 270-272.

For selections from Byrd's History of the Dividing Line, see Cairns, passim, 259-272; Trent, 19-22; T. & W., III., 23-32; S. & H., II., 302-305.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.--The Voyage of the Mayflower, Cairns, 31-35; Early Difficulties of the Pilgrim Fathers, T. & W., I., 42-45; The Communal System Abandoned, T. & W., I., 46-49; The Landing of the Pilgrims and their Settlement at Plymouth, S. & H., I., 124-130.

JOHN WINTHROP.--Twenty-five entries from his Journal or History of New England are given in Cairns, 44-48, and fourteen in T. & W., I., 99-105.

His famous speech on Liberty may be found in T. & W., I., 106-116; in S. & H., I., 302-303; and in Cairns, 50-53.

EARLY NEW ENGLAND VERSE.--The selection in the text (p. 38) from the Bay Psalm Book is sufficient.

For Wigglesworth's Day of Doom, see Cairns, 166-177; T. & W., II., 54-60; S. & H., passim, II., 3-16.

Anne Bradstreet's best poem, Contemplations, may be found in Cairns, 154-162; T. & W., I., 280-283; S. & H., I., 314, 315.

WARD'S SIMPLE COBBLER OF AGAWAM.--His view of religious toleration is given in Cairns, 113-118, and T. & W., I., 253-259. For the satiric essay on women's fashions, see Cairns, 119-124; T. & W., I., 260-266; S. & H. I., 276-280.

SAMUEL SEWALL.--Cairns, 240-243, gives from the Diary the events of a month. Notes on the Witchcraft Persecution and his prayer of repentance for "the blame and shame of it" may be found in T. & W., II., 294-296. The record of his courtship of Madam Winthrop is given in Cairns, 245-249; T. & W., II., 304-319; and S. & H., II., 192-200. For his early anti-slavery tract, see T. & W., II., 320-326; S. & H., II., 189-192.

COTTON MATHER.--His fantastic life of Mr. Ralph Partridge from the Magnalia is given in Cairns, 228, 229. The interesting story of the New England argonaut, Sir William Phips, may be found in T. & W., II., 257-266, and in S. & H., II., 143-149. One of his best biographies is that of Thomas Hooker, S. & H., II., 149-156.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.--For a specimen of an almost poetic exposition of the divine love, read the selection in Cairns, 280, 281; T. & W., III., 148, 149; S. & H., II., 374; and Carpenter, 16, 17, beginning, "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys." Selections from his Freedom of the Will are given in Cairns. 291-294; T. & W., III., 185-187; and S. & H., II., 404-407 (the best).

5. 20th Century: William Dean Howells. *American Literary Centers*

William Dean Howells

Literature and Life -American Literary Centers

American Literary Centres

One of the facts which we Americans have a difficulty in making clear to a rather inattentive world outside is that, while we have apparently a literature of our own, we have no literary centre. We have so much literature that from time to time it seems even to us we must have a literary centre. We say to ourselves, with a good deal of logic, Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, or at least a fireplace. But it is just here that, misled by tradition, and even by history, we deceive ourselves. Really, we have no fireplace for such fire as we have kindled; or, if any one is disposed to deny this, then I say, we have a dozen fireplaces; which is quite as bad, so far as the notion of a literary centre is concerned, if it is not worse. I once proved this fact to my own satisfaction in some papers which I wrote several years ago; but it appears, from a question which has lately come to me from England, that I did not carry conviction quite so far as that island; and I still have my work all before me, if I understand the London friend who wishes "a comparative view of the centres of literary production" among us; "how and why they change; how they stand at present; and what is the relation, for instance, of Boston to other such centres."

I.

Here, if I cut my coat according to my cloth, I should have a garment which this whole volume would hardly stuff out with its form; and I have a fancy that if I begin by answering, as I have sometimes rather too succinctly done, that we have no more a single literary centre than Italy or than Germany has (or had before their unification), I shall not be taken at my word. I shall be right, all the same, and if I am told that in those countries there is now a tendency to such a centre, I can only say that there is none in this, and that, so far as I can see, we get further every day from having such a centre. The fault, if it is a fault, grows upon us, for the whole present tendency of American life is centrifugal, and just so far as literature is the language of our life, it shares this tendency. I do not attempt to say how it will be when, in order to spread ourselves over the earth, and convincingly to preach the blessings of our deeply incorporated civilization by the mouths of our eight-inch guns, the mind of the nation shall be politically centred at some capital; that is the function of prophecy, and I am only writing literary history, on a very small scale, with a somewhat crushing sense of limits. Once, twice, thrice there was apparently an American literary centre: at Philadelphia, from the time Franklin went to live there until the death of Charles Brockden Brown, our first romancer; then at New York, during the period which may be roughly described as that of Irving, Poe, Willis, and Bryant; then at Boston, for the thirty or forty years illumined by the presence of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Prescott, Parkman, and many lesser lights. These are all still great publishing centres. If it were not that the house with the largest list of American authors was still at Boston, I should say New York was now the chief publishing centre; but in the sense that London and Paris, or even Madrid and Petersburg, are literary centres, with a controlling influence throughout England and France, Spain and Russia, neither New York nor Boston is now our literary centre, whatever they may once have been. Not to take Philadelphia too seriously, I may note that when New York seemed our literary centre Irving alone among those who gave it lustre was a New-Yorker, and he mainly lived abroad; Bryant, who was a New Englander, was alone constant to the city of his adoption; Willis, a Bostonian, and Poe, a Marylander, went and came as their poverty or their prosperity compelled or invited; neither dwelt here unbrokenly, and Poe did not even die here, though he often came near starving. One cannot then strictly speak of any early American literary centre except Boston, and Boston, strictly speaking, was the New England literary centre. However, we had really no use for an American literary centre before the Civil War, for it was only after the Civil War that we really began to have an American literature. Up to that time we had a Colonial literature, a Knickerbocker literature, and a New England literature. But as soon as the country began to feel its life in every limb with the coming of peace, it began to speak in the varying accents of all the different sections--North, East, South, West, and Farthest West; but not before that time.

II.

Perhaps the first note of this national concord, or discord, was sounded from California, in the voices of Mr. Bret Harte, of Mark Twain, of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard (I am sorry for those who do not know his beautiful Idyls of the South Seas), and others of the remarkable group of poets and humorists whom these names must stand for. The San Francisco school briefly flourished from 1867 till 1872 or so, and while it endured it made San Francisco the

first national literary centre we ever had, for its writers were of every American origin except Californian. After the Pacific Slope, the great Middle West found utterance in the dialect verse of Mr. John Hay, and after that began the exploitation of all the local parlances, which has sometimes seemed to stop, and then has begun again. It went on in the South in the fables of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's Uncle Remus, and in the fiction of Miss Murfree, who so long masqueraded as Charles Egbert Craddock. Louisiana found expression in the Creole stories of Mr. G. W. Cable, Indiana in the Hoosier poems of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, and central New York in the novels of Mr. Harold Frederic; but nowhere was the new impulse so firmly and finely directed as in New England, where Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's studies of country life antedated Miss Mary Wilkins's work. To be sure, the portrayal of Yankee character began before either of these artists was known; Lowell's Bigelow Papers first reflected it; Mrs. Stowe's Old Town Stories caught it again and again; Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, in her unromantic moods, was of an excellent fidelity to it; and Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke was even truer to the New England of Connecticut. With the later group Mrs. Lily Chase Wyman has pictured Rhode Island work-life with truth pitiless to the beholder, and full of that tender humanity for the material which characterizes Russian fiction. Mr. James Lane Allen has let in the light upon Kentucky; the Red Men and White of the great plains have found their interpreter in Mr. Owen Wister, a young Philadelphian witness of their dramatic conditions and characteristics; Mr. Hamlin Garland had already expressed the sad circumstances of the rural Northwest in his pathetic idyls, colored from the experience of one who had been part of what he saw. Later came Mr. Henry B. Fuller, and gave us what was hardest and most sordid, as well as something of what was most touching and most amusing, in the burly-burly of Chicago.

III.

A survey of this sort imparts no just sense of the facts, and I own that I am impatient of merely naming authors and books that each tempt me to an expansion far beyond the limits of this essay; for, if I may be so personal, I have watched the growth of our literature in Americanism with intense sympathy. In my poor way I have always liked the truth, and in times past I am afraid that I have helped to make it odious to those who believed beauty was something different; but I hope that I shall not now be doing our decentralized literature a disservice by saying that its chief value is its honesty, its fidelity to our decentralized life. Sometimes I wish this were a little more constant; but upon the whole I have no reason to complain; and I think that as a very interested spectator of New York I have reason to be content with the veracity with which some phases of it have been rendered. The lightning--or the flash-light, to speak more accurately--has been rather late in striking this ungainly metropolis, but it has already got in its work with notable effect at some points. This began, I believe, with the local dramas of Mr. Edward Harrigan, a species of farces, or sketches of character, loosely hung together, with little sequence or relevancy, upon the thread of a plot which would keep the stage for two or three hours. It was very rough magic, as a whole, but in parts it was exquisite, and it held the mirror up towards politics on their social and political side, and gave us East-Side types--Irish, German, negro, and Italian--which were instantly recognizable and deliciously satisfying. I never could understand why Mr. Harrigan did not go further, but perhaps he had gone far enough; and, at any rate, he left the field open for others. The next to appear noticeably in it was Mr. Stephen Crane, whose Red Badge of Courage wronged the finer art which he showed in such New York studies as Maggie: A Girl of the Streets, and George's Mother. He has been followed by Abraham Cahan, a Russian Hebrew, who has done portraits of his race and nation with uncommon power. They are the very Russian Hebrews of Hester Street translated from their native Yiddish into English, which the author mastered after coming here in his early manhood. He brought to his work the artistic qualities of both the Slav and the Jew, and in his 'Jekl: A Story of the Ghetto', he gave proof of talent which his more recent book of sketches--'The Imported Bride groom'--confirms. He sees his people humorously, and he is as unsparing of their sordidness as he is compassionate of their hard circumstance and the somewhat frowsy pathos of their lives. He is a Socialist, but his fiction is wholly without "tendentiousness." A good many years ago--ten or twelve, at least--Mr. Harry Harland had shown us some politer New York Jews, with a romantic coloring, though with genuine feeling for the novelty and picturesqueness of his material; but I do not think of any one who has adequately dealt with our Gentile society. Mr. James has treated it historically in Washington Square, and more modernly in some passages of The Bostonians, as well as in some of his shorter stories; Mr. Edgar Fawcett has dealt with it intelligently and authoritatively in a novel or two; and Mr. Brander Matthews has sketched it, in this aspect, and that with his Gallic cleverness, neatness, and point. In the novel, 'His Father's Son', he in fact faces it squarely and renders certain forms of it with masterly skill. He has done something more distinctive still in 'The Action and the Word', one of the best American stories I know. But except for these writers, our literature has hardly taken to New York society.

IV.

It is an even thing: New York society has not taken to our literature. New York publishes it, criticises it, and circulates it, but I doubt if New York society much reads it or cares for it, and New York is therefore by no means the literary centre that Boston once was, though a large number of our literary men live in or about New York. Boston, in my time at least, had distinctly a literary atmosphere, which more or less pervaded society; but New York has distinctly nothing of the kind, in any pervasive sense. It is a vast mart, and literature is one of the things marketed here; but our good society cares no more for it than for some other products bought and sold here; it does not care nearly so much for books as for horses or for stocks, and I suppose it is not unlike the good society of any other metropolis in this. To the general, here, journalism is a far more appreciable thing than literature, and has greater recognition, for some very good reasons; but in Boston literature had vastly more honor, and even more popular recognition, than journalism. There journalism desired to be literary, and here literature has to try hard not to be journalistic. If New York is a literary centre on the business side, as London is, Boston was a literary centre, as Weimar was, and as Edinburgh was. It felt literature, as those capitals felt it, and if it did not love it quite so much as might seem, it always respected it. To be quite clear in what I wish to say of the present relation of Boston to our other literary centres, I must repeat that we have now no such literary centre as Boston was. Boston itself has perhaps outgrown the literary consciousness which formerly distinguished it from all our other large towns. In a place of nearly a million people (I count in the outlying places) newspapers must be more than books; and that alone says everything. Mr. Aldrich once noticed that whenever an author died in Boston, the New-Yorkers thought they had a literary centre; and it is by some such means that the primacy has passed from Boston, even if it has not passed to New York. But still there is enough literature left in the body at Boston to keep her first among equals in some things, if not easily first in all. Mr. Aldrich himself lives in Boston, and he is, with Mr. Stedman, the foremost of our poets. At Cambridge live Colonel T. W. Higginson, an essayist in a certain sort without rival among us; and Mr. William James, the most interesting and the most literary of psychologists, whose repute is European as well as American. Mr. Charles Eliot Norton alone survives of the earlier Cambridge group--Longfellow, Lowell, Richard Henry Dana, Louis Agassiz, Francis J. Child, and Henry James, the father of the novelist and the psychologist. To Boston Mr. James Ford Rhodes, the latest of our abler historians, has gone from Ohio; and there Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, the Massachusetts Senator, whose work in literature is making itself more and more known, was born and belongs, politically, socially, and intellectually. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a poet of wide fame in an elder generation, lives there; Mr. T. B. Aldrich lives there; and thereabouts live Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, the first of a fame beyond the last, who was known to us so long before her. Then at Boston, or near Boston, live those artists supreme in the kind of short story which we have carried so far: Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Miss Alice Brown, Mrs. Chase-Wyman, and Miss Gertrude Smith, who comes from Kansas, and writes of the prairie farm-life, though she leaves Mr. E. W. Howe (of 'The Story of a Country Town' and presently of the Atchison Daily Globe) to constitute, with the humorous poet Ironquill, a frontier literary centre at Topeka. Of Boston, too, though she is of western Pennsylvania origin, is Mrs. Margaret Deland, one of our most successful novelists. Miss Wilkins has married out of Massachusetts into New Jersey, and is the neighbor of Mr. H. M. Alden at Metuchen. All these are more or less embodied and represented in the Atlantic Monthly, still the most literary, and in many things still the first of our magazines. Finally, after the chief publishing house in New York, the greatest American publishing house is in Boston, with by far the largest list of the best American books. Recently several firms of younger vigor and valor have recruited the wasted ranks of the Boston publishers, and are especially to be noted for the number of rather nice new poets they give to the light.

V.

Dealing with the question geographically, in the right American way, we descend to Hartford obliquely by way of Springfield, Massachusetts, where, in a little city of fifty thousand, a newspaper of metropolitan influence and of distinctly literary tone is published. At Hartford while Charles Dudley Warner lived, there was an indisputable literary centre; Mark Twain lives there no longer, and now we can scarcely count Hartford among our literary centres, though it is a publishing centre of much activity in subscription books. At New Haven, Yale University has latterly attracted Mr. William H. Bishop, whose novels I always liked for the best reasons, and has long held Professor J. T. Lounsbury, who is, since Professor Child's death at Cambridge, our best Chaucer scholar. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, once endeared to the whole fickle American public by his *Reveries of a Bachelor* and his *Dream Life*, dwells on the borders of the pleasant town, which is also the home of Mr. J. W. De Forest, the earliest real American novelist, and for certain gifts in seeing and telling our life also one of the greatest. As to New York (where the imagination may arrive daily from New Haven, either by a Sound boat or by eight or ten of the swiftest express trains in the world), I confess I am more and more puzzled. Here abide the poets, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, Mr. E. C. Stedman, Mr. R. W. Gilder, and many whom an envious etcetera must hide from view; the fictionists, Mr. R. H.

Davis, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mr. Brander Matthews, Mr. Frank Hopkinson Smith, Mr. Abraham Cahan, Mr. Frank Norris, and Mr. James Lane Allen, who has left Kentucky to join the large Southern contingent, which includes Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. McEnery Stuart; the historians, Professor William M. Sloane and Dr. Eggleston (reformed from a novelist); the literary and religious and economic essayists, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Mr. H. M. Alden, Mr. J. J. Chapman, and Mr. E. L. Godkin, with critics, dramatists, satirists, magazinists, and journalists of literary stamp in number to convince the wavering reason against itself that here beyond all question is the great literary centre of these States. There is an Authors' Club, which alone includes a hundred and fifty authors, and, if you come to editors, there is simply no end. Magazines are published here and circulated hence throughout the land by millions; and books by the ton are the daily output of our publishers, who are the largest in the country. If these things do not mean a great literary centre, it would be hard to say what does; and I am not going to try for a reason against such facts. It is not quality that is wanting, but perhaps it is the quantity of the quality; there is leaven, but not for so large a lump. It may be that New York is going to be our literary centre, as London is the literary centre of England, by gathering into itself all our writing talent, but it has by no means done this yet. What we can say is that more authors come here from the West and South than go elsewhere; but they often stay at home, and I fancy very wisely. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris stays at Atlanta, in Georgia; Mr. James Whitcomb Riley stays at Indianapolis; Mr. Maurice Thompson spent his whole literary life, and General Lew. Wallace still lives at Crawfordsville, Indiana; Mr. Madison Cawein stays at Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Murfree stays at St. Louis, Missouri; Francis R. Stockton spent the greater part of the year at his place in West Virginia, and came only for the winter months to New York; Mr. Edward Bellamy, until his failing health exiled him to the Far West, remained at Chicopee, Massachusetts; and I cannot think of one of these writers whom it would have advantaged in any literary wise to dwell in New York. He would not have found greater incentive than at home; and in society he would not have found that literary tone which all society had, or wished to have, in Boston when Boston was a great town and not yet a big town. In fact, I doubt if anywhere in the world there was ever so much taste and feeling for literature as there was in that Boston. At Edinburgh (as I imagine it) there was a large and distinguished literary class, and at Weimar there was a cultivated court circle; but in Boston there was not only such a group of authors as we shall hardly see here again for hundreds of years, but there was such regard for them and their calling, not only in good society, but among the extremely well-read people of the whole intelligent city, as hardly another community has shown. New York, I am quite sure, never was such a centre, and I see no signs that it ever will be. It does not influence the literature of the whole country as Boston once did through writers whom all the young writers wished to resemble; it does not give the law, and it does not inspire the love that literary Boston inspired. There is no ideal that it represents. A glance at the map of the Union will show how very widely our smaller literary centres are scattered; and perhaps it will be useful in following me to other more populous literary centres. Dropping southward from New York, now, we find ourselves in a literary centre of importance at Philadelphia, since that is the home of Mr. J. B. McMasters, the historian of the American people; of Mr. Owen Wister, whose fresh and vigorous work I have mentioned; and of Dr. Weir Mitchell, a novelist of power long known to the better public, and now recognized by the larger in the immense success of his historical romance, Hugh Wynne. If I skip Baltimore, I may ignore a literary centre of great promise, but while I do not forget the excellent work of Johns Hopkins University in training men for the solid literature of the future, no Baltimore names to conjure with occur to me at the moment; and we must really get on to Washington. This, till he became ambassador at the Court of St. James, was the home of Mr. John Hay, a poet whose biography of Lincoln must rank him with the historians, and whose public service as Secretary of State classes him high among statesmen. He blotted out one literary centre at Cleveland, Ohio, when he removed to Washington, and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page another at Richmond, Virginia, when he came to the national capital. Mr. Paul Dunbar, the first negro poet to divine and utter his race, carried with him the literary centre of Dayton, Ohio, when he came to be an employee in the Congressional Library; and Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, in settling at Washington as Professor of Literature in the Catholic University, brought somewhat indirectly away with him the last traces of the old literary centre at San Francisco. A more recent literary centre in the Californian metropolis went to pieces when Mr. Gelett Burgess came to New York and silenced the 'Lark', a bird of as new and rare a note as ever made itself heard in this air; but since he has returned to California, there is hope that the literary centre may form itself there again. I do not know whether Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson wrecked a literary centre in leaving Los Angeles or not. I am sure only that she has enriched the literary centre of New York by the addition of a talent in sociological satire which would be extraordinary even if it were not altogether unrivalled among us. Could one say too much of the literary centre at Chicago? I fancy, yes; or too much, at least, for the taste of the notable people who constitute it. In Mr. Henry B. Fuller we have reason to hope, from what he has already done, an American novelist of such greatness that he may well leave being the great American novelist to any one who likes taking that role. Mr. Hamlin Garland is another writer of genuine and original gift who centres at Chicago; and Mrs. Mary Catherwood has made her name well known in romantic fiction. Miss Edith Wyatt is a talent, newly known, of

the finest quality in minor fiction; Mr. Robert Herrick, Mr. Will Payne in their novels, and Mr. George Ade and Mr. Peter Dump in their satires form with those named a group not to be matched elsewhere in the country. It would be hard to match among our critical journals the 'Dial' of Chicago; and with a fair amount of publishing in a sort of books often as good within as they are uncommonly pretty without, Chicago has a claim to rank with our first literary centres. It is certainly to be reckoned not so very far below London, which, with Mr. Henry James, Mr. Harry Harland, and Mr. Bret Harte, seems to me an American literary centre worthy to be named with contemporary Boston. Which is our chief literary centre, however, I am not, after all, ready to say. When I remember Mr. G. W. Cable, at Northampton, Massachusetts, I am shaken in all my preoccupations; when I think of Mark Twain, it seems to me that our greatest literary centre is just now at Riverdale- on-the-Hudson.

PG EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS:

Leaven, but not for so large a lump
Mark Twain
Not lack of quality but quantity of the quality
Our deeply incorporated civilization

William Dean Howells

American Literature in Exile

A recently lecturing Englishman is reported to have noted the unenviable primacy of the United States among countries where the struggle for material prosperity has been disastrous to the pursuit of literature. He said, or is said to have said (one cannot be too careful in attributing to a public man the thoughts that may be really due to an imaginative frame in the reporter), that among us, "the old race of writers of distinction, such as Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, and Washington Irving, have (sic) died out, and the Americans who are most prominent in cultivated European opinion in art or literature, like Sargent, Henry James, or Marion Crawford, live habitually out of America, and draw their inspiration from England, France, and Italy."

I.

If this were true, I confess that I am so indifferent to what many Americans glory in that it would not distress me, or wound me in the sort of self-love which calls itself patriotism. If it would at all help to put an end to that struggle for material prosperity which has eventuated with us in so many millionaires and so many tramps, I should be glad to believe that it was driving our literary men out of the country. This would be a tremendous object-lesson, and might be a warning to the millionaires and the tramps. But I am afraid it would not have this effect, for neither our very rich nor our very poor care at all for the state of polite learning among us; though for the matter of that, I believe that economic conditions have little to do with it; and that if a general mediocrity of fortune prevailed and there were no haste to be rich and to get poor, the state of polite learning would not be considerably affected. As matters stand, I think we may reasonably ask whether the Americans "most prominent in cultivated European opinion," the Americans who "live habitually out of America," are not less exiles than advance agents of the expansion now advertising itself to the world. They may be the vanguard of the great army of adventurers destined to overrun the earth from these shores, and exploit all foreign countries to our advantage. They probably themselves do not know it, but in the act of "drawing their inspiration" from alien scenes, or taking their own where they find it, are not they simply transporting to Europe "the struggle for material prosperity," which Sir Lepel supposes to be fatal to them here? There is a question, however, which comes before this, and that is the question whether they have quitted us in such numbers as justly to alarm our patriotism. Qualitatively, in the authors named and in the late Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Harry Harland, and the late Mr. Harold Frederic, as well as in Mark Twain, once temporarily resident abroad, the defection is very great; but quantitatively it is not such as to leave us without a fair measure of home-keeping authorship. Our destitution is not nearly so great now in the absence of Mr. James and Mr. Crawford as it was in the times before the "struggle for material prosperity" when Washington Irving went and lived in England and on the European continent well-nigh half his life. Sir Lepel Griffin--or Sir Lepel Griffin's reporter--seems to forget the fact of Irving's long absenteeism when he classes him with "the old race" of eminent American authors who stayed at home. But really none of those he names were so constant to our air as he seems--or his reporter seems --to think. Longfellow sojourned three or four years in Germany, Spain, and Italy; Holmes spent as great time in Paris; Bryant was a frequent traveller, and each of them "drew his inspiration" now and then from alien sources. Lowell was many years in Italy, Spain, and England; Motley spent more than half his life abroad; Hawthorne was away from us nearly a decade.

II.

If I seem to be proving too much in one way, I do not feel that I am proving too much in another. My facts go to show that the literary spirit is the true world-citizen, and is at home everywhere. If any good American were distressed by the absenteeism of our authors, I should first advise him that American literature was not derived from the folklore of the red Indians, but was, as I have said once before, a condition of English literature, and was independent even of our independence. Then I should entreat him to consider the case of foreign authors who had found it more comfortable or more profitable to live out of their respective countries than in them. I should allege for his consolation the case of Byron, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt, and more latterly that of the Brownings and Walter Savage Landor, who preferred an Italian to an English sojourn; and yet more recently that of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who voluntarily lived several years in Vermont, and has "drawn his inspiration" in notable instances from the life of these States. It will serve him also to consider that the two greatest Norwegian authors, Bjornsen and Ibsen, have both lived long in France and Italy. Heinrich Heine loved to live in Paris much better than in Dusseldorf, or even in Hamburg; and Tourguenief himself, who said that any man's country could get on without him, but no man could get on without his country, managed to dispense with his own in the French capital, and died there after he was quite

free to go back to St. Petersburg. In the last century Rousseau lived in France rather than Switzerland; Voltaire at least tried to live in Prussia, and was obliged to a long exile elsewhere; Goldoni left fame and friends in Venice for the favor of princes in Paris. Literary absenteeism, it seems to me, is not peculiarly an American vice or an American virtue. It is an expression and a proof of the modern sense which enlarges one's country to the bounds of civilization. I cannot think it justly a reproach in the eyes of the world, and if any American feels it a grievance, I suggest that he do what he can to have embodied in the platform of his party a plank affirming the right of American authors to a public provision that will enable them to live as agreeably at home as they can abroad on the same money. In the mean time, their absenteeism is not a consequence of "the struggle for material prosperity," not a high disdain of the strife which goes on not less in Europe than in America, and must, of course, go on everywhere as long as competitive conditions endure, but is the result of chances and preferences which mean nothing nationally calamitous or discreditable.

6. 20th Century: Murry, J. Middleton. *Aspects of Literature*

Preface

Two of these essays, 'The Function of Criticism' and 'The Religion of Rousseau,' were contributed to the Times Literary Supplement; that on 'The Poetry of Edward Thomas' in the Nation; all the rest save one have appeared in the Athenæum. The essays are arranged in the order in which they were written, with two exceptions. The second part of the essay on Tchekov has been placed with the first for convenience, although in order of thought it should follow the essay, 'The Cry in the Wilderness.' More important, I have placed 'The Function of Criticism' first although it was written last, because it treats of the broad problem of literary criticism, suggests a standard of values implicit elsewhere in the book, and thus to some degree affords an introduction to the remaining essays. But the degree is not great, as the critical reader will quickly discover for himself. I ask him not to indulge the temptation of convicting me out of my own mouth. I am aware that my practice is often inconsistent with my professions; and I ask the reader to remember that the professions were made after the practice and to a considerable extent as the result of it. The practice came first, and if I could reasonably expect so much of the reader I would ask him to read 'The Function of Criticism' once more when he has reached the end of the book. I make no apology for not having rewritten the essays. As a critic I enjoy nothing more than to trace the development of a writer's attitude through its various phases; I could do no less than afford my readers the opportunity of a similar enjoyment in my own case. They may be assured that none of the essays have suffered any substantial alteration, even where, for instance in the case of the incidental and (I am now persuaded) quite inadequate estimate of Chaucer in 'The Nostalgia of Mr Masfield,' my view has since completely changed. Here and there I have recast expressions which, though not sufficiently conveying my meaning, had been passed in the haste of journalistic production. But I have nowhere tried to adjust earlier to later points of view. I am aware that these points of view are often difficult to reconcile; that, for instance, 'aesthetic' in the essay on Tchekov has a much narrower meaning than it bears in 'The Function of Criticism'; that the essay on 'The Religion of Rousseau' is criticism of a kind which I deprecate as insufficient in the essay, 'The Cry in the Wilderness,' because it lacks that reference to life as a whole which I have come to regard as essential to criticism; and that in this latter essay I use the word 'moral' (for instance in the phrase 'The values of literature are in the last resort moral') in a sense which is never exactly defined. The key to most of these discrepancies will, I hope, be found in the introductory essay on 'The Function of Criticism.'

May, 1920.

The Function of Criticism

It is curious and interesting to find our younger men of letters actively concerned with the present condition of literary criticism. This is a novel preoccupation for them and one which is, we believe, symptomatic of a general hesitancy and expectation. In the world of letters everything is a little up in the air, volatile and uncrystallised. It is a world of rejections and velleities; in spite of outward similarities, a strangely different world from that of half a dozen years ago. Then one had a tolerable certainty that the new star, if the new star was to appear, would burst upon our vision in the shape of a novel. To-day we feel it might be anything. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand might even be, like Trigoris in 'The Sea-gull,' like a piano; it has no predetermined form. This sense of incalculability, which has been aroused by the prodigious literary efflorescence of late years, reacts upon its cause; and the reaction tends by many different paths to express itself finally in the ventilation of problems that hinge about criticism. There is a general feeling that the growth of the young plant has been too luxuriant; a desire to have it vigorously pruned by a capable gardener, in order that its strength may be gathered together to produce a more perfect fruit. There is also a sense that if the *lusus naturæ*, the writer of genius, were to appear, there ought to be a person or an organisation capable of recognising him, however unexpected his scent or the shape of his leaves. Both these tasks fall upon criticism. The younger generation looks round a little apprehensively to see if there is a gardener whom it can trust, and decides, perhaps a little prematurely, that there is none. There is reviewing but no criticism, says one icy voice that we have learned to respect. There are pontiffs and potential pontiffs, but no critics, says another disrespectful young man. Oh, for some more Scotch Reviewers to settle the hash of our English bards, sighs a third. And the London Mercury, after whetting our appetite by announcing that it proposed to restore the standards of authoritative criticism, still leaves us a little in the dark as to what these standards are. Mr T.S. Eliot deals more kindly, if more frigidly, with us in the Monthly Chapbook. There are, he says, three kinds of criticism--the historical, the philosophic, and the purely literary. 'Every form of genuine criticism is directed towards creation. The historical or philosophic critic of poetry is criticising poetry in order to create a history or a philosophy; the poetic critic is criticising poetry in order to create poetry.' These separate and distinct kinds, he considers, are but rarely found to-day, even in a fragmentary form; where they do exist, they are almost invariably mingled in an

inextricable confusion. Whether we agree or not with the general condemnation of reviewing implicit in this survey of the situation, or with the division of criticism itself, we have every reason to be grateful to Mr Eliot for disentangling the problem for us. The question of criticism has become rather like Glaucus the sea-god, encrusted with shells and hung with weed till his lineaments are hardly discernible. We have at least clear sight of him now, and we are able to decide whether we will accept Mr Eliot's description of him. Let us see. We have no difficulty in agreeing that historical criticism of literature is a kind apart. The historical critic approaches literature as the manifestation of an evolutionary process in which all the phases are of equal value. Essentially, he has no concern with the greater or less literary excellence of the objects whose history he traces--their existence is alone sufficient for him; a bad book is as important as a good one, and much more important than a good one if it exercised, as bad books have a way of doing, a real influence on the course of literature. In practice, it is true, the historical critic generally fails of this ideal of unimpassioned objectivity. He either begins by making judgments of value for himself, or accepts those judgments which have been endorsed by tradition. He fastens upon a number of outstanding figures and more or less deliberately represents the process as from culmination to culmination; but in spite of this arbitrary foreshortening he is primarily concerned, in each one of the phases which he distinguishes, with that which is common to every member of the group of writers which it includes. The individuality, the quintessence, of a writer lies completely outside his view. We may accept the isolation of the historical critic then, at least in theory, and conceive of him as a fragment of a social historian, as the author of a chapter in the history of the human spirit. But can we isolate the philosophic critic in the same way? And what exactly is a philosophic critic? Is he a critic with a philosophical scheme in which art and literature have their places, a critic who therefore approaches literature with a definite conception of it as one among many parallel manifestations of the human spirit, and with a system of values derived from his metaphysical scheme? Hegel and Croce are philosophical critics in this sense, and Aristotle is not, as far as we can judge from the *Poetics*, wherein he considers the literary work of Greece as an isolated phenomenon, and examines it in and for itself. But for the moment, and with the uneasy sense that we have not thoroughly laid the ghost of philosophic criticism, we will assume that we have isolated him, and pass to the consideration of the pure literary critic, if indeed we can find him. What does he do? How shall we recognise him? Mr Eliot puts before us Coleridge and Aristotle and Dryden as literary critics par excellence arranged in an ascending scale of purity. The concatenation is curious, for these were men possessed of very different interests and faculties of mind; and it would occur to few to place Dryden, as a critic, at their head. The living centre of Aristotle's criticism is a conception of art as a means to a good life. As an activity, poetry 'is more philosophic than history,' a nearer approach to the universal truth in appearances; and as a more active influence, drama refines our spiritual being by a purgation of pity and terror. Indeed, it would not be an exaggeration to say that the very pith and marrow of Aristotle's literary criticism is a system of moral values derived from his contemplation of life. It was necessary that this relation should exist, because for Aristotle literature was, essentially, an imitation of life though we must remember to understand imitation according to our final sense of the theme which is the golden, persistent thread throughout the *Poetics*. The imitation of life in literature was for Aristotle, the creative revelation of the ideal actively at work in human life. The tragic hero failed because his composition was less than ideal; but he could only be a tragic hero if the ideal was implicit in him and he visibly approximated to it. It is this constant reference to the ideal which makes of 'imitation' a truly creative principle and the one which, properly understood, is the most permanently valid and pregnant of all; it is also one which has been constantly misunderstood. Its importance is, nevertheless, so central that adequate recognition of it might conceivably be taken as the distinguishing mark of all fruitful criticism. To his sympathetic understanding of this principle Coleridge owed a great debt. It is true that his efforts to refine upon it were not only unsuccessful, but a trifle ludicrous; his effort to graft the vague transcendentalism of Germany on to the rigour and clarity of Aristotle was, from the outset, unfortunately conceived. But the root of the matter was there, and in Coleridge's fertile mind the Aristotelian theory of imitation flowered into a magnificent conception of the validity and process of the poetic imagination. And partly because the foundation was truly Aristotelian, partly because Coleridge had known what it was to be a great poet, the reference to life pervades the whole of what is permanently valuable in Coleridge's criticism. In him, too, there is a strict and mutually fertilising relation between the moral and the æsthetic values. This is the firm ground beneath his feet when he--too seldom--proceeds to the free exercise of his exquisite æsthetic discrimination. In Dryden, however, there was no such organic interpenetration. Dryden, too, had a fine sensibility, though less exquisite, by far, than that of Coleridge; but his theoretical system was not merely alien to him--it was in itself false and mistaken. *Corruptio optimi pessima*. He took over from France the sterilised and lifeless Aristotelianism which has been the plague of criticism for centuries; he used it no worse than his French exemplars, but he used it very little better than they. It was in his hands, as in theirs, a dead mechanical framework of rules about the unities. Dryden, we can see in his critical writing, was constantly chafed by it. He behaves like a fine horse with a bearing rein: he is continually tossing his head after a minute or two of 'good manners and action,' and saying, 'Shakespeare was the best of them,

anyhow'; 'Chaucer beats Ovid to a standstill.' It is a gesture with which all decent people sympathise and when it is made in language so supple as Dryden's prose it has a lasting charm. Dryden's heart was in the right place, and he was not afraid of showing it; but that does not make him a critic, much less a critic to be set as a superior in the company of Aristotle and Coleridge. Our search for the pure literary critic is likely to be arduous. We have seen that there is a sense in which Dryden is a purer literary critic than either Coleridge or Aristotle; but we have also seen that it is precisely by reason of the 'pureness' in him that he is to be relegated into a rank inferior to theirs. It looks as though we might have to pronounce that the true literary critic is the philosophic critic. Yet the pronouncement must not be prematurely made; for there is a real and vital difference between those for whom we have accepted the designation of philosophic critics, Hegel or Croce, and Aristotle or Coleridge. Yet three of these (and it might be wise to include Coleridge as a fourth) were professional philosophers. It is evidently not the philosophy as such that makes the difference. The difference depends, we believe, upon the nature of the philosophy. The secret lies in Aristotle. The true literary critic must have a humanistic philosophy. His inquiries must be modulated, subject to an intimate, organic governance, by an ideal of the good life. He is not the mere investigator of facts; existence is never for him synonymous with value, and it is of the utmost importance that he should never be deluded into believing that it is. He will not accept from Hegel the thesis that all the events of human history, all man's spiritual activities, are equally authentic manifestations of Spirit; he will not even recognise the existence of Spirit. He may accept from Croce the thesis that art is the expression of intuitions, but he will not be extravagantly grateful, because his duty as a critic is to distinguish between intuitions and to decide that one is more significant than another. A philosophy of art that lends him no aid in this and affords no indication why the expression of one intuition should be preferred to the expression of another is of little value to him. He will incline to say that Hegel and Croce are the scientists of art rather than its philosophers. Here, then, is the opposition: between the philosophy that borrows its values from science and the philosophy which shares its values with art. We may put it with more cogency and truth: the opposition lies between a philosophy without values and a philosophy based upon them. For values are human, anthropocentric. Shut them out once and you shut them out for ever. You do not get them back, as some believe, by declaring that such and such a thing is true. Nothing is precious because it is true save to a mind which has, consciously or unconsciously, decided that it is good to know the truth. And the making of that single decision is a most momentous judgment of value. If the scientist appeals to it, as indeed he invariably does, he too is at bottom, though he may deny it, a humanist. He would do better to confess it, and to confess that he too is in search of the good life. Then he might become aware that to search for the good life is in fact impossible, unless he has an ideal of it before his mind's eye. An ideal of the good life, if it is to have the internal coherence and the organic force of a true ideal, must inevitably be æsthetic. There is no other power than our æsthetic intuition by which we can imagine or conceive it; we can express it only in æsthetic terms. We say, for instance, the good life is that in which man has achieved a harmony of the diverse elements in his soul. For the good life, we know instinctively, is one of our human absolutes. It is not good with reference to any end outside itself. A man does not live the good life because he is a good citizen; but he is a good citizen because he lives the good life. And here we touch the secret of the most magnificently human of all books that has ever been written--Plato's Republic. In the Republic the good life and the life of the good citizen are identified; but the citizenship is not of an earthly but of an ideal city, whose proportions, like the duties of its citizens, are determined by the æsthetic intuition. Plato's philosophy is æsthetic through and through, and because it is æsthetic it is the most human, the most permanently pregnant of all philosophies. Much labour has been spent on the examination of the identity which Plato established between the good and the beautiful. It is labour lost, for that identity is axiomatic, absolute, irreducible. The Greeks knew by instinct that it is so, and in their common speech the word for a gentleman was the *kalos kagathos*, the beautiful-good. This is why we have to go back to the Greeks for the principles of art and criticism, and why only those critics who have returned to bathe themselves in the life-giving source have made enduring contributions to criticism. They alone are--let us not say philosophic critics but--critics indeed. Their approach to life and their approach to art are the same; to them, and to them alone, life and art are one. The interpenetration is complete; the standards by which life and art are judged the same. If we may use a metaphor, in the Greek view art is the consciousness of life. Poetry is more philosophic and more highly serious than history, just as the mind of a man is more significant than his outward gestures. To make those gestures significant the art of the actor must be called into play. So to make the outward event of history significant the poet's art is needed. Therefore a criticism which is based on the Greek view is impelled to assign to art a place, the place of sovereignty in its scheme of values. That Plato himself did not do this was due to his having misunderstood the nature of that process of 'imitation' in which art consists; but only the superficial readers of Plato--and a good many readers deserve no better name--will conclude from the fact that he rejected art that his attitude was not fundamentally æsthetic. Not only is the Republic itself one of the greatest 'imitations,' one of the most subtle and profound works of art ever created, but it would also be true to say that Plato cleared the way for a true conception of art. In reality he rejected not art, but false art; and it only remained for Aristotle to discern the

nature of the relation between artistic 'imitation' and the ideal for the Platonic system to be complete and four-square, a perpetual inspiration and an everlasting foundation for art and the criticism of art. Art, then, is the revelation of the ideal in human life. As the ideal is active and organic so must art itself be. The ideal is never achieved, therefore the process of revealing it is creative in the truest sense of the word. More than that, only by virtue of the artist in him can man appreciate or imagine the ideal at all. To discern it is essentially the work of divination or intuition. The artist divines the end at which human life is aiming; he makes men who are his characters completely expressive of themselves, which no actual man ever has been. If he works on a smaller canvas he aims to make himself completely expressive of himself. That, also, is the aim of the greater artist who expresses himself through the medium of a world of characters of his own creation. He needs that machinery, if a coarse and non-organic metaphor may be tolerated, for the explication of his own intuitions of the ideal, which are so various that the attempt to express them through the persona of himself would inevitably end in confusion. That is why the great poetic genius is never purely lyrical, and why the greatest lyrics are as often as not the work of poets who are only seldom lyrical. Moreover, every act of intuition or divination of the ideal in act in the world of men must be set, implicitly or explicitly, in relation to the absolute ideal. In subordinating its particular intuitions to the absolute ideal art is, therefore, merely asserting its own sovereign autonomy. True criticism is itself an organic part of the whole activity of art; it is the exercise of sovereignty by art upon itself, and not the imposition of an alien. To use our previous metaphor, as art is the consciousness of life, criticism is the consciousness of art. The essential activity of true criticism is the harmonious control of art by art. This is at the root of a confusion in the thought of Mr. Eliot, who, in his just anxiety to assert the full autonomy of art, pronounces that the true critic of poetry is the poet and has to smuggle the anomalous Aristotle in on the hardly convincing ground that 'he wrote well about everything,' and has, moreover, to elevate Dryden to a purple which he is quite unfitted to wear. No, what distinguishes the true critic of poetry is a truly æsthetic philosophy. In the present state of society it is extremely probable that only the poet or the artist will possess this, for art and poetry were never more profoundly divorced from the ordinary life of society than they are at the present day. But the poet who would be a critic has to make his æsthetic philosophy conscious to himself; to him as a poet it may be unconscious. This necessary change from unconsciousness to consciousness is by no means easy, and we should do well to insist upon its difficulty, for quite as much nonsense is talked about poetry by poets and by artists about art as by the profane about either. Moreover, it is important to remember that in proportion as society approaches the ideal--there is no continual progress towards the ideal; at present society is as far removed from it as it has ever been--the chance of the philosopher, of the scientist even, becoming a true critic of art grows greater. When the æsthetic basis of all humane activity is familiarly recognised, the values of the philosopher, the scientist, and the artist become consciously the same, and therefore interchangeable. Still, the ideal society is sufficiently remote for us to disregard it, and we shall say that the principle of art for art's sake contains an element of truth when it is opposed to those who would inflict upon art the values of science, of metaphysics, or of a morality of mere convention. We shall also say that the principle of art for art's sake needs to be understood and interpreted very differently. Its implications are tremendous. Art is autonomous, and to be pursued for its own sake, precisely because it comprehends the whole of human life; because it has reference to a more perfectly human morality than other activity of man; because, in so far as it is truly art, it is indicative of a more comprehensive and unchallengeable harmony in the spirit of man. It does not demand impossibilities, that man should be at one with the universe or in tune with the infinite; but it does envisage the highest of all attainable ideals, that man should be at one with himself, obedient to his own most musical law. Thus art reveals to us the principle of its own governance. The function of criticism is to apply it. Obviously it can be applied only by him who has achieved, if not the actual æsthetic ideal in life, at least a vision and a sense of it. He alone will know that the principle he has to elucidate and apply is living, organic. It is indeed the very principle of artistic creation itself. Therefore he will approach what claims to be a work of art first as a thing in itself, and seek with it the most intimate and immediate contact in order that he may decide whether it too is organic and living. He will be untiring in his effort to refine his power of discrimination by the frequentation of the finest work of the past, so that he may be sure of himself when he decides, as he must, whether the object before him is the expression of an æsthetic intuition at all. At the best he is likely to find that it is mixed and various; that fragments of æsthetic vision jostle with unsubordinated intellectual judgments. But, in regarding the work of art as a thing in itself, he will never forget the hierarchy of comprehension, that the active ideal of art is indeed to see life steadily and see it whole, and that only he has a claim to the title of a great artist whose work manifests an incessant growth from a merely personal immediacy to a coherent and all-comprehending attitude to life. The great artist's work is in all its parts a revelation of the ideal as a principle of activity in human life. As the apprehension of the ideal is more or less perfect, the artist's comprehension will be greater or less. The critic has not merely the right, but the duty, to judge between Homer and Shakespeare, between Dante and Milton, between Cezanne and Michelangelo, Beethoven and Mozart. If the foundations of his criticism are truly æsthetic, he is compelled to believe and to show that among would-be artists some are true artists and some

are not, and that among true artists some are greater than others. That what has generally passed under the name of æsthetic criticism assumes as an axiom that every true work of art is unique and incomparable is merely the paradox which betrays the unworthiness of such criticism to bear the name it has arrogated to itself. The function of true criticism is to establish a definite hierarchy among the great artists of the past, as well as to test the production of the present; by the combination of these activities it asserts the organic unity of all art. It cannot honestly be said that our present criticism is adequate to either task.

[APRIL, 1920.

The Religion of Rousseau

These are times when men have need of the great solitaires; for each man now in his moment is a prey to the conviction that the world and his deepest aspirations are incommensurable. He is shaken by a presentiment that the lovely bodies of men are being spent and flaming human minds put out in a conflict for something which never can be won in the clash of material arms, and he is distraught by a vision of humanity as a child pitifully wandering in a dark wood where the wind faintly echoes the strange word 'Peace.' Therefore he too wanders pitifully like that child, seeking peace, and men are become the symbols of mankind. The tragic paradox of human life which slumbers in the soul in years of peace is awakened again. When we would be solitary and cannot, we are made sensible of the depth and validity of the impulse which moved the solitaires of the past. The paradox is apparent now on every hand. It appears in the death of the author of *La Formation Religieuse* de J.J. Rousseau.[1] One of the most distinguished of the younger generation of French scholar-critics, M. Masson met a soldier's death before the book to which he had devoted ten years of his life was published. He had prepared it for the press in the leisure hours of the trenches. There he had communed with the unquiet spirit of the man who once thrilled the heart of Europe by stammering forgotten secrets, and whispered to an age flushed and confident with material triumphs that the battle had been won in vain. Rousseau, rightly understood is no consoling companion for a soldier. What if after all, the true end of man be those hours of plenary beatitude he spent lying at the bottom of the boat on the Lake of Bienné? What if the old truth is valid still, that man is born free but is everywhere in chains? Let us hope that the dead author was not too keenly conscious of the paradox which claimed him for sacrifice. His death would have been bitter. [Footnote 1: *La Formation Religieuse* de Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Par Pierre Maurice Masson. (Paris: Hachette. Three volumes.)] >From his book we can hardly hazard a judgment. His method would speak against it. Jean-Jacques, as he himself knew only too well, is one of the last great men to be catechised historically, for he was inadequate to the life which is composed of the facts of which histories are made. He had no historical sense; and of a man who has no historical sense no real history can be written. Chronology was meaningless to him because he could recognise no sovereignty of time over himself. With him ends were beginnings. In the third Dialogue he tell us--and it is nothing less than the sober truth told by a man who knew himself well--that his works must be read backwards, beginning with the last, by those who would understand him. Indeed, his function was, in a deeper sense than is imagined by those who take the parable called the Contrat Social for a solemn treatise of political philosophy, to give the lie to history. In himself he pitted the eternal against the temporal and grew younger with years. He might be known as the man of the second childhood par excellence. To the eye of history the effort of his soul was an effort backwards, because the vision of history is focused only for a perspective of progress. On his after-dinner journey to Diderot at Vincennes, Jean-Jacques saw, with the suddenness of intuition, that that progress, amongst whose convinced and cogent prophets he had lived so long was for him an unsubstantial word. He beheld the soul of man sub specie æternitatis. In his vision history and institutions dissolved away. His second childhood had begun. On such a man the historical method can have no grip. There is, as the French say, no engrenage. It points to a certain lack of the subtler kind of understanding to attempt to apply the method; more truly, perhaps, to an unessential interest, which has of late years been imported into French criticism from Germany. The Sorbonne has not, we know, gone unscathed by the disease of documentation for documentation's sake. M. Masson's three volumes leave us with the sense that their author had learnt a method and in his zeal to apply it had lost sight of the momentous question whether Jean-Jacques was a person to whom it might be applied with a prospect of discovery. No one who read Rousseau with a mind free of ulterior motives could have any doubt on the matter. Jean-Jacques is categorical on the point. The Savoyard Vicar was speaking for Jean-Jacques to posterity when he began his profession of faith with the words:-- 'Je ne veux argumenter avec vous, ni même de tenter vous convaincre; il me

suffit de vous exposer ce que je pense dans la simplicité de mon coeur. Consultez le vôtre pendant mon discours; c'est tout ce que je vous demande.' To the extent, therefore, that M. Masson did not respond to this appeal and filled his volumes with information concerning the books Jean-Jacques might have read and a hundred other interesting but only partly relevant things, he did the citizen of Geneva a wrong. The ulterior motive is there, and the faint taste of a thesis in the most modern manner. But the method is saved by the perception which, though it sometimes lacks the perfect keenness of complete understanding, is exquisite enough to suggest the answer to the questions it does not satisfy. Though the environment is lavish the man is not lost. It is but common piety to seek to understand Jean-Jacques in the way in which he pleaded so hard to be understood. Yet it is now over forty years since a voice of authority told England how it was to regard him. Lord Morley was magisterial and severe, and England obeyed. One feels almost that Jean-Jacques himself would have obeyed if he had been alive. He would have trembled at the stern sentence that his deism was 'a rag of metaphysics floating in a sunshine of sentimentalism,' and he would have whispered that he would try to be good; but, when he heard his Dialogues described as the outpourings of a man with persecution mania, he might have rebelled and muttered silently an *Eppur si muove*. We see now that it was a mistake to stand him in the social dock, and that precisely those Dialogues which the then Mr Morley so powerfully dismissed contain his plea that the tribunal has no jurisdiction. To his contention that he wrote his books to ease his own soul it might be replied that their publication was a social act which had vast social consequences. But Jean-Jacques might well retort that the fact that his contemporaries and the generation which followed read and judged him in the letter and not in the spirit is no reason why we, at nearly two centuries remove, should do the same. A great man may justly claim our deference, if Jean-Jacques asks that his last work shall be read first we are bound, even if we consider it only a quixotic humour, to indulge it. But to those who read the neglected Dialogues it will appear a humour no longer. Here is a man who at the end of his days is filled to overflowing with bitterness at the thought that he has been misread and misunderstood. He says to himself: Either he is at bottom of the same nature as other men or he is different. If he is of the same nature, then there must be a malignant plot at work. He has revealed his heart with labour and good faith; not to hear him his fellow-men must have stopped their ears. If he is of another kind than his fellows, then--but he cannot bear the thought. Indeed it is a thought that no man can bear. They are blind because they will not see. He has not asked them to believe that what he says is true; he asks only that they shall believe that he is sincere, sincere in what he says, sincere, above all, when he implores that they should listen to the undertone. He has been 'the painter of nature and the historian of the human heart.' His critics might have paused to consider why Jean-Jacques, certainly not niggard of self-praise in the Dialogues, should have claimed no more for himself than this. He might have claimed, with what in their eyes at least must be good right, to have been pre-eminent in his century as a political philosopher, a novelist, and a theorist of education. Yet to himself he is no more than 'the painter of nature and the historian of the human heart.' Those who would make him more make him less, because they make him other than he declares himself to be. His whole life has been an attempt to be himself and nothing else besides; and all his works have been nothing more and nothing less than his attempt to make his own nature plain to men. Now at the end of his life he has to swallow the bitterness of failure. He has been acclaimed the genius of his age; kings have delighted to honour him, but they have honoured another man. They have not known the true Jean-Jacques. They have taken his parables for literal truth, and he knows why.

'Des êtres si singulièrement constitués doivent nécessairement s'exprimer autrement que les hommes ordinaires. Il est impossible qu'avec des âmes si différemment modifiés ils ne portent pas dans l'expression de leurs sentiments et de leurs idées l'empreinte de ces modifications. Si cette empreinte échappe à ceux qui n'ont aucune notion de cette manière d'être, elle ne peut échapper à ceux qui la connoissent, et qui en sont affectés eux-mêmes. C'est une signe caractéristique auquel les initiés se reconnoissent entre eux; et ce qui donne un grand prix à ce signe, c'est qu'il ne peut se contrefaire, que jamais il n'agit qu'au niveau de sa source, et que, quand il ne part pas du coeur de ceux qui l'imitent, il n'arrive pas non plus aux coeurs faits pour le distinguer; mais sitôt qu'il y parvient, on ne sauroit s'y méprendre; il est vrai dès qu'il est senti.'

At the end of his days he felt that the great labour of his life which had been to express an intuitive certainty in words which would carry intellectual conviction, had been in vain, and his last words are: 'It is true so soon as it is felt.' Three pages would tell as much of the essential truth of his 'religious formation' as three volumes. At Les

Charmettes with Mme de Warens, as a boy and as a young man, he had known peace of soul. In Paris, amid the intellectual exaltation and enthusiasms of the Encyclopædists, the memory of his lost peace haunted him like an uneasy conscience. His boyish unquestioning faith disappeared beneath the destructive criticism of the great pioneers of enlightenment and progress. Yet when all had been destroyed the hunger in his heart was still unsatisfied. Underneath his passionate admiration for Diderot smouldered a spark of resentment that he was not understood. They had torn down the fabric of expression into which he had poured the emotion of his immediate certainty as a boy; sometimes with an uplifted, sometimes with a sinking heart he surveyed the ruins. But the certainty that he had once been certain, the memory and the desire of the past peace--this they could not destroy. They could hardly even weaken this element within him, for they did not know that it existed, they were unable to conceive that it could exist. Jean-Jacques himself could give them no clue to its existence; he had no words, and he was still under the spell of the intellectual dogma of his age that words must express definite things. In common with his age he had lost the secret of the infinite persuasion of poetry. So the consciousness that he was different from those who surrounded him, and from those he admired as his masters, took hold of him. He was afraid of his own otherness, as all men are afraid when the first knowledge of their own essential loneliness begins to trouble their depths. The pathos of his struggle to kill the seed of this devastating knowledge is apparent in his declared desire to become 'a polished gentleman.' In the note which he added to his memoir for M. Dupin in 1749 he confesses to this ideal. If only he could become 'one of them,' indistinguishable without and within, he might be delivered from that disquieting sense of tongue-tied queerness in a normal world. If he cheated himself at all, the deception was brief. The poignant memory of Les Charmettes whispered to him that there was a state of grace in which the hard things were made clear. But he had not yet the courage of his destiny. His consciousness of his separation from his fellows had still to harden into a consciousness of superiority before that courage would come. On the road to Vincennes on an October evening in 1749--M. Masson has fixed the date for us--he read in a news-sheet the question of the Dijon Academy: 'Si le rétablissement des arts et des sciences a contribué à épurer les mœurs?' The scales dropped from his eyes and the weight was removed from his tongue. There is no mystery about this 'revelation.' For the first time the question had been put in terms which struck him squarely in the heart. Jean-Jacques made his reply with the stammering honesty of a man of genius wandering in age of talent. The First Discourse seems to many rhetorical and extravagant. In after days it appeared so to Rousseau himself, and he claimed no more for it than that he had tried to tell the truth. Before he learned that he had won the Dijon prize and that his work had taken Paris by storm, he was surely a prey to terrors lest his Vincennes vision of the non-existence of progress should have been mere madness. The success reassured him. 'Cette faveur du public, nullement brigué, et pour un auteur inconnu, me donna la première assurance véritable de mon talent.' He was, in fact, not 'queer,' but right; and he had seemed to be queer precisely because he was right. Now he had the courage. 'Je suis grossier,' he wrote in the preface to *Narcisse*, 'maussade, impoli par principes; je me fous de tous vous autres gens de cour; je suis un barbare.' There is a touch of exaggeration and bravado in it all. He was still something of the child hallooing in the dark to give himself heart. He clutched hold of material symbols of the freedom he had won, round wig, black stockings, and a living gained by copying music at so much a line. But he did not break with his friends; the 'bear' suffered himself to be made a lion. He had still a foot in either camp, for though he had the conviction that he was right, he was still fumbling for his words. The memoirs of Madame d'Epinay tell us how in 1754, at dinner at Mlle Quinault's, impotent to reply to the polite atheistical persiflage of the company, he broke out: 'Et moi, messieurs, je crois en Dieu. Je sors si vous dites un mot de plus.' That was not what he meant; neither was the First Discourse what he meant. He had still to find his language, and to find his language he had to find his peace. He was like a twig whirled about in an eddy of a stream. Suddenly the stream bore him to Geneva, where he returned to the church which he had left at Confignon. That, too, was not what he meant. When he returned from Geneva, Madame d'Epinay had built him the *Ermitage*. In the *Rêveries*, which are mellow with the golden calm of his discovered peace, he tells how, having reached the climacteric which he had set at forty years, he went apart into the solitude of the *Ermitage* to inquire into the configuration of his own soul, and to fix once for all his opinions and his principles. In the exquisite third *Rêverie* two phrases occur continually. His purpose was 'to find firm ground'--'prendre une assiette,'--and his means to this discovery was 'spiritual honesty'--'bonne foi.' Rousseau's deep concern was to elucidate the anatomy of his own soul, but, since he was sincere, he regarded it as a type of the soul of man. Looking into himself, he saw that, in spite of all his follies, his weaknesses, his faintings by the way, his blasphemies against the spirit, he was good. Therefore he declared: Man is born good. Looking into himself he saw that he was free to work out his own salvation, and to find that solid foundation of peace which he so fervently desired. Therefore he declared: Man is born free. To the whisper of les Charmettes that there was a condition of grace had been added the sterner voice of remorse for his abandoned children, telling him that he had fallen from his high estate.

J'ai fui en vain; partout j'ai retrouvé la Loi.

Il faut céder enfin! ô porte, il faut admettre

L'hôte; coeur frémissant, il faut subir le maître,
Quelqu'un qui soit en moi plus moi-même que moi.'

The noble verse of M. Claudel contains the final secret of Jean-Jacques. He found in himself something more than himself. Therefore he declared: There is a God. But he sought to work out a logical foundation for these pinnacles of truth. He must translate these luminous convictions of his soul into arguments and conclusions. He could not, even to himself, admit that they were only intuitions; and in the *Contrat Social* he turned the reason to the service of a certainty not her own. This unremitting endeavour to express an intuitive certainty in intellectual terms lies at the root of the many superficial contradictions in his work, and of the deeper contradiction which forms, as it were, the inward rhythm of his three great books. He seems to surge upwards on a passionate wave of revolutionary ideas, only to sink back into the calm of conservative or quietist conclusions. M. Masson has certainly observed it well.

'Le premier Discours anathématise les sciences et les arts, et ne voit le salut que dans les académies; le Discours sur l'Inégalité paraît détruire tout autorité, et recommande pourtant "l'obéissance scrupuleuse aux lois et aux hommes qui en sont les auteurs": la Nouvelle Héloïse prêche d'abord l'émancipation sentimentale, et proclame la suprématie des droits de la passion, mais elle aboutit à exalter la fidélité conjugale, à consolider les grands devoirs familiaux et sociaux. Le Vicaire Savoyard nous réserve la même surprise.'

To the revolutionaries of his age he was a renegade and a reactionary; to the Conservatives, a subversive charlatan. Yet he was in truth only a man stricken by the demon of 'la bonne foi,' and, like many men devoured by the passion of spiritual honesty, in his secret heart he believed in his similitude to Christ. 'Je ne puis pas souffrir les tièdes,' he wrote to Madame Latour in 1762, 'quiconque ne se passionne pas pour moi n'est pas digne de moi.' There is no mistaking the accent, and it sounds more plainly still in the *Dialogues*. He, too, was persecuted for righteousness' sake, because he, too, proclaimed that the kingdom of heaven was within men. And what, indeed, have material things to do with the purification and the peace of the soul? World-shattering arguments and world-preserving conclusions--this is the inevitable paradox which attends the attempt to record truth seen by the eye of the soul in the language of the market-place. The eloquence and the inspiration may descend upon the man so that he writes believing that all men will understand. He wakes in the morning and he is afraid, not of his own words whose deeper truth he does not doubt, but of the incapacity of mankind to understand him. They will read in the letter what was written in the spirit; their eyes will see the words, but their ears will be stopped to the music. The mystique as Péguy would have said, will be degraded into politique. To guard himself against this unhallowed destiny, at the last Rousseau turns with decision and in the language of his day rewrites the hard saying, that the things which are Cæsar's shall be rendered unto Cæsar. In the light of this necessary truth all the contradictions which have been discovered in Rousseau's work fade away. That famous confusion concerning 'the natural man,' whom he presents to us now as a historic fact, now as an ideal, took its rise, not in the mind of Jean-Jacques, but in the minds of his critics. The *Contrat Social* is a parable of the soul of man, like the *Republic* of Plato. The truth of the human soul is its implicit perfection; to that reality material history is irrelevant, because the anatomy of the soul is eternal. And as for the nature of this truth, 'it is true so soon as it is felt.' When the Savoyard Vicar, after accepting all the destructive criticism of religious dogma, turned to the Gospel story with the immortal 'Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on invente,' he was only anticipating what Jean-Jacques was to say of himself before his death, that there was a sign in his work which could not be imitated, and which acted only at the level of its source. We may call Jean-Jacques religious because we have no other word; but the word would be more truly applied to the reverence felt towards such a man than to his own emotion. He was driven to speak of God by the habit of his childhood and the deficiency of a language shaped by the intellect and not by the soul. But his deity was one whom neither the Catholic nor the Reformed Church could accept, for He was truly a God who does not dwell in temples made with hands. The respect he owed to God, said the Vicar, was such that he could affirm nothing of Him. And, again, still more profoundly, he said, 'He is to our souls what our soul is to our body.' That is the mystical utterance of a man who was no mystic, but of one who found his full communion in the beatific *dolce far niente* of the Lake of Bienne. Jean-Jacques was set apart from his generation, because, like Malvolio, he thought highly of the soul and in nowise approved the conclusions of his fellows; and he was fortunate to the last, in spite of what some are pleased to call his madness (which was indeed only his flaming and uncomprehending indignation at the persecution inevitably meted out by those who have only a

half truth to one who has the whole), because he enjoyed the certainty that his high appraisal of the soul was justified.

[MARCH, 1918.

The Poetry of Edward Thomas

We believe that when we are old and we turn back to look among the ruins with which our memory will be strewn for the evidence of life which disaster could not kill, we shall find it in the poems of Edward Thomas.[2] They will appear like the faint, indelible writing of a palimpsest over which in our hours of exaltation and bitterness more resonant, yet less enduring, words were inscribed; or they will be like a phial discovered in the ashes of what was once a mighty city. There will be the triumphal arch standing proudly; the very tombs of the dead will seem to share its monumental magnificence. Yet we will turn from them all, from the victory and sorrow alike, to this faintly gleaming bubble of glass that will hold captive the phantasm of a fragrance of the soul. By it some dumb and doubtful knowledge will be evoked to tremble on the edge of our minds. We shall reach back, under its spell, beyond the larger impulses of a resolution and a resignation which will have become a part of history, to something less solid and more permanent over which they passed and which they could not disturb. [Footnote 2: Last Poems. By Edward Thomas. (Selwyn & Blount.)] Our consciousness will have its record. The tradition of England in battle has its testimony; our less traditional despairs will be compassed about by a crowd of witnesses. But it might so nearly have been in vain that we should seek an echo of that which smiled at the conclusions of our consciousness. The subtler faiths might so easily have fled through our harsh fingers. When the sound of the bugles died, having crowned reveillé with the equal challenge of the last post, how easily we might have been persuaded that there was a silence, if there had not been one whose voice rose only so little above that of the winds and trees and the life of undertone we share with them as to make us first doubt the silence and then lend an ear to the incessant pulses of which it is composed. The infinite and infinitesimal vague happinesses and immaterial alarms, terrors and beauties scared by the sound of speech, memories and forgettings that the touch of memory itself crumbles into dust--this very texture of the life of the soul might have been a gray background over which tumultuous existence passed unheeding had not Edward Thomas so painfully sought the angle from which it appears, to the eye of eternity, as the enduring warp of the more gorgeous woof. The emphasis sinks; the stresses droop away. To exacter knowledge less charted and less conquerable certainties succeed; truths that somehow we cannot make into truths, and that have therefore some strange mastery over us; laws of our common substance which we cannot make human but only humanise; loyalties we do not recognise and dare not disregard; beauties which deny communion with our beautiful, and yet compel our souls. So the sedge-warbler's
'Song that lacks all words, all melody,
All sweetness almost, was dearer then to me
Than sweetest voice that sings in tune sweet words.'

Not that the unheard melodies were sweeter than the heard to this dead poet. We should be less confident of his quality if he had not been, both in his knowledge and his hesitations, the child of his age. Because he was this, the melodies were heard; but they were not sweet. They made the soul sensible of attachments deeper than the conscious mind's ideals, whether of beauty or goodness. Not to something above but to something beyond are we chained, for all that we forget our fetters, or by some queer trick of self-hallucination turn them into golden crowns. But perhaps the finer task of our humanity is to turn our eyes calmly into 'the dark backward and abysm' not of time, but of the eternal present on whose pinnacle we stand.

'I have mislaid the key. I sniff the spray
And think of nothing; I see and hear nothing;
Yet seem, too, to be listening, lying in wait
For what I should, yet never can, remember.
No garden appears, no path, no child beside,
Neither father nor mother, nor any playmate;
Only an avenue, dark, nameless without end.'

So, it seems, a hundred years have found us out. We come no longer trailing clouds of glory. We are that which we are, less and more than our strong ancestors; less, in that our heritage does not descend from on high, more, in that we know ourselves for less. Yet our chosen spirit is not wholly secure in his courage. He longs not merely to know in what undifferentiated oneness his roots are fixed, but to discover it beautiful. Not even yet is it sufficient to have a premonition of the truth; the truth must wear a familiar colour.

'This heart, some fraction of me, happily
Floats through the window even now to a tree
Down in the misting, dim-lit, quiet vale,
Not like a peewit that returns to wail
For something it has lost, but like a dove
That slants unswerving to its home and love.
There I find my rest, and through the dark air
Flies what yet lives in me. Beauty is there.'

Beauty, yes, perhaps; but beautiful by virtue of its coincidence with the truth, as there is beauty in those lines securer and stronger far than the melody of their cadence, because they tell of a loyalty of man's being which, being once made sensible of it, he cannot gainsay. Whence we all come, whither we must all make our journey, there is home indeed. But necessity, not remembered delights, draws us thither. That which we must obey is our father if we will; but let us not delude ourselves into the expectation of kindness and the fatted calf, any more than we dare believe that the love which moves the sun and the other stars has in it any charity. We may be, we are, the children of the universe; but we have 'neither father nor mother nor any playmate.' And Edward Thomas knew this. The knowledge should be the common property of the poetry of our time, marking it off from what went before and from what will come after. We believe that it will be found to be so; and that the presence of this knowledge, and the quality which this knowledge imparts, makes Edward Thomas more than one among his contemporaries. He is their chief. He challenges other regions in the hinterland of our souls. Yet how shall we describe the narrowness of the line which divides his province from theirs, or the only half-conscious subtlety of the gesture with which he beckons us aside from trodden and familiar paths? The difference, the sense of departure, is perhaps most apparent in this, that he knows his beauty is not beautiful, and his home no home at all.

'This is my grief. That land,
My home, I have never seen.
No traveller tells of it,
However far he has been.

'And could I discover it
I fear my happiness there,
Or my pain, might be dreams of return
To the things that were.'

Great poetry stands in this, that it expresses man's allegiance to his destiny. In every age the great poet triumphs in all that he knows of necessity; thus he is the world made vocal. Other generations of men may know more, but their increased knowledge will not diminish from the magnificence of the music which he has made for the spheres. The known truth alters from age to age; but the thrill of the recognition of the truth stands fast for all our human eternity. Year by year the universe grows vaster, and man, by virtue of the growing brightness of his little lamp, sees himself more and more as a child born in the midst of a dark forest, and finds himself less able to claim the obeisance of the all. Yet if he would be a poet, and not a harper of threadbare tunes, he must at each step in the downward passing from his sovereignty, recognise what is and celebrate it as what must be. Thus he regains, by another path, the supremacy which he has forsaken. Edward Thomas's poetry has the virtue of this recognition. It may be said that his universe was not vaster but smaller than the universe of the past, for its bounds were largely those of his own self. It is, even in material fact, but half true. None more closely than he regarded the living things of earth in all their quarters. 'After Rain' is, for instance, a very catalogue of the texture of nature's visible garment, freshly put on, down to the little ash-leaves

'... thinly spread
In the road, like little black fish, inlaid

As if they played.'

But it is true that these objects of vision were but the occasion of the more profound discoveries within the region of his own soul. There he discovered vastness and illimitable vistas; found himself to be an eddy in the universal flux, driven whence and whither he knew not, conscious of perpetual instability, the meeting place of mighty impacts of which only the farthest ripple agitates the steady moonbeam of the waking mind. In a sense he did no more than to state what he found, sometimes in the more familiar language of beauties lost, mourned for lost, and irrecoverable.

'The simple lack
Of her is more to me
Than other's presence,
Whether life splendid be
Or utter black.

'I have not seen,
I have no news of her;
I can tell only
She is not here, but there
She might have been.

'She is to be kissed
Only perhaps by me;
She may be seeking
Me and no other; she
May not exist.'

That search lies nearer to the norm of poetry. We might register its wistfulness, praise the appealing nakedness of its diction and pass on. If that were indeed the culmination of Edward Thomas's poetical quest, he would stand securely enough with others of his time. But he reaches further. In the verses on his 'home,' which we have already quoted, he passes beyond these limits. He has still more to tell of the experience of the soul fronting its own infinity:--

'So memory made
Parting to-day a double pain:
First because it was parting; next
Because the ill it ended vexed
And mocked me from the past again.
Not as what had been remedied
Had I gone on,--not that, ah no!
But as itself no longer woe.'

There speaks a deep desire born only of deep knowledge. Only those who have been struck to the heart by a sudden awareness of the incessant not-being which is all we hold of being, know the longing to arrest the movement even at the price of the perpetuation of their pain. So it was that the moments which seemed to come to him free from the infirmity of becoming haunted and held him most.

'Often I had gone this way before,
But now it seemed I never could be
And never had been anywhere else.'

To cheat the course of time, which is only the name with which we strive to cheat the flux of things, and to anchor the soul to something that was not instantly engulfed--

'In the undefined
Abyss of what can never be again.'

Sometimes he looked within himself for the monition which men have felt as the voice of the eternal memory; sometimes, like Keats, but with none of the intoxication of Keats's sense of a sharing in victory, he grasped at the recurrence of natural things, 'the pure thrush word,' repeated every spring, the law of wheeling rooks, or to the wind 'that was old when the gods were young,' as in this profoundly typical sensing of 'A New House.'

'All was foretold me; naught
Could I foresee;
But I learned how the wind would sound
After these things should be.'

But he could not rest even there. There was, indeed, no anchorage in the enduring to be found by one so keenly aware of the flux within the soul itself. The most powerful, the most austere imagined poem in this book is that entitled 'The Other,' which, apart from its intrinsic appeal, shows that Edward Thomas had something at least of the power to create the myth which is the poet's essential means of triangulating the unknown of his emotion. Had he lived to perfect himself in the use of this instrument, he might have been a great poet indeed. 'The Other' tells of his pursuit of himself, and how he overtook his soul.

'And now I dare not follow after
Too close. I try to keep in sight,
Dreading his frown and worse his laughter,
I steal out of the wood to light;
I see the swift shoot from the rafter
By the window: ere I alight
I wait and hear the starlings wheeze
And nibble like ducks: I wait his flight.
He goes: I follow: no release
Until he ceases. Then I also shall cease.'

No; not a great poet, will be the final sentence, when the palimpsest is read with the calm and undivided attention that is its due, but one who had many (and among them the chief) of the qualities of a great poet. Edward Thomas was like a musician who noted down themes that summon up forgotten expectations. Whether the genius to work them out to the limits of their scope and implication was in him we do not know. The life of literature was a hard master to him; and perhaps the opportunity he would eagerly have grasped was denied him by circumstance. But, if his compositions do not, his themes will never fail--of so much we are sure--to awaken unsuspected echoes even in unsuspecting minds.

[JANUARY 1919.

Mr Yeats's Swan Song

In the preface to *The Wild Swans at Coole*,^[3] Mr W.B. Yeats speaks of 'the phantasmagoria through which alone I can express my convictions about the world.' The challenge could hardly be more direct. At the threshold we are confronted with a legend upon the door-post which gives us the essential plan of all that we shall find in the house if we enter in. There are, it is true, a few things capable of common use, verses written in the seeming-strong vernacular of literary Dublin, as it were a hospitable bench placed outside the door. They are indeed inside the house, but by accident or for temporary shelter. They do not, as the phrase goes, belong to the scheme, for they are direct transcriptions of the common reality, whether found in the sensible world or the emotion of the mind. They are, from Mr Yeats's angle of vision (as indeed from our own), essentially *vers d'occasion*. The poet's high and passionate argument must be sought elsewhere, and precisely in his expression of his convictions about the world. And here, on the poet's word and the evidence of our search, we shall find phantasmagoria, ghostly symbols of a truth which cannot be otherwise conveyed, at least by Mr Yeats. To this, in itself, we make no demur. The poet, if he is a true poet, is driven to approach the highest reality he can apprehend. He cannot transcribe it simply because he

does not possess the necessary apparatus of knowledge, and because if he did possess it his passion would flag. It is not often that Spinoza can disengage himself to write as he does at the beginning of the third book of the *Ethics*, nor could Lucretius often kindle so great a fire in his soul as that which made his material incandescent in *Aeneid* *genetrix*. Therefore the poet turns to myth as a foundation upon which he can explicate his imagination. He may take his myth from legend or familiar history, or he may create one for himself anew, but the function it fulfils is always the same. It supplies the elements with which he can build the structure of his parable, upon which he can make it elaborate enough to convey the multitudinous reactions of his soul to the world. But between myths and phantasmagoria there is a great gulf. The structural possibilities of the myth depend upon its intelligibility. The child knows upon what drama, played in what world, the curtain will rise when he hears the trumpet-note: 'Of man's first disobedience....' And, even when the poet turns from legend and history to create his own myth, he must make one whose validity is visible, if he is not to be condemned to the sterility of a coterie. The lawless and fantastic shapes of his own imagination need, even for their own perfect embodiment, the discipline of the common perception. The phantoms of the individual brain, left to their own waywardness, lose all solidity and become like primary forms of life, instead of the penultimate forms they should be. For the poet himself must move securely among his visions; they must be not less certain and steadfast than men are. To anchor them he needs intelligible myth. Nothing less than a supremely great genius can save him if he ventures into the vast without a landmark visible to other eyes than his own. Blake had a supremely great genius and was saved in part. The masculine vigour of his passion gave stability to the figures of his imagination. They are heroes because they are made to speak like heroes. Even in Blake's most recondite work there is always the moment when the clouds are parted and we recognise the austere and awful countenances of gods. The phantasmagoria of the dreamer have been mastered by the sheer creative will of the poet. Like Jacob, he wrestled until the going down of the sun with his angel and would not let him go. The effort which such momentary victories demand is almost superhuman; yet to possess the power to exert it is the sole condition upon which a poet may plunge into the world of phantasms. Mr Yeats has too little of the power to vindicate himself from the charge of idle dreaming. He knows the problem; perhaps he has also known the struggle. But the very terms in which he suggests it to us subtly convey a sense of impotence:--

Hands, do what you're bid;
Bring the balloon of the mind
That bellies and drags in the wind
Into its narrow shed.

The languor and ineffectuality of the image tell us clearly how the poet has failed in his larger task; its exactness, its precise expression of an ineffectuality made conscious and condoned, bears equal witness to the poet's minor probity. He remains an artist by determination, even though he returns downcast and defeated from the great quest of poetry. We were inclined at first, seeing those four lines enthroned in majestic isolation on a page, to find in them evidence of an untoward conceit. Subsequently they have seemed to reveal a splendid honesty. Although it has little mysterious and haunting beauty, *The Wild Swans at Coole* is indeed a swan song. It is eloquent of final defeat; the following of a lonely path has ended in the poet's sinking exhausted in a wilderness of gray. Not even the regret is passionate; it is pitiful.

'I am worn out with dreams,
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams;
And all day long I look
Upon this lady's beauty
As though I had found in book
A pictured beauty,
Pleased to have filled the eyes
Or the discerning ears,
Delighted to be but wise,
For men improve with the years;
And yet, and yet
Is this my dream, or the truth?
O would that we had met
When I had my burning youth;
But I grow old among dreams,

A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams.'

It is pitiful because, even now in spite of all his honesty the poet mistakes the cause of his sorrow. He is worn out not with dreams, but with the vain effort to master them and submit them to his own creative energy. He has not subdued them nor built a new world from them; he has merely followed them like will-o'-the-wisps away from the world he knew. Now, possessing neither world, he sits by the edge of a barren road that vanishes into a no-man's land, where is no future, and whence there is no way back to the past.

'My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor;
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.'

It may be that Mr Yeats has succumbed to the malady of a nation. We do not know whether such things are possible; we must consider him only in and for himself. From this angle we can regard him only as a poet whose creative vigour has failed him when he had to make the highest demands upon it. His sojourn in the world of the imagination, far from enriching his vision, has made it infinitely tenuous. Of this impoverishment, as of all else that has overtaken him, he is agonisedly aware.

'I would find by the edge of that water
The collar-bone of a hare,
Worn thin by the lapping of the water,
And pierce it through with a gimlet, and stare
At the old bitter world where they marry in churches,
And laugh over the untroubled water
At all who marry in churches,
Through the white thin bone of a hare.'

Nothing there remains of the old bitter world which for all its bitterness is a full world also; but nothing remains of the sweet world of imagination. Mr Yeats has made the tragic mistake of thinking that to contemplate it was sufficient. Had he been a great poet he would have made it his own, by forcing it into the fetters of speech. By re-creating it, he would have made it permanent; he would have built landmarks to guide him always back to where the effort of his last discovery had ended. But now there remains nothing but a handful of the symbols with which he was content:--

'A Sphinx with woman breast and lion paw,
A Buddha, hand at rest,
Hand lifted up that blest;
And right between these two a girl at play.'

These are no more than the dry bones in the valley of Ezekiel, and, alas! there is no prophetic fervour to make them live.

Whether Mr Yeats, by some grim fatality, mistook his phantasmagoria for the product of the creative imagination, or whether (as we prefer to believe) he made an effort to discipline them to his poetic purpose and failed, we cannot certainly say. Of this, however, we are certain, that somehow, somewhere, there has been disaster. He is empty, now. He has the apparatus of enchantment, but no potency in his soul. He is forced to fall back upon the artistic honesty which has never forsaken him. That it is an insufficient reserve let this passage show:--

'For those that love the world serve it in action,
Grow rich, popular, and full of influence,
And should they paint or write still it is action:
The struggle of the fly in marmalade.
The rhetorician would deceive his neighbours,
The sentimentalist himself; while art

Is but a vision of reality....'

Mr Yeats is neither rhetorician nor sentimentalist. He is by structure and impulse an artist. But structure and impulse are not enough. Passionate apprehension must be added to them. Because this is lacking in Mr Yeats those lines, concerned though they are with things he holds most dear, are prose and not poetry.

[APRIL, 1919.

The Wisdom of Anatole France

How few are the wise writers who remain to us? They are so few that it seems, at moments, that wisdom, like justice of old, is withdrawing from the world, and that when their fullness of years is accomplished, as, alas! it soon must be, the wise men who will leave us will have been the last of their kind. It is true that something akin to wisdom, or rather a quality whose outward resemblance to wisdom can deceive all but the elect, will emerge from the ruins of war; but true wisdom is not created out of the catastrophic shock of disillusionment. An unexpected disaster is always held to be in some sort undeserved. Yet the impulse to rail at destiny, be it never so human, is not wise. Wisdom is not bitter; at worst it is bitter-sweet, and bitter-sweet is the most subtle and lingering savour of all.

Let us not say in our haste, that without wisdom we are lost. Wisdom is, after all, but one attitude to life among many. It happens to be the one which will stand the hardest wear, because it is prepared for all ill-usage. But hard wear is not the only purpose which an attitude may serve. We may demand of an attitude that it should enable us to exact the utmost from ourselves. To refuse to accommodate oneself to the angularities of life or to make provision beforehand for its catastrophes is, indeed, folly; but it may be a divine folly. It is, at all events, a folly to which poets incline. But poets are not wise; indeed, the poetry of true wisdom is a creation which can, at the best, be but dimly imagined. Perhaps, of them all, Lucretius had the largest inkling of what such poetry might be; but he disqualified himself by an aptitude for ecstasy, which made his poetry superb and his wisdom of no account. To acquiesce is wise; to be ecstatic in acquiescence is not to have acquiesced at all. It is to have identified oneself with an imagined power against whose manifestations, in those moments when no ecstasy remains, one rebels. It is a megalomania, a sublime self-deception, a heroic attempt to project the soul on to the side of destiny, and to believe ourselves the masters of those very powers which have overwhelmed us.

Whether the present generation will produce great poetry, we do not know. We are tolerably certain that it will not produce wise men. It is too conscious of defeat and too embittered to be wise. Some may seek that ecstasy of seeming acquiescence of which we have spoken; others, who do not endeavour to escape the pain by plunging the barb deeper, may try to shake the dust of life from off their feet. Neither will be wise. But precisely because they are not wise, they will seek the company of wise men. Their own attitude will not wear. The ecstasy will fail, the will to renunciation falter; the gray reality which permits no one to escape it altogether will filter like a mist into the vision and the cell. Then they will turn to the wise men. They will find comfort in the smile to which they could not frame their own lips, and discover in it more sympathy than they could hope for.

Among the wise men whom they will surely most frequent will be Anatole France. His company is constant; his attitude durable. There is no undertone of anguish in his work like that which gives such poignant and haunting beauty to Tchekhov. He has never suffered himself to be so involved in life as to be maimed by it. But the price he has paid for his safety has been a renunciation of experience. Only by being involved in life, perhaps only by being maimed by it, could he have gained that bitterness of knowledge which is the enemy of wisdom. Not that Anatole France made a deliberate renunciation: no man of his humanity would of his own will turn aside. It was instinct which guided him into a sequestered path, which ran equably by the side of the road of alternate exaltation and catastrophe which other men of equal genius must travel. Therefore he has seen men as it were in profile against the sky, but never face to face. Their runnings, their stumblings and their gesticulations are a tumultuous portion of the landscape rather than symbols of an intimate and personal possibility. They lend a baroque enchantment to the scene.

So it is that in all the characters of Anatole France's work which are not closely modelled upon his own idiosyncrasy there is something of the marionette. They are not the less charming for that; nor do they lack a certain logic, but it is not the logic of personality. They are embodied comments upon life, but they do not live. And there is for Anatole France, while he creates them, and for us, while we read about them, no reason why they should live. For living, in the accepted sense, is an activity impossible without indulging many illusions; and fervently to sympathise with characters engaged in the activity demands that their author should participate in the illusions. He, too, must be surprised at the disaster which he himself has proved inevitable. It is not enough that he should pity them; he must share in their effort, and be discomfited at their discomfiture. Such exercises of the soul are impossible to a real acquiescence, which cannot even permit itself the inspiration of the final illusion that the wreck of human hopes, being ordained, is beautiful. The man who acquiesces is condemned to stand apart and contemplate a puppet-show with which he can never really sympathise.

'De toutes les définitions de l'homme la plus mauvaise me paraît celle qui en fait un animal raisonnable. Je ne me vante pas excessivement en me donnant pour doué de plus de raison que la plupart de ceux de mes semblables que j'ai vus de près ou dont j'ai connu l'histoire. La raison habite rarement les âmes communes, et bien plus rarement encore les grands esprits.... J'appelle raisonnable celui qui accorde sa raison particulière avec la raison universelle, de manière à n'être jamais trop surpris de ce qui arrive et à s'y accommoder tant bien que mal; j'appelle raisonnable celui qui, observant le désordre de la nature et la folie humaine, ne s'obstine point à y voir de l'ordre et de la sagesse; j'appelle raisonnable enfin celui qui ne s'efforce pas de l'être.'

The chasm between living and being wise (which is to be raisonnable) is manifest. The condition of living is to be perpetually surprised, incessantly indignant or exultant, at what happens. To bridge the chasm there is for the wise man only one way. He must cast back in his memory to the time when he, too, was surprised and indignant. No man is, after all, born wise, though he may be born with an instinct for wisdom. Thus Anatole France touches us most nearly when he describes his childhood. The innocent, wayward, positive, romantic little Pierre Nozière[4] is a human being to a degree to which no other figures in the master's comedy of unreason are. And it is evident that Anatole France himself finds him by far the most attractive of them all. He can almost persuade himself, at moments, that he still is the child he was, as in the exquisite story of how, when he had been to a truly royal chocolate shop, he attempted to reproduce its splendours in play. At one point his invention and his memory failed him, and he turned to his mother to ask: 'Est-ce celui qui vend ou celui qui achète qui donne de l'argent?'

'Je ne devais jamais connaître le prix de l'argent. Tel j'étais à trois ans ou trois ans et demi dans le cabinet tapissé de boutons de roses, tel je restai jusqu'à la vieillesse, qui m'est légère, comme elle l'est à toutes les âmes exemptes d'avarice et d'orgueil. Non, maman, je n'ai jamais connu le prix de l'argent. Je ne le connais pas encore, ou plutôt je le connais trop bien.'

[Footnote 4: *Le Petit Pierre*. Par Anatole France. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy.)]

To know a thing too well is by worlds removed from not to know it at all, and Anatole France does not elsewhere similarly attempt to indulge the illusion of unbroken innocence. He who refused to put a mark of interrogation after 'What is God,' in defiance of his mother, because he knew, now has to restrain himself from putting one after everything he writes or thinks. 'Ma pauvre mère, si elle vivait, me dirait peut-être que maintenant j'en mets trop.' Yes, Anatole France is wise, and far removed from childish follies. And, perhaps, it is precisely because of his wisdom that he can so exactly discern the enchantment of his childhood. So few men grow up. The majority remain hobbledehoys throughout life; all the disabilities and none of the unique capacities of childhood remain. There are a few who, in spite of all experience, retain both; they are the poets and the grands esprits. There are fewer still who learn utterly to renounce childish things; and they are the wise men.

'Je suis une autre personne que l'enfant dont je parle. Nous n'avons plus en commun, lui et moi, un atome de substance ni de pensée. Maintenant qu'il m'est devenu tout à fait étranger, je puis en sa compagnie me distraire de la mienne. Je l'aime, moi qui ne m'aime ni ne me haïs. Il m'est doux de vivre en pensée les jours qu'il vivait et je souffre de respirer l'air du temps où nous sommes.'

Not otherwise is it with us and Anatole France. We may have little in common with his thought--the community we often imagine comes of self-deception--but it is sweet for us to inhabit his mind for a while. His touch is potent to soothe our fitful fevers.

[APRIL, 1919.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Modern poetry, like the modern consciousness of which it is the epitome, seems to stand irresolute at a crossways with no signpost. It is hardly conscious of its own indecision, which it manages to conceal from itself by insisting that it is lyrical, whereas it is merely impressionist. The value of impressions depends upon the quality of the mind which receives and renders them, and to be lyrical demands at least as firm a temper of the mind, as definite and unflinching a general direction, as to be epic. Roughly speaking, the present poetical fashion may, with a few conspicuous exceptions, be described as poetry without tears. The poet may assume a hundred personalities in as many poems, or manifest a hundred influences, or he may work a single sham personality threadbare or render piecemeal an undigested influence. What he may not do, or do only at the risk of being unfashionable, is to attempt what we may call, for the lack of a better word, the logical progression of an oeuvre. One has no sense of the rhythm of an achievement. There is an output of scraps, which are scraps, not because they are small, but because one scrap stands in no organic relation to another in the poet's work. Instead of lending each other strength, they betray each other's weakness. Yet the organic progression for which we look, generally in vain, is not peculiar to poetic genius of the highest rank. If it were, we might be accused of mere querulousness. The rhythm of personality is hard, indeed, to achieve. The simple mind and the single outlook are now too rare to be considered as near possibilities, while the task of tempering a mind to a comprehensive adequacy to modern experience is not an easy one. The desire to escape and the desire to be lost in life were probably never so intimately associated as they are now; and it is a little preposterous to ask a moth fluttering round a candle-flame to see life steadily and see it whole. We happen to have been born into an age without perspective; hence our idolatry for the one living poet and prose writer who has it and comes, or appears to come, from another age. But another rhythm is possible. No doubt it would be mistaken to consider this rhythm as in fact wholly divorced from the rhythm of personality; it probably demands at least a minimum of personal coherence in its possessor. For critical purposes, however, they are distinct. This second and subsidiary rhythm is that of technical progression. The single pursuit of even the most subordinate artistic intention gives unity, significance, mass to a poet's work. When Verlaine declares 'de la musique avant toute chose,' we know where we are. And we know this not in the obvious sense of expecting his verse to be predominantly musical; but in the more important sense of desiring to take a man seriously who declares for anything 'avant toute chose.' It is the 'avant toute chose' that matters, not as a profession of faith--we do not greatly like professions of faith--but as the guarantee of the universal in the particular, of the dianoia in the episode. It is the 'avant toute chose' that we chiefly miss in modern poetry and modern society and in their quaint concatenations. It is the 'avant toute chose' that leads us to respect both Mr Hardy and Mr Bridges, though we give all our affection to one of them. It is the 'avant toute chose' that compels us to admire the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins[5]; it is the 'avant toute chose' in his work, which, as we believe, would have condemned him to obscurity to-day, if he had not (after many years) had Mr Bridges, who was his friend, to stand sponsor and the Oxford University Press to stand the racket. Apparently Mr Bridges himself is something of our opinion, for his introductory sonnet ends on a disdainful note:--

'Go forth: amidst our chaffinch flock display
Thy plumage of far wonder and heavenward flight!'

[Footnote 5: Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited with notes by Robert Bridges. (Oxford: University Press.)]

It is from a sonnet written by Hopkins to Mr Bridges that we take the most concise expression of his artistic intention, for the poet's explanatory preface is not merely technical, but is written in a technical language peculiar to himself. Moreover, its scope is small; the sonnet tells us more in two lines than the preface in four pages.

'O then if in my lagging lines you miss
The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation....'

There is his 'avant toute chose.' Perhaps it seems very like 'de la musique.' But it tells us more about Hopkins's music than Verlaine's line told us about his. This music is of a particular kind, not the 'sanglots du violon,' but pre-eminently the music of song, the music most proper to lyrical verse. If one were to seek in English the lyrical poem to which Hopkins's definition could be most fittingly applied, one would find Shelley's 'Skylark.' A technical progression onwards from the 'Skylark' is accordingly the main line of Hopkins's poetical evolution. There are other, stranger threads interwoven; but this is the chief. Swinburne, rightly enough if the intention of true song is considered, appears hardly to have existed for Hopkins, though he was his contemporary. There is an element of Keats in his epithets, a half-echo in 'whorled ear' and 'lark-charmèd'; there is an aspiration after Milton's architectonic in the construction of the later sonnets and the most lucid of the fragments, 'Epithalamion.' But the central point of departure is the 'Skylark.' The 'May Magnificat' is evidence of Hopkins's achievement in the direct line:--

'Ask of her, the mighty mother:
Her reply puts this other
Question: What is Spring?--
Growth in everything--

Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,
Grass and greenworld all together;
Star-eyed strawberry-breasted
Throstle above her nested
Cluster of bugle-blue eggs thin
Forms and warms the life within....

... When drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple
Bloom lights the orchard-apple,
And thicket and thorp are merry
With silver-surfèd cherry,

And azuring-over graybell makes
Wood banks and brakes wash wet like lakes,
And magic cuckoo-call
Caps, clears, and clinches all....'

That is the primary element manifested in one of its simplest, most recognisable, and some may feel most beautiful forms. But a melody so simple, though it is perhaps the swiftest of which the English language is capable without the obscurity which comes of the drowning of sense in sound, did not satisfy Hopkins. He aimed at complex internal harmonies, at a counterpoint of rhythm; for this more complex element he coined an expressive word of his own:--

'But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and
design in painting, so design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of
calling inscape is what I above all aim at in poetry.'

Here, then, in so many words, is Hopkins's 'avant toute chose' at a higher level of elaboration. 'Inscape' is still, in spite of the apparent differentiation, musical; but a quality of formalism seems to have entered with the specific designation. With formalism comes rigidity; and in this case the rigidity is bound to overwhelm the sense.

For the relative constant in the composition of poetry is the law of language which admits only a certain amount of adaptation. Musical design must be subordinate to it, and the poet should be aware that even in speaking of musical design he is indulging a metaphor. Hopkins admitted this, if we may judge by his practice, only towards the end of his life. There is no escape by sound from the meaning of the posthumous sonnets, though we may hesitate to pronounce whether this directness was due to a modification of his poetical principles or to the urgency of the content of the sonnets, which, concerned with a matter of life and death, would permit no obscuring of their sense for musical reasons.

'I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.
What hours, O what black hours we have spent
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!
And more must in yet longer light's delay.
With witness I speak this. But where I say
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
To dearest him that lives, alas! away.'

There is compression, but not beyond immediate comprehension; music, but a music of overtones; rhythm, but a rhythm which explicates meaning and makes it more intense.

Between the 'May Magnificat' and these sonnets is the bulk of Hopkins's poetical work and his peculiar achievement. Perhaps it could be regarded as a phase in his evolution towards the 'more balanced and Miltonic style' which he hoped for, and of which the posthumous sonnets are precursors; but the attempt to see him from this angle would be perverse. Hopkins was not the man to feel, save on exceptional occasions, that urgency of content of which we have spoken. The communication of thought was seldom the dominant impulse of his creative moment, and it is curious how simple his thought often proves to be when the obscurity of his language has been penetrated. Musical elaboration is the chief characteristic of his work, and for this reason what seem to be the strangest of his experiments are his most essential achievement. So, for instance, 'The Golden Echo':--

'Spare!
There is one, yes, I have one (Hush there!);
Only not within seeing of sun,
Not within the singeing of the strong sun,
Tall sun's tingeing, or treacherous the tainting of the earth's air,
Somewhere else where there is, ah, well, where! one,
One. Yes, I can tell such a key, I do know such a place,
Where, whatever's prized and passes of us, everything that's fresh and
fast flying of us, seems to us sweet of us and
swiftly away with, done away with, undone,
Undone, done with, soon done with, and yet clearly and dangerously sweet
Of us, the wimpled-water-dimpled, not-by-morning-matchèd face,
The flower of beauty, fleece of beauty, too too apt to, ah! to fleet,
Never fleets more, fastened with the tenderest truth
To its own best being and its loveliness of youth....'

Than this, Hopkins truly wrote, 'I never did anything more musical.' By his own verdict and his own standards it is therefore the finest thing that Hopkins did. Yet even here, where the general beauty is undoubted, is not the music too obvious? Is it not always on the point of degenerating into a jingle--as much an exhibition of the limitations of a poetical theory as of its capabilities? The tyranny of the 'avant toute chose' upon a mind in which the other things were not stubborn and self-assertive is apparent. Hopkins's mind was irresolute concerning the quality of his own poetical ideal. A coarse and clumsy assonance seldom spread its snare in vain. Exquisite openings are involved in disaster:

-- 'When will you ever, Peace, wild wood dove, shy wings shut,
Your round me roaming end, and under be my boughs?
When, when, Peace, will you, Peace? I'll not play hypocrite

To own my heart: I yield you do come sometimes; but
That piecemeal peace is poor peace. What pure peace....'

And the more wonderful opening of 'Windhover' likewise sinks, far less disastrously, but still perceptibly:--

'I caught this morning morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin,
dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and the gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,--the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!'

We have no doubt that 'stirred for a bird' was an added excellence to the poet's ear; to our sense it is a serious blemish on lines which have 'the roll, the rise, the carol, the creation.'

There is no good reason why we should give characteristic specimens of the poet's obscurity, since our aim is to induce people to read him. The obscurities will slowly vanish and something of the intention appear; and they will find in him many of the strange beauties won by men who push on to the borderlands of their science; they will speculate whether the failure of his whole achievement was due to the starvation of experience which his vocation imposed upon him, or to a fundamental vice in his poetical endeavour. For ourselves we believe that the former was the true cause. His 'avant toute chose' whirling dizzily in a spiritual vacuum, met with no salutary resistance to modify, inform, and strengthen it. Hopkins told the truth of himself--the reason why he must remain a poets' poet:--

I want the one rapture of an inspiration.
O then if in my lagging lines you miss
The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation,
My winter world, that scarcely yields that bliss
Now, yields you, with some sighs, our explanation.'

[JUNE, 1919.

The Problem of Keats

It is a subject for congratulation that a second edition of Sir Sidney Colvin's life of Keats[6] has been called for by the public: first, because it is a good, a very good book, and secondly, because all evidence of a general curiosity concerning a poet so great and so greatly to be loved must be counted for righteousness. The impassioned and intimate sympathy which is felt--as we may at least conclude--by a portion of the present generation for Keats is a motion of the consciousness which stands in a right and natural order. Keats is with us; and it argues much for a generous elasticity in Sir Sidney Colvin's mind, which we have neither the right nor the custom to expect in an older generation, that he should have had more than a sidelong vision of at least one aspect of the community between his poet-hero and a younger race which has had the destiny to produce far more heroes than poets. Commenting upon the inability of the late Mr Courthope to appreciate Keats, Sir Sidney writes:--

'He supposed that Keats was indifferent to history or politics. But of history he was in fact an assiduous reader, and the secret of his indifference to politics, so far as it existed, was that those of his own time had to men of his years and way of thinking been a disillusion,--that the saving of the world from the grip of one great overshadowing tyranny had but ended in reinstating a number of ancient and minor tyrannies less interesting but not less tyrannical. To that which lies behind and above politics and history to the general destinies, aspirations, and tribulations of the race, he was, as we have seen, not indifferent but only tragically and acutely sensitive.'

[Footnote 6: John Keats: His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics, and After-fame. By Sidney Colvin. Second edition. (Macmillan.)]

We believe that both the positive and the negative of that vindication might be exemplified among chosen spirits to-day, living or untimely dead; but we desire, not to enlist Sir Sidney in a cause, but only to make apparent the reason why, in spite of minor dissents and inevitable differences of estimation, our sympathy with him is enduring. It may be that we have chosen to identify ourselves so closely with Keats that we feel to Sir Sidney the attachment that is reserved for the staunch friend of a friend who is dead; but we do not believe that this is so. We are rather attached by the sense of a loyalty that exists in and for itself; more intimate repercussions may follow, but they can follow only when the critical honesty, the determination to let Keats be valid as Keats, whatever it might cost (and we can see that it sometimes costs Sir Sidney not a little), has impressed itself upon us.

It is rather by this than by Sir Sidney's particular contributions to our knowledge of the poet that we judge his book. This assured, we accept his patient exposition of the theme of 'Endymion' with a friendly interest that would certainly not be given to one with a lesser claim upon us; and in this spirit we can also find a welcome for the minute investigation of the pictorial and plastic material of Keats's imagination. Under auspices less benign we might have found the former mistaken and the latter irrelevant; but it so happens that when Sir Sidney shows us over the garden every goose is a swan. Like travellers who at the end of a long day's journey among an inhospitable peasantry are, against their expectation received in a kindly farm, and find themselves talking glibly to their host of matters which are unimportant and unknown to them--the price of land, and the points of a pedigree bull--so we follow with an intense and intelligent absorption a subtle argument in 'Endymion' in which at no moment we really believe. On the contrary, we are convinced (when we are free from our author's friendly spell) that Keats wrote 'Endymion' at all adventure. The words of the cancelled preface: 'Before I began I had no inward feel of being able to finish; and as I proceeded my steps were all uncertain,' were, we are sure, quite literally true, and if anything an under-statement of his lack of argument and plan. Not that we believe that Keats was incapable of or averse to 'fundamental brain-work'--he had an understanding more robust, firmer in its hold of reality, more closely cast upon experience, than any one of his great contemporaries, Wordsworth not excepted--but at that phase in his evolution he was simply not concerned with understanding. 'Endymion' is not a record or sublimation of experience; it is itself an experience. It was the liberation of a verbal inhibition, and the magic word of freedom was Beauty. The story of Endymion was to Keats a road to the unknown, in her course along which his imagination might 'paw up against the sky.' A refusal to admit that Keats built 'Endymion' upon any structure of argument, however obscure--even Sir Sidney would acknowledge that the argument he discovers is very obscure--is so far from being a derogation from his genius that it is in our opinion necessary to a full appreciation of his idiosyncrasy. It is customary to regard the Odes as the pinnacle of his achievement and to trace a poetical progression to that point and a subsequent decline: we are shown the evidence of this decline in the revised Induction to 'Hyperion.' As far as an absolute poetical perfection is concerned there can be no serious objection to the view. But the case of Keats is eminently one to be considered in itself as well as objectively. There is no danger that Keats's poetry will not be appreciated; the danger is that Keats may not be understood. And precisely this moment is opportune for understanding him. As Mr T.S. Eliot has lately pointed out, the development of English poetry since the early nineteenth century was largely based on the achievement of two poets of genius, Keats and Shelley, who never reached maturity. They were made gods; and rightly, had not poets themselves bowed down to them. That was ridiculous; there is something even pitiful in the spectacle of Rossetti and Morris finding the culmination of poetry, the one in 'The Eve of St Agnes,' the other in 'La Belle Dame sans Merci.' And this indiscriminating submission of a century to the influence of hypostatized phases in the development of a poet of sanity and genius is perhaps the chief of the causes of the half-conscious, and for the most part far less discriminating, spirit of revolt which is at work in modern poetry. A sense is abroad that the tradition has somehow been snapped, that what has been accepted as the tradition unquestioningly for a hundred years is only a cul de sac. Somewhere there has been a substitution. In the resulting chaos the twittering of bats is taken for poetry, and the critically minded have the grim amusement of watching verse-writers gain eminence by imitating Coventry Patmore! The bolder spirits declare that there never was such a thing as a tradition, that it is no use learning, because there is nothing to learn. But they are a little nervous for all their boldness, and they prefer to hunt in packs, of which the only condition of membership is that no one should ask what it is. At such a juncture, if indeed not at all times, it is of no less importance to understand Keats than to appreciate his poetry. The culmination of the achievement of the Keats to be understood is not the Odes, perfect as they are, nor the tales--a heresy even for objective criticism--nor 'Hyperion'; but precisely that revised Induction to 'Hyperion' which on the other argument is held to indicate how the poet's powers had been ravaged by disease and the pangs of unsatisfied love. On the technical side alone the Induction is of extraordinary interest. Keats's natural and proper revulsion from the Miltonic

style, the deliberate art of which he had handled like an almost master, is evident but incomplete; he is hampered by the knowledge that the virus is in his blood. The creative effort of the Induction was infinitely greater than is immediately apparent. Keats is engaged in a war on two fronts: he is struggling against the Miltonic manner, and struggling also to deal with an unfamiliar content. The whole direction of his poetic purpose had shifted since he wrote 'Hyperion.' 'Hyperion,' though far finer as art, had been produced by an impulse substantially the same as 'Endymion'; it was an exercise in a manner. Keats desired to prove to himself, and perhaps a little at that moment to prove to the world, that he was capable of Miltonic discipline and grandeur. It was, most strictly, necessary for him to be inwardly certain of this. He had drunk, as deeply as any of his contemporaries, of the tradition; he needed to know that he had assimilated what he had drunk, that he could employ a conscious art as naturally as the most deliberate artist of the past, and, most of all, that he would begin, when he did begin, at the point where his forerunners left off, and not at a point behind them. These necessities were not present in this form to Keats's mind when he began 'Hyperion'; most probably he began merely with the idea of holding his own with Milton, and with a delight in an apt and congenial theme. Keats was not a poet of definite and deliberate plans, which indeed are incident to a certain tenuity of soul; his decisions were taken not by the intellect, but by the being. He dropped 'Hyperion' because it was inadequate to the whole of him. He was weary of its deliberate art because it interposed a veil between him and that which he needed to express; it was an imposition upon himself.

'I have given up "Hyperion"--there were too many Miltonic inversions in it--Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful, or rather artist's, humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be kept up. It may be interesting to you to pick out some lines from "Hyperion" and a mark + to the false beauty proceeding from art and one || to the true voice of feeling....'--(Letter to J.H. Reynolds, Sept. 22, 1819.)

That outwardly negative reaction is packed with positive implications. 'English ought to be kept up' meant, on Keats's lips, a very great deal. But there is other and more definite authority for the positive direction in which he was turning. To his brother George he wrote, at the same time:--

'I have but lately stood on my guard against Milton. Life to him would be death to me. Miltonic verse cannot be written, but is the verse of art. I wish to devote myself to another verse alone.'

More definite still is the letter of November 17, 1819, to his friend and publisher, John Taylor:--

'I have come to a determination not to publish anything I have now ready written; but for all that to publish a poem before long and that I hope to make a fine one. As the marvellous is the most enticing and the surest guarantee of harmonious numbers I have been endeavouring to persuade myself to untether fancy and to let her manage for herself. I and myself cannot agree about this at all. Wonders are no wonders to me. I am more at home amongst Men and Women. I would rather read Chaucer than Ariosto. The little dramatic skill I may as yet have, however badly it might show in a Drama, would, I think, be sufficient for a Poem. I wish to diffuse the colouring of St Agnes Eve throughout a poem in which Character and Sentiment would be the figures to such drapery. Two or three such poems if God should spare me, written in the course of the next six years would be a famous gradus ad Parnassum altissimum. I mean they would nerve me up to the writing of a few fine plays--my greatest ambition--when I do feel ambitious....'

No letter could be saner, nor more indicative of calm resolve. Yet the precise determination is that nothing that went to make the 1820 volume should be published, neither Odes, nor Tales, nor 'Hyperion.' This is that mood of Keats which Sir Sidney Colvin, in his comment upon a passage in the revised Induction, calls one of 'fierce injustice to his own achievements and their value.' But a poet, if he is a real one, judges his own achievements not by those of his

contemporaries, but by the standard of his own intention. The evidence that Keats's mind had passed beyond the stage at which it could be satisfied by the poems of the 1820 volume is overwhelming. His letters to George of April, 1819, show that he was naturally evolving towards an attitude, a philosophy, more profound and comprehensive than could be expressed adequately in such records of momentary aspiration and emotion as the Odes; though the keen and sudden poignancy that had invaded them belongs to the new Keats. They mark the transition to the new poetry which he vaguely discerned. The problem was to find the method. The letters we have quoted to show his reaction from the Miltonic influence display the more narrowly 'artistic' aspect of the same evolution. A technique more responsive to the felt reality of experience must be found--'English ought to be kept up'--the apparatus of Romantic story must be abandoned--'Wonders are no wonders to me'--yet the Romantic colour must be kept to restore to a realistic psychology the vividness and richly various quality that are too often lost by analysis. We do not believe that we have in any respect forced the interpretation of the letters; the terminology of that age needs to be translated to be understood. 'Men and Women ... Characters and Sentiments' are called, for better or worse, 'psychology' nowadays. And our translation has this merit, that some of our ultra-moderns will listen to the word 'psychology,' where they would be bat-blind to 'Characters' and stone-deaf to 'Sentiments.' Modern poetry is still faced with the same problem; but very few of its adepts have reached so far as to be able to formulate it even with the precision of Keats's scattered allusions. Keats himself was struck down at the moment when he was striving (against disease and against a devouring, hopeless love-passion) to face it squarely. The revised Induction reveals him in the effort to shape the traditional (and perhaps still necessary) apparatus of myth to an instrument of his attitude. The meaning of the Induction is not difficult to discover; but current criticism has the habit of regarding it dubiously. Therefore we may be forgiven for attempting, with the brevity imposed upon us, to make its elements clear. The first eighteen lines, which Sir Sidney Colvin on objective grounds regrets are, we think, vital.

'Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
 A paradise for a sect; the savage, too,
 From forth the loftiest fashion of his sleep
 Guesses at heaven; pity these have not
 Trac'd upon vellum or wild Indian leaf
 The shadows of melodious utterance,
 But bare of laurel they live, dream, and die;
 For poesy alone can tell her dreams,--
 With the fine spell of words alone can save
 Imagination from the sable chain
 And dumb enchantment. Who alive can say,
 'Thou art no poet--mays't not tell thy dreams'?
 Since every man whose soul is not a clod
 Hath visions and would speak, if he had loved,
 And been well-nurtured in his mother-tongue.
 Whether the dream now purposed to rehearse
 Be poet's or fanatic's will be known
 When this warm scribe, my hand, is in the grave.'

We may admit that the form of these lines is unfortunate; but we cannot wish them away. They bear most closely upon the innermost argument of the poem as Keats endeavoured to reshape it. All men, says Keats, have their visions of reality; but the poet alone can express his, and the poet himself may at the last prove to have been a fanatic, one who has imagined 'a paradise for a sect' instead of a heaven for all humanity.

This discovery marks the point of crisis in Keats's development. He is no longer content to be the singer; his poetry must be adequate to all experience. No wonder then that the whole of the new Induction centres about this thought. He describes his effort to fight against an invading death and to reach the altar in the mighty dream palace. As his foot touches the altar-step life returns, and the prophetic voice of the veiled goddess reveals to him that he has been saved by his power 'to die and live again before Thy fated hour.'

""None can usurp this height," return'd that shade.
 "But those to whom the miseries of the world
 Are misery and will not let them rest.
 All else who find a haven in the world

Where they may thoughtless sleep away their days,
If by a chance into this fane they come,
Rot on the pavement where thou rottedst half."

Because he has been mindful of the pain in the world, the poet has been saved. But the true lovers of humanity,--

'Who love their fellows even to the death,
Who feel the giant agony of the world,'

are greater than the poets; 'they are no dreamers weak.'

'They come not here, they have no thought to come,
And thou art here for thou art less than they.'

It is a higher thing to mitigate the pain of the world than to brood upon the problem of it. And not only the lover of mankind, but man the animal is pre-eminent above the poet-dreamer. His joy is joy; his pain, pain. 'Only the dreamer venoms all his days.' Yet the poet has his reward; it is given to him to partake of the vision of the veiled Goddess--memory, Moneta, Mnemosyne, the spirit of the eternal reality made visible.

'Then saw I a wan face
Not pined by human sorrows, but bright-blanch'd
By an immortal sickness which kills not;
It works a constant change, which happy death
Can put no end to; deathwards progressing
To no death was that visage; it had past
The lily and the snow; and beyond these
I must not think now, though I saw that face.
But for her eyes I should have fled away;
They held me back with a benignant light
Soft, mitigated by divinest lids
Half-closed, and visionless entire they seemed
Of all external things; they saw me not,
But in blank splendour beam'd like the mild moon
Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not
What eyes are upward cast....'

This vision of Moneta is the culminating point of Keats's evolution. It stands at the summit, not of his poetry, but of his achievement regarded as obedient to its own inward law. Moneta was to him the discovered spirit of reality; her vision was the vision of necessity itself. In her, joy and pain, life and death compassion and indifference, vision and blindness are one; she is the eternal abode of contraries, the Idea if you will, not hypostatized but immanent. Before this reality the poet is impotent as his fellows; he is above them by his knowledge of it, but below them by the weakness which that knowledge brings. He, too, is the prey of contraries, the mirror of his deity, struck to the heart of his victory, enduring the intolerable pain of triumph. Here, not unfittingly, in his struggle with a conception too big to express, came the end of Keats the poet. None have passed beyond him; few have been so far. Of the poetry that might have been constructed on the basis of an apprehension so profound we can form only a conjecture, each after his own image: we do not know the method of the 'other verse' of which Keats had a glimpse; we only know the quality with which it would have been saturated, the calm and various light of united contraries. We fear that Sir Sidney Colvin will not agree with our view. The angles of observation are different. The angle at which we have placed ourselves is not wholly advantageous--from it Sir Sidney's book could not have been written--but it has this advantage, that from it we can read his book with a heightened interest. As we look out from it, some things are increased and some diminished with the change of perspective; and among those which are increased is our gratitude to Sir Sidney. In the clear mirror of his sympathy and sanity nothing is obscured. We are shown the Keats who wrote the perfect poems that will last with the English language, and in the few places where Sir Sidney falls short of the spirit of complete acceptance, we discern behind the words of rebuke and regret only the idealisation of a love which we are proud to share.

[JULY, 1919.

Thoughts on Tchegov

We do not know if the stories collected in this volume [7] stand together in the Russian edition of Tchegov's works, or if the selection is due to Mrs Constance Garnett. It is also possible that the juxtaposition is fortuitous. But the stories are united by a similarity of material. Whereas in the former volumes of this admirable series Tchegov is shown as preoccupied chiefly with the life of the intelligentsia, here he finds his subjects in priests and peasants, or (in the story Uprooted) in the half-educated.

[Footnote 7: The Bishop; and Other Stories. By Anton Tchegov.
Translated by Constance Garnett. (Chatto & Windus.)]

Such a distinction is, indeed, irrelevant. As Tchegov presents them to our minds, the life of the country and the life of the town produce the same final impression, arouse in us an awareness of an identical quality; and thus, the distinction, by its very irrelevance, points us the more quickly to what is essential in Tchegov. It is that his attitude, to which he persuades us, is complete, not partial. His comprehension radiates from a steady centre, and is not capriciously kindled by a thousand accidental contacts. In other words, Tchegov is not what he is so often assumed to be, an impressionist. Consciously or unconsciously he had taken the step--the veritable salto mortale--by which the great literary artist moves out of the ranks of the minor writers. He had slowly shifted his angle of vision until he could discern a unity in multiplicity. Unity of this rare kind cannot be imposed as, for instance, Zola attempted to impose it. It is an emanation from life which can be distinguished only by the most sensitive contemplation.

The problem is to define this unity in the case of each great writer in whom it appears. To apprehend it is not so difficult. The mere sense of unity is so singular and compelling that it leaves room for few hesitations. The majority of writers, however excellent in their peculiar virtues, are not concerned with it: at one moment they represent, at another they may philosophise, but the two activities have no organic connection, and their work, if it displays any evolution at all, displays it only in the minor accidents of the craft, such as style in the narrower and technical sense, or the obvious economy of construction. There is no danger of mistaking these for great writers. Nor, in the more peculiar case of writers who attempt to impose the illusion of unity, is the danger serious. The apparatus is always visible; they cannot afford to do without the paraphernalia of argument which supplies the place of what is lacking in their presentation. The obvious instance of this legerdemain is Zola; a less obvious, and therefore more interesting example is Balzac. To attempt the more difficult problem. What is most peculiar to Tchegov's unity is that it is far more nakedly æsthetic than that of most of the great writers before him. Other writers of a rank equal to his--and there are not so very many--have felt the need to shift their angle of vision until they could perceive an all-embracing unity; but they were not satisfied with this. They felt, and obeyed, the further need of taking an attitude towards the unity they saw. They approved or disapproved, accepted or rejected it. It would be perhaps more accurate to say that they gave or refused their endorsement. They appealed to some other element than their own sense of beauty for the final verdict on their discovery; they asked whether it was just or good. The distinguishing mark of Tchegov is that he is satisfied with the unity he discovers. Its uniqueness is sufficient for him. It does not occur to him to demand that it should be otherwise or better. The act of comprehension is accompanied by an instantaneous act of acceptance. He is like a man who contemplates a perfect work of art; but the work of creation has been his, and has consisted in the gradual adjustment of his vision until he could see the frustration of human destinies and the arbitrary infliction of pain as processes no less inevitable, natural, and beautiful than the flowering of a plant. Not that Tchegov is a greater artist than any of his great predecessors; he is merely more wholly an artist, which is a very different thing. There is in him less admixture of preoccupations that are not purely æsthetic, and probably for this reason he has less creative vigour than any other artist of equal rank. It seems as though artists, like cattle and fruit trees, need a good deal of crossing with substantial foreign elements, in order to be very vigorous and very fruitful. Tchegov has the virtues and the shortcomings of the pure case. I do not wish to be understood as saying that Tchegov is a manifestation of *l'art pour l'art*, because in any commonly accepted sense of that phrase, he is not. Still, he might be considered as an exemplification of what the phrase might be made to mean. But instead of being diverted into a barren dispute over terminologies, one may endeavour to bring into prominence an aspect of Tchegov which has an immediate interest--his modernity. Again, the word is awkward. It suggests that he is

fashionable, or up to date. Tchegov is, in fact, a good many phases in advance of all that is habitually described as modern in the art of literature. The artistic problem which he faced and solved is one that is, at most, partially present to the consciousness of the modern writer--to reconcile the greatest possible diversity of content with the greatest possible unity of æsthetic impression. Diversity of content we are beginning to find in profusion--Miss May Sinclair's latest experiment shows how this need is beginning to trouble a writer with a settled manner and a fixed reputation--but how rarely do we see even a glimmering recognition of the necessity of a unified æsthetic impression! The modern method is to assume that all that is, or has been, present to consciousness is ipso facto unified æsthetically. The result of such an assumption is an obvious disintegration both of language and artistic effort, a mere retrogression from the classical method. The classical method consisted, essentially, in achieving æsthetic unity by a process of rigorous exclusion of all that was not germane to an arbitrary (because non-æsthetic) argument. This argument was let down like a string into the saturated solution of the consciousness until a unified crystalline structure congregated about it. Of all great artists of the past Shakespeare is the richest in his departures from this method. How much deliberate artistic purpose there was in his employment of songs and madmen and fools (an employment fundamentally different from that made by his contemporaries) is a subject far too big for a parenthesis. But he, too, is at bottom a classic artist. The modern problem--it has not yet been sufficiently solved for us to speak of a modern method--arises from a sense that the classical method produces over-simplification. It does not permit of a sufficient sense of multiplicity. One can think of a dozen semi-treatments of the problem from Balzac to Dostoevsky, but they were all on the old lines. They might be called Shakespearean modifications of the classical method. Tchegov, we believe, attempted a treatment radically new. To make use again of our former image in his maturer writing, he chose a different string to let down into the saturated solution of consciousness. In a sense he began at the other end. He had decided on the quality of æsthetic impression he wished to produce, not by an arbitrary decision, but by one which followed naturally from the contemplative unity of life which he had achieved. The essential quality he discerned and desired to represent was his argument, his string. Everything that heightened and completed this quality accumulated about it, quite independently of whether it would have been repelled by the old criterion of plot and argument. There is a magnificent example of his method in the longest story in this volume, 'The Steppe.' The quality is dominant throughout, and by some strange compulsion it makes heterogeneous things one; it is reinforced by the incident. Tiny events--the peasant who eats minnows alive, the Jewish inn-keeper's brother who burned his six thousand roubles--take on a character of portent, except that the word is too harsh for so delicate a distortion of normal vision; rather it is a sense of incalculability that haunts us. The emphases have all been slightly shifted, but shifted according to a valid scheme. It is not while we are reading, but afterwards that we wonder how so much significance could attach to a little boy's questions in a remote village shop:--

"How much are these cakes?"

"Two for a farthing."

'Yegorushka took out of his pocket the cake given him the day before by the Jewess and asked him:--

"And how much do you charge for cakes like this?"

'The shopman took the cake in his hands, looked at it from all sides, and raised one eyebrow.

"Like that?" he asked.

'Then he raised the other eyebrow, thought a minute, and answered:--

"Two for three farthings...."

It is foolish to quote it. It is like a golden pebble from the bed of a stream. The stream that flows over Tchegov's innumerable pebbles, infinitely diverse and heterogeneous, is the stream of a deliberately sublimated quality. The figure is inexact, as figures are. Not every pebble could be thus transmuted. But how they are chosen, what is the real nature of the relation which unites them, as we feel it does, is a secret which modern English writers need to explore. Till they have explored and mastered it Tchegov will remain a master in advance of them.

[AUGUST, 1919.

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The case of Tchegov is one to be investigated again and again because he is the only great modern artist in prose. Tolstoy was living throughout Tchegov's life, as Hardy has lived throughout our own, and these are great among the greatest. But they are not modern. It is an essential part of their greatness that they could not be; they have a simplicity and scope that manifestly belongs to all time rather than to this. Tchegov looked towards Tolstoy as we to Hardy. He saw in him a Colossus, one whose achievement was of another and a greater kind than his own.

'I am afraid of Tolstoy's death. If he were to die there would be a big empty place in my life. To begin with, because I have never loved any man as much as him.... Secondly, while Tolstoy is in literature it is easy and pleasant to be a literary man; even recognising that one has done nothing and never will do anything is not so dreadful, since Tolstoy will do enough for all. His work is the justification of the enthusiasms and expectations built upon literature. Thirdly, Tolstoy takes a firm stand; he has an immense authority, and so long as he is alive, bad tastes in literature, vulgarity of every kind, insolent and lachrymose, all the bristling, exasperated vanities will be in the far background, in the shade....'--(January, 1900.)

Tchegov was aware of the gulf that separated him from the great men before him, and he knew that it yawned so deep that it could not be crossed. He belonged to a new generation, and he alone perhaps was fully conscious of it. 'We are lemonade,' he wrote in 1892.

'Tell me honestly who of my contemporaries--that is, men between thirty and forty-five--have given the world one single drop of alcohol?... Science and technical knowledge are passing through a great period now, but for our sort it is a flabby, stale, dull time.... The causes of this are not to be found in our stupidity, our lack of talent, or our insolence, but in a disease which for the artist is worse than syphilis or sexual exhaustion. We lack "something," that is true, and that means that, lift the robe of our muse, and you will find within an empty void. Let me remind you that the writers who we say are for all time or are simply good, and who intoxicate us, have one common and very important characteristic: they are going towards something and are summoning you towards it, too, and you feel, not with your mind but with your whole being, that they have some object, just like the ghost of Hamlet's father, who did not come and disturb the imagination for nothing.... And we? We! We paint life as it is, but beyond that--nothing at all.... Flog us and we can do more! We have neither immediate nor remote aims, and in our soul there is a great empty space. We have no politics, we do not believe in revolution, we have no God, we are not afraid of ghosts, and I personally am not afraid even of death and blindness. One who wants nothing, hopes for nothing, and fears nothing cannot be an artist....

'... You think I am clever. Yes, I am at least so far clever as not to conceal from myself my disease and not to deceive myself, and not to cover up my own emptiness with other people's rags, such as the ideas of the 'sixties and so on.'

That was written in 1892. When we remember all the strange literary effort gathered round about that year in the West--Symbolism, the Yellow Book, Art for Art's sake--and the limbo into which it has been thrust by now, we may

realise how great a precursor and, in his own despite, a leader, Anton Tchekhov was. When Western literature was plunging with enthusiasm into one cul de sac after another, incapable of diagnosing its own disease, Tchekhov in Russia, unknown to the West, had achieved a clear vision and a sense of perspective. To-day we begin to feel how intimately Tchekhov belongs to us; to-morrow we may feel how infinitely he is still in advance of us. A genius will always be in advance of a talent, and in so far as we are concerned with the genius of Tchekhov we must accept the inevitable. We must analyse and seek to understand it; we must, above all, make up our minds that since Tchekhov has written and his writings have been made accessible to us, a vast amount of our modern literary production is simply unpardonable. Writers who would be modern and ignore Tchekhov's achievement are, however much they may persuade themselves that they are devoted artists, merely engaged in satisfying their vanity or in the exercise of a profession like any other; for Tchekhov is a standard by which modern literary effort must be measured, and the writer of prose or poetry who is not sufficiently single-minded to apply the standard to himself is of no particular account. Though Tchekhov's genius is, strictly speaking, inimitable, it deserves a much exacter study than it has yet received. The publication of this volume of his letters[8] hardly affords the occasion for that; but it does afford an opportunity for the examination of some of the chief constituents of his perfect art. These touch us nearly because--we insist again--the supreme interest of Tchekhov is that he is the only great modern artist in prose. He belongs, as we have said, to us. If he is great, then he is great not least in virtue of qualities which we may aspire to possess; if he is an ideal, he is an ideal to which we can refer ourselves. He had been saturated in all the disillusiones which we regard as peculiarly our own, and every quality which is distinctive of the epoch of consciousness in which we are living now is reflected in him--and yet, miracle of miracles, he was a great artist. He did not rub his cheeks to produce a spurious colour of health; he did not profess beliefs which he could not maintain; he did not seek a reputation for universal wisdom, nor indulge himself in self-gratifying dreams of a millennium which he alone had the ability to control. He was and wanted to be nothing in particular, and yet, as we read these letters of his, we feel gradually form within ourselves the conviction that he was a hero--more than that, the hero of our time.

[Footnote 8: Letters of Anton Tchekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett (Chatto & Windus).]

It is significant that, in reading Tchekhov's letters, we do not consider him under the aspect of an artist. We are inevitably fascinated by his character as a man, one who, by efforts which we have most frequently to divine for ourselves from his reticences, worked on the infinitely complex material of the modern mind and soul, and made it in himself a definite, positive, and most lovable thing. He did not throw in his hand in face of his manifold bewilderments; he did not fly for refuge to institutions in which he did not believe; he risked everything, in Russia, by having no particular faith in revolution and saying so. In every conjuncture of his life that we can trace in his letters he behaved squarely by himself and, since he is our great exemplar, by us. He refused to march under any political banner—a thing, let it be remembered, of almost inconceivable courage in his country; he submitted to savagely hostile attacks for his political indifference; yet he spent more of his life and energy in doing active good to his neighbour than all the high-souled professors of liberalism and social reform. He undertook an almost superhuman journey to Sahalin in 1890 to investigate the condition of the prisoners there; in 1892 he spent the best part of a year as a doctor devising preventive measures against the cholera in the country district where he lived, and, although he had no time for the writing on which his living depended, he refused the government pay in order to preserve his own independence of action; in another year he was the leading spirit in organizing practical measures of famine relief about Nizhni-Novgorod. From his childhood to his death, moreover, he was the sole support of his family. Measured by the standards of Christian morality, Tchekhov was wholly a saint. His self-devotion was boundless.

Yet we know he was speaking nothing less than the truth of himself when he wrote: 'It is essential to be indifferent.' Tchekhov was indifferent; but his indifference, as a mere catalogue of his secret philanthropies will show, was of a curious kind. He made of it, as it were, an axiomatic basis of his own self-discipline. Since life is what it is and men are what they are, he seems to have argued, everything depends upon the individual. The stars are hostile, but love is kind, and love is within the compass of any man if he will work to attain it. In one of his earliest letters he defines true culture for the benefit of his brother Nikolay, who lacked it. Cultivated persons, he said, respect human personality; they have sympathy not for beggars and cats only; they respect the property of others, and therefore pay their debts; they are sincere and dread lying like fire; they do not disparage themselves to arouse compassion; they have no shallow vanity; if they have a talent they respect it; they develop the æsthetic feeling in themselves ... they seek as far as possible to restrain and ennoble the sexual instinct. The letter from which these chief points are taken is tremulous with sympathy and wit. Tchekhov was twenty-six when he wrote it. He concludes with the words: 'What

is needed is constant work day and night, constant reading, study, will. Every hour is precious for it.' In that letter are given all the elements of Tchegov the man. He set himself to achieve a new humanity, and he achieved it. The indifference upon which Tchegov's humanity was built was not therefore a moral indifference; it was, in the main, the recognition and acceptance of the fact that life itself is indifferent. To that he held fast to the end. But the conclusion which he drew from it was not that it made no particular difference what any one did, but that the attitude and character of the individual were all-important. There was, indeed, no panacea, political or religious, for the ills of humanity; but there could be a mitigation in men's souls. But the new asceticism must not be negative. It must not cast away the goods of civilisation because civilisation is largely a sham.

'Alas! I shall never be a Tolstoyan. In women I love beauty above all things, and in the history of mankind, culture expressed in carpets, carriages with springs, and keenness of wit. Ach! To make haste and become an old man and sit at a big table!'

Not that there is a trace of the hedonist in Tchegov, who voluntarily endured every imaginable hardship if he thought he could be of service to his fellow-men, but, as he wrote elsewhere, 'we are concerned with pluses alone.' Since life is what it is, its amenities are doubly precious. Only they must be amenities without humbug.

'Pharisaism, stupidity, and despotism reign not in bourgeois houses and prisons alone. I see them in science, in literature, in the younger generation.... That is why I have no preference either for gendarmes, or for butchers, or for scientists, or for writers, or for the younger generation. I regard trade marks and labels as a superstition. My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom--freedom from violence and lying, whatever forms they make take. This is the programme I would follow if I were a great artist.'

What 'the most absolute freedom' meant to Tchegov his whole life is witness. It was a liberty of a purely moral kind, a liberty, that is, achieved at the cost of a great effort in self-discipline and self-refinement. In one letter he says he is going to write a story about the son of a serf--Tchegov was the son of a serf--who 'squeezed the slave out of himself.' Whether the story was ever written we do not know, but the process is one to which Tchegov applied himself all his life long. He waged a war of extermination against the lie in the soul in himself, and by necessary implication in others also. He was, thus, in all things a humanist. He faced the universe, but he did not deny his own soul. There could be for him no antagonism between science and literature, or science and humanity. They were all pluses; it was men who quarrelled among themselves. If men would only develop a little more loving-kindness, things would be better. The first duty of the artist was to be a decent man.

'Solidarity among young writers is impossible and unnecessary.... We cannot feel and think in the same way, our aims are different, or we have no aims whatever, we know each other little or not at all, and so there is nothing on to which this solidarity could be securely hooked.... And is there any need for it? No, in order to help a colleague, to respect his personality and work, to refrain from gossiping about him, envying him, telling him lies and being hypocritical, one does not need so much to be a young writer as simply a man.... Let us be ordinary people, let us treat everybody alike, and then we shall not need any artificially worked-up solidarity.'

It seems a simple discipline, this moral and intellectual honesty of Tchegov's, yet in these days of conceit and coterie his letters strike us as more than strange. One predominant impression remains: it is that of Tchegov's candour of soul. Somehow he has achieved with open eyes the mystery of pureness of heart; and in that, though we dare not analyse it further, lies the secret of his greatness as a writer and of his present importance to ourselves.

[MARCH, 1920.

American Poetry

We are not yet immune from the weakness of looking into the back pages to see what the other men have said; and on this occasion we received a salutary shock from the critic of the Detroit News, who informs us that Mr Aiken, 'despite the fact that he is one of the youngest and the newest, having made his debut less than four years ago, ... demonstrates ... that he is eminently capable of taking a solo part with Edgar Lee Masters, Amy Lowell, James Oppenheim, Vachel Lindsay, and Edwin Arlington Robinson.' The shock is two-fold. In a single sentence we are in danger of being convicted of ignorance, and, where we can claim a little knowledge, we plead guilty; we know nothing of either Mr Oppenheim or Mr Robinson. This very ignorance makes us cautious where we have a little knowledge. We know something of Mr Lindsay, something of Mr Masters, and a good deal of Miss Lowell, who has long been a familiar figure in our anthologies of revolt; and we cannot understand on what principle they are assembled together. Miss Lowell is, we are persuaded, a negligible poet, with a tenuous and commonplace impulse to write which she teases out into stupid 'originalities.' Of the other two gentlemen we have seen nothing which convinces us that they are poets, but also nothing which convinces us that they may not be. Moreover, we can understand how Mr Aiken might be classed with them. All three have in common what we may call creative energy. They are all facile, all obviously eager to say something, though it is not at all obvious what they desire to say, all with an instinctive conviction that whatever it is it cannot be said in the old ways. Not one of them produces the certainty that this conviction is really justified or that he has tested it; not one has written lines which have the doom 'thus and not otherwise' engraved upon their substance; not one has proved that he is capable of addressing himself to the central problem of poetry, no matter what technique be employed--how to achieve a concentrated unity of æsthetic impression. They are all diffuse; they seem to be content to lead a hundred indecisive attacks upon reality at once rather than to persevere and carry a single one to a final issue; they are all multiple, careless, and slipshod--and they are all interesting. They are extremely interesting. For one thing, they have all achieved what is, from whatever angle one looks at it, a very remarkable success. Very few people, initiate or profane, can have opened Mr Lindsay's 'Congo' or Mr Masters's 'Spoon River Anthology' or Mr Aiken's 'Jig of Forslin' without being impelled to read on to the end. That does not very often happen with readers of a book which professes to be poetry save in the case of the thronging admirers of Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and their similars. There is, however, another case more exactly in point, namely, that of Mr Kipling. With Mr Kipling our three American poets have much in common, though the community must not be unduly pressed. Their most obvious similarity is the prominence into which they throw the novel interest in their verse. They are, or at moments they seem to be, primarily tellers of stories. We will not dogmatise and say that the attempt is illegitimate; we prefer to insist that to tell a story in poetry and keep it poetry is a herculean task. It would indeed be doubly rash to dogmatise, for our three poets desire to tell very different stories, and we are by no means sure that the emotional subtleties which Mr Aiken in particular aims at capturing are capable of being exactly expressed in prose. Since Mr Aiken is the corpus vile before us we will henceforward confine ourselves to him, though we premise that in spite of his very sufficient originality he is characteristic of what is most worth attention in modern American poetry. Proceeding then, we find another point of contact between him and Mr Kipling, more important perhaps than the former, and certainly more dangerous. Both find it apparently impossible to stem the uprush of rhetoric. Perhaps they do not try to; but we will be charitable--after all, there is enough good in either of them to justify charity--and assume that the willingness of the spirit gives way to the weakness of the flesh. Of course we all know about Mr Kipling's rhetoric; it is a kind of emanation of the spatial immensities with which he deals--Empires, the Seven Seas, from Dublin to Diarbekir. Mr Aiken has taken quite another province for his own; he is an introspective psychologist. But like Mr Kipling he prefers big business. His inward eye roves over immensities at least as vast as Mr Kipling's outward. In 'The Charnel Rose and Other Poems' this appetite for the illimitable inane of introspection seems to have gained upon him. There is much writing of this kind:--

'Dusk, withdrawing to a single lamplight
At the end of an infinite street--
He saw his ghost walk down that street for ever,
And heard the eternal rhythm of his feet.
And if he should reach at last that final gutter,
To-day, or to-morrow,

Or, maybe, after the death of himself and time;
And stand at the ultimate curbstone by the stars,
Above dead matches, and smears of paper, and slime;
Would the secret of his desire
Blossom out of the dark with a burst of fire?
Or would he hear the eternal arc-lamps sputter,
Only that; and see old shadows crawl;
And find the stars were street lamps after all?

Music, quivering to a point of silence,
Drew his heart down over the edge of the world....'

It is dangerous for a poet to conjure up infinities unless he has made adequate preparation for keeping them in control when they appear. We are afraid that Mr Aiken is almost a slave of the spirits he has evoked. Dostoevsky's devil wore a shabby frock-coat, and was probably managing-clerk to a solicitor at twenty-five shillings a week. Mr Aiken's incubus is, unfortunately, devoid of definition; he is protean and unsatisfactory.

'I am confused in webs and knots of scarlet
Spun from the darkness;
Or shuttled from the mouths of thirsty spiders.

Madness for red! I devour the leaves of autumn.
I tire of the green of the world.
I am myself a mouth for blood....'

Perhaps we do wrong to ask ourselves whether this and similar things mean, exactly, anything? Mr Aiken warns us that his intention has been to use the idea--'the impulse which sends us from one dream or ideal to another, always disillusioned, always creating for adoration some new and subtler fiction'--as a theme upon which one might wilfully build a kind of absolute music.' But having given us so much instruction, he should have given more; he should have told us in what province of music he has been working. Are we to look for a music of verbal melody, or for a musical elaboration of an intellectual theme? We infer, partly from the assurance that 'the analogy to a musical symphony is close,' more from the absence of verbal melody, that we are to expect the elaboration of a theme. In that case the fact that we have a more definite grasp of the theme in the programme-introduction than anywhere in the poem itself points to failure. In the poem 'stars rush up and whirl and set,' 'skeletons whizz before and whistle behind,' 'sands bubble and roses shoot soft fire,' and we wonder what all the commotion is about. When there is a lull in the pandemonium we have a glimpse, not of eternity, but precisely of 1890:--

'And he saw red roses drop apart,
Each to disclose a charnel heart....

We are far from saying that Mr Aiken's poetry is merely a chemical compound of the 'nineties, Freud and introspective Imperialism; but we do think it is liable to resolve at the most inopportune moments into those elements, and that such moments occur with distressing frequency in the poem called 'The Charnel Rose.' 'Senlin' resists disruption longer. But the same elements are there. They are better but not sufficiently fused. The rhetoric forbids, for there is no cohesion in rhetoric. We have the sense that Mr Aiken felt himself inadequate to his own idea, and that he tried to drown the voice of his own doubt by a violent clashing of the cymbals where a quiet recitative was what the theme demanded and his art could not ensure.

'Death himself in the rain ... death himself ...
Death in the savage sunlight ... skeletal death ...
I hear the clack of his feet,
Clearly on stones, softly in dust,
Speeding among the trees with whistling breath,
Whirling the leaves, tossing his hands from waves ...
Listen! the immortal footsteps beat and beat!...'

We are persuaded that Mr Aiken did not mean to say that; he wanted to say something much subtler. But to find exactly what he wanted might have taken him many months. He could not wait. Up rushed the rhetoric; bang went the cymbals: another page, another book. And we, who have seen great promise in his gifts, are left to collect some inadequate fragments where his original design is not wholly lost amid the poor expedients of the moment. For Mr Aiken never pauses to discriminate. He feels that he needs rhyme; but any rhyme will do:--

'Has no one, in a great autumnal forest,
When the wind bares the trees with mournful tone,
Heard the sad horn of Senlin slowly blown?'

So he descends to a poetaster's padding. He does not stop to consider whether his rhyme interferes with the necessary rhythm of his verse; or, if he does, he is in too much of a hurry to care, for the interference occurs again and again. And these disturbances and deviations, rhetoric and the sacrifice of rhythm to shoddy rhyme, appear more often than the thematic outline itself emerges. In short, Mr Aiken is, at present, a poet whom we have to take on trust. We never feel that he meant exactly what he puts before us, and, on the whole, the evidence that he meant something better, finer, more irrevocably itself, is pretty strong. We catch in his hurried verses at the swiftly passing premonition of a frisson hitherto unknown to us in poetry, and as we recognise it, we recognise also the great distance he has to travel along the road of art, and the great labour that he must perform before he becomes something more than a brilliant feuilletonist in verse. It is hardly for us to prophesy whether he will devote the labour. His fluency tells us of his energy, but tells us nothing of its quality. We can only express our hope that he will, and our conviction that if he were to do so his great pains, and our lesser ones would be well required.

[SEPTEMBER, 1919.

Ronsard

Ronsard is rangé now; but he has not been in that position for so very long, a considerably shorter time for instance, than any one of the Elizabethans (excepting Shakespeare) with us. Sainte-Beuve was very tentative about him until the sixties, when his dubious, half-patronising air made way for a safe enthusiasm. And, even now, it can hardly be said that French critical opinion about him has crystallised; the late George Wyndham's essay shows a more convinced and better documented appreciation than any that we have read in French, based as it is on the instinctive sympathy which one landed gentleman who dabbles in the arts feels towards another who devotes himself to them--an admiration which does not exclude familiarity.

Indeed, it is precisely because Ronsard lends himself so superbly as an amateur to treatment by the amateur, that any attempt to approach him more closely seems to be tinged with rancour or ingratitude. There is something churlish in the determination to be most on one's guard against the engaging graces of the amateur, a sense that one is behaving like the hero of a Gissing novel; but the choice is not large. One must regard Ronsard either as a charming country gentleman, or as a great historical figure in the development of French poetry, or as a poet; and the third aspect has a chance of being the most important.

Ronsard is pre-eminently the poet of a simple mind. There is nothing mysterious about him or his poetry; there is not even a perceptible thread of development in either. They are equable, constant imperturbable, like the bag of a much invited gun, or the innings of a safe batsman. The accomplishment is akin to an animal endowment. The nerves, instead of being, if only for a moment, tense and agitated, are steady to a degree that can produce an exasperation in a less well-appointed spectator. He will never let himself down, or give himself away, one feels, until the admiration of an apparent sure restraint passes into the conviction that there is nothing to restrain. All Ronsard the poet is in his poetry, and indeed on the surface of it.

Poetry was not therefore, as one is tempted to think sometimes, for Ronsard a game. There was plenty of game in it; l'art de bien pétarquiser was all he claimed for himself. But the game would have wearied any one who was not

aware that he could be completely satisfied and expressed by it. Ronsard was never weary. However much one may tire of him, the fatigue never is infected by the nausea which is produced by some of the mechanical sonnet sequences of his contemporaries. No one reading Ronsard ever felt the tedium of mere nullity. It would be hard to find in the whole of M. van Bever's exhaustive edition of 'Les Amours'[9] a single piece which has not its sufficient charge of gusto. When you are tired, it is because you have had enough of that particular kind of man and mind; you know him too well, and can reckon too closely the chances of a shock of surprise.

[Footnote 9: Les Amours. Par Pierre de Ronsard. Texte établi par
Ad. van Bever. Two volumes. (Paris: Crès.)]

With the more obvious, and in their way delightful, surprises Ronsard is generous. He can hold the attention longer than any poet of an equal tenuity of matter. Chiefly for two reasons, of which one is hardly capable of further analysis. It is the obvious reality of his own delight in 'Petrarchising.' He is perpetually in love with making; he disports himself with a childlike enthusiasm in his art. There are moments when he seems hardly to have passed beyond the stage of naïve wonder that words exist and are manipulable.

'Dous fut le trait, qu'Amour hors de sa trousse
Pour me tuer, me tira doucement,
Quand je fus pris au dous commencement
D'une douceur si doucement douce....'

Ronsard is here a boy playing knucklebones with language; and some of his characteristic excellences are little more than a development of this aptitude, with its more striking incongruities abated. A modern ear can be intoxicated by the charming jingle of

'Petite Nimfe folastre,
Nimfette que j'idolastre....'

One does not pause to think how incredibly naive it is compared with Villon, who had not a fraction of Ronsard's scholarship, or even with Clement Marot; naive both in thought and art. As for the stature of the artist, we are back with Charles of Orleans. It would be idle to speculate what exactly Villon would have made of the atomic theory had he read Lucretius; but we are certain that he would have done something very different from Ronsard's

'Les petits cors, culbutant de travers,
Parmi leur cheute en biais vagabonde,
Heurtés ensemble ont composé le monde,
S'entr'acrochant d'acrochemens divers....'

For this is not grown-up; the cut to simplicity has been too short. So many of Ronsard's verses flow over the mind, without disturbing it; fall charmingly on the ear, and leave no echoes. But for the moment we share his enjoyment.

The second cause of his continued power of attraction is doubtless allied to the first; it is a naïveté of a particular kind, which differs from the profound ingenuousness of which we have spoken by the fact that it is employed deliberately. Conscious simplicity is art, and if it is successful art of no mean order, Ronsard's method of admitting us, as it were, to his conversation with himself is definitely his own. His interruptions of a verse with 'Hà' or 'Hé'; his 'Mon Dieu, que j'aime!' or 'Hé, que ne suis-je puce?' (the difference between Ronsard's flea and Donne's would be worth examination) have in them an element of irresistible bonhomie. We feel that he is making us his confidant. He does not have to tear agonies out of himself, so that what he confides has no chance of making explicit any secrets of our own. There is nothing dangerous about him; we know that he is as safe as we are. We are in conversation, not communion. But how effective and engaging it is!

'Vous ne le voulez pas? Eh bien, je suis content ...'

'Hé, Dieu du ciel, je n'eusse pas pensé
Qu'un seul départ eust causé tant de peine!...'

or the still more casual

'Un joëus deplaisir qui douteus l'épointelle,
Quoi l'épointelle! ainçois le genne et le martelle ...'

Of this device of style our own Elizabethans were to make more profitable use than Ronsard. At their best they packed an intensity of dramatic significance into conversational language, of which Ronsard had no inkling; and even a strict contemporary of his, like Wyatt, could touch cords more intimate by the same means. But, on the other hand, Ronsard never fails of his own effect, which is not to convince us emotionally, but to compel us to listen. His unexpected address to himself or to us is a new ornament for us to admire, not a new method for him to express a new thing; and the suggestion of new rhythms that might thus be attained is never fully worked out.

'Mais tu ne seras plus? Et puis?... quand la paleur
Qui blemist nôtre corps sans chaleur ne lumière
Nous perd le sentiment?...

The ampleness of that reverberance is almost isolated.

Ronsard's resources are indeed few. But he needed few. His simple mind was at ease in machinery of commonplaces, and he makes the pleasant impression of one to whom commonplaces are real. He felt them all over again. One imagines him reading the classics--the Iliad in three days, or his beloved companion 'sous le bois amoureux,' Tibullus--with an unflinching delight in all the concatenations of phrase which are foisted on to unripe youth nowadays in the pages of a Gradus. One might almost say that he saw his loves at second-hand, through alien eyes, were it not that he faced them with some directness as physical beings, and that the artificiality implied in the criticism is incongruous with the honesty of such a natural man. But apart from a few particulars that would find a place in a census paper one would be hard put to it to distinguish Cassandre from Hélène. What charming things Ronsard has to say of either might be said of any charming woman--'le mignard embonpoint de ce sein,'--

'Petit nombril, que mon penser adore,
Non pas mon oeil, qui n'eut oncques ce bien ...'

And though he assures Hélène that she has turned him from his grave early style, 'qui pour chanter si bas n'est point ordonné,' the difference is too hard to detect; one is forced to conclude that it is precisely the difference between a court lady and an inn-keeper's daughter. As far as art is concerned the most definite and distinctive thing that Ronsard had to say of any of his ladies is said of one to whom he put forward none of his usually engrossing pretensions. It was the complexion of Marguerite of Navarre of which he wrote:--

'De vif cinabre estoit faicte sa joue,
Pareille au teint d'un rougissant oeillet,
Ou d'une fraize, alors que dans de laict
Dessus le hault de la cresse se joue.'

That is, whether it belonged to Marguerite or not, a divine complexion. It is the kind of thing that cannot be said about two ladies; the image is too precise to be interchangeable. This may be a reason why it was applied to a lady hors concours for Ronsard.

But we need, in fact, seek no reason other than the circumscription of Ronsard's poetical gifts. They reduce to only two--the gift of convinced commonplace, and the gift of simple melody. His commonplace is genuine commonplace, quite distinct from the tense and pregnant condensation of a lifetime of impassioned experience in Dante or Shakespeare; things that would occur to a bookish country gentleman in after-dinner conversation, the sentiments that such a rare and amiable person would underscore in his Horace. (From a not unimportant angle Ronsard is a minor Horace.) These things are the warp of his poetry; they range from the familiar 'Le temps s'en va' to the masterly straightforwardness of

'plus heureux celui qui la fera
Et femme et mère, en lieu d'une pucelle.'

His melody, likewise, is genuine melody; it is irrepressible. It led him to belie his own professed seriousness. He could not stop his sonnets from rippling even when he pretended to passionate argument. Life came easily to him; he was never weary of it, at the most he acknowledged that he was 'saoûl de la vie.' It is not surprising, therefore, that his remonstrances as the tortured lover have a trick of opening to a delightful tune:--

'Rens-moi mon coeur, rens-moi mon coeur pillarde....'

In another form this melody more closely recalls Thomas Campion:--

'Seule je l'ai veue, aussi je meurs pour elle....'

But to compare Ronsard's sonnet with 'Follow your saint' is to see how infinitely more subtle a master of lyrical music was the Elizabethan than the great French lyrist of the Renaissance. From first to last Ronsard was an amateur.

[SEPTEMBER, 1919.

Samuel Butler

The appearance of a new impression of *The Way of all Flesh*[10] in Mr Fifield's edition of Samuel Butler's works gives us an occasion to consider more calmly the merits and the failings of that entertaining story. Like all unique works of authors who stand, even to the most obvious apprehension, aside from the general path, it has been overwhelmed with superlatives. The case is familiar enough and the explanation is simple and brutal. It is hardly worth while to give it. The truth is that although there is no inherent reason why the isolated novel of an author who devotes himself to other forms should not be 'one of the great novels of the world,' the probabilities tell heavily against it. On the other hand, an isolated novel makes a good stick to beat the age. It is fairly certain to have something sufficiently unique about it to be useful for the purpose. Even its blemishes have a knack of being sui generis. To elevate it is, therefore, bound to imply the diminution of its contemporaries.

[Footnote 10: *The Way of all Flesh*. By Samuel Butler, 11th impression of 2nd edition. (Fifield.)]

Yet, apart from the general argument, there are particular reasons why the praise of *The Way of all Flesh* should be circumspect. Samuel Butler knew extraordinarily well what he was about. His novel was written intermittently between 1872 and 1884 when he abandoned it. In the twenty remaining years of his life he did nothing to it, and we have Mr Streatfeild's word for it that 'he professed himself dissatisfied with it as a whole, and always intended to rewrite, or at any rate, to revise it.' We could have deduced as much from his refusal to publish the book. The certainty of commercial failure never deterred Butler from publication; he was in the happy situation of being able to publish at his own expense a book of whose merit he was himself satisfied. His only reason for abandoning *The Way of all Flesh* was his own dissatisfaction with it. His instruction that it should be published in its present form after his death proves nothing against his own estimate. Butler knew, at least as well as we, that the good things in his book were legion. He did not wish the world or his own reputation to lose the benefit of them. But there are differences between a novel which contains innumerable good things and a great novel. The most important is that a great novel does not contain innumerable good things. You may not pick out the plums, because the pudding falls to pieces if you do. In *The Way of all Flesh*, however, a compère is always present whose business it is to say good things. His perpetual flow of asides is pleasant because the asides are piquant and, in their way, to the point. Butler's mind, being a good mind, had a predilection for the object, and his detestation of the rotunder platitudes of a Greek chorus, if nothing else, had taught him that a corner-man should have something to say on the subject in hand. His arguments are designed to assist his narrative; moreover, they are sympathetic to the modern mind. An enlightened hedonism is about all that is left to us, and Butler's hatred of humbug is, though a little more placid, like our own. We share his ethical likes and dislikes. As an audience we are ready to laugh at his asides, and, on the first night at least, to laugh at them even when they interrupt the play. But our liking for the theses cannot alter the fact that *The*

Way of all Flesh is a roman à thèses. Not that there is anything wrong with the roman à thèses, if the theses emerge from the narrative without its having to be obviously doctored. Nor does it matter very much that a compère should be present all the while, provided that he does not take upon himself to replace the demonstration the narrative must afford, by arguments outside it. But what happens in *The Way of all Flesh*? We may leave aside the minor thesis of heredity, for it emerges, gently enough, from the story; besides, we are not quite sure what it is. We have no doubt, on the other hand, about the major thesis; it is blazoned on the title page, with its sub-malicious quotation from St Paul to the Romans. 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.' The necessary gloss on this text is given in Chapter LXVIII, where Ernest, after his arrest, is thus described:--

'He had nothing more to lose; money, friends, character, all were gone for a very long time, if not for ever; but there was something else also that had taken its flight along with these. I mean the fear of that which man could do unto him. *Cantabit vacuus*. Who could hurt him more than he had been hurt already? Let him but be able to earn his bread, and he knew of nothing which he dared not venture if it would make the world a happier place for those who were young and lovable. Herein he found so much comfort that he almost wished he had lost his reputation even more completely--for he saw that it was like a man's life which may be found of them that lose it and lost of them that would find it. He should not have had the courage to give up all for Christ's sake, but now Christ had mercifully taken all, and lo! it seemed as though all were found.

'As the days went slowly by he came to see that Christianity and the denial of Christianity after all met as much as any other extremes do; it was a fight about names--not about things; practically the Church of Rome, the Church of England, and the freethinker have the same ideal standard and meet in the gentleman; for he is the most perfect saint who is the most perfect gentleman....'

With this help the text and the thesis can be translated: 'All experience does a gentleman good.' It is the kind of thing we should like very much to believe; as an article of faith it was held with passion and vehemence by Dostoevsky, though the connotation of the word 'gentleman' was for him very different from the connotation it had for Butler. (Butler's gentleman, it should be said in passing, was very much the ideal of a period, and not at all *quod semper, quod ubique*; a very Victorian anti-Victorianism.) Dostoevsky worked his thesis out with a ruthless devotion to realistic probability. He emptied the cornucopia of misery upon his heroes and drove them to suicide one after another; and then had the audacity to challenge the world to say that they were not better, more human, and more lovable for the disaster in which they were inevitably overwhelmed. And, though it is hard to say 'Yes' to his challenge, it is harder still to say 'No.' In the case of Ernest Pontifex, however, we do not care to respond to the challenge at all. The experiment is faked and proves nothing. It is mere humbug to declare that a man has been thrown into the waters of life to sink or swim, when there is an anxious but cool-headed friend on the bank with a £70,000 life-belt to throw after him the moment his head goes under. That is neither danger nor experience. Even if Ernest Pontifex knew nothing of the future awaiting him (as we are assured he did not) it makes no difference. We know he cannot sink; he is a lay figure with a pneumatic body. Whether he became a lay figure for Butler also we cannot say; we can merely register the fact that the book breaks down after Ernest's misadventure with Miss Maitland, a deplorably unsubstantial episode to be the crisis of a piece of writing so firm in texture and solid in values as the preceding chapters. Ernest as a man has an intense non-existence. After all, as far as the positive side of *The Way of all Flesh* is concerned, Butler's eggs are all in one basket. If the adult Ernest does not materialise, the book hangs in empty air. Whatever it may be instead it is not a great novel, nor even a good one. So much established, we may begin to collect the good things. Christina is the best of them. She is, by any standard, a remarkable creation. Butler was 'all round' Christina. Both by analysis and synthesis she is wholly his. He can produce her in either way. She lives as flesh and blood and has not a little of our affection; she is also constructed by definition, 'If it were not too awful a thing to say of anybody, she meant well'--the whole phrase gives exactly Christina's stature. Alethea Pontifex is really a bluff; but the bluff succeeds, largely because, having experience of Christina, we dare not call it. Mrs Jupp is triumphantly complete; there are even moments when she seems as great as Mrs Quickly. The novels that contain three such women (or two if we reckon the uncertain Alethea, who is really

only a vehicle for Butler's very best sayings, as cancelled by the non-existent Ellen) can be counted, we suppose, on our ten fingers. Of the men, Theobald is well worked out (in both senses of the word). But we know little of what went on inside him. We can fill out Christina with her inimitable day-dreams; Theobald remains something of a skeleton, whereas we have no difficulty at all with Dr Skinner, of Roughborough. We have a sense of him in retirement steadily filling the shelves with volumes of Skinner, and we know how it was done. When he reappears we assume the continuity of his existence without demur. The glimpse of George Pontifex is also satisfying; after the christening party we know him for a solid reality. Pryer was half-created when his name was chosen. Butler did the rest in a single paragraph which contains a perfect delineation of 'the Oxford manner' twenty years before it had become a disease known to ordinary diagnosis. The curious may find this towards the beginning of Chapter LI. But Ernest, upon whom so much depends, is a phantom--a dream-child waiting the incarnation which Butler refused him for twenty years. Was it laziness, was it a felt incapacity? We do not know; but in the case of a novelist it is our duty to believe the worst. The particularity of our attitude to Butler appears in the fact that we are disappointed, not with him, but with Ernest. We are even angry with that young man. If it had not been for him, we believe, *The Way of all Flesh* might have appeared in 1882; it might have short-circuited Robert Elsmere.

[JUNE, 1919.

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We approach the biography of an author whom we respect, and therefore have thought about, with contradictory feelings. We are excited at the thought of finding our conclusions reinforced, and apprehensive less the compact and definite figure which our imaginations have gradually shaped should become vague and incoherent and dull. It is a pity to purchase enlightenment at the cost of definition; and it is more important that we should have a clear notion of the final shape of a man in whom we are interested than an exact record of his phases. The essential quality of great artists is incommensurable with biography; they seem to be unconsciously engaged in a perpetual evasion of the event. All that piety can do for them is beside the mark. Their wilful spirit is fled before the last stone of the mausoleum can be got in place, and as it flies it jogs the elbow of the cup-bearer and his libation is spilt idly upon the ground. Although it would be too much and too ungrateful to say that the monumental piety of Mr Festing Jones has been similarly turned to derision--after all, Butler was not a great man--we feel that something analogous has happened. This laborious building is a great deal too large for him to dwell in. He had made himself a cosy habitation in the Note-Books, with the fire in the right place and fairly impervious to the direct draughts of criticism. In a two-volume memoir[11] he shivers perceptibly, and at moments he looks faintly ridiculous more than faintly pathetic.

[Footnote 11: Samuel Butler, author of 'Erewhon' (1835-1902): a Memoir. By Henry Festing Jones. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)]

And if it be said that a biography should make no difference to our estimate of the man who lives and has his being in his published works, we reply that it shifts the emphasis. An amusingly wrong-headed book about Homer is a peccadillo; ten years of life lavished upon it is something a good deal more serious. And even *The Way of all Flesh*, which as an experimental novel is a very considerable achievement, becomes something different when we have to regard it as a laborious and infinitely careful record of experienced fact. Further still, even the edge of the perfected inconsequence of certain of the 'Notes' is somewhat dulled when we see the trick of it being exercised. The origin of the amusing remark on Blake, who 'was no good because he learnt Italian at over 60 in order to read Dante, and we know Dante was no good because he was so fond of Virgil, and Virgil was no good because Tennyson ran him--well, Tennyson goes without saying,' is to be found in 'No, I don't like Lamb. You see, Canon Ainger writes about him, and Canon Ainger goes to tea with my aunts.' Repeated, it becomes merely a clever way of being stupid, as we should be if we were tempted to say we couldn't bear Handel, because Butler was mad on him, and Butler was no good because he was run by Mr Jones, and, well, Mr Jones goes without saying. Nevertheless, though Butler lives with much discomfort and some danger in Mr Jones's tabernacle, he does continue to live. What his head loses by the inquisition of a biography his heart gains, though we wonder whether Butler himself would have smiled upon the exchange. Butler loses almost the last vestige of a title to be considered a creative artist when the incredible fact is revealed that the letters of Theobald and Christina in *The Way of all Flesh* are merely reproduced from those which his father and mother sent him. Nor was Butler, even as a copyist, always adequate to his originals. The brilliantly witty letters of Miss Savage, by which the first volume is made precious, seem to us to indicate a real woman upon whom something more substantial might have been modelled than the delightful but evanescent picture of Alethea

Pontifex. Here, at least, is a picture of Miss Savage and Butler together which, to our sense, gives some common element in both which escaped the expression of the author of *The Way of all Flesh*:--

'I like the cherry-eating scene, too [Miss Savage wrote after reading the MS. of *Alps and Sanctuaries*], because it reminded me of your eating cherries when I first knew you. One day when I was going to the gallery, a very hot day I remember, I met you on the shady side of Berners Street, eating cherries out of a basket. Like your Italian friends, you were perfectly silent with content, and you handed the basket to me as I was passing, without saying a word. I pulled out a handful and went on my way rejoicing, without saying a word either. I had not before perceived you to be different from any one else. I was like Peter Bell and the primrose with the yellow brim. As I went away to France a day or two after that and did not see you again for months, the recollection of you as you were eating cherries in Berners Street abode with me and pleased me greatly.'

Again, we feel that the unsubstantial Towneley of the novel should have been more like flesh and blood when we learn that he too was drawn from the life, and from a life which was intimately connected with Butler's. Here, most evidently, the heart gains what the head loses, for the story of Butler's long-suffering generosity to Charles Paine Pauli is almost beyond belief and comprehension. Butler had met Pauli, who was two years his junior, in New Zealand, and had conceived a passionate admiration for him. Learning that he desired to read for the bar, Butler, who had made an unexpected success of his sheep-farming, offered to lend him £100 to get to England and £200 a year until he was called. Very shortly after they both arrived in England, Pauli separated from Butler, refusing even to let him know his address, and thenceforward paid him one brief visit every day. He continued, however, to draw his allowance regularly until his death all through the period when, owing to the failure of Butler's investments, £200 seems to have been a good deal more than one-half Butler's income. At Pauli's death in 1897 Butler discovered what he must surely at moments have suspected, that Pauli had been making between £500 and £800 at the bar, and had left about £9000--not to Butler. Butler wrote an account of the affair after Pauli's death which is strangely self-revealing:--

'... Everything that he had was good, and he was such a fine handsome fellow, with such an attractive manner that to me he seemed everything I should like myself to be, but knew very well that I was not....

'I had felt from the very beginning that my intimacy with Pauli was only superficial, and I also perceived more and more that I bored him.... He liked society and I hated it. Moreover, he was at times very irritable and would find continual fault with me; often, I have no doubt, justly, but often, as it seemed to me, unreasonably. Devoted to him as I continued to be for many years, those years were very unhappy as well as very happy ones.

'I set down a great deal to his ill-health, no doubt truly; a great deal more, I was sure, was my own fault--and I am so still; I excused much on the score of his poverty and his dependence on myself--for his father and mother, when it came to the point, could do nothing for him; I was his host and was bound to forbear on that ground if on no other. I always hoped that, as time went on, and he saw how absolutely devoted to him I was, and what unbounded confidence I had in him, and how I forgave him over and over again for treatment which I would not have stood for a moment from any one else--I always hoped that he would soften and deal as frankly and unreservedly with me as I with him; but, though for some fifteen years I hoped this, in the end I gave it up, and settled down into a

resolve from which I never departed--to do all I could for him, to avoid friction of every kind, and to make the best of things for him and myself that circumstances would allow.'

In love such as this there is a feminine tenderness and devotion which positively illuminates what otherwise appears to be a streak of perversity in Butler; and the illumination becomes still more certain when we read Butler's letters to the young Swiss, Hans Faesch, to whom *Out into the Night* was written. Faesch had departed for Singapore.

'The sooner we all of us,' wrote Butler, 'as men of sense and sober reason, get through the very acute, poignant sorrow which we now feel, the better for us all. There is no fear of any of us forgetting when the acute stage is passed. I should be ashamed of myself for having felt as keenly and spoken with as little reserve as I have if it were any one but you; but I feel no shame at any length to which grief can take me when it is about you. I can call to mind no word which ever passed between us three which had been better unspoken: no syllable of irritation or unkindness; nothing but goodness and kindness ever came out of you, and such as our best was we gave it to you as you gave yours to us. Who may not well be plunged up to the lips in sorrow at parting from one of whom he can say this in all soberness and truth? I feel as though I had lost an only son with no hope of another....'

The love is almost pathetically lavish. Letters like these reveal to us a man so avid of affection that he must of necessity erect every barrier and defence to avoid a mortal wound. His sensibility was *rentrée*, probably as a consequence of his appalling childhood; and the indication helps us to understand not only the inordinate suspiciousness with which he behaved to Darwin, but the extent to which irony was his favoured weapon. The most threatening danger for such a man is to take the professions of the world at their face value; he can inoculate himself only by irony. The more extreme his case, the more devouring the hunger to love and be loved, the more extreme the irony, and in Butler it reached the absolute maximum, which is to interpret the professions of the world as their exact opposite. As a reviewer of the *Note-Books* in *The Athenæum* recently said, Butler's method was to stand propositions on their heads. He universalised his method; he applied it not merely to scientific propositions of fact, but, even more ruthlessly, to the converse of daily life. He divided up the world into a vast majority who meant the opposite of what they said, and an infinitesimal minority who were sincere. The truth that the vast majority are borderland cases escaped him, largely because he was compelled by his isolation to regard all his honest beliefs as proven certainties. That a man could like and admire him and yet regard him as in many things mistaken and wrong-headed was strictly incomprehensible to him, and from this angle the curious relations which existed between him and Dr Richard Garnett of the British Museum are of uncommon interest. They afford a strange example of mutual mystification. Thus at least one-half the world, not of life only (which does not greatly matter, for one can live as happily with half the world as with the whole) but of thought, was closed to him. Most of the poetry, the music, and the art of the world was humbug to him, and it was only by insisting that Homer and Shakespeare were exactly like himself that he managed to except them from his natural aversion. So, in the last resort, he humbugged himself quite as vehemently as he imagined the majority of men were engaged in humbugging him. If his standard of truth was higher than that of the many, it was lower than that of the few. There is a kingdom where the crass division into sheep and goats is merely clumsy and inopportune. In the slow meanderings of this *Memoir* we too often catch a glimpse of Butler measuring giants with the impertinent foot-rule of his common sense. One does not like him the less for it, but it is, in spite of all the disconcerting jokes with which it may be covered, a futile and ridiculous occupation. Persistently there emerges from the record the impression of something childish, whether in petulance or gaminerie, a crudeness as well as a shrewdness of judgment and ideal. Where Butler thought himself complete, he was insufficient; and where he thought himself insufficient, he was complete. To himself he appeared a hobbledehoy by the side of Pauli; to us he appears a hobbledehoy by the side of Miss Savage.

[OCTOBER, 1919.

The Poetry of Mr Hardy

One meets fairly often with the critical opinion that Mr Hardy's poetry is incidental. It is admitted on all sides that his poetry has curious merits of its own, but it is held to be completely subordinate to his novels, and those who maintain that it must be considered as having equal standing with his prose, are not seldom treated as guilty of paradox and preciousness. We are inclined to wonder, as we review the situation, whether those of the contrary persuasion are not allowing themselves to be impressed primarily by mere bulk, and arguing that a man's chief work must necessarily be what he has done most of; and we feel that some such supposition is necessary to explain what appears to us as a visible reluctance to allow Mr Hardy's poetry a clean impact upon the critical consciousness. It is true that we have ranged against us critics of distinction, such as Mr Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr Robert Lynd, and that it may savour of impertinence to suggest that the case could have been unconsciously pre-judged in their minds when they addressed themselves to Mr Hardy's poetry. Nevertheless, we find some significance in the fact that both these critics are of such an age that when they came to years of discretion the Wessex Novels were in existence as a corpus. There, before their eyes, was a monument of literary work having a unity unlike that of any contemporary author. The poems became public only after they had laid the foundations of their judgment. For them Mr Hardy's work was done. Whatever he might subsequently produce was an interesting, but to their criticism an otiose appendix to his prose achievement. It happens therefore that to a somewhat younger critic the perspective may be different. By the accident of years it would appear to him that Mr Hardy's poetry was no less a corpus than his prose. They would be extended equally and at the same moment before his eyes; he would embark upon voyages of discovery into both at roughly the same time; and he might find, in total innocence of preciousness and paradox, that the poetry would yield up to him a quality of perfume not less essential than any that he could extract from the prose. This is, as we see it, the case with ourselves. We discover all that our elders discover in Mr Hardy's novels; we see more than they in his poetry. To our mind it exists superbly in its own right; it is not lifted into significance upon the glorious substructure of the novels. They also are complete in themselves. We recognise the relation between the achievements, and discern that they are the work of a single mind; but they are separate works, having separate and unique excellences. The one is only approximately explicable in terms of the other. We incline, therefore, to attach a signal importance to what has always seemed to us the most important sentence in *Who's Who?*--namely, that in which Mr Hardy confesses that in 1868 he was compelled--that is his own word--to give up writing poetry for prose. For Mr Hardy's poetic gift is not a late and freakish flowering. In the volume into which has been gathered all his poetical work with the exception of 'The Dynasts,'[12] are pieces bearing the date 1866 which display an astonishing mastery, not merely of technique but of the essential content of great poetry. Nor are such pieces exceptional. Granted that Mr Hardy has retained only the finest of his early poetry, still there are a dozen poems of 1866-7 which belong either entirely or in part to the category of major poetry. Take, for instance, 'Neutral Tones':--

'We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
--They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

'Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles long ago;
And some winds played between us to and fro
On which lost the more by our love.

'The smile on your mouth was the dearest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing....

'Since then keen lessons that love deceives
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree
And a pond edged with grayish leaves.'

[Footnote 12: Collected. Poems of Thomas Hardy. Vol. I.
(Macmillan.)]

That was written in 1867. The date of *Desperate Remedies*, Mr Hardy's first novel, was 1871. *Desperate Remedies* may have been written some years before. It makes no difference to the astonishing contrast between the immaturity of the novel and the maturity of the poem. It is surely impossible in the face of such a juxtaposition then to deny that Mr Hardy's poetry exists in its own individual right, and not as a curious simulacrum of his prose.

These early poems have other points of deep interest, of which one of the chief is in a sense technical. One can trace a quite definite influence of Shakespeare's sonnets in his language and imagery. The four sonnets, 'She to Him' (1866), are full of echoes, as:--

'Numb as a vane that cankers on its point
True to the wind that kissed ere canker came.'

or this from another sonnet of the same year:--

'As common chests encasing wares of price
Are borne with tenderness through halls of state.'

Yet no one reading the sonnets of these years can fail to mark the impress of an individual personality. The effect is, at times, curious and impressive in the extreme. We almost feel that Mr Hardy is bringing some physical compulsion to bear on Shakespeare and forcing him to say something that he does not want to say. Of course, it is merely a curious tweak of the fancy; but there comes to us in such lines as the following an insistent vision of two youths of an age the one masterful, the other indulgent, and carrying out his companion's firm suggestion:--

'Remembering mine the loss is, not the blame
That Sportsman Time rears but his brood to kill,
Knowing me in my soul the very same--
One who would die to spare you touch of ill!--
Will you not grant to old affection's claim
The hand of friendship down Life's sunless hill?'

But, fancies aside, the effect of these early poems is twofold. Their attitude is definite:--

'Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain
And dicing time for gladness calls a moan ...
These purblind Doomsters had as readily thrown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.'

and the technique has the mark of mastery, a complete economy of statement which produces the conviction that the words are saying only what poet ordained they should say, neither less nor more.

The early years were followed by the long period of the novels, in which, we are prepared to admit, poetry was actually if not in intention incidental. It is the grim truth that poetry cannot be written in between times; and, though we have hardly any dates on which to rely, we are willing to believe that few of Mr Hardy's characteristic poems were written between the appearance of *Desperate Remedies* and his farewell to the activity of novel-writing with *The Well-Beloved* (1897). But the few dates which we have tell us that 'Thoughts of Phena,' the beautiful poem beginning:--

'Not a line of her writing have I,
Not a thread of her hair....'

which reaches forward to the love poems of 1912-13, was written in 1890.

Whether the development of Mr Hardy's poetry was concealed or visible during the period of the novels, development there was into a maturity so overwhelming that by its touchstone the poetical work of his famous contemporaries appears singularly jejune and false. But, though by the accident of social conditions--for that Mr Hardy waited till 1898 to publish his first volume of poems is more a social than an artistic fact--it is impossible to follow out the phases of his poetical progress in the detail we would desire, it is impossible not to recognise that the mature poet, Mr Hardy, is of the same poetical substance as the young poet of the 'sixties. The attitude is unchanged; the modifications of the theme of 'crass casualty' leave its central asseveration unchanged. There are restatements, enlargements of perspective, a slow and forceful expansion of the personal into the universal, but the truth once recognised is never suffered for a moment to be hidden or mollified. Only a superficial logic would point, for instance, to his

'Wonder if Man's consciousness
Was a mistake of God's,'

as a denial of 'casualty.' To envisage an accepted truth from a new angle, to turn it over and over again in the mind in the hope of finding some aspect which might accord with a large and general view is the inevitable movement of any mind that is alive and not dead. To say that Mr Hardy has finally discovered unity may be paradoxical; but it is true. The harmony of the artist is not as the harmony of the preacher or the philosopher. Neither would grant, neither would understand the profound acquiescence that lies behind 'Adonais' or the 'Ode to the Grecian Urn.' Such acquiescence has no moral quality, as morality is even now understood, nor any logical compulsion. It does not stifle anger nor deny anguish; it turns no smiling face upon unsmiling things; it is not puffed up with the resonance of futile heroics. It accepts the things that are as the necessary basis of artistic creation. This unity which comes of the instinctive refusal in the great poet to deny experience, and subdues the self into the whole as part of that which is not denied, is to be found in every corner of Mr Hardy's mature poetry. It gives, as it alone can really give, to personal emotion what is called the impersonality of great poetry. We feel it as a sense of background, a conviction that a given poem is not the record, but the culmination of an experience, and that the experience of which it is the culmination is far larger and more profound than the one which it seems to record. At the basis of great poetry lies an all-embracing realism, an adequacy to all experience, a refusal of the merely personal in exultation or dismay. Take the contrast between Rupert Brooke's deservedly famous lines: 'There is some corner of a foreign field ...' and Mr Hardy's 'Drummer Hodge':--

'Yet portion of that unknown plain
Will Hodge for ever be;
His homely Northern heart and brain
Grow to some Southern tree,
And strange-eyed constellations reign
His stars eternally.'

We know which is the truer. Which is the more beautiful? Is it not Mr Hardy? And which (strange question) is the more consoling, the more satisfying, the more acceptable? Is it not Mr Hardy? There is sorrow, but it is the sorrow of the spheres. And this, not the apparent anger and dismay of a self's discomfiture, is the quality of greatness in Mr Hardy's poetry. The Mr Hardy of the love poems of 1912-13 is not a man giving way to memory in poetry; he is a great poet uttering the cry of the universe. A vast range of acknowledged experience returns to weight each syllable; it is the quality of life that is vocal, gathered into a moment of time with a vista of years:--

'Ignorant of what there is flitting here to see,
The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily,
Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me,
For the stars close their shutters and the
Dawn whitens hazily.
Trust me, I mind not, though Life lours
The bringing me here; nay, bring me here again!
I am just the same as when
Our days were a joy and our paths through flowers.'

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We have read these poems of Thomas Hardy, read them not once, but many times. Many of them have already become part of our being; their indelible impress has given shape to dumb and striving elements in our soul; they have set free and purged mute, heart-devouring regrets. And yet, though this is so, the reading of them in a single volume, the submission to their movement with a like unbroken motion of the mind, gathers their greatness, their poignancy and passion, into one stream, submerging us and leaving us patient and purified. There have been many poets among us in the last fifty years, poets of sure talent, and it may be even of genius, but no other of them has this compulsive power. The secret is not hard to find. Not one of them is adequate to what we know and have suffered. We have in our own hearts a new touchstone of poetic greatness. We have learned too much to be wholly responsive to less than an adamant honesty of soul and a complete acknowledgment of experience. 'Give us the whole,' we cry, 'give us the truth.' Unless we can catch the undertone of this acknowledgment, a poet's voice is in our ears hardly more than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Therefore we turn--some by instinct and some by deliberate choice--to the greatest; therefore we deliberately set Mr Hardy among these. What they have, he has, and has in their degree--a plenary vision of life. He is the master of the fundamental theme; it enters into, echoes in, modulates and modifies all his particular emotions, and the individual poems of which they are the substance. Each work of his is a fragment of a whole--not a detached and arbitrarily severed fragment, but a unity which implies, calls for and in a profound sense creates a vaster and completely comprehensive whole. His reaction to an episode has behind and within it a reaction to the universe. An overwhelming endorsement descends upon his words: he traces them as with a pencil, and straightway they are graven in stone. Thus his short poems have a weight and validity which sets them apart in kind from even the very finest work of his contemporaries. These may be perfect in and for themselves; but a short poem by Mr Hardy is often perfect in a higher sense. As the lines of a diagram may be produced in imagination to contain within themselves all space, one of Mr Hardy's most characteristic poems may expand and embrace all human experience. In it we may hear the sombre, ruthless rhythm of life itself--the dominant theme that gives individuation to the ripple of fragmentary joys and sorrows. Take 'The Broken Appointment':--

'You did not come,
And marching Time drew on, and wore me numb.--
Yet less for loss of your dear presence there
Than that I thus found lacking in your make
That high compassion which can overbear
Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake
Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sum,
You did not come.

'You love not me,
And love alone can lend you loyalty
--I know and knew it. But, unto the store
Of human deeds divine in all but name,
Was it not worth a little hour or more
To add yet this: Once you, a woman, came
To soothe a time-torn man; even though it be
You love not me?'

On such a seeming fragment of personal experience lies the visible endorsement of the universe. The hopes not of a lover but of humanity are crushed beneath its rhythm. The ruthlessness of the event is intensified in the motion of the poem till one can hear the even pad of destiny, and a moment comes when to a sense made eager by the strain of intense attention it seems to have been written by the destiny it records.

What is the secret of poetic power like this? We do not look for it in technique, though the technique of this poem is masterly. But the technique of 'as the hope-hour stroked its sum' is of such a kind that we know as we read that it proceeds from a sheer compulsive force. For a moment it startles; a moment more and the echo of those very words is reverberant with accumulated purpose. They are pitiless as the poem; the sign of an ultimate obedience is upon them. Whence came the power that compelled it? Can the source be defined or indicated? We believe it can be indicated, though not defined. We can show where to look for the mystery, that in spite of our regard remains a mystery still. We are persuaded that almost on the instant that it was felt the original emotion of the poem was endorsed. Perhaps it came to the poet as the pain of a particular and personal experience; but in a little or a long while--creative time is not measured by days or years--it became, for him, a part of the texture of the general life. It

became a manifestation of life, almost, nay wholly, in the sacramental sense, a veritable epiphany. The manifold and inexhaustible quality of life was focused into a single revelation. A critic's words do not lend themselves to the necessary precision. We should need to write with exactly the same power as Mr Hardy when he wrote 'the hope-hour stroked its sum,' to make our meaning likewise inevitable. The word 'revelation' is fertile in false suggestion; the creative act of power which we seek to elucidate is an act of plenary apprehension, by which one manifestation, one form of life, one experience is seen in its rigorous relation to all other and to all possible manifestations, forms, and experiences. It is, we believe, the act which Mr Hardy himself has tried to formulate in the phrase which is the title of one of his books of poems--Moments of Vision. Only those who do not read Mr Hardy could make the mistake of supposing that on his lips such a phrase had a mystical implication. Between belief and logic lies a third kingdom, which the mystics and the philosophers alike are too eager to forget--the kingdom of art, no less the residence of truth than the two other realms, and to some, perhaps, more authentic even than they. Therefore when we expand the word 'vision' in the phrase to 'aesthetic vision' we mean, not the perception of beauty, at least in the ordinary sense of that ill-used word, but the apprehension of truth, the recognition of a complete system of valid relations incapable of logical statement. Such are the acts of unique apprehension which Mr Hardy, we believe, implied by his title. In a 'moment of vision' the poet recognises in a single separate incident of life, life's essential quality. The uniqueness of the whole, the infinite multiplicity and variety of its elements, are manifested and apprehended in a part. Since we are here at work on the confines of intelligible statement, it is better, even at the cost of brutalising a poem, to choose an example from the book that bears the mysterious name. The verses that follow come from 'Near Lanivet, 1872.' We choose them as an example of Mr Hardy's method at less than its best, at a point at which the scaffolding of his process is just visible.

'There was a stunted hand-post just on the crest.
Only a few feet high:
She was tired, and we stopped in the twilight-time for her rest,
At the crossways close thereby.

'She leant back, being so weary, against its stem,
And laid her arms on its own,
Each open palm stretched out to each end of them,
Her sad face sideways thrown.

'Her white-clothed form at this dim-lit cease of day
Made her look as one crucified
In my gaze at her from the midst of the dusty way,
And hurriedly "Don't," I cried.

'I do not think she heard. Loosing thence she said,
As she stepped forth ready to go,
"I am rested now.--Something strange came into my head;
I wish I had not leant so!"...

'And we dragged on and on, while we seemed to see
In the running of Time's far glass
Her crucified, as she had wondered if she might be
Some day.--Alas, alas!"

Superstition and symbolism, some may say; but they mistakenly invert the order of the creative process. The poet's act of apprehension is wholly different from the lover's fear; and of this apprehension the chance-shaped crucifix is the symbol and not the cause. The concentration of life's vicissitude upon that white-clothed form was first recognised by a sovereign act of aesthetic understanding or intuition; the seeming crucifix supplied a scaffolding for its expression; it afforded a clue to the method of transposition into words which might convey the truth thus apprehended; it suggested an equivalence. The distinction may appear to be hair-drawn, but we believe that it is vital to the theory of poetry as a whole, and to an understanding of Mr Hardy's poetry in particular. Indeed, in it must be sought the meaning of another of his titles, 'Satires of Circumstance,' where the particular circumstance is neither typical nor fortuitous, but a symbol necessary to communicate to others the sense of a quality in life more largely and variously apprehended by the poet. At the risk of appearing fantastic we will endeavour still further to elucidate

our meaning. The poetic process is, we believe, twofold. The one part, the discovery of the symbol, the establishment of an equivalence, is what we may call poetic method. It is concerned with the transposition and communication of emotion, no matter what the emotion may be, for to poetic method the emotional material is, strictly, indifferent. The other part is an esthetic apprehension of significance, the recognition of the all in the one. This is a specifically poetic act, or rather the supreme poetic act. Yet it may be absent from poetry. For there is no necessary connection between poetic apprehension and poetic method.

Poetic method frequently exists without poetic apprehension; and there is no reason to suppose that the reverse is not also true, for the recognition of greatness in poetry is probably not the peculiar privilege of great poets. We have here, at least a principle of division between major and minor poetry.

Mr Hardy is a major poet; and we are impelled to seek further and ask what it is that enables such a poet to perform this sovereign act of apprehension and to recognise the quality of the all in the quality of the one. We believe that the answer is simple. The great poet knows what he is looking for. Once more we speak too precisely, and so falsely, being compelled to use the language of the kingdom of logic to describe what is being done in the kingdom of art. The poet, we say, knows the quality for which he seeks; but this knowledge is rather a condition than a possession of soul. It is a state of responsiveness rather than a knowledge of that to which he will respond. But it is knowledge inasmuch as the choice of that to which he will respond is determined by the condition of his soul. On the purity of that condition depends his greatness as a poet, and that purity in its turn depends upon his denying no element of his profound experience. If he denies or forgets, the synthesis--again the word is a metaphor--which must establish itself within him is fragmentary and false. The new event can wake but partial echoes in his soul or none at all; it can neither be received into, nor can it create a complete relation, and so it passes incommensurable from limbo into forgetfulness. Mr Hardy stands high above all other modern poets by the deliberate purity of his responsiveness. The contagion of the world's slow stain has not touched him; from the first he held aloof from the general conspiracy to forget in which not only those who are professional optimists take a part. Therefore his simplest words have a vehemence and strangeness of their own:--

'It will have been:
Nor God nor Demon can undo the done,
Unseen the seen
Make muted music be as unbegun
Though things terrene
Groan in their bondage till oblivion supervene.'

What neither God nor Demon can do, men are incessantly at work to accomplish. Life itself rewards them for their assiduity, for she scatters her roses chiefly on the paths of those who forget her thorns. But the great poet remembers both rose and thorn; and it is beyond his power to remember them otherwise than together. It was fitting, then, and to some senses inevitable, that Mr Hardy should have crowned his work as a poet in his old age by a series of love poems that are unique for power and passion in even the English language. This late and wonderful flowering has no tinge of miracle; it has sprung straight from the main stem of Mr Hardy's poetic growth. Into 'Veteris Vestigia Flammæ' is distilled the quintessence of the power that created the Wessex Novels and 'The Dynasts'; all that Mr Hardy has to tell us of life, the whole of the truth that he has apprehended, is in these poems, and no poet since poetry began has apprehended or told us more. Sunt lacrimæ rerum.

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POSTSCRIPT

Three months after this essay was written the first volume of the long awaited definitive edition of Mr Hardy's works (the Mellstock Edition) appeared. It was with no common thrill that we read in the precious pages of introduction the following words confirming the theory upon which the first part of the essay is largely based.

'Turning now to my verse--to myself the more individual part of my literary fruitage--I would say that, unlike some of the fiction, nothing interfered with the writer's freedom in respect of its form

or content. Several of the poems--indeed many--were produced before novel-writing had been thought of as a pursuit; but few saw the light till all the novels had been published....

'The few volumes filled by the verse cover a producing period of some eighteen years first and last, while the seventeen or more volumes of novels represent correspondingly about four-and-twenty years. One is reminded by this disproportion in time and result how much more concise and quintessential expression becomes when given in rhythmic form than when shaped in the language of prose.'

Present Condition of English Poetry

Shall we, or shall we not, be serious? To be serious nowadays is to be ill-mannered, and what, murmurs the cynic, does it matter? We have our opinion; we know that there is a good deal of good poetry in the Georgian book, a little in Wheels.[13] We know that there is much bad poetry in the Georgian book, and less in Wheels. We know that there is one poem in Wheels beside the intense and sombre imagination of which even the good poetry of the Georgian book pales for a moment. We think we know more than this. What does it matter? Pick out the good things, and let the rest go.

[Footnote 13: Georgian Poetry, 1918-1919. Edited by E.M. (The Poetry Bookshop.)

Wheels. Fourth Cycle. (Oxford: B.H. Blackwell.)]

And yet, somehow, this question of modern English poetry has become important for us, as important as the war, important in the same way as the war. We can even analogise. Georgian Poetry is like the Coalition Government; Wheels is like the Radical opposition. Out of the one there issues an indefinable odour of complacent sanctity, an unctuous redolence of union sacrée; out of the other, some acidulation of perversity. In the coalition poets we find the larger number of good men, and the larger number of bad ones; in the opposition poets we find no bad ones with the coalition badness, no good ones with the coalition goodness, but in a single case a touch of the apocalyptic, intransigent, passionate honesty that is the mark of the martyr of art or life. On both sides we have the corporate and the individual flavour; on both sides we have those individuals-by-courtesy whose flavour is almost wholly corporate; on both sides the corporate flavour is one that we find intensely disagreeable. In the coalition we find it noxious, in the opposition no worse than irritating. No doubt this is because we recognise a tendency to take the coalition seriously, while the opposition is held to be ridiculous. But both the coalition and the opposition--we use both terms in their corporate sense--are unmistakably the product of the present age. In that sense they are truly representative and complementary each to the other; they are a fair sample of the goodness and badness of the literary epoch in which we live; they are still more remarkable as an index of the complete confusion of æsthetic values that prevails to-day. The corporate flavour of the coalition is a false simplicity. Of the nineteen poets who compose it there are certain individuals whom we except absolutely from this condemnation, Mr de la Mare, Mr Davies, and Mr Lawrence; there are others who are more or less exempt from it, Mr Abercrombie, Mr Sassoon, Mrs Shove, and Mr Nichols; and among the rest there are varying degrees of saturation. This false simplicity can be quite subtle. It is compounded of worship of trees and birds and contemporary poets in about equal proportions; it is sicklied over at times with a quite perceptible varnish of modernity, and at other times with what looks to be technical skill, but generally proves to be a fairly clumsy reminiscence of somebody else's technical skill. The negative qualities of this simplesse are, however, the most obvious; the poems imbued with it are devoid of any emotional significance whatever. If they have an idea it leaves you with the queer feeling that it is not an idea at all, that it has been defaced, worn smooth by the rippling of innumerable minds. Then, spread in a luminous haze over these compounded elements, is a fundamental right-mindedness; you feel, somehow, that they might have been very wicked, and yet they are very good. There is nothing disturbing about them; ils peuvent être mis dans toutes les mains; they are kind, generous, even noble. They sympathise with animate and inanimate nature. They have shining foreheads with big bumps of benevolence, like Flora Casby's father, and one inclines to believe that their eyes must be frequently filmed with an honest tear, if only because their vision is blurred. They are fond of lists of names

which never suggest things; they are sparing of similes. If they use them they are careful to see they are not too definite, for a definite simile makes havoc of their constructions, by applying to them a certain test of reality. But it is impossible to be serious about them. The more stupid of them supply the matter for a good laugh; the more clever the stuff of a more recondite amazement. What is one to do when Mr Monro apostrophises the force of Gravity in such words as these?—

'By leave of you man places stone on stone;
He scatters seed: you are at once the prop
Among the long roots of his fragile crop
You manufacture for him, and insure
House, harvest, implement, and furniture,
And hold them all secure.'

We are not surprised to learn further that

'I rest my body on your grass,
And let my brain repose in you.'

All that remains to be said is that Mr Monro is fond of dogs ('Can you smell the rose?' he says to Dog: 'ah, no!') and inclined to fish—both of which are Georgian inclinations.

Then there is Mr Drinkwater with the enthusiasm of the just man for moonlit apples--'moon-washed apples of wonder'--and the righteous man's sense of robust rhythm in this chorus from 'Lincoln':--

'You who know the tenderness
Of old men at eve-tide,
Coming from the hedgerows,
Coming from the plough,
And the wandering caress
Of winds upon the woodside,
When the crying yaffle goes
Underneath the bough.'

Mr Drinkwater, though he cannot write good doggerel, is a very good man. In this poem he refers to the Sermon on the Mount as 'the words of light >From the mountain-way.'

Mr Squire, who is an infinitely more able writer, would make an excellent subject for a critical investigation into false simplicity. He would repay a very close analysis, for he may deceive the elect in the same way as, we suppose, he deceives himself. His poem 'Rivers' seems to us a very curious example of the faux bon. Not only is the idea derivative, but the rhythmical treatment also. Here is Mr de la Mare:--

'Sweet is the music of Arabia
In my heart, when out of dreams
I still in the thin clear murk of dawn
Descry her gliding streams;
Hear her strange lutes on the green banks
Ring loud with the grief and delight
Of the dim-silked, dark-haired musicians
In the brooding silence of night.
They haunt me--her lutes and her forests;
No beauty on earth I see
But shadowed with that dream recalls
Her loveliness to me:
Still eyes look coldly upon me,
Cold voices whisper and say--
"He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,

They have stolen his wits away."

And here is a verse from Mr Squire:--

'For whatever stream I stand by,
And whatever river I dream of,
There is something still in the back of my mind
From very far away;
There is something I saw and see not,
A country full of rivers
That stirs in my heart and speaks to me
More sure, more dear than they.

'And always I ask and wonder
(Though often I do not know it)
Why does this water not smell like water?...'

To leave the question of reminiscence aside, how the delicate vision of Mr de la Mare has been coarsened, how commonplace his exquisite technique has become in the hands of even a first-rate ability! It remains to be added that Mr Squire is an amateur of nature,--

'And skimming, fork-tailed in the evening air,
When man first was were not the martens there?'--

and a lover of dogs.

Mr Shanks, Mr W.J. Turner, and Mr Freeman belong to the same order. They have considerable technical accomplishment of the straightforward kind--and no emotional content. One can find examples of the disastrous simile in them all. They are all in their degree pseudo-naïves. Mr Turner wonders in this way:--

'It is strange that a little mud
Should echo with sounds, syllables, and letters,
Should rise up and call a mountain Popocatapetl,
And a green-leafed wood Oleander.'

Of course Mr Turner does not really wonder; those four lines are proof positive of that. But what matters is not so much the intrinsic value of the gift as the kindly thought which prompted the giver. Mr Shanks's speciality is beauty. He also is an amateur of nature. He bids us: 'Hear the loud night-jar spin his pleasant note.' Of course, Mr Shanks cannot have heard a real night-jar. His description is proof of that. But again, it was a kindly thought. Mr Freeman is, like Mr Squire, a more interesting case, deserving detailed analysis. For the moment we can only recommend a comparison of his first and second poems in this book with 'Sabrina Fair' and 'Love in a Valley' respectively.

It is only when we are confronted with the strange blend of technical skill and an emotional void that we begin to hunt for reminiscences. Reminiscences are no danger to the real poet. He is the splendid borrower who lends a new significance to that which he takes. He incorporates his borrowing in the new thing which he creates; it has its being there and there alone. One can see the process in the one fine poem in *Wheels*, Mr Wilfred Owen's 'Strange Meeting':--

'It seemed that out of the battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groined,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.

And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall.
 With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;
 Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
 And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
 "Strange, friend," I said, "Here is no cause to mourn."
 "None," said the other, "save the undone years,
 The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
 Was my life also..."

The poem which begins with these lines is, we believe, the finest in these two books, both in intention and achievement. Yet no one can mistake its source. It comes, almost bodily, from the revised Induction to 'Hyperion.' The sombre imagination, the sombre rhythm is that of the dying Keats; the creative impulse is that of Keats.

'None can usurp this height, return'd that shade,
 But those to whom the miseries of the world
 Are misery, and will not let them rest.'

That is true, word by word, and line by line, of Wilfred Owen's 'Strange Meeting.' It touches great poetry by more than the fringe; even in its technique there is the hand of the master to be. Those monosyllabic assonances are the discovery of genius. We are persuaded that this poem by a boy like his great forerunner, who had the certainty of death in his heart, is the most magnificent expression of the emotional significance of the war that has yet been achieved by English poetry. By including it in his book, the editor of *Wheels* has done a great service to English letters.

Extravagant words, it may be thought. We appeal to the documents. Read *Georgian Poetry* and read 'Strange Meeting.' Compare Wilfred Owen's poem with the very finest things in the *Georgian* book--Mr Davies's 'Lovely Dames,' or Mr de la Mare's 'The Tryst,' or 'Fare Well,' or the twenty opening lines of Mr Abercrombie's disappointing poem. You will not find those beautiful poems less beautiful than they are; but you will find in 'Strange Meeting' an awe, an immensity, an adequacy to that which has been most profound in the experience of a generation. You will, finally, have the standard that has been lost, and the losing of which makes the confusion of a book like *Georgian Poetry* possible, restored to you. You will remember three forgotten things--that poetry is rooted in emotion, and that it grows by the mastery of emotion, and that its significance finally depends upon the quality and comprehensiveness of the emotion. You will recognise that the tricks of the trade have never been and never will be discovered by which ability can conjure emptiness into meaning.

It seems hardly worth while to return to *Wheels*. Once the argument has been pitched on the plane of 'Strange Meeting,' the rest of the contents of the book become irrelevant. But for the sake of symmetry we will characterise the corporate flavour of the opposition as false sophistication. There are the same contemporary reminiscences. Compare Mr Osbert Sitwell's *English Gothic* with Mr T.S. Eliot's *Sweeney*; and you will detect a simple mind persuading itself that it has to deal with the emotions of a complex one. The spectacle is almost as amusing as that of the similar process in the *Georgian* book. Nevertheless, in general, the affected sophistication here is, as we have said, merely irritating; while the affected simplicity of the coalition is positively noxious. Miss Edith Sitwell's deliberate painted toys are a great deal better than painted canvas trees and fields, masquerading as real ones. In the poems of Miss Iris Tree a perplexed emotion manages to make its way through a chaotic technique. She represents the solid impulse which lies behind the opposition in general. This impulse she describes, though she is very, very far from making poetry of it, in these not uninteresting verses:--

'But since we are mere children of this age,
 And must in curious ways discover salvation
 I will not quit my muddled generation,
 But ever plead for Beauty in this rage.

'Although I know that Nature's bounty yields
 Unto simplicity a beautiful content,
 Only when battle breaks me and my strength is spent
 Will I give back my body to the fields.'

There is the opposition. Against the righteous man, the mauvais sujet. We sympathise with the mauvais sujet. If he is persistent and laborious enough, he may achieve poetry. But he must travel alone. In order to be loyal to your age you must make up your mind what your age is. To be muddled yourself is not loyalty, but treachery, even to a muddled generation.

[DECEMBER, 1919.

The Nostalgia of Mr Masfield

Mr Masfield is gradually finding his way to his self-appointed end, which is the glorification of England in narrative verse. Reynard the Fox marks we believe, the end of a stage in his progress to this goal. He has reached a point at which his mannerisms have been so subdued that they no longer sensibly impede the movement of his verse, a point at which we may begin to speak (though not too loud) of mastery. We feel that he now approaches what he desires to do with some certainty of doing it, so that we in our turn can approach some other questions with some hope of answering them. The questions are various; but they radiate from and enter again into the old question whether what he is doing, and beginning to do well, is worth while doing, or rather whether it will have been worth while doing fifty years hence. For we have no doubt at all in our mind that, in comparison with the bulk of contemporary poetry, such work as Reynard the Fox is valuable. We may use the old rough distinction and ask first whether Reynard the Fox is durable in virtue of its substance, and second, whether it is durable in virtue of its form. The glorification of England! There are some who would give their souls to be able to glorify her as she has been glorified, by Shakespeare, by Milton, by Wordsworth, and by Hardy. For an Englishman there is no richer inspiration, no finer theme; to have one's speech and thought saturated by the fragrance of this lovely and pleasant land was once the birthright of English poets and novelists. But something has crept between us and it, dividing. Instead of an instinctive love, there is a conscious desire of England; instead of slow saturation, a desperate plunge into its mystery. The fragrance does not come at its own sweet will; we clutch at it. It does not enfold and pervade our most arduous speculations; no involuntary sweetness comes flooding in upon our confrontation of human destinies. Hardy is the last of that great line. If we long for sweetness--as we do long for it, and with how poignant a pain!--we must seek it out, like men who rush dusty and irritable from the babble and fever of the town. The rhythm of the earth never enters into their gait; they are like spies among the birds and flowers, like collectors of antique furniture in the haunts of peace. The Georgians snatch at nature; they are never part of it. And there is some element of this desperation in Mr Masfield. We feel in him an anxiety to load every rift with ore of this particular kind, a deliberate intention to emphasise that which is most English in the English country-side. How shall we say it? It is not that he makes a parade of arcane knowledge. The word 'parade' does injustice to his indubitable integrity. But we seem to detect behind his superfluity of technical, and at times archaic phrase, an unconscious desire to convince himself that he is saturated in essential Englishness, and we incline to think that even his choice of an actual subject was less inevitable than self-imposed. He would isolate the quality he would capture, have it more wholly within his grasp; yet, in some subtle way, it finally eludes him. The intention is in excess, and in the manner of its execution everything is (though often very subtly) in excess also. The music of English place-names, for instance is too insistent; no one into whom they had entered with the English air itself would use them with so manifest an admiration. Perhaps a comparison may bring definition nearer. The first part of Mr Masfield's poem, which describes the meet and the assembled persons one by one, recalls, not merely by the general cast of the subject, but by many actual turns of phrase, Chaucer's Prologue. Mr Masfield's parson has more than one point of resemblance to Chaucer's Monk:--

'An out-ryder, that loved venerye;
A manly man to ben an abbot able....'

But it would take too long to quote both pictures. We may choose for our juxtaposition the Prioress and one of Mr Masfield's young ladies:--

'Behind them rode her daughter Belle,
A strange, shy, lovely girl, whose face
Was sweet with thought and proud with race,

And bright with joy at riding there.
She was as good as blowing air,
But shy and difficult to know.
The kittens in the barley-mow,
The setter's toothless puppies sprawling,
The blackbird in the apple calling,
All knew her spirit more than we.
So delicate these maidens be
In loving lovely helpless things.'

And here is the Prioress:--

'But for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde weepe if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smalle houndes had she, that she fed
With rosted flesh, or milk, or wastel bread,
But sore wepte she if oon of hem were ded
Or if men smote it with a yerde smerte:
And all was conscience and tendere herte.'
Ful semely hir wympel pynched was;
His nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth full small, and thereto soft and red,
But sikerly she hadde a fair forhed.'

There is in the Chaucer a naturalness, a lack of emphasis, a confidence that the object will not fail to make its own impression, beside which Mr Masfield's demonstration and underlining seem almost malsain. How far outside the true picture now appears that 'blackbird in the apple calling,' and how tainted by the desperate *bergerie* of the Georgian era!

It is, we admit, a portentous experiment to make, to set Mr Masfield's prologue beside Chaucer's. But not only is it a tribute to Mr Masfield that he brought us to reading Chaucer over again, but the comparison is at bottom just. Chaucer is not what we understand by a great poet; he has none of the imaginative comprehension and little of the music that belong to one: but he has perdurable qualities. He is at home with his speech and at home with his world; by his side Mr Masfield seems nervous and uncertain about both. He belongs, in fact, to a race (or a generation) of poets who have come to feel a necessity of overloading every rift with ore. The question is whether such a man can hope to express the glory and the fragrance of the English country-side.

Can there be an element of permanence in a poem of which the ultimate impulse is a *nostalgie de la boue* that betrays itself in line after line, a nostalgia so conscious of separation that it cannot trust that any associations will be evoked by an unemphasised appeal? Mr Masfield, in his fervour to grasp at that which for all his love is still alien to him, seems almost to shovel English mud into his pages; he cannot (and rightly cannot) persuade himself that the scent of the mud will be there otherwise. For the same reason he must make his heroes like himself. Here, for example, is the first whip, Tom Dansey:--

'His pleasure lay in hounds and horses;
He loved the Seven Springs water-courses,
Those flashing brooks (in good sound grass,
Where scent would hang like breath on glass).
He loved the English country-side;
The wine-leaved bramble in the ride,
The lichen on the apple-trees,
The poultry ranging on the lees,
The farms, the moist earth-smelling cover,
His wife's green grave at Mitcheldover,

Where snowdrops pushed at the first thaw.
Under his hide his heart was raw
With joy and pity of these things...'

That 'raw heart' marks the outsider, the victim of nostalgia. Apart from the fact that it is a manifest artistic blemish to impute it to the first whip of a pack of foxhounds, the language is such that it would be a mistake to impute it to anybody; and with that we come to the question of Mr Masfield's style in general.

As if to prove how rough indeed was the provisionally accepted distinction between substance and form, we have for a long while already been discussing Mr Masfield's style under a specific aspect. But the particular overstrain we have been examining is part of Mr Masfield's general condition. Overstrain is permanent with him. If we do not find it in his actual language (and, as we have said, he is ridding himself of the worst of his exaggerations) we are sure to find it in the very vitals of his artistic effort. He is seeking always to be that which he is not, to lash himself into the illusion of a certainty which he knows he can never wholly possess.

'From the Gallows Hill to the Kineton Copse
There were ten ploughed fields, like ten full-stops,
All wet red clay, where a horse's foot
Would be swathed, feet thick, like an ash-tree root.
The fox raced on, on the headlands firm,
Where his swift feet scared the coupling worm;
The rooks rose raving to curse him raw,
He snarled a sneer at their swoop and caw.
Then on, then on, down a half-ploughed field
Where a ship-like plough drove glitter-keeled,
With a bay horse near and a white horse leading,
And a man saying "Zook," and the red earth bleeding.'

The rasp of exacerbation is not to be mistaken. It comes, we believe, from a consciousness of anæmia, a frenetic reaction towards what used, some years ago, to be called 'blood and guts.'

And here, perhaps, we have the secret of Mr Masfield and of our sympathy with him. His work, for all its surface robustness and right-thinking (which has at least the advantage that it will secure for this 'epic of fox-hunting' a place in the library of every country house), is as deeply debilitated by reaction as any of our time. Its colour is hectic; its tempo feverish. He has sought the healing virtue where he believed it undefiled, in that miraculous English country whose magic (as Mr Masfield so well knows) is in Shakespeare, and whose strong rhythm is in Hardy. But the virtue eludes all conscious inquisition. The man who seeks it feverishly sees riot where there is peace. And may it not be, in the long run, that Mr Masfield would have done better not to delude himself into an identification he cannot feel, but rather to face his own disquiet where alone the artist can master it, in his consciousness? We will not presume to answer, mindful that Mr Masfield may not recognise himself in our mirror, but we will content ourselves with recording our conviction that in spite of the almost heroic effort that has gone to its composition Reynard the Fox lacks all the qualities essential to durability.

[JANUARY, 1920.

The Lost Legions

One day, we believe, a great book will be written, informed by the breath which moves the Spirits of Pity in Mr Hardy's Dynasts. It will be a delicate, yet undeviating record of the spiritual awareness of the generation that perished in the war. It will be a work of genius, for the essence that must be captured within it is volatile beyond belief, almost beyond imagination. We know of its existence by signs hardly more material than a dream-memory of beating wings or an instinctive, yet all but inexplicable refusal of that which has been offered us in its stead. The

autobiographer-novelists have been legion, yet we turn from them all with a slow shake of the head. 'No, it was not that. Had we lost only that we could have forgotten. It was not that.' No, it was the spirit that troubled, as in dream, the waters of the pool, some influence which trembled between silence and a sound, a precarious confidence, an unavowed quest, a wisdom that came not of years or experience, a dissatisfaction, a doubt, a devotion, some strange presentiment, it may have been, of the bitter years in store, in memory an ineffable, irrevocable beauty, a visible seal on the forehead of a generation.

'When the lamp is shattered.
The light in the dust lies dead--
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not...'

Yet out of a thousand fragments this memory must be created anew in a form that will outlast the years, for it was precious. It was something that would vindicate an epoch against the sickening adulation of the hero-makers and against the charge of spiritual sterility; a light in whose gleam the bewildering non-achievements of the present age, the art which seems not even to desire to be art, the faith which seems not to desire to be faith, have substance and meaning. It was shot through and through by an impulse of paradox, an unconscious straining after the impossible, gathered into two or three tremulous years which passed too swiftly to achieve their own expression. Now, what remains of youth is cynical, is successful, publicly exploits itself. It was not cynical then. Elements of the influence that was remembered only if they lasted long enough to receive a name. There was Unanimism. The name is remembered; perhaps the books are read. But it will not be found in the books. They are childish, just as the English novels which endeavoured to portray the soul of the generation were coarse and conceited. Behind all the conscious manifestations of cleverness and complexity lay a fundamental candour of which only a flickering gleam can now be recaptured. It glints on a page of M. Romaine's *Europe*; the memory of it haunts Wilfred Owen's poems; it touches Keeling's letters; it hovers over these letters of Charles Sorley.[14] From a hundred strange lurking-places it must be gathered by pious and sensitive fingers and withdrawn from under the very edge of the scythe-blade of time, for if it wander longer without a habitation it will be lost for ever.

[Footnote 14: The Letters of Charles Sorley. (Cambridge University Press.)]

Charles Sorley was the youngest fringe of the strange unity that included him and men by ten years his senior. He had not, as they had, plunged with fantastic hopes and unspoken fears into the world. He had not learned the slogans of the day. But, seeing that the slogans were only a disguise for the undefined desires which inspired them he lost little and gained much thereby. The years at Oxford in which he would have taken a temporary sameness, a sameness in the long run protective and strengthening, were spared him. In his letters we have him unspoiled, as the sentimentalists would say--not yet with the distraction of protective colouring.

One who knew him better than the mere reader of his letters can pretend to know him declares that, in spite of his poems, which are among the most remarkable of those of the boy-poets killed in the war, Sorley would not have been a man of letters. The evidence of the letters themselves is heavy against the view; they insist upon being regarded as the letters of a potential writer. But a passionate interest in literature is not the inevitable prelude to a life as a writer, and although it is impossible to consider any thread in Sorley's letters as of importance comparable to that which joins the enthronement and dethronement of his literary idols, we shall regard it as the record of a movement of soul which might as easily find expression (as did Keeling's) in other than literary activities. It takes more than literary men to make a generation, after all.

And Sorley was typical above all in this, that, passionate and penetrating as was his devotion to literature, he never looked upon it as a thing existing in and for itself. It was, to him and his kind, the satisfaction of an impulse other and more complex than the æsthetic. Art was a means and not an end to him, and it is perhaps the apprehension of this that has led one who endeavoured in vain to reconcile Sorley to Pater into rash prognostication. Sorley would never have been an artist in Pater's way; he belonged to his own generation, to which l'art pour l'art had ceased to have meaning. There had come a pause, a throbbing silence, from which art might have emerged, may even now after the appointed time arise, with strange validities undreamed of or forgotten.

Let us not prophesy; let us be content with the recognition that Sorley's generation was too keenly, perhaps too disastrously aware of destinies, of

'the beating of the wings of Love
Shut out from his creation,'

to seek the comfort of the ivory tower.

Sorley first appears before us radiant with the white-heat of a schoolboy enthusiasm for Masfield. Masfield is--how we remember the feeling!--the poet who has lived; his naked reality tears through 'the lace of putrid sentimentalism (educing the effeminate in man) which rots like Tennyson and Swinburne have taught his (the superficial man's) soul to love.' It tears through more than Tennyson and Swinburne. The greatest go down before him.

'So you see what I think of John Masfield. When I say that he has the rapidity, simplicity, nobility of Homer, with the power of drawing character, the dramatic truth to life of Shakespeare, along with a moral and emotional strength and elevation which is all his own, and therefore I am prepared to put him above the level of these two great men--I do not expect you to agree with me.'--(From a paper read at Marlborough, November, 1912.)

That was Sorley at seventeen, and that, it seems to us, is the quality of enthusiasm which should be felt by a boy of seventeen if he is to make his mark. It is infinitely more important to have felt that flaming enthusiasm for an idol who will be cast down than to have felt what we ought to feel for Shakespeare and Homer. The gates of heaven are opened by strange keys, but they must be our own.

Within six months Masfield had gone the way of all flesh. In a paper on The Shropshire Lad (May, 1913), curious both for critical subtlety and the faint taste of disillusion, Sorley was saying: 'His (Masfield's) return (to the earth) was purely emotional, and probably less interesting than the purely intellectual return of Meredith.' At the beginning of 1914, having gained a Scholarship at University College, Oxford, he went to Germany. Just before going he wrote:--

'I am just discovering Thomas Hardy. There are two methods of discovery. One is when Columbus discovers America. The other is when some one begins to read a famous author who has already run into seventy editions, and refuses to speak about anything else, and considers every one else who reads the author's works his own special converts. Mine is the second method. I am more or less Hardy-drunk.'

The humorous exactness and detachment of the description are remarkable, and we feel that there was more than the supersession of a small by a great idol in this second phase. By April he is at Jena, 'only 15 miles from Goethe's grave, whose inhabitant has taken the place of Thomas Hardy (successor to Masfield) as my favourite prophet.'

'I hope (if nothing else) before I leave Germany to get a thorough hang of Faust.... The worst of a piece like Faust is that it completely dries up any creative instincts or attempts in oneself. There is nothing that I have ever thought or ever read that is not somewhere contained in it, and (what is worse) explained in it.'

He had a sublime contempt for any one with whom he was not drunk. He lumped together 'nasty old Lyttons, Carlyles, and Dickens.' And the intoxication itself was swift and fleeting. There was something wrong with Goethe by July; it is his 'entirely intellectual' life.

'If Goethe really died saying "more light," it was very silly of

him: what he wanted was more warmth.'

And he writes home for Richard Jefferies, the man of his own county—for through Marlborough he had made himself the adopted son of the Wiltshire Downs.

'In the midst of my setting up and smashing of deities--Masefield, Hardy, Goethe--I always fall back on Richard Jefferies wandering about in the background. I have at least the tie of locality with him.'

A day or two after we incidentally discover that Meredith is up (though not on Olympus) from a denunciation of Browning on the queer non- (or super-) æsthetic grounds of which we have spoken:--

'There is much in B. I like. But my feeling towards him has (ever since I read his life) been that of his to the "Lost Leader." I cannot understand him consenting to live a purely literary life in Italy, or (worse still) consenting to be lionised by fashionable London society. And then I always feel that if less people read Browning, more would read Meredith (his poetry, I mean.)'

Then, while he was walking in the Moselle Valley, came the war. He had loved Germany, and the force of his love kept him strangely free from illusions; he was not the stuff that "our modern Elizabethans" are made of. The keen candour of spiritual innocence is in what he wrote while training at Shorncliffe:--

'For the joke of seeing an obviously just cause defeated, I hope Germany will win. It would do the world good, and show that real faith is not that which says "we must win for our cause is just," but that which says "our cause is just: therefore we can disregard defeat." ...

'England--I am sick of the sound of the word. In training to fight for England, I am training to fight for that deliberate hypocrisy, that terrible middle-class sloth of outlook and appalling "imaginative indolence" that has marked us out from generation to generation.... And yet we have the impudence to write down Germany (who with all their bigotry are at least seekers) as "Huns," because they are doing what every brave man ought to do and making experiments in morality. Not that I approve of the experiment in this particular case. Indeed I think that after the war all brave men will renounce their country and confess that they are strangers and pilgrims on the earth. "For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country." But all these convictions are useless for me to state since I have not had the courage of them. What a worm one is under the cart-wheels--big, clumsy, careless, lumbering cart-wheels--of public opinion. I might have been giving my mind to fight against Sloth and Stupidity: instead, I am giving my body (by a refinement of cowardice) to fight against the most enterprising nation in the world.'

The wise arm-chair patriots will shake their heads; but there is more wisdom of spirit in these words than in all the newspaper leaders written throughout the war. Sorley was fighting for more than he said; he was fighting for his Wiltshire Downs as well. But he fought in complete and utter detachment. He died too soon (in October, 1915), to suffer the cumulative torment of those who lasted into the long agony of 1917. There is little bitterness in his letters; they have to the last always the crystal clarity of the vision of the unbroken.

His intellectual evolution went on to the end. No wonder that he found Rupert Brooke's sonnets overpraised:--

'He is far too obsessed with his own sacrifice.... It was not that "they" gave up anything of that list he gives in one sonnet: but that the essence of these things had been endangered by circumstances over which he had no control, and he must fight to recapture them. He has clothed his attitude in fine words: but he has taken the sentimental attitude.'

Remember that a boy of nineteen is writing, and think how keen is this criticism of Brooke's war sonnets; the seeker condemns without pity one who has given up the search. 'There is no such thing as a just war,' writes this boy. 'What we are doing is casting out Satan by Satan.' From this position Sorley never flinched. Never for a moment was he renegade to his generation by taking 'the sentimental attitude.' Neither had he in him an atom of the narrowness of the straiter sect.

Though space forbids, we will follow out his progress to the last. We do not receive many such gifts as this book; the authentic voice of those lost legions is seldom heard. We can afford, surely, to listen to it to the end. In November, 1914, Sorley turns back to the Hardy of the poems. After rejecting 'the actual "Satires of Circumstance"' as bad poetry, and passing an incisive criticism on 'Men who March away,' he continues:--

'I cannot help thinking that Hardy is the greatest artist of the English character since Shakespeare; and much of *The Dynasts* (except its historical fidelity) might be Shakespeare. But I value his lyrics as presenting himself (the self he does not obtrude into the comprehensiveness of his novels and *The Dynasts*) as truly, and with faults as well as strength visible in it, as any character in his novels. His lyrics have not the spontaneity of Shakespeare's or Shelley's; they are rough-hewn and jagged: but I like them and they stick.'

A little later, having finished *The Egoist*,--

'I see now that Meredith belongs to that class of novelists with whom I do not usually get on so well (e.g. Dickens), who create and people worlds of their own so that one approaches the characters with amusement, admiration, or contempt, not with liking or pity, as with Hardy's people, into whom the author does not inject his own exaggerated characteristics.'

The great Russians were unknown to Sorley when he died. What would he not have found in those mighty seekers, with whom Hardy alone stands equal? But whatever might have been his vicissitudes in that strange company, we feel that Hardy could never have been dethroned in his heart, for other reasons than that the love of the Wessex hills had crept into his blood. He was killed on October 13, 1915, shot in the head by a sniper as he led his company at the 'hair-pin' trench near Hulluch.

[JANUARY, 1920.

The Cry in the Wilderness

We have in Mr Irving Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism* to deal with a closely argued and copiously documented indictment of the modern mind. We gather that this book is but the latest of several books in which the author has gradually developed his theme, and we regret exceedingly that the preceding volumes have not fallen into our hands, because whatever may be our final attitude towards the author's conclusions, we cannot but regard Rousseau and

Romanticism as masterly. Its style is, we admit, at times rather harsh and crabbed, but the critical thought which animates it is of a kind so rare that we are almost impelled to declare that it is the only book of modern criticism which can be compared for clarity and depth of thought with Mr Santayana's *Three Philosophical Poets*.

By endeavouring to explain the justice of that verdict we shall more easily give an indication of the nature and scope of Professor Babbitt's achievement. We think that it would be easy to show that in the last generation--we will go no further back for the moment, though our author's arraignment reaches at least a century earlier--criticism has imperceptibly given way to a different activity which we may call appreciation. The emphasis has been laid upon the uniqueness of the individual, and the unconscious or avowed aim of the modern 'critic' has been to persuade us to understand, to sympathise with and in the last resort to enter into the whole psychological process which culminated in the artistic creation of the author examined. And there modern criticism has stopped. There has been no indication that it was aware of the necessity of going further. Many influences went to shape the general conviction that mere presentation was the final function of criticism, but perhaps the chief of these was the curious contagion of a scientific terminology. The word 'objectivity' had a great vogue; it was felt that the spiritual world was analogous to the physical; the critic was faced, like the man of science, with a mass of hard, irreducible facts, and his function was, like the scientist's, that of recording them as compendiously as possible and without prejudice. The unconscious programme was, indeed, impossible of fulfilment. All facts may be of equal interest to the scientist, but they are not to the literary critic. He chose those which interested him most for the exercise of his talent for demonstration. But that choice was, as a general rule, the only specifically critical act which he performed, and, since it was usually unmotivated, it was difficult to attach even to that more than a 'scientific' importance. Reasoned judgments of value were rigorously eschewed, and even though we may presume that the modern critic is at times vexed by the problem why (or whether) one work of art is better than another, when each seems perfectly expressive of the artist's intention, the preoccupation is seldom betrayed in the language of his appreciation. Tacitly and insensibly we have reached a point at which all works of art are equally good if they are equally expressive. What every artist seeks to express is his own unique consciousness. As between things unique there is no possibility of subordination or comparison. That does not seem to us an unduly severe diagnosis of modern criticism, although it needs perhaps to be balanced by an acknowledgment that the impulse towards the penetration of an artist's consciousness is in itself salutary, as a valuable adjunct to the methods of criticism, provided that it is definitely subordinated to the final critical judgment, before which uniqueness is an impossible plea. Such a diagnosis will no doubt be welcomed by those who belong to an older generation than that to which it is applied. But they should not rejoice prematurely. We require of them an answer to the question whether they were really in better case--whether they were not the fathers whose sins are visited upon the children. Professor Babbitt, at least, has no doubt of their responsibility. From his angle of approach we might rake their ranks with a cross-fire of questions such as these: When you invoked the sanction of criticism were you more than merely destructive? When you riddled religion with your scientific objections, did you not forget that religion is something more, far more than a nexus of historical facts or a cosmogony? When you questioned everything in the name of truth and science, why did you not dream of asking whether those creations of men's minds were *capax imperii* in man's universe? What right had you to suppose that a man disarmed of tradition is stronger for his nakedness? Why did you not examine in the name of that same truth and science the moral nature of man, and see whether it was fit to bear the burden of intolerable knowledge which you put upon it? Why did you, the truth-seekers and the scientists, indulge yourselves in the most romantic dream of a natural man who followed instinctively the greatest good of the greatest number, which you yourselves never for one moment pursued? What hypocrisy or self-deception enabled you to clothe your statements of fact in a moral aura, and to blind yourselves and the world to the truth that you were killing a domesticated dragon who guarded the cave of a devouring hydra, whom you benevolently loosed? Why did you not see that the end of all your devotion was to shift man's responsibility for himself from his shoulders? Do you, because you clothed yourselves in the shreds of a moral respectability which you had not the time (or was it the courage?) to analyse, dare to denounce us because our teeth are set on edge by the sour grapes which you enjoyed? But this indictment, it may be said by a modern critic, deals with morals, and we are discussing art and criticism. That the objection is conceivable is precisely the measure of our decadence. For the vital centre of our ethics is also the vital centre of our art. Moral nihilism inevitably involves an æsthetic nihilism, which can be obscured only temporarily by an insistence upon technical perfection as in itself a supreme good. Neither the art of religion nor the religion of art is an adequate statement of the possibilities and purpose of art, but there is no doubt that the religion of art is by far the more vacuous of the two. The values of literature, the standards by which it must be criticised, and the scheme according to which it must be arranged, are in the last resort moral. The sense that they should be more moral than morality affords no excuse for accepting them when they are less so. Literature should be a kingdom where a sterner morality, a more strenuous liberty prevails--where the artist may dispense if he will with the ethics of the society in

which he lives, but only on condition of revealing a deeper insight into the moral law to whose allegiance man, in so far as he is man and not a beast, inevitably tends. Never, we suppose, was an age in which art stood in greater need of the true law of decorum than this. Its philosophy has played it false. It has passed from the nebulous Hegelian adulation of the accomplished fact (though one would have thought that to a generation with even a vague memory of Aristotle's Poetics, the mere title, *The Philosophy of History* would have been an evident danger signal) to an adulation of science and of instinct. From one side comes the cry, 'Man is a beast'; from the other, 'Trust your instincts.' The sole manifest employment of reason is to overthrow itself. Yet it should be, in conjunction with the imagination, the vital principle of control. Professor Babbitt would have us back to Aristotle, or back to our senses, which is roughly the same thing. At all events, it is certain that in Aristotle the present generation would find the beginnings of a remedy for that fatal confusion of categories which has overcome the world. It is the confusion between existence and value. That strange malady of the mind by which in the nineteenth century material progress was supposed to create, ipso facto, a concomitant moral progress, and which so plunged the world into catastrophe, has its counterpart in a literature of objective realism. One of the most admired of contemporary works of fiction opens with an infant's memory of a mackintosh sheet, pleasantly warmed with its own water; another, of almost equal popularity among the cultivated, abounds with such reminiscences of the heroine as the paste of bread with which she filled her decaying teeth while she ate her breakfast. Yet the young writers who abuse their talents so unspeakably have right on their side when they refuse to listen to the condemnation pronounced by an older generation. What right, indeed, have these to condemn the logical outcome of an anarchic individualism which they themselves so jealously cherished? They may not like the bastard progeny of the various mistresses they adored--of a Science which they enthroned above instead of subordinating to humanistic values, of a brutal Imperialism which the so-called Conservatives among them set up in place of the truly humane devotion of which man is capable, of the sickening humanitarianism which appears in retrospect to have been merely an excuse for absolute indolence--but they certainly have forfeited the right to censure it. Let those who are so eager to cast the first stone at the æsthetic and moral anarchy of the present day consider Professor Babbitt's indictment of themselves and decide whether they have no sin:--

"If I am to judge by myself," said an eighteenth-century Frenchman, "man is a stupid animal." Man is not only a stupid animal, in spite of his conceit of his own cleverness, but we are here at the source of his stupidity. The source is the moral indolence that Buddha, with his almost infallible sagacity, defined long ago. In spite of the fact that his spiritual and, in the long run, his material success, hinge on his ethical effort, man persists in dodging this effort, in seeking to follow the line of least or lesser resistance. An energetic material working does not mend, but aggravate the failure to work ethically, and is therefore especially stupid. Just this combination has in fact led to the crowning stupidity of the ages--the Great War. No more delirious spectacle has ever been witnessed than that of hundreds of millions of human beings using a vast machinery of scientific efficiency to turn life into a hell for one another. It is hard to avoid concluding that we are living in a world which has gone wrong on first principles, a world that, in spite of all the warnings of the past, has allowed itself to be caught once more in the terrible naturalistic trap. The dissolution of civilisation with which we are threatened is likely to be worse in some respects than that of Greece or Rome, in view of the success that has been obtained in 'perfecting the mystery of murder.' Various traditional agencies are indeed still doing much to chain up the beast in man. Of these the chief is no doubt the Church. But the leadership of the Occident is no longer here. The leaders have succumbed in greater or less degree to naturalism, and so have been tampering with the moral law. That the brutal imperialist who brooks no obstacle to his lust for domination has been tampering with this law goes without saying, but the humanitarian, all adrip with brotherhood and profoundly convinced of the loveliness of his own soul, has been tampering with it also, and in a more dangerous way,

for the very reason that it is less obvious. This tampering with the moral law, or, what amounts to the same thing, this overriding of the veto power in man, has been largely a result, though not a necessary result, of the rupture with the traditional forms of wisdom. The Baconian naturalist repudiated the past because he wished to be more positive and critical, to plant himself on the facts. But the veto power is itself a fact--the weightiest with which man has to reckon. The Rousseauistic naturalist threw off traditional control because he wished to be more imaginative. Yet without the veto power imagination falls into sheer anarchy. Both Baconian and Rousseauist were very impatient of any outer authority that seemed to stand between them and their own perceptions. Yet the veto power is nothing abstract, nothing that one needs to take on hearsay, but is very immediate. The naturalistic leaders may be proved wrong without going beyond their own principles, and their wrongness is of a kind to wreck civilisation.'

We find it impossible to refuse our assent to the main counts of this indictment. The deanthropocentred universe of science is not the universe in which man has to live. That universe is at once smaller and larger than the universe of science: smaller in material extent, larger in spiritual possibility. Therefore to allow the perspective of science seriously to influence, much less control, our human values, is an invitation to disaster. Humanism must reassert itself, for even we can see that Shakespeares are better than Hamlets. The reassertion of humanism involves the re-creation of a practical ideal of human life and conduct, and a strict subordination of the impulses of the individual to this ideal. There must now be a period of critical and humanistic positivism in regard to ethics and to art. We may say frankly that it is not to our elders that we think of applying for its rudiments. We regard them as no less misguided and a good deal less honest than ourselves. It is among our anarchists that we shall look most hopefully for our new traditionalists, if only because, in literature at least, they are more keenly aware of the nature of the abyss on the brink of which they are trembling.
[FEBRUARY, 1920.]

Poetry and Criticism

Nowadays we are all vexed by this question of poetry, and in ways peculiar to ourselves. Fifty years ago the dispute was whether Browning was a greater poet than Tennyson or Swinburne; to-day it is apparently more fundamental, and perhaps substantially more threadbare. We are in a curious half-conscious way incessantly debating what poetry is, impelled by a sense that, although we have been living at a time of extraordinarily prolific poetic production, not very much good has come out of it. Having thus passed the stage at which the theory that poetry is an end in itself will suffice us, we vaguely cast about in our minds for some fuller justification of the poetic activity. A presentiment that our poetic values are chaotic is widespread; we are uncomfortable with it, and there is, we believe, a genuine desire that a standard should be once more created and applied. What shall we require of poetry? Delight, music, subtlety of thought, a world of the heart's desire, fidelity to comprehensible experience, a glimpse through magic casements, profound wisdom? All these things--all different, yet not all contradictory--have been required of poetry. What shall we require of her? The answer comes, it seems, as quick and as vague as the question. We require the highest. All that can be demanded of any spiritual activity of man we must demand of poetry. It must be adequate to all our experience; it must be not a diversion from, but a culmination of life; it must be working steadily towards a more complete universality. Suddenly we may turn upon ourselves and ask what right we have to demand these things of poetry; or others will turn upon us and say: 'This is a lyrical age.' To ourselves and to the others we are bound to reply that poetry must be maintained in the proud position where it has always been, the sovereign language of the human spirit, the sublimation of all experience. In the past there has never been a lyrical age, though there have been ages of minor poetry, when poetry was no longer deliberately made the vehicle of man's profoundest thought and most searching experience. Nor was it the ages of minor poetry which produced great lyrical poetry. Great lyrical poetry has always been an incidental achievement, a parergon, of great poets, and great

poets have always been those who believed that poetry was by nature the worthiest vessel of the highest argument of which the soul of man is capable. Yet a poetic theory such as this seems bound to include great prose, and not merely the prose which can most easily be assimilated to the condition of poetry, such as Plato's Republic or Milton's Areopagitica, but the prose of the great novelists. Surely the colloquial prose of Tchekov's Cherry Orchard has as good a claim to be called poetry as The Essay on Man, Tess of the D'Urbervilles as The Ring and the Book, The Possessed as Phèdre? Where are we to call a halt in the inevitable process by which the kinds of literary art merge into one? If we insist that rhythm is essential to poetry, we are in danger of confusing the accident with the essence, and of fastening upon what will prove to be in the last analysis a merely formal difference. The difference we seek must be substantial and essential. The very striking merit of Sir Henry Newbolt's New Study of English Poetry is that he faces the ultimate problem of poetry with courage, sincerity, and an obvious and passionate devotion to the highest spiritual activity of man. It has seldom been our good fortune to read a book of criticism in which we were so impressed by what we can only call a purity of intention; we feel throughout that the author's aim is single, to set before us the results of his own sincere thinking on a matter of infinite moment. Perhaps better, because subtler, books of literary criticism have appeared in England during the last ten years--if so, we have not read them; but there has been none more truly tolerant, more evidently free from malice, more certainly the product of a soul in which no lie remains. Whether it is that Sir Henry has like Plato's Cephalus lived his literary life blamelessly, we do not know, but certainly he produces upon us an effect akin to that of Cephalus's peaceful smile when he went on his way to sacrifice duly to the gods and left the younger men to the intricacies of their infinite debate. Now it seems to us of importance that a writer like Sir Henry Newbolt should declare roundly that creative poetry and creative prose belong to the same kind. It is important not because there is anything very novel in the contention, but because it is opportune; and it is opportune because at the present moment we need to have emphasis laid on the vital element that is common both to creative poetry and creative prose. The general mind loves confusion, blest mother of haze and happiness; it loves to be able to conclude that this is an age of poetry from the fact that the books of words cut up into lines or sprinkled with rhymes are legion. An age of fiddlesticks! Whatever the present age is--and it is an age of many interesting characteristics--it is not an age of poetry. It would indeed have a better chance of being one if fifty instead of five hundred books of verse were produced every month; and if all the impresarios were shouting that it was an age of prose. The differentia of verse is a merely trivial accident; what is essential in poetry, or literature if you will, is an act of intuitive comprehension. Where you have the evidence of that act, the sovereign æsthetic process, there you have poetry. What remains for you, whether you are a critic or a poet or both together, is to settle for yourself a system of values by which those various acts of intuitive comprehension may be judged. It does not suffice at any time, much less does it suffice at the present day, to be content with the uniqueness of the pleasure which you derive from each single act of comprehension made vocal. That contentment is the comfortable privilege of the amateur and the dilettante. It is not sufficient to get a unique pleasure from Mr De la Mare's Arabia or Mr Davies's Lovely Dames or Miss Katherine Mansfield's Prelude or Mr Eliot's Portrait of a Lady, in each of which the vital act of intuitive comprehension is made manifest. One must establish a hierarchy, and decide which act of comprehension is the more truly comprehensive, which poem has the completer universality. One must be prepared not only to relate each poetic expression to the finest of its kind in the past, or to recognise a new kind if a new kind has been created, but to relate the kind to the finest kind. That, as it seems to us, is the specifically critical activity, and one which is in peril of death from desuetude. The other important type of criticism which is analysis of poetic method, an investigation and appreciation of the means by which the poet communicates his intuitive comprehension to an audience, is in a less perilous condition. Where there are real poets--and only a bigot will deny that there are real poets among us now: we have just named four--there will always be true criticism of poetic method, though it may seldom find utterance in the printed word. But criticism of poetic method has, by hypothesis, no perspective and no horizons; it is concerned with a unique thing under the aspect, of its uniqueness. It may, and happily most often does, assume that poetry is the highest expression of the spiritual life of man; but it makes no endeavour to assess it according to the standards that are implicit in such an assumption. That is the function of philosophical criticism. If philosophical criticism can be combined with criticism of method--and there is no reason why they should not coexist in a single person; the only two English critics of the nineteenth century, Coleridge and Arnold, were of this kind--so much the better; but it is philosophical criticism of which we stand in desperate need at this moment. A good friend of ours, who happens to be one of the few real poets we possess, once wittily summed up a general objection to criticism of the kind we advocate as 'always asking people to do what they can't.' But to point out, as the philosophical critic would, that poetry itself must inevitably languish if the more comprehensive kinds are neglected, or if a non-poetic age is allowed complacently to call itself lyrical, is not to urge the real masters in the less comprehensive kinds to desert their work. Who but a fool would ask Mr De la Mare to write an epic or Miss Mansfield to give us a novel? But he might be a wise man who called upon Mr Eliot to set himself to the composition of a poetic drama; and without a doubt he

would deserve well of the commonwealth who should summon the popular imitators of Mr De la Mare, Mr Davies, or Mr Eliot to begin by trying to express something that they did comprehend or desired to comprehend, even though it should take them into thousands of unprintable pages. It is infinitely preferable that those who have so far given evidence of nothing better than a fatal fluency in insipid imitation of true lyric poets should fall down a precipice in the attempt to scale the very pinnacles of Parnassus. There is something heroic about the most unmitigated disaster at such an altitude. Moreover, the most marked characteristic of the present age is a continual disintegration of the consciousness; more or less deliberately in every province of man's spiritual life the reins are being thrown on to the horse's neck. The power which controls and disciplines sensational experience is, in modern literature, daily denied; the counterpart of this power which envisages the ideal in the conduct of one's own or the nation's affairs and unfalteringly pursues it is held up to ridicule. Opportunism in politics has its complement in opportunism in poetry. Mr Lloyd George's moods are reflected in Mr ----'s. And, beneath these heights, we have the queer spectacle of a whole race of very young poets who somehow expect to attain poetic intensity by the physical intensity with which they look at any disagreeable object that happens to come under their eye. Perhaps they will find some satisfaction in being reckoned among the curiosities of literature a hundred years hence; it is certainly the only satisfaction they will have. They, at any rate, have a great deal to gain from the acid of philosophical criticism. If a reaction to life has in itself the seeds of an intuitive comprehension it will stand explication. If a young poet's nausea at the sight of a toothbrush is significant of anything at all except bad upbringing, then it is capable of being refined into a vision of life and of being expressed by means of the appropriate mechanism or myth. But to register the mere facts of consciousness, undigested by the being, without assessment or reinforcement by the mind is, for all the connection it has with poetry, no better than to copy down the numbers of one's bus-tickets. We do not wish to suggest that Sir Henry Newbolt would regard this lengthy gloss upon his book as legitimate deduction. He, we think, is a good deal more tolerant than we are; and he would probably hesitate to work out the consequences of the principles which he enunciates and apply them vigorously to the present time. But as a vindication of the supreme place of poetry as poetry in human life, as a stimulus to critical thought and a guide to exquisite appreciation of which his essay on Chaucer is an honourable example--A New Study of English Poetry deserves all the praise that lies in our power to give.

[MARCH, 1920.

Coleridge's Criticism

It is probably true that *Biographia Literaria* is the best book of criticism in the English language; nevertheless, it is rash to assume that it is a book of criticism of the highest excellence, even when it has passed through the salutary process of drastic editing, such as that to which, in the present case,[15] the competent hands of Mr George Sampson have submitted it. Its garrulity, its digressions, its verbiage, the marks which even the finest portions show of submersion in the tepid transcendentalism that wrought such havoc upon Coleridge's mind--these are its familiar disfigurements. They are not easily removed; for they enter fairly deeply even in the texture of those portions of the book in which Coleridge devotes himself, as severely as he can, to the proper business of literary criticism.

[Footnote 15: Coleridge: *Biographia Literaria*, Chapters I.-IV., XIV.-XXII.--Wordsworth: *Prefaces and Essays on Poetry*, 1800-1815. Edited by George Sampson, with an Introductory Essay by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. (Cambridge University Press.)]

It may be that the prolixity with which he discusses and refutes the poetical principles expounded by Wordsworth in the preface of *Lyrical Ballads* was due to the tenderness of his consideration for Wordsworth's feelings, an influence to which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch directs our attention in his introduction. That is honourable to Coleridge as a man; but it cannot exculpate him as a critic. For the points he had to make for and against Wordsworth were few and simple. First, he had to show that the theory of a poetic diction drawn exclusively from the language of 'real life' was based upon an equivocation, and therefore was useless. This Coleridge had to show to clear himself of the common condemnation in which he had been involved, as one wrongly assumed to endorse Wordsworth's theory. He had an equally important point to make for Wordsworth. He wished to prove to him that the finest part of his poetic

achievement was based upon a complete neglect of this theory, and that the weakest portions of his work were those in which he most closely followed it. In this demonstration he was moved by the desire to set his friend on the road that would lead to the most triumphant exercise of his own powers. There is no doubt that Coleridge made both his points; but he made them, in particular the former, at exceeding length, and at the cost of a good deal of internal contradiction. He sets out, in the former case, to maintain that the language of poetry is essentially different from the language of prose. This he professes to deduce from a number of principles. His axiom--and it is possibly a sound one--is that metre originated in a spontaneous effort of the mind to hold in check the workings of emotion. From this, he argues, it follows that to justify the existence of metre, the language of a poem must show evidence of emotion, by being different from the language of prose. Further, he says, metre in itself stimulates the emotions, and for this condition of emotional excitement 'correspondent food' must be provided. Thirdly, the emotion of poetical composition itself demands this same 'correspondent food.' The final argument, if we omit one drawn from an obscure theory of imitation very characteristic of Coleridge, is the incontrovertible appeal to the authority of the poets. Unfortunately, the elaborate exposition of the first three arguments is not only unnecessary but confusing, for Coleridge goes on to distinguish, interestingly enough, between a language proper to poetry, a language proper to prose, and a neutral language which may be used indifferently in prose and poetry, and later still he quotes a beautiful passage from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida* as an example of this neutral language, forgetting that, if his principles are correct, Chaucer was guilty of a sin against art in writing *Troilus and Cressida* in metre. The truth, of course, is that the paraphernalia of principles goes by the board. In order to refute the Wordsworthian theory of a language of real life supremely fitted for poetry you have only to point to the great poets, and to judge the fitness of the language of poetry you can only examine the particular poem. Wordsworth was wrong and self-contradictory without doubt; but Coleridge was equally wrong and self-contradictory in arguing that metre necessitated a language essentially different from that of prose. So it is that the philosophic part of the specifically literary criticism of the *Biographia* takes us nowhere in particular. The valuable part is contained in his critical appreciation of Wordsworth's poetry and that amazing chapter--a little forlorn, as most of Coleridge's fine chapters are--on 'the specific symptoms of poetic power elucidated in a critical analysis of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. In these few pages Coleridge is at the summit of his powers as a critic. So long as his attention could be fixed on a particular object, so long as he was engaged in deducing his general principles immediately from particular instances of the highest kind of poetic excellence, he was a critic indeed. Every one of the four points characteristic of early poetic genius which he formulates deserves to be called back to the mind again and again:--

'The delight in richness and sweetness of sound, even to a faulty excess, if it be evidently original and not the result of an easily imitable mechanism, I regard as a highly favourable promise in the compositions of a young man....

'A second promise of genius is the choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself. At least I have found, that where the subject is taken immediately from the author's personal sensations and experiences the excellence of a particular poem is but an equivocal mark, and often a fallacious pledge, of genuine poetical power....

'Images, however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterise the poet. They become proofs of original genius only as far as they are modified by a predominant passion; or by associated thoughts or images awakened by that passion; or when they have the effect of reducing multitude to unity, or succession to an instant; or lastly, when a human and intellectual life is transferred to them from the poet's own spirit....

'The last character ... which would prove indeed but little, except as taken conjointly with the former--yet without which the former could scarce exist in a high degree ... is depth and energy of thought. No man was ever yet a great poet without being at the same time a profound philosopher. For poetry is the blossom and the

fragrancy of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions,
emotions, language.'

In the context the most striking peculiarity of this enunciation of the distinguishing marks of poetic power, apart from the conviction which it brings, is that they are not in the least concerned with the actual language of poetry. The whole subject of poetic diction is dropped when Coleridge's critical, as opposed to his logical, faculty is at work; and, although this Chapter XV is followed by many pages devoted to the analysis and refutation of the Wordsworthian theory and to the establishment of those principles of poetic diction to which we have referred, when Coleridge comes once more to engage his pure critical faculty, in the appreciation of Wordsworth's actual poetry in Chapter XXII, we again find him ignoring his own principles precisely on those occasions when we might have thought them applicable.

Coleridge enumerates Wordsworth's defects one by one. The first, he says, is an inconstancy of style. For a moment he appears to invoke his principles: 'Wordsworth sinks too often and too abruptly to that style which I should place in the second division of language, dividing it into the three species; first, that which is peculiar to poetry; second, that which is proper only in prose; and third, the neutral or common to both.' But in the very first instance which Coleridge gives we can see that the principles have been dragged in by the hair, and that they are really alien to the argument which he is pursuing. He gives this example of disharmony from the poem on 'The Blind Highland Boy' (whose washing-tub in the 1807 edition, it is perhaps worth noting, had been changed at Coleridge's own suggestion, with a rash contempt of probabilities, into a turtle shell in the edition of 1815):--

'And one, the rarest, was a shell
Which he, poor child, had studied well:
The Shell of a green Turtle, thin
And hollow;--you might sit therein,
It was so wide, and deep.

'Our Highland Boy oft visited
The house which held this prize; and led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day, when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarred.'

The discord is, in any case, none too apparent; but if one exists, it does not in the least arise from the actual language which Wordsworth has used. If in anything, it consists in a slight shifting of the focus of apprehension, a sudden and scarcely perceptible emphasis on the detail of actual fact, which is a deviation from the emotional key of the poem as a whole. In the next instance the lapse is, however, indubitable:--

'Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest.
And though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy liver!
With a soul as strong as a mountain River
Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both,
Hearing thee or else some other
As merry as a Brother
I on the earth will go plodding on,
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.'

The two lines in italics are discordant. But again it is no question of language in itself; it is an internal discrepancy between the parts of a whole already debilitated by metrical insecurity. Coleridge's second point against Wordsworth is 'a matter-of-factness in certain poems.' Once more there is no question of language. Coleridge takes the issue on to the highest and most secure ground. Wordsworth's obsession with realistic detail is a contravention of the essential catholicity of poetry; and this accidentality is manifested in laboriously exact description both of places and persons.

The poet sterilises the creative activity of poetry, in the first case, for no reason at all, and in the second, because he proposes as his immediate object a moral end instead of the giving of æsthetic pleasure. His prophets and wise men are pedlars and tramps not because it is probable that they should be of this condition--it is on the contrary highly improbable--but because we are thus to be taught a salutary moral lesson. The question of language in itself, if it enters at all here, enters only as the indifferent means by which a non-poetic end is sought. The accidentality lies not in the words, but in the poet's intention. Coleridge's third and fourth points, 'an undue predilection for the dramatic form,' and 'an eddying instead of a progression of thought,' may be passed as quickly as he passes them himself, for in any case they could only be the cause of a jejuneness of language. The fifth, more interesting, is the appearance of 'thoughts and images too great for the subject ... an approximation to what might be called mental bombast.' Coleridge brings forward as his first instance of this four lines which have taken a deep hold on the affections of later generations:--

'They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude!
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.'

Coleridge found an almost burlesque bathos in the second couplet after the first. It would be difficult for a modern critic to accept that verdict altogether; nevertheless his objection to the first couplet as a description of physical vision is surely sound. And it is interesting to note that the objection has been evaded by posterity in a manner which confirms Coleridge's criticism. The 'inward eye' is almost universally remembered apart from its context, and interpreted as a description of the purely spiritual process to which alone, in Coleridge's opinion, it was truly apt. The enumeration of Wordsworth's excellences which follows is masterly; and the exhilaration with which one rises through the crescendo to the famous: 'Last and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of Imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word ...' is itself a pleasure to be derived only from the gift of criticism of the highest and strictest kind. The object of this examination has been to show, not that the *Biographia Literaria* is undeserving of the high praise which has been bestowed upon it, but that the praise has been to some extent indiscriminating. It has now become almost a tradition to hold up to our admiration Coleridge's chapter on poetic diction, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in a preface that is as unconventional in manner as it is stimulating in most of its substance, maintains the tradition. As a matter of fact, what Coleridge has to say on poetic diction is prolix and perilously near commonplace. Instead of making to Wordsworth the wholly sufficient answer that much poetry of the highest kind employs a language that by no perversion can be called essentially the same as the language of prose, he allows himself to be led by his German metaphysic into considering poetry as a *Ding an sich* and deducing therefrom the proposition that poetry must employ a language different from that of prose. That proposition is false, as Coleridge himself quite adequately shows from his remarks upon what he called the 'neutral' language of Chaucer and Herbert. But instead of following up the clue and beginning to inquire whether or not narrative poetry by nature demands a language approximating to that of prose, and whether Wordsworth, in so far as he aimed at being a narrative poet, was not working on a correct but exaggerated principle, he leaves the bald contradiction and swerves off to the analysis of the defects and excellences of Wordsworth's actual achievement. Precisely because we consider it of the greatest importance that the best of Coleridge's criticism should be studied and studied again, we think it unfortunate that Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch should recommend the apprentice to get the chapters on poetic diction by heart. He will be condemned to carry about with him a good deal of dubious logic and a false conclusion. What is worth while learning from Coleridge is something different; it is not his behaviour with 'a principle,' but his conduct when confronted with poetry in the concrete, his magisterial ordonnance (to use his own word) and explication of his own æsthetic intuitions, and his manner of employing in this, the essential task of poetic criticism, the results of his own deep study of all the great poetry that he knew.

APRIL, 1920.

Shakespeare Criticism

It is an exciting, though exhausting, experience to read a volume of the great modern Variorum Shakespeare from cover to cover. One derives from the exercise a sense of the evolution of Shakespeare criticism which cannot be otherwise obtained; one begins to understand that Pope had his merits as an editor, as indeed a man of genius could

hardly fail to have, to appreciate the prosy and pedestrian pains of Theobald, to admire the amazing erudition of Steevens. One sees the phases of the curious process by which Shakespeare was elevated at the beginning of the nineteenth century to a sphere wherein no mortal man of genius could breathe. For a dizzy moment every line that he wrote bore the authentic impress of the divine. Efflaviv deus. In a century, from being largely beneath criticism Shakespeare had passed to a condition where he was almost completely beyond it. King John affords an amusing instance of this reverential attitude. The play, as is generally known, was based upon a slightly earlier and utterly un-Shakespearean production entitled The Troublesome Raigne of King John. The only character Shakespeare added to those he found ready to his hand was that of James Gurney, who enters with Lady Falconbridge after the scene between the Bastard and his brother, says four words, and departs for ever.

'Bast.--James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur.--Good leave, good Philip.

Bast.--Philip! Sparrow! James.'

It is obvious that Shakespeare's sole motive in introducing Gurney is to provide an occasion for the Bastard's characteristic, though not to a modern mind quite obvious, jest, based on the fact that Philip was at the time a common name for a sparrow. The Bastard, just dubbed Sir Richard Plantagenet by the King, makes a thoroughly natural jibe at his former name, Philip, to which he had just shown such breezy indifference. The jest could not have been made to Lady Falconbridge without a direct insult to her, which would have been alien to the natural, blunt, and easygoing fondness of the relation which Shakespeare establishes between the Bastard and his mother. So Gurney is quite casually brought in to receive it. But this is not enough for the Shakespeare-drunken Coleridge.

'For an instance of Shakespeare's power in minimis, I generally quote James Gurney's character in King John. How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life!'

Assuredly it is not with any intention of diminishing Coleridge's title as a Shakespearean critic that we bring forward this instance. He is the greatest critic of Shakespeare; and the quality of his excellence is displayed in one of the other few notes he left on this particular play. In Act III, scene ii., Warburton's emendation of 'airy' to 'fiery' had in Coleridge's day been received into the text of the Bastard's lines:--

'Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky.'

On which Coleridge writes:--

'I prefer the old text: the word 'devil' implies 'fiery.' You need only to read the line, laying a full and strong emphasis on 'devil,' to perceive the uselessness and tastelessness of Warburton's alteration.'

The test is absolutely convincing--a poet's criticism of poetry. But that Coleridge went astray not once but many times, under the influence of his idolatry of Shakespeare, corroborates the general conclusion that is forced upon any one who will take the trouble to read a whole volume of the modern Variorum. There has been much editing, much comment, but singularly little criticism of Shakespeare; a half-pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack. The pendulum has swung violently from niggling and insensitive textual quibble to that equally distressing exercise of human ingenuity, idealistic encomium, of which there is a typical example in the opening sentence of Mr Masefield's remarks upon the play: 'Like the best Shakespearean tragedies, King John is an intellectual form in which a number of people with obsessions illustrate the idea of treachery.' We remember that Mr Masefield has much better than this to say of Shakespeare in his little book; but we fasten upon this sentence because it is set before us in the Variorum, and because it too 'is an intellectual form in which a literary man with obsessions illustrates his idea of criticism.' Genetically, it is a continuation of the shoddy element in Coleridge's Shakespeare criticism, a continual bias towards transcendental interpretation of the obvious. To take the origin a phase further back, it is the portentous offspring of the feeble constituent of German philosophy (a refusal to see the object) after it

had been submitted to an idle process of ferment in the softer part of Coleridge's brain. King John is not in the least what Mr Masfield, under this dangerous influence, has persuaded himself it is. It is simply the effort of a young man of great genius to rewrite a bad play into a good one. The effort was, on the whole, amazingly successful; that the play is only a good one, instead of a very good one, is not surprising. The miracle is that anything should have been made of *The Troublesome Raigne* at all. The Variorum extracts show that, of the many commentators who studied the old play with Shakespeare's version, only Swinburne saw, or had the courage to say, how utterly null the old play really is. To have made Shakespeare's Falconbridge out of the old lay figure, to have created the scenes between Hubert and John, and Hubert and Arthur, out of that decrepit skeleton--that is the work of a commanding poetical genius on the threshold of full mastery of its powers, worthy of all wonder, no doubt, but doubly worthy of close examination. But 'ideas of treachery'! Into what cloud cuckoo land have we been beguiled by Coleridge's laudanum trances? A limbo--of this we are confident--where Shakespeare never set foot at any moment in his life, and where no robust critical intelligence can endure for a moment. We must save ourselves from this insidious disintegration by keeping our eye upon the object, and the object is just a good (not a very good) play. Not an Ibsen, a Hauptmann, a Shaw, or a Masfield play, where the influence and ravages of these 'ideas' are certainly perceptible, but merely a Shakespeare play, one of those works of true poetic genius which can only be produced by a mind strong enough to resist every attempt at invasion by the 'idea'-bacillus. In considering a Shakespeare play the word 'idea' had best be kept out of the argument altogether; but there are two senses in which it might be intelligibly used. You might call the dramatic skeleton Shakespeare's idea of the play. It is the half-mechanical, half-organic factor in the work of poetic creation--the necessary means by which a poet can conveniently explicate and express his manifold æsthetic intuitions. This dramatic skeleton is governed by laws of its own, which were first and most brilliantly formulated by Aristotle in terms that, in essentials, hold good for all time. You may investigate this skeleton, seize, if you can, upon the peculiarity by which it is differentiated from all other skeletons; you may say, for instance, that *Othello* is a tragedy of jealousy, or *Hamlet* of the inhibition of self-consciousness. But if your 'idea' is to have any substance it must be moulded very closely upon the particular object with which you are dealing; and in the end you will find yourself reduced to the analysis of individual characters. On the other hand, the word 'idea' might be intelligibly used of Shakespeare's whole attitude to the material of his contemplation, the centre of comprehension from which he worked, the aspect under which he viewed the universe of his interest. There is no reason to rest content with Coleridge's application of the epithet 'myriad-minded,' which is, at the best, an evasion of a vital question. The problem is to see Shakespeare's mind *sub specie unitatis*. It can be done; there never has been and never will be a human mind which can resist such an inquiry if it is pursued with sufficient perseverance and understanding. What chiefly stands in the way is that tradition of Shakespeareolatry which Coleridge so powerfully inaugurated, not least by the epithet 'myriad-minded.' But of 'ideas' in any other senses than these--and in neither of these cases is 'idea' the best word for the object of search--let us beware as we would of the plague, in criticism of Shakespeare or any other great poet. Poets do not have 'ideas'; they have perceptions. They do not have an 'idea'; they have comprehension. Their creation is æsthetic, and the working of their mind proceeds from the realisation of one æsthetic perception to that of another, more comprehensive if they are to be great poets having within them the principle of poetic growth. There is undoubtedly an organic process in the evolution of a great poet, which you may, for convenience of expression, call logical; but the moment you forget that the use of the word 'logic,' in this context, is metaphorical, you are in peril. You can follow out this 'logical process' in a poet only by a kindred creative process of æsthetic perception passing into æsthetic comprehension. The hunt for 'ideas' will only make that process impossible; it prevents the object from ever making its own impression upon the mind. It has to speak with the language of logic, whereas its use and function in the world is to speak with a language not of logic, but of a process of mind which is at least as sovereign in its own right as the discursive reason. Let us away then with 'logic' and away with 'ideas' from the art of literary criticism; but not, in a foolish and imperipient reaction, to revive the impressionistic criticism which has sapped the English brain for a generation past. The art of criticism is rigorous; impressions are merely its raw material; the life-blood of its activity is in the process of ordonnance of æsthetic impressions. It is time, however, to return for a moment to Shakespeare, and to observe in one crucial instance the effect of the quest for logic in a single line. In the fine scene where John hints to Hubert at Arthur's murder, he speaks these lines (in the First Folio text):--

'I had a thing to say, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasure of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the midnight bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth

Sound on into the drowzie race of night,
If this same were a Churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
... Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts....'

If one had to choose the finest line in this passage, the choice would fall upon

'Sound on into the drowsy race of night.'

Yet you will have to look hard for it in the modern editions of Shakespeare. At the best you will find it with the mark of corruption:--

+ 'Sound on into the drowsy race of night ('Globe');

and you run quite a risk of finding

'Sound one into the drowsy race of night' ('Oxford').

There are six pages of close-printed comment upon the line in the Variorum. The only reason, we can see, why it should be the most commented line in King John is that it is one of the most beautiful. No one could stand it. Of all the commentators, only one, Miss Porter, whom we name *honoris causa*, stands by the line with any conviction of its beauty. Every other person either alters it or regrets his inability to alter it.

'How can a bell sound on into a race?' pipe the little editors. What is 'the race of night?' What can it mean? How could a race be drowsy? What an awful contradiction in terms! And so while you and I, and all the other ordinary lovers of Shakespeare are peacefully sleeping in our beds, they come along with their little chisels, and chop out the horribly illogical word and pop in a horribly logical one, and we (unless we can afford the Variorum, which we can't) know nothing whatever about it. We have no redress. If we get out of our beds and creep upon them while they are asleep--they never are--and take out our little chisels and chop off their horribly stupid little heads, we shall be put in prison and Mr Justice Darling will make a horribly stupid little joke about us. There is only one thing to do. We must make up our minds that we have to combine in our single person the scholar and the amateur; we cannot trust these gentlemen. And, indeed, they have been up to their little games elsewhere in King John. They do not like the reply of the citizens of Angiers to the summons of the rival kings:--

'A greater powre than We denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we do locke
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
Kings of our feare, untill our feares resolu'd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.'

Admirable sense, excellent poetry. But no! We must not have it. Instead we are given 'King'd of our fears' ('Globe') or 'Kings of ourselves' ('Oxford'). Bad sense, bad poetry.

They do not like Pandulph's speech to France:--

'France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortall paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.'

'Cased,' caged, is too much for them. We must have 'chafed,' in spite of

'If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent.'

Again, the Folio text of the meeting between the Bastard and Hubert in Act V., when Hubert fails to recognise the Bastard's voice, runs thus:--

'Unkinde remembrance: thou and endles night,
Have done me shame: Brave Soldier, pardon me
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should scape the true acquaintaince of mine eare.'

This time 'endless' is not poetical enough for the editors. Theobald's emendation 'eyeless' is received into the text. One has only to read the brief scene through to realise that Hubert is wearied and obsessed by the night that will never end. He is overwrought by his knowledge of

'news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible,'

and by his long wandering in search of the Bastard:--

'Why, here I walk in the black brow of night
To find you out.'

Yet the dramatically perfect 'endless' has had to make way for the dramatically stupid 'eyeless.' Is it surprising that we do not trust these gentlemen?

[APRIL, 1920

7. 20th Century: Louis Untermeyer. *Modern British Poetry*

INTRODUCTORY

The New Influences and Tendencies

Mere statistics are untrustworthy; dates are even less dependable. But, to avoid hairsplitting, what we call "modern" English literature may be said to date from about 1885. A few writers who are decidedly "of the period" are, as a matter of strict chronology, somewhat earlier. But the chief tendencies may be divided into seven periods. They are (1) The decay of Victorianism and the growth of a purely decorative art, (2) The rise and decline of the Æsthetic Philosophy, (3) The muscular influence of Henley, (4) The Celtic revival in Ireland, (5) Rudyard Kipling and the ascendancy of mechanism in art, (6) John Masefield and the return of the rhymed narrative, (7) The war and the appearance of "The Georgians." It may be interesting to trace these developments in somewhat greater detail.

the end of victorianism

The age commonly called Victorian came to an end about 1885. It was an age distinguished by many true idealists and many false ideals. It was, in spite of its notable artists, on an entirely different level from the epoch which had preceded it. Its poetry was, in the main, not universal but parochial; its romanticism was gilt and tinsel; its realism was as cheap as its showy glasspendants, red plush, parlor chromos and antimacassars. The period was full of a pessimistic resignation (the note popularized by Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám) and a kind of cowardice or at least a negation which, refusing to see any glamour in the actual world, turned to the Middle Ages, King Arthur, the legend of Troy—to the suave surroundings of a dream-world instead of the hard contours of actual experience.

At its worst, it was a period of smugness, of placid and pious sentimentality—epitomized by the rhymed sermons of Martin Farquhar Tupper, whose *Proverbial Philosophy* was devoured with all its cloying and indigestible sweetmeats by thousands. The same tendency is apparent, though far less objectionably, in the moralizing lays of Lord Thomas Macaulay, in the theatrically emotionalized verses of Robert Buchanan, Edwin Arnold and Sir Lewis Morris—even in the lesser later work of Alfred Tennyson.

And, without Tupper's emptiness or absurdities, the outworn platitudes again find their constant lover in Alfred Austin, Tennyson's successor as poet laureate. Austin brought the laureateship, which had been held by poets like Ben Jonson, Dryden, Southey and Wordsworth, to an incredibly low level; he took the thinning stream of garrulous poetic conventionality, reduced it to the merest trickle—and diluted it.

The poets of a generation before this time were fired with such ideas as freedom, a deep and burning awe of nature, an insatiable hunger for truth in all its forms and manifestations. The characteristic poets of the Victorian[xiii] Era, says Max Plowman, "wrote under the dominance of churchliness, of 'sweetness and light,' and a thousand lesser theories that have not truth but comfort for their end."

The revolt against this and the tawdriness of the period had already begun; the best of Victorianism can be found not in men who were typically Victorian, but in pioneers like Browning and writers like Swinburne, Rossetti, William Morris, who were completely out of sympathy with their time.

But it was Oscar Wilde who led the men of the now famous 'nineties toward an æsthetic freedom, to champion a beauty whose existence was its "own excuse for being." Wilde's was, in the most outspoken manner, the first use of æstheticism as a slogan; the battle-cry of the group was actually the now outworn but then revolutionary "Art for Art's sake"! And, so sick were people of the shoddy ornaments and drab ugliness of the immediate past, that the slogan won. At least, temporarily.

the rise and decline of the æsthetic philosophy

The *Yellow Book*, the organ of a group of young writers and artists, appeared (1894-97), representing a reasoned and intellectual reaction, mainly suggested and influenced by the French. The group of contributors was a peculiarly mixed one with only one thing in common. And that was a conscious effort to repudiate the sugary airs and prim romantics of the Victorian Era.

Almost the first act of the "new" men was to rouse and outrage their immediate predecessors. This end-of-the-century desire to shock, which was so strong and natural an impulse, still has a place of its own—especially as an

antidote, a harsh corrective. Mid-Victorian propriety and self-satisfaction crumbled under the swift and energetic audacities of the sensational younger authors and artists; the old walls fell; the public, once so apathetic to belles lettres, was more than attentive to every phase of literary experimentation. The last decade of the nineteenth century was so tolerant of novelty in art and ideas, that it would seem, says Holbrook Jackson in his penetrative summary, *The Eighteen-Nineties*, "as though the declining century wished to make amends for several decades of artistic monotony. It may indeed be something more than a coincidence that placed this decade at the close of a century, and fin de siècle may have been at once a swan song and a death-bed repentance."

But later on, the movement (if such it may be called), surfeited with its own excesses, fell into the mere poses of revolt; it degenerated into a half-hearted defense of artificialities.

It scarcely needed W. S. Gilbert (in *Patience*) or Robert Hichens (in *The Green Carnation*) to satirize its distorted attitudinizing. It strained itself to death; it became its own burlesque of the bizarre, an extravaganza of extravagance. "The period" (I am again quoting Holbrook Jackson) "was as certainly a period of decadence as it was a period of renaissance. The decadence was to be seen in a perverse and finicking glorification of the fine arts and mere artistic virtuosity on the one hand, and a militant commercial movement on the other.... The eroticism which became so prevalent in the verse of many of the younger poets was minor because it was little more than a pose—not because it was erotic.... It was a passing mood which gave the poetry of the hour a hothouse fragrance; a perfume faint yet unmistakable and strange."

But most of the elegant and disillusioned young men overshot their mark. Mere health reasserted itself; an inherent repressed vitality sought new channels. Arthur Symonds deserted his hectic Muse, Richard Le Gallienne abandoned his preciosity, and the group began to disintegrate. The æsthetic philosophy was wearing thin; it had already begun to fray and reveal its essential shabbiness. Wilde himself possessed the three things which he said the English would never forgive—youth, power and enthusiasm. But in trying to make an exclusive cult of beauty, Wilde had also tried to make it evade actuality; he urged that art should not, in any sense, be a part of life but an escape from it. "The proper school to learn art in is not Life—but Art." And in the same essay ("The Decay of Lying") he wrote, "All bad Art comes from returning to Life and Nature, and elevating them into ideals." Elsewhere he said, "The first duty in life is to be as artificial as possible. What the second duty is no one has discovered."

Such a cynical and decadent philosophy could not go unchallenged. Its aristocratic blue-bloodedness was bound to arouse the red blood of common reality. This negative attitude received its answer in the work of that yea-sayer, W. E. Henley.

William Ernest Henley repudiated this languid æstheticism; he scorned a negative art which was out of touch with the world. His was a large and sweeping affirmation. He felt that mere existence was glorious; life was coarse, difficult, often dangerous and dirty, but splendid at the heart. Art, he knew, could not be separated from the dreams and hungers of man; it could not flourish only on its own essences or technical accomplishments. To live, poetry would have to share the fears, angers, hopes and struggles of the prosaic world. And so Henley came like a swift salt breeze blowing through a perfumed and heavily-screened studio. He sang loudly (sometimes even too loudly) of the joy of living and the courage of the "unconquerable soul." He was a powerful influence not only as a poet but as a critic and editor. In the latter capacity he gathered about him such men as Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, W. B. Yeats, T. E. Brown, J. M. Barrie. None of these men were his disciples, but none of them came into contact with him without being influenced in some way by his sharp and positive personality. A pioneer and something of a prophet, he was one of the first to champion the paintings of Whistler and to proclaim the genius of the sculptor Rodin.

If at times Henley's verse is imperialistic, over-muscular and strident, his noisy moments are redeemed not only by his delicate lyrics but by his passionate enthusiasm for nobility in whatever cause it was joined. He never disdained the actual world in any of its moods—bus-drivers, hospital interiors, scrubwomen, a panting train, the squalor of London's alleys, all found a voice in his lines—and his later work contains more than a hint of the delight in science and machinery which was later to be sounded more fully in the work of Rudyard Kipling.

the celtic revival and j. m. synge

In 1889, William Butler Yeats published his *Wanderings of Oisín*; in the same year Douglas Hyde, the scholar and folk-lore collector, brought out his *Book of Gaelic Stories*.

The revival of Gaelic and the renaissance of Irish literature may be said to date from the publication of those two books. The fundamental idea of both men and their followers was the same. It was to create a literature which would express the national consciousness of Ireland through a purely national art. They began to reflect the strange background of dreams, politics, suffering and heroism that is immortally Irish. This community of fellowship and aims is to be found in the varied but allied work of William Butler Yeats, "A. E." (George W. Russell), Moira O'Neill, Lionel Johnson, Katharine Tynan, Padraic Colum and others. The first fervor gone, a short period of dullness set in. After reanimating the old myths, surcharging the legendary heroes with a new significance, it seemed for a while that the movement would lose itself in a literary mysticism. But an increasing concern with the peasant, the migratory laborer, the tramp, followed; an interest that was something of a reaction against the influence of Yeats and his mystic otherworldliness. And, in 1904, the Celtic Revival reached its height with John Millington Synge, who was not only the greatest dramatist of the Irish Theatre, but (to quote such contrary critics as George Moore and Harold Williams) "one of the greatest dramatists who has written in English." Synge's poetry, brusque and all too small in quantity, was a minor occupation with him and yet the quality and power of it is unmistakable. Its content is never great but the raw vigor in it was to serve as a bold banner—a sort of a brilliant Jolly Roger—for the younger men of the following period. It was not only this dramatist's brief verses and his intensely musical prose but his sharp prefaces that were to exercise such an influence.

In the notable introduction to the *Playboy of the Western World*, Synge declared, "When I was writing *The Shadow of the Glen* some years ago, I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying, that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen. This matter is, I think, of some importance; for in countries where the imagination of the people, and the language they use, is rich and living, it is possible for a writer to be rich and copious in his words—and at the same time to give the reality which is at the root of all poetry, in a natural and comprehensive form." This quotation explains his idiom, possibly the sharpest-flavored and most vivid in modern literature.

As to Synge's poetic power, it is unquestionably greatest in his plays. In *The Well of the Saints*, *The Playboy of the Western World* and *Riders to the Sea* there are more poignance, beauty of form and richness of language than in any piece of dramatic writing since Elizabethan times. Yeats, when he first heard Synge's early one-act play, *The Shadow of the Glen*, is said to have exclaimed "Euripides." A half year later when Synge read him *Riders to the Sea*, Yeats again confined his enthusiasm to a single word:—"Æschylus!" Years have shown that Yeats's appreciation was not as exaggerated as many might suppose.

But although Synge's poetry was not his major concern, numbering only twenty-four original pieces and eighteen translations, it had a surprising effect upon his followers. It marked a point of departure, a reaction against both the too-polished and over-rhetorical verse of his immediate predecessors and the dehumanized mysticism of many of his associates. In that memorable preface to his *Poems* he wrote what was a slogan, a manifesto and at the same time a classic credo for all that we call the "new" poetry. "I have often thought," it begins, "that at the side of poetic diction, which everyone condemns, modern verse contains a great deal of poetic material, using 'poetic' in the same special sense. The poetry of exaltation will be always the highest; but when men lose their poetic feeling for ordinary life and cannot write poetry of ordinary things, their exalted poetry is likely to lose its strength of exaltation in the way that men cease to build beautiful churches when they have lost happiness in building shops.... Even if we grant that exalted poetry can be kept successfully by itself, the strong things of life are needed in poetry also, to show that what is exalted or tender is not made by feeble blood."

rudyard kipling

New tendencies are contagious. But they also disclose themselves simultaneously in places and people where there has been no point of contact. Even before Synge published his proofs of the keen poetry in everyday life, Kipling was illuminating, in a totally different manner, the wealth of poetic material in things hitherto regarded as too commonplace for poetry. Before literary England had quite recovered from its surfeit of Victorian priggishness and pre-Raphaelite delicacy, Kipling came along with high spirits and a great tide of life, sweeping all before him. An obscure Anglo-Indian journalist, the publication of his *Barrack-room Ballads* in 1892 brought him sudden notice. By 1895 he was internationally famous. Brushing over the pallid attempts to revive a pallid past, he rode triumphantly on a wave of buoyant and sometimes brutal joy in the present. Kipling gloried in the material world; he did more—he glorified it. He pierced the coarse exteriors of seemingly prosaic things—things like machinery, bridge-building, cockney soldiers, slang, steam, the dirty by-products of science (witness "M'Andrews Hymn" and "The Bell Buoy")—and uncovered their hidden glamour. "Romance is gone," sighed most of his contemporaries,

"... and all unseen

Romance brought up the nine-fifteen."

That sentence (from his poem "The King") contains the key to the manner in which the author of *The Five Nations* helped to rejuvenate English verse.

Kipling, with his perception of ordinary people in terms of ordinary life, was one of the strongest links between the Wordsworth-Browning era and the latest apostles of vigor, beginning with Masfield. There are occasional and serious defects in Kipling's work—particularly in his more facile poetry; he falls into a journalistic ease that tends to turn into jingle; he is fond of a militaristic drum-banging that is as blatant as the insularity he condemns. But a burning, if sometimes too simple faith, shines through his achievements. His best work reveals an intensity that crystallizes into beauty what was originally tawdry, that lifts the vulgar and incidental to the place of the universal.

john masfield

All art is a twofold revivifying—a recreation of subject and a reanimating of form. And poetry becomes perennially "new" by returning to the old—with a different consciousness, a greater awareness. In 1911, when art was again searching for novelty, John Masfield created something startling and new by going back to 1385 and *The Canterbury Pilgrims*. Employing both the Chaucerian model and a form similar to the practically forgotten Byronic stanza, Masfield wrote in rapid succession, *The Everlasting Mercy* (1911), *The Widow in the Bye Street* (1912), *Dauber* (1912), *The Daffodil Fields* (1913)—four astonishing rhymed narratives and four[xxii] of the most remarkable poems of our generation. Expressive of every rugged phase of life, these poems, uniting old and new manners, responded to Synge's proclamation that "the strong things of life are needed in poetry also ... and it may almost be said that before verse can be human again it must be brutal."

Masfield brought back to poetry that mixture of beauty and brutality which is its most human and enduring quality. He brought back that rich and almost vulgar vividness which is the very life-blood of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Burns, of Villon, of Heine—and of all those who were not only great artists but great humanists. As a purely descriptive poet, he can take his place with the masters of sea and landscape. As an imaginative realist, he showed those who were stumbling from one wild eccentricity to another to thrill them, that they themselves were wilder, stranger, far more thrilling than anything in the world—or out of it. Few things in contemporary poetry are as powerful as the regeneration of Saul Kane (in *The Everlasting Mercy*) or the story of Dauber, the tale of a tragic sea-voyage and a dreaming youth who wanted to be a painter. The vigorous description of rounding Cape Horn in the latter poem is superbly done, a masterpiece in itself. Masfield's later volumes are quieter in tone, more measured in technique; there is an almost religious ring to many of his Shakespearean sonnets. But the swinging surge is there, a passionate strength that leaps through all his work from *Salt Water Ballads* (1902) to *Reynard the Fox* (1919).[xxiii] "the georgians" and the younger men

There is no sharp statistical line of demarcation between Masfield and the younger men. Although several of them owe much to him, most of the younger poets speak in accents of their own. W. W. Gibson had already reinforced the "return to actuality" by turning from his first preoccupation with shining knights, faultless queens, ladies in distress and all the paraphernalia of hackneyed mediæval romances, to write about ferrymen, berry-pickers, stone-cutters, farmers, printers, circus-men, carpenters—dramatizing (though sometimes theatricalizing) the primitive emotions of uncultured and ordinary people in *Livelihood*, *Daily Bread* and *Fires*. This intensity had been asking new questions. It found its answers in the war; repressed emotionalism discovered a new outlet. One hears its echoes in the younger poets like Siegfried Sassoon, with his poignant and unsparing poems of conflict; in Robert Graves, who reflects it in a lighter and more fantastic vein; in James Stephens, whose wild ingenuities are redolent of the soil. And it finds its corresponding opposite in the limpid and unperturbed loveliness of Ralph Hodgson; in the ghostly magic and the nursery-rhyme whimsicality of Walter de la Mare; in the quiet and delicate lyrics of W. H. Davies. Among the others, the brilliant G. K. Chesterton, the facile Alfred Noyes, the romantic Rupert Brooke (who owes less to Masfield and his immediate predecessors than he does to the passionately intellectual Donne), the introspective D. H. Lawrence and the versatile J. C. Squire, are perhaps best known to American readers.

All of the poets mentioned in the foregoing paragraph (with the exception of Noyes) have formed themselves in a loose group called "The Georgians," and an anthology of their best work has appeared every two years since 1913. Masfield, Lascelles Abercrombie and John Drinkwater are also listed among the Georgian poets. When their first

collection appeared in March, 1913, Henry Newbolt, a critic as well as poet, wrote: "These younger poets have no temptation to be false. They are not for making something 'pretty,' something up to the standard of professional patterns.... They write as grown men walk, each with his own unconscious stride and gesture.... In short, they express themselves and seem to steer without an effort between the dangers of innovation and reminiscence." The secret of this success, and for that matter, the success of the greater portion of English poetry, is not an exclusive discovery of the Georgian poets. It is their inheritance, derived from those predecessors who, "from Wordsworth and Coleridge onward, have worked for the assimilation of verse to the manner and accent of natural speech." In its adaptability no less than in its vigor, modern English poetry is true to its period—and its past.

This collection is obviously a companion volume to *Modern American Poetry*, which, in its restricted compass, attempted to act as an introduction to recent native verse. *Modern British Poetry* covers the same period (from about 1870 to 1920), follows the same chronological scheme, but it is more amplified and goes into far greater detail than its predecessor.

The two volumes, considered together, furnish interesting contrasts; they reveal certain similarities and certain strange differences. Broadly speaking, modern American verse is sharp, vigorously experimental; full of youth and its occasional—and natural—crudities. English verse is smoother, more matured and, molded by centuries of literature, richer in associations and surer in artistry. Where the American output is often rude, extremely varied and uncoördinated (being the expression of partly indigenous, partly naturalized and largely unassimilated ideas, emotions, and races), the English product is formulated, precise and, in spite of its fluctuations, true to its past. It goes back to traditions as old as Chaucer (witness the narratives of Masfield and Gibson) or tendencies as classic as Drayton, Herrick and Blake—as in the frank lyrics of A. E. Housman, the artless lyricism of Ralph Hodgson, the naïf wonder of W. H. Davies. And if English poetry may be compared to a broad and luxuriating river (while American poetry might be described as a sudden rush of unconnected mountain torrents, valley streams and city sluices), it will be inspiring to observe how its course has been temporarily deflected in the last forty years; how it has swung away from one tendency toward another; and how, for all its bends and twists, it has lost neither its strength nor its nobility.

L. U.

New York City.
January, 1920.

15. 20th Century: Henry R. Plomer. *A Short History of English Printing*

Henry R. Plomer

A Short History of English Printing

EDITOR'S PREFACE

When Mr. Plomer consented at my request to write a short history of English printing which should stop neither at the end of the fifteenth century, nor at the end of the sixteenth century, nor at 1640, but should come down, as best it could, to our own day, we were not without apprehensions that the task might prove one of some difficulty. How difficult it would be we had certainly no idea, or the book would never have been begun, and now that it is finished I would bespeak the reader's sympathies, on Mr. Plomer's behalf, that its inevitable shortcomings may be the more generously forgiven. If we look at what has already been written on the subject the difficulties will be more easily appreciated. In England, as in other countries, the period in the history of the press which is best known to us is, by the perversity of antiquaries, that which is furthest removed from our own time. Of all that can be learnt about Caxton the late Mr. William Blades set down in his monumental work nine-tenths, and the zeal of Henry Bradshaw, of Mr. Gordon Duff, and of Mr. E. J. L. Scott, has added nearly all that was lacking in this storehouse. Mr. Duff has extended his labours to the other English printers of the 15th century, giving in his *Early English Printing* (Kegan Paul, 1896) a conspectus, with facsimiles of their types, and in his privately printed *Sandars Lectures* presenting a detailed account of their work, based on the personal examination of every book or fragment from their presses which his unwearied diligence has been able to discover. Originality for this period being out of the question, Mr. Plomer's task was to select, under a constant sense of obligation, from the mass of details which have been brought together for this short period, and to preserve due proportion in their treatment.

Of the work of the printers of the next half-century our knowledge is much less detailed, and Mr. Plomer might fairly claim that he himself, by the numerous documents which he has unearthed at the Record Office and at Somerset House, has made some contributions to it of considerable value and interest. It is to his credit, if I may say so, that so little is written here of these discoveries. In a larger book the story of the brawl in which Pynson's head came so nigh to being broken, or of John Rastell's suit against the theatrical costumier who impounded the dresses used in his private theatre, would form pleasant digressions, but in a sketch of a large subject there is no room for digressions, and these personal incidents have been sternly ignored by their discoverer. Even his first love, Robert Wyer, has been allotted not more than six lines above the space which is due to him, and generally Mr. Plomer has compressed the story told in the *Typographical Antiquities* of Ames, Herbert, and Dibdin with much impartiality.

When we pass beyond the year 1556, which witnessed the incorporation of the Stationers' Company, Mr. Arber's *Transcripts* from the Company's Registers become the chief source of information, and Mr. Plomer's pages bear ample record of the use he has made of them, and of the numerous documents printed by Mr. Arber in his prefaces. After 1603, the date at which Mr. Arber discontinues, to the sorrow of all bibliographers, his epitome of the annual output of the press, information is far less abundant. After 1640 it becomes a matter of shreds and patches, with no other continuous aid than Mr. Talbot Reed's admirable work, *A History of the Old English Letter Foundries*, written from a different standpoint, to serve as a guide. His own researches at the Record Office have enabled Mr. Plomer to enlarge considerably our knowledge of the printers at work during the second half of the seventeenth century, but when the State made up its mind to leave the printers alone, even this source of information lapses, and the pioneer has to gather what he may from the imprints in books which come under his hand, from notices of a few individual printers, and stray anecdotes and memoranda. Through this almost pathless forest Mr. Plomer has threaded his way, and though the road he has made may be broken and imperfect, the fact that a road exists, which they can widen and mend, will be of incalculable advantage to all students of printing.

Besides the indebtedness already stated to the works of Blades, Mr. Gordon Duff, Mr. Arber, and Mr. Reed, acknowledgments are also due for the help derived from Mr. Allnutt's papers on English Provincial Printing (*Bibliographica*, vol. ii.) and Mr. Warren's history of the Chiswick Press (*The Charles Whittinghams, Printers*; Grolier Club, 1896). Lest Mr. Plomer should be made responsible for borrowed faults, it must also be stated that the account of the Kelmscott Press is mainly taken from an article contributed to *The Guardian* by the present writer. The hearty thanks of both author and editor are due to Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes for the use of two devices; to

the Clarendon Press for the three pages of specimens of the types given to the University of Oxford by Fell and Junius; to the Chiswick Press for the examples of the devices and ornamental initials which the second Whittingham reintroduced, and for the type-facsimiles of the title-page of the book with which he revived the use of old-faced letters; to Messrs. Macmillan for the specimen of the Macmillan Greek type, and to the Trustees of Mr. William Morris for their grant of the very exceptional privilege of reproducing, with the skilful aid of Mr. Emery Walker, two pages of books printed at the Kelmscott Press.

That the illustrations are profuse at the beginning and end of the book and scanty in the middle must be laid to the charge of the printers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in whose work good ornament finds no place. It was due to Caslon and Baskerville to insert their portraits, though they can hardly[Pg xii] be called works of art. That of Roger L'Estrange, which is also given, may suggest, by its more prosperous look, that in the evil days of the English press its Censor was the person who most thrived by it.

Alfred W. Pollard.

CHAPTER I CAXTON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

The art of printing had been known on the Continent for something over twenty years, when William Caxton, a citizen and mercer of London, introduced it into England.

Such facts as are known of the life of England's first printer are few and simple. He tells us himself that he was born in the Weald of Kent, and he was probably educated in his native village. When old enough, he was apprenticed to a well-to-do London mercer, Robert Large, who carried on business in the Old Jewry. This was in 1438, and in 1441 his master died, leaving, among other legacies, a sum of twenty marks to William Caxton.

In all probability Caxton, whose term of apprenticeship had not expired, was transferred to some other master to serve the remainder of his term; but all we know is that he shortly afterwards left England for the Low Countries. In the prologue to the *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye* he tells us that, at the time he began the translation, he had been living on the Continent for thirty years, in various places, Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zealand, but the city of Bruges, one of the largest centres of trade in Europe at that time, was his headquarters. Caxton prospered in his business, and rose to be 'Governor to the English Nation at Bruges,' a position of importance, and one that brought him into contact with men of high rank.

In the year 1468 Caxton appears to have had some leisure for literary work, and began to translate a French book he had lately been reading, Raoul Le Fevre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*; but after writing a few quires he threw down his pen in disgust at the feebleness of his version.

Very shortly after this he entered the service of Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Edward IV. of England, either as secretary or steward. The Duchess used to talk with him on literary matters, and he told her of his attempt to translate the *Recueil*. She asked him to show her what he had written, pointed out how he might amend his 'rude English,' and encouraged him to continue his work. Caxton took up the task again, and in spite of many interruptions, including journeys to both Ghent and Cologne, he completed it, in the latter city, on the 19th September 1471. All this he tells us in the prologue, and at the end of the second book he says:—

'And for as moche as I suppose the said two bokes ben not had to fore this tyme in oure English langage | therefore I had the better will to accomplishe this said werke | whiche werke was begonne in Brugis | and contynued in Gaunt, and finyshed in Coleyn, ... the yere of our lord a thousand four honderd lxxi.' He then goes on to speak of John Lydgate's translation of the third book, as making it needless to translate it into English, but continues:—

'But yet for as moche as I am bounde to contemplate my fayd ladyes good grace and also that his werke is in ryme | and as ferre as I knowe hit is not had in prose in our tonge ... and also because that I have now god leyzer beyng in Coleyn, and have none other thing to doo at this tyme, I have,' etc.

Then at the end of the third book he says that, having become weary of writing and yet having promised copies to divers gentlemen and friends,—

'Therfor I have practysed and lerned at my grete charge and dispense to ordeyne this said book in prynte after the maner and forme as ye may here see,' etc.

The book when printed bore neither place of imprint, date of printing, or name of printer. The late William Blades, in his *Life of Caxton* (vol. i. chap. v. pp. 45-61), maintained that this [Pg 4] book, and all the others printed with the same type, were printed at Bruges by Colard Mansion, and that it was at Bruges, and in conjunction with Mansion, that Caxton learned the art of printing. His principal reasons for coming to this conclusion were: (1) That Caxton's stay in Cologne was only for six months, long enough for him to have finished the translation of the book, but too short a time in which to have printed it. (2) That the type in which it was printed was Colard Mansion's. (3) That the typographical features of the books printed in this type (No. 1) point to their having all of them come from the same printing office.

Caxton's own statement in the epilogue to the third book certainly appears to mean that during the course of the translation, in order to fulfil his promise of multiplying copies, he had learned to print. He might easily have done so in the six months during which he remained in Cologne, or during his stay in Ghent. That it was in Cologne rather

than elsewhere, is confirmed by the oft-quoted stanza added by Wynkyn de Worde as a colophon to the English edition of Bartholomæus de proprietatibus rerum.

'And also of your charyte call to remembraunce

The soule of William Caxton, the first prynter of this boke,

In laten tongue at Coleyn, hymself to avaunce

That every well-disposed man may thereon loke.'

Fig. 2.—Part of Caxton's Preface to the 'Recuyell of the Histories of Troye.' (Type 1.)

If any one should have known the true facts of [Pg 6] the case it was surely Caxton's own foreman, who almost certainly came over to England with him. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that type No. 1 is totally unlike any type that we know of as used by a Cologne printer, and, moreover, Caxton's methods of working, and his late adoption of spacing and signatures, point to his having learnt his art in a school of printing less advanced than that of Cologne. In the face of the statements of Caxton himself and Wynkyn de Worde, we seem bound to believe that Caxton did study printing at Cologne, but the inexpertness betrayed in his early books proves conclusively that his studies there did not extend very far. In any case it must have been with the help of Colard Mansion that he set up and printed the Recuyell, probably in 1472 or 1473. In addition to this book several others, printed in the same type, and having other typographical features in common with it, were printed in the next few years. These were:—

The Game and Playe of the Chess Moralised, translated by Caxton, a small folio of 74 leaves.

Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye, a folio of 120 leaves.

Les Fais et Prouesses du noble et vaillant chevalier Jason, a folio of 134 leaves, printed, it is believed, by Mansion, after Caxton's removal to England. And,

Meditacions sur le sept Psaulmes Penitenciaulx, a folio of 34 leaves, also ascribed to Mansion's press, about the year 1478.

About the latter half of 1476 Caxton must have left Bruges and come to England, leaving type No. 1 in the hands of Mansion, and bringing with him that picturesque secretary type, known as type 2. This, as Mr. Blades has undoubtedly proved, had already been used by Caxton and Mansion in printing at least two books: Les quatre derrenieres choses, notable from the method of working the red ink, a method found in no other book of Colard Mansion; and Propositio Johannis Russell, a tract of four leaves, containing Russell's speech at the investiture of the Duke of Burgundy with the order of the Garter in 1470.

Fig. 3.—Part of Caxton's Epilogue to the 'Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers.' (Type 2.)

On his arrival in England, Caxton settled in Westminster, within the precincts of the Abbey, at the sign of the Red Pale, and from thence, on November 18th 1477, he issued The Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers, the first book printed in England. It was a folio of 76 leaves, without title-page, foliation, catchwords or signatures, in this respect being identical with the books printed in conjunction with Mansion. Type 2, in which it was printed, was a very different fount to that which is seen in the Recuyell and its companion books. It was undoubtedly modelled on the large Gros Batarde type of Colard Mansion, and was in all probability cut by Mansion himself. The letters are [Pg 9] bold, and angular, with a close resemblance to the manuscripts of the time, the most notable being the lowercase 'w,' which is brought into prominence by large loops over the top. The 'h's' and 'l's' are also looped letters, the final 'm's' and 'n's' are finished with an angular stroke, and the only letter at all akin to those in type No. 1 is the final 'd,' which has the peculiar pump-handle finial seen in that fount. The Dictes and Sayinges is printed throughout in black ink, in long lines, twenty-nine to a page, with space left at the beginning of the chapters for the insertion of initial letters. It has no colophon, but at the end of the work is an Epilogue, which begins thus:—

'Here endeth the book named the dictes or sayengis | of the philosophers, enprynted, by me william | Caxton at Westmestre the yere of our lord ·M· | CCCC·LXXvij.'

Caxton followed *The Dictes and Sayinges* with an edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, a folio of 372 leaves. The size of the book makes it probable that it was put in hand simultaneously with its predecessor, and that the chief work of the poet, to whom Caxton paid more than one eloquent tribute, engaged his attention as soon as he set up his press in England. He also printed in the same type a *Sarum Ordinale*, known only by a fragment in the Bodleian, and a number of small quarto tracts, such as *The Moral Proverbs of Christyng*, which bears date the 20th of February; a Latin school-book called *Stans Puer ad Mensam*; two translations from the *Distichs of Dionysius Cato*, entitled respectively *Parvus Catho* and *Magnus Catho*, of which a second edition was speedily called for; Lydgate's fable of the *Chorl and the Bird*, a quarto of 10 leaves, which also soon went to a second edition; Chaucer's *Anelida and Arcite*, and two editions of Lydgate's *The Horse, the Sheep, and the Goose*.

During the first three years of Caxton's residence at Westminster he printed at least thirty books. In 1479 he recast type 2 (cited in its new form by Blades as type 2*), and this he continued to use until 1481. But about the same time he cast two other founts, Nos. 3 and 4. The first of these was a large black letter of Missal character, used chiefly for printing service books, but appearing in the books printed with type 2* for headlines. With it he printed *Cordiale*, or the *Four Last Things*, a folio of 78 leaves, the work being a translation by Earl Rivers of *Les Quatre Derrenieres Choses Advenir*, first printed in type 2 in the office of Colard Mansion. A second edition of *The Dictes and Sayinges* was also printed in this type, while to the year 1478 or 1479 must be ascribed the *Rhetorica Nova* of Friar Laurence of Savona, a folio of 124 leaves, long attributed to the press of Cambridge.

After 1479 Caxton began to space out his lines and to use signatures, customs that had been in vogue on the Continent for some years before he left. In 1480 he brought the new type 4 into use. This was modelled on type 2, but was much smaller, the body being most akin to modern English. Although its appearance was not so striking as that of the earlier fount, it was a much neater letter and more adapted to the printing of Indulgences, and it has been suggested that it was the arrival of John Lettou in London, and the neat look of his work, that induced Caxton to cut the fount in question. The most noticeable feature about it is the absence of the loop to the lowercase 'd,' so conspicuous a feature of the No. 2 type. With this type No. 4 he printed *Kendale's indulgence* and the first edition of *The Chronicles of England*, dated the 10th June 1480, a folio of 152 leaves. In the same year he printed with type 3 three service-books. Of one of these, the *Horæ*, William Blades found a few leaves, all that are known to exist, in the covers of a copy of *Boethius*, printed also by Caxton, which he discovered in a deplorable state from damp, in a cupboard of the St. Albans Grammar School. This was an uncut copy, in the original binding, and the covers yielded as many as fifty-six half sheets of printed matter, fragments of other books printed by Caxton. These proved the existence of three hitherto unknown examples of his press, the *Horæ* above noted, the *Ordinale*, and the *Indulgence of Pope Sixtus IV.*, the remaining fragments yielding leaves from the *History of Jason*, printed in type 2, the first edition of the *Chronicles*, the *Description of Britain*; the second edition of the *Dictes and Sayinges*, the *De Curia Sapientie*, *Cicero's De Senectute*, and the *Nativity of Our Lady*, printed in the recast of type 4, known as type 4*.

Fig. 4.—Caxton's earliest Woodcut. Headline in Type 3.

The first book printed by Caxton with illustrations was the third edition of *Parvus and Magnus Chato*, printed without date, but probably in 1481. It contained two woodcuts, one showing five pupils kneeling before their tutor. These illustrations were very poor specimens of the wood-cutter's art.

To this period also belongs *The History of Reynard the Fox* and the second edition of *The Game and Play of Chess*, printed with type 2*, and distinguished from the earlier edition by the eight woodcuts, some of which, according to the economical fashion of the day, were used more than once.

In type 4, Caxton printed (finishing it on the 20th November 1481) *The History of Godfrey of Bologne*; or, the *Conquest of Jerusalem*, a folio of 144 leaves. In the following year (1482) appeared the second edition of the *Chronicles*, and another work of the same kind, the compilation of Roger of Chester and Ralph Higden, called *Polychronicon*. This work John of Trevisa had translated into English prose, bringing it down to the year 1387. Caxton now added a further continuation to the year 1460, the only original work ever undertaken by him. Another English author whom Caxton printed at this time was John Gower, an edition in small folio (222 leaves in double columns) of whose *Confessio Amantis* was finished on the 2nd September 1483. In this we see the first use of type 4*, the two founts being found in one instance on the same page. The first edition of the *Golden Legend* also

belongs to 1483, being finished at Westminster on the 20th November. This was the largest book that Caxton printed, there being no less than 449 leaves in double columns, illustrated with as many as eighteen large and fifty-two small woodcuts. The text was in type 4*, the headlines, etc., in type 3. For the performance of this work Caxton received from the Earl of Arundel, to whom the book was dedicated, the gift of a buck in summer and a doe in winter, gifts probably exchanged for an annuity in money. Several copies of this book are still in existence, its large size serving as a safeguard against complete destruction, but none are perfect, most of them being made up from copies of the second edition. The insertions may be recognised by the type of the headlines, those in the second edition being in type 5. Other books printed in type 4* were Chaucer's *Book of Fame*, Chaucer's *Troilus*, the *Lyf of Our Ladye*, the *Life of Saint Winifred*, and the *History of King Arthur*, this last, finished on July 31, 1485, being almost as large a book as the *Golden Legend*.

Fig. 5.—From Caxton's '*Golden Legend*.' (Types 4* and 5.)

No work dated 1486 has been traced to Caxton's press, but in 1487 he brought into use type 5, a smaller form of the black letter fount known as No. 3, with which he sometimes used a set of Lombardic capitals. With this he printed, between 1487 and 1489, several important books, among them the *Royal Book*, a folio of 162 leaves, illustrated with six small illustrations, the *Book of Good Manners*, the first edition of the *Directorium Sacerdotum*, and the *Speculum Vitæ Christi*. During 1487 also he had printed for him at Paris an edition of the *Sarum Missal*, from the press of George Maynyal, the first book in which he used his well-known device. The second edition of the *Golden Legend* is believed to have been published in 1488, and to about the same time belongs the Indulgence which Henry Bradshaw discovered in the University Library, Cambridge, and which seems to have been struck off in a hurry on the nearest piece of blank paper, which happened to be the last page of a copy of the *Colloquium peccatoris et Crucifixi J. C.*, printed at Antwerp. This was not the only remarkable find which that master of the art of bibliography made in connection with Caxton. On a waste sheet of a copy of the *Fifteen Oes*, he noticed what appeared to be a set off of another book, and on closer inspection this turned out to be a page of a *Book of Hours*, of which no copy has ever been found. It appeared to have been printed in type 5, was surrounded by borders, and was no doubt the edition which Wynkyn de Worde reprinted in 1494.

In 1489 Caxton began to use another type known as No. 6, cast from the matrices of No. 2 and 2*, but a shade smaller, and easily distinguishable by the lowercase 'w,' which is entirely different in character from that used in the earlier fount. With this he printed on the 14th July 1489, the *Faytts of Armes and Chivalry*, and between that date and the day of his death three romances, the *Four Sons of Aymon*, *Blanchardin*, and *Eneydos*; the second editions of *Reynard the Fox*, the *Book of Courtesy*, the *Mirror of the World*, and the *Directorium Sacerdotum*, and the third edition of the *Dictes and Sayings*. To the same period belong the editions of the *Art and Craft to Know Well to Die*, the *Ars Moriendi*, and the *Vitas Patrum*.

But in addition to type 6, which Blades believed to be the last used by Caxton, there is evidence of his having possessed two other founts during the latter part of his life. With one of them, type No. 7 (see E. G. Duff, *Early English Printing*), somewhat resembling types Nos. 3 and 5, he printed two editions of the Indulgence of Johannes de Gigliis in 1489, and it was also used for the sidenotes to the *Speculum Vitæ Christi*, printed in 1494 by Wynkyn de Worde. Type No. 8 was also a black letter of the same character, smaller than No. 3, and distinguished from any other of Caxton's founts by the short, rounded, and tailless letter 'y' and the set of capitals with dots. He used it in the *Liber*[Pg 18] *Festivalis*, the *Ars Moriendi*, and the *Fifteen Oes*, his only extant book printed with borders, and it was afterwards used by Wynkyn de Worde.

Caxton died in the year 1491, after a long, busy, and useful life. His record is indeed a noble one. After spending the greater part of his life in following the trade to which he was apprenticed, with all its active and onerous duties, he, at the time of life when most men begin to think of rest and quiet, set to work to learn the art of printing books. Nor was he content with this, but he devoted all the time that he could spare to editing and translating for his press, and according to Wynkyn de Worde it was 'at the laste daye of his lyff' that he finished the version of the *Lives of the Fathers*, which De Worde issued in 1495. His work as an editor and translator shows him to have been a man of extensive reading, fairly acquainted with the French and Dutch languages, and to have possessed not only an earnest purpose, but with it a quiet sense of humour, that crops up like ore in a vein of rock in many of his prologues.

Fig. 6.—From Caxton's '*Fifteen Oes*.' (Type 6.)

Of his private life we know nothing, but the 'Mawde Caxston' who figures in the churchwarden's accounts of St. Margaret's is generally believed to have been his wife. His will has not yet been discovered, though it very likely exists among the uncalendared documents at Westminster Abbey, from which Mr. Scott has already gleaned a few records relating to him, though none of biographical interest. We know, however, from the parish accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, that he left to that church fifteen copies of the Golden Legend, twelve of which were sold at prices varying between 6s. 8d. and 5s. 4d.

Caxton used only one device, a simple square block with his initials W. C. cut upon it, and certain hieroglyphics said to stand for the figures 74, with a border at the top and bottom. It was probably of English workmanship, as those found in the books of foreign printers were much more finely cut. This block, which Caxton did not begin to use until 1487, afterwards passed to his successor, who made it the basis of several elaborate variations.

Upon the death of Caxton in 1491, his business came into the hands of his chief workman, Wynkyn de Worde. From the letters of naturalisation which this printer took out in 1496, we learn that he was a native of Lorraine. It was suggested by Herbert that he was one of Caxton's original workmen, and came with him to England, and this has recently been confirmed by the discovery of a document among the records at Westminster, proving that his wife rented a house from the Abbey as early as 1480. In any case there is little doubt that Wynkyn de Worde had been in intimate association with Caxton during the greater part of his career as a printer, and when Caxton died he seems to have taken over the whole business just as it stood, continuing to live at the Red Pale until 1500, and to use the types which Caxton had been using in his latest books. This fact led Blades to ascribe several books to Caxton which were probably not printed until after his death. These are *The Chastising of Gods Children*, *The Book of Courtesye*, and *the Treatise of Love*, printed with type No. 6; but, in addition to these, two other books, probably in the press at the time of Caxton's death, were issued from the Westminster office without a printer's name, but printed in a type resembling type 4*. These are an edition of the *Golden Legend* and the *Life of St. Catherine of Sienna*. Wynkyn de Worde's name is found for the first time in the *Liber Festivalis*, printed in 1493. In the following year was issued *Walter Hylton's Scala Perfectionis*, and a reprint of *Bonaventura's Speculum Vite Christi*, the sidenotes to which were printed in Caxton's type No. 7, which de Worde does not seem to have used in any other book. Besides this, there was the *Sarum Horæ*, no doubt a reprint of Caxton's edition now lost. He used for these books Caxton's type No. 8, with the tailless 'y' and the dotted capitals. Speaking of this type in his *Early Printed Books*, Mr. E. G. Duff points out its close resemblance to that used by the Paris printers P. Levet and Jean Higman in 1490, and argues that it was either obtained from them or from the type-cutter who cut their founts.

To the year 1495 belongs the *Vitas Patrum*, the book of which Caxton had finished the translation on the day of his death, and beside this, there were reprints of the *Polychronicon* and the *Directorium Sacerdotum*. The reprint of the *Boke of St. Albans*, which was issued in 1496, is noticeable as being printed in the type which De Worde obtained from Godfried van Os, the Gouda printer. This broad square set letter is not found in any other book of De Worde's, though he continued to use a set of initial letters which he obtained from the same printer for many years.

Among other books printed in 1496, were *Dives and Pauper*, a folio, and several quartos such as the *Abbey of the Holy Ghost*, the *Meditations of St. Bernard*, and the *Liber Festivalis*. In 1497 we find the *Chronicles of England*, and in 1498 an edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, a second edition of the *Morte d'Arthur*, and another of the *Golden Legend*, in fact nearly all De Worde's dated books up to 1500 were reprints of works issued by Caxton. But amongst the undated books we notice many new works, such as *Lydgate's Assembly of Gods*, and *Sege of Thebes*, *Skelton's Bowghe of Court*, *The Three Kings of Cologne*, and several school books. In 1499 De Worde printed the *Liber Equivocorum* of Joannes de Garlandia, using for it a very small Black Letter making nine and a half lines to the inch, probably obtained from Paris. This type was generally kept for scholastic books, and in addition to the book above noted, Wynkyn de Worde printed with it, in the same year or the year following, an *Ortus Vocabulorum*. From the time when he succeeded to Caxton's business down to the year 1500, in which he left Westminster and settled in Fleet Street, De Worde printed at least a hundred books, the bulk of them undated.

As will be seen, several printers from the Low Countries seem to have come to England soon after Caxton. The year after he settled at Westminster, a book was printed at Oxford without printer's name, and with a misprint of the date, that has set bibliographers by the ears ever since. This book was the *Exposicio sancti Jeromini us simbolum apostolorum*, and the colophon ran, 'Impressa Oxonie et finita anno domini M.cccc.lxviij., xvij. die decembris.' The facts that two other books that are dated 1479 (the *Aegidius de originali peccato* and *Sextus ethicorum Aristotelis*) have many points in common with the *Exposicio*, that the *Exposicio* has been found bound with other books of

1478, and that the dropping of an x from the date in a colophon is not an uncommon misprint, have led to the conclusion that the *Exposicio* was printed in 1478 and not 1468. The printer of these first Oxford books is believed to have been Theodoric Rood of Cologne, whose name appeared in the colophon to the *De Anima* of Aristotle, printed at Oxford in 1481. This was followed in 1482 by a *Commentary* on the Lamentation of Jeremiah, by John Lattebury, and later editions of these two books are distinguished by a handsome woodcut border printed round the first page of the text.

About 1483 Rood took as a partner Thomas Hunt, a stationer of Oxford, and together they issued John Anwykyll's *Latin Grammar*, together with the *Vulgaria Terencii*, Richard Rolle of Hampole's *Explanaciones super lectiones beati Job*, a sermon of Augustine's, of which the only known copy is in the British Museum, a collection of treatises upon logic, one of which is by Roger Swyneshede, the first edition of Lyndewode's *Provincial Constitutions* (a large folio of 366 leaves with a woodcut, the earliest example found in any Oxford book), and the *Epistles* of Phalaris, with a lengthy colophon in Latin verse. The last book to appear from the press was the *Liber Festivalis* by John Mirk, a folio of 174 leaves, containing eleven large woodcuts and five smaller ones, apparently meant for an edition of the *Golden Legend*, as they were cut down to fit the *Festial*. After the appearance of this book, printing at Oxford suddenly ceased, and it has been surmised that Theodoric Rood returned to Cologne. Altogether the Oxford press lasted for eight years, and fifteen books remain to testify to its activity. In these, three founts of type were used, the first two having all the characteristics of the Cologne printers, while the third shows the influence of Rood's residence in England. A full account of these will be found in Mr. Falconer Madan's admirable work *The Early Oxford Press*.

The St. Albans Press started in 1479. Only eight books are known with this imprint, not all of them perfect, none give the name of the printer, and only one has a device. Most of them are scholastic books, printed for the use of the Grammar School. These included the *Augustini Dati elegancie*, a quarto, dated 1480, the *Rhetorica Nova*, which Caxton was printing at Westminster at the same time, and *Antonius Andreæ super Logica Aristotelis*. But in addition to these, two other notable works came from this press, the *Chronicles of England* and the *Book of St. Albans*.

Out of the four types which are found in these books, two at least were Caxton's type No. 2 and type No. 3. There was plainly some connection between the two offices, and as it was a frequent custom for monasteries to subsidize printers to print their service books, it seems possible that Caxton may have had some hand in establishing this press, and that it was for St. Albans Abbey that he cast type No. 3, which (putting aside its subordinate employment for headlines) we find used exclusively for service books.

Three years after Caxton had settled at Westminster, viz. in 1480, an Indulgence was issued by John Kendale, asking for aid against the Turks. Caxton printed some copies of this, and others are found in a small neat type, and are ascribed to the press of John Lettou. Lettou is an old form of Lithuania, but whether John Lettou came from Lithuania is not known.

In this same year 1480, Lettou published the *Quæstiones Antonii Andreæ super duodecim libros metaphysicæ Aristotelis*, a small folio of 106 leaves, printed in double columns, of which only one perfect copy is known, that in the Library of Sion College. The type is small, and remarkable from its numerous abbreviations. Mr. E. G. Duff in his *Early Printed Books*, p. 161, speaks of its great resemblance to those of Matthias Moravus, a Naples printer, and suggests a common origin for their types. In his *Early English Printing*, on the other hand, he writes: 'There are very strong reasons for believing that he [Lettou] is the same person as the Johannes Bremer, alias Bulle, who is mentioned by Hain as having printed two books at Rome in 1478 and 1479. The type which this printer used is identical (with the exception of one of the capital letters) with that used in the books printed by John Lettou in London.'

A few years later Lettou was joined by William de Machlinia. They were chiefly associated in printing law-books, but whether they had any patent from the king cannot be discovered. Only one of the five books they are known to have printed, the *Tenores Novelli*, has any colophon, and none of them has any date. The address they gave was '*juxta ecclesiam omnium sanctorum*,' but as there were several churches so dedicated, the locality cannot be fixed.

We next find Machlinia working alone, but out of the twenty-two books or editions that have been traced to his press, only four contain his name, and none have a date. All we can say is that he printed from two addresses, 'in

Holborn,' and 'By Flete-brigge.' Mr. Duff inclines to the opinion that the 'Flete-brigge' is the earlier, but it seems almost hopeless to attempt to place these books in any chronological order from their typographical peculiarities.

In the Fleet-Bridge type are two books by Albertus Magnus, the *Liber aggregationis* and the *De Secretis Mulierum*. The type is of a black letter character, not unlike that in which the *Nova Statuta* were printed, and is distinguishable by the peculiar shape of the capital M. In the same type we find the *Revelation of St. Nicholas* to a Monk of Evesham, a reprint of the *Tenores Novelli*, and some fragments of a *Sarum Horæ* found in old bindings; a woodcut border was used in some parts of it. Besides these Machlinia printed an edition of the *Vulgaria Terentii*.

A larger number of books is found in the Holborn types, the most important being the *Chronicles of England*, of which only one perfect copy is known.

The *Speculum Christiani* is interesting as containing specimens of early poetry, and The *Treatise on the Pestilence*, of Kamitus or Canutus, bishop of Aarhus, ran to three editions, one of which contains a title-page, and was therefore presumably printed late in Machlinia's career, i.e. about 1490.

In addition to these, there were three law-books, the *Statutes of Richard III.*, and several theological and scholastic works. One of the founts of type used by Machlinia is of peculiar interest, by reason of its close resemblance to Caxton's type No. 2*, and its still greater similarity to the type used by Jean Brito of Bruges.

Machlinia's business seems to have been taken over by Richard Pynson. There is no direct evidence of this, but like Machlinia he took up the business of printing law-books (being the first printer in this country to receive a royal patent); he is found using a woodcut border used in Machlinia's *Horæ*; and, in addition to this, waste from Machlinia books has been found in Pynson bindings. Richard Pynson was a native of Normandy. He had business relations with Le Talleur, a printer of Rouen. His methods also were those of Rouen, rather than of any English master. Wherever he came from, Richard Pynson was the finest printer this country had yet seen, and no one, until the appearance of John Day, approached him in excellence of work.

Fig. 7.—Pynson's Mark.

The earliest examples of his press appear to be a fragment of a *Donatus* in the Bodleian and the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer. The type he used for these was a bold, unevenly cast fount of black letter, somewhat resembling that used by Machlinia at Fleet Bridge. The Chaucer, however, contained a second fount of small sloping Gothic.

The first book of Pynson found with a date is a *Doctrinale*, printed in November 1492, now in the John Rylands Library. This was followed by the *Dialogue of Dives and Pauper*, printed in 1493 with a new type, distinguishable by the sharp angular finish to the letter 'h.' Several quartos without date were printed in the same type.

>From this time till 1500, the majority of his books were printed in the small type of the Chaucer.

Another printer who worked at this time was Julian Notary. He was associated in the production of books with Jean Barbier, and another whose initials, J. H., are believed to be those of J. Huvin, a printer of Paris. They established themselves in London at the sign of St. Thomas the Apostle, and their most important book was the *Questiones Alberti de modis significandi*, which they followed up in 1497 with an octavo edition of the *Horæ ad usum Sarum*. In 1498 Barbier and Notary removed to King Street, Westminster, where they printed in folio a *Missale ad usum Sarum*. Soon afterwards Notary was printing by himself, his partner, Barbier, having returned to France. Two quartos, the *Liber Festivalis* and *Quattuor Sermones*, are all that can be traced to his press in 1499, and a small edition of the *Horæ ad usum Sarum* is the sole record of this work in 1500.

CHAPTER II

FROM 1500 TO THE DEATH OF WYNKYN DE WORDE

In the year 1500 Wynkyn de Worde moved from Westminster to the 'Sunne' in Fleet Street. His business had probably outgrown the limited accommodation of the 'Red Pale,' and the change brought him nearer the heart of the bookselling trade then, and for many years after, seated in St. Paul's Churchyard and Fleet Street. He carried with

him the black letter type with which he had printed the *Liber Festivalis* in 1496, and continued to use it until 1508 or 1509, when he seems to have sold it to a printer in York, Hugo Goes. He brought with him also the scholastic type in use in 1499.

Besides these, we find, e.g. in the 1512 reprint of the *Golden Legend*, two other founts of black letter. The larger of the two seems to have been introduced about 1503, to print a *Sarum Horæ*. The smaller fount came into use a few years later. It was somewhat larger, less angular, and much more English in character, than that which the [Pg 32] printer had brought with him from Westminster. The bulk of Wynkyn de Worde's books to the day of his death were printed with these types. They were, doubtless, recast from time to time, but a close examination fails to detect any difference in size or form during the whole period.

De Worde first began to use Roman type in 1520 for his scholastic books, but he does not seem ever to have made any general use of it, remaining faithful to English black letter to the end of his days. The only exceptions are the educational books, which he invariably printed, as in fact did all the other printers of the period, in a miniature fount of gothic of a kind very popular on the Continent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, being used by the French and Italian printers as well as those of the Low Countries. De Worde's, however, was an exceptionally small fount. Those most generally in use averaged eight full lines of a quarto page, set close, to the inch, whereas De Worde's averaged nine lines to the inch. But in 1513 he procured another fount of this type, in which he printed the *Flowers of Ovid*, quarto, and in this the letters are of English character, as may be seen particularly in the lowercase 'h.' This fount, which was slightly larger, averaging only eight lines to the inch, he does not seem to have used very frequently. As Julian Notary printed the *Sermones Discipuli* in 1510, in the same type, it may have been lent by one printer to the other. In or about 1533 De Worde introduced the italic letter into some of his scholastic books, and in Colet's *Grammar*, which was amongst the last books he printed, we find it in combination with English black letter, the small 'grammar type,' and Roman.

In these various types, between the beginning of the century and his death in 1534, Wynkyn de Worde printed upwards of five hundred books which have come down to us, complete or in fragments. Thanks to the indefatigable energy of Mr. Gordon Duff, we possess now a very full record of his books, enabling us not only to estimate his merit as a printer, but to see at a glance how consistently as a publisher he maintained the entirely popular character which Caxton had given to his press.

As regards books which required a considerable outlay, he was far less adventurous than Caxton, his large folios being confined almost entirely to those in which his master had led the way, such as the *Golden Legend*, of which he issued several editions, the *Speculum Vitæ Christi*, the *Morte d'Arthur*, *Canterbury Tales*, *Polychronicon*, and *Chronicles of England*. The *Vitas Patrum* of 1495 he could hardly help printing, as Caxton had laboured on its translation in the last year of his life, and it may have been respect for Caxton also which led to the publication of his finest book, the really splendid edition of Bartholomæus' *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, issued towards the close of the fifteenth century, from the colophon of which I have already quoted the lines referring to Caxton's having worked at a Latin edition of it at Cologne. The *Book of St. Albans* was another reprint to which the probable connection of the Westminster and St. Albans presses gave a Caxton flavour; and when we have enumerated these and the *Dives and Pauper*, produced apparently out of rivalry with Pynson in 1496, and a few devotional books such as the *Orcharde of Syon* and the *Flour of the Commandments of God*, to which this form was given, very few Wynkyn de Worde folios remain unmentioned.

But to one book in folio, Wynkyn de Worde printed some five-and-twenty in quarto, eschewing as a rule smaller forms, though now and again we find a *Horæ*, or a *Manipulus Curatorum*, or a *Book of Good Manners for Children* in eights or twelves.

He was in fact a popular printer who issued small works in a cheap form, and without, it must be added, greatly concerning himself as to their appearance. Popular books of devotion or of a moral character figure most largely among the books he printed; but students of our older literature owe him gratitude for having preserved in their later forms many old romances, and also a few plays, and he published every class of book, including many educational works, for which a ready sale was assured. The majority of these books were illustrated, if only with a cut on the title-page of a schoolmaster with a birch-rod, or a knight on horseback who did duty for many heroes in succession. When the illustrations were more profuse, they were too often produced from worn blocks, purchased from French

publishers, or rudely copied from French originals, and used again and again without a thought as to their relevance to the text. It must also be owned that many of Wynkyn de Worde's cheap books are badly set up and badly printed, and that altogether his reputation stands rather higher than his work as a printer really deserves. But he printed some fine books, and rescued many popular works from destruction, and we need not grudge him the honour he has received—an honour amply witnessed by the high prices fetched by books from his press whenever they come into the market.

Fig. 9.—De Worde's 'Sagittarius' Device.

There was no originality about Wynkyn de Worde's devices, of which he used no fewer than sixteen different varieties. The most familiar, as it was the earliest of these, was Caxton's, and next to this must be placed what is usually described as the Sagittarius device. There were two forms of this, a square and an oblong. It consisted of three divisions, the upper part containing the sun and stars, the centre, the Caxton device, and the lower part, a ribbon with his name, with a dog on one side and an archer on the other. There are three distinct stages of this device, that used between 1506-1518 being replaced in 1519, and again in 1528. This last is distinguished by having only ten small stars to the left of the sun and ten to the right, whereas the two preceding had eleven stars to the left of the sun and nine to the right. The oblong block had the moon added in the top compartment, and in the bottom division the sagittarius and dog are reversed. This block continued in use from 1507 to 1529, and the stages in its dilapidation are useful in dating the books in which it occurs. Besides these, and some smaller forms, Wynkyn de Worde used a large architectural device, sometimes enclosed with a border of four pieces, the upper and lower of which seem to have afterwards come into the possession of John Skot.

Wynkyn de Worde died in 1534, his will being proved on the 19th January 1535. His executors were John Byddell, who succeeded to his business, and James Gaver, while three other London stationers, Henry Pepwell, John Gough, and Robert Copland were made overseers of it, and received legacies.

Julian Notary remained at Westminster two years after the departure of Wynkyn de Worde, when he too flitted eastwards, settling at the sign of the Three Kings without Temple Bar, probably to be nearer De Worde. He combined with his trade of printer that of bookbinder, and probably bound as well as printed many books for Wynkyn de Worde. His printing lay principally in the direction of service books for the church, but he printed both the Golden Legend and the Chronicle of England in folio, one or two lives of saints, and a few small tracts of lighter vein, such as 'How John Splynter made his testament,' and 'How a serjeaunt wolde lerne to be a frere,' both in quarto without date.

In the Golden Legend of 1503 and the Chronicles of England of 1515, the black letter type used was identical in character with that of Wynkyn de Worde.

No book is found printed by Notary between the years 1510 and 1515. In the former year he appears to have had a house in St. Paul's Churchyard, as well as the Three Kings without Temple Bar. In 1515 he speaks only of the sign of St. Mark in St. Paul's Churchyard, and three years later this is altered to the sign of the Three Kings. It is just conceivable that this last was a misprint, or that the St. Mark was a temporary office used only while the Three Kings was under repair.

In 1507 Notary exchanged the simple merchant's mark that had hitherto served him as a device for one of a more elaborate character. This took the form of a helmet over a shield with his mark upon it, with decorative border, and below all his name. From this a still larger block was made in the same year, and this was strongly French in character. It showed the smaller block affixed to a tree with bird and flowers all round it, and two fabulous creatures on either side of the base. The initials 'J. N.' are seen at the top. This he sometimes used as a frontispiece, substituting for the centre piece a block of a different character.

Richard Pynson also changed his address shortly after Wynkyn de Worde, moving from outside Temple Bar to the George in Fleet Street, next to St. Dunstan's Church. He also appears to have entirely given up the use of Gothic type in favour of English black letter about this time. It is not easy to form a conjecture as to the motive which led to the abandonment of this type, and it is impossible to regard the step without regret. Even in its rudest forms it was a striking type; in the hands of a man like Pynson it was far more effective than the black letter which took its place. With regard to this latter, there seems reason to believe, from the great similarity both in size and form of the fount

in use by De Worde, Notary, and Pynson at this time, that it was obtained by all the printers from one common foundry. Nor is it only the letters which lead to this conclusion, but the common use of the same ornaments points in the same direction. The only difference between the black letter in use by Pynson in the first years of the sixteenth century and that of his contemporaries, is the occurrence of a lower case 'w' of a different fount.

In 1509 Pynson is believed to have introduced Roman type into England, using it with his scholastic type to print the *Sermo Fratris Hieronymi de Ferraria*. In the same year he also issued a very fine edition of Alexander Barclay's translation of Brandt's *Shyp of Folys of the Worlde*. In this, the Latin original and the English translation are set side by side. The book was printed in folio in two founts, one of Roman and one of black letter. It was profusely illustrated with woodcuts copied from those in the German edition.

About 1510 Pynson became the royal printer in the place of W. Faques, and continued to hold the post until his death. At first he received a salary of 40s. per annum (see L. and P. H. 8, vol. 1, p. 364), but this was afterwards increased to £4 per annum (L. and P. H. 8, vol. 2, p. 875). In this capacity he printed numbers of Proclamations, numerous Year-books, and all the Statutes, and received large sums of money. In 1513 he printed *The Sege and Dystrucyon of Troye*, of which several copies (some of them on vellum) are still in existence. Other books of which he printed copies on vellum are the *Sarum Missal* of 1520, and *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum* of 1521.

Besides these and his official work, Pynson printed numbers of useful books in all classes of literature. The works of Chaucer and Skelton and Lydgate, the history of Froissart and the *Chronicle of St. Albans*; books such as *Æsop's Fables* and *Reynard the Fox*, romances such as *Sir Bevis of Hampton* are scattered freely amongst works of a more learned character. On the whole he deserves a much higher place than De Worde. It is rare, indeed, to find a carelessly printed book of Pynson's, whilst such books as the *Boccaccio* of 1494, the *Missal* printed in 1500 at the expense of Cardinal Morton, and known as the *Morton Missal*, and the *Intrationum excellentissimus liber* of 1510 are certainly the finest specimens of typographical art which had been produced in this country.

Fig. 10.—Richard Pynson's Device.

Pynson's earliest device, as Mr. Duff has noted, resembled in many ways that of Le Talleur, and consisted of his initials cut on wood. In 1496 he used two new forms. One shows his mark upon a shield surmounted by a helmet with a bird above it. Beneath is his name upon a ribbon, and the whole is enclosed in a border of animals, birds, and flowers. The other was a metal block of much the same character, having the shield with his mark, and as supporters two naked figures. The border, which was separate and in one piece, had crowned figures in it and a ribbon. The bottom portion of this border began to give way about 1500, was very much out of shape in 1503, and finally broke entirely in 1513. This border was sometimes placed the wrong way up, as in the British Museum copy of *Mandeville's* [Pg 43] *Ways to Jerusalem* (G. 6713). It was succeeded by a woodcut block of a much larger form, which may be seen in the *Mirrore of Good Manners* (s.a., fol.). The block itself measures 5-5/8" x 3-5/8" and has no border. The initials print black on a white ground. The figures supporting the shield have a much better pose, and those of the king and queen differ materially. The bird on the shield is much larger, and is more like a stork or heron.

Pynson died in the year 1529, while passing through the press *L'Esclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse*, which was finished by his executor John Hawkins, of whom nothing else is definitely known.

Whilst these three printers had been at work, many other stationers, booksellers, and printers had settled in London. They seem to have favoured St. Paul's Churchyard and Fleet Street; but they were also scattered over various parts of the city and outlying districts, even as far west as the suburb of Charing.

In 1518, Henry Pepwell settled at the sign of the Trinity in St. Paul's Churchyard, and used the device previously belonging to Jacobi and Pelgrim, two stationers who imported books printed by Wolfgang and Hopyl. His books fall into two classes—those printed between 1518-1523, and those between 1531-1539. The first were printed entirely in a black-letter fount [Pg 44] that appears to have belonged to Pynson. The second series were printed entirely in Roman letter. A copy of his earliest book, the *Castle of Pleasure*, 4to, 1518, is in the British Museum, as well as the *Dietary of Ghostly Helthe*, 4to, 1521; *Exornatorium Curatorum*, 4to, n.d.; *Du Castel's Citty of Ladyes*, 4to, 1521. His edition of *Christiani hominis Institutum*, 4to, 1520, is only known from a fragment in the Bodleian. Several books have been ascribed wrongly to this printer (Duff, *Bibliographica*, vol. i. pp. 93, 175, 499).

Fig. 11.—William Faques' Device.

In the year 1504, a printer named William Faques had settled in Abchurch Lane. He was a Norman by birth, and Ames suggested that he learnt his art with John Le Bourgeois at Rouen, but this is unconfirmed. He styled himself the king's printer. Of his books only some eight are in existence, three with the date 1504, and the remainder undated. His workmanship was excellent. The Psalterium which he printed in octavo was in a large well cut English black letter, and each page was surrounded by a chain border. The Statutes of Henry VII. are also in the same type with the same ornament, but the Omelia Origenis, one of the undated books, is in the small foreign letter so much in vogue with the printers of this time. His device has the double merit of beauty and originality. It consisted of two triangles intersected with his initials in the centre and the word 'Guillam' beneath. His subsequent career is totally unknown, but his type, ornaments, etc., passed into the hands of Richard Fawkes or Faques, who printed at the sign of the Maiden's Head, in St. Paul's Churchyard, in the year 1509, Guillaume de Saliceto's *Salus corporis Salus anime*, in folio. Not only is the type used in this identical with that in the Psalterium of William Faques, but the chain ornament is also found in it. After this we find no other dated book by Richard Faques until 1523, when he printed Skelton's *Goodly Garland* in quarto, in three founts of black letter, and a fount of Roman, and a great primer for titles. Amongst his undated works is a copy of the *Liber Festivalis*, believed to have been printed in 1510, and an *Horæ ad usum Sarum* printed for him in Paris by J. Bignon. During the interval he had moved from the Maiden's Head in St. Paul's Churchyard to another house in the same locality, with the sign of the A. B. C, and he also had a second printing office in Durham Rents, without Temple Bar, that is in some house adjacent to Durham House in the Strand. The earliest extant printed ballad was issued by Richard Faques, the *Ballad of the Scottish King*, of which the only known copy is in the British Museum, and amongst his undated books is one which he printed for Robert Wyer, the Charing Cross printer, under the title of *De Cursione Lunæ*. It was printed with the Gothic type, and the blocks were supplied by Wyer. Richard Faques' device was a copy of that of the Paris bookseller Thielmann Kerver, with an arrow substituted for the tree, and the design on the shield altered. The custom of adapting other men's devices was very common, and is one of the many evidences of dearth of originality on the part of the early English printers.

Fig. 12.—Richard Faques' Device.

The latest date found in the books of this printer is 1530.

Another prominent figure in the early years of the sixteenth century was that of Robert Copland. He was a man of considerable ability, a good French scholar, and a writer of mediocre verse. Apart from this, he was also, in the truest sense of the word, a book lover, and used his influence to produce books that were likely to be useful, or such as were worth reading. In the prologue to the *Kalendar of Shepherdes*, which Wynkyn de Worde printed in 1508, he described himself as servant to that printer. This has been taken to mean that he was one of De Worde's apprentices. But in 1514, if not earlier, he had started in business for himself as a stationer and printer, at the sign of the *Rose Garland* in Fleet Street. Very few of the books that he printed now exist, and this, taken in conjunction with the fact that he translated and wrote prologues for so many books printed by De Worde, has led all writers upon early English printing to conclude that he was an odd man about De Worde's office, and that he was in fact subsidised by that printer. There is evidence, however, that many of the books printed by De Worde, that have prologues by Robert Copland, were first printed by him, and that in others he had a share in the copies.

Fig. 13.—Robert Copland's Device.

In the British Museum copy of the *Dyeynge Creature*, printed by De Worde in 1514, it is noticeable that on the last leaf is the mark or device of Robert Copland, not that of the printer, while in the copy now in the University Library, Cambridge, De Worde's device is on the last leaf.

This would appear to indicate that both printers were associated in the venture, though the work actually passed through De Worde's press, and that those copies which Copland took and paid for were distinguished by his device. Again, in several of these books, found with De Worde's colophons, Copland speaks of himself as the 'printer,' or 'the buke printer,' and the inference is that they were reprints of books which Copland had previously printed. Indeed in one instance the evidence is still stronger. In 1518, Henry Pepwell printed at the sign of the Trinity the *Castell of Pleasure*. The prologue to this takes the form of a dialogue in verse between Copland and the author, of which the following lines are the most important:—

'Emprynt this boke, Copland, at my request

And put it forth to every maner state.'

To which Copland replies:—

'At your instaunce I shall it gladly impresse

But the utterance, I thynke, will be but small

Bokes be not set by: there tymes is past, I gesse;

The dyse and cardes, in drynkyng wyne and ale,

Tables, cayles, and balles, they be now sette a sale

Men lete theyr chyldren use all such harlotry

That byenge of bokes they utterly deny.'

If this means anything, it is impossible to avoid the inference that Robert Copland printed the first edition of this book. Amongst others that he was in some way interested in may be noticed a curious book by Alexander Barclay, *Of the Introductory to write French*, fol., 1521, of which there is a copy in the Bodleian; *The Mirrour of the Church*, 4to, 1521, a devotional work, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, with a variety of curious woodcuts; the *Rutter of the Sea*, the first English book on navigation, translated from *Le Grande Routier* of Pierre Garcie; Chaucer's *Assemble of Foules* and the *Questionary of Cyrurgyens*, printed by Robert Wyer in 1541.

Copland was also the author, and without doubt the printer, of two humorous poems that are amongst the earliest known specimens of this kind of writing. The one called *The Hye Way to the Spyttell hous* took the form of a dialogue between Copland and the porter of St. Bartholomew's, and turns upon the various kinds of beggars and impostors, with a running commentary upon the vices and follies that bring men to poverty. *Iyll of Brentford*, the second of these compositions, is a somewhat different production. It recounts the legacies left by a certain lady, but the humour, though to the taste of the times, was excessively broad.

In 1542 Dr. Andrew Borde spoke of his *Introduction of Knowledge* as printing at 'old Robert Copland's, the eldest printer in England.' Whether he meant the oldest in point of age or in his craft is not clear; but it may well be that, seeing that De Worde, Pynson, and the two Faques were dead, this printing house was the oldest then in London.

John Rastell also began to print about the year 1514. He is believed to have been educated at Oxford, and was trained for the law. In addition to his legal business, he translated and compiled many law-books, the most notable being the *Great Abridgement of the Statutes*. This book he printed himself, and it is certainly one of the finest examples of sixteenth century printing to be found. The work was divided into three parts, each of which consisted of more than two hundred large folio pages. When it is remembered that the method of printing books at this period was slow, at the most only two folio pages being printed at a pull, the time and capital employed upon the production of this book must have been very great. The type was the small secretary in use at Rouen, and it is just possible the book was printed there and not in England.

John Rastell's first printing office in London was on the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard. William Bonham, the stationer with whom Rastell was afterwards associated, had some premises there, and as late as the seventeenth century there was a house in Sermon Lane, known as the Mermaid, and it may be that in one or other of these Rastell printed the undated edition of Linacre's *Grammar*, which bears the address, 'ye sowth side of paulys.' But in 1520 he moved to 'the Mermayd at Powlys gate next to chepe syde.' There he printed *The Pastyme of People*, and Sir Thomas More's *Supplicacyon of Souls*, besides several interludes and two remarkable jest-books, *The Twelve mery gestys of one called Edith* and *A Hundred Mery Talys*. The last named became one of the most popular books of the time, but only one perfect copy of it is now known, and that, alas! is not in this country. Rastell was brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More, and up to the year 1530 a zealous Roman Catholic. So strong were his religious

opinions that in that year he wrote and printed a defence of the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, under the title of the *New Boke of Purgatory*. This was answered by John Frith, the Reformer, who is credited with having achieved John Rastell's conversion. By whatever means the change was brought about, John Rastell did soon afterwards become a Protestant; but the change in his belief made him many enemies. He was arrested for his opinions, and if he did not die in prison, he was in prison just before his death, which took place in 1536. During the last sixteen years of his life he does not appear to have paid much attention to his business. A document now in the Record Office shows that he was in the habit of locking up his printing office in Cheapside, and going down into the country for months at a time. But a part of the premises he sublet, and this was occupied for various periods by several stationers—William Bonham, Thomas Kele, John Heron, and John Gough, being particularly named. Like all his predecessors, he dropped the use of the secretary type in favour of black letter, and his books, as specimens of printing, greatly deteriorated. Dibdin, in his reprint of *The Pastyme of the People*, was very severe upon the careless printing of the original, but it is more than likely that it was the work of one of Rastell's apprentices, rather than his own. Amongst those whom he employed we find the names of William Mayhewes, of whom nothing is known; Leonard Andrewe, who may have been a relative of Laurence Andrewe, another English printer; and one Guerin, a Norman. John Rastell left two sons, William and John. The former became a printer during his father's lifetime and succeeded him in business, but his work lies outside the scope of the present chapter. The same remark applies to William Bonham.

John Gough began his career as a bookseller in Fleet Street in 1526. In 1528 he was suspected of dealing in prohibited books (see *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*, vol. iv. pt. ii. art. 4004), but managed to clear himself. In 1532 he moved to the 'Mermaid' in Cheapside, and in the same year Wynkyn de Worde printed two books for him concerning the coronation of Anne Boleyn. In 1536, whilst still living there, he issued a very creditable *Salisbury Primer*. He calls himself the printer of this, but it is extremely doubtful if this can be taken to mean anything more than that he found the capital, and, perhaps, the material with which it was printed. Wynkyn de Worde appointed John Gough one of the overseers of his will. Of his subsequent career more will be said at a later period.

Another of the printers who worked for Wynkyn de Worde during the latter part of his life was John Skot. In 1521, when we first meet with him, he was living in St. Sepulchre's parish, without Newgate. In that year he printed the *Body of Policie* and the *Justyces of Peas*, and in 1522 *The Myrroure of Gold*; amongst his undated books are, *Jacob and his xii sons*, *Carta Feodi simplicis*, and the *Book of Maid Emlyn*, all these being in quarto. His next dated book appeared in 1528, with the colophon 'in Paule's Churchyard,' and here he appears to have remained for some years. He is next found in Fauster Lane, St. Leonard's parish, where he printed, amongst other books, the ballad of *The Nut Browne Maid*. He also appears to have been at George Alley Gate, St. Botolph's parish, where he printed, but without date, *Stanbridge's Accidence*. His devices were three in number, and several of his border pieces were obtained from Wynkyn de Worde.

Richard Bankes began business at the long shop in the Poultry, next to St. Mildred's church, and six doors from the Stockes or Stocks Market, which at that time stood on the present site of the Mansion House. In 1523 he printed a very curious tract with the following title:—

'Here begynneth a lytell newe treatyse or mater intytuled and called The ix. Drunkardes, which tratythe of dyuerse and goodly storyes ryght plesaunte and frutefull for all parsones to pastyme with.'

It was printed in octavo, black letter, and the only known copy is in the Douce collection at the Bodleian. Another equally rare piece of Bankes' printing was the old English romance [Pg 56] of *Sir Eglamour*, known only by a fragment of four leaves in the possession of Mr. Jenkinson of the University Library, Cambridge. This was also somewhat roughly printed in black letter. In 1525 he printed a medical tract called the *Seynge of Uryns*, in quarto, and three years later was associated with Robert Copland in the production of the *Rutter of the Sea*. He also issued from this address *A Herball*, and another popular medical work called the *Treasure of Pore Men*. Bankes is, however, best known as the printer of the works of Richard Taverner, the Reformer, but this was later, and will be noticed when we come to them.

Peter Treveris, or Peter of Treves, was working at the sign of the Wodows, in Southwark, between the years 1521 and 1533. He used as his device the 'wild men,' first seen in the device of the Paris printer, P. Pigouchet. The fact of his printing the *Opusculum Insolubilium*, to be sold at Oxford 'apud J. T.', that is probably for John Thome the bookseller, points to his being at work about the year 1520. In 1521 he is believed to have issued an edition of

Arnold's Chronicles, translated by Laurence Andrewe. Two other books of his printing were the Handy Worke of Surgery, in folio, 1525, a book notable for the many anatomical diagrams with which it was illustrated, and as a companion to that work, The Great Herball Treveris also shared with[Pg 57] Wynkyn de Worde most of the printing of Richard Whittington's scholastic works, all in quarto, and mostly without date.

Laurence Andrewe, who lived for some years at Calais, translated one or more books for John van Doesborch, the Antwerp printer, set up a press in London about 1527, and printed a second edition of the Handy Worke of Surgery, above noticed, a tract called The Debate and Strife betwene Somer and Winter, to be sold by Robert Wyer at Charing Cross; The destillacyon of Waters, in 1527; and a reprint of Caxton's edition of the Mirroure of the Worlde, in folios, 1527. His printing calls for no special notice, but Mr. Proctor, in his monograph on Doesborgh, surmises that he learnt his art in an English printing house rather than abroad, and the presence of a Leonarde Andrewe in the service of John Rastell may mean that the two men were related and were both pupils of the same master.

Turning now westwards, we find 'in the Bishop of Norwiche's Rentes in the felde besyde Charynge Cross,' that is near the present Villier Street, a printer named Robert Wyer, the sign of whose house was that of St. John the Evangelist. There are several early references to the house as that of a bookseller's, but without any name mentioned. For instance, Richard Pynson printed, without date, an edition of the curious tract of Solomon and Marcolphus, to be sold at[Pg 58] the sign of St. John the Evangelist beside Charing Cross; the Debate between Somer and Winter, printed by Laurence Andrewe, has the same colophon, and the De Cursione Lune, from the press of Richard Faques, has the same words, but not Wyer's name. His first dated book was the Golden Pystle, printed in 1531. It was printed in a small secretary of Parisian character. His great primer, for which he has been especially noted by some bibliographers, was very probably that used by Richard Faques. He had also a number of woodcut face initials similar to those used by Wynkyn de Worde, and many of the small blocks found in his books were copies of those belonging to Antoine Verard, the famous Paris publisher.

Fig. 14.—Robert Wyer's Device.

Robert Wyer was essentially a popular printer. Many of his publications were mere tracts of a few leaves, abridgments of larger works, and the subjects which they chiefly treated were theology and medicine. Unfortunately, the great bulk of his work bears no date, but several circumstances in his career, coupled with internal evidence gathered from the books themselves, enable us to get very near their date of issue. Like his contemporaries he abandoned the secretary type in favour of black letter, but neither so readily nor so entirely as they did. His first black letter, in use before 1536, was also a very well cut and beautiful letter; with it he[Pg 59] printed the Epistle of Erasmus, in octavo, and the Book of Good Works, of which the only copy known is in the library of St. John's College, Oxford. But unquestionably the two most important books known of this printer are William Marshall's Defence of Peace, folio, 1535, printed in secretary, and the Questionary of Cyrurgyens, which he printed for Henry Dabbe and R. Bankes. In 1536 the house in which he was working changed hands, passing into the pos[Pg 60]session of the Duke of Suffolk, consequently all books which have in the colophon 'in the Duke of Suffolkes Rentes,' or 'Beside the Duke of Suffolkes Place,' were printed after that year. As Wyer continued to print until 1555, this circumstance does not help us much; it may, however, be taken as some further guide that all his later work was done in black letter.

Robert Wyer appears to have done a great deal of work for his contemporaries, notably Richard Bankes, Richard Kele, and John Gough.

Most of his books have woodcuts, the most profusely illustrated was his translation of Christine de Pisan's Hundred Histories of Troy. This book had been printed in Paris by Pigouchet, and the illustrations in Wyer's edition are rude copies of those in the French edition. They are, without doubt, wretched specimens of the woodcutter's art; but in this respect they are no worse than the woodcuts found in other English books at this date, and the number and variety of them speak well for the printer's patience. Robert Wyer's device represented the Evangelist on the Island of Patmos, with an eagle on his right hand holding an inkhorn. With this he used a separate block with his name and mark. He had also a smaller block of the Evangelist from which the eagle was omitted. This is generally found on the title-page or in the front part of his books.

CHAPTER III

THOMAS BERTHELET TO JOHN DAY

In the death of Pynson, in 1529, the office of royal printer was conferred upon Thomas Berthelet, who was in business at the sign of the Lucretia Romana in Fleet Street. Herbert gives the first book from his press as an edition of the Statutes, printed in 1529; but there is some evidence that he was at work two or three years, and perhaps more, before this. Among the writings of Robert Copland, the printer-author, was a humorous tract entitled *The Seuen sorowes that women have when theyr husbandes be dead* (British Museum, C. 20, c. 42 (5)), which has at the end this curious passage:—

'Go lytle quayr, god gyve the wel to sayle

To that good sheppe, ycleped Bertelet.

* * * * *

And from all nacyons, if that it be thy lot

Lest thou be hurt, medle not with a Scot.'

This is, without doubt, an allusion to the two London printers, Thomas Berthelet and John[Pg 62] Skot; and certain references in the prologue seem to point to the printing of the first edition of the *Seuen Sorowes*, as a year or two earlier than the date given by Herbert.

Fig. 15.—Thomas Berthelet's Device.

There also seems to be conclusive evidence that Berthelet, or, as he was sometimes called, Bartlett, was a native of Wales. He certainly held land in the county of Hereford, and he was succeeded in business by a nephew, Thomas Powell, a Welshman. Berthelet was one of the few English printers of that period whose work is worth looking at. He had a varied assortment of types, all of them good, and his workmanship was as a rule excellent; and as very few of his books are illustrated, we may infer that he was loth to spoil a good book with the rough and often unsightly woodcuts of that time.

Berthelet was also a bookbinder and bookseller, and some of his fine bindings for Henry VIII. and his successors are still to be seen. He was apparently the first English binder to use gold tooling.

Of his official work very little need be said. It consisted in printing all Acts of Parliament, proclamations, injunctions, and other official documents. In the second volume of the *Transcript* (pp. 50-60), Professor Arber has printed three of Berthelet's yearly accounts, in which the titles of the various documents are given, with the number of copies of each that were struck off, and the nature and cost of their bindings.

In the year 1530 the divorce of Queen Katherine and the King's marriage to Anne Boleyn filled the public mind, and in connection with this event he printed, both in Latin and English, a small octavo, with the title:

The determinations of the moste famous and moofte excellent Vniversities of Italy and France that it is so unlefult for a man to marie his brother's wyfe that the Pope hath no power to despense therewith.

Berthelet, in 1531, printed Sir Thomas Elyot's *Boke* named the Governour, an octavo, in a large Gothic type, very bold and clear. This type, however, is seen to much better advantage in the folio edition of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, which came from this press in 1532. In this instance the title-page is striking, the title being enclosed within a panel which gives it the appearance of a book cover. The text of the work was printed in double columns of forty-eight lines each.

In 1533 Berthelet appears to have purchased a new fount of this type, with which he printed Erasmus's *De Immensa Dei Misericordia*. If possible this new letter was more beautiful than the other, the lowercase 'h' finishing in a bold outward curve, which was absent in the earlier fount. These founts of Gothic closely resemble some in use in Italy at this time.

To the year 1534 belongs St. Cyprian's Sermon on the mortality of man, translated by Sir Thomas Elyot, as well as a second edition of The Boke named the Governour. Berthelet also brought into use during this year a woodcut border of an architectural character, with the date 1534 cut upon it. It was used only in octavo books, and he continued to use it for some years without erasing the date, a fact that has led to much confusion in the classification of his books.

We meet with the large Gothic type again in 1535, in an edition of the *De Proprietatibus Rerum* of Bartholomæus Anglicus, which Berthelet printed in that year. But his most notable undertaking during the next few years was the book for regulating and settling nice points of religious belief, which had been compiled by the bishops, and was issued under the King's authority, with the title:—

The Institution of a Christian Man conteyninge the Exposition or Interpretation of the commune Crede, of the Seven sacraments, of the X commandments, and of the Pater Noster, and the Ave Maria, Justification & Purgatory.

When the book was finished, Latimer, then Bishop of Worcester, suggested to Cromwell that the printing should be given to Thomas Gibson. But Latimer's recommendation was overlooked, and the work was given to Berthelet. It would be interesting to know how many copies of the first edition of this book he printed. It was issued both in quarto and octavo form, the quarto printed in a very beautiful fount of English black[Pg 66] letter, modelled on the lines of De Worde's founts. The opening lines of the title were, however, printed in Roman of four founts, and the whole page was enclosed within a woodcut border of children.

The octavo editions of this notable book were printed in a smaller fount of black letter, and the title-page was enclosed within the 1534 border. Several editions were issued in 1537, and the book was afterwards revised and reprinted under a new title.

At the same time Berthelet was passing through the press Sir Thomas Elyot's Dictionary, a work of no small labour, if one may judge from the number of founts used in printing it. It was finished and issued in 1538.

Berthelet, who, as befitted a royal printer, plainly took some pains to keep himself clear of all controversies, did not stir in the matter of Bible translation until the 1538 edition by Grafton and Whitchurch was already in the market.

In 1539, however, he published, but did not print, Taverner's edition of the Bible, and in the following year an edition of Cranmer's Bible. That of 1539 came from the press of John Byddell, and that of 1540 was printed for him by Robert Redman and Thomas Petit.

Among the Patent Rolls for the year 1543 (P. R. 36 Hen. 8. m. 12) is a grant to Berthelet of certain crown lands in London and other parts of the country, in payment of a debt of £220. His office as royal printer ceased upon the accession of Edward VI., and though many books are found with the imprint, 'in aedibus Thomas Berthelet,' down to the time of his death in 1556, he probably took very little active part in business affairs after that time.

Meanwhile Pynson's premises were taken by Robert Redman, who, from about the year 1523, had been living just outside Temple Bar. No new facts have come to light about Redman, and the reasons why he moved into Pynson's house and continued to use his devices are as puzzling as ever. He began as a printer of law books, and printed little else. In conjunction with Petit he printed an edition of the Bible for Berthelet, and among his other theological books was A treatise concernynge the division betwene the Spiryтуaltie and Temporaltie, the date of which is fixed by a note in the Letters and Papers of Henry VIII. (vol. vi., p. 215), from which it appears that, in 1553, Redman entered into a bond of 500 marks not to sell this book or any other licensed by the King. Redman was also the printer of Leonard Coxe's *Arte and Crafte of Rhethoryke*, one of the earliest treatises on this subject published in English. It has recently been republished by Professor Carpenter of Chicago, with copious notes.

Redman's work fell very much below that of his predecessor. Much of his type had been in use in Pynson's office for some years, and was badly worn. He had, however, a good fount of Roman, seen in the *De Judiciis et Praecognitionibus* of Edward Edguardus. The title of this book is enclosed in a border, having at the top a dove, and at the bottom the initials J. N.

Redman's will was proved on the 4th November 1540. His widow, Elizabeth, married again, but several books were printed with her name in the interval. His son-in-law, Henry Smith, lived in St. Clement's parish without Temple Bar, and printed law books in the years 1545 and 1546.

Redman's successor at the George was William Middleton, who continued the printing of law books, and brought out a folio edition of Froissart's Chronicles, with Pynson's colophon and the date 1525, which has led some to assume that this edition was printed by Pynson.

Upon Middleton's death in 1547, his widow married William Powell, who thereupon succeeded to the business.

Among those for whom Wynkyn de Worde worked shortly before his death was John Byddell, a stationer living at the sign of 'Our Lady of Pity,' next Fleet Bridge, who for some reason spoke of himself under the name of Salisbury. He used as his device a figure of Virtue, copied from one of those in use by Jacques Sacon, printer at Lyons between 1498 and 1522 (see Silvestre, Nos. 548 and 912). The same design, only in a larger form, was also in use in Italy at this time. In the collection of title-pages in the British Museum (618, ll. 18, 19) is one enclosed within a border found in books printed at Venice, on which the figure of Virtue occurs. The only difference between it and the mark of Byddell being that the two shields show the lion of St. Mark, and the whole thing is much larger.

Byddell had probably been established as a stationer some years before the appearance of Erasmus's *Enchiridion Militis Christiani* from the press of De Worde in 1533, with his name in the colophon. Another book printed for him by De Worde, in the same year, was a quarto edition of the *Life of Hyldebrand*. Both these works De Worde reprinted in 1534, in addition to printing for him John Roberts' *A Mustre of scismatyke Bysshoppes*. Byddell was appointed one of the executors to De Worde's will, and very shortly after his death, i.e. in 1535, moved to De Worde's premises, the 'Sun,' in Fleet Street.

Most of Byddell's books were of a theological character. He printed a quarto *Horae ad usum Sarum* in 1535, a small Primer in English in 1536, and a folio edition of Taverner's Bible in 1539 for Thomas Berthelet.

Among the miscellaneous books that came through his press, one or two are especially interesting. In 1538 we find him printing in quarto Lindsay's *Complaynte and Testament of a Popinjay*, a work that had first appeared in Scotland eight years before, and created considerable stir. A quarto edition of William Turner's *Libellus de Re Herbaria* bears the same date; while among the books of the year 1540 are editions, in octavo, of Tully's *Offices* and *De Senectute*.

The latest date found in any book of Byddell's printing is 1544, after which Edward Whitchurch is found at the 'Sun,' in Fleet Street, whither he moved after dissolving partnership with Richard Grafton.

The early history of these two men has a powerful interest, not only for students of early English printing, but for all English-speaking people. To their enterprise and perseverance the nation was indebted for the second English Bible.

Some very interesting and highly valuable evidence respecting the history of these men has been brought to light of recent years, perhaps the most valuable being Mr. J. A. Kingdon's *Incidents in the Lives of Thomas Poyntz and Richard Grafton*, privately printed in 1895.

Fig. 16.—Richard Grafton's Device.

From the affidavit of Emmanuel Demetrius [i.e. Van Meteren], discovered in 1884 at the Dutch Church in Austin Friars, it seems clear that in 1535 Edward Whitchurch was working with Jacob van Metern at Antwerp in printing Coverdale's translation of the Bible.

Richard Grafton was the son of Nicholas Grafton of Shrewsbury. The first record we have of him is his apprenticeship to John Blage, a grocer of London, in 1526. He was admitted a freeman of the Company in 1534, and at that time seems to have employed himself chiefly in furthering the project of an English translation of the whole Bible. On the 13th August 1537, Grafton sent to Archbishop Cranmer a copy of the Bible printed abroad. The text was a modification of Coverdale's translation ostensibly by Thomas Mathew, but in reality by John Rogers the editor. In 1538, Coverdale, Grafton, and Whitchurch were together in Paris, busy upon a third edition of the Bible.

In June of that year they sent two specimens of the text to Cromwell, with a letter stating that they followed the Hebrew text with Chaldee or Greek interpretations. The printing was done at the press of Francis Regnault, but before many sheets had been struck off, the University of Paris seized the press and 2000 copies of the printed sheets, while the promoters had to make a hasty escape to this country. The presses and types were afterwards bought by Cromwell, and the work was subsequently finished and published in 1539. The work had an engraved title-page, ascribed to Holbein, and the price was fixed at ten shillings per copy unbound, and twelve shillings bound.

Before leaving Paris, Grafton and Whitchurch had issued an edition of Coverdale's translation of the New Testament, giving as their reason that James Nicholson of Southwark had printed a very imperfect version of it.

In 1540 Grafton and Whitchurch printed in 'the house late the graye freers,' The Prymer both in Englysshe and Latin, to be sold at the sign of the Bible in St. Paul's Churchyard. In the same year they printed with a prologue by Cranmer, a second edition of the Great Bible, half of which bore the name of Grafton and half of Whitchurch, and in all probability the subsequent editions were published in the same way. Two very good initial letters were used in the New Testament, and seem to have been cut especially for Whitchurch. On the 28th January 1543-44 Grafton and Whitchurch received an exclusive patent for printing church service books (Rymer, *Fœdera*, xiv. 766), and a few years later they are found with an exclusive right for printing primers in Latin and English. Upon the accession of Edward VI. Grafton became the royal printer, but upon the king's death he printed the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey, and was for that reason deprived of his office by Queen Mary. The remainder of his life he spent in the compilation of English Chronicles in keen rivalry with John Stow.

Richard Grafton died in 1573. He was twice married. By his first wife, Anne, daughter of ——— Crome of Salisbury, he had four sons and one daughter, Joan, who married Richard Tottell, the law printer. By his second wife, Alice, he left one son, Nicholas.

Grafton used as his device a tun with grafted fruit-tree growing through it.

Among the noted booksellers and printers in St. Paul's Churchyard at this time must be mentioned William Bonham. As yet it is not clear whether he belonged to the Essex family of that name, or to another branch that is found in Kent.

>From a series of documents discovered at the Record Office relating to John Rastell and his house called the Mermaid in Cheapside, it appears that in the year 1520 William Bonham was working in London as a bookseller, and on two different occasions was a sub-tenant of Rastell's at the Mermaid. Yet not a single dated book with his name is found before 1542, at which time he was living at the sign of the Red Lion in St. Paul's Churchyard, and issued a folio edition of Fabian's Chronicles, besides having a share with his neighbour, Robert Toye, in a folio edition of Chaucer. Even at this time William Bonham held some sort of office in the Guild or Society of Stationers, for from a curious letter written by Abbot Stevenage to Cromwell in 1539, about a certain book printed in St. Albans Abbey, he says he has sent the printer to London with Harry Pepwell, Toy, and 'Bonere' (Letters and Papers, H. 8, vol. xiv. p. 2, No. 315), so that it would look as if they were commissioned to hunt down popish heretical and seditious books. By the marriage of his daughter, Joan, to William Norton, the bookseller, who in turn named his son Bonham Norton, the history of the descendants of William Bonham can be followed up for quite a century later.

At the Long Shop in the Poultry we can see the press at work almost without a break from the early years of the sixteenth century till the close of the first quarter of the seventeenth. Upon the removal of Richard Bankes into Fleet Street its next occupant seems to have been one John Mychell, of whose work a solitary fragment, fortunately that bearing the colophon, of an undated quarto edition of the Life of St. Margaret, is now in the hands of Mr. F. Jenkinson of the University Library, Cambridge. Whether this John Mychell is the same person as the John Mychell found a few years later printing at Canterbury there is no evidence to show. Nor do we know how long he occupied the Long Shop. In 1542 Richard Kele's name is found in a Primer in Englysh, which was issued from this house. He may have been some relation to the Thomas Kele who, in 1526, had occupied John Rastell's house, the Mermaid, as stated by Bonham in his evidence. During 1543, in company with Byddell, Grafton, Middleton, Mayler, Petit, and Lant, Richard Kele was imprisoned in the Poultry Compter for printing unlawful books (Acts of Privy Council, New Series, vol. i. pp. 107, 117, 125). Most of the books that bear his name came from the presses of William Seres, Robert Wyer, and William Copland. Perhaps the most interesting of his publications next to the edition of Chaucer,

which he shared with Toye and Bonham, are the series of poems by John Skelton, called *Why Come ye not to Courte?* Colin Clout, and *The Boke of Phyllip Sparowe*. They were issued in octavo form, and were evidently very hastily turned out from the press, type, woodcuts, and workmanship being of the worst description. At the end of Colin Clout is a woodcut of a figure at a desk, supposed to represent the author, but it is doubtful whether it is anything more than an old block with his name cut upon it.

Looking back over the work done at this time, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the art of printing in England had much deteriorated since the days of Pynson, while the best of it, even that of Berthelet, could not be compared with that of the continental presses of the same period. There was an entire absence of originality among the English printers. Types, woodcuts, initial letters, ornaments, and devices, were obtained by the printers from abroad, and had seen some service before their arrival in this country. But just at this time a printer came to the front in this country, who for a few years placed the art on a higher footing than any of his predecessors.

Fig. 17.—John Day.

CHAPTER IV JOHN DAY

John Day, one of the best and most enterprising of printers, was born in the year 1522 at Dunwich, in Suffolk, a once flourishing town, now buried beneath the sea.

From the fact that Day was in possession of a device found in the books of Thomas Gibson, the printer whom Latimer unsuccessfully recommended to Cromwell, it has been supposed that it was from Gibson he learnt the art. He may have done so; but whatever he learnt there or elsewhere, in his 'prentice days, he later on threw aside, and by his own enterprise and the excellence of his workmanship raised himself to the proud position of the finest printer England had ever seen.

In John Day's first books there was no sign of the skill he afterwards manifested. These were published in conjunction with William Seres, of whom we know little or nothing, outside his connection with Day. These partners began work in the year 1546 at the sign of the Resurrection on Snow Hill, a little above Holborn Conduit, that is somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present viaduct. They had also another shop in Cheapside. Their first book, so far as we know, was Sir David Lindsay's poem, *'The Tragical death, of David Beaton, Bishop of St. Andrews in Scotland; Wherunto is joyned the martyrdom of maister G. Wyseharte ... for whose sake the aforesayd bishoppe was not long after slayne'* (1546, 8vo).

In the following year (1547) Day and Seres printed several other books of a religious character, nearly all of them in octavo, including Cope's *Godly Meditation upon the psalms*, and Tyndale's *Parable of the Wicked Mammon*. Their work in 1548 included a second edition of the *Consultation of Hermann*, the bishop of Cologne, Robert Crowley's *Confutation of Myles Hoggarde*, a sermon of Latimer's, a metrical dialogue aimed at the priesthood and entitled *John Bon and Mast Person*, and, as a relief to so much theological literature, the *Herbal of William Turner*.

The types used in printing these books were not a whit better than anybody else's, in fact if anything they were a shade worse. There was the usual fount of large black letter, not by any means new, another much smaller letter of the same character, and a fount of Roman capitals, very bad indeed. Whether these types belonged to Day or to Seres it is impossible to say, but I think the smaller of the two belonged to Day, as it is sometimes found in his later books.

The workmanship was no better than the types. There was no pagination in these books, and no devices, and the setting of the letterpress was very uneven.

In 1548 Seres seems to have joined partnership with another London printer, Anthony Scoloker, and to have moved to a house in St. Paul's Churchyard, called Peter College; but his name still continued to appear with Day's down to the year 1551, when the partnership was dissolved, Day moving to Aldersgate, but retaining his shop in Cheapside.

Fig. 18.—From a Bible printed by John Day. London, 1551. 4to.

The most important undertaking of the partnership was a folio edition of the Bible in 1549. This was printed in the smaller of the two founts of black letter in double columns, with some good initials and a great many woodcuts that had evidently been used before, as they extend beyond the letterpress. Another edition printed by Day alone appeared in 1551, in which a good initial E, showing Edward VI. on his throne, is found.

On the accession of Queen Mary, Day went abroad and his press was silent for several years; meanwhile the ancient brotherhood of Stationers was incorporated by Royal Charter as the 'Worshipful Company of Stationers.' The existence of the brotherhood has been traced to very early times, and it is frequently mentioned in the wills of printers and booksellers in the first half of the sixteenth century. By the Charter of 1556 it now received the Royal authority to make its own laws for the regulation of the trade, although, as Mr. Arber has pointed out, the charter 'rather confirmed existing customs than erected fresh powers.' There is abundant evidence that the Queen's main reason for granting the charter was the wish to keep the printing trade under closer control.

The newly incorporated company included nearly all the men connected with the book trade, not only printers, but booksellers, bookbinders, and typefounders. There were some who, for some unexplained reason, were not enrolled. On the other hand, two of those whose names appeared in the charter died the year of its incorporation. These were Thomas Berthelet, who was dead before the 26th January 1556, and Robert Toy, who died in February.

In the registers of the Company were recorded the names of the wardens and masters, the names of all apprentices, with the masters to whom they were bound, and the names of those who took up their freedom. The titles of all books were supposed to be entered by the printer or publisher, a small fee being paid in each case. As a matter of fact many books were not so entered. Entries of gifts to the Corporation, and of fines levied on the members, also form part of the annual statements.

Literary men of the eighteenth century were the first to discover and make use of the wealth of information contained in the Registers of the Stationers' Company; but it fell to the lot of Mr. Arber to give English scholars a full transcript of the earlier registers. In order to make it complete, he has supplemented the work with numerous valuable papers in the Record Office and other archives, and a bibliographical list down to the year 1603, which is of such immense value that it is impossible to be content until it has been continued to the year 1640.

The first master of the Company was Thomas Dockwray, Proctor of the Court of Arches; and the wardens were John Cawood, the Queen's Printer, and Henry Cooke.

Fig. 19.—Heraldic Initial containing the Arms of Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

It does not follow that because Day's name occurs in the charter that he was in England in 1556, but he certainly was so in the following year, for there is a Sarum Missal of that date with his imprint, besides several other books, including Thomas Tusser's *Hundred Points of Good Husserye* (i.e. *Housewifery*); William Bullein's *Government of Health*, and sundry proclamations. But it was not until 1559 that his books began to show that excellence of workmanship that laid the foundation of his fame. In that year he issued in folio *The Cosmographicall Glasse* of William Cunningham, a physician of Norwich. As a specimen of the printer's art this was far in advance of any of Day's previous work, and, moreover, was in advance of anything seen in England before that time. The text was printed in a large, flowing italic letter of great beauty, further enhanced by several well-executed woodcut initials. Amongst these was a letter 'D,' containing the arms of the Earl of Leicester, to whom the work was dedicated. There were also scattered through the book several diagrams and maps, a fine portrait of the author, and a plan of the city of Norwich. Some of these illustrations and initials were signed J. B., others J. D. The title-page was also engraved with allegorical figures of the arts and sciences. There can be very little doubt that Day had spent his time abroad in studying the best models in the typographical art.

Students and lovers of good books may well pay a tribute to the memory of that scholarly churchman, who rescued so many of the books that were scattered at the dissolution of the monasteries, and enriched Cambridge University and some of its colleges by his gifts of books and manuscripts. But Matthew Parker did not stop short at book-collecting. He believed that good books should be well printed, and on his accession to power under Elizabeth, he encouraged John Day and others, both with his authority and his purse, to cut new founts of type and to print books in a worthy form.

In 1560 Day began to print the collected works of Thomas Becon, the reformer. The whole impression occupied three large folio volumes, and was not completed until 1564. The founts chiefly used in this were black letter of two sizes, supplemented with italic and Roman. The initials used in the *Cosmographicall Glasse* [Pg 86] appeared again in this, and the title-page to each part was enclosed in an elaborate architectural border, having in the bottom panel Day's small device, a block showing a sleeper awakened, and the words, 'Arise, for it is Day.' At the end was a fine portrait of the printer.

Another important undertaking of the year 1560 was a folio edition of the *Commentaries* of Joannes Philippon, otherwise Sleidanus. This Day printed for Nicholas England, the fount of large italic being used in conjunction with black letter.

Sermons of Calvin, Bullinger, and Latimer are all that we have to illustrate his work during the next two years. But in 1563 appeared a handsome folio, the *editio princeps* of *Acts and Monumentes* of these latter and perillous Dayes, touching matters of the Church, better known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*.

During Mary's reign Foxe had found a home on the Continent, and may there have met with Day. In 1554, while at Strasburg, he had published, through the press of Wendelin Richel, a Latin treatise on the persecutions of the reformers, under the title of *Commentarii rerum in Ecclesia gestarum maximarumque persecutionem a Vuiclevi temporibus descriptio*. From Strasburg he removed to Basle, and from the press of Oporinus, in 1559, appeared the Latin edition of the *Book of Martyrs*. He did not return to England until October of that year, when he settled in Aldgate, and made weekly visits to the printing-house of John Day, who was then busy on the English edition.

Fig. 20.—From Foxe's '*Actes and Monumentes*,' printed by John Day, 1576.

Foxe's *Actes and Monumentes* is a work of 2008 folio pages, printed in double columns, the [Pg 88] type used being a small English black letter, the same which had been used in Becon's Works, supplemented with various sizes of italic and Roman. It was illustrated throughout with woodcuts, representing the tortures and deaths of the martyrs. A very handsome initial letter E, showing Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers, is also found in it. A Royal proclamation ordered that a copy of it should be set up in every parish church. From this time Foxe appears to have worked as translator and editor for John Day, and was for a while living in the printer's house.

Archbishop Parker meanwhile had induced Day to cast a fount of Saxon types in metal. The first book in which these were used was Aelfric's '*Saxon Homily*,' i.e. the Sermon of the Paschal Lamb, appointed by the Saxon bishop to be read at Easter before the Sacrament, an Epistle of Aelfric to Wulfstine, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, all of which were included in the general title of *A Testimonie of Antiquity*, 'shewing the auncient fayth in the Church of England touching the Sacrament of the body and bloude of the Lord here publykely preached and also receaved in the Saxons tyme, above 600 yeares agoe.'

Speaking of Day's Saxon fount, the late Mr. Talbot Reed, in his *Old English Letter Foundries* (p. 96), says:—

'The Saxon fount ... is an English in body, very clear and bold. Of the capitals eight only, including two diphthongs are distinctively Saxon, the remaining eighteen letters being ordinary Roman; while in the lowercase there are twelve Saxon letters, as against fifteen of the Roman. The accuracy and regularity with which this fount was cut and cast is highly creditable to Day's excellence as a founder.'

Although this book (an octavo) bore no date, the names of the subscribing bishops fix it as 1566 or 1567. In the latter year appeared the Archbishop's metrical version of the Psalter, which he had compiled during his enforced exile under Mary. In connection with this it may be well to point out that Day printed many editions of the Psalter with musical notes. In 1568 he used the Saxon types again to print William Lambard's *Archaionomia*, a book of Saxon laws. Amongst his other productions of that year must be mentioned the folio edition of Peter Martyr's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*; Gildas the historian's *De excidio et conquestu Britanniae*, 1568, 8vo; and a French version of Vandernoot's *Theatre for Worldlings*, '*Le Theatre auquel sont exposés et montrés les inconveniens et misères qui suivent les mondains et vicieux, ensemble les plaisirs et contentemens dont les fidèles jouissent*.' There is a copy of this very rare book in the Grenville collection. The *Theatre for Worldlings* was translated into English the following year, and contained verses from the pen of Edmund Spenser, then a [Pg 90] boy of sixteen. But Day's press played little part in the spread of the romantic literature with which the name of Spenser

is so closely linked. Day's work was with the Reformation and the religious questions of the time. Nevertheless, that he felt the influence of the coming change is shown from a publication that issued from his press in 1570. This was the authorised version of a play which had been acted nine years before by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple before Her Majesty. It had shortly afterwards been published by William Griffith of Fleet Street as:—

'The Tragedy of Gorboduc, whereof Three Actes were wrytten by Thomas Norton and the two last by Thomas Sackvyle. Set forth as the same was shewed before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie in her highnes Court of Whitehall, the xviii day of January Anno Domini 1561, By the gentlemen of Thynner Temple in London.' Day's edition was entitled:—

'The Tragidie of Ferrex and Porrex, set forth without addition or alteration, but altogether as the same was showed on stage before the Queens Maiestie about nine yeaes past, viz. the xviii day of Januarie 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple.'

Another important work of this year (1570) was Roger Ascham's *Scholemaster*, in quarto. In 1571 Day was busy with Church matters. There was just then much talk of Church discipline, and it shows itself in the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, a quarto of some 300 pages, published by him this year. In this book we find a new device used by Day. It represents two hands holding a slab upon which is a crucible with a heart in it, surrounded by flames, the word 'Christus' being on the slab. From the wrists hangs a chain, and in the centre of this is suspended a globe, and beneath that again is a representation of the sun. Round the chain is a ribbon with the words 'Horum Charitas.' This device was placed on the title-page, which was surrounded by a neat border of printers' ornaments.

The *Booke of certaine Canons*, 4to, was another publication of this year for the due ordering of the Church. This, like most public documents, was in a large black letter. There were also 'Articles of the London Synod of 1562.' As a specimen of the religious sermons or discourses of the time, we have a very good example in another of Day's publications in 1571, a reprint of *The Poore Mans Librarie*, a discourse by George Alley, Bishop of Exeter, upon the First Epistle of St. Peter, which made up a very respectable folio, printed in Day's best manner, and with a great number of founts.

But Day's prosperity roused the envy of his fellow-stationers, and they tried their best to hinder the sale of his books and cause him annoyance. This opposition took a violent form in 1572, when Day, whose premises at Aldersgate had become too small to carry on his growing business, his stock being valued at that time between £2000 and £3000, obtained the leave of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to set up a little shop in St. Paul's Churchyard for the sale of his books. The booksellers appealed to the Lord Mayor, who was prevailed upon to stop Day's proceedings, and it required all the power and influence of Archbishop Parker, backed by an order of the Privy Council, to enable the printer to carry out his project.

The Archbishop meanwhile had been busy furnishing replies to Nicholas Sanders' book *De Visibili Monarchia*, and amongst those whom he selected for the work was Dr. Clerke of Cambridge, who accordingly wrote a Latin treatise entitled *Fidelis Servi subdito infideli Responsio*. From a letter written by the Archbishop to Lord Burleigh at this time, we learn that John Day had cast a special fount of Italian letter for this book at a cost of forty marks.

By Italian letter is here meant Roman, and not Italic, as Mr. Reed supposes, for the *Responsio* was printed in a new fount of that type, clear, even, and free from abbreviations.

In the same year (1572) Day printed at the Archbishop's private press at Lambeth his great work *De Antiquitate Britannicae Ecclesiae* in folio, in a new fount of Italic, with preface in Roman, and the titles and sub-titles in the larger Italic of the *Cosmographica Glasse*. It was a special feature of Day's letter-founding that he cut the Roman and Italic letters to the same size. Before his time there was no uniformity; the separate founts mixed badly, and spoilt the appearance of many books that would otherwise have been well printed.

The *De Antiquitate* is believed to have been the first book printed at a private press in England. The issue was limited to fifty copies, and the majority of them were in the Archbishop's possession at the time of his death.

But while he encouraged printing in one direction, Matthew Parker rigorously persecuted it in another. Just at this time there was much division among Protestants on matters of doctrine and ceremonial, and one Thomas Cartwright

published, in 1572, a book entitled *A Second Admonition to the Parliament*, in which he defended those who had been imprisoned for airing their opinions in the first *Admonition*. This book, like many others of the time, was printed secretly, and strenuous search was made by the Wardens of the Stationers' Company, Day being one, to discover the hidden press. The search was successful, but unpleasant consequences followed for John Day. One of the printers of the prohibited book turned out to be an apprentice of his own, named Asplyn. He was released after examination, and again taken into service by his late master. But the following year the Archbishop reported to the Council that this man Asplyn had tried to kill both Day and his wife.

Day's work in 1573 included a folio edition of the whole works of William Tyndale, John Frith, and Doctor Barnes, in two volumes. This was printed in two columns, with type of the same size and character as that used in the 'Works' of Becon, some of the initial letters closely resembling those found in books printed by Reginald Wolfe. In the same year Day issued a life of Bishop Jewel, for which he cut in wood a number of Hebrew words.

In 1574 we reach the summit of excellence in Day's work. It was in that year that he printed for Archbishop Parker Asser's *Life of Alfred the Great* (*Aelfredi Regis Res Gestæ*) in folio. In this the Saxon type cast for the Saxon Homily in 1567 was again used in conjunction with the magnificent founts of double pica Roman and Italic. With it is usually bound Walsingham's *Ypodigme Neustria* and *Historia Brevis*, the first printed by Day, and the second by Bynneman, who unquestionably used the same types, so that it may be inferred that the fount was at the disposal of the Archbishop, at whose expense all three books were issued.

Another series of publications that came from the press of John Day, in 1574, were the writings of John Caius on the history and antiquities of the two Universities. They are generally found bound together in the following order:—

1. *De Antiquitate Cantabrigiensis Academiæ.*
2. *Assertio Antiquitatis Oxoniensis Academiæ.*
3. *Historia Cantabrigiensis Academiæ.*
4. *Johannis Caii Angli De Pronunciatione Græcæ et Latinæ linguæ cum scriptione noua libellus.*

The 'Antiquities' and 'History' of Cambridge were both books of considerable size, the first having 268 pages, without counting prefatory matter and indexes. The other two were little better than tracts, the one having only 27 and the other 23 pages. Some editions of the *De Antiquitate* are found with a map of Cambridge, while the 'History' contained plates showing the arms of the various colleges. All four were printed in quarto. The type used for the text was in each case an Italic of English size, with a small Roman for indexes. The title-page was enclosed in a border of printers' ornaments, and the printer's device of the Heart was on the last leaf of two out of the four.

Matthew Parker died in 1575, and the art of printing, as well as every other art and science, lost a generous patron. But Day's work was not yet done, though he printed few large books after this date. A very curious folio, written by John Dee, the famous astronomer, entitled *General and Rare Memorials concerning Navigation*, came from his press in 1577. This work had an elaborate allegorical title-page, by no means a bad specimen of wood-engraving. It was a history in itself, the central object being a ship with the Queen seated in the after part.

In 1578 Day printed a book in Greek and Latin for the use of scholars, *Christianæ pietatis prima institutio*, the Greek type being a great improvement on any that had previously appeared. Indeed, it has been considered equal to those in use by the Estiennes of Paris.

The year 1580 saw Day Master of the Stationers' Company. Two years later he was engaged in a series of law-suits about his *A B C* and *litell Catechism*, a book for which he had obtained a patent in the days of Edward VI.

As we have already noted, the aim of the Corporation of the Stationers' Company was not primarily the promotion of good printing or literature. Printers were looked upon by the authorities as dangerous persons whom it was necessary to watch closely. Only six years after coming to the throne, Elizabeth signed a decree [Pg 97] passed by the Star Chamber, requiring every printer to enter into substantial recognisances for his good behaviour. No books were to be printed or imported without the sanction of a Special Commission of Ecclesiastical Authorities, under a penalty of three months' imprisonment and the forfeiture of all right to carry on business as a master printer or

bookseller in future, while the officers of the Company were instructed to carry out strict search for all prohibited books.

On the other hand, while thus retaining a tight rein on the printing trade, the Queen, no doubt for monetary considerations, granted special patents for the sole printing of certain classes of books to individual master printers, and threatened pains and penalties upon any other member of the craft who should print any such books. In this way all the best-paying work in the trade became the property of some dozen or so of printers. Master Tottell was allowed the sole printing of Law Books, Master Jugge the sole printing of Bibles, James Roberts and Richard Watkins the sole printing of Almanacs; Thomas Vautrollier, a stranger, was allowed to print all Latin books except the Grammars, which were given to Thomas Marsh, and John Day had received the right of printing and selling the A B C and Litell Catechism, a book largely bought for schools, and which Christopher Barker, in his Complaint, declared was once 'the onely reliefe of the porest sort of that Company.' On every side the best work was seized and monopolised. Nor did the evil cease there. These patents were invariably granted for life with reversion to a successor, and they were bought and sold freely. Hence the poorer members of the Company daily found it harder to live. There was very little light literature, and what there was had few readers. Their appeals for redress of grievances, whether addressed to the State or to the Company, which pretended to look after their welfare, were alike in vain, and at length they rose in open revolt. Half a dozen of them, headed by Roger Ward and John Wolf, boldly printed the books owned by the patentees. Roger Ward seized upon this A B C of Day's, and at a secret press, with type supplied to him by a workman of Thomas Purfoot, printed many thousand copies of the work with Day's mark. Hence the proceedings in the Star Chamber. They did very little good. Ward defied imprisonment; and the agitators would undoubtedly have gained more than they did, and might even have saved the art of printing from falling into the hopeless state it afterwards reached, had it not been for the desertion of John Wolf, who, after declaring that he would work a reformation in the printing trade similar to that which Luther had worked in religion, quietly allowed himself to be bought over, and died in eminent respectability as Printer to the City of London, leaving Ward and others to carry on the war. This they did with such effect, that, forced to find a remedy, the patentees of the Company at length agreed to relax their grasp of some of the books that they had laid their hands upon. Day is said to have been most generous, relinquishing no less than fifty-three, and this number is in itself a commentary on the magnitude of the monopolies.

Fig. 21.—Day's large Device.

John Day died at Walden, in Essex, on the 23rd July 1584, at the age of sixty-two, and was buried at Bradley Parva, where there is a fair tomb and a lengthy poetical epitaph on his virtues and abilities. He was twice married, and is said to have had twenty-six children, of whom one son, Richard, was for a short time a printer, and another, John, took Orders, and became rector of Little Thurlow, in Suffolk.

John Day had three devices. His earliest, and perhaps his best, was a large block of a skeleton lying on an elaborately chased bier, with a tree at the back, and two figures, an old man and a young, standing beside it. This may have been typical of the Resurrection, the sign of the house in which he began business. Then we find the device of the Heart in his later books, and finally there is the block of the Sleeper Awakened, but this almost always formed part of the title-page.

APPENDIX

LIST OF PRINTERS AND STATIONERS ENROLLED IN THE CHARTER

Alday, John.

Baldwyn, Richard.

Baldwyn, William.

Blythe, Robert.

Bonham, John.

Bonham, William.

Bourman, Nicholas.

Boyden, Thomas.

Brodehead, Gregory.

Broke, Robert.

Browne, Edward.

Burtoft, John.

Bylton, Thomas.
Case, John.
Cater, Edward.
Cawood, John.
Clarke, John.
Cleston, Nicholas.
Cooke, Henry.
Cooke, William.
Copland, William.
Cottesford, Hugh.
Coston, Simon.
Croke, Adam.
Crosse, Richard.
Crosth, Anthony.
Day, John.
Devell, Thomas.
Dockwray, Thomas.
Duxwell, Thos.
Fayreberne, John.
Fox, John.
Frenche, Peter.
Gamlyn or Gammon, Allen.
Gee, Thomas.
Gonneld, James.
Gough, John.
Greffen or Griffith, William.
Greene, Richard.
Harryson, Richard.
Harvey, Richard.
Hester, Andrew.
Hyll, John.
Hyll, Richard.
Hyll, William.
Holder, Robert.
Holyland, James.
Huke, Gyles.
Ireland, Roger.
[Pg 102]Jaques, John.
Judson, John.
Jugge, Richard.
Kele, John.
Keball, John.
Kevall, junior, Richard.
Kevall, Stephen.
Kyng, John.
Lant, Richard.
Lobel, Michael.
Marten, Will.
Marsh, Thos.
Markall, Thomas.
Norton, Henry.
Norton, William.
Paget, Richard.
Parker, Thomas.
Pattinson, Thomas.
Pickering, William.

Powell, Humphrey.
Powell, Thomas.
Powell, William.
Purfoot, Thomas.
Radborne, Robert.
Richardson, Richard.
Rogers, John.
Rogers, Owen.
Ryddall, Will.
Sawyer, Thomas.
Seres, William.
Shereman, John.
Sherewe, Thomas.
Smyth, Anthony.
Spylman, Simon.
Steward, William.
Sutton, Edward.
Sutton, Henry.
Taverner, Nicholas.
Tottle, Richard.
Turke, John.
Tyer, Randolph.
Tysdale, John.
Walley, Charles.
Walley, John.
Wallys, Richard.
Way, Richard.
Whitney, John.
Wolfe, Reginald.

Amongst the men whose names were not included in the charter were:—

Baker, John, made free 24th Oct. 1555.
Caley, Robert.
Chandeler, Giles, made free 24 Oct. 1555.
Charlewood, John.
Hacket, Thomas.
Singleton, Hugh.
Wayland, John
Wyer, Robert.

CHAPTER V

JOHN DAY'S CONTEMPORARIES

Most notable of all the men who lived and worked with Day, was Reginald or Reyner Wolfe, of the Brazen Serpent in St. Paul's Churchyard. Much as we have to regret the scantiness of all material for a study of the lives of the early English printers, it is doubly felt in the case of Reginald Wolfe. The little that is made known to us is just sufficient to whet the appetite and kindle the curiosity. It reveals to us an active business man, evidently with large capital behind him, setting up as a bookseller, under the shadow of the great Cathedral, and rapidly becoming known to the learned and the rich. We see him passing backwards and forwards between this country and the book-fair at Frankfort, executing commissions for great nobles, and at the same time acting as the King's courier. Later on we find him adding the trade of printer to that of bookseller, and I have very little doubt that it was partly to the advice and influence of Reginald Wolfe that we owe the improvement that took place in John Day's printing after his return from abroad. As a printer he stands beside Day in the excellence of his workmanship, and he was the first in England who possessed any large stock of Greek type.

Reyner Wolfe was a native of Dretunhe(?), in Gelderland, as shown by the letters of denization which he took out on the 2nd January 1533-4. (State Papers, Hen. 8. vol. 6. No. 105.) He had been established in Saint Paul's Churchyard some years before this, however, as in a letter from Thomas Tebold to the Earl of Wiltshire, dated the 4th April 1530, he says he has arrived at Frankfort, and hopes to hear from his lordship through 'Reygnard Wolf, bookseller, of St. Pauls Churchyard, London, who will be here in two days.'

Again, in 1539, in the same series of Letters and Papers (vol. xiv. pt. 2. No. 781), is an entry of the payment of 100s. to 'Rayner Wolf' for conveying the King's letters to Christopher Mounte, his Grace's agent in 'High Almayne'. But it was not until 1542 that he began to print. The British Museum fortunately possesses copies of all his early works as a printer, which began with several of the writings of John Leland the antiquary. The first was *Naeniae in mortem T. Viati, Equitis incomparabilis, Joanne Lelando, antiquario, authore, a quarto*, printed in a well-cut fount of Roman. This was followed in the same year by *Genethliacon*, a work specially written by Leland for Prince Edward, with a dedication to Prince Henry, the first part being printed in Italic and the second in Roman type. On the verso of the last leaf is the printer's very beautiful device of children throwing at an apple-tree, certainly one of the most artistic devices in use amongst the printers of that time.

Fig. 22.—Wolfe's Device.

To this work succeeded, in 1543, the Homilies of Saint Chrysostom, of which John Cheke, Professor in Greek at Cambridge University, was editor. The whole of the first part of the work, with the exception of the dedication, was in Greek letter, making thirty lines to the quarto page. The second part, which had a separate title-page, was printed with the Italic, and the supplementary parts with the Roman types. Some very fine pictorial initial letters were used throughout the work, and the larger form of the apple-tree device occurs on the last leaf, with a Greek and Latin motto.

A very rare specimen of Wolfe's work in 1543 is Robert Recorde's *The ground of artes teachyng the worke and practise of Arithmetike moche necessary for all states of men*, a small octavo printed in black letter, but of no particular merit. In the same type and form he issued in the following year a tract entitled *The late expedition in Scotlande*, etc. Chrysostom's *De Providentia Dei* and *Laudatio Pacis* were printed in the Roman and Italic founts during 1545 and 1546, and are the only record we have left of Wolfe's work as a printer during those years. In 1547 he was appointed the king's printer in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and was granted an annuity of twenty-six shillings and eightpence during his life (Pat. Rol. 19 April 1547).

In 1553 trouble arose between Wolfe and Day as to their respective rights of printing Edward the Sixth's catechism. The matter was settled by Wolfe having the privilege for printing the Latin version, and Day that in English, but neither party reaped much benefit, as upon the king's death the book was called in, having only been in circulation a few months. During Mary's reign the only important work that seems to have come from Wolfe's press was Recorde's *Castle of Knowledge*, a folio, with an elaborately designed title-page, and a dedication to Cardinal Pole. In 1560 Wolfe became Master of the Company of Stationers, a position to which he was elected on three subsequent occasions, in 1564, 1567, and 1572. His patents were renewed to him under Elizabeth, and he came in for his share of the patronage of Matthew Parker, whose edition of Jewel's *Apologia* he printed in quarto form in 1562. In 1563 appeared from his press the *Commonplaces of Scripture*, by Wolfgang Musculus, a folio, chiefly notable for a very fine pictorial initial 'I,' measuring nearly 3-1/2 inches square, and representing the Creation, which had obviously formed part of the opening chapter of Genesis in some early edition of the Bible. It was certainly used again in the 1577 edition of Holinshed's Chronicle.

Almost his last work was Matthew Paris's *Historia Major*, edited by Matthew Parker, a handsome folio with an engraved title-page, several good pictorial initials, and his large device of the apple-tree, printed in 1571. Without doubt the printer was greatly interested in this work. He had himself collected materials for a chronicle of his adopted country, which he amused himself with in his spare time. But he did not live to print it, his death taking place late in the year 1573. His will was short, and mentioned none of his children by name. His property in St. Paul's Churchyard, which included the Chapel or Charnel House on the north side, which he had purchased of King Henry VIII., he left to his wife, and the witnesses to his will were George Bishop, Raphael Holinshed, John Hunn, and John Shepparde. His wife, Joan Wolfe, only survived him a few months, her will, which is also preserved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, being proved on the 20th July 1574. In it occurs the following passage:

'I will that Raphell Hollingshed shall have and enjoye all such benefit, proffit, and commoditie as was promised unto him by my said late husbände Reginald Wolfe, for or concerning the translating and prynting of a certain crownacle which my said husband before his decease did prepare and intende to have prynted.'

She further mentioned in her will a son Robert, a son Henry, and a daughter Mary, the wife of John Harrison, citizen and stationer, as well as Luke Harrison, a citizen and stationer, while among the witnesses to it was Gabriel[Pg 109] Cawood, the son of John Cawood, who lived hard by at the sign of the Holy Ghost, next to 'Powles Gate.'

>From a document in the Heralds' College (W. Grafton, vi., A. B. C., Lond.), it appears that John Cawood, who began to print about the same time as Day, came from a Yorkshire family of good standing. He was apprenticed to John Reynes, a bookseller and bookbinder, who at that time, about 1542, worked at the George Inn in this locality. Cawood greatly respected his master, and in aftertimes, when he had become a prosperous man, placed a window in Stationers' Hall to the memory of John Reynes. Reynes died in 1543, but there is no mention of Cawood in his will, perhaps because Cawood was no longer in his service; but in that of his widow, Lucy Reynes, there was a legacy to John Cawood's daughter.

Cawood began to print in the year 1546, the first specimen of his press work being a little octavo, entitled *The Decree for Tythes to be payed in the Citye of London*.

With few exceptions the printers of this period easily enough conformed to the religious factions of the day. Thus Cawood prints Protestant books under Edward VI., Catholic books under Mary, and again Protestant books under Elizabeth. Upon the accession of Mary he was appointed royal printer in the place of Grafton,[Pg 110] who had dared to print the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey (Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xv., p. 125). He also received the reversion of Wolfe's patent for printing Latin, Greek, and Hebrew books, as well as all statute books, acts, proclamations, and other official documents, with a salary of £6, 13s. 4d. The British Museum possesses a volume (505. g. 14) containing the statutes of the reign of Queen Mary, printed in small folio by Cawood. From these it will be seen that he used some very artistic woodcut borders for his title-pages, notably one with bacchanalian figures in the lower panel signed 'A. S.' in monogram, evidently the same artist that cut the woodcut initials seen in these and other books printed by this printer, and who is believed to have been Anton Sylvius, an Antwerp engraver. Cawood was one of the first wardens of the Stationers' Company in 1554, and again served from 1555-7, and continued to take great interest in its welfare throughout his life. In 1557, Cawood, in company with John Waley and Richard Tottell, published the *Works of Sir Thomas More* in a large and handsome folio. The editor was William Rastell, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, son of John Rastell the printer, and nephew of the great chancellor.

The book was printed at the Hand and Star in Fleet Street by Tottell, but the woodcut initials were certainly supplied by Cawood, and perhaps some of the type. On the accession of Elizabeth, he again received a patent as royal printer, but jointly with Richard Jugge, whose name is always found first. Nevertheless, Cawood printed at least two editions of the Bible in quarto, with his name alone on the title-page. They were very poor productions, the text being printed in the diminutive semi-gothic type that had done duty since the days of Caxton, and the woodcut borders being made up of odds and ends that happened to be handy. His rapidly increasing business had already compelled him to lease from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's a vault under the churchyard, and two sheds adjoining the church, and in addition to this he now took a room at Stationers' Hall at a rental of 20s. per year.

In conjunction with Jugge he printed many editions of the Book of Common Prayer in all sizes. He also reprinted in 1570 Barclay's *Ship of Fools* with the original illustrations. Cawood was three times Master of the Company of Stationers, in 1561, 1562, and 1566. In 1564 he was appointed by Elizabeth Toye, the widow of Robert Toye, one of the overseers to her will, and his partner Jugge was one of the witnesses to the document (P. C. C., 25 Morrison). His death took place in 1572, and from his epitaph it appeared that he was three times married, and by his first wife, Joan, had three sons and four daughters. His eldest son, John, was bachelor of laws and fellow of New College, Oxford, and died in 1570; Gabriel, the second son, succeeded to his father's business, and the third son died young. His eldest daughter, Mary, married George Bishop, one of the deputies to Christopher Barker; a second, Isabel, married Thomas Woodcock, a stationer; Susannah was the wife of Robert Bullock, and Barbara married Mark Norton.

Richard Jugge was another of those who owed much to the patronage and encouragement of Archbishop Parker. He is believed to have been born at Waterbeach in Cambridgeshire, and was educated, first at Eton, and afterwards at

Cambridge. He set up at the sign of The Bible in 1548, and used as his device a pelican plucking at her breast to feed her young who are clamouring around her. In 1550 he obtained a licence to print the New Testament, and in 1556 books of Common Law. Under Elizabeth in 1560 he was made senior Queen's Printer. When the new edition of the Bible was about to be issued in 1569, Archbishop Parker wrote to Cecil, asking that Jugge might be entrusted with the printing, as there were few men who could do it better. In this way he became the printer of the first edition of the 'Bishops' Bible,' a second edition coming from his press the year following. In this work he used several large decorative initial letters, with the arms of the several patrons of the work, as well as a finely designed engraved title-page, with a portrait of the Queen, and other portraits of Burleigh and Leicester. In his edition of the New Testament were numerous large cuts, evidently of foreign workmanship, some of them signed with the initials 'E. B.' Richard Jugge died in 1577.

Another of Day's contemporaries, whose name is remembered by all students of English literature, was Richard Tottell, who lived at the Hand and Star in Fleet Street, and printed there the collection of poetry known as Tottell's Miscellany.

There is reason to believe that Richard Tottell was the third son of Henry Tottell, a famous citizen of Exeter. The name was spelt in a great variety of ways, such as Tothill, Tuthill, Tottle, Tathyll, and Tottell. Richard Tottell at the time of his death held lands in Devon, and some of the same lands that belonged to the Tothill family of Exeter. Moreover, his coat of arms was the same as theirs. But before 1552 he was in London, for in that year he received a patent for the printing of law books, and was generally known as Richard Tottell of London, gentleman. He appears to have married Joan, a sister of Richard Grafton, and in this way became possessed of considerable land in the county of Bucks. From this we may assume that he had business relations with Richard Grafton, and it becomes only natural that he should have printed various editions of Grafton's Chronicle, and come into possession of some of his finest woodcut borders.

Fig. 23.—Richard Tottell's Device.

It was in June 1557 that he printed his 'Miscellany,' an unpretentious quarto, with the title: *Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the Ryght Honorable Lorde Henry Hawarde, late Earl of Surrey and other. Before the 31st July a second edition became necessary, and several new poems were added. The third edition appeared in 1559, the fourth in 1565, and before the end of the sixteenth century, four more editions were called for. Another of Tottell's works was Gerard Legh's *Accedens of Armory*, an octavo, printed throughout in italic type, with a curiously engraved title-page, besides numerous illustrations of coats of arms, and several full-page illustrations. It was printed in 1562, and again in 1576 and 1591.

The best of Tottell's work as a printer is to be found in the law-books, for which he was a patentee. In these he used several handsome borders to title-pages, one of an architectural character with his initials R. T. at the two lower corners, another, evidently Grafton's, with a view of the King and Parliament in the top panel, and Grafton's punning device in the centre of the bottom panel.

In 1573 Richard Tottell tried to establish a paper mill in England. He wrote to Cecil, pointing out that nearly all paper came from France, and undertaking to establish a mill in England if the Government would give him the necessary land and the sole privilege of making paper for thirty years (Arber, i. 242). But as nothing was ever done in the matter, the Government evidently did not entertain the proposal. Tottell was Master of the Company of Stationers in 1579 and 1584. During the latter part of his life he withdrew from business, and lived at Wiston, in Pembrokeshire, where he died in 1593. He left several children, of whom the eldest, William Tottell, succeeded to his estates.

In the precincts of the Blackfriars, Thomas Vautrollier, a foreigner, was at work as a printer in 1566, having been admitted a 'brother' of the Company of Stationers on the 2nd October 1564. He soon afterwards received a patent for the printing of certain Latin books, and Christopher Barker, in a report to Lord Burghley in 1582, says:—

'He has the printing of Tullie, Ovid, and diverse other great workes in Latin. He doth yet, neither great good nor great harme withall.... He hath other small thinges wherewith he keepeth his presses on work, and also worketh for bookesellers of the Companye, who kepe no presses.'

In 1580, on the invitation of the General Assembly, Vautrollier visited Scotland, taking with him a stock of books, but no press, and in 1584 he again went north, and set up a press at Edinburgh, still keeping on his business in London. The venture does not seem to have turned out a success, for Vautrollier returned to London in 1586, taking with him a MS. of John Knox's *History of the Reformation*, but the work was seized while it was in the press (*Works of John Knox*, vol. i. p. 32). As a printer Vautrollier ranks far above most of the men around him, both for the beauty of his types and the excellence of his presswork. The bulk of his books were printed in Roman and Italic, of which he had several well-cut founts. He had also some good initials, ornaments, and borders. In the folio edition of Plutarch's *Lives*, which he printed in 1579, each life is preceded by a medallion portrait, enclosed in a frame of geometrical pattern; some of these, notably the first, and also those shown on a white background, are very effective. His device was an anchor held by a hand issuing from clouds, with two sprigs of laurel, and the motto '*Anchora Spei*,' the whole enclosed in an oval frame.

Vautrollier was succeeded in business by his son-in-law, Richard Field, another case of the apprentice marrying his master's daughter. Field was a native of Stratford-on-Avon, and therefore a fellow-townsmen of Shakespeare's, whose first poem, *Venus and Adonis*, he printed for Harrison in 1593. But we have no knowledge of any intercourse between them.

Field succeeded to the stock of his predecessor, and his work is free from the haste and slovenly appearance so general at that time. Another work from his press was Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesy*, 1589, 4to. The first edition, of which there is a copy in the British Museum, had no author's name, but was dedicated by the printer [Pg 118] to Lord Burghley. In the second book, four pages were suppressed. They are inserted in the copy under notice, but are not paged. This edition also contained as a frontispiece a portrait of the Queen. Another notable work of Field's was Sir John Harington's translation of *Orlando Furioso* (1591, fol.). This book had an elaborate frontispiece, with a portrait of the translator, and thirty-six engraved illustrations, that make up in vigour of treatment, and breadth of imagination, for shortcomings in the matter of draughtsmanship. The text was printed in double columns, and each verse of the *Argument* was enclosed in a border of printers' ornaments. A second edition, alike in almost every respect, passed through the same press in 1607. In 1594 Field printed a second edition of *Venus and Adonis*, and the first edition of *Lucrece*. His later work included David Hume's *Daphne-Amaryllys*, 1605, 4to; Chapman's translation of the *Odyssey* (1614, folio); and an edition of *Virgil* in quarto in 1620.

Foremost among the later men of this century stands Christopher Barker, the Queen's printer, who was born about 1529, and is said to have been grand-nephew to Sir Christopher Barker, Garter King-at-Arms. Originally a member of the Drapers' Company, he began to publish books in 1569 (Arber, i. p. 398), and to print in 1576, and purchased from Sir Thomas Wilkes his patent to print the Old and New Testament in English. Barker issued in 1578 a circular offering his large Bible to the London Companies at the rate of 24s. each bound, and 20s. unbound, the clerks of the various Companies to receive 4d. apiece for every Bible sold, and the hall of each Company that took £40 worth to receive a presentation copy (Lemon's *Catal. of Broadsides*).

Fig. 24.—Christopher Barker's Device..

In 1582 Barker sent to Lord Burghley an account of the various printing monopolies granted since the beginning of the reign, and expresses himself freely on them. He also attempted to suppress the printers in Cambridge University. In and after 1588 he carried on his business by deputies, George Bishop and Ralph Newbery, and in the following year, on the disgrace of Sir Thomas Wilkes, he obtained an exclusive patent for himself and his son to print all official documents, as well as Bibles and Testaments. At one time Barker had no fewer than five presses, and between 1575 and 1585 he printed as many as thirty-eight editions of the Scriptures, an almost equal number being printed by his deputies before 1600. Christopher Barker died in 1599, and was succeeded in his post of royal printer by Robert Barker, his eldest son.

On the 23rd June 1586 was issued *The Newe Decrees of the Starre Chamber* for orders in Printing, which is reprinted in full in the second volume of Arber's *Transcripts*, pp. 807-812. It was the most important enactment concerning printing of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and formed the model upon which all subsequent 'whips and scorpions' for the printers were manufactured. Its chief clauses were these: It restricted all printing to London and the two Universities. The number of presses then in London was to be reduced to such proportions as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London should think sufficient. No books were to be printed without

being licensed, and the wardens were given the right to search all premises on suspicion. The penalties were imprisonment and defacement of stock.

CHAPTER VI

PROVINCIAL PRESSES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY[8]

In the first half of the sixteenth century, before the incorporation of the Stationers' Company and the subsequent restriction of printing to London and the Universities, there were ten places in England where the art was carried on. Taking them chronologically, the earliest was the city of York. Mr. Davies, in his *Memoirs of the York Press*, claims that Frederick Freez, a book-printer, was at work there in 1497; but Mr. Allnutt has clearly shown that there is no evidence in support of this, no specimen of his printing being in existence. The first printer in the city of York who can be traced with certainty was Hugo Goez, said to have been the son of Matthias van der Goez, an Antwerp printer. Two school-books, a *Donatus Minor* and an *Accidence*, as well as the *Directorium Sacerdotum*, dated in the colophon February 18th, 1509, were printed by him, and it is believed that he was for a time in partnership in London with a bookseller named Henry Watson (E. G. Duff, *Early Printed Books*). Ames, in his *Typographical Antiquities*, mentions a broadside 'containing a wooden cut of a man on horseback with a spear in his right hand, and a shield of the arms of France in his left. "Emprynted at Beverley in the Hyegate by me Hewe Goes," with his mark, or rebus, of a great H and a goose.' But this cannot now be traced.

Another printer in York, of whom it is possible to speak with certainty, was Ursyn Milner, who printed a *Festum visitationis Beate Marie Virginis*, without date, and a Latin syntax by Robert Whitinton, entitled *Editio de concinnitate grammatices et constructione noviter impressa*, with the date December 20th, 1516, and a woodcut that had belonged to Wynkyn de Worde.

The second Oxford press began about 1517. In that year there appeared, *Tractatus expositivus super libros posteriorum Aristotelis*, by Walter Burley, bearing the date December 4th, 1517, without printer's name, but ascribed from the appearance of the types to the press of John Scolar, whose name is found in some of the similar tracts that appeared the following year. These included *Questiones moralissime super libros ethicorum*, by John Dedicus, dated May 15, 1518. On June 5th was issued *Compendium questionum de luce et lumine*, on June 7th Walter Burley's *Tractatus perbrevis de materia et forma*, on June 27th Whitinton's *De Heteroclitis nominibus*. The latest book, dated 5th February 1519, *Compotus manualis ad usum Oxoniensium*, bore the name of Charles Kyrfoth, but nothing further is known of any such printer.

No more is heard of a press at Oxford until nearly the close of the sixteenth century, a gap of nearly seventy years, and a strange and unaccountable interval. At any rate, the next Oxford printed book, so far as is at present known, was John Case's *Speculum Moraliū quaestionum in universam ethicen Aristotelis*, with the colophon, '*Oxoniae ex officina typographica Josephi Barnesii Celeberrimae Academiae Oxoniensis Typographi. Anno 1585.*'

Joseph Barnes, the printer, had been admitted a bookseller in 1573, and on August 15th, 1584, the University lent him £100 with which to start a press. During the time that he remained printer to the University, his press was actively employed, no less than three hundred books, many of them in Greek and Latin, being traced to it. In 1595 appeared the first Welsh book printed at the University, a translation into Welsh by Hugh Lewis of O. Wermueller's *Spiritual and Most Precious Pearl*, and in 1596 two founts of Hebrew letter were used by Barnes, but the stock of this letter was small.

In 1528, John Scolar, no doubt the same with the Oxford printer, is found at Abingdon, where he printed a *Breviary* for the use of the abbey there; only one copy has survived, and is now at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Fig. 25.—Device of Joseph Barnes.

The first Cambridge printer was John Siberch, whose history, like that of so many other early printers, is totally unknown. Nine specimens of his printing during the years 1521-22 are extant. The first is the *Oratio* of Henry Bullock, a tract of eight quarto leaves, with a dedication dated February 13, 1521, and the date of the imprint February 1521, so that it probably appeared between the 13th and 28th of that month. The type used was a new fount of Roman. The book had no ornamentation of any kind, neither device nor initial letters. A facsimile of this book, with an introduction and bibliographical study of Siberch's productions, was issued by the late Henry

Bradshaw in 1886. The title-page of the second book, *Cuiusdam fidelis Christiani epistola ad Christianos omnes*, by Augustine, shows the title between two upright woodcuts, each containing scenes from the Last Judgment. The third book, an edition of Lucian, has a very ugly architectural border. The fifth book from Siberch's press, the *Libellus de Conscribendis epistolis*, autore D. Erasmo, printed between the 22nd and 31st of October 1521, contains the privilege which, it is believed, he obtained from Bishop Fisher.

In the far west of England a press was established in the monastery of Tavistock, in Devon, of which two curious examples are preserved. The first is *The Boke of Comfort*, called in latin *Boetius de Consolatione philosophie*.

Translated into English tonge ... Enprented in the exempt monastery of Tauestock in Deñshyre, By me Dan Thomas

Rycharde, monke of the sayde monastery, To the instant desyre of the ryght worshypful esquier Mayster Robert Langdon. Anno d.' M.Dxxv., 4to. The Bodleian Library at Oxford has two imperfect copies of this book, and a third, also imperfect, is in the library of Exeter College, Oxford. The latter college is also fortunate in possessing the only known copy of the second book, which has this title:—

Here foloweth the confirmation of the Charter perteynyng to all the tynners wythyn the Coūty of devonshyre, with there Statutes also made at Crockeryntorre.

Imprinted at Tavystoke ye xx day of August the yere of the reygne off our souerayne Lord Kyng Henry ye viii the xxvi yere, i.e. 1534.

To this same year, 1534, belongs the first dated book of John Herford, the St. Albans printer. It seems probable that he was established there some years earlier, but this is the first certain date we have. In that year appeared a small quarto, with the title, *Here begynnethe ye glorious lyfe and passion of Seint Albon prothomartyr of Englande*, and also the lyfe and passion of Saint Amphabel, whiche conuerted saint Albon to the fayth of Christe, of which John Lydgate was the author. It was printed at the request of Robert Catton, abbot of the monastery, and it would seem as if Herford's press was situated within the abbey precincts. The next book, *The confutacyon of the first parte of Frythes boke ... put forth by John Gwynneth clerk*, 1536, 8vo, was the work of one of the monks of the abbey, who in the previous year had signed a petition to Sir Francis Brian on the state of the monastery (*Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*, vol. ix. p. 394). Another of the signatories to that petition was Richard Stevenage, who was at that time chamberer of the abbey, and was created abbot on the deprivation of Robert Catton in 1538. Of the three books which Herford printed in that year, two were expressly printed for Richard Stevenage. These were *A Godly disputation betweene Justus and Peccator* and *Senex and Juvenis*, and *An Epistle agaynst the enemies of poore people*, both octavos, of which no copies are now known. In some of Herford's books is a curious device with the letters R. S. intertwined on it, which undoubtedly stand for Richard Stevenage. His reign as abbot was a short one, for on 5th December 1539 he delivered the abbey over to Henry VIII's commissioners. Just before that event, on the 12th October, he wrote a letter to Cromwell in which the following passage occurs:—

'Sent John Pryntare to London with Harry Pepwell, Bonere and Tabbe, of Powlles churchyard stationers, to order him at your pleasure. Never heard of the little book of detestable heresies till the stationers showed it me.'—(*Letters and Papers, Hen. VIII.*, Vol. xiv., Pt. 2, No. 315.)

The 'John Pryntare' can be none other than John Herford. 'Bonere' was a misreading for Bonham, and these three, Pepwell, Tab, and Bonham, all of them printers or booksellers in St. Paul's Churchyard, were evidently sent down especially to inquire into the matter.

We next hear of John Herford as in London in 1542, but meanwhile a modification of Stevenage's device was used by a London printer named Bourman. From the *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*, vol. xv. pp. 115, etc., it appears that after his retirement from the abbey, Richard Stevenage went by the name of Boreman. He is invariably spoken of as 'Stevenage alias Boreman,' so that the Nicholas Bourman, the London printer, was perhaps a relative.

The Rev. S. Sayers in his *Memoirs of Bristol*, 1823, vol. ii. p. 228, states, on the authority of documents in the city archives, that a press was at work in the castle in the year 1546. Of this press, if it ever existed, not so much as a leaf remains.

In 1547 Anthony Scoloker was established as a printer at Ipswich. In that year he printed *The just rekenyng or accompt of the whole number of yeares, from the beginnyng of the world, vnto this present yeare of 1547. Translated out of Germaine tonge by Anthony Scoloker the 6 daye of July 1547.* He was chiefly concerned with the movements of the Reformation, and his publications were mostly small octavos, the writings of Luther, Zwingli, and Ochino, printed in type of a German character and of no great merit. In 1548 he moved to London, where for a time he was in partnership with William Seres. The adjoining cut, the earliest English representation of a printing press, is taken from the *Ordinarye of Christians*, printed by Scoloker after he had settled in London.

Fig. 26.—From the *Ordinarye of Christians*, c. 1550.

A second printer in Ipswich is believed to have been John Overton, who in 1548 printed there two sheets of Bale's *Illustrium maioris Britanniae scriptorum summarium*, the remainder of which was printed at Wesel. Nothing else of his appears to be known. The third printer at Ipswich was John Oswen, who was also established there in 1548. Nine books can be traced to his press there. The first was *The Mynde of the Godly and excellent lerned man M. Jhon Caluyne what a Faithful man, whiche is instructe in the Worde of God ought to do, dwellinge amongst the Papistes.* Imprinted at Ippyswiche by me John Oswen. 8vo. This was followed by Calvin's Brief declaration of the fained sacrament commonly called the extreame unction. The remainder of his books were of a theological character. He left Ipswich about Christmas 1548, and is next found at Worcester, where, on the 30th January 1549, he printed *A Consultarie for all Christians most godly and earnestly warnyng al people to beware least they beare the name of Christians in vayne. Now first imprinted the xxx day of Januarie Anno M. D. xlix. At Worceter by John Oswen. Cum priuilegio Regali ad imprimendum solum. Per septennium.* The privilege, which was dated January 6th, 1548-9, authorised Oswen to print all sorts of service or prayer-books and other works relating to the scriptures 'within our Principallitie of Wales and Marches of the same.'

Oswen followed this by another edition of the *Domestycal or Household Sermons* of Christopher Hegendorff, which was printed on the last day of February 1549.

Then came his first important undertaking, a quarto edition of *The boke of common praier.* Imprinted the xxiv day of May Anno MDXLIX. The folio edition appeared in July of the same year. Two months later he printed an edition of the *Psalter or Psalmes of David*, 4to. On January 12, 1550, appeared a quarto edition of the *New Testament*, of which there is a copy in Balliol College Library, and this was followed in the same year by Zwingli's *Short Pathwaye*, translated by John Veron; by a translation by Edward Aglionby of Mathew Gribalde's *Notable and marveilous epistle*, and the *Godly sayings of the old auncient fathers*, compiled by John Veron. Two or three books of the same kind were issued in 1551, and in 1552 he issued another edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*. The last we hear of him is in 1553, when he printed an edition of the *Statutes of 6th Edward VI.*, and *An Homelye to read in the tyme of pestylence.* What became of Oswen is not known. He very likely went abroad on the accession of Queen Mary.

In Kent there was a press at Canterbury, from which eleven books are known to have been printed between 1549 and 1556.

John Mychell, the printer of these, began work in London at the Long Shop in the Poultry, some time between the departure of Richard Banckes in 1539 and the tenancy of Richard Kele in 1542. In 1549 he appears to have moved to Canterbury, where he printed a quarto edition of the *Psalms*, with the colophon, 'Printed at Canterbury in Saynt Pauls paryshe by John Mychell.' In 1552 he issued *A Breuiat Cronicle contayninge all the Kynges from Brute to this daye*, and in 1556, the *Articles of Cardinal Pole's Visitation*. He also issued several minor theological tracts without dates.

The Norwich press began about 1566, when Anthony de Solemne, or Solempne, set up a press among the refugees who had fled from the Netherlands and taken refuge in that city. Most of his books were printed in Dutch, and all of them are excessively rare. The earliest was:—

Der Siecken Troost, Onderwijsinghe on gewillichlick te steruen. Troostinghe | on den siecken totte rechten gheloue ende betrouwen in Christo te onderwijsen. Ghemeyn bekenisse der sonden | met | soon gebeden. Ghedruct in Jaer ons Heeren. Anno 1566. The only known copy of the book is in Trinity College Library, Dublin.

The Psalms of David in Dutch appeared in 1568, and the New Testament in the same year.

He was also the printer of certain Tables concerning God's word, by Antonius Corranus, pastor of the Spanish Protestant congregation at Antwerp. It was printed in four languages, Latin, French, Dutch, and English.

The only known specimen of Solempne's printing in the English language is a broadside now in the Bodleian:—

Certayne versis | written by Thomas Brooke Gētleman | in the tyme of his imprysōment | the daye before his deathe | who sufferyd at Norwich the 30 of August 1570. Imprynted at Norwiche in the Paryshe of Saynct Andrewe | by Anthony de Solempne 1570.

In this year Solempne also printed Eenen Calendier Historiael | eewelick gheduerende, 8vo, a tract of eight leaves printed in black and red, of which there are copies in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and the Bodleian.

There is then a gap of eight years in his work, the next book found being a sermon, printed in 1578, *Het tweede boeck vande sermoenen des wel vermaerden Predicant B. Cornelis Adriaensen van Dordrecht minrebroeder tot Brugges*. Of this there are two copies known, one in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

The last book traced to Solempne's press is *Chronyc. Historie der Nederlandtscher Oorlogen*. Gedruct tot Norrtwitz na de copie van Basel, Anno 1579, 8vo, of which there remain copies in the Bodleian, University Library, Cambridge, and in the private collection of Lord Amherst. In 1583, after an interval similar to that at Oxford, another press was started at Cambridge, when, on May 3rd of that year, Thomas Thomas was appointed University printer. His career was marked by many difficulties. The Company of Stationers at once seized his press as an infringement of their privileges, and this in the face of the fact that for many years the University had possessed the royal licence, though hitherto it had not been used. The Bishop of London, writing to Burghley, declared on hearsay evidence that Thomas was a man 'vtterlie ignoraunte in printinge.' The University protested, and as it was clearly shown that they held the royal privilege, the Company were obliged to submit, but they did the Cambridge printer all the injury they could by freely printing books that were his sole copyright (Arber's *Transcripts*, vol. ii. pp. 782, 813, 819-20). He printed for the use of scholars small editions of classical works. In 1585 he issued in octavo the Latin Grammar of Peter Ramus, and in 1587 the Latin Grammar of James Carmichael in quarto (Hazlitt, *Collections and Notes*, 3rd series, p. 17). He was also the compiler of a Dictionary, first printed about 1588, of which five editions were called for before the end of the century.

Thomas died in August 1588, and the University, on the 2nd November, appointed John Legate his successor, as 'he is reported to be skilful in the art of printing books.' On the 26th April 1589 he received as an apprentice Cantrell Legge, who afterwards succeeded him. From 1590 to 1609 he appears in the parish books of St. Mary the Great, Cambridge, as paying 5s. a year for the rent of a shop. He had the exclusive right of printing Thomas's Dictionary, and he printed most of the books of William Perkins. He subsequently left Cambridge and settled in London.

Fig. 27.—Device used by John Legate.

The books printed by these two Cambridge printers show that they had a good variety of Roman and Italic, very regularly cast, besides some neat ornaments and initials. Whether these founts belonged to the University, or to Thomas in the first place, is not clear. Nor do these books bear out the Bishop of London's statement as to Thomas being ignorant of printing; on the contrary, the presswork was such as could only have been done by a skilled workman.

In addition to the foregoing, there were several secret presses at work in various parts of the country during the second half of the century. The Cartwright controversy, which began in 1572 with the publication of a tract entitled *An Admonition to the Parliament*, was carried out by means of a secret press at which John Stroud is believed to have worked, and had as assistants two men named Lacy and Asplyn. The Stationers' Company employed Toy and Day to hunt it out, with the result that it was seized at Hempstead, probably Hemel Hempstead, Herts, or Hempstead

near Saffron Walden, Essex. The type was handed over to Bynneman, who used it in printing an answer to Cartwright's book. It was in consequence of his action in this matter that John Day was in danger of being killed by Asplyn.

A few years later books by Jesuit authors were printed from a secret press which, from some notes written by F. Parsons in 1598, and now preserved in the library of Stonyhurst College, we know began work at Greenstreet House, East Ham, but was afterwards removed to Stonor Park. The overseer of this press was Stephen Brinckley, who had several men under him, and the most noted book issued from it was Campion's *Rationes Decem*, with the colophon, 'Cosmopoli 1581.'

Finally, there was the Marprelate press, of which Robert Waldegrave was the chief printer. He was the son of a Worcestershire yeoman, and put himself apprentice to William Griffith, from the 24th June 1568, for eight years. He was therefore out of his time in 1576, and in 1578 there is entered to him a book entitled *A Castell for the Soul*. His subsequent publications were of the same character, including, in 1581, *The Confession and Declaration of John Knox*, *The Confession of the Protestants of Scotland*, and a sermon of Luther's. It was not, however, until the 7th April 1588 that he got into trouble. In that year he printed a tract of John Udall's, entitled *The State of the Church of England*. His press was seized and his type defaced, but he succeeded in carrying off some of it to the house of a Mrs. Crane at East Molesey, where he printed another of Udall's tracts, and the first of the Marprelate series: *O read over D. John Bridges for it is a worthy work*. Printed oversea in Europe within two furlongs of a Bouncing Priest, at the cost and charges of M. Marprelate, gentleman.

>From East Molesey the press was afterwards removed to Fawsley, near Daventry, and from thence to Coventry. But the hue and cry after the hidden press was so keen that another shift was made to Wolston Priory, the seat of Sir R. Knightley, and finally Waldegrave fled over sea, taking with him his black-letter type. He went first to Rochelle, and thence to Edinburgh, where in 1590 he was appointed King's printer.

The Marprelate press was afterwards carried on by Samuel Hoskins or Hodgkys, who had as his workmen Valentine Symmes and Arthur Thomlyn. The last of the Marprelate tracts, *The Protestacyon of Martin Marprelate*, was printed at Haseley, near Warwick, about September 1589.

PRINTING IN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

On the 15th September 1507, King James IV. of Scotland granted to his faithful subjects, Walter Chepman and Androw Myllar, burgesses of Edinburgh, leave to import a printing-press and letter, and gave them licence to print law books, breviaries, and so forth, more particularly the Breviary of William, Bishop of Aberdeen. Walter Chepman was a general merchant, and probably his chief part in the undertaking at the outset was of a financial character. Andrew Myllar had for some years carried on the business of a bookseller in Edinburgh, and books were printed for him in Rouen by Pierre Violette. There is, moreover, evidence that Myllar himself learnt the art of printing in that city.

The printing-house of the firm in Edinburgh was in the Southgait (now the Cowgate), and they lost no time in setting to work, devoting themselves chiefly to printing some of the popular metrical tales of England and Scotland. A volume containing eleven such pieces, most of them printed in 1508, is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

Among the pieces found in it are—*Sir Eglamoure of Artoys*, *Maying or desport of Chaucer*, *Buke of Gude Counsale to the Kyng*, *Flytting of Dunbar & Kennedy*, and *Twa Marrit Wemen and the wedo*.

Three founts of black letter, somewhat resembling in size and shape those of Wynkyn de Worde, were used in printing these books, and the devices of both men are found in them. That of Chepman was a copy of the device of the Paris printer, Pigouchet, while Myllar adopted the punning device of a windmill with a miller bearing sacks into the mill, with a small shield charged with three fleur-de-lys in each of the upper corners.

Fig. 28.—Device of Andrew Miller.

After printing the above-mentioned works, Myllar disappears, and the famous *Breviarium Aberdonense*, the work for which the King had mainly granted the license, was finished in 1509-10 by Chepman alone. It is an

unpretentious little octavo, printed in double columns, in red and black, as became a breviary, but with no special marks of typographical beauty. Four copies of it are known to exist, but none of these are perfect. Chepman then disappears as mysteriously as his partner. In the Glamis copy of the *Bremarium*, Dr. David Laing discovered a single sheet of eight leaves of a book with the imprint: *Impressū Edinburgi per Johane Story nomine & mandato Karoli Stule*. Nothing more, however, is known of this John Story.

In 1541-2 another printer, Thomas Davidson, is found printing *The New Actis and Constitutionis of Parliament maid Be the Rycht Excellent Prince James the Fift King of Scottis*, 1540. Davidson's press, which was situated 'above the nether bow, on the north syde of the gait,' was also very short-lived, and very few examples of it are now in existence; one of these, a quarto of four leaves, with the title *Ad Serenissimum Scotorum Regem Jacobum Quintum de suscepto Regni Regimine a diis feliciter ominato Strena*, is the earliest instance of the use of Roman type in Scotland. His most important undertaking, besides the Acts of Parliament, was a Scottish history, printed about 1542.

The next printer we hear of is John Scot or Skot. There was a printer of this name in London between 1521 and 1537, but whether he is to be identified with this slightly later Scottish printer is not known. Between 1552 and 1571 Scot printed a great many books, most of them of a theological character. Among them was Ninian Winziet's *Certane tractatis for Reformatioun of Doctryne and Maneris*, a quarto, printed on the 21st May 1562, and the same author's *Last Blast of the Trumpet*. For these he was arrested and thrown into prison, and his printing materials were handed over to Thomas Bassandyne. In 1568 he was at liberty again and printed for Henry Charteris, *The Warkes of the famous & vorthie Knicht Schir David Lyndesay*; while among his numerous undated books is found Lyndsay's *Ane Dialog betwix Experience and Ane Courtier*, of which he printed two editions, the second containing several other poems by the same author.

Scot was succeeded by Robert Lekpreuik, who began to print, in 1561, his first dated book, a small black-letter octavo of twenty-four pages, called *The Confessione of the fayght and doctrin beleued and professed by the Protestantes of the Realme of Scotland*. Imprinted at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik, *Cum privilegio*, 1561.

In the following year the Kirk lent him £200 with which to print the Psalms. The copy now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, bound with the *Book of Common Order* printed by Lekpreuik in the same year, probably belongs to this edition. Two years later, in 1564-5, he obtained a license under the Privy Seal to print the Acts of Parliament of Queen Mary and the Psalms of David in Scottish metre. Of this edition of the Psalms there is a perfect copy in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Again, in 1567, Lekpreuik obtained the royal license as king's printer for twenty years, during which time he was to have the monopoly of printing *Donatus pro pueris*, *Rudimentis of Pelisso*, Acts of Parliament, Chronicles of the Realm, the book called *Regia Majestas*, the Psalms, the Homelies, and *Rudimenta Artis Grammaticae*.

Among his other work of that year may be noticed a ballad entitled *The testament and tragedie of vmquhile King Henry Stewart of gude memory*, a broadside of sixteen twelve-line stanzas, from the pen of Robert Sempil. A copy of this is in the British Museum (Cott. Caligula, C. i. fol. 17). In 1568 there was danger of plague in Edinburgh, and Lekpreuik printed a small octavo of twenty-four leaves, in Roman type, with the title, *Ane breve description of the Pest, Quhair in the Cavis signes and sum speciall preservatioun and cvre thair of ar contenit. Set furth be Maister Gilbert Skeyne, Doctoure in Medicine*.

In 1570 he printed for Henry Charteris a quarto edition of the *Actis and Deides of Sir William Wallace*, and in 1571 *The Actis and Lyfe of Robert Bruce*. This was printed early in the year, as on the 14th April Secretary Maitland made a raid upon Lekpreuik's premises, under the belief that he was the printer of Buchanan's *Chameleon*. The printer, however, had received timely warning and retired to Stirling, where, before the 6th of August, he printed Buchanan's *Admonition*, and also a letter from John Knox 'To his loving Brethren.' His sojourn there was very short, as on the 4th September Stirling was attacked and Lekpreuik thereupon withdrew to St. Andrews, where his press was active throughout the year 1572 and part of 1573. In the month of April 1573 Lekpreuik returned to Edinburgh and printed Sir William Drury's *Regulations for the army under his command*. But in January 1573-74 he was thrown into prison and his press and property confiscated. How long he remained a prisoner is not clear, but in all probability until after the execution of the Regent Morton in 1581. In that year he printed the following books—Patrick Adamson's *Catechismus Latino Carmine Redditus et in libros quatuor digestus*, a small octavo of forty

leaves, printed in Roman type; Fowler's Answer to John Hamilton, a quarto of twenty-eight leaves; and a Declaration without place or printer's name, but attributed to his press: after this nothing more is heard of him.

Contemporary with Lekpreuk was Thoma Bassandyne, who is believed to have worked both in Paris and Leyden before setting up as a printer in Edinburgh.

His first appearance, in 1568, was not a very creditable one. An order of the General Assembly, on the 1st July of that year, directs Bassandyne to call in a book entitled *The Fall of the Roman Kirk*, in which the king was called 'supreme head of the Primitive Church,' and also orders him to delete an obscene song called *Welcome Fortune* which he had printed at the end of a psalm-book. The Assembly appointed Mr. Alexander Arbuthnot to revise these things.

In 1574 Bassandyne printed a quarto edition of Sir David Lindsay's Works, of which he had 510 copies in stock at the time of his death.

Fig. 29.—Device of Alexander Arbuthnot.

On the 7th March 1574-75, in partnership with Alexander Arbuthnot (who was not the same as the Alexander Arbuthnot who had been appointed to exercise a supervision of Bassandyne's books in 1568), Bassandyne laid proposals before the General Assembly for printing an edition of the Bible, the first ever printed in Scotland. The General Assembly gave him hearty support, and required every parish to provide itself with one of the new Bibles as soon as they were printed. On the other hand, the printers were to deliver a certain number of copies before the last of March 1576, and the cost of it was to be £5. The terms of this agreement were not carried out by the printers. The New Testament only was completed and issued in 1576, with the name of Thomas Bassandyne as the printer. The whole Bible was not finished until the close of the year 1579, and Bassandyne did not live to see its completion, his death taking place on the 18th October 1577.

Like most of his predecessors, Bassandyne was a bookseller; and on pp. 292-304 of their work *Annals of Scottish Printing*, Messrs. Dickson and Edmond have printed the Inventory of the goods he possessed, including the whole of his stock of books, which is of the greatest interest and value. Unfortunately such inventories are not to be met with in the case of English printers.

Bassandyne used as his device a modification of the serpent and anchor mark of John Crespin of Geneva.

Arbuthnot was now left to carry on the business alone, and was made King's printer in 1579. But he was a slow, slovenly, and ignorant workman, and the General Assembly were so disgusted with the delivery of the Bible and the wretched appearance of his work, that, on the 13th February 1579-80, they decided to accept the offer of Thomas Vautrollier, a London printer, to establish a press in Edinburgh.

Arbuthnot died on September 1st, 1585. His device was a copy of that of Richard Jugge of London, and is believed to have been the work of a Flemish artist, Assuerus vol Londersel.

Another printer in Edinburgh between 1574-80 was John Ross. He worked chiefly for Henry [Pg 149] Charteris, for whom he printed the *Catechisme* in 1574, and a metrical version of the Psalms in 1578. For the same bookseller he also printed a poem, *The seuin Seages*, Translatit out of prois in Scottis meter be Johne Rolland in Dalkeith, a quarto, now so rare that only one copy is now known, that in the Britwell Library.

In 1579 Ross printed *Ad virulentum Archbaldi Hamiltonii Apostatæ dialogum, de confusione Calvinianæ Sectæ apud Scotos, impie conscriptum, orthodoxa responsio, Thoma Smetonio Scoto anctore*, a quarto, printed in Roman letter, and followed it up with two editions of Buchanan's *De Jure Regni apud Scotos dialogus*.

Ross used a device showing Truth with an open book in her right hand, a lighted candle in her left, surrounded with the motto 'Vincet tandem veritas.' This device was afterwards used by both Charteris and Waldegrave. Ross died in 1580, when his stock passed into the hands of Henry Charteris, who began printing in the following year. As we have seen, he employed Scot, Lekpreuk, and Ross to print for him. Up to 1581 he confined himself to bookselling. His printing was confined to various editions of Sir David Lindsay's Works and theological tracts. He used two

devices, that of Ross, and another emblematical of Justice and Religion, with his initials. He died on the 9th August 1599. In 1580, at the express invitation of the General Assembly, Thomas Vautrollier visited Edinburgh, and set up as a bookseller, no doubt with the view of seeing what scope there was likely to be for a printer with a good stock of type. The Treasurer's accounts for this period show that he received royal patronage.

On his second visit, a year or two later, he went armed with a letter to George Buchanan from Daniel Rodgers, and set up a press in Edinburgh. But in spite of the support of the Assembly and the patronage that an introduction to Buchanan must have brought him, he evidently soon found there was not enough business in Edinburgh to support a printer, for he remained there little more than a year, when he again returned to London. During his short career as a printer in Edinburgh he printed at least eight books, of which the most important were Henry Balnave's *Confession of Faith*, 1584, 8vo, and King James's *Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie*, 4to.

Scotland's next important printer was Robert Waldegrave, who, after his adventures as a secret printer in England, set up a press in Edinburgh in 1590, and continued printing there till the close of the century.

One of his first works was a quarto in Roman type entitled *The Confession of Faith, Subscribed by the Kingis Maiestie and his householde: Together with the Copie of the Bande, maid touching the maintenaunce of the true Religion*. Among his other work, which was chiefly theological, may be mentioned King James's *Demonologie*, 1597, 4to, and the first edition of the *Basilikon Doron*, in quarto, of which it is said only seven copies were printed.

Contemporary with him was a Robert Smyth, who married the widow of Thomas Bassandyne, and who in 1599 received license to print the following books:—'The double and single catechism, the plane Donet, the haill four pairtes of grammar according to Sebastian, the Dialauges of Corderius, the celect and familiar Epistles of Cicero, the buik callit Sevin Seages, the Ballat buik, the Secund rudimentis of Dunbar, the Psalmes of Buchanan and Psalme buik.'

The only known copy of Smyth's edition of Holland's *Seven Sages* is that in the British Museum.

The last of the Scottish printers of the sixteenth century was Robert Charteris, the son and successor of Henry Charteris, but he did not succeed to the business until 1599, and his work lies chiefly in the succeeding century.

It may safely be said that the earliest press in Ireland of which there is any authentic notice was that of Humphrey Powell, of which there is the following note in the Act Books of the Privy Council (New Series, vol. iii. p. 84), under date 18th July 1550:—

'A warrant to —, to deliver xxli unto Powell the printer, given him by the Kinges Majestie towarde his setting up in Ireland.'

Nothing is known of Humphrey Powell's work in England beyond several small theological works issued between 1548 and 1549 from a shop in Holborn above the Conduit.

On his arrival in Ireland he set up his press in Dublin, and printed there the *Prayer Book of Edward VI.* with the colophon:—

'Imprinted by Humphrey Powell, printer to the Kynges Maieste, in his Highnesse realme of Ireland dwellynge in the cite of Dublin in the great toure by the Crane Cum Privelegio ad imprimendum solum. Anno Domini, M.D.L.I.'

Timperley, in his *Encyclopædia* (p. 314), says that Powell continued printing in Dublin for fifteen years, and removed to the southern side of the river to St. Nicholas Street.

In 1571 the first fount of Irish type was presented by Queen Elizabeth to John O'Kearney, treasurer of St. Patrick's, to print the *Catechism* which appeared in that year from the press of John Franckton. (Reed, *Old English Letter Foundries*, pp. 75, 186-7.) It was not a Pure Irish character, but a hybrid fount consisting for the most part of Roman and Italic letters, with the seven distinctly Irish sorts added. A [Pg 153] copy of the *Catechism* is exhibited in the King's Library, British Museum, and in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is a copy of a broadside Poem on the last Judgement, sent over to the Archbishop of Canterbury as a specimen.

This type was afterwards used to print William O'Donnell's, or Daniel's, Irish Testament in 1602.

CHAPTER VII

THE STUART PERIOD

1603-1640

One of the first acts of King James on his accession to the English throne was to strengthen the hands of the already powerful Company of Stationers. Hitherto all Primers and Psalters had been the exclusive privilege of the successors of Day and Seres, while Almanacs and Prognostications, another large and profitable source of revenue, had been the property of James Roberts and Richard Watkins. But now, by the royal authority, these two valuable patents were turned over to the Stationers to form part of their English stock. At the same time, the privileges of Robert Barker, son and successor to Christopher Barker, and king's printer by reversion, were increased by grants for printing all statutes, hitherto the monopoly of other printers. On the other hand, Robert Barker did not retain the sole possession of the royal business as men like Berthelet and Pynson had been wont to do, but had joined with him in the patent John Norton, who had a special grant for printing all books in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and John Bill, who probably obtained his share by purchase. These three men were thus the chief printers during the early part of this reign.

Robert Barker had been made free of the Stationers' Company in 1589, when he joined his father's assigns, George Bishop and Ralph Newbery, in the management of the business. He was admitted to the livery of the Company in 1592, and upon his father's death succeeded to the office of King's printer by reversion. In 1601-2 he was warden of the Company, and filled the office of Master in 1605. Some time before 1618 he sold his moiety of the business to Bonham Norton and John Bill, and this arrangement was confirmed by Royal Charter in 1627.

Upon the death of Bonham Norton, Barker's name again appears in the imprint of the firm, and he continued printing until about 1645. It is said by Ames (vol. ii. p. 1091), and has been repeated by all writers since his day, that Robert Barker was committed to the King's Bench Prison in 1635, and that he remained a prisoner there until his death in 1645. No confirmation of this can be found in the State Papers; indeed the fact that he accompanied Charles I. to Newcastle in 1636, and was printing in other parts of England until 1640, proves that he could not have been in prison the whole of the time from 1635 to 1645.

Robert Barker's work was almost entirely of an official character, the printing of the Scriptures, Book of Common Prayer, Statutes and Proclamations.

His work was very unequal, and his type, mostly of black letter, was not of the best.

His most important undertaking was the so-called 'authorised version' of the Bible in 1611. As a matter of fact it never was authorised in any official sense. The undertaking was proposed at a conference of divines, held at Hampton Court in 1604. The King manifested great interest in the scheme, but did not put his hand in his pocket towards the expenses, and the divines who undertook the translation obtained little except fame for their labours, while the whole cost of printing was borne by Robert Barker. Like all previous editions of the Scriptures in folio, this Bible of 1611 was printed in great primer black letter. It was preceded by an elaborately engraved title-page, the work of C. Boel of Richmond, and had also an engraved map of Canaan, partly the work of John Speed.

The type and ornaments were the same as had been used to print the first edition of the 'Bishops' Bible,' the initial letter to the Psalms containing the arms of Whittingham and Cecil.

Fig. 30.—From the Bible of 1611.

Barker also possessed the handsome pictorial initial letters which had been used by John Day, and many of the ornaments and initials previously in the office of Henry Bynneman.

John Norton was the son of Richard Norton, a yeoman of Billingsley, county Shropshire; he was nephew of William Norton, and cousin of Bonham Norton, and was thus connected by marriage with the sixteenth century bookseller, William Bonham. He was three times Master of the Stationers' Company, in 1607, 1610, and 1612. On his death, in 1612, he left £1000 to the Company of Stationers, not as is generally stated as a legacy of his own, but rather as

trustee of the bequest of his uncle, William Norton. The bulk of his property he left to his cousin, Bonham Norton (P. C. C. 5 Capell).

His press will always be remembered for the magnificent edition of the Works of St. Chrysostom, in eight folio volumes, printed at Eton in 1610, at the charge of Sir Henry Savile, the editor. The late T. B. Reed, in his *History of the Old English Letter Foundries* (p. 140), speaks of this edition as 'one of the most splendid examples of Greek printing in this country,' and further describes the types with which it was printed as 'a great primer body, very elegantly and regularly cast, with the usual numerous ligatures and abbreviations which characterised the Greek typography of that period' (p. 141).

Fig. 31.—Dedication of Savile's St. Chrysostom. Eton, 1610.
The work is said to have cost its promoter £8000.

The title-page to the first volume was handsomely engraved, and a highly ornamental series of initial letters were used in it.

Another Greek work that Norton completed at Eton in the same year was the *Sancti Gregorii Nazianzeni in Julianum Invectivae duae*, in quarto.

In addition to his patent for printing Greek and Latin books, Norton also acquired from Francis Rea his patent for printing grammars, and by his will he directed a sum of money to be paid out of the profits of this patent to his wife Joyce.

John Bill was the son of Walter Bill, husbandman, of Wenlock, county Salop, and on the 25th July 1592 he apprenticed himself to John Norton. In 1601 he was admitted a freeman of the Company.

He appears to have been a man of shrewd business ability and some scholarship, as we find him writing in Latin to Dr. Wideman of Augsburg on the subject of books. He was also looked upon by the Government as an authority on matters concerning his business. Under his partnership with Bonham Norton, he secured a large share in the Royal business. John Norton bequeathed him a legacy of £10, and a similar sum to his wife. John Bill died in 1632, and on the 26th August of that year the whole of his stock was assigned to Mistress Joyce Norton, the widow of John Norton, and Master Whittaker. The list fills upwards of two pages of Arber's *Transcripts* (vol. iv. pp. 283-285), and includes the following notable works:—

Beza's Testament in Latin, Camden's *Britannia*, Comines' *History*, Cornelius Tacitus, Du Moulin's *Defence of the Catholique Faith*, Gerard's *Herball*, Goodwin's *History of Henry VIII.*, Plutarch's *Works*, Rider's *Dictionary*, Spalato's *Sermons*, Usher's *Gravissimæ questiones*, Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*.

The reversion of John Norton's patent for Greek and Latin books had been granted in 1604 to Robert Barker (Dom. S. P. 1604), but the year following Norton's death it was granted to Bonham Norton for thirty years (Dom. S. P. I., vol. 72, No. 5), and he also seems to have acquired the patent for printing grammars.

Bonham Norton was the only son of William Norton, stationer of London, who died in 1593, by his wife Joan, the daughter of William Bonham. He took up his freedom on the 4th February 1594, and was Master of the Stationers' Company in the years 1613, 1626, and 1629, and must have been one of the richest men in the trade. He was joined with Thomas Wight in a patent for printing *Abridgements of the Statutes* in 1599, and later with John Bill in a share of the Royal printing-house. He is frequently mentioned in wills and other documents of this period. At the time of John Norton's death Bonham had a family of five sons and four daughters. He died intestate on the 5th April 1635, and administration of his estate was granted to his son John on the 28th May 1636 (Admon, Act Book 1636).

On the 9th May 1615 an order was made by the Court of the Stationers' Company, upon complaint made by the master printers of the number of presses then at work, that only nineteen printers, exclusive of the patentees, i.e. Robert Barker, John Bill, and Bonham Norton, should exercise the craft of printing in the city of London. There is nothing in the work of these men, judged as specimens of the printer's art, to interest us, but there were some whose work was of very much better character than others.

Richard Field, the successor of Thomas Vautrollier, and a fellow-townsmen of Shakespeare, has already been spoken of in an earlier chapter. He printed many important books between 1601-1624, had two presses at work in 1615, and was Master of the Company in 1620. He maintained the high character that Vautrollier had given to the productions of his press.

Felix Kingston was the son of John Kingston of Paternoster Row, and was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on the [Pg 163] 25th of June 1597, being translated from the Company of Grocers. Throughout the first half of the seventeenth century his press was never idle. He was Master of the Company in 1637.

Edward Aide was the son of John Aide of the Long Shop in the Poultry. He had two presses, and printed very largely for other men, but his type and workmanship were poor.

William and Isaac Jaggard are best known as the printers of the works of Shakespeare. They were associated in the production of the first folio in 1623, which came from the press of Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, at the charges of William Jaggard, Edward Blount, J. Smethwicke, and William Aspley; the editors being the poet's friends, J. Heminge and H. Condell.

In addition to being the first collected edition of Shakespeare's works, this was in many respects a remarkable volume. The best copies measure 13-1/2 x 8-1/2". The title-page bears the portrait of the poet by Droeshout. The dedicatory epistle is in large italic type, and is followed by a second epistle, 'To the Readers,' in Roman. The verses in praise of the author, by Ben Jonson and others, are printed in a second fount of italic, and the Contents in a still smaller fount of the same letter. The text, printed in double columns, is in Roman and Italic, each page being enclosed within printer's rules. Of these various types, the best is the large italic, which somewhat resembles Day's fount of the same letter. That of the text is exceedingly poor, while the setting of the type and rules leaves much to be desired. The arrangement and pagination are erratic. The book, like many other folios, was made up in sixes, and the first alphabet of signatures is correct and complete, while the second runs on regularly to the completion of the Comedies on cc.2. The Histories follow with a fresh alphabet, which the printer began as 'aa,' and continued as 'a' until he got to 'g,' when he inserted a 'gg' of eight leaves, and then continued from 'i' to 'x' in sixes to the end of the Histories. The Tragedies begin with Troilus and Cresside, the insertion of which was evidently an afterthought, as there is no mention of it in the 'Contents' of the volume, and the signatures of the sheets are ¶ followed by ¶¶ six leaves each. Then they start afresh with 'aa' and proceed regularly to 'hh,' the end of the Macbeth, the following signature being 'kk,' thus omitting the remainder of signature 'hh' and the whole of 'ii.' In a series of interesting letters communicated to Notes and Queries (8 S. vol. viii. pp. 306, 353, 429), the make up of this volume is explained very plausibly. The copyright of Troilus and Cresside belonged to R. Bonian and H. Walley, who apparently refused at first to give their sanction to its publication. But by that time it had been printed, [Pg 165] and the sheets signed for it to follow Macbeth, so that it had to be taken out. Arrangements having at last been made for its insertion in the work, it was reprinted and inserted where it is now found. It is also surmised that the original intention was to publish the work in three parts, and to this theory the repetition of the signatures lends colour.

One of the most interesting presses of the early Stuart period, both for the excellence of its work and the nature of the books that came from it, was that of William Stansby. This printer took up his freedom on the 7th January 1597, after serving a seven years' apprenticeship with John Windet. The following April he registered a book entitled The Polycie of the Turkishe Empire. This little quarto was, however, printed for him by his old master, John Windet, and there is no further entry in the registers until 1611, or fourteen years after the date at which he took up his freedom.

It would appear that Stansby began to print in 1609 with an edition of Greene's Pandosto, which was not registered. In 1611 he purchased the copyright in the books of John Windet for 13s. 40d., but three of them the Company added to its stock, with the undertaking that Stansby should always have the printing of them. One of these books was The Assize of Bread. On the 23rd February 1625 the whole of William East's copies, including music, was assigned over to him. This list of books is the longest to be found in the registers, and covers every branch of literature.

About this time Stansby got into trouble with the Company for printing a seditious book, and his premises were nailed up, but eventually they were restored to him, and he continued in business until 1639, when his stock was transferred to Richard Bishop, and eventually came into the hands of John Haviland and partners.

Among his more important works may be mentioned the second and subsequent editions of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Politie*, in folio; the Works of Ben Jonson, 1616, folio; Eadmer's *Historia Novorum*, 1623, folio; Selden's *Mare Clausum*, 1635, folio; Blundeville's *Exercises*, 1622, quarto; Coryate's *Crudities*, 1611, quarto.

He possessed a considerable stock of type, most of it good. Some of the ornamental headbands and initial letters that he used were of an artistic character, and were used with good effect. An instance of this may be seen in his edition of Hooker, 1611, which has an engraved title-page by William Hole, showing a view of St. Paul's. The page of Contents is surrounded on three sides by a border made up of odds and ends of printers' ornaments, yet, in spite of its miscellaneous character, the effect is by no means bad. The border to the title-page of the fifth book [Pg 167] was one of a series that formed part of the stock of the Company, and were lent out to any who required them. Stansby's presswork was uniformly good, and in this respect alone he may be ranked among the best printers of his time.

Another of the printers referred to in the list was somewhat of a refractory character, a printer of popular books at the risk of imprisonment, a class of men who were to figure largely in the events of the next few years. Nicholas Okes is known best, perhaps, as the printer of some of the writings of Dekker, Greene, and Heywood; but in 1621 he printed, without license, *Wither's Motto*, a tract from the pen of George Wither, which had been published by John Marriot a short time before. This satire aroused the ire of the Government, and all connected with it at once made the acquaintance of the nearest jail. In the State Papers for that year are preserved the examination of the author, the booksellers, and the printer, Nicholas Okes. One of the witnesses declared that Okes told him that he had printed the book with the consent of the Company, and that the Master (Humphrey Lownes) had declared that if he was committed they would get him discharged. Another declared that Okes had printed two impressions of 3000 each, using the same title-page as that to the first edition, and that one of the wardens of the Company (Matthew Lownes) continued to [Pg 168] sell the book, and called for more copies. The only defence Okes made was that he believed the book to be duly licensed, and when challenged as to why he printed Marriot's name on the title-page, declared he simply printed the book as he found it. (S. P. Dom. James I., vol. cxxii. Nos. 12 et seq.)

On the 10th December 1623 an end was put for the time to the disputes that had for so long a period been raised by the Stationers' Company to the rights of the printers of the University of Cambridge.

The Company's last attempt to suppress Cantrell Legg, and prevent him from printing grammars and prayer-books, led to an appeal to the King, who made short work of the matter by ordering the two parties to come to an agreement. The terms of the settlement were:—

1. That all books should be sold at reasonable prices.
2. That the University should be allowed to print, conjointly with the London stationers, all books except the Bible, Book of Common Prayer, grammar, psalms, psalters, primers, etc., but they were only to employ one press upon privileged books.
3. That the University should print no almanacs then belonging to the Stationers, but they might print prognostications brought to them first.
4. That the Stationers should not hinder the sale of University books.
5. That the University printer should be at liberty to sell all grammars and psalms that he had already printed, and such as had been seized by the Company were to be restored.

To the last clause a note was added to the effect that Bonham Norton was prepared to buy them at reasonable prices.

On the accession of Charles I. plague paralysed trade and made gaps in the ranks of the Stationers' Company. During the autumn of 1624 and the following year several noted printers died, probably from this cause. Chief among these were George Eld, Edward Aide, and Thomas Snodham. Eld was succeeded by his partner, Miles Flesscher or Fletcher, and Aide by his widow, Elizabeth. Thomas Snodham had inherited the business of Thomas East. The copyright in these passed to William Stansby, one of his executors; but the materials of the office, that is the types, woodcut letters, and ornaments, and the presses, were sold to William Lee for £165, and shortly afterwards passed into the possession of Thomas Harper. They included a fount of black letter, and several founts of

Roman and Italic of all sizes, and one of Greek letter, all of which had belonged to Thomas East, and were by this time the worse for wear.

But the plague was at the worst only a temporary hindrance; the censorship of the press the printers had always with them, and this, which had been comparatively mildly used during the late reign, was now in the hands of men who wielded it with severity. During the next fifteen years the printers, publishers, and booksellers of London were subjected to a persecution hitherto unknown. During that time there were few printers who did not know the inside of the Gatehouse or the Compter, or who were not subjected to heavy fines. For the literature of that age was chiefly of a religious character, and its tone mainly antagonistic to Laud and his party. All other subjects, whether philosophical, scientific, or dramatic, were sorely neglected. The later works of Bacon, the plays of Shirley and Shakerley Marmion, and a few classics, most of which came from the University presses, are sparsely scattered amongst the flood of theological discussion. The history of the best work in the trade in London is practically the history of three men—John Haviland, Miles Fletcher, and Robert Young, who joined partnership and, in addition to a share in the Royal printing-house, obtained by purchase the right of printing the Abridgements to the Statutes, and bought up several large and old-established printing-houses, such as those of George Purslowe, Edward Griffin, and William Stansby. Bernard Alsop and Thomas Fawcett were also among the large capitalists of this time, while Nathaniel Butter, Nicholas Bourne, and Thomas Archer were also interested in several businesses beside their own. From the press of Haviland came editions of Bacon's Essays, in quarto, in 1625, 1629, 1632; of his Apophthegmes, in octavo, in 1625; of his Miscellanies, an edition in quarto, in 1629, and his Opera Moralia in 1638. From the press of Fletcher came the Divine Poems of Francis Quarles, in 1633, 1634, and 1638, and the Hieroglyphikes of the life of Man, by the same author, in 1638; while amongst Young's publications, editions of Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet appeared in 1637. Bernard Alsop and his partner printed the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, Decker, Greene, Lodge, and Shirley, the poems of Brathwait, Breton, and Crashaw, and the writings of Fuller and More.

But the most notable books of this period were not those enumerated above, but rather those which brought their authors, printers, and publishers within the clutches of the law, and the story of the struggle for freedom of speech is one of the most interesting in the history of English printing. Three men—Henry Burton, rector of St. Matthews, Friday Street; William Prynne, barrister of Lincoln's Inn; and John Bastwick, surgeon, are generally looked upon as the chief of the opposition to Laud and his party; but there were a number of other writers on the same subject, whose works brought them into the Court of High Commission. Thus, on the 15th February 1626, Benjamin Fisher, bookseller, John Okes, Bernard Alsop, and Thomas Fawcett, printers, were examined concerning a book which they had caused to be printed and sold, called *A Short View of the Long Life and reign of Henry the Third*, of which Sir Robert Cotton was the author. Fisher stated in his evidence that five sheets of this book were printed by John Okes, and one other by Alsop and Fawcett, which in itself is an indication of the immense difficulty that must have attended the discovery of the printers of forbidden books. The manuscript Fisher declared he had bought from Alsop, who, in his turn, said that he bought it of one Ferdinando Ely, 'a broker in books,' for the sum of twelvecpence, and printed what was equivalent to a thousand copies of the one sheet delivered to him, 'besides waste.' Nicholas Okes declared that his son John had printed the book without his knowledge and while he (Nicholas) was a prisoner in the Compter. Ferdinando Ely was a second-hand bookseller in Little Britain.

No very serious consequences seem to have followed in this instance; but in the following year (1628), Henry Burton was charged by the same authorities with being the author of certain unlicensed books, *The Baiting of the Pope's Bull*, *Israel's Fast*, *Trial of Private Devotions*, *Conflicts and Comforts of Conscience*, *A Plea to an Appeal*, and *Seven Vials*. The first of these was licensed, but the remainder were not. They were said to have been printed by Michael Sparke and William Jones; Sparke was a bookseller, carrying on business at the sign of the Blue Bible, in Green Arbour, in little Old Bayley, and he employed William Jones to print for him. The parties were then warned to be careful, but on 2nd April 1629 Sparke was arrested and thrown into the Fleet, and with him, at the same time, were charged William Jones, Augustine Mathewes, printers, and Nathaniel Butter, printer and publisher. Butter's offence was the issuing of a newspaper or pamphlet called *The Reconciler*; Sparke was charged with causing to be printed another of Burton's works, entitled *Babel no Bethel*, and Spencer's *Musquil Unmasked*; while Augustine Mathewes was accused of printing, for Sparke, William Prynne's *Antithesis of the Church of England*. Each party put in an answer, and of these, Michael Sparke's is the most interesting. He declared that the decree of 1586 was contrary to Magna Charta, and an infringement of the liberties of the subject, and he refused to say who, beside Mathewes, had printed Prynne's book; it afterwards turned out to be William Turner of Oxford, who confessed to printing several other unlicensed books. A short term of imprisonment appears to have been the punishment inflicted on the parties in this instance.

Both in 1630 and 1631 several other printers suffered imprisonment from the same cause, and Michael Sparke, who appears to have given out the work in most cases, was declared to be more refractory and offensive than ever.

In 1632 appeared William Prynne's noted book, *The Histrio-Mastix, The Player's Scourge or Actor's Tragedie*, a thick quarto of over one thousand closely printed pages, which bore on the title-page the imprint, 'printed by E. A. and W. J. for Michael Sparke.' This book, as its title implies, was an attack on stage-plays and acting. There was nothing in it to alarm the most sensitive Government, and even the licenser, though he afterwards declared that the book was altered after it left his hands, could find nothing in it to condemn. But, as it happened, there was a passage concerning the presence of ladies at stage-plays, and as the Queen had shortly before attended a masque, the passage in question was held to allude to her, and accordingly Prynne, Sparke, and the printers—one of whom was William Jones—were thrown into prison, and in 1633 were brought to trial before the Star Chamber. The printers appear to have escaped punishment; but Prynne was condemned to pay a fine of £1000, to be degraded from his degree, to have both his ears cropped in the pillory, and to spend the rest of his days in prison; while Sparke was fined £500, and condemned to stand in the pillory, but without other degradation.

During this year John Bastwick also issued two books directed against Episcopacy, both of which are now scarce. One was entitled *Elenchus Religionis Papisticæ*, and the other *Flagellum Pontificis*. They were printed abroad, and as a punishment their author was condemned to undergo a sentence little less severe than that passed upon Prynne, who, in spite of his captivity, continued to write and publish a great number of pamphlets. Amongst these was one entitled *Instructions to Church Wardens*, printed in 1635. In the course of the evidence concerning this book, mention was made of a special initial letter C, which was said to represent a pope's head when turned one way, and an army of soldiers when turned the other, and to be unlike any other letter in use by London printers at that time.

For printing this and other books, Thomas Purslowe, Gregory Dexter, and William Taylor of Christchurch were struck from the list of master printers.

In 1637 appeared Prynne's other notorious tract, *Newes from Ipswich*, a quarto of six leaves, for which he was fined by the Star Chamber a further sum of £5000, and condemned to lose the rest of his ears, and to be branded on the cheek with the letters S. L. (i.e. scurrilous libeller), a sentence that was carried out on the 30th June of this year with great barbarity. The imprint to this tract ran 'Printed at Ipswich,' but its real place of printing was London, and perhaps the name of Robert Raworth, which occurs in the indictment, may stand for Richard Raworth, the printer whom Sir John Lambe declared to be 'an arrant knave.' Or the printer may have been William Jones, who about this time was fined £1000 for printing seditious books.

In 1634 the King wrote to Archbishop Laud to the effect that Doctor Patrick Young, keeper of the King's library, who had lately published the *Clementis ad Corinthios Epistola* prior in Greek and Latin, and in conjunction with Bishop Lindsell of Peterborough, now proposed to make ready for the press one or more Greek copies every year, if Greek types, matrices, and money were forthcoming. The King expressed his desire to encourage the work, and therefore commanded the Archbishop that the fine of £300, which had been inflicted upon Robert Barker and Martin Lucas in the preceding year, for what was described as a base and corrupt printing of the Bible in 1631 (the omission of the word 'not' from the seventh commandment, which has earned for the edition the name of the Wicked Bible), should be converted to the buying of Greek letters. The King further ordered that Barker and Lucas should print one work every year at their own cost of ink, paper, and workmanship, and as many copies as the Archbishop should think fit to authorise. The Archbishop thereupon wrote to the printers, who expressed their willingness to fall in with the scheme, and a press, furnished with a very good fount of Greek letter, was established at Blackfriars. But the result was not what might have been expected. Partly owing to the political troubles that followed its foundation, and partly perhaps to delay on the part of the printers, the only important works that came from this press were Dr. Patrick Young's translation of the book of Job, from the *Codex Alexandrinus*, a folio printed in 1637, and an edition in Greek of the Epistles of St. Paul, with a commentary by the Bishop of Peterborough, also a folio, which came from the same press in 1636. The Greek letter used in this office cannot be compared for beauty or delicacy of outline with that which Norton had used in the Chrysostom of 1610.

On the 11th July 1637 was published another Star Chamber Decree concerning printers. Professor Arber, in his fourth volume (p. 528), states that the appearance of a tract entitled *The Holy Table, Name and Thing must ever be associated with this decree*; but it may be doubted whether it was not rather to general causes, such as the growing

power of the press, the long-continued attack upon the Prelacy by pamphleteers, which no fear of mutilation or imprisonment could stop, than any one particular tract, which led to that severe and crushing edict.

This act, which was published on the 11th July 1637, consisted of thirty-three clauses, and after reciting former ordinances, and the number of 'libellous, seditious, and mutinous' books that were then daily published, decreed that all books were to be licensed: law books by the Lord Chief Justices and the Lord Chief Baron; books dealing with history, by the principal Secretaries of State; books on heraldry, by the Earl Marshal; and on all other subjects, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, or the Chancellors or Vice-Chancellors of the two Universities. Two copies of every book submitted for publication were to be handed to the licensee, one of which he was to keep for future reference. Catalogues of books imported into the country were to be sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury or Bishop of London, and no consignments were to be opened until the representatives of one of these dignitaries and of the Stationers' Company were present. The name of the printer, the author, and the publisher was to be placed in every book, and, with a view to encouraging English printing, it was decreed further that no merchant or bookseller should import any English book printed abroad. No person was to erect a printing-press, or to let any premises for the purpose of carrying on printing, without first giving notice to the Company, and no joiner or carpenter was to make a press without similar notice.

The number of master printers was limited by this decree to twenty, and those chosen were:—

Felix Kingston.
Adam Islip.
Thomas Purfoote.
Miles Fletcher.
Thomas Harper.
John Beale.
John Raworth.
John Legate.
Robert Young.
John Haviland.
George Miller.
Richard Badger.
Thomas Cotes.
Marmaduke Parsons.
Bernard Alsop.
Richard Bishop.
Edward Griffin.
Thomas Purslowe.
Rich. Hodgkinsonne.
John Dawson.

Each of these was to be bound in sureties of £300 to good behaviour. No printer was allowed to have more than two presses unless he were a Master or Warden of the Company, when he might have three. A Master or Warden might keep three apprentices but no more, a master printer on the livery might have two, and the rest one only; but every printer was expected to give work to journeyman printers when required to do so, because it was stated that it was they who were mainly responsible for the publication of the libellous, seditious, and mutinous books referred to. All reprints of books were to be licensed in the same way as first editions. The Company were to have the right of search, and four typefounders, John Grismand, Thomas Wright, Arthur Nichols, and Alexander Fifield were considered sufficient for the whole trade. Finally, a copy of every book printed was to be sent to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The penalties for breaking this decree included imprisonment, destruction of stock, and a whipping at the cart's tail.

The twenty printers appointed by this decree were the subject of much investigation by Sir John Lamb, whose numerous notes and lists concerning them, as reprinted in the third volume of Professor Arber's transcripts from documents at the Record Office, are an invaluable acquisition to the history of the English press. It will be seen that four of the chief offenders of the previous ten or eleven years, namely William Jones, Nicholas Okes, Augustine Mathewes, and Robert or Richard Raworth, were absolutely excluded, their places being taken by Marmaduke

Parsons, Thomas Paine, and a new man, Thomas Purslowe, probably the son of Widow Purslowe. Conscious perhaps that their positions were in jeopardy, all four petitioned the Archbishop to be placed among the number, but in vain, and another man who was excluded at the same time was John Norton, a descendant of a long family of printers of that name, and who had served his apprenticeship in the King's printing-house. Only one of those[Pg 181] who had at times come before the High Commission Court was pardoned, and allowed to retain his place. This was Bernard Alsop.

The clause requiring all reprints to be licensed caused a good deal of murmuring, as did also that which forbade haberdashers, and others who were not legitimate booksellers, to sell books.

The small number of type-founders allowed to the trade has also been a subject of much comment by writers on this subject; but judging from the evidence of Arthur Nicholls, one of the four appointed, the number was quite sufficient. Nicholls was the founder of the Greek type used in the new office of Blackfriars, and his experience was certainly not likely to encourage other men to set up in the same trade. At the time when he was appointed one of the four founders under the decree, he could not make a living by his trade, and though he does not expressly state the fact, his evidence seems to imply that English printers at that time obtained most of their type from abroad, and it is beyond question that they had long since ceased to cast their own letter.

Drastic as this decree was, it practically remained a dead letter, for the reason that in the troublous times that followed within the next five years, the Government had their hands full in other directions, and were obliged to let the printers alone. Between this date and the year 1640, there was very little either of interest or value that came from the English press. The memory of rare Ben Jonson induced Henry Seile, of the Tiger's Head in Fleet Street, to publish in 1638 a quarto with the title *Jonsonus Virbius: or the Memory of Ben Jonson*. Revived by the friends of the Muses, and among the contributors were Lord Falkland, Sir John Beaumont the younger, Sir Thomas Hawkins, Henry King, Edmund Waller, Shackerley Marmion, and several others. The printer's initials are given as E. P., but these do not suit any of those who were authorised under the decree of the year before, and they may refer to Elizabeth Purslowe. That there was a considerable number of persons who, in spite of the Puritan tendencies of the age, loved a good play, is clearly seen from the number turned out during the years 1638, 1639, and 1640 by Thomas Nabbes, Henry Glapthorne, James Shirley, and Richard Brome. These of course were mostly quartos, very poorly printed, and chiefly from the presses of Richard Oulton, John Okes, and Thomas Cotes. Of collected works, there came out in small octavo form the *Poems of Thomas Carew* from the press of John Dawson in 1640, and a collection of Shakespeare's *Poems* from the press of Thomas Cotes in the same year. There were also published in 1640 from the press of Richard Bishop, who had succeeded to the business of William Stansby, Selden's *De Jure Naturali et Gentium juxta disciplinam Ebræorum*, in folio, and William Somner's *Antiquities of Canterbury*, one of the earliest and best of the contributions to county bibliography.

Having now brought the record of the London press down to the time when it became engulfed in the chaos of civil war, it is time to turn to the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge.

Since the year 1585, these were the only provincial presses allowed by law, and removed as they were from the turmoil of conflicting parties, and the severity of trade competition, in which the London printers lived, their work showed more uniformity of excellence, and on the whole surpassed that of the London printers.

Down to the year 1617 Oxford appears to have had but one printer, John Barnes; but in that year we find two at work, John Lichfield and William Wrench, the latter giving place the following year to James Short. In 1624 the two Oxford printers were John Lichfield and William Turner—the second, as we have seen, being notorious as the printer of unlicensed pamphlets for Michael Sparke the London publisher; but in spite of this we find him holding his position until 1640, though in the meantime John Lichfield had been succeeded in business by his son, Leonard. In the introduction to his bibliography of the Oxford Press, Mr. Falconer Madan has given a list of the most important books printed at Oxford between 1585 and 1640, which we venture to reprint here with a few additions:—

1599. Richard de Bury's *Philobiblon*.

1608. Wycliff's *Treatises*.

1612. Captain John Smith's *Map of Virginia*.

1621. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

1628. Field On the Church.

1633. Sandys' Ovid.
1634. The University Statutes.
1635. Chaucer's Troilus and Cressida in English and Latin.
1638. Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants.
1640. Bacon's Advancement and Proficiency of Learning.

As we have noted, the University of Cambridge had after a long struggle established its claim to print editions of the Scriptures and other works, and like its sister University turned out some of the best work of that period.

A notable book from this press was Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island*, a quarto published in 1633. The title-page was printed in red and black, in well-cut Roman of four founts, with the lozenge-shaped device of the University in the [Pg 185] centre, the whole being surrounded by a neat border of printers' ornaments. Each page of the book was enclosed within rules, which seems to have been the universal fashion of the trade at this period, and at the end of each canto the device seen on the title-page was repeated. The *Eclogues* and *Poems* had each a separate title-page, and two well-executed copper-plate engravings occur in the volumes.

We must not close this chapter without noting that in 1639 printing began in the New England across the sea. The records of Harvard College tell us that the Rev. Joseph Glover 'gave to the College a font of printing letters, and some gentlemen of Amsterdam gave towards furnishing of a printing-press with letters forty-nine pounds, and something more.' Glover himself died on the voyage out from England, but Stephen Day, the printer whom he was bringing with him, arrived in safety and was installed at Harvard College. The first production of his press was the *Freeman's Oath*, the second an *Almanac*, the third, published in 1640, *The Psalms in Metre*, Faithfully translated for the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints in Publick and Private, especially in New England. This, the first book printed in North America, was an octavo of three hundred pages, of passably good workmanship, and is commonly known as the *Bay Psalter*—Cambridge, the home of Harvard College, lying near Massachusetts Bay. Stephen Day continued to print at Cambridge till 1648 or 1649, when he was succeeded in the charge of the press by Samuel Green, whose work will be mentioned at the end of our next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII FROM 1640 TO 1700

Having at length reached what is without doubt the darkest and the most wretched period in the history of English printing, it may be well before passing a severe condemnation on those who represented the trade at that time, to remind ourselves of the difficulties against which they had to contend.

The art of printing in England had never at any time reached such a point of excellence as in Paris under the Estiennes, in Antwerp under Plantin, or in Venice under the Aldi. So great was the competition between the printers, and so heavy the restrictions placed upon them, that profit rather than beauty or workmanship was their first consideration; and when to these drawbacks was added the general disorganisation of trade consequent upon the outbreak of civil war, it is not surprising that English work failed to maintain its already low standard of excellence. Literature, other than that which chronicled the fortunes of the opposing factions, was almost totally neglected. Writers, even had they found printers willing to support them, would have found no readers. On the other hand, such was the feverish anxiety manifested in the struggle, that it was scarcely possible to publish the *Diurnals* and *Mercuries* which contained the latest news fast enough, and the press was unequal to the strain, although the number of printers in London during this period was three times larger than that allowed by the decree of 1637. Professor Arber, in his *Transcript*, says that this increase in the number of printers was due to the removal of the gag by the Long Parliament. There is no proof that the Long Parliament ever intended to remove the gag; but having its hands full with other and weightier matters it could find no time to deal with the printers, and doubtless, in the heat of the fight, it was only too thankful to avail itself of the pens of those who replied to the attacks of the Royalist press. The best evidence of this is, that as soon as opportunity offered, and in spite of the warning of the greatest literary man of that day, who was on their own side, the Long Parliament reimposed the gag with as much severity as the hierarchy which it had deposed.

For the publication of the news of the day, each party had its own organs. On the side of the Parliament the principal journals were *The Kingdoms Weekly Intelligencer*, printed and published by Nathaniel Butter, and *Mercurius Britannicus*, edited by Marchmont Nedham; while *Mercurius Aulicus*, edited by clever John Birkenhead,

represented the Royalists, and was ably seconded by the *Perfect Occurrences*, printed by John Clowes and Robert Ibbitson.

These sheets, which usually consisted of from four to eight quarto pages, contained news of the movements and actions of the opposing armies, and the proceedings of the Parliament at Westminster, or of the King's Council at Oxford or wherever he happened to be. They were published sometimes twice and even three times a week. The political pamphlets were bitter and scurrilous attacks by each party against the other, or the hare-brained prophecies of so-called astrologers, such as William Lilly, George Wharton, and John Gadbury. These two classes formed more than half the printed literature of those unhappy times, and the remainder of the output of the press was pretty well filled up with sermons, exhortations, and other religious writings. The rapidity with which the literature was turned out accounts for the wretched and slipshod appearance it presents. Any old types or blocks were brought into use, and there is evidence of blocks and initial letters which had formed part of the stock of the printers of a century earlier being brought to light again at this time. Unfortunately the evil did not stop here, for careless workmanship, indifference, and want of enterprise, are the leading characteristics of the printing trade during the latter half of the seventeenth century. But as, even in this darkest hour of the nation's fortunes, the soul of literature was not crushed, and the voice of the poet could still make itself heard, so it is a great mistake to suppose that there were no good printers during the period covered by the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth.

Take as an example the little duodecimo entitled *Instructions for Forreine Travell*, which came from the pen of James Howell, and was printed by T. B., no doubt Thomas Brudnell, for Humphrey Moseley. Some of the founts, especially the larger Roman, are very unevenly and badly cast, but on the whole the presswork was carefully done. The same may also be said of the folio edition of Sir R. Baker's *Chronicle*, published in 1643. In this case we do not know who was the printer; but the ornaments and initials lead us to suppose that it was the work of William Stansby's successor. The prose tracts again that Milton wrote between 1641-45 are certainly far better printed than many of their contemporaries, and prove that Matthew Simmons, who printed most of them, and who was one of the Commonwealth men, deserved the position he afterwards obtained. The first collected edition of Milton's poems was published by Humphrey Moseley in 1645. This was a small octavo, in two parts, with separate title-pages, and a portrait of the author by William Marshall, and came from the press of Ruth Raworth. In 1646 there appeared *A Collection of all the Incomparable Peeeces* written by Sir John Suckling and published by a friend to perpetuate his memory. This came from the press of Thomas Walkley, who had issued the first edition of *Aglaura* and the later plays of the same writer. Walkley also printed in small octavo, for Moseley, the *Poems of Edmond Waller*, but his work was none of the best.

A printer of considerable note at this time was William Dugard, who in 1644 was chosen headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School, and set up a printing-press there. In January 1649 he printed the first edition of the famous book *Eikon Basilike*, and followed it up by a translation of Salmasius' *Defensio Regia*, for which the Council of State immediately ordered his arrest, seized his presses, and wrote to the Governors of the school, ordering them to elect a new schoolmaster, 'Mr. Dugard having shewn himself an enemy to the state by printing seditious and scandalous pamphlets, and therefore unfit to have charge of the education of youths' (*Dom. S. P. Interregnum*, pp. 578-583). Sir James Harrington, member of the Council of State, and author of *Oceana*, who seems to have known something about Dugard, interceded with the Council on his behalf, and at the same time persuaded him to give up the Royalist cause. So his presses were restored to him, and henceforward he appears to have devoted himself with equal zeal to his new masters.

He was the printer of Milton's answer to Salmasius, published by the Council's command, of a book entitled *Mare Clausum*, also published by authority, of the *Catechesis Ecclesiarum*, a book which the Council found to contain dangerous opinions and ordered to be burnt, and of a tract written by Milton's nephew, John Phillips, entitled *Responsio ad apologiam*. His initials are also met with in many other books of that time.

His press was furnished with a good assortment of type, and his press-work was much above the average of that period.

Among other books that came from the London press during this troubled time, we may single out three which have found a lasting place in English literature. The first is Robert Herrick's *Hesperides*, printed in the years 1647-48; the second a volume of verse, by Richard Lovelace, entitled *Lucasta*, *Epodes*, *Odes*, *Sonnets*, *Songs*, etc., printed in

1649 by Thomas Harper; the last Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, which came from the press of John Maxey in 1653. All were small octavos, indifferently printed with poor type, and no pretensions to artistic workmanship.

In 1649, the year of Charles I.'s execution, the Council of State, in consequence of the number of 'scandalous and seditious pamphlets' which were constantly appearing, in spite of all decrees and acts to the contrary, ordered certain printers to enter into recognizances in two sureties of £300, and their own bond for a similar amount, not to print any such books, or allow their presses to be used for that purpose. Accordingly, in the *Calendar of State Papers* for the year 1649-50 (pp. 522, 523), we find a list of no less than sixty printers in London and the two Universities who entered into such sureties. In almost every case the address is given in full, in itself a gain, at a time when the printer's name rarely appeared in the imprint of a book. This list has already been printed in *Bibliographica* (vol. ii. pp. 225-26), but as it is of the greatest interest for the history of printing during the remainder of the century, it is inserted here (see Appendix No. 1.).

While it does not include all the printers having presses at that time, yet, if we remember that under the Star Chamber decree of 1637 the number in London was strictly limited to twenty, it shows how rapid the growth of the trade was in those twelve years. Of the original twenty, only three seem to have survived the troubles and dangers of the Civil Wars—Bernard Alsop, Richard Bishop, and Thomas Harper, though the places of three more were filled by their survivors—Elizabeth Purslowe standing in the place of her husband, Thomas Purslowe; Gertrude Dawson succeeding her husband, John Dawson; and James Flesher or Fletcher in the room of his father, Miles Flesher. John Gresmond and James Moxon were type-founders, Henry Hills and John Field were appointed printers to the State under Cromwell, and Thomas Newcomb was also largely employed, and shared with the other two the privilege of Bible printing. Roger Norton was the direct descendant of old John Norton, who died in 1590. Of Roycroft and Simmons we shall hear a good deal later on, as indeed we shall of many others in this list. The only names that hardly seem to warrant insertion in the list as printers are those of John and Richard Royston. Although they were for many years stationers to King Charles II., we cannot hear of any printing-presses in their possession.

With the quieter time of the Commonwealth, several notable works were produced, though the annual output of books was much below the average of the seven years preceding. Foremost among the publications of that time must be placed Sir William Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, the first volume of which appeared in 1655.

As a monument of study and research this book will always remain a standard work of English topography; and it was not unworthily printed. The preparation of the numerous plates for the illustrations, and the setting up of so much intricate letterpress, must have been a very onerous work. This first volume, a large and handsome folio, came from the press of Richard Hodgkinson, and was printed in pica Roman in double columns, with a great deal of italic and black letter intermixed. The types were as good as any to be found in England at that time, and the press-work was carefully done. The engravings were chiefly the work of Hollar, aided by Edward Mascall and Daniel King, and are excellently reproduced. The whole work occupied eighteen years in publication, the second volume being printed by Alice Warren, the widow of Thomas Warren, in 1661, and the third and last by Thomas Newcomb in 1673; but these later volumes differed very little in appearance from the first, the same method of setting and the same mixture of founts being adhered to.

Sir William Dugdale followed this up in 1656 by publishing, through the press of Thomas Warren, his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, a folio of 826 pages. On the title-page is seen the device of old John Wolfe, the City printer. The dedication of this book was printed in great primer; but the look of the text was marred by a bad fount of black letter which did not print well. Like the *Monasticon*, this work was illustrated with maps and portraits by Hollar and Vaughan.

Another considerable undertaking was the *Historical Collections* of John Rushworth, in eight folio volumes, of which the first was printed by Newcomb in 1659, the others between 1680 and 1701.

But the great typographical achievement of the century was the *Polyglott Bible*, edited by Brian Walton. It was the fourth great Bible of the kind which had been published. The earliest was the Complutensian, printed at Alcala in 1517, with Hebrew, Latin, Greek, and Chaldean texts. Next came the Antwerp *Polyglott*, printed at the Plantin Press in 1572, which, in addition to the texts above mentioned, gave the Syriac version. This was followed in 1645 by the Paris *Polyglott*, which added Arabic and Samaritan, was in ten folio volumes, and took seventeen years to complete.

The London Polyglott of 1657, which exceeded all these in the number of texts, was mainly due to the enterprise and industry of Brian Walton, Bishop of Chester. This famous scholar and divine was born at Cleveland, in Yorkshire, in 1600. He was educated at Cambridge, and after serving as curate in All Hallows, in Bread Street, became rector of St. Martin's Orgar and of St. Giles in the Fields. He was sequestered from [Pg 197] his living at St. Martin's during the troubles of the Revolution, and fled to Oxford, and it was while there that he is said to have formed the idea of the Polyglott Bible.

The first announcement of the great undertaking was made in 1652, when a type specimen sheet, believed to be still in existence, was printed by James Flesher or Fletcher of Little Britain, and issued with the prospectus, which was printed by Roger Norton of Blackfriars for Timothy Garthwaite. Walton's Polyglott was the second book printed by subscription in England, Minsheu's Dictionary in Eleven Languages having been published in this manner in 1617. The terms were £10 per copy, or £50 for six copies. The estimated cost of the first volume was £1500, and of succeeding volumes £1200, and such was the spirit with which the work was taken up that £9000 was subscribed before the first volume was put to press.

To the texts which had appeared in previous Polyglotts, Persian and Ethiopic were added, so that in all nine languages were included in the work—that is, Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Chaldean, Syriac, Arabic, Samaritan, Persian, and Ethiopic—besides much additional matter in the form of tables, lexicons, and grammars. No single book was printed in all of these, only the Greek, Latin, Syriac, and Arabic running throughout the work, while the Hebrew appears in the Old Testament, the Psalms in Ethiopic, and the New Testament has, in addition to the four principal texts, the Ethiopic and Persian.

The whole work occupied six folio volumes, measuring 16 x 10-3/4, and was printed by Thomas Roycroft from types supplied by the four recognised typefounders. At the commencement of the first volume is a portrait of Walton by Bombert, followed by an elaborately engraved title-page, the work of Wenceslaus Hollar, an architectural design adorned with scenes from Scripture history. The second title-page was printed in red ink, and the text was so arranged that each double page, when open, showed all the versions of the same passage. The types used in this work have been described in detail by Rowe Mores in his Dissertations upon English Founders, and by Talbot Baines Reed in his work upon the Old English Letter Foundries (Chap. vii. pp. 164, et seqq.). Speaking of the English founts, the last-named writer points out that the double pica, Roman and italic, seen in the Dedication, is the same fount that was cut by the sixteenth-century printer, John Day, and used by him to print the Life of Alfred the Great. Mr. Reed adds that, in spite of a certain want of uniformity in the bodies, the Ethiopic and Samaritan were especially good, and the Syriac and Arabic boldly cut.

But it was not only for its typographic excellence that the book was remarkable. The rapidity with which this great undertaking passed through the press is no less astonishing. All six volumes were printed within four years, the first appearing in September 1654, the second in 1655, the third in 1656, and the last three in 1657. Looking at the labour involved by such an undertaking, it has been rightly described by Mr. T. B. Reed as a lasting glory to the typography of the seventeenth century.

Oliver Cromwell, under whose government this noble work was accomplished, had assisted, as far as lay in his power, by permitting the importation of the paper free of duty; and in the first editions this assistance was gracefully acknowledged by the editor, but on the Restoration those passages were altered or omitted to make room for compliments to Charles II.

Amongst those who ably assisted Walton in his labours was Dr. Edmund Castell, who prepared a Heptaglott Lexicon for the better study of the various languages used in the Polyglott. This work received the support of all the learned men of the time, but the undertaking was the ruin of its author, and a great part of the impression perished in the destruction of Roycroft's premises in the Great Fire of 1666.

The Restoration brought with it little change in the conditions under which printing was carried on in England, or in the lot of the printers themselves. There is still preserved in the Public Record Office a document which throws considerable light on this matter, and is believed to have been drawn up either in 1660 or in 1661. This is a petition signed by eleven of the leading London printers, for the incorporation of the printers into a body distinct from the Company of Stationers, and appended to it are the 'reasons' for the proposed change, which occupy four or five closely written folio sheets. The men who put forward this petition were:—

Richard Hodgkinson,
John Grismond,
Robert Ibbotson,
Thomas Mabb,
Da[niel?] Maxwell,
Thomas Roycroft,
William Godbid,
Jo[hn] Streater,
James Cottrel,
John Hayes, and
John Brudenell;

and it was undoubtedly this band of men, some of them the biggest men in the trade, who formed the 'Companie of Printers,' for whom in 1663 a pamphlet was issued, entitled *A Brief Discourse concerning Printers and Printing*. For the printed pamphlet embodies the same views put forward in the petition, only backed up with fresh evidence and terse arguments. The claim of the printers amounted to this, that the Company of Stationers had become mainly a Company of Booksellers, that in order to cheapen printing they had admitted a great many more printers than were necessary, and from this cause arose the great quantity of 'scandalous and seditious' books that were constantly being published. They go on to say that the condition of the great body of printers was deplorable, 'they can hardly subsist in credit to maintain their families ... When an ancient printer died, and his copies were exposed to sale, few or none of the young ones were of ability to deal for them, nor indeed for any other, so that the Booksellers have engross'd almost all.' The petitioners show also that the Company of Stationers was grown so large that none could be Master or Warden until he was well advanced in life, and therefore unable to keep a vigilant eye on the trade, while a printer did not become Master once in ten or twenty years. They argue that the best expedient for checking these disorders and ensuring lawful printing, would be to incorporate the printers into a distinct body, and they advocate the registration of presses, the right of search, and the enforcement of sureties. Finally, they claim that this plan would also do much to improve printing as an art, as under the existing conditions there was no encouragement to the printers to produce good work.

This petition, though it does not seem to have received any official reply, was noticed by Sir Roger L'Estrange in the *Proposals* which he laid before the House of Parliament, and which undoubtedly formed the basis of the Act of 1662. Sir Roger L'Estrange had been an active adherent of the Royal cause, and soon after the Restoration, on the 22nd February 1661-2, he was granted a warrant to search for and seize unlicensed presses and seditious books (*State Papers*, Charles II. Vol. li. No. 6). A list is still extant of books which he had seized at the office of John Hayes, one of the signatories of the above petition. So that although the office of Surveyor of the Press was not officially created until 1663, it is clear from the issue of the warrant, and also from the fact of L'Estrange having been directed to draw up proposals for the regulation of the Press, that he was acting in that capacity more than a twelvemonth earlier. His proposals were, in 1663, printed in pamphlet form with the title, *Considerations and Proposals in order to the Regulation of the Press*, and were dedicated to the King, and also to the House of Lords; and they contain much that is interesting. He states that hundreds of thousands of seditious papers had been allowed to go abroad since the King's return, and that there had been printed ten or twelve impressions of Farewell Sermons, to the number of thirty thousand, since the Act of Uniformity, adding that the very persons who had the care of the Press (i.e. the Company of Stationers) had connived at its abuse. In support of this statement he pointed out that Presbyterian pamphlets were rarely suppressed, that rich offenders were passed over, and scarcely any of those who were caught were ever brought to justice. He gives the number of printers then at work in London as sixty, the number of apprentices about a hundred and sixty, besides a large number of journeymen; and he proposed at once to reduce the number of printers to twenty, with a corresponding reduction of apprentices and journeymen. As this would throw a large number of men out of work, he further proposed a scheme for the relief of necessitous and supernumerary printers. He calculated that the twelve impressions of the Farewell Sermons, allowing a thousand copies to each impression, had yielded a profit, 'beside the charge of paper and printing,' of £3300, and he advised that this sum should be levied as a fine upon those booksellers who had sold the book, and be placed to a fund for the benefit of the suppressed printers, the balance of the sum required to be levied on other seditious publications!

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

In this pamphlet L'Estrange gave the titles of most of the pamphlets to which he objected, with brief extracts from them, and the names of the printers and publishers, amongst whom were Thomas Brewster, Giles Calvert, Simon

Dover, and one other, whose name is not mentioned, but who is referred to as holding a highly profitable office. The reference may be to Thomas Newcomb.

At pages 26 and 27 L'Estrange notices the petition of certain of the printers to be incorporated as a separate body. He says 'that it were a hard matter to pick out twenty master printers, who are both free of the trade, of ability to manage it, and of integrity to be entrusted with it, most of the honester sort being impoverished by the late times, and the great business of the press being engross'd by Oliver's creatures.' He admits that the Company of Stationers and Booksellers are largely responsible for the great increase of presses, being anxious to have their books printed as cheaply as possible, but thinks that there would be as much abuse of power among incorporated printers as among the Company of Stationers.

The Act of 1662, which was mainly based on L'Estrange's report, was in a large measure a re-enactment of the Star Chamber decree of 1637. The number of printers in London was limited to twenty, the type-founders to four, and the other clauses of the earlier decree were reinforced, but with one notable concession. Hitherto printing outside London had been restricted to the two Universities, but in the new Act the city of York was expressly mentioned as a place where printing might be carried on.

This new Act was enforced for a time with greater severity than the old one, and under it, for the first time in English history, a printer suffered the penalty of death for the liberty of the press.

The story of the trial and condemnation of John Twyn is told in vol. 6 of Cobbett's State Trials, and was also published in pamphlet form with the title, *An exact narrative of the Tryal and condemnation of John Twyn, for Printing and Dispersing of a Treasonable Book, With the Tryals of Thomas Brewster, bookseller, Simon Dover, printer, Nathan Brooks, bookseller ... in the Old Bayly, London, the 20th and 22nd February 166-3/4.*

John Twyn was a small printer in Cloth Fair, and his crime was that of printing a pamphlet entitled *A Treatise of the Execution of Justice*, in which, as it was alleged, there were several passages aimed at the King's life and the overthrow of the Government. It was further stated by the prosecution that the pamphlet was part of a plot for a general rebellion that was to have taken effect on the 12th October 1662. The chief witnesses against Twyn were Joseph Walker, his apprentice, Sir Roger L'Estrange, and Thomas Mabb, a printer. Their evidence went to show that Twyn had two presses; that he composed part of the book, printed some of the sheets, and corrected the proofs, the work being done secretly at night-time. On entering the premises it was found that the forme of type had been broken up, only one corner of it remaining standing, and that the printed sheets had been hurriedly thrown down some stairs. In defence Twyn declared that he had received the copy from Widow Calvert's maid, and had received 40s. on account, with more to follow on completion, and he stoutly asserted that he did not know the nature of the work. The jury, amongst whom were Richard Royston and Simon Waterson, booksellers, and James Fletcher and Thomas Roycroft, printers, returned a verdict of Guilty, and Twyn was condemned to death and executed at Tyburn.

The charge against Simon Dover was of printing the pamphlet entitled *The Speeches of some of the late King's Justices*, which we have already seen that Roger L'Estrange had seized in John Hayes' premises, while Thomas Brewster was accused of causing this and another pamphlet, entitled *The Phoenix of the Solemn League and Covenant*, to be printed. In defence, Thomas Brewster declared that booksellers did not read the books they sold; so long as they could earn a penny they were satisfied—an argument that had been used more than a century before by old Robert Copland as an excuse for indifferent printing. Both Dover and Brewster were condemned to pay a fine of 100 marks, to stand in the pillory, and to remain prisoners during the King's pleasure. Sir Roger L'Estrange, as a reward for his services, was appointed Surveyor of the Press, with permission to publish a news-sheet of his own, and liberty to harass the printers as much as possible.

But far greater calamities than the malice of Sir Roger L'Estrange could devise fell upon the printing trade by the outbreak of the Plague in 1665, and the subsequent Fire of London. In a letter written by L'Estrange to Lord Arlington, and dated 16th October 1665, he stated that eighty of the printers had died of the Plague (*Cal. of S. P.* 1665-6, p. 20), in which total he evidently included workmen as well as masters. The loss occasioned by the stoppage of trade and flight of the citizens must have been enormous, and yet it may have been slight in comparison to that occasioned by the Great Fire. Curiously enough, however, there are very few records showing the effect of this second disaster upon the printing trade. We find a petition by Christopher Barker, the King's printer, to be allowed to import paper free of charge in consequence of his loss by the Fire, and the same indulgence is granted to

the Stationers' Company as a body and the Universities; but there are no notes of individual losses, and only one or two references to MSS. that were destroyed in it. There is, however, one very eloquent testimony to the ruin it caused in this, as in other trades. The coercive Act of 1662, which had been renewed with unfailing regularity from session to session down to the year 1665, was not renewed during the remainder of the reign of Charles II. On the 24th of July 1668 a return was made of all the printing-houses in London, which shows at a glance who had survived and who had suffered by that terrible calamity (see Appendix II.).

Comparing this list with that of 1649, we find that no inconsiderable number of the printers there mentioned had survived the thinning-out process, as well as imprisonment, death, and fire. In fact, only eight London printers were actually ruined by the Fire, and among them we find both John Hayes and John Brudenell, and also Alice Warren.

But another paper, written in the same year, and preserved in the same volume of State Papers, is even more interesting, for it shows the position of every man in the trade. This is headed—

A Survey of the Printing Presses with the names and numbers of Apprentices, Officers, and Workmen belonging to every particular press. Taken 29 July 1668. (See Appendix III.). From this we learn that the largest employer in the trade at that time was James Fletcher, who kept five presses, and employed thirteen workmen and two apprentices. Next to him came Thomas Newcomb, with three presses and a proof press, twelve workmen and one apprentice; John Maycocke, with three presses, ten workmen and three apprentices; and then Roycroft, with four presses, ten workmen and two apprentices; while at the other end of the scale was Thomas Leach, with one press, not his own, and one workman.

Whether L'Estrange carried out his threat of prosecuting the three men who had set up since the Act, we do not know, but this is certain, that one of their number, John Darby, continued to work for many years after this, and was the printer of Andrew Marvell's *Rehearsal Transposed*, and a good deal else that galled the Government very much. In fact, the Act of 1662 was openly ignored, and new men set up presses every year.

But of all this work it is almost impossible to trace what was done by individual printers. The bulk of the publications of the time bore the bookseller's name only, and it is very rarely indeed that the printer is revealed. Newcomb had the printing of the *Gazette*, and also printed most of Dryden's works that were published by Herringman; while Roycroft, we know, was employed by all those who wanted the best possible work, such men as John Ogilby, for instance, for whom he printed several works. Milton's *Paradise Lost* came from the press of Peter Parker; but the printer of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is unknown to us.

As it happens, there is not much lost by remaining in ignorance on this point. For no change whatever took place in the character of printing as a trade during the second half of the seventeenth century. There were only three foundries of note in London during that time, and none of them is considered to have produced anything particularly good. Indeed, one has only to glance at even the best work of that time to see how wretchedly the majority of the type was cast. The first of the three was the celebrated Joseph Moxon, who, in 1659, added type-founding to his other callings of mathematician and hydrographer. Having spent some years in Holland, he was very much enamoured of the Dutch types, and in 1676 he wrote a book entitled *Regulæ Trium Ordinum Literarum Typographicarum*, in which he endeavoured to prove that each letter should be cast in exact mathematical proportion, and illustrated his theory by several letters cast in that manner. Similar theories had been propounded in earlier days by Albert Durer and the French printer, Geoffrey Tory, but no improvement in printing ever resulted from them. Moxon's foundry was fitted with a large assortment of letter, but his work, judging from the examples left to us, was certainly not up to the theory which he put forward, and he is best remembered for his useful work on printing, which formed the second part of his *Mechanick Exercises*, and was published in 1683. In this he showed an intimate knowledge of every branch of printing and type-founding, and his book is still a standard work on both these subjects. Moxon retired from business some years before his death, and was succeeded in 1683 by Joseph and Robert Andrews, who, in addition to Moxon's founts, had a large assortment of others. Their foundry was particularly rich in Roman and Italic, and the learned founts, and they also had matrices of Anglo-Saxon and Irish. But their work was not by any means good.

The third of these letter foundries was that of James and Thomas Grover in Angel Alley, Aldersgate Street, who after Moxon's retirement shared with Andrews the whole of the English trade. The most notable founts in their possession were, a pica and longprimer Roman, from the Royal Press at Blackfriars, Day's double pica Roman and

Italic, and two good founts of black letter, reputed to have formed part of the stock of Wynkyn de Worde. They also had the English Samaritan matrices from which the type for Walton's Polyglott in 1657 had been cast.[Pg 212]

Among the types belonging to this foundry was one which, in the inventory, was returned as New Coptic, but which was in reality a Greek uncial fount, cut for the specimen of the Codex Alexandrinus which Patrick Young proposed to print, but did not live to accomplish. The specimen was printed in 1643 and consisted of the first chapter of Genesis. It is supposed that this fount remained unknown, under the title of New Coptic, until 1758, when the Grover foundry passed into the hands of John James. On the death of Thomas Grover, the foundry remained in possession of his daughters, who endeavoured to sell it, but without success, and it remained locked up for many years in the premises of Richard Nutt, a printer, until 1758 (Reed, *Old English Letter Foundries*, p. 205).

After a lapse of twenty years, the Act of 1662 was renewed by the first parliament of James II. (1685) for a period of seven years, and at the expiration of that time, i.e. in 1692, it was renewed for another twelvemonth, after which we hear no more of it. There is no evidence that it had been very strictly enforced during its short revival; in fact it is clear, from the number of presses found in various parts of the country during the last five and twenty years of the century, that it had remained practically a dead letter from the time of the Great Fire.

Fig. 32.—'Fell' Types.

The troubles of the Civil War had suspended for a time all progress in printing at Oxford. But on the Restoration it made even greater advances than it had done at an earlier period of its history. Archbishop Laud had a worthy successor in Dr. John Fell, who in 1667 enriched the University by a gift of a complete type-foundry, consisting of punches, matrices, and founts of Roman, Italic, Orientals, 'Saxons,' and black letter, besides moulds and other necessary appliances for the production of type. Dr. Fell also introduced a skilled letter-founder from Holland. For a couple of years the foundry and printing office were carried on in private premises hired by Fell, but upon the completion of the Sheldonian Theatre the printing office was removed to the basement of that building, the first book bearing the Theatre imprint being *An Ode in praise of the Theatre and its Founder*, printed in 1669.

Another scholarly benefactor, Francis Junius, presented the University in 1677 with a splendid collection of type, consisting of Runic, Gothic, 'Saxon,' 'Islandic,' Danish, and 'Swedish,' as well as founts of Roman, Italic, and other sorts. By the kindness of Mr. Horace Hart, the Controller of the Clarendon Press, we are able to give here examples of several of the founts, both of Fell and Junius, in most cases from surviving specimens of the types themselves.

Fig. 33.—'Fell' Types.

Very little use seems to have been made of these gifts before the commencement of the[Pg 216] succeeding century. The first Bible printed at Oxford was that of 1674, and no important editions of the classics issued from the University press of this period.

It was left to Cambridge to issue the best works of this class, for which that University borrowed the Oxford types, having no type-foundry of its own. These editions, chiefly in quarto, came from the press of Thomas Buck, who had succeeded Roger Daniel as printer to the University. Buck was in turn succeeded by John Field, who turned out some very creditable work, notably the folio Bible of 1660. John Hayes, the next of the Cambridge printers, issued some notable books, such as Robertson's *Thesaurus*, 1676, 4to, and Barnes's *History of Edward III.*, 1688, 4to, but the bulk of the work that came from the Cambridge press at this date was of a theological character, and was none too well printed.

The history of other provincial presses of this period is very meagre. Mr. Allnutt, to whose valuable papers in the second volume of *Bibliographica* I am indebted for the following notes, expresses the belief that in several cases local knowledge would show that presses were at work some years earlier than the dates he has given.

Fig. 34.—'Junius' Types.

At the time of the Civil War, Robert Barker, the King's printer, had in 1639 been commanded to attend His Majesty in his march against the Scots, and printed several proclamations, news-sheets, etc., at Newcastle-on-Tyne in that year. He is next found at York, where some thirty-nine different sheets, etc., have been traced from his press, and in 1642 a second press was at work in the same city, that of Stephen Bulkeley. When York fell into the hands of the

Parliament, Bulkeley's press was silent for a while, and his place was taken by Thomas Broad, who printed there from 1644 to 1660, and was succeeded by his widow, Alice, who disappears in 1667. After the Restoration, Bulkeley again set up his press at York, where he continued down to 1680. Barker in 1642 had been summoned to attend the King at Nottingham, but no specimen of his work bearing that imprint is known, and the next heard of him is at Bristol, some time in 1643, Mr. Allnutt mentioning ten pieces from his press at this place.

In 1645 Thomas Fuller issued in small duodecimo, a collection of pious thoughts, which he aptly termed *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*, and in the Dedication to it expressly stated that it was 'the first fruits of the Exeter presse.' There was no printer's name in the volume, and no other work printed in Exeter at that time is known. In 1688, however, another press was started there, and printed several political broadsides relative to the Prince of Orange. A new start was made in 1698, when a small pamphlet was printed in this city.

Stephen Bulkeley, the York printer, appears to have gone from that city to Newcastle in 1646, and continued printing there until 1652. He then removed to Gateshead, where he remained until after the Restoration, subsequently returning to Newcastle, and so back to York. No more is heard of printing in Newcastle until the opening of the eighteenth century.

A press was established in Bristol in the year 1695 and in Plymouth and Shrewsbury in the year 1696.

In America the progress of printing was very slow throughout the seventeenth century. Until 1660, Samuel Green, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, remained the only printer in the colony. But in that year the Corporation for the propagation of the Gospel in New England among the Indians sent over from London another press, a large supply of good letter, and a printer named Marmaduke Johnson, for the purpose of printing an edition of the Bible in the Indian tongue. This press was set up in the same building as that in which Green was already at work, and the two printers seem to have worked together at the production of the Bible, which appeared in quarto form in 1663, the New Testament having been published two years earlier. Johnson died in the year 1675, but Samuel Green continued to print until 1702. After his death the press at Cambridge was silent for some years.

In 1675 a press was established at Boston by John Foster, a graduate of Harvard College, under a licence from the College. Besides the official work of the colony and theological literature, he printed several pamphlets on the war between the English and the Indians. He died in 1681, when he was succeeded by Samuel Green, junior, who continued printing there until 1690. In the following year three printers' names are found in the imprints of books: R. Pierce, Benjamin Harris, and John Allen. Benjamin Harris is afterwards called 'Printer to his Excellency, the Governor and Council,' but in 1693 Harris removed from 'over against the Old Meeting House,' to 'the Bible over against the Blew Anchor,' and another printer, Bartholomew Green, seems to have shared with him the official work.

Pennsylvania was the next of the colonies to establish a press; its first printer, William Bradford, setting up there in 1685, in which year he printed *Kalendarium Pennsilvaniense*, or, *America's Messinger, Being an Almanack for the Year of Grace 1686*.

In 1688 Bradford issued proposals for printing a large Bible (Hildeburn, *Issues of the Pennsylvania Press*, vol. i. p. 9), but they came to nothing. In 1692 he printed several pamphlets for George Keith, the leader of the schism among the Quakers, and for this he was imprisoned. On his release he removed to New York. A press was also set up in Virginia in 1682, but was suppressed, and no printing allowed there until 1729. The name of the printer is not known, but is believed to have been William Nuthead, who set up a press in Maryland in 1689 with a similar result.

The first printer in New York was William Bradford, who began work there on the 10th April 1693. Among his most famous publications before the close of the seventeenth century was Keith's *Truth Advanced*, a quarto of 224 pages, printed on paper manufactured at his own mill and issued in 1694; in the same year he also printed *The Laws and Acts of the General Assembly*.

APPENDIX No. I

LIST OF ENGLISH PRINTERS 1649-50

NAME OF PRINTER ADDRESS

Alsop, Bernard, Grub Street.
Austin, Robert, Addlehill.
Bell, Jane, Christchurch.
Bentley, William, Finsbury.
Bishop, Richard, St. Peter Paul's Wharf.
Broad, Thomas, City of York.
[Pg 222]Brudenell, Thomas, Newgate Market.
Buck, John, Cambridge.
Buck, or Bucks, Thomas, Cambridge.
Clowes, John, Grub Street.
Coe, Andrew, ...
Cole, Peter, ...
Coles, Amos, Ivy Lane.
Constable, Richard, Smithfield.
Cotes, or Coates, Richard, Aldersgate Street.
Cottrell, James, ...
Crouch, Edward, ...
Crouch, John, ...
Dawson, Gertrude, Aldersgate Street.
Dugard, William, Merchant Taylors' School.
Ellis, William, Thames Street.
Field, John, ...
Fletcher, or Flesher, James, Little Britain.
Griffith, or Griffin, Edward, Old Bailey.
Grismond, John, Ivy Lane.
Hall, Henry, Oxford.
Hare, Adam, Red Cross Street.
Harper, Thomas, Little Britain.
Harrison, Martha, ...
Heldersham, Francis, ...
Hills, Henry, Southwark.
Hunscott, Joseph, Stationers' Hall.
Hunt, William, Pie Corner.
Husbands, Edward, Golden Dragon, Fleet Street.
Ibbitson, Robert, Smithfield.
Lee, William, Fleet Street.
Leyborne, Robert, Mugwell Street.
[Pg 223]Litchfield, Leonard, Oxford.
Mabb, Thomas, Ivy Lane.
Maxey, Thomas, Bennett Paul's Wharf.
Maycock, John, Addlehill.
Meredith, Christopher, St. Paul's Churchyard.
Miller, Abraham, Blackfriars.
Mottershead, Edward, Doctors' Commons.
Moxon, James, Houndsditch.
Neale, Francis, Aldersgate Street.
Newcombe, Thomas, Bennett Paul's Wharf, near Baynards Castle.
Norton, Roger, Blackfriars.
Partridge, John, Blackfriars.
Payne, or Paine, Thomas, ...
Playford, John, ...
Purslowe, Elizabeth, Little Old Bailey.
Ratcliffe, Thomas, Doctors' Commons.
Raworth, Ruth, ...
Ross, Thomas, ...
Rothwell, John, ...

Royston, John, } ...
Royston, Richard,
Roycroft, Thomas, ...
Simmons, Matthew, ...
Thompson, George, ...
Tyton, Francis, ...
Walkeley, Thomas ...
Warren, Thomas, ...
Wilson, William, ...
Wright, John, ...
Wright, William, ...

APPENDIX No. II

List of severall printing houses taken ye 24th July 1668:—

The Kings printing office in English.

The Kings printing office in Hebrew, Greek, and Latine. Roger Norton.

The Kings printer in ye Oriental tongues. Thomas Roycroft.

Collonell John Streater by an especial provisoe in ye Act. [The same who in 1653 had been committed to the Gatehouse for printing seditious pamphlets.]

The other Masters are

Mr. Evan Tyler.
" Robert White.
" James Flesher.
" Richard Hodgkinson.
" Thomas Ratliffe.
" John Maycocke.
" John Field.
" Thomas Newcomb.
" William Godbid.
" John Redman.
" Thomas Johnson.
" Nath Crouch.
" Thomas Purslowe.
" Peter Lillicrapp.
" Thomas Leach.
" Henry Lloyd.
" Thomas Milbourne.
" James Cottrell.
" Andrew Coe.
" Henry Bridges.

Widdowes of printers:—

Mrs. Sarah Gryffyth.
" Cotes.
" Simmons.
" Anne Maxwell.
Custome house printer.

Printers yt were Masters at ye passeing of ye Act wch are disabled by ye fire:—

Mr. John Brudenall.

" Hayes.

" Child.

" Warren.

" Leybourne.

" Wood.

" Vaughan.

" Ouseley.

Printers set up since ye Act and contrary to it:—

Mr. William Rawlins.

" John Winter

" John Darby.

" Edward Oakes.

(Dom. S. P. Chas. II., vol. 243, No. 126.)

APPENDIX No. III

NUMBER OF PRESSES AND WORKMEN EMPLOYED IN THE PRINTING-HOUSES OF LONDON IN 1668

At the King's House, 6 Presses.

8 Compositors.

10 Pressmen.

At Mr. Tyler's, 3 Presses and a Prooffe Press.

1 Apprentice.

6 Workmen.

At Mr. White's, 3 Presses.

3 Apprentices.

7 Workmen.

At Mr. Flesher's, 5 Presses.

2 Apprentices.

13 Workmen.

At Mr. Norton's, 3 Presses.

1 Apprentice.

7 Workmen.

At Mr. Rycroft's [Roycroft's] 4 Presses.

2 Apprentices.

10 Workmen [three of whom were not free of the Company.]

At Mr. Ratcliffe's, 2 Presses.

2 Apprentices.

7 Workmen.

At Mr. Maycock's, 3 Presses.

3 Apprentices.

10 Workmen.

At Mr. Newcombe's, 3 Presses and a Proof Press.

1 Apprentice.

7 Compositors.

5 Pressmen.

At Mr. Godbidd's, 3 Presses.

2 Apprentices.

5 Workmen.

At Mr. Streater's, 5 Presses.

6 Compositors.

2 Pressmen.

At Mr. Milbourne's, 2 Presses,

0 Apprentices.

2 Workmen.
 At Mr. Catterell's [Cottrell?], 2 Presses.
 0 Apprentices.
 2 Compositors.
 1 Pressman.
 At Mrs. Symond's, 2 Presses.
 1 Apprentice.
 5 Workmen.
 At Mrs. Cotes, 3 Presses.
 2 Apprentices.
 9 Pressmen.
 At Mrs. Griffin's, 2 Presses.
 1 Apprentice.
 6 Workmen.
 At Mr. Leach's, 1 Press and no more provided by Mr. Graydon.
 1 Workman.
 At Mr. Maxwell's, 2 Presses,
 0 Apprentice.
 3 Compositors.
 3 Pressmen.
 At Mr. Lillicropp's, 1 Press.
 1 Apprentice,
 1 Compositor.
 1 Pressman.
 At Mr. Redman's, 2 Presses.
 1 Apprentice.
 4 Compositors.
 2 Pressmen.
 At Mr. Cowes [Coe's?], 1 Press.
 At Mr. Lloyd's, 1 Press.
 At Mr. Oake's, 2 Presses.
 0 Apprentices.
 2 Workmen.
 At Mr. Purslowe's, 1 Press.
 0 Apprentices.
 1 Workman.
 At Mr. Johnson's, 2 Presses.
 0 Apprentices.
 3 Workmen.
 Mr. Darby, } These three printers are to be indicted at ye next session.
 Mr. Winter,
 Mr. Rawlyns,
 At Mr. Crouch's, 1 Press.
 0 Apprentices.
 1 Workman.

CHAPTER IX

1700-1750

aving to some extent shaken itself free from the cramping influences of monopolies and State interference, the output of the English printing press at the commencement of the eighteenth century had almost doubled that of thirty or forty years before, and presses were now at work in various parts of the kingdom. But the long period of thralldom had resulted in completely destroying all originality amongst the printers, and almost in the destruction of the art of letter-founding. In fact, so far as printing with English types was concerned, the first twenty years of the eighteenth century was the worst period in the history of printing in this country. With the exception of the University of Oxford, which, owing to the generous bequests of Bishop Fell and others, was well supplied with good founts, the

printers of this country were compelled to obtain their type from Holland, and all the best and most important books published in Queen Anne's days were printed with Dutch letter, as it was called. Jacob Tonson is said to have spent some £300 in obtaining this foreign letter, and one important English foundry, that of Thomas James, was almost wholly stocked with these foreign founts. Yet this Dutch letter was by no means easy to get, and the experience of James, who in 1710 went to Holland for the purpose, bore out what Moxon had said in his *Mechanick Exercises*, that the art of letter-cutting was jealously guarded by those who practised it. Some of the Dutch typefounders refused to sell him types on any terms, and it was only by getting hold of a man who was more fond of his liquor than his trade, that James was able to get matrices, for even this individual refused to sell his punches. Nor was the vendor in any hurry to part with the matrices, and it cost James much money, time, and patience before he was able to secure them. Writing from Rotterdam on the 27th July in that year, he says:—

'The beauty of letters, like that of faces, is as people opine, ... All the Romans excel what we have in England, in my opinion, and I hope, being well wrought, I mean cast, will gain the approbation of very handsome letters. The Italic I do not look upon to be unhandsome, though the Dutch are never very extraordinary in them.'

James returned to England with 3500 matrices of various founts of Roman and Italics, as well as sets of Greek and some black letter. He set up his foundry in a part of the buildings belonging to the Priory of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, and it continued to be the most important in London until the days of Caslon. The proportion of Dutch to English types in the printing offices at that time is well illustrated by the valuable list of the types possessed by John Baskett, the Royal printer at Oxford, in the year 1718. The Royal printing-house was perhaps the largest and most lucrative office in the kingdom. For upwards of a century it had been owned by the descendants of Christopher Barker, the last of whom, Robert Barker, had died in 1645, after assigning his business to Messrs. Newcomb, Hill, Mearne, and others. From these the patent was bought in 1709 by John Baskett, of whose antecedents nothing whatever is known. In addition to the business at Blackfriars, Baskett, in conjunction with John Williams and Samuel Ashurst, obtained a lease from the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of Oxford University of their privilege of printing for twenty-one years. From an indenture in the possession of Mr. J. H. Round, the substance of which he communicated to the *Athenæum* of September 5th, 1885, it appears that on the 24th December 1718 Baskett gave a bond to James Brooks, stationer of London, for a loan of £4000, and for security mortgaged his stock, which was set out in a schedule as follows:—

'An Account of the Letter, Presses, and other Stock and Implements of and in the Printing house at Oxford, belonging to John Baskett, citizen and stationer of London.'

1. A large ffont of Perle letter cast by Mr Andrews.
2. A large ffont of Nonpl Letter new cast by ditto.
3. Another ffont of Nonpl Letter, old, the which standing and sett up in a Com'on prayer in 24mo compleat.
4. A large ffont of Minn Letter new cast by Mr Andrews.
5. Another large ffont of Minn Letter, new cast in Holland.
6. The whole Testament standing in Brevr and Minn Letter, old.
7. A large ffont of Brevr Letter, new cast in Holland.
8. A very large ffont of Lo: Primer Letter, new cast by Mr Andrew.
9. A large ffont of pica Letter very good, cast by ditto.
10. Another large ffont of ditto, never used, cast in Holland.
11. A small quantity of English, new cast by Mr Andrews.
12. A small quantity of Great Primr new cast by ditto.

13. A very large ffont of Double Pica, new, the largest in England.

14. A quantity of two-line English letters.

15. A quantity of French Cannon, two-line letters of all sorts, and a set of silver initial letters. Cases, stands, etc. Five printing presses very good.

John Baskett is chiefly remembered for the magnificent edition of the Bible which he printed in 1716-1717, in two volumes imperial folio, and which from an error in the headline of the 20th chapter of St. Luke, where the parable of the Vineyard was rendered as the 'parable of the Vinegar,' has ever since been known as the 'Vinegar Bible.' This slip was only one of many faults in the edition, which earned for it the title of 'A Baskett-full of printer's errors.' But apart from these errors, the book was a very splendid specimen of the printer's art, and has been described as the most magnificent of the Oxford Bibles. The type, double pica Roman and Italic, was beautifully cut, and was that which is described in the above list as the 'largest in England.' It was clearly not one of the founts belonging to the University, for, had it been, Baskett would have had no power to mortgage it. It is also noticeable that it was not described as 'cast in Holland,' as many of the others were, so we may infer that it was cast in England, and an interesting question arises, by whom? Clearly it was not cast by Mr. Andrews, or Baskett would have said so.

During a great part of his life, Baskett was engaged in litigation over his monopoly of Bible printing, and in spite of the large profits attached to it, he became bankrupt in 1732. Further trouble fell upon him in 1738 by the destruction of his office by fire. He died on June 22nd, 1742. At one period he had been in danger of losing his patent altogether, for Queen Anne was induced by Lord Bolingbroke and others to constitute Benjamin Tooke and John Barber to be Royal printers in reversion, in anticipation of the ending of Baskett's lease in 1739; but Baskett purchased this reversion from Barber, and afterwards obtained a renewal of his patent for sixty years, the last thirty of which were subsequently acquired by Charles Eyre for £10,000.

John Barber, who for a time held the reversion of Baskett's patent, was the only printer who has ever held the high office of Lord Mayor of London, and for this reason among others he deserves a brief notice. He was born of poor parents in 1675, and according to one account was greatly helped in early life by Nathaniel Settle, the city poet.

He was apprenticed to Mrs. Clark, a printer in Thames Street, and proving himself a steady and good workman, was able to set up for himself in 1700. His first printing-house was in Queen's Head Alley, whence he soon afterwards moved to Lambeth Hill, near Old Fish Street.

Accounts differ as to his first work. Curl, in his *Impartial History of the Life, Character, etc., of Mr. John Barber* (London, 1741), says that the alderman himself admitted that the first fifty pounds he could call his own were earned by printing a pamphlet written by Charles D'Avenant; while in the *Life and Character*, another pamphlet printed in the same year for T. Cooper, it is said that it was Defoe's *Diet of Poland* which brought him the first money he laid up. It is also said that he was greatly indebted to Dean Swift for his rapid advancement. By whatever means it was accomplished, Barber was introduced to Henry St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, and was engaged as printer to the Ministry, his printing-house becoming the meeting-place of the statesmen, poets, and wits of the day. Barber was himself a genial companion and hard drinker, who spent his money freely, and in this way made many friends. He printed for Dean Swift, for Pope, Matthew Prior, and Dr. King, and was also the printer of nearly all the writings of the versatile and unhappy Mrs. Manley. The story of her connection with Barber is sufficiently well known.

At the time of the South Sea scheme Barber took large shares, and, it is said, amassed a considerable fortune before the bubble burst. But he was indebted mainly to the patronage of Lord Bolingbroke for his success as a printer. Through that statesman he obtained the contract for printing the votes of the House of Commons, and by the same influence he became printer of the *London Gazette*, *The Examiner*, and *Mercator*, printer to the City of London, and finally received from the Queen the reversion of the office of Royal Printer, which he soon after relinquished to Baskett for £1500.

Elected as alderman of Baynard Castle ward, Barber filled the office of Sheriff, and in 1733 became Lord Mayor of the City of London. As Lord Mayor, he gained great popularity from his [Pg 235] opposition to the Excise Bill, and

by permitting persons tried and acquitted at the Old Bailey to be discharged without any fees. He died on the 22nd January 1740.

Much amusement, not altogether unmixed with uneasiness, was caused in the printing trade between 1727 and 1740 by a futile attempt to introduce stereotyping. A Scotch printer having complained to a goldsmith in Edinburgh of the vexatious delays and inconvenience of having to send to London or Holland for type, it occurred to William Ged, the goldsmith in question, that, to use the words of Timperley (p. 584), the transition from founding single letters to founding whole pages, 'should be no difficult matter.' He made several experiments, and at length satisfied himself that his scheme was practicable. Accordingly, in 1727, he entered into a contract with an Edinburgh printer to carry out the invention, but after two years his partner withdrew, being alarmed at the probable cost. Ged then entered into partnership with William Fenner, a stationer in London, by whom he was introduced to Thomas James, the founder, and a company was formed to work the scheme. But James, perhaps influenced by the representations of his 'compositors,' whom the new invention threatened with the loss of work, instead of helping, did his utmost to ruin the undertaking and its inventor. Instead of supplying the best and newest type from which the matrices might be made, he furnished the worst, whilst his workmen damaged the formes. Much the same happened at Cambridge, where Ged was for a time installed as printer to the University. He struggled against the opposition so far as to produce two Prayer Books, but such was the animosity shown to the new invention, that the books were suppressed by authority, and the plates broken up. To add further to his troubles, dissension broke out between James and Fenner, neither of whom had any cause to be proud of their action towards Ged, who, disheartened and ruined, returned to Edinburgh. There another attempt was made by the friends of the inventor to produce a book, but no compositor could be found to set up the type, and it was only by Ged's son working at night that the edition of Sallust, and a few theological books, were finished and printed at Newcastle. Ged died in 1749, and his sons subsequently emigrated to the West Indies.

Next to the King's printing-house, the press of which we have the most accurate knowledge at this time was that of William Bowyer, the elder and the younger. The seven volumes of Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes* give a complete record of the work of this printing-house, and from them the following brief account has been taken. William Bowyer, the elder, had been apprentice to Miles Flesher, and was admitted to the freedom of the Company of Stationers on October 4th, 1686. He started business on his own account in Little Britain in 1699, with a pamphlet of ninety-six pages on the Eikon Basilike controversy. He afterwards moved into White Friars, where, on the night of January 29th, 1712, his printing office was burnt to the ground; among the works that perished in the flames being almost the whole impression of Atkyn's *History of Gloucestershire*, Sir Roger L'Estrange's *Josephus*, 'printed with a fine Elzevir letter never used before'; the fifteenth volume of Rymer's *Fœdera*; Thoresby's *Ducatus Leodiensis*, and an old book, of *Monarchy*, by Sir John Fortescue, in 'Saxon,' with notes upon it, printed on an 'extraordinary paper' (Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 56). This short list of notable works proves that Bowyer had a flourishing business at the time of the catastrophe. A subscription was at once raised for his relief, and £1162 subscribed by the booksellers and printers in a very short time. A royal brief was also granted to him for the same purposes, and by this he received £1377, making a grand total of £2539, with which he began business anew. In remembrance of his misfortune, Bowyer had several tail-pieces and devices engraved, representing a phoenix rising from the flames.

In 1715 Bowyer the elder printed Miss[Pg 238] Elstob's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*. The types for this were cut by Robert Andrews from drawings made by Humphrey Wanley, and were given to the printer by Lord Chief-Justice Parker. But these types were very indifferently cut. Wanley himself said 'when the alphabet came into the hands of the workman (who was but a blunderer) he could not imitate the fine and regular stroke of the pen; so that the letters are not only clumsy, but unlike those that I drew.'

In 1721 Bowyer printed an edition of Bishop Bull's Latin works in folio, but lost £200 by the impression. The following year his son, William Bowyer the younger, joined him in the business.

The younger Bowyer had received an University education, though he never succeeded in taking a degree. He was, however, a highly cultivated man, and employed his pen in many of the controversies of the time, writing *Remarks on Mr. Bowman's Visitation Sermon* in 1731, and on Stephen's *Thesaurus* in 1733, and in 1744 a pamphlet on the *Present State of Europe*. But at the beginning of his connection with the printing-house, he was mainly concerned in reading the proofs of the learned works entrusted to his father for printing, and though towards the latter end of the elder Bowyer's days the son may have taken a more active part in the practical work, as we read of his appointment

as printer of the votes in the House of Commons in 1729, and[Pg 239] as printer to the Society of Antiquaries in 1736, it was not until his father's death, in 1737, that the sole management of the business devolved upon him.

One of the earliest works upon which the younger Bowyer was employed as 'reader' was Dr. Wilkins's edition of Selden's Works, printed by Bowyer the elder in six folio volumes in 1722. The publication of this book marks an era in the history of English printing, for the types with which it was printed were cut by William Caslon.

This famous type-founder, who by his skill raised the art of printing to a higher level than it had reached since the days of John Day, was born at Cradley, near Hales Owen in Shropshire. We are indebted for his biography partly to Bowyer and partly to Nichols, but it must be confessed that the earlier part of it is vague and unconvincing. According to this oft-quoted story, Caslon began life as an engraver of gun-locks, and made blocking tools for binders. This was somewhere about 1716, in which year it is said John Watts, the printer, became his patron, and employed him to cut type punches. Bowyer became acquainted with him from seeing some specimen of his lettering on a book, and took him to the foundry of James, in Bartholomew Close. Bowyer next advanced him some money, as also did Watts, and with these loans he set up for himself, his first essay in type-founding being a fount of Arabic for the Psalter published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. When he had finished the Arabic, i.e. somewhere about 1724 or 1725, he cut his own name in Roman type and placed it at the foot of the specimen. This attracted the notice of Samuel Palmer, the author of a very unreliable History of Printing, and with Palmer, Caslon worked for some time, but at length transferred his services to William Bowyer, for whom he cut the types of the 'Selden.'

It is almost impossible to place any reliance upon so vague and inconclusive a biography as this. There was a belief in the Caslon family that he began letter-cutting before 1720, and the equally vague traditions which point to a later date need not make us treat this as impossible.

Was his the unknown hand that cut the double pica type which Baskett used in printing the 'Vinegar' Bible? A close examination of the types used in that Bible, those used in printing the folio edition of Pope's Iliad, and those of the 'Selden,' reveals a striking resemblance, especially in the form of the italic letter, and at least makes it clear that if the two first-mentioned works were printed with Dutch letter, then it was on the best form of that letter that Caslon modelled his types.

The charm of Caslon's Roman letter lay in its wonderful regularity as well as in the shape and proportion of the letters. In this respect it was a worthy successor to the best Aldine founts of the sixteenth century. The italic was also noticeable for its beauty and regularity.

Caslon's superiority over all other letter-cutters, English or Dutch, was quickly recognised, and from this time forward until the close of the century all the best and most important books were printed with Caslon's letter; the old letter-founders, such as James and Grover, being entirely neglected, and even such a powerful rival as John Baskerville being unable to compete with him.

In addition to the printers in London already noticed, there were two others who must not be forgotten. Samuel Richardson, author of Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, and Sir Charles Grandison, was by trade a printer. Born in Derbyshire, of humble parents, in 1689, he was apprenticed to Mr. John Wilde, a printer in London, whom he served for seven years. He took up his freedom in 1706, and started business for himself in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. Among his earliest patrons were the Duke of Wharton, for whom he printed some six numbers of a paper called the True Briton, and the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, by whose interest he obtained the printing of the Journals of the House of Commons. But he did some better work than this, as in 1732 he printed for Andrew Millar a good edition in folio of Churchill's Voyages, and in 1733 the second volume of De Thou's History, a work in seven folio volumes, edited by Samuel Buckley, his share in which reflects credit on Richardson as a printer. Between 1736-37 he printed The Daily Journal, and in 1738 the Daily Gazeteer, and in 1740 the newly-formed Society for the Encouragement of Learning entrusted to him the printing of the first volume of The Negotiations of Sir Thomas Roe, in folio. In this the text was printed in the same type as the De Thou, but the dedication was in a fount of double pica Roman. This work, which was intended to have been in six volumes, was never completed.

Richardson's work as an author began in 1741 with the publication of *Pamela*, in four volumes, duodecimo, printed at his own press. *Clarissa Harlowe* appeared in 1747-48, and in 1753 his final novel, *Sir Charles Grandison*. Through the treachery of one of his workmen in the printing office, the Dublin booksellers were enabled to issue an edition of *Sir Charles Grandison* before the work had left Richardson's press. He vented his aggrieved feelings by printing a pamphlet, *The Case of Samuel Richardson of London, Printer*.

In 1755 Richardson rebuilt his premises, and in 1760 he bought half the patent of law printing, which he shared with Catherine Lintot. His [Pg 243] death took place on the 4th July 1761, his business being afterwards carried on by his nephew, William Richardson.

The other press to which reference has been made was that of Henry Woodfall. In the first series of *Notes and Queries* (vol. xi. pp. 377, 418) an anonymous contributor supplied some very interesting and valuable notes drawn from the ledgers of that printer between the years 1734 and 1747. Such a record is the most valuable material for a history of printing, but unfortunately this is the only known instance in which it is available. It supplies us with the most useful information, the numbers of copies that went to make up an edition, the quality and cost of the paper and the number of sheets contained in each volume, with many other interesting particulars, which it is impossible to get from any other source. While recognising the value of these extracts from Woodfall's ledger, the writer hardly seems to have made the most of his opportunity. In many instances he gives only the title of the work and the number of copies printed, omitting all particulars as regards the cost of printing. But even as it stands this series of papers throws much interesting light upon the publication of some of the notable works of that period.

Woodfall's printing was broadly divided into two classes, 'gentlemen's work' and 'booksellers' work,' and the second is naturally the more interesting.

Among those for whom he printed were Bernard and Henry Lintot, Robert Dodsley, Andrew Millar, and Lawton Gilliver. Against Bernard Lintot is the following entry:—

Decr. 15th, 1735—

Printing the first volume of Mr. Pope's Works,
Cr., Long Primer, 8vo, 3000 (and 75 fine),

£2, 2s. per sheet, 14 sheets and a half, 30. 09. 0

Title in red and black, 1. 1

Paid for 2 reams and 1/4 of writing demy, 2. 16. 3

On May 15, 1736, Woodfall enters to Henry Lintot—

The Iliad of Homer by Mr. Pope, demy,
Long Primer and Brevier. No. 2000 in
6 vols, 68 sheets and 1/2

£2, 2s. per sheet, £143. 17

Under Dodsley's account is entered on 12th May 1737—

Printing the first Epistle of the Second Book
of Horace Imitated, folio, double size, Poetry,
No. 2000, and 150 fine, [seven] shts., at
27s. per sht., 9. 09. 0

May 18, 1737. 150 fol. titles, Second Book of
Epistles, 4. 0

A few weeks later Woodfall received an order from Lawton Gilliver for 1500 crown octavo copies of *Epistles of Horace*, and 100 fine or large paper copies. The second edition of *Pope's Works* was also printed by Woodfall for Henry Lintot, the order being for 2000. For Andrew Millar Woodfall printed the following works of Thomson the poet—

Oct. 14th 1734. Spring, a poem, 8vo, 250 copies.

Jan. 8th 173-4/5. Liberty, a poem, 1st part cr. 8vo, No. 3000, and 250 fine copies.

Of the 4th and 6th parts only 1250 copies were printed.

June 6th, 1738, Mr. Thomson's Works. Vol. I. No. 1000, 8vo.

With the issue of the second volume the number was increased to 1500.

The Seasons were printed on June 19th, 1744, in octavo. There were 1500 errata in the work, and a special charge of £2, 4s. was made for 'divers and repeated alterations.'

Among the miscellaneous writers whose works were passed through the elder Woodfall's press was the Rev. John Peters, against whom he entered an account, dated July 17th, 1735, for printing Thoughts concerning Religion, 4to, 16 sheets. This gentleman was a literary shark, ready to devour any unprotected morsel that came in his way. The work above mentioned, and another printed by Woodfall in 1732, called A Letter to a Bishop, were afterwards discovered to be from the pen of Duncan Forbes, and were published in an edition of his works printed in Edinburgh and London in 1751. A lawsuit was at once commenced by George Woodfall and John Peters against the publishers of Forbes' works, the name of Messrs. Rivington being prominently mentioned, and the defendants, in their answer, stated that the two works in question were well known to have been written by Duncan Forbes, and that the MS. was in the possession of his family.

This little incident, taken in conjunction with Henry Woodfall's connection with E. Curll and the letters of Pope, and the story told by Thomas Gent of the printing of The Bishop of Rochester's Effigy, shows that he was a worthy disciple of Iago in the matter of money-getting.

Mention of Thomas Gent leads naturally to a study of the provincial press of this period. This is a much more difficult matter than it has been hitherto, as presses were established not in three or four places only, but in almost every town of any size. The history of provincial printing has never yet been written, and the task of tracing out the various printers and their work would be long and arduous. All that is attempted here is to give a sketch of the earlier and more important presses, adding in an appendix a chronological list of the places in which printing was carried on before 1750.

In the previous chapter it has been shown how the munificence of Bishop Fell and Francis Junius furnished the University of Oxford with an unusually large stock of excellent letter of all descriptions, so that it was in a position to do better work than any other house in the kingdom. Its productions, during the first twenty years of the eighteenth century, were in every way worthy of its reputation, and some of them deserve special mention.

In 1705 Hiccs's *Linguarum Vett. Septentrionalium Thesaurus* was issued in three large folio volumes of great beauty. The work required many unusual founts, and these were mainly furnished from the bequest of Junius.

In 1707 the University published Mill's Greek Testament, which Wood in his *Athenæ Oxonienses* (vol. ii. p. 604) says had been begun in 1681 at Bishop Fell's printing-house near the theatre. The double pica italic used in this was a grand letter. Both the foregoing works were ornamented with handsome initial letters, and head and tail pieces engraved by M. Burghers, probably the first engraver of the day in this country. Many classical works were also produced in the same sumptuous manner, notably Hudson's edition of the Works of Dionysius, 1704, which it is difficult to praise too highly. The copies measured nearly eighteen inches in height, the paper was thick and good; the Greek and Latin texts were printed side by side, with notes at the foot, yet ample margins were left. In fact it is one of the finest examples of English printing of this period to be met with.

Cambridge was sadly behind her sister University. Neither Reed in his *Old English Letter Foundries*, nor Mr. Allnutt in his valuable articles on Provincial Presses, has anything to say of it. Cornelius Crowndale was the University

printer at this time, but beyond an edition of Eusebius in three folio volumes, issued in 1720, no notable book came from his press, little in fact beyond reprints in octavo and duodecimo of classical works for the use of the scholars, and repeated editions of the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, full of errors, and so badly printed that the less said about them the better. We may notice, however, an edition of Butler's *Hudibras*, edited by Zachary Grey, in two octavo volumes, with Hogarth's plates, and two books by Conyers Middleton, *Bibliothecæ Cantabrigiæ ordinandæ methodus*, 1723, and *A Dissertation concerning the Origin of Printing in England*, 1735, both in quarto.

Among the earliest provincial presses at work in the beginning of the eighteenth century was that at Norwich, where Francis Burges was established in the year 1701. Thomas Tanner, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, sent John Bagford a broadside, printed by that printer, a list of the clergy that were to preach in the cathedral at Norfolk from November 1st, 1701, until Trinity Sunday following. In a MS. note at the foot Tanner says:—

'Dr. Bagford,—When you were at Cambridge, I thought you would have come to Norwich. I send this to put among your other collections of printers. It is the first thing that was ever printed here.'

In this statement, however, Tanner was wrong, unless we suppose this broadside to have been printed nearly five weeks in advance, as there had appeared, on September 27th, 1701, *Some Observations on the Use and Original of the Noble Art and Mystery of Printing*, by Francis Burges, which is also claimed as the first book printed at Norwich since the sixteenth century. There is also evidence that Burges began to issue a newspaper called *The Norwich Post* early in September. Among his other work of that year were sermons by John Jeffery and John Graile, and Humphrey Prideaux's *Directions to Churchwardens for the Faithfull Discharge of their Offices. For the Use of the Archdeaconry of Suffolk*. (Norwich 1701, quarto.) Francis Burges died in January 1706, leaving the business to his widow, who in the following year printed and published a little tract of eight quarto pages, with the title, *A true description of the City of Norwich both in its ancient and modern state*.

Meanwhile, in November of the preceding year, a second press was started in the town by Henry Crossgrove, who began to issue a paper called the *Norwich Gazette*.

Burges's business seems to have been taken by Freeman Collins, who printed from the same address, in 1713, Robert Pate's *Complete Syntax*. He in his turn was succeeded by Benjamin Lyon, who in 1718 reprinted the *True Description*, as *The History of the City of Norwich ... To which is added Norfolk's Furies: or a view of Kett's Camp*. (Norwich. Printed by Benj. Lyon near the Red-well, for Robert Allen and Nich. Lemon. 1718. 8vo. pp. 40.) He added to this some useful lists of bishops, etc., and a '*Chronological Account of Remarkable Accidents and Occurrences, to date*,' in which the following entries occur:—

'1701. The first printing office was set up in Norwich, near the Red-well, by Francis Surges.

'1706. Sam. Hashart a distiller, set up a Printing Office, in Magdalen St., and sent for Henry Cross-grove from London to be his journeyman.'

Crossgrove appears to have continued work till 1739, being succeeded by William Chase, who had been printing since 1711, and who established the *Norwich Mercury* in 1727.

At Bristol the press that William Bonny had established in 1695 continued to flourish until 1713. About November 1702 he began to issue a weekly paper called the *Bristol Post-Boy*, which[Pg 251] ran until 1712, when it was either replaced or supplanted by Samuel Farley's *Bristol Postman*.

The Parleys were noted printers in the West of England at this time, and the above-named Samuel must not be confounded with Samuel Farley the Exeter printer.

In Cirencester printing began in 1718, in which year Thomas Hinton brought out the first number of the *Cirencester Post*, and the *Gloucester Journal* was printed in that city by R. Raikes and W. Dicey on April 9, 172-1/2. Robert Raikes continued printing there till 1750, and was succeeded by his son Robert, the founder of Sunday Schools.

In the neighbouring county of Devon the Exeter press, finally established after many vicissitudes in 1698 by Samuel Darker, is found busily at work in 1701, Darker having been joined by Samuel Farley, whose relation to the Samuel

Farley of Bristol offers an opportunity to some cunning genealogist to reap distinction. In 1701 Farley issued by himself John Prince's *Danmonii Orientales Illustres*; or *The Worthies of Devon*, a work of 600 folio pages, with coats of arms. It was certainly one of the largest works printed at that time by any provincial press outside the Universities. In point of workmanship all that can be said for it is that it was no worse than the[Pg 252] bulk of the work turned out by provincial presses; and it furnishes its own criticism in a list of errata on the last page, which closes with the words, 'with many others too tedious to insert.' Thomas Tanner, writing to Browne Willis in 1706, says that he has heard of a bi-weekly paper printing at Exeter. No copy of an Exeter paper of so early a date is known.

In 1705 Farley was joined by Joseph Bliss, and jointly they issued several books; but the partnership lasted a very short time, as by 1708 Joseph Bliss had set up for himself in the Exchange.

On September 24, 1714, Samuel Farley issued the first number of *The Exeter Mercury*; or *Weekly Intelligence of News*, which in the next year he transferred to Philip Bishop. In 1715 also Joseph Bliss started a rival sheet called the *Protestant Mercury*, or *The Exeter Post-Boy*, from his new printing-house near the London Inn. Meanwhile Farley appears to have left Exeter, for on September 27, 1715, he published the first number of the *Salisbury Post-Man*. In 1717 Andrew Brice, the most important of Exeter printers, began to print, his address then being 'At the Head of the Serge Market in Southgate Street,' from which he issued, some time in 1718, a paper called the *Post-Master*, or the *Loyal Mercury*. The history of this printer is too lengthy to be told here, and has already been ably written by Dr. T. N. Brushfield (*The Life and Bibliography of Andrew Brice*). Farley's name occurs again in 1723, when he returned to Exeter and started Farley's *Exeter Journal*. In November 1727 the burial of Samuel Farley is recorded in the registers at St. Paul's, Exeter. He was succeeded in business by an Edward Farley.

Another provincial press that revived very early in the eighteenth century was that of Worcester. It had been silent for upwards of a century and a half; but in June 1709 a printer from London, named Stephen Bryan, set up a press, and started a newspaper called the *Worcester Postman*. In 1722 the title was altered to the *Worcester Post*, or *Western Journal*. Bryan died in 1748, but just previous to his death he assigned his paper to Mr. H. Berrow, who then gave it the name it has ever since borne, that of *Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

Hazlitt, in his *Collections and Notes* (3rd Series, p. 282), mentions a book entitled *Tunbridgialia*, or *ye pleasures of Tunbridge*, a poem, as printed 'at Mount Sion at ye end of ye Upper Walk at Tunbridge Wells,' 1705.

At Canterbury printing was revived in 1717, and a very interesting record of it is in the British Museum in the form of a broadside with the following title:—

'A List of the names of the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen & Common Council of the City of[Pg 254] Canterbury Who (In the year of our Lord 1717) promoted and encouraged the noble Art and Mystery of Printing in this City and County.' Canterbury, Printed by J. Abree for T. James, S. Palmer, and W. Hunter, 1718.' This John Abree died in 1765 at the age of seventy-seven.

Turning northward, the most important presses were those of York and Newcastle.

At York John White, who had settled in the city in 1680, was actively engaged in business in 1701, and he remained the sole printer there until his death in the year 1715. By his will, dated 31st July 1714, he gave his wife Grace White the use of one full half of his printing tools and presses, etc., for her life; and after her death he gave the same to his grandson, Charles Bourne, to whom he bequeathed the remaining half of his printing implements immediately upon his death. To John White, his son, he devised his real estate.

On the 23rd February 1718-19 Grace White issued the first York newspaper, *The York Mercury*. Upon her death in 1721 the printing-house was carried on by Charles Bourne until 1724, when he was in turn succeeded by Thomas Gent, who had served under John White in 1714-15, and married the widow of Charles Bourne. Davies in his *Memoirs of the York Press* (pp. 144 et seq.) gives a detailed and interesting biography of this printer, who, he says, has obtained a wider celebrity than any other York typographer. Gent was an engraver as well as printer, and was the author of a *History of York*, and other works. As a printer his work was wretched; there is little to be said for him as an engraver; while as an author he was below mediocrity. Nevertheless, he deserves credit for the interest he took in the history of York. His history of that city was published in small octavo in 1730, and he followed it up in

1735 with *Annales Regioduni Hullini*, or *The History of the Royal and Beautiful town of Kingston upon Hull*, also an octavo.

These works were quickly overshadowed by *Drake's History*, and from this time forward Gent's fortunes began to decline. He made an enemy of John White, the son of his old employer, with the result that White set up a press at York in 1725, and issued the first number of *The York Courant*, a weekly paper, but sold it and the business to Alexander Staples ten years later. Staples in turn was succeeded by Cæsar Ward and Richard Chandler—the first a bookseller in York, the second in London; but Chandler committed suicide in 1744, and left Ward to carry on the business alone. John Gilfillan was another printer at work in the city during this period. Thomas Gent lived to the age of eighty-seven, his death taking place on the 19th May 1778. In Newcastle, John White, the son of the York printer of that name, began printing in 1708. He started the *Newcastle Courant*, the first number of which appeared in 1711. In 1761 the firm became John White and Co., and in 1763 John White and T. Saint. White died in 1769, when he is said to have been the oldest printer in the kingdom. As has been noted, from 1725 to 1735 he had carried on a press at York in opposition to T. Gent. One or two other printers are found here for short periods, but little is known about them.

Among other towns possessing presses early in this century were—Nottingham, 1711; Chester, 1711; Liverpool, 1712; and Birmingham, 1716.

In America the number of printing presses increased but slowly during the first half of the eighteenth century. William Bradford in New York continued the only printer in that province for thirty years. He died on the 23rd May 1752, at the age of ninety-two. For fifty years he had been printer to the Government, and among the numerous books that came through his press were the *Book of Common Prayer* in quarto, in 1709, the only issue in America before the Revolution, a venture by which he is said to have lost heavily. He also printed a *Mohawk Prayer-book* in quarto; this was issued in 1715. On the 16th October 1725 he began to publish a weekly paper called *The New York Gazette*, and continued it until his retirement from business.

In 1726 a German named John Peter Zenger set up as a printer in New York. He is chiefly remembered as the printer of the second New York newspaper, the *New York Weekly Journal*, the first number of which was wrongly dated October 5th, 1733, instead of November 5th. The paper involved the printer in several actions for libel, and led to some lively passages with William Bradford. He is believed to have died about 1746. Bradford was succeeded as printer to the Government by James Parker, one of his apprentices, who is described as a neat workman. He continued the *New York Gazette*, with the alternative title, or *Weekly Post Boy*. He also issued in 1767 an edition of the *Psalms* in metre, one of the earliest books printed from type cast in America.

In 1753 Parker took into partnership William Weyman, but the connection lasted but a short time, Weyman setting up for himself in 1759. Parker also established presses at New Haven and Woodbridge in New Jersey. Among the later printers in New York were Hugh Guine (1750-1800); John Holt (1750-1784), printer to the State during the war; Robert Hodge (1770-1813); and Frederick Shober (1772-1806).

Philadelphia possessed only one printer until 1723—Andrew Bradford, son of William Bradford,[Pg 258] of New York. In 1723 Samuel Keimer set up near the Market House. It was this printer whom Benjamin Franklin worked for in his early days. Bradford started the *American Weekly Mercury* on Tuesday, November 22nd, 1719; and the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, afterwards carried on by Franklin and Meredith, was first printed by Keimer. Andrew Bradford died in 1742. Perhaps the most notable of Keimer's books was the folio edition of Sewell's *History of the Quakers*, which he began in 1725. It was a work of upwards of seven hundred pages and Keimer soon found that he had taken the contract at a ruinous rate. It was only by the help of Franklin and Meredith that he was enabled to finish it in 1728.

Benjamin Franklin's history hardly needs retelling. His career as a printer began in the shop of his brother James at Boston in 1717. Differences arose between them which ended in Franklin's setting out for New York. Work was not to be had there, and by the advice of William Bradford he moved on to Philadelphia. There for some months he worked for Samuel Keimer until, deluded by the promises of Governor Keith, he took ship for England with a view of obtaining materials for a printing office. While in England he worked for James Watts in Bartholomew Close, and James Palmer. On his return to America he once more entered Keimer's office as a journeyman. But after a short time, in company with Hugh Meredith, he set up in business for himself. He was the proprietor and printer of *Poor*

Richard's Almanack, which became celebrated, and also of the Pennsylvania Gazette. After a long and prosperous career Franklin died, on April 19th, 1790, at the age of eighty-five.

Boston was the home of more printers than any other place in America during the eighteenth century. To give anything like a history of even a few of them would be beyond the limits of this work. Only one or two of the more important can be even noticed.

Thomas Fleet arrived in Boston in 1712, set up as a printer, and for nearly fifty years carried on business there. His issues were principally pamphlets for booksellers, small books for children, and ballads. He was also the proprietor of a newspaper called the Weekly Rehearsal, first begun in September 1731. At his death in July 1758, he left three sons, two of whom succeeded him in business.

In 1718 Samuel Kneeland set up in Prison Lane, and his printing house continued for eighty years. He was one of the printers of the Boston Gazette, and he started besides several other journals. Thomas in his history (vol. i. p. 207) says that Kneeland, in company with Bartholomew Green, printed a small quarto edition of the English Bible with Mark Baskett's imprint, but this is not confirmed. Kneeland died on December 14th, 1769. Another celebrated printer in the city of Boston was Gamaliel Rogers, who began business about 1729. In 1742 he entered into partnership with Daniel Fowle. In the following year they issued the first numbers of the American Magazine, and in 1748 started the Independent Advertiser. The partnership with Fowle was dissolved in 1750. Rogers subsequently moved to the western part of the town, but suffered from a fire, which destroyed his plant. He died in 1775.

Daniel Fowle, on the dissolution of his partnership with Rogers, set up for himself. He was arrested in 1754 for printing a pamphlet reflecting on some members of the House of Representatives, and was thrown into prison for several days. Upon his release, he at once left the town and set up in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he started the New Hampshire Gazette. He was succeeded in his Boston business by his brother Zachariah Fowle, who continued printing there until the Revolution, when he also retired to New Hampshire, where he died in 1776.

CHAPTER X 1750-1800

the improvement in printing which Caslon had begun quickly spread to other parts of the kingdom, even as far north as Scotland, where, before the middle of the century, there was established at Glasgow a press that became notable for the beauty of its productions.

Robert and Andrew Foulis, the founders of this press, were the sons of Andrew Faulls and Marion Paterson, Robert being born at Glasgow on April 20th, 1707, and his brother on November 23rd, 1712.

Robert Foulis was apprenticed to a barber, but his love for literature led him to study at the University, where he attended the moral philosophy lectures of Francis Hutcheson, who advised him to become a bookseller and printer. His brother, Andrew, entered the University at a later date, destined for the ministry, and during their vacations they travelled throughout England and on the Continent. In the course of these travels they sought for and brought back with them many rare and beautiful books, and gained a wide knowledge of the book trade.

At length, in 1741, Robert Foulis set up as a bookseller in Glasgow. In some of his earlier publications will be found lists of books printed and sold by him, which are very interesting. One of these, which enumerates fifteen books, includes a Greek Testament, Buchanan's edition of the Psalms, Burnet's Life of the Earl of Rochester, seven or eight classics, among which were a Cicero, Juvenal, Cornelius Nepos, Phædrus, and Terence, and two of Tasso's works. The Terence was printed for him by Robert Urie, and shows some excellent founts of small italic and Roman. Robert Foulis seems to have begun printing on his own account in 1742, and among his earliest patrons was Professor Hutcheson, for whom he printed a treatise entitled *Metaphysicæ Synopsis*, a duodecimo of ninety pages, and a work on Moral Philosophy of three hundred and thirty pages. He also printed in the same year the second and third editions of a sermon preached by William Leechman before the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, *The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, and editions of Cicero and Phædrus. All these were in duodecimo or small octavo, printed in a clear readable type, that probably came from Urie's foundry. On the 31st March 1743, Robert Foulis was appointed printer to the University of Glasgow, and published Demetrius Phalerus de Elocutione in two sizes, quarto and octavo. This was the first book printed at Glasgow in Greek type, the Greek and Latin renderings being printed on opposite pages—the Latin in a fount of English Roman that cannot be distinguished

from Caslon's letter, while the italic also has a strong resemblance to that of the English founder. Among other productions of the year 1743 was a specimen of another Glasgow man's work, Bishop Burnet's translation of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, to which was prefixed Holbein's portrait of the great Chancellor.

In 1744 Dr. Andrew Wilson, who for some years had been furnishing Scotch and Irish printers with types from his foundry, moved to Camlachie, a spot within a mile of Glasgow, and at once began to furnish letter for Robert Foulis. In the same year Robert took his brother Andrew into partnership, and the firm quickly became famous for the beauty and correctness of their classics, beginning with the edition of Horace, which, from the fact of its having only six errors in the text, was christened the immaculate. Other attractive books were the Sophocles of 1745, quarto; Cicero in twenty volumes, small octavo; the small folio edition of Callimachus, which took the silver medal offered in Edinburgh for the finest book of not fewer than ten sheets; the magnificent Homer, which Reed in his *Old English Letter Foundries* describes as 'for accuracy and splendour the finest monument of the Foulis press.' But the Foulis press did not confine itself to classics only. It published several fine editions of English authors, among them a folio edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and editions of the poems of Gray and Pope. In 1775 Andrew Foulis died suddenly. The blow was very severely felt by his brother, and coming as it did upon the failure of his Academy of Arts, completely crushed him. He removed his art collection to London for sale; but here another disappointment awaited him—the sum realised after paying expenses being fifteen shillings. He returned to Edinburgh, and was on the point of starting for Glasgow when he died on the 2nd June 1776. The Foulis press was carried on by the younger Andrew Foulis until the end of the century.

In England, the chief event of this period was the appearance of John Baskerville at Birmingham.

No satisfactory biography of Baskerville has yet been written, but the best sketches of his life are those by the late T. B. Reed in his *History of the Old English Letter Foundries* (chap. xiii.), which contains some highly interesting and valuable correspondence between Baskerville and his publisher, R. Dodsley, and the more recent article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, from the pen of Mr. Tedder.

JOHN THOMAS BASKERVILLE.

John Baskerville was born in 1706 at Wolverley, a village in Worcestershire. No one has discovered where he was educated: yet this is one of the points upon which we should like to know something, because it is generally admitted that he was a very beautiful writer; indeed, it was to his love of calligraphy that we owe the regular and well-proportioned letters associated with his name. For some time he earned his living as a writing-master; after which he appears to have gone into the japanning trade, and in 1750 embarked some capital in a letter foundry. Another point upon which his biographers are silent is the place where he learnt the art of printing. For we know that the punches of his foundry were not cut by himself, and that he was not in any sense a practical printer; yet he must have obtained some knowledge of the rudiments of the art before taking over the responsibilities of a foundry of his own. Baskerville appears to have employed the most skilled artists he could obtain, and it is said that he spent upwards of £600—some say £800—before he obtained a fount to suit him. His letters to Dodsley show how anxious he was to attain perfection. The result of all this care and labour was shown in the quarto edition of Virgil which appeared in 1757, and was followed by quarto editions of Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*.

The appearance of Baskerville's publications gave rise to no little controversy. By some they were hailed with unstinted praise; while others, such as Mores and Dr. Bedford, looked upon them with something little short of contempt. Yet it is difficult to understand the grounds of these adverse criticisms. As regards type, there is very little to choose between Caslon's Roman and that of Baskerville, while the italic of Baskerville was unquestionably the most beautiful type that had ever been seen in England; and the ridiculous criticism passed on it that its very fineness was injurious to the eyesight, was shown to be utterly worthless by Franklin's letter to the printer, which is printed in Reed's *Old English Letter Foundries*. But there are also other features of excellence about these books of Baskerville's. They are simplicity itself. There is not a single ornament or tail-piece introduced into them to divide the attention. The books were printed with deep and wide margins, and the lines were spaced out with the very best effect.

The first public body to recognise Baskerville's ability was the University of Oxford, which in July 1758 empowered him to cut a fount of Greek types for 200 guineas. This order proved to be beyond his power. It is generally admitted that his Greek type was a failure, and he wisely made no further attempts at cutting learned characters. Some of the

punches of Baskerville's Greek types are still preserved at Oxford, and are the only specimens of his foundry that we have.

In his Preface to *Paradise Lost*, Baskerville stated that the extent of his ambition was to print an octavo Prayer Book and a folio Bible. In connection with this ambition, he applied to the University of Cambridge for appointment as their printer, a privilege which was granted to him, but at the cost of such a heavy premium that he obtained no pecuniary profit from it. The Prayer Book printed in two forms appeared in 1760, and the same year saw the prospectus and specimen of the Bible issued, the Bible itself appearing in 1763 in imperial folio. Both are beautiful specimens of the printer's art.

But Baskerville soon became disgusted with the ill-natured criticism to which he was subjected, coupled with the failure of booksellers to support him, and was anxious to have done with the business. The year before the publication of the Bible, he wrote to Horace Walpole a letter given by Reed (p. 278) in which he says that he is sending specimens of his foundry to foreign courts in the hope of finding among them a purchaser for the whole concern, and during the next few years he was in correspondence with Franklin with the same object. Fortunately for his country, these attempts were unsuccessful during his life-time, and between the years 1760-1773 he produced not only several editions of the Bible and Common Prayer, but the works of Addison, 4 vols. 1761, 4to; the works of Congreve, 3 vols. 1761, 8vo; *Æsop's Fables*; and in 1772 a series of the classics in quarto, which, Reed says, 'suffice, had he printed nothing else, to distinguish him as the first typographer of his time' (p. 281).

Baskerville died on January 8th, 1775, and for a few years his widow carried on the foundry; but at the same time endeavoured to dispose of it. Both our Universities refused it, and no London foundry would touch it, because the booksellers would have nothing but the types of Caslon and Jackson. The type was eventually sold in 1779 to the Société Littéraire-typographique of France for £3700, and was used in a sumptuous edition of the works of Voltaire.

Yet one firm was found bold enough to model its letter on that of Baskerville. In 1764 Joseph Fry, a native of Bristol, began letter-founding in that city. He took as a partner William Pine, proprietor of the Bristol Gazette, but the business was not carried on in their name but in that of Isaac Moore, their manager. In 1768 they removed the foundry to London, and issued a prospectus. But so strong was the prejudice against Baskerville's letter—or, perhaps, it would be better to say, so strong was the hold which Caslon's foundry had obtained—that they were compelled to recast the whole of their stock. This took them several years; meanwhile, they issued one or two editions of the Bible in their first fount. In 1776 Isaac Moore severed his connection with the firm. In 1782 Mr. Pine also withdrew, and Joseph Fry admitted his two sons, Edmund and Henry, into partnership. At length in 1785 appeared the first specimen-book of Fry's foundry, and it was frankly admitted in the preface that the founts of Roman and italic were modelled on those of Caslon.

Joseph Fry retired from the business in 1787. Amongst the books printed with his later type may be mentioned the quarto edition of the classics edited by Dr. Homer.

Caslon the First died at Bethnal Green on January 23rd, 1766. His son, Caslon the Second, died intestate on the 17th August 1778, when the business came to his son, William Caslon the Third. In the same year that Joseph Fry published his *Specimen of Types*, Caslon the Third also published a specimen-book of sixty-two sheets, in every way worthy of the reputation the firm had established. It included, besides Romans and italics of great beauty and regularity, every variety of oriental and learned founts, and several sheets of ornaments and flowers, arranged in various designs. This book was dedicated to the king, and contained an address to the reader in which, after reviewing the establishment of the foundry, Caslon referred bitterly to the eager rivalry of other printers and their open avowal of imitation. In 1793 Caslon the Third disposed of his share in the Chiswell Street business to his mother and his brother Henry's widow.

Mrs. William Caslon, senior, died in October 1795, when the business was sold by auction and bought by Mrs. Henry Caslon for £520.

Joseph Jackson, who shared with the Caslons the favour of the London booksellers, was one of two apprentices formerly in the employ of William Caslon II. Some dispute arose in the foundry about the price of certain work, and Joseph Jackson and Thomas Cottrell, having acted as ringleaders in the movement, were dismissed, and being thrown on their own resources, set up a foundry of their own in Nevil's Court, Fetter Lane. Of the two Jackson

proved far the more skilful, but seems to have been of a roving disposition. After working for a year or two with Cottrell he went to sea, leaving Cottrell to carry on the business alone. This he did with a fair measure of success, though his foundry was never at any time a large one. After a few years' absence Jackson returned to England in 1763, and again turned his attention to letter-cutting, serving for a time under his old partner Cottrell; but having obtained the services and, what was of more value, the pecuniary help of two of Cottrell's workmen, he set up for himself, and quickly took a foremost place in the trade. Among his most successful work was a fount of English 'Domesday,' for the Domesday Book published by order of Parliament in 1783, which was preferred to that cut by Cottrell for the same purpose. Jackson also cut a fount for Dr. Woide's facsimile of the Alexandrian Codex with great success. But perhaps his most successful effort was the two-line English which he cut for Macklin's edition of the Bible, begun in 1789. At the time of his death in 1792 he was at work upon a fount of double pica for Bowyer's edition of Hume's History of England. After his death his foundry was purchased by William Caslon III.

Both Macklin's Bible and Hume's History were printed at the press of Thomas Bensley in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. As a printer of sumptuous books Bensley had only one rival, William Bulmer, who is generally accorded the first place. But Bensley was certainly earlier in the field. His work was quite equal to that of Bulmer, and, apart from this, the world owes more to his enterprise than it has ever yet acknowledged.

Thomas Bensley was the son of a printer in the Strand, and in 1783 he succeeded to the business of Edward Allen in Bolt Court, a house adjoining that in which Johnson had lived. He at once turned his attention to printing as a fine art. Dibdin, in his *Bibliographical Decameron* (vol. ii. p. 397, etc.), gives a list of the works printed by Bensley, and says that he began with a quarto edition of Lavater's *Physiognomy* in 1789, following this up with an octavo edition of Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* in 1790. In this list, however, Dibdin has omitted the folio edition of Bürger's poem *Leonora*, printed by Bensley in 1796, with designs by Lady Diana Beauclerc. In 1797 he printed a very beautiful edition of Thomson's *Seasons*, in royal folio, with engravings by Bartolozzi and P. W. Tomkins from pictures by W. Hamilton.

But the chief glories of his press are the Bible and Hume's History. The first was begun in 1789; but Jackson's death caused some delay when the Book of Numbers had been reached, owing to more type being required. For some reason, not clearly shown, Bensley would not employ Caslon, but applied to Vincent Figgins, who for ten years had been in the service of Jackson, to complete the type. Figgins' foundry was in Swan Yard, Holborn, where he had established himself after Jackson's death in 1792. He succeeded with the task set him, and his type, which was an exact facsimile of Jackson's, was brought into use in the Book of Deuteronomy. The whole work was completed in seven volumes, in the year 1800, and this date appears on the title-page; but the dedication to the king was dated 1791, and the plates, which were the work of Loutherbourg, West, Hamilton, and others, were variously dated between those years. The text was printed in double columns, in a handsome two-line English, with the headings to chapters in Roman capitals, no italic type being used, and no marginalia.

Robert Bowyer's edition of Hume was in the press at the time of Jackson's death, but was not completed until 1806. The type used in this is a double pica, and the founder, it is said, declared that it should 'be the most exquisite performance of the kind in this or any other country.' He died before its completion, and the work was completed by Figgins; but the book is a lasting memorial to the skill both of the founder and the printer.

In January 1791 appeared the first number of Boydell's Shakespeare. The history of this notorious undertaking was briefly this. Boydell was an art publisher in Pall Mall, where he had established a gallery and filled it with the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Opie, and Northcote, chiefly in Shakesperian subjects. George Nicol the bookseller proposed to the Boydells that William Martin, brother of Robert Martin of Birmingham, should be employed to cut a set of types with which to print an edition of Shakespeare's works, to be illustrated with the drawings then in Boydell's gallery. This William Martin had learnt his art in the foundry of Baskerville; and such is the irony of fate, that less than twenty years after the death of that eminent founder, his work, scorned by the booksellers of London in his own day, was imitated in what was certainly one of the most pretentious books that had ever come from the English press. The printer selected for the work was William Bulmer, a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was apprenticed to Mr. Thomson, the printer, of Burnt House Entry, St. Nicholas Churchyard. At that time he formed a friendship with Thomas Bewick, the engraver, who in his *Memoir* tells us that Bulmer used to 'prove' his cuts for him.

After serving his time, Bulmer came to London and entered the printing-office of John Bell, who was then issuing a miniature edition of the poets. A fortunate accident won him his acquaintance with Boydell and Nicol, and so led to his subsequent employment at the Shakespeare press.

The Shakespeare was followed by the works of Milton in three volumes folio in 1794-5-7, and again in 1795 by the Poems of Goldsmith and Parnell in quarto. In the advertisement to this work, Bulmer pointed out how much had been done by English printers within the last few years to raise the art of printing from the low depth to which it had fallen—a work in which the Shakespeare press had borne no little part. He went on to say that much pains had been taken with this edition of Goldsmith to make it a complete specimen of the arts of type and block printing. The types were Martin's, the woodcuts Bewick's, and the paper Whatman's. One copy of this book was printed on white satin, and three on English vellum.

Among the books that appeared within the last five years of the century was an edition of Lucretius in three volumes large quarto, which certainly ranks for beauty of type and regularity of printing with any book of that period. Like most of the works of Baskerville, this book was quite free from ornament, and claims admiration only from the excellence of the press-work. The notes were printed in double columns in small pica, the text itself in double pica. In the whole three volumes not a dozen printer's errors have been found. This work came from the press of Archibald Hamilton.

Time has not dealt kindly with some of these specimens of what was called 'fine' printing. After the lapse of a century, we begin to see that though the type and press-work were all that could be desired, and placed the English printers on a level with the best of those on the Continent, there was something radically wrong with the production of illustrated books. Whether it was due to the ink, or to the paper, or, as some suppose, to insufficient drying, in all these sumptuous volumes the oil has worked out of the illustrations, leaving an ugly brown stain on the opposite pages, and totally destroying the appearance of the books. This applies not only to large and small illustrations, but in many cases to the ornamental wood blocks used for head and tail pieces. In Macklin's Bible, and in the 'Milton' printed at the Shakespeare press, this discoloration has completely ruined what were undoubtedly, when they came from the press, extremely beautiful works.

Before leaving the work of the eighteenth century, a word or two must be said about the private presses that were at work during that time. The first place must, of course, be given to that at Strawberry Hill. None of the curious hobbies ridden by Horace Walpole became him better, or was more useful, than his fancy for running a printing-press. He was not devoid of taste, and though no doubt he might have done it better, he carried this idea out very well. The productions of his press are very good examples of printing, and are far above any of the other private press work of the eighteenth century. His type was a neat and clear one, though somewhat small, and the ornaments and initial letters introduced into his books were simple and in keeping with the general character of the types, without being in any sense works of art. The following brief account of the Strawberry Hill press is compiled from Mr. H. B. Wheatley's article in *Bibliographica*, and from Austin Dobson's delightful *Horace Walpole, a Memoir*, 1893.

The press was started in August 1757 with the publication, for R. Dodsley, of two 'Odes' by Gray. 'I am turned printer, and have converted a little cottage into a printing office,' he tells one friend; and to another he writes, 'Elzevir, Aldus, and Stephens are the freshest persons in my memory'; and referring to the 'Odes,' he writes to John Chute in July 1757, 'I found him [Gray] in town last week; he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands.'

Walpole's first printer was William Robinson, an Irishman, who remained with him for two years. The Odes were followed by Paul Hentzner's *A Journey into England*, of which only 220 copies were printed. In April 1758 came the two volumes of Walpole's *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, of which 300 copies were printed and sold so rapidly, that a second edition—not printed at Strawberry Hill—was called for before the end of the year.

In 1760 Walpole wrote to Zouch, in reference to an edition of Lucan, 'Lucan is in poor forwardness. I have been plagued with a succession of bad printers, and am not got beyond the fourth book.' It was published in January 1761, and in the following year appeared the first and second[Pg 278] volumes of *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, with plates and portraits, and having the imprint, 'Printed by Thomas Farmer at Strawberry Hill, MD.CCLXII.' Then another difficulty appears to have arisen with the printers, and the third volume, published in 1763, had no printer's

name in the imprint. The fourth volume, not issued till 1780, bears the name of Thomas Kirgate, who seems to have been taken on in 1772, and held his post until Walpole's death. Between 1764 and 1768 the Strawberry Hill press was idle, but in the latter year Walpole printed in octavo 200 copies of a French play entitled *Cornélie Vestale*, Tragédie, and from that time down to 1789 it continued at work at intervals, its chief productions being *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*, 1772, 4to, of which only 100 copies were printed, twenty-five of which went to Paris; *The Sleep Walker*, a comedy in two acts, 1778, 8vo; *A description of the villa of Mr. Horace Walpole*, 1784, 4to, of which 200 copies were printed; and *Hieroglyphic Tales*, 1785, 8vo.

Next to the press of Horace Walpole, that of George Allan, M. P. for Durham, at the Grange, Darlington, must be noticed. The owner was an enthusiastic antiquary, and he used his press chiefly for printing fugitive pieces relating to the history of the county of Durham. The first piece with a date was *Collections relating to St. Edmunds Hospital*, printed in 1769, and the last a tract which he printed for his friend Thomas Pennant in 1788, entitled *Of the Patagonians*, of which only 40 copies were worked off.

The productions of his press were very numerous, but of no great merit. Allan was his own compositor, and gave much time to his hobby; but his printer appears to have been a dissolute and dirty workman, who caused him much annoyance and trouble. Altogether it may safely be said that Allan's press cost him a great deal more than it was worth.

Another of those who tried their hand at amateur printing was Francis Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, who started a press at his rectory at Fersfield. Here he printed the first volume of his *History* in 1736, and also the *History of Thetford*, a thin quarto volume, in 1739. But the result was an utter failure. The type was bad to begin with, and the attempt to use red ink on the title-pages only made matters worse. The press-work was carelessly done; and it is not surprising to find that the second volume of the *History*, published in 1745, was entrusted to a Norwich printer.

The celebrated John Wilkes also carried on a private printing-office at his house in Great George Street, Westminster. Three specimens of its work have been identified: *An Essay on Woman*, 1763, 8vo, of which only twelve copies [Pg 280] are said to have been printed [19]; a few copies of the third volume of the *North Briton*; and *Recherches sur l'Origine du Despotisme Orientale*, *Ouvrage posthume de M. Boulanger*, 1763, 12mo. A note in a copy of this volume states that it was printed by Thomas Farmer, who had also assisted Horace Walpole at the Strawberry Hill press.

During the last four years of the century the Rev. John Fawcett, a Baptist minister of some repute, established a press in his house at Brearley Hall, near Halifax, which he afterwards removed to Ewood Hall. He used it chiefly for printing his own sermons and writings, among the most important issue's being *The Life of Oliver Heywood*, 1796, pp. 216; *Miscellanea Sacra*, 1797; *A Summary of the Evidences of Christianity*, 1797, pp. 100; *Constitution and Order of a Gospel Church*, 1797, pp. 58; *The History of John Wise*, 1798; *Gouge's Sure Way of Thriving*; *Watson's Treatise on Christian Contentment*; and *Dr. Williams's Christian Preacher*. Most of these were in duodecimo.

The type used in this press was a very good one, and the press-work was done with care. Owing to his growing infirmities Fawcett was obliged to dispose of the press in 1800. There is reason to believe that the above list might be considerably increased. At Bishopstone, in Sussex, the Rev. James Hurdis printed several works at his own press, the most important being a series of lectures on poetry, printed in 1797, a quarto of three hundred and thirty pages, and a poem called *The Favorite Village*, in 1800, a quarto of two hundred and ten pages.

To these must be added a press at Lustleigh, in Devon, made and worked by the Rev. William Davy, and at which was printed some thirty copies of his *System of Divinity*, 26 vols. 1795, 8vo, a copy of which remarkable work is now in the British Museum, and is considered one of its curiosities; a press at Glynde, in Sussex, the seat of Lord Hampden, from which at least one work can be traced; and a press at Madeley, in Shropshire, from which several religious tracts were printed in 1774 by the Rev. John Fletcher, and in 1792 a work entitled *Alexander's Feast*, by Dr. Beddoes.

CHAPTER XI THE PRESENT CENTURY

It has been said that printing sprang into the world fully armed. At least this is certain, that for nearly four centuries after its birth the printing-press in use in all printing-houses remained the same in form as that which Caxton's workmen had used in the Red Pale at Westminster. There had been some unimportant alterations made in it by an Amsterdam printer in the seventeenth century; but until the year 1800 no important change in the form or mechanism of the printing-press had ever been introduced. Some such change was sorely needed. The productive powers of the old press were quite unable to keep pace with the ever-increasing demand for books and newspapers that a quickened intelligence and national anxiety had awakened. Up to 1815 England was constantly at war, and men and women alike were eager for news from abroad. In 1800 Charles Mahon, third Earl Stanhope, invented a new printing-press.

The Stanhope press substituted an iron frame work for the wooden body of the old press, thus giving greater solidity. The platen was double the size of that previously in use, thus allowing a larger sheet to be printed, and a system of levers was adopted in place of the cumbersome handlebar and screw used in the wooden press. The chief merits of the new invention were increased speed, ease to the workman, evenness of impression, and durability. Further improvements in the mechanism of hand machines were secured in the Columbian press, an American invention, brought to this country in 1818, and later in the Albion press, invented by R. W. Cope of London, and since that time by many others. Yet even with the best of these improved presses no more than 250 or 300 impressions per hour could be worked off, and the daily output of the most important paper only averaged three or four thousand copies. But a great and wonderful change was at hand.

In 1806 Frederick Koenig, the son of a small farmer at Eisleben in Saxon Prussia, came to England with a project for a steam printing press. The idea was not a new one, for sixteen years before an Englishman, named William Nicholson, took out a patent for a machine for printing, which foreshadowed nearly every fundamental improvement even in the most advanced machines of the present day. But from want of means, or some other cause, Nicholson never actually made a machine. Nor did Koenig's project meet with much encouragement until he walked into the printing-house of Thomas Bensley of Bolt Court, who encouraged the inventor to proceed, and supplied him with the necessary funds. There is reason to believe that Koenig made himself acquainted with the details of Nicholson's patent during the time that his machine was building. He also obtained the assistance of Andrew F. Bauer, an ingenious German mechanic. His first patent was taken out on the 29th March 1810, a second in 1812, a third in 1814, and a fourth in 1816. The first machine is said to have taken three years to build, and upon its completion was erected in Bensley's office in Bolt Court. There seems to be considerable uncertainty as to what was the first publication printed on it. Some say it was set to work on the Annual Register, one writer asserting that in April 1811, 3000 sheets of that publication were printed on it; but Mr. Southward, in his monograph *Modern Printing*, confines himself to the statement that two sheets of a book were printed on the machine in 1812. Curiously enough neither Bensley's publication, the Annual Register, nor the Gentleman's Magazine takes any notice of the new invention, although in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1811 there is a notice of a printing machine invented at Philadelphia, which apparently embodied all the same principles as Koenig's (*Gent. Mag.*, vol. lxxxi. p. 576).

In 1814 John Walter, the second proprietor of the Times, saw Koenig's machine, and ordered one to be supplied to the Times office, the first number printed by steam being that of the 28th November 1814. This machine was a double cylinder, which printed simultaneously two copies of a forme of the newspaper on one side only. But it was a cumbersome and complicated affair, and its greatest output 1800 impressions per hour.

In 1818 Edward Cowper, a printer of Nelson Square, patented certain improvements in printing, these improvements consisting of a better distribution of the ink and a better plan for conveying the sheets from the cylinders. Having joined his brother-in-law, Augustus Applegarth, they proceeded to make certain alterations in Koenig's machine in Bensley's office which at one stroke removed forty wheels, and greatly simplified the inking arrangements. In 1827 they jointly invented a four-cylinder machine, which Applegarth erected for the Times. The distinctive features of this machine were its ability to print both sides of a sheet at once, its admirable inking apparatus, and great acceleration of speed, the new machine being capable of printing five thousand copies per hour. These machines at once superseded the Koenig, and were to be found in use in all parts of the country for printing newspapers until quite lately. In 1848 the same firm constructed an eight-cylinder vertical machine, which was one of the sights of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Shortly afterwards Messrs. Hoe, of New York, made further improvements in the mechanism, raising the output to 20,000 per hour. All these machines had to be fed with paper by hand, but in 1869 it occurred to Mr. J. C. Macdonald, the manager of the Times, and Mr. J. C. Calverley, the chief engineer of the same office, that much saving of labour would result if paper could be manufactured in continuous rolls; and the

result of their experiments was the rotary press, which was named after Mr. John Walter, the fourth of that name, then at the head of the Times proprietorship. Since then the improvement in printing machines has steadily continued, and may be said to have culminated in the Hoe 'double supplement' press in use at the present day in many newspaper offices, which is capable of printing, cutting, and folding 24,000 copies per hour of a full-sized newspaper.

These great changes in presses and press-work have occasioned similar changes in type-founding.

At the beginning of the century, the firm of Caslon had been given a new lease of life by the energy of Mrs. Henry Caslon, who in 1799 had [Pg 287] purchased the foundry, a third share in which a few years earlier had been worth £3000, for the paltry sum of £520. She at once set to work to have new founts of type cut, and was ably helped by Mr. John Isaac Drury. The pica then produced was an improvement in the style of Bodoni, and quickly raised the foundry to its old position. Mrs. Caslon took into partnership Nathaniel Catherwood, but both died in the course of the year 1809. The business then came into the hands of Henry Caslon II., who was joined by John James Catherwood. Other notable firms were those already noticed in the last chapter—Mrs. Fry, Figgins, Martin, and Jackson. One and all of these suffered severely from the change in the fashion of types at the beginning of the century, the ugly form of type, known as fat-faced letters, then introduced, remaining in vogue until the revival of Caslon's old-faced type by the younger Whittingham.

Upon the advent of machinery and cylinder printing, the use of movable type for printing from was supplemented by quicker and more durable methods, and William Ged's long-despised discovery of stereotyping is now an absolutely necessary adjunct of modern press-work. This, again, was in some measure due to Earl Stanhope, who in 1800 went to Andrew Tilloch, and Foulis, the Glasgow printer, both of whom had taken out a patent for the invention, and learnt [Pg 288] from them the process. He afterwards associated himself with Andrew Wilson, a London printer, and in 1802 the plaster process, as it was called, was perfected. This remained in use until 1846, when a system of forming moulds in papier mâché was introduced, and this was succeeded by the adaptation of the stereo-plates to the rotary machines.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this work, which is concerned with printing as applied to books, to attempt to describe the Linotype and its rival processes which have been recently introduced to further facilitate newspaper printing. We must, therefore, return to our book-printers, and note first that the Shakespeare Press of William Bulmer, for which Martin the type-founder was almost exclusively employed, continued to turn out beautiful examples of typographic work during the early years of the nineteenth century. A list of the works issued from this press up to 1817 is given by Dibdin in his notes to the second volume of his *Decameron*, pp. 384-395. Some of the chief items were *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*, 5 vols. 1802, 8vo; *The Book of Common Prayer*, with an introduction by John Reeves, 1802, 8vo; *The Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales*, translated by Sir R. C. Hoare, 2 vols. 1806, 4to; *Richardson's Dictionary of the Arabic and Persian Languages*, 2 vols. 1806-10, 4to; Hoare's [Pg 289] *History of Wiltshire*, 1812, folio; Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities*, 4 vols. 1812, 4to; and the same author's *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, 4 vols. 1814-15, 8vo, and *Bibliographical Decameron*, 3 vols. 1817, 8vo. These three last are considered to be some of the best work of this press, which also turned out many books for private circulation only. William Bulmer died on September 9th, 1830, after a long and active life, and was succeeded by his partner Mr. William Nichol.

Nor had Thomas Bensley slackened anything of his enthusiasm for fine printing. Twice during the first twenty years of the century he suffered severely by fire: the first time in 1807, when a quarto edition of Thomson's *Seasons*, an edition of the *Works of Pope*, and many other books were destroyed; the second in 1819, on June 26th, when the premises were totally burnt down. This was followed by the death of his son, and shortly afterwards he retired from business, and died on September 11th, 1835. Not only was he an excellent printer, but he did more than any other man of his time to introduce the improved printing machine into this country.

John Nichols was another of the great printers of his day, and he too was burnt out on the night of February 8th, 1808. No better account of the magnitude of his undertakings at that time could be found than his own description of the disaster, [Pg 290] which he contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the following March:—

'Amongst the books destroyed are many of very great value, and some that can never be replaced. Not to mention a large quantity of handsome quarto Bibles, the works of Swift, Pope, Young, Thomson, Johnson, etc. etc., the *Annals*

of Commerce, and other works which may still be elsewhere purchased, there are several consumed which cannot now be obtained at any price. The unsold copies of the introduction to the second volume of the *Sepulchral Monuments*; Hutchins' *Dorsetshire*; Bigland's *Gloucestershire*; Hutchinson's *Durham*; Thorpe's *Registrum and Custumale Roffense*; the few numbers that remained of the *Bibliotheca Topographica*; the third volume of *Elizabethan Progresses*; the *Illustrations of Ancient Manners*; Mr. Gough's *History of Pleshy*, and his valuable account of the Coins of the Seleucidæ, engraved by Bartolozzi; Colonel de la Motte's *Allusive Arms*; Bishop Atterbury's *Epistolary Correspondence*; and last, not least, the whole of six portions of Mr. Nichols' *Leicestershire*, and the entire stock of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1782 to 1807, are irrecoverably lost.'

'Of those in the press, the most important were the concluding portion of Hutchins' *Dorsetshire* (nearly finished); a second volume of Manning and Bray's *Surrey* (about half printed); [Pg 291] Mr. Bawdwin's translation of *Domesday* for *Yorkshire* (nearly finished); a new edition of Dr. Whitaker's *History of Craven*; Mr. Gough's *British Topography* (nearly one volume); the sixth volume of *Biographia Britannica* (ready for publishing); Dr. Kelly's *Dictionary of the Manx Language*; Mr. Neild's *History of Prisons*; a genuine unpublished comedy by Sir Richard Steele; Mr. Joseph Reid's unpublished tragedy of *Dido*; four volumes of the *British Essayists*; Mr. Taylor Combe's *Appendix to Dr. Hunter's Coins*; part of Dr. Hawes' annual report for 1808; a part of the *Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth*; two entire volumes, and the half of two other volumes of a new edition of the *anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer*,' etc.

Writing to Bishop Percy in July of that year, Nichols stated that he had lost £10,000 beyond his insurance in this outbreak.

John Nichols died on the 26th November 1826, after a long and laborious life. He was a born antiquary, and a voluminous author, his chief works being *The History and Antiquities of the Town and County of Leicester*, completed in 1815 in eight folio volumes, and *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, 1812-15, an expansion of the *Biographical and Literary Anecdotes of William Bowyer*, which had been printed in 1782. This work was afterwards supplemented by *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, 6 vols. 1817-31, to which his son afterwards added two additional volumes. John Nichols was Common Councillor for the ward of Farringdon Without from 1784 to 1786, and again from 1787 to 1811. In 1804 he was Master of the Stationers' Company. He was succeeded in business by his son John Bowyer Nichols, and the firm subsequently became J. Nichols, Son, and Bentley. Like his father, John Bowyer Nichols was editor and author of many books, and was appointed Printer to the Society of Antiquaries in 1824. He died at Haling on October 16th, 1863, leaving seven children, of whom the eldest, John Gough Nichols, born on 22nd May 1806, became the head of the printing-house, and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as his father and grandfather had been before him. He was one of the founders of the Camden Society (1838), and edited many of its publications. He was the promoter and editor of *The Herald and Genealogist*, and his researches in this direction were of great importance. The *Dictionary of National Biography* enumerates thirty-four works from his pen, most of which it would be safe to say were also printed by him. He died on 14th November 1873.

Another press of importance in the first half of the nineteenth century was that of Thomas Davison. He was the printer of most of Byron's works, and many of those of Campbell, Moore [Pg 293] and Wordsworth; but his chief claim to notice rests upon the magnificent edition of Whitaker's *History of Rickmondshire* in two large folio volumes, printed in 1823, and upon that of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, in eight folio volumes, issued between 1817 and 1830, an undertaking of great magnitude. In Timperley's *Encyclopædia* it is stated that Davison made important improvements in the manufacture of printing ink, and that few of his competitors could approach him in excellence of work.

The story of the firm of Eyre and Spottiswoode would, if material were available, form an interesting chapter in the history of English printing. It is the direct descendant in the royal line of Pynson, Berthelet, the Barkers, and finally of John and Robert Baskett, the last of whom assigned the patent to John Eyre of Landford House, Wilts, whose son, Charles Eyre, the great-grandfather of the present George Edward Briscoe Eyre, succeeded to the business in 1770. During the seventeenth century, the work of the Government and the sovereign had been divided among several firms, but in the eighteenth century it was again given to one man, John Baskett. In the printing of the Bible and Book of Common Prayer the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have also a share; but all the other Government work is done by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Charles Eyre, not being a practical printer, obtained the co-operation of William Strahan. On the renewal of the patent in 1798, the name of John Reeves was inserted, but Mr. Strahan purchased his interest. In 1829, the patent was again renewed to George Eyre, the son of Charles, John

Reeves, and Andrew Strahan. George Edward Eyre, son of George William Strahan, was born at Edinburgh in April 1715, and, after serving his apprenticeship in Edinburgh, took his way to London, where, it is believed, he found a post in the office of Andrew Miller. In 1770 the printing-house was removed from Blackfriars to New Street, near Gough Square, Fleet Street. William Strahan was intimately associated with the best literature of his time, among those for whom he published being Dr. Johnson, Hume, Adam Smith, Robertson, and many other eminent writers. In 1774 he was Master of the Stationers' Company, Member of Parliament for Malmesbury, and sat for Wootton Bassett in the next Parliament. Among his greatest friends was Benjamin Franklin, who kept up a correspondence with him in spite of the strong political differences between them. Strahan died at New Street on July 9th 1785, leaving three sons and two daughters. The youngest son, Andrew, succeeded his father in the Royal Printing House, and one of the daughters married John Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode, whose son, Andrew, afterwards entered the firm. Andrew Strahan was noted for his benevolence, and on his death in 1831 he left handsome bequests to the Literary Fund and the Company of Stationers.

Andrew Spottiswoode, who died in 1866 at the ripe age of seventy-nine, had a large printing business apart from the office of Queen's Printer, and his imprint will be found in much of the lighter literature of the period. His son, William Spottiswoode, after a distinguished career at Oxford, ultimately attained high rank as a mathematician, and in 1865 became President of the Mathematical Section of the British Association. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1853, and became its President on 30th November 1878. He died on 27th June 1883.

Equally renowned is the firm of Gilbert and Rivington. Early in the second half of the eighteenth century (the exact date is not known) John Rivington, the fourth son of John Rivington the publisher, and direct descendant of Charles Rivington of the Bible and Crown in Paternoster Row, succeeded to the business of James Emonson, printer, of St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. John Rivington died in 1785, and was succeeded by his widow, who in 1786 took as partner John Marshall. A series of classical works, of which they were the printers, was very favourably received. These included the Greek Testament, Livy, and Sophocles, as well as a series of Latin poets and authors, edited by Michael Maittaire. The business next passed into the hands of Deodatus Bye. He in turn admitted Henry Law as partner, and the firm became successively Law and Gilbert and Robert and Richard Gilbert. The partnership being dissolved early in the present century by the death of Robert Gilbert, Richard carried on the business alone until 1830, when he took into partnership Mr. William Rivington, a great-grandson of the first Charles Rivington, and from that day the firm has gone by the name of Gilbert and Rivington. Richard Gilbert died in 1852, and for eleven years after his death the printing business was carried on by Mr. William Rivington, who issued many valuable and standard works on subjects of classical and ecclesiological interest.

William Rivington retired from business in 1868, being succeeded by his son, William John Rivington, and his nephew, Alexander. The business increased largely in their hands; one of their first undertakings being the purchase in 1870 of the plant of the late Mr. William Mavor Watts, by which they secured a large addition to their collection of Oriental types. In 1875 Mr. E. Mosley entered the firm, and Mr. William John Rivington left it to join the publishing house of Sampson Low, Marston and Searle. Mr. Alexander Rivington retired from the firm in 1878, being thus the last Rivington connected with the house, which shortly afterwards was turned into a limited liability company.

Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington's collection of Oriental and other foreign types enables them to print in every known language, their specimen books embracing 267 distinct tongues. They are Oriental printers to the British Museum, India Office, British and Foreign Bible Society. Speaking of the Oriental work, the most striking feature in the firm's business, a correspondent to the *British Printer* (March-April 1895), says:

'Most of the type faces noticed were on English bodies, and the composition is somewhat similar. Arabic is composed just as with English. Sanskrit possesses some little features of accents and kerned sections, which render justification quite a fine art, accents on varying bodies needing to be utilised.... The firm does much Hindustani work, and possesses seven sizes of type in this language. Amongst the curiosities are the cuneiform types, the wedge-like series of faces in which old Persian, Median, and Assyrian inscriptions are written; and last, but by no means least in interest, the odd-looking hieroglyphic type faces, which are on bodies ranging from half nonpareil to three nonpareils, and some idea of their extent may be derived by noting that this type occupies fourteen cases of one hundred boxes each.'

To the firm of Messrs. Clowes of Stamford Street belongs the credit of being the first to print cheap periodical literature. William Clowes the elder, a native of Chichester, born in 1779, was apprenticed to a printer of that town, and coming to London in 1802 commenced business on his own account in the following year 1803. By marriage with the daughter of Mr. Winchester of the Strand, he obtained a share of the Government printing work. On moving to Stamford Street, Blackfriars Road, he was chosen to print the Penny Magazine, edited by Charles Knight, the first attempt to provide the public with good literature in a cheap periodical form. The work was illustrated with woodcuts, and so great was its success that from No. 1 to No. 106 there were sold twenty million copies; but the undertaking was heavily handicapped by the paper tax of threepence per pound (see *The Struggles of a Book*, C. Knight, 1850, 8vo). In 1840 an article appeared in the Quarterly Review, written, it is said, by Sir F. B. Head, but which is more in the style of T. F. Dibdin, on the Clowes printing-office. Even at that time there were no less than nineteen of Applegarth and Cowper's machines at work there, with a daily average of one thousand per hour each. Besides these there were twenty-three hand presses and five hydraulic presses. The foundry employed thirty hands, and the compositors numbered one hundred and sixty.

In 1851 Messrs. Clowes printed the official catalogues of the Great Exhibition, for which they specially cast 58,520 lbs. of type. They subsequently printed the catalogues of the Exhibitions of 1883-1886, and the Royal Academy catalogues, and have been connected from their inception with two works of a very different character, Hymns Ancient and Modern—the circulation of which has to be reckoned in millions—and the great General Catalogue of the Library of the British Museum, for their excellent printing of which all 'readers' are indebted to them. William Clowes the elder died in 1847. He was succeeded by his son, William, who died in 1883; and a third William, a grandson, is one of the managing directors of the firm which in 1881 was turned into a limited liability company.

But the chief honours of book production in London during the present century have been rightly awarded to the Chiswick Press.

Charles Whittingham the elder was born at Calledon, near Coventry, in 1767, and was apprenticed to a printer of that city. As soon as his time was out he came to London, and set up a press in Fetter Lane, his chief customers being Willis, a bookseller of Stationers' Court, Jordan of Fleet Street, and Symonds of Paternoster Row. His beginning was humble enough, his chief work lying in the direction of stationery, cards, and small bills. His first important publisher was a certain Heptinstall, who set him to print new editions of Boswell's Johnson, Robertson's America, and other important works. This was enough to set him going, and in 1797 he moved to larger premises in Dean Street, Fetter Lane, and then began to issue illustrated books. In 1803 he took a second workshop at 10 Union Buildings, Leather Lane, and again in 1807 he moved to Goswell Street. In 1811 he took his foreman Robert Rowland into partnership, and shortly afterwards left him to manage the city business, while he himself set up a press at Chiswick and took up his abode at College House. Here he continued to work until his death in 1840. For a short time, from 1824 to 1828, he was joined with his nephew Charles, to whom at his death he left the Chiswick business.

There is not much to be said of the work of the elder Whittingham. He confined his attention to the issue of small books, such as the British Classics, which he began to print in 1803. His books are chiefly notable for the printing of the woodcuts, which by the process known as overlaying, he brought to great perfection. His relations with the publishers were, however, none of the best. They accused him of piracy, and considered it to be against the best interests of the trade to issue small and cheap books. The productions of the elder Whittingham's press have, moreover, been largely overshadowed by those of his nephew.

Charles Whittingham the younger was a genuine artist in printing. He loved books to begin with, and thought no pains too great to bestow upon their production. Born at Mitcham, on October 30th, 1795, he was apprenticed to his uncle in 1810. In 1824 he was taken into partnership, but this lasted only four years, and he then set up for himself at 21 Took's Court, Chancery Lane. A near neighbour of his at that time was the publisher William Pickering, who since 1820 had been putting in the hands of the public some excellently printed and dainty volumes. It is stated in the Dictionary of National Biography that the series known as the Diamond Classics was printed for Pickering at the Chiswick Press. But this was not the case. He had no dealings whatever with the Whittinghams or the Chiswick Press before his introduction to Charles Whittingham the younger in 1829. The Diamond Classics, which he began to issue while he was living in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1822, were printed by C. Corrall of Charing Cross, and the Oxford English Classics, in large octavo, chiefly by Talboys and Wheeler of Oxford, while most of his other work,

amongst it the first eleven volumes of the works of Bacon, was done by Thomas White, who is first found at Bear Alley, and subsequently at Johnson Court and Crane Court in Fleet Street.

Fig. 35.—Old-faced Type.

Few of these early books of Pickering's had any kind of decoration beyond a device on the title-page. Simplicity, combined with what was best in type and paper, seem to have been the publisher's chief aim at that time; but in some of the Diamond Classics will be found the small and artistic border-pieces which he afterwards used frequently.

The first of Pickering's books in which anything of a very ornamental character occurs is *The Bijou, or Annual of Literature*, a publication which fixes very clearly his association with Whittingham. The *Bijou* first appeared in 1828, printed by Thomas White, with one or two charming head-pieces designed by Stothard. The volume for 1829 was also printed by White, and is noticeable as having the publisher's Aldine device, showing that this came into use during the year 1828. The volume for 1830 was printed by C. Whittingham of Took's Court. The meeting between the two men had been brought about by Basil Montagu in the summer of 1829. They found themselves kindred spirits on the subject of the artistic treatment of books, and a friendship sprang up between them, that ceased only with Pickering's death in 1854, and was productive of some of the most beautiful books that had ever come from an English press. Mr. Arthur Warren in his book, *The Charles Whittinghams, Printers* (p. 203), tells us: 'The two men met frequently for consultation, and whenever the bookseller visited the press, which he often did, there were brave experiments toward. The printer would produce something new in title-pages, or in colour work, or ornament,[Pg 305] and the bookseller would propound some new venture in the reproduction of an ancient volume.... They made it a point, moreover, to pass their Sundays together, either at the printer's house or at Pickering's.'

Fig. 36.—Early Chiswick Press Initials.

In the artistic production of books they were ably assisted by Whittingham's eldest daughter Charlotte, and Mary Byfield. The former designed the blocks, many of which were copied from the best French and Italian work of the sixteenth century, and the latter engraved them.

Among the notable books produced by these means were the Aldine Poets, editions of Milton, Bacon, Isaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, the works of George Peele, reprints of Caxton's books, and many Prayer-books. In 1844 Pickering and Whittingham were in consultation as to the production of an edition of Juvenal to be printed in old-face great primer, and the foundry of the latest descendant of the Caslons was ransacked to supply the fount. The edition was to be rubricated and otherwise decorated, and this, or the printer's stock trouble, 'lack of paper,' occasioning some delay, the revived type first appeared in a fiction entitled *Lady Willoughby's Diary*, to which it gave a pleasantly old-world look in keeping with the period of which the story treats. By the kindness of Mr. Jacobi, the present manager of the Chiswick Press, an exact copy of the title-page of this book is here given, and with it, examples of the decorative initials and devices, in the revival of which also the Chiswick Press led the way.

Fig. 37.—Early Chiswick Press Devices.

Pickering died in 1854, and though Charles Whittingham the younger lived to the age of eighty-one, his death not taking place till 1876, he had retired from business in 1860. The business was afterwards acquired by Mr. George Bell.

In the English provinces Messrs. Clay, of Bungay, in Suffolk, have made for themselves a reputation both as general printers and more particularly for the careful production of old English texts; and Messrs. Austin, of Hertford, are well known for their Oriental work. But the pre-eminence certainly rests with the Clarendon Press at Oxford, whose work, whether in its innumerable editions of the Bible and Prayer-book, its classical books, or its great dictionaries, is probably, alike in accuracy of composition, in excellence of spacing and press-work, and in clearness of type, the most flawless that has ever been produced. Book-lovers have been known to complain of it as so good as to be uninteresting, but it certainly possesses all the distinctive virtues of a University Press.

If England has no lack of good printers at the present day, in Scotland they are, at least, equally plentiful.

The Ballantyne Press was founded by James Ballantyne, a solicitor in Kelso, with the aid of Sir Walter Scott. Ballantyne and Scott had been school-fellows and chums, and an incident in their school life recorded by Ballantyne aptly illustrates the characters of the two men. Ballantyne was studious but not quick, and often when he was bothered with his lessons, Scott would whisper to him, 'Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story.' Although their roads lay apart for some years, while Scott was studying in Edinburgh and Ballantyne was carrying on the Kelso Mail, they met and renewed their friendship in the stage coach that ran between Kelso and Glasgow. Shortly afterwards, Ballantyne called on Scott, and begged him to supply a few paragraphs on legal questions of the day to the Kelso Mail. This Scott readily undertook to do, and when the manuscript was ready he took it himself to the printing-office, and with it some of the ballads destined for Lewis's collection then publishing in Edinburgh. Before he left he suggested that Ballantyne should print a few copies of the ballads, so that he might show his friends in Edinburgh what Ballantyne could do. Twelve copies were accordingly printed, with the title of *Apologies for Tales of Terror*. These were published in 1799, and Scott was so pleased with their appearance that he promised Ballantyne that he should be the printer of a selection of Border ballads that he was then making. This selection was given the title of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and formed two small octavo volumes, with the imprint, 'Kelso, 1802.'

Ballantyne's work, as shown in these volumes, was equal in every way to the best work done by Bensley and Bulmer at this time. Good type and good paper, combined with accuracy and clearness, at once raised Ballantyne's reputation. Longman and Rees, the publishers, declared themselves delighted with the printing, and Scott urged his friend to remove his press to Edinburgh, where he assured him he would find enough work to repay him for the removal. After some hesitation Ballantyne acquiesced in the proposal, and having found suitable premises in the neighbourhood of Holyrood House, set up 'two presses and a proof one,' and shortly afterwards, in April 1803, printed there the third volume of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. From this time forward Scott made it a point that whatever he wrote or edited should be printed at the Ballantyne Press. The first quarto, the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was published in January 1805. The poem was printed in a somewhat heavy-faced type; but in other respects the typography left nothing to be desired. In the same year Ballantyne and Scott entered into partnership, Scott taking a third of the profits of the printing-office. So rapidly did James Ballantyne extend his business that in 1819 Scott, in a letter to Constable, says that the Ballantyne Press 'has sixteen presses, of which only twelve are at present employed.' In 1826 the firm became involved in the bankruptcy of the publishers Messrs. Constable. After this Ballantyne was employed as editor of the *Weekly Journal*, and the literary management of the printing-house. He died on the 17th January 1833. The firm is now known as Ballantyne, Hanson and Co., and admirably sustains its old traditions.

Another great Scottish printing-house, that of T. and A. Constable, was founded by Thomas Constable, the fourth son of Archibald Constable the publisher. He learned his art in London under Mr. Charles Richards, and on returning to Edinburgh, in 1833, he founded the present printing-house in Thistle Street. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Queen's Printer for Scotland, and the patent was afterwards extended to his son Archibald, the present titular head of the house. Some years later he received the appointment of Printer to the University of Edinburgh. Thomas Constable inherited and incorporated with his own firm the printing business of his maternal grandfather, David Willison, a business founded in the eighteenth century. The firm has always been noted for its scholarly reading and the beauty of its workmanship; and only the fact that this volume is being printed by it prevents a longer eulogy.

Among other Scottish firms who are doing excellent work mention may be made also of Messrs. R. and R. Clark of Edinburgh, who tread very closely on the heels of the Clarendon Press, and Messrs. Maclehose, the printers to the University of Glasgow. In America also there is much good work being done, that of Mr. De Vinne and of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, being of the very highest excellence.

In the history of English printing, the close of the nineteenth century will always be memorable for the brilliant but short-lived career of the Kelmscott Press.

In May 1891 Mr. William Morris, whose poems and romances had delighted many readers, issued a small quarto book entitled *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, which had been printed at a press that he had set up in the Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

Lovers of old books could recognise at once that in its arrangement, and, to some extent, in its types, this first-fruit of the Kelmscott Press went straight back to the fifteenth century, resembling most nearly the quartos printed at Venice about 1490. Until within a few years of that date printed books, like the old manuscripts, had dispensed altogether with a title-page. Their first few pages might be occupied with a prologue or a table of contents, and though, when the text was reached, it was usual to herald it with an Incipit or Incomincia, followed by the title of the work, the information as to date of issue, printer or publisher, and place of imprint or sale, which we look to find in the title-page, was only given in a crowning paragraph or colophon at the end of the book, save for one or two accidental instances. The full title-page, as we know it, is not found before about 1520, and did not come into general use, so as to supersede the colophon, until many years after that date. But about 1480 the advantage of getting the short title of the book clearly stated at its outset was becoming pretty generally recognised, and from this date onwards what may be called the label title-page—that is, a first page containing the title and nothing else—is very frequently found. Ten years later a practice occasionally adopted elsewhere became common at Venice, and the first page of the text of a book was decorated with an ornamental border, and occasionally with a little picture as well. It was this temporary fashion which commended itself to Mr. Morris, and *The Story of the Glittering Plain* was issued with one of these label title-pages and with the first page of the story surrounded by a very beautiful border cut on wood from a design by Mr. Morris himself, here reproduced by the kind permission of his executors. It contained also a number of decorative initial letters, to use the clumsy phrase which the misappropriation of the word capitals to stand for ordinary majuscules, or 'upper case' letters, makes inevitable. Mr. Morris's initials were, of course, true capitals—i.e. they were used to mark the beginnings of chapters, and the only fault that could be found with them was that they were a little too large for the quarto page. These also were from Mr. Morris's own designs, ideas in one or two cases having been borrowed from a set used by Sweynheym and Pannartz, the Germans who introduced printing into Italy; but the borrowing, as always with Mr. Morris, being absolutely free. As for the type, it was clear that it bore some resemblance to that used by Nicolas Jenson, the Frenchman who began printing in Venice in 1470, and whose finer books, especially those on vellum, are generally recognised as the supreme examples of that perfection to which the art of printing attained in its earliest infancy. Mr. Morris's type was as rich as Jenson's at its best, and showed its authorship by not being quite rigidly Roman, some of the letters betraying a leaning to the 'Gothic' or 'black-letter' forms, which had found favour with the majority of the mediæval scribes. At the end of the book came the colophon in due fifteenth-century style, with information as to when and where it was printed. The ornamental design bearing the word 'Kelmscott,' by way of the device or trade-mark without which no fifteenth-century printer thought his office properly equipped, was not used in this book, but speedily made its appearance.

Fig. 38.—The first page of *The Story of the Glittering Plain*.

Pretty as was this edition of the *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, it yet raised a doubt—the doubt as to whether there was any real life in this effort to start afresh from old models, or whether it was a mere antiquarian revival and nothing more. The history of printing—or rather of the handwriting which the first printers took as their models—recorded, at least, one instance in which an antiquarian revival had been of permanent service; for the Roman letter, which the printers have used now for four centuries, was itself a happy reversion on the part of the fifteenth-century scribes to the Caroline minuscules of 600 years earlier, which had gradually been debased past recognition. There was no room for a second such sweeping reform as this, but those who compared the best modern printing with the masterpieces of the craft in its early days knew that the modern books by the side of the old ones looked flat and grey; and the new *Glittering Plain*, though not entirely satisfactory, was certainly free from these faults. A few months later the appearance of the three-volume reprint of Caxton's version of the *Golden Legend* of Jacobus de Voragine, sufficed to show that the Kelmscott Press was capable of turning out a book large enough to tax the resources of a printing-office, and the new book was not only larger but better than its predecessor. It became known that this, but for an accident, should have been the first book issued from the new press; and it was[Pg 316] evident that the initial letters were exactly right for this larger page, while the splendid woodcuts from the designs of Sir Edward Burne-Jones revived the old glories of book-illustration. In the *Golden Legend* also appeared the first of those woodcut frontispiece titles which formed, as far as we know, an entirely new departure, and confer on the Kelmscott books one of their chief distinctions. Printed sometimes in white letters on a background of dark scrollery, sometimes in black letters on a lighter ground, these titles are always surrounded by a border harmonising with that on the first page of text, which they face. They thus carry out Mr. Morris's cardinal principle, that the unit, both for arrangement of type and for decoration, is always the double page. How persistently even the best printers in the trade ignore this principle is known to any one who has asked for a specimen of how a book is to be printed, it being almost impossible to get more than a single page set up. If a double page is insisted on, the craftsman,

ingenious in avoiding trouble, will print the same page twice over, thus confusing the eye by the exact parallelism of line with line and paragraph with paragraph. But Mr. Morris, who had all the capacity of genius for taking pains, understood that, when a book lies open before us, though we only read one page at a time, we see two, and in the selection of the type, the adjustment of letterpress and margins, and finally in the pursuit of a decorative beginning, either to the book itself, or to its sections, he never arranged a single page except in relation to the one which it was to face.

As far as permanent influence is concerned Mr. Morris's Roman letter, the 'Golden type,' as it was dubbed, from its use in the Golden Legend, is the most important of the three founts which he employed. His own sympathies, however, were too pronouncedly mediæval for him to be satisfied with it, and for the next large book which he took in hand, a reprint of Caxton's *Recuyell of the Histories of Troy*, the first work printed in the English tongue, he designed a much larger and bolder type, an improvement on one of the 'Gothic' founts used by Anton Koberger at Nuremberg in the fifteenth century. This 'Troy' type was subsequently recut in a smaller size for the double-columned Chaucer, and in both its forms is a very handsome fount, while the characters are so clearly and legibly shaped that, despite its antique origin, any child who knows his letters can learn to read it in a few minutes. With these three founts the Kelmscott Press was thoroughly equipped with type; but until his final illness took firm hold on him Mr. Morris was never tired of designing new initials, border-pieces, and decorative titles with a profusion which the old printers, who were parsimonious in these matters, would have thought extravagantly lavish. Including those completed by his executors after his death, he printed in all fifty-three books in sixty-five volumes, and this annual output of nine or ten volumes of all sizes, save the duodecimo, which he refused to recognise, gave his work a cumulative force which greatly increased its influence. Had he printed only a few books his press might have been regarded as a rich man's toy, an outbreak of æstheticism in a new place, of no more permanent interest than the cult of the sunflower and the lily in the 'eighties. Even the great Chaucer by itself might not have sufficed to take his press out of the category of experiments. But when folio, quarto, octavo, and sexto-decimo appeared in quick succession, each with its appropriate decorations, and challenging and defying comparison with the best work of the best printers of the past, the experimental stage was left far behind, and publishers and printers awoke to the fact that a model had been set them which they would do well to imitate.

Fig. 39.—The Kelmscott 'Troy' Type.

As to what will be the permanent result of Mr. Morris's efforts to reform modern printing it is too soon as yet to speak, but signs of their influence are already abundantly visible. The books issued from the 'Vale Press' of Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon have their admirers; but they have that rather irritating degree of likeness which makes every difference—and the differences are numerous—appear a wilful and regrettable divergence.

Fig. 40.—The Macmillan Greek Type.

The 'Macmillan Greek type,' designed by Mr. Selwyn Image, which has now been in use for some time, may be regarded as another offshoot of Mr. Morris's theories, and deserves all the praise due to a brave experiment. By permission of the Messrs. Macmillan a page of it, taken from their 'Parnassus' Homer, is here shown, and few modern types will bear comparison with it. That it is not wholly and entirely successful is due to the fact that for so many centuries Greek types have been dominated by the models set by Aldus and the other printers of the early sixteenth century, who tried to imitate the rapid cursive hand of the Greek scholars of their day. Had the introduction of printing been preceded by a revival of the beautiful Greek book-hand of the eleventh century, similar to the revival of the Caroline minuscules, all would have been well. But in going back himself to the eleventh century Mr. Image was obliged perpetually to conciliate eyes used to the later cursive forms, and the result is too obviously eclectic. The mere fact, however, that such an effort has been made is full of promise for the future, for it is only by new effort, joined with constant reference to old models, that types can be improved.

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FOOTNOTES:

[1] E. G. Duff, *Early Printed Books*, pp. 84 and 139.

[2] It is rather remarkable that of the eight books dated 1534 six are in octavo. Readers of the works of Erasmus, Colet, and Lily seem to have shown a preference for this form, which is used most frequently for the works of these friendly authors.

[3] The Registers of the Dutch Church, Austin Friars, edited by W. J. C. Moens (Introduction, pp. xiii.-xiv.).

[4] See Strype's Life of Parker, p. 541. Arber's Transcript, vol. ii.

[5] Strype's Life of Parker, pp. 382, 541.

[6] P. C. C., 1 Martyn.

[7] P. C. C., 32 Martyn.

[8] For the materials of this chapter free use has been made of Mr. Allnutt's series of papers contributed to the second volume of Bibliographica, to whom my thanks are due.

[9] Forty-second Report of the Worcester Diocesan Arch, and Archæological Society. Paper by Rev. J. R. Burton on 'Early Worcestershire Printers and Books.'

[10] For the material of this chapter I am chiefly indebted to the valuable work of Messrs. Dickson and Edmond, Annals of Scottish Printing.

[11] Domestic State Papers, vol. 357, No. 172, 173; vol. 371, No. 102.

[12] Domestic State Papers, vol. 354, No. 180.

[13] Dom. S. P., Chas. II., vol. 243, p. 181.

[14] Chancery Proceedings, 1753 (Record Office).

[15] Notes and Queries, First Series, vol. xii. p. 197.

[16] Harl. MS. 5906.

[17] Hyett and Bazeley, Bibliog. Man. of Glouc. Literature, vol. iii. p. 339.

[18] Allnutt, Bibliographica, vol. ii. p. 302.

[19] Chalmers' Life of Wilkes.

[20] The History of Printing. London: Printed for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1855, 8vo.

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