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DR MORELL'S ENGLISH SERIES

A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

BEING

AN ELEMENTARY INTRODUCTION

TO

THE GREATER ENGLISH WRITERS

WITH FOUR HUNDRED EXERCISES

[by John M. Daniel Morell] 379357
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PREFACE.

THIS little book is a humble but serious attempt to give a practical answer to the question: *Can English Literature be taught in schools?* Many able teachers have answered the question for themselves in their own way; but there is a general complaint that the text-books in use are too large, attempt too much, and are written on the supposition that the books they discuss have been read by the young learners.

This book is intended for beginners—as a first book. I have aimed chiefly at three things:—

1. To give a short life of the greatest writers.
2. To give a list of their best works.
3. To teach learners how to examine and appreciate the style of these writers.

The information given is very rudimentary; but it is intended to become less so, as the book goes on. Abstract terms and the phraseology of criticism have been very sparingly employed; and I have all along kept in my eye learners of from fourteen to eighteen. The treatment of literature in Epochs and Schools will be the next step for the young student.

It may be objected that literature cannot be taught by mere extracts, and that the architectural proportions of great works are missed in this way. This is quite true; at the same time, as a *first step* in Literature, it may be as well to keep the young learner to the examination and comparison of the fabric and the fibre of each writer's style—the very words and phrases; and it is probable that larger views must come only with larger experience and wider reading.

Hence I have spent much labour in drawing up Exercises—a new thing in a book like this. The purpose of these Exercises is to train to a careful and minute examination and valuation of words, and hence to accuracy and conscientiousness in the use of them; and I have followed, as far as I could, the method of comparison recommended by writers in the *Quarterly Journal of Education* and in the *Educational Times*. The Exercises have been used with several classes of learners.

It was found impossible to discuss, with any practical utility, the dramatists, or their representatives in the nineteenth century—the novelists. The subject here became too large to be treated with justice in a book for beginners; but I have tried to give a short view of the origin of the drama.

By omitting many minor writers, space has been gained for the more thorough treatment of the best authors in our literature. I have discussed no living writers. Where criticism is given at all, it is hoped and meant that it should be correct as far as it goes, but not that the learner should at all regard it as final.

I have dwelt at greater length on, and given longer extracts from, the poets than the prose writers, because it seems to me that in poetry a larger number of opportunities arise for putting questions, as there is a more elaborate form in poetry, and a perpetual series of contrasts between the form and the matter.

I have done what I could to make the book practical and useful in schools, and to make the subject somewhat attractive to the pupil. After this book, Professor Morley's *First Sketch*, Minto's *Manual of English Prose Literature*, the *Manual of Poetical Literature* which Mr. Minto is now preparing, and the larger works of Prof. Craik and Prof. Morley should be read.

The amount of minor detail in this book being considerable, I shall be much obliged to those teachers who use it, if they will be so kind as to send me corrections or suggestions, to the care of the Publishers.—J. M. D. M.



INTRODUCTION.

ON VARIOUS TERMS EMPLOYED IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1. **L**ITERATURE is the collective term for all writings that are not connected with a special SCIENCE or with the technical details of ART. Wordsworth and De Quincey proposed a division of all books into Books of Knowledge and Books of Power; and to the latter alone they confined the term *Literature*. Under Books of Knowledge might be classed works on Science, Law, Language, and so on; under Books of Power, Poetry, the best Histories, Essays, and others. It is difficult to give any adequate *positive* definition of the term. The subject, too, is vague; but it may be fairly described as MAN. Literature treats of Man, both as an individual and as a social being. Now the distinctive and differentiating mark of Man is the power of using language.

2. Literature expresses itself in LANGUAGE; as Painting does in Colour, and Sculpture in Stone.

Language consists of (a) Matter and (b) Form. The Matter of a Language consists of Words, and is called its Vocabulary; the Form consists of Changes or Inflections, and of certain Arrangements of Words, and is called its Grammar. From the time when, in the fifth century, the English Language made its appearance in these islands, it has been constantly adding to its stock of Words, and also constantly losing in its stock of Changes. The Matter of the Language has been constantly growing; the Form of the Language as constantly breaking down. There is a vast difference

between the Grammar of a book in the ninth and that of a book in the fourteenth century; and nearly as great a difference between the Grammar of a book in the fourteenth and that of a book in the nineteenth century.

3. Language in all literatures appears in two forms: as (a) PROSE, or as (b) Verse.

(a) PROSE is a Latin word, and means *straightforward*. The Romans called language *oratio*, and this straight-going language they called *oratio prorsa*, and then *prosa*; and from this comes our word *prose*.

(b) VERSE is also a Latin word, and means *turned*. It is akin to the word *reverse*. The Romans called Verse *oratio versa*, or language that is turned; because, when we come to the end of a line, we *turn* back and go to the beginning of a new one, without regard to the fact that the line does not go to the end of the space upon the printer's page. In Verse, it is the number of beats, the rhythm, the music of the words, which arranges the words or sense in lines, and which hence compels the printer to print them so; but in Prose there is no reason, but one of convenience, why the line which the printer employs should not be a mile long. In Verse, the lines *must* be of a particular length; in Prose, they may be of any length.

4. The earliest form of literature in all languages seems to be Verse. Not only are the great poems of the world much older than any prose writings, but the earliest fragments of literary expression are always found to be in the form of verse.* And, indeed, we owe the words and phrases which we employ in prose to the creative power and invention of the great poets of every age. Just as the rivers bring down from the mountains the triturated rocks and mud which are to spread over and fertilise the plain, so the intercourse of man with man has gradually borrowed and withdrawn from the writings of the poets those words and phrases which have enriched our means of communicating with the minds

* This fact is also, perhaps, apparent in the other Latin name for prose, which was *oratio soluta*, or *loosened speech*—loosened, that is, from the trammels and laws of verse.

of each other. This has been very neatly expressed by an American writer:—

“ I looked upon a plain of green,
Which some one called the Land of Prose,
Where many living things were seen
In movement or repose.

I looked upon a stately hill
That well was named the Mount of Song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will,
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred
(Though known by all the nobly wise),
It was the mountain stream that fed
That fair green plain’s amenities.”

The name *Poet* is derived from the Greek, and means *maker*. The term *maker* was in use both in England and in Scotland (but most in Scotland) to signify the poet; and Gawain Douglas, the Bishop of Dunkeld and the translator of Virgil, generally signed his name *Makker*. Among the Norsemen a poet was a *Scald*, a word which means *polisher*; with the Germans he is still *Dichter**—the *polisher*. The French of the Middle Ages called him a *finder*—*Trouvère* in the North, and *Troubadour* in the South. The art of making verses was called *La guaye Science*.

5. The tendency of Prose has been always towards shorter and more compact sentences. In the fourteenth century, for example, Sir John Mandeville hardly knows when to end his sentences, some of which even overflow the page; and his notion of organizing a sentence is extremely weak and vague. On the other hand, the sentences of Macaulay, in the nineteenth century, are short, compact, and highly organized. Dr. Johnson says that Sir Wm. Temple was the first writer to introduce the compact sentence; but this is doubtful. Defoe’s sentences are long and clumsy; Dr. Johnson’s sentences too ponderous and pompous; Charles Lamb’s are infinitely

* It is just possible for the name to have been the same in English. A poet might have been called a *dichter*. Spenser constantly uses the word for making verses. In *Astrophel*, for example,—a poem on the death of his friend Sir Philip Sidney,—he says:—

“For wel I wot my rymes ben rudely *dicht*.”

sweet and pleasant to the ear; and perhaps Thackeray's are the most genuinely attractive, and easy to read. There is as much difference between the prose of the fourteenth and the prose of the nineteenth century, as there is between an English bridle-road of the fourteenth century, full of mud and ruts and deep holes, and a modern English railroad, or between the heavy, springless broad-wheeled wagon of the fourteenth century and the light-hung and graceful carriage of the nineteenth.

6. LITERATURE is divided into Prose and Poetical Literature. The two great powers of the Mind are Reason and Imagination; and the writers in whom each of these predominates might be called respectively Thinkers and Makers; or, in the Greek terms we have brought into use, Philosophers and Poets. In Prose, Reason predominates; in Poetry, Imagination: but neither is ever entirely dissociated from the other. It is almost impossible to strictly define Prose Literature, or to classify its kinds with anything like adequacy or definiteness. But it is variously divided (according to its subject) into History, Biography, Fiction, Oratory, Essays, and Miscellaneous Literature. Poetry, again, is divided into Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Elegiac, and Didactic. An *Epic* is a poetical narration of a number of great and heroic deeds which cluster round some great central event. This narrative was called by the Greeks an *Epos*. A *Drama* is a poem which represents a set of events which arise from the actions of the characters in it—which characters are not described by the author, but made to show themselves in their acts and speeches. The word *drama* means a deed—*something done*. A *Lyric* is a short burst of *song*; and the lyrical poet is not supposed to narrate what happens to others or what others feel, but only to give expression to his own feelings, which are at the time strong and overmastering. The word *lyric* means *sung to a lyre*. An *Elegiac* might be classed as a sub-division of the Lyric. The word means *mournful*; and Elegiac poetry is devoted to sorrow or to lamentation for the dead. *Didactic* Poetry is that which instructs. But, as the chief object of Poetry is to *delight*, the term *didactic poetry* is a self-contradiction. There is, however, in fact, a kind of verse (or poetry) like Cowper's *Sofa*, or Pope's *Essay on Man*, which conveys thought and information on various subjects, but in a poetical and agreeable form.

7. But the external form of Poetry—the body and dress of it—is VERSE. Verse is *measured language*; and it is measured by the number of accents. These measurements are now always given in Greek terms. If a verse or line of poetry contains

ONE accent, it is called	MONOMETER.	Compare	<i>Mon-arch.</i>
TWO accents, „ „	DIMETER.	„	<i>Di-phthong.</i>
THREE „ „ „	TRIMETER.	„	<i>Tri-angle.</i>
FOUR „ „ „	TETRAMETER.	„	<i>Tetr-arch.</i>
FIVE „ „ „	PENTAMETER.	„	<i>Penta-teuch.</i>
SIX „ „ „	HEXAMETER.	„	<i>Hexa-gon.</i>
SEVEN „ „ „	HEPTAMETER.	„	<i>Hepta-rchy.</i>

8. Again, VERSE is found either with or without RHYME. The word *rhyme* is a corruption of the Old English word *rime*, which meant *number*. In King Alfred's time, *arithmetic* was called *rime-craft*; just as *astronomy* was called *star-craft*. But the word *rime*, finding itself frequently in the company of *rhythm* (a Greek word which means *flow*), borrowed from it the *h* and the *y*, and henceforth masqueraded as a Greek native. Rhyme is of three kinds: *Head-rhyme*, *Middle-rhyme*, and *End-rhyme*.

(a) *Head-rhyme* is usually called Alliteration, and it simply means the repetition of the same letter at the beginning of different words. Almost all the old English poetry, down to the fourteenth century, was alliterative. This device seems to have been invented for the purposes of memory: as, when poetry was not committed to writing, the wandering minstrels could learn it from each other with more ease if one word suggested another which began with the same letter. End-rhyme came to us from the Romancists of France and Italy; was not introduced till the fourteenth century; and was then employed chiefly by Chaucer. Alliteration is exemplified in such sentences as:

“Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper off a pewter plate.”

Pope calls it and uses it at the same time,

“Apt alliteration's artful aid.”

Now this form for verse was in use from the fifth to the fourteenth century. It follows that, if the best and liveliest and most inventive minds were busy for nine centuries in making phrases in this form, that this form must have obtained a seat in the heart of the language

—must have got into the very bones and blood of the language,—so that it cannot now be driven out. And this is the case. Shakspeare himself, who ridicules it (and in his time the making of alliterative verses had come down to be a kind of parlour game), is constantly falling into it, because it was impossible for him to avoid it.

“ Full fathom five thy father lies”—

“ In maiden meditation, fancy free—”

are only two lines among hundreds. Milton seems consciously fond of the device; and we find in his *Paradise Lost* many lines like

“ Fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute; ”

or (in *Lycidas*) like

“ Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more.”

Spenser in the sixteenth, and Tennyson in the nineteenth, century, are most addicted to alliteration. Innumerable lines like

“ Add faith unto your force, and be not faint
I follow here the footing of thy feet,”

are to be found in Spenser; and in Tennyson many verses like

“ And o'er them many a sliding star
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed thro' many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.”

The fashion, too, has got into the popular and the proverbial phraseology, as we might have expected. Thus we find “*Far fowls have fair feathers;*” “*Love me little, love me long;*” and such phrases as *weal and woe, rhyme nor reason, and cark and care.*

9. MIDDLE-RHYME is the correspondence of vowels; and it is also called *Assonance*. It has not been much cultivated in English Poetry. It is the distinctive feature of Icelandic verse; and Mr. Marsh gives the following excellent example:

Roll, O rill,* for ever!
Rest not, lest thy wavelets
Sheen as shining crystal,
Shrink and sink to darkness!

* A vowel correspondence like *roll* and *rill* is called a half-*assonance*.

Lave with living water
 Lowly growing sedges,
 Till thy toil-worn current
 Turneth, yearning sea-ward.

10. END-RHYMES are now simply called rhymes. They were introduced from the Romance tongues—French and Italian. Milton despised them in later life, and calls them the “jingling sound of like endings”; but Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, says they often guide the thought of the poet.

“Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.”

Dryden, too, admits that a rhyme often suggested to him a new idea. Rhymes are of three kinds: those of one syllable—which are the most common, as *ring, sing*; of two syllables—which are also called feminine rhymes—as *riven, driven*; and of three syllables, as *readily, steadily*. The English language is very poor in rhymes. On an average it has only three to each word, while Spanish has twenty-five. It is consequently at least eight times easier to write rhymed verse in Spanish or Italian, than in English. German is also very fertile in rhymes.

11. The different kinds of verse employed will be described in the chapter on each poet; but it may be stated here that by far the most common kind of verse is IAMBIC PENTAMETER. That is, this verse consists of five feet, called Iambuses, each of which contains one accented and one unaccented syllable, the accented syllable coming last. Thus—

True wít | is ná | ture tó | advánt | age drést—
 What óft | was thóught | ; but ne'ér | so wéll | expréssed.

There are a thousand lines of Iambic Pentameter for one of any other metre. This kind of verse is either rhymed or unrhymed. When rhymed it is called *heroic verse*; when unrhymed, *blank verse*. Heroic Verse is the favourite verse of Chaucer, Dryden, and Pope; Blank Verse of Shakspeare, Milton, and Tennyson.

EXERCISES TO INTRODUCTION.

Ex. 1. Mention the words in the following sentences which change, or can change, their form (*i.e.*, are inflected):—

- (a) We were all in the boat together.
 (b) The crowd went straight on to the churchyard.
 (c) The best of what we do and are,
 Just God! forgive.
 (d) In his chamber, weak and dying,
 Was the Norman Baron lying.

Ex. 2. State which of the following sentences are prose, and which verse, and why:—

(a) He took it deeply to heart; it preyed upon his mind, and he soon lost his senses, and died.

(b) Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge, that with its wearisome but needful length bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright.

(c) Years change thee not. Upon yon hill the tall old maples, verdant still, yet tell, in grandeur of decay, how swift the years have passed away.

(d) Train up thy children, England! in the way of righteousness, and feed them with the bread of wholesome doctrine. (Southey writes this as verse—where should the first line end?)

Ex. 3. Break up the following long sentence from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* into shorter and more modern sentences:—

The ending of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that serve most to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over the rest: wherein (if we can show it rightly) the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors: among whom principally to challenge it step forth the moral philosophers, whom methinks I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by daylight; rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things; with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtilty, and angry with a man in whom they see the foul fault of anger.

Ex. 4. State to what class—history, biography, etc.—the following works belong:—

(a) The Spectator. (b) Johnson's Lives of the Poets. (c) Sidney's *Arcadia*. (d) Burke on the French Revolution. (e) Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. (f) Johnson's *Rasselas*. (g) Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. (h) Plato's Dialogues.

Ex. 5. State to what class—epic, dramatic, etc.—the following poems belong:—

(a) Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. (b) Homer's *Odyssey*. (c) Thomson's *Seasons*. (d) Spenser's *Faërie Queene*. (e) Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. (f) Cowper's *Sofa*. (g) Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*. (h) Pope's *Essays*. (i) Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

EX. 6. State of how many metres— one, two, etc.—the following lines consist:—

- (a) Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.—*Wolfe*.
 (b) Dreadful screams,
 Fiery gleams.—*Pope*.
 (c) We miss thee in thy place at school,
 And on thine homeward way.—*Keble*.
 (d) Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care.—*Hood*.
 (e) Gay without good is good heart's greatest loathing.—*Spenser*.
 (f) The snake renews his youth,
 And flames again in spring;
 The swallow from the sea
 Floats back on annual wing.—*Palgrave*.
 (g) He broke no promise, served no private end;
 He gained no title, and he lost no friend.—*Pope*.

EX. 7 Distinguish the three kinds of rhymes in the following:—

- (a) The waters are flashing,
 The white hail is dashing,
 The lightnings are glancing,
 The hoar-spray is dancing.—*Shelley*.
 (b) The kyng and hise knyghtes
 To the kirke wente
 To here matyns of the day,
 And the mass after.—*Langlande*.
 (c) Softly now are sifting
 Snows on landscape frozen.
 Thickly fall the flakelets,
 Feathery-light, together,
 Shower of silver pouring,
 Soundless, all around us,
 Field and river folding,
 Fair in mantle rarest.

Mr. Marsh, from the Icelandic.

EX. 8. Distinguish between the two kinds of verse in the following lines, which are printed as prose:—

(a) He only, with returning footsteps, broke the eternal calm wherewith the tomb was bound; among the sleeping dead alone He woke, and blessed with outstretched hands the hosts around.—“*V.*”

(b) 'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat, to peep at such a world; to see the stir of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.—*Cowper*.

(c) But, while the wings of fancy still are free, and I can view this photograph* of thee, Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.—*Cowper*.

* “Mimic show.”—*Cowper*.

QUESTIONS ON INTRODUCTION.

1. What is literature? 2. State Wordsworth's classification of books. 3. In what does literature express itself? 4. Of what two parts does language consist? 5. Define (a) its vocabulary, (b) its grammar. 6. What has happened to the English language in its growth? 7. State the forms in all literatures in which language appears. 8. Give the derivation of the word *prose*. 9. Of the word *verse*. 10. In what does verse differ from prose? 11. What was the earliest form of literature in all languages? 12. Show how this must have been so. 13. What kind of sentences had Old English prose a tendency to employ? 14. What is the characteristic of Macaulay's sentences? 15. Who, according to Dr. Johnson, first introduced the compact sentence? 16. Into how many heads may prose literature be divided? 17. Poetical literature? 18. What is meant by epic poetry? 19. What is a drama? 20. What does the word mean? 21. Define Lyric; what does the word mean? 22. Define Elegiac, and to what is it a subdivision? 23. State what Didactic poetry is, and give instances of this kind of poetry. 24. Show how the name is a self contradiction. 25. What is the external form of poetry? 26. How is verse measured? 27. If a line of poetry contain one accent, what is it called? 28. If two, what? 29. If three, what? 30. If four, what? 31. If five, what? 32. If six, what? 33. If seven, what? 34. Is verse always found with rhyme? 35. Give the etymology of the word *rhyme*. 36. Discriminate between rhyme and rhythm. 37. How many kinds of rhyme are there? 38. What is alliteration? 39. What kind of verse is used in almost all the old English poetry down to the 14th century? 40. For what purpose was it used? 41. From whom and when did we get end-rhymes? 42. Give some examples of alliteration. 43. How long was this in use? 44. What influence had this form on the heart of the language? 45. In what estimation was it held by Shakspeare? 46. Show that it is in use in proverbs. 47. What is middle-rhyme? 48. Give another name for it. 49. Is it much employed in English poetry? 50. In the language of what country is it greatly in use? 51. How did Milton appreciate end-rhymes? 52. What are end-rhymes now generally called? 53. What did Butler, author of *Hudibras*, think of their use? 54. What Dryden? 55. How many kinds of rhymes are there? 56. Is the English language poor or rich in rhymes? 57. Compare it in this respect with Spanish, Italian, and German. 58. What is the most common kind of verse employed in English? 59. How many feet does it contain? 60. Where does the accented syllable come in each iambic foot? 61. Give an example. 62. What proportion does iambic pentameter bear to any other metre? 63. What is it called when rhymed? 64. What poets use it in this way? 65. What is the name given to it when unrhymed? 66. By what poets is it used?





A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

1. **T**HE history of English Literature is a part of the history of the English nation. The literature of a people is the impress or stamp of themselves, their character, and their experience, which they have left in writing—in stories, songs, histories, and treatises.

The history of the English people begins upon the continent of Europe, up in that northern corner which is now called Schleswig, near the mouth of the Elbe; and the history of English literature begins in the same place. Both have their origin about the end of the fifth century.

2. When the English people came over in small bands of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes to the eastern districts of the island called Britain, they brought with them in their memories (for it was not written down till long after) a poem called—

Beowulf.

This poem belongs to the heathen period. Its author is unknown. The story relates the adventures of Prince Beowulf, a descendant of the old Norse god Odin or Woden.* He delivers the king of the

* Hence Wedn-es-day; Wedn-es-bury, in Staffordshire.

country from a monster, called the GRENDDEL, who comes into the royal palace at night, and kills the warriors as they lie asleep after the feast. The name of the hero, BEOWULF, also appears in the national epic poem of the Germans, called "The Lay of the Nibelung" (*Nibelungen Lied*). There is only one MS. of this poem in existence, and it is in the British Museum. It was probably written down from dictation by a monk of the eleventh century. It is, therefore, the oldest heroic poem extant in any Teutonic tongue. It consists of 6357 short lines, each with two accents. The only approach to rhyme in it is the head-rhyme or alliteration, which was characteristic of all our English poetry down to the coming of the Normans. It was probably recited in a kind of chant, to the accompaniment of the harp; and no doubt *sounded* much better to the old Anglian warriors, over their cups of strong mead in the vaulted hall, lighted only by a large wood fire, than it *reads* to us of the present age, who have lost the art of reading aloud, and the corresponding art of listening, but prefer to read solely with our eyes. The following is a translation of a few lines, by Professor Morley:—

The careful prince
 Went worthily;
 Warriors marched also,
 Shining with shields.
 Then there were shown
 Tracks of the troubler;

and so on. The style and vocabulary are of that simple and literal kind which is characteristic of Teutonic languages, and which we still find exemplified in German by the words *hand-shoe* for *glove*, and *finger-hat* for *thimble*. Thus, in Beowulf, we find, instead of "He began to speak," "He unlocked his word-ward"; for *armour*, we have *war-shirts*; for *soldiers, sons of strife*; and for *retainers, board-sharers* or *hearth-sharers*. Again, the rocks are called "windy sea-walls;" the sea is the "water-street," or "the swan-road"; and a ship is "the wave-cutter." But what is usually considered poetical ornament is quite absent from the Beowulf. It is a plain but vivid narration of what took place. Thus, when the warriors enter Wulfgar's hall: "Sea-weary they set their broad shields, round and hard as stone, against the house-wall. Then, stooping to a bench, they placed in a ring their war-shirts; and the darts—the weapons of the seamen—stood together, with the ash-wood grey above." Prof.

Morley adds that, in the whole "six thousand three hundred and fifty lines, only five similes have been discovered; and these are rather natural expressions than added ornaments." It is worthy of note, that neither the name *Angle* nor the name *Saxon* occurs at all in this poem.

They also brought with them a poem called—

The Battle of Finnesburg.¹

In this poem occurs the name of Hengst, or Hengist, who, with Horsa, is said to have come to England; but their story is now regarded as mythical.

These poems are written in a language, which is really *English*, but which is more frequently called Saxon, and continental Saxon, to distinguish it from the English spoken and written in England, which is often, but unnecessarily, called Anglo-Saxon. The English of the *Beowulf* differs from the English of Milton, as a child of a few months old differs from a man of fifty. An ordinary English reader cannot read *Beowulf* without help; but neither would he be able to see any trace of likeness between the child of six months and the man of half a century.

3. For the first one hundred and fifty years of their residence in this island, our ancestors wrote no books, but passed on their literature, which consisted of rude historical poems, from mouth to mouth. During this period they were pagans. About the year 600, Pope Gregory the Great sent St. Augustine and a body of missionaries to England to preach Christianity. These missionaries taught as well as preached, and they introduced the use of the Roman alphabet, and taught the English to read Latin books. The first English poet, who was born and bred in England, was,

CAEDMON.

He was a monk of the monastery of Whitby, in the seventh century. This monastery was founded by Hilda, a lady of royal descent, in the year 637. Caedmon was a secular priest (he is generally, but wrongly, represented as a cowherd); and one night, in a dream, he heard a

¹ Finsbury, *i.e.*, the town on the Fen. *Finsbury* in London is so called from the fact that it stood on a fen, or moor. Hence Moorfields, Moorgate Street, etc.

voice, "Caedmon, sing me something!" "I cannot sing; I left the feast because I could not sing." "But you must sing to me." "What must I sing, then?" he replied. "Sing the origin of creatures," answered the vision; and Caedmon sang some lines in his sleep, of God, and the creation of the world. When he awoke, he remembered the lines; and, being taken to the abbess, he repeated his song to her. The abbess thought his gift came from God, advised him to doff his secular habit, and to become a monk, and "having received him, with all his goods, into the monastery, caused him to be taught the series of sacred history." All this, Caedmon, "by remembering, and, like a clean animal, ruminating, turned into sweetest verse, and by rendering it back to them more smoothly, made his teachers in turn to be his hearers." His poems include the whole story of the Old and New Testaments. He died in 680. Only one MS. of his poem exists. The Norman monks looked upon English books ("Anglo-Saxon MSS.") as "old and useless," and cleaned the writing off the parchment with pumice stone, and then used it for their own documents.

He wrote a

Metrical Paraphrase of the Scriptures,

which seems to have been read by about fifteen generations of English, through nearly five centuries. It was read, and passed from hand to hand, in manuscript¹ of course; and was not printed till 1665. Milton is said to have borrowed thoughts and incidents from Caedmon; but this is doubtful.

4. The next most important poem before the Conquest is that called

The Battle of Maldon.

It celebrates the heroic deeds and death of BRIGHTNOTH, an English Earl, or Ealdorman, who fell fighting with the Pagan Northmen at Maldon, in Essex, in the year 991. The deeds performed in

¹The first book printed in England, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," was printed at Westminster, by William Caxton, in 1474.

battle by each of the combatants are described; and their name and genealogy given, just as Homer describes his heroes. A battle was then a set of individual combats; and its issue depended, not upon a plan, but upon the muscles and courage of the men and their leaders.

5. There are other poems and songs preserved in the prose book, called *THE SAXON CHRONICLE*. Such are

The Brunanburgh War Song,

which describes the battle of Brunanburg, in 937, in which Anlaf the Dane was defeated;

The Annexation of Mercia (942), The Coronation of Edgar (at Bath, 973),

and several others. There is also extant, in the "Saxon Chronicle," a wonderful poem on *The Grave*, which faithfully reflects the serious, and even gloomy, character of the English mind.

6. The first great prose-writer in English Literature is KING *ÆLFRED*, who was born in 849, and died in 901. After his agreement with the Danes under Guthrum, that the high-road from Dover to Chester, called Watling Street, should be the boundary between the two people, *Ælfred* set to work to raise his people and kingdom from the degradation into which they had sunk. He founded colleges; he invited to his Court men of learning from abroad; and he translated from Latin into English many works on geography, history, and philosophy. He translated, for example, (1) *The Ecclesiastical History of Bede*; (2) *The Ancient History of Orosius*; and (3) *The Consolations of Philosophy* by Boethius.

To these he added original matter of his own. His colleague in this work was *ASSER*, a monk of St. David's, whom he afterwards made Bishop of Sherborne.

7. The greatest prose work of the so-called Saxon Literature is however,

THE SAXON CHRONICLE.

This book was written by a series of successive writers, all of whom

were monks; and it is found in seven separate forms, each named after the monastery in which it was written. It seems to have been begun in the ninth century; and it has been brought down to the year 1154, the year in which Henry II. succeeded to the throne. This Chronicle is said to have been established by King Ælfred; and it is supposed that local annals were sent at regular periods to the "monastic head-quarters of a national historiographer," who abridged these local paragraphs, and drew up a general summary of the history for the past year of the whole kingdom. Copies of this summary were then sent round to the different religious houses; "and thus," says Professor Morley, "every possessor of the Chronicle might add to it year by year, in an authentic form, each year's instalment of the story of the nation." Thus this Chronicle was the newspaper, review, and history of the whole country.

This chronicle has a twofold value for the English people: it is valuable as a storehouse of facts—as containing the materials for history; and it is still more valuable as a specimen of the state of, and the changes in, the English language during the centuries in which it was written.

8. Many of the old English or "Saxon" authors wrote in Latin—which for many centuries was recognised throughout the west of Europe as the language of the learned class. The greatest of these was the VENERABLE BEDE, or Baeda, who was born in 672 and died in 735. He was born at Monkwearmouth, a small town at the mouth of the Wear, in Durham, and lived the greater part of his life in the monastery of Jarrow-upon-Tyne. He wrote an

Ecclesiastical History

and a large number of other works. It is from him that all our information regarding Caedmon comes.—ASSER, the Bishop of Sherborne, who died in 910, wrote a Latin biography of his king and friend, King Alfred. There were many other distinguished Englishmen who wrote in Latin; and almost all of them belonged to the Church.

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER I.

Ex. 1. Turn into modern English the following lines from *Beowulf*:—

Swá¹ begnordodon²
 Geáta³ leóde⁴
 Hláford⁵ sínne⁶
 Héorð-gneátas⁷
 Cwaedon⁸ þæt he wære
 Wyrold-cyninga⁹
 Manna mildust¹⁰
 And mon-þwaerust¹¹
 Leódu¹² líþost¹³
 And leóf¹⁴ geornost.¹⁵

[The original MS. is in Old English letters, which are somewhat like the modern German. Our present type is Roman.] 1. So. 2. Mourned for—connected with *yearn*. 3. The Geats, probably *goths*. 4. *Leode*, people—hence modern word *layman*. 5. Contracted now into *lord*. Fem. *Hlaefdige*—whence *lady*. 6. Thus. 7. Hearth-companions. *Gneata* is found now in High German as *Genoss*, in Low German as *Knote* (*fellow*)—whence *Eid-gnote* (conspirator), corrupted in French into Huguenots. 8. They goth—hence our word *bequeath*. They say that he *was*—the form *war* is still found in some dialects of English. 9. *Of world-kings—of men*. *Cyninga* and *manna* are possessive plurals. 10. The mildest. *Est, ost*, and *ust*, are found indifferently as the superlative. We have *ost* in *fore-m-ost*. 11. Gentlest. 12. The dative—to. 13. Mildest. We have still *lithe* in Shakespeare's phrase *the lither sky*; and perhaps *blithe* is a relative of it. 14. Glory. 15. Most eager—connected with *yearn*.

Ex. 2. Turn into modern English the following lines from *Cædmon*:—

Us¹ is riht micel²
 þæt we rodera³ weard⁴
 wereda⁵ wuldor-cyning⁶
 wordum herigen⁷
 modum⁸ lufien.
 He is maegna sped⁹
 heofod¹⁰ ealra¹¹
 heah-gesceafta¹²
 Fréa¹³ Ælmihtig.

1. The dative=*for us*. 2. Much right=*very or greatly right*. *Micel* is a diminutive of *much*; and *much*, in the sense of *great*, is still found in the names of places, as *Much Wenlock*. 3. Of the skies. 4. The warden. *Guardian* is a Norman-French form of the Old English word. So we have *wile* and *guile*; *wise* and *guise*; *war* and *guerre*; *ward* and *guard*; *ward-robe* and *garde-robe*; *warrant* and *guarantee*; *William* and *Guillaume*. 5. Of hosts. 6. Glory-king. 7. *Herigen* and *lufien*=*praise and love*. *En* is the

sign of the infinitive mood. 8. *Wordum* and *modum*—both in dative plural = *with words*, and *in our minds*. *Mod* exists in the modern form of *mood*. German *Muth*. 9. The essence of power. 10. Head. 11. Of all—the genitive plural. 12. High creatures. *Sceaf* is the old form of *shape*. 13. Lord.

Ex. 3.—Turn into modern English the following from King Alfred's translation of *Boethius on the Consolation of Philosophy* :—

We sculon¹ yet,² of ealdum leasum³ spellum,⁴ þe⁵ sum bispell⁶ reccan.⁷ Hit⁸ gelamp⁹ gio,¹⁰ þaette an hearpere waes, on þære þeode¹¹ þe Thracia hatte.¹² Ðaes¹³ nama waes Orfeus. He hæfde¹⁴ an swiðe¹⁵ aenlic¹⁶ wíf. Seo¹⁷ waes háten Eurydice. Ðá ongann¹⁸ monn secgan¹⁹ bé²⁰ þam hearpere, þæt he mihte²¹ hearpian þæt se²² wudu wagode²³ for þam swege,²⁴ and wilde deor²⁵ þær²⁶ woldon to-irnan²⁷ and standan swilce²⁸ hí táme waeron, þeah²⁹ hí menn oththe³⁰ hundes wið³¹ eodon,³² þæt hí hí na ne³³ onscunedon.³⁴

1. *Shall*. 2. *Now*. 3. *Old lying stories*. So we have in the Bible to *seek after leasing*. When compounded, it means *void*—hence our word *less*. *Use, useless*=*void of use*. 4. *Spell* now means *charm*, or something recited, except in *gospel*=good story. 5. *To thee*—the dative. 6. *Sum bispell*=an example. So modern German *beispiel*. 7. *Reckon*. The words *recount, tell, and reckon* contain the double meaning of *relate and tell*. 8. *Hit*, the old form of *it*, and the proper neuter of *he*. The old possessive of *hit* was *his*. The new possessive, *its*, is a malformation and is not above two hundred years old. It is found neither in the Bible nor in Shakespeare. 9. *Happened*. 10. *Formerly*. 11. A people or country. The same root is found in the words *Teut, Teut-on, Teut-onic, Deut-sch, Dut-ch, doit* (the name of a small coin). 12. Was called. The word is found in Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton in the form *hight*, which is a contraction of the Gothic *haihait*. The Goths formed their past tense by what is called reduplication. Another "survival" of this in our language is the word *did*: it is the last *d* in the word which represents the verb *do*. 13. *Thæs* the possessive singular of *thaet*, and=*his*. 14. *Had*. 15. *Very*—an adverb from *swithe*, strong. 16. *One-like*. We have lost this expressive word, and have put in its place the Franco-Latin word *unique*. The Germans have a kindred form, *einzig*. 17. *She*. The old word *seo* or *heo* is still found in Lancashire in the form *hoo*. 18. *Then began*. 19. *One to say*. 20. *About*. 21. *Was able to*. 22. *The wood*. 23. *Wagged*. " 'Tis merry in the hall, where beards wag all." 24. *Sound*. Chaucer uses *swough*; and *sough* is still used in Scotland. It signifies a long-drawn sound. 25. *Beasts*. The German form of the word is *Thier*. We have the same word in *Durham*. Shakspeare has: "Rats and mice and such small deer." Its limitation to animals of the hart species is late. 26. *Thereto, thither*. 27. *Irn or urn, to run*,—a form still found in Devonshire. The transposition of the *r* is very common, and is plainly seen in *burn, brunt; turn, trundle*; and *three, third*. The German language, which has had a much more regular development than ours, and is truer to its past, has the *r* always adhering to the first consonant—as in the above three words, *brennen, drehen, and dritte*. 28. *Such*=as if—they were tame. 29. *Though*. 30. *Or*. *Oththe* is a form of *other*,

which has been contracted into *or*. The negative is *nother*--still used in the North, which has been shortened down into *nor*. 31. *Against*. This sense is still found in the compound *withstand*, and in Chaucer's *withsay*, which we now make *gainsay*. 32. *Goed, i.e., went*. The tendency of an initial or a final *g* to vanish either to the ear or to the eye, or to both, is very common. So *daeg* has become *day*; *waeg*, *way*; *gearn-an*, *yearn*; etc. In Berlin and the Rhine Provinces the same tendency is strong in the present day. Thus *gehen* is pronounced *yehen*, and *gut*, *yut*. 33. *That they did not shun them*. The repetition of negatives is very common in Old English; the one intensifies the other. Chaucer has as many as four in one sentence,

He *nevir* yit *no vilonye ne sayde*
In al his lyf unto *no maner wight*.

He never yet in all his life said anything rude to any kind of person.

The modern habit of making one negative *destroy*, instead of intensify, another, is borrowed from the Latin. Milton has "Nor did they not perceive him" = "They saw him." 34. *Shunned*.

Ex. 4. Learn the translation¹ of the following passage from the SAXON CHRONICLE. The extract is from the Peterborough Chronicle, the year 1087:—

SAXON CHRONICLE.

Se cyng Willelm waes swiðe wis man, and swiðe rice, and wurðfulre¹ and strengere þonne² aenig³ his fore-gengra⁴ waere. He waes milde þā⁵ godū mannū þe God lufedon, and ofer eall gemett⁶ stearc⁷ þā mannū þe wiðcwaedon⁸ his willan . . . Eac⁹ he waes swyðe wurðful. þriwa¹⁰ he baer his cynghelm¹¹ aelce geare, swa oft swa¹² he waes on Engleland, on Eastron he hine¹³ baer on Win-ceastre,¹⁴ on Pentecosten on Westmynstre, on Midewintre on Gleawecceastre. And þaenne waeron mid hi ealle þa rice men ofer eall Eng-land, arcebiscopas, and leod-biscopas,¹⁵ abbodas¹⁶ and eorlas, þegnas¹⁷ and cnihtas. Swilce¹⁸ he waes eac swyðe stearc man and raeðe, swa þ man ne dorste nan¹⁹ þing

LITERAL RENDERING.

The King William was very wise man, and very rich, and worthfuller and stronger than any of his fore-goers were. He was mild to those good men that loved God, and over all meting stern to those men that withquoth (gainsaid) his will. . . . Eke he was very wonderful. Thrice he bore his king-helmet each year, so oft so he was in England, at Easter he it (her) bare at Winchester, at Pentecost at Westminster, at Midwinter in Gloucester. And there were with him all of the rich men over all England, archbishops and lay-bishops, abbots and earls, thanes and knights. Such he was eke very stern man and terrible, so that one not durst none thing against his will do. . . . Among other things (ne) is

¹ In rendering such passages in class, the English on the right may be covered with a piece of paper.

ongean his willan dōn. . . . Betwux
oðru thingu nis²⁰ na to forgytane
þe gode frið²¹ þe he macode on þisan
lande, swa þ̅ an man þe him sylf
aht²² waere, mighte faran²³ ofer his
rice mid his bosum full goldes un-
gederad.²⁴

not to forget the good peace that he
made in this land, so that one man
who was himself (a) possessor, might
fare over his kingdom with his
bosom full of gold undismayed.

1. The old comparative was in *re*. 2. *bonne*, *then*, and *than*, are three forms of the same word. "John is taller *then* James" (comes next): in this sentence the identity of meaning in *then* and *than* is visible. 3. *Aenig*. A *g* final is refined into a *y*. 4. The possessive plural of *foreganger*. 5. *þa*—the dative plural. 6. *Gemett*—in High Dutch or German, *mess-en*. 7. *Stark* is the newer form. 8. *Wiðcwaedon*. *Wið* is now only found in the word *withstand*. *Cwaed* is now *quoth*, and is also found in the compound *bequeath*. 9. *Eac*=*eke*=German *auch*. 10. Plural. 11. *Helm*—hence the compound *Gild-helm*, altered in French into *Guillaume*. 12. As often as. 13. Feminine. 14. *Winceastre*. The ending is the Latin *castra*, a camp or military station. This is one of the six words left us by the Romans during their occupation of this island. *Caster* is the Northern form, as in *Lancaster*, *Tadcaster*; *cester* is the Midland form, as in *Leicester*, *Worcester*; *chester* is the Southern and Western form, as in *Chester*, *Winchester*, *Dorchester*. 15. *Leod*=German *Leute*=*lay*. The word *lay* (G. *Lied*), a song, is from a different root. 16. A Hebrew word for father. "Whereby we cry *Abba* (that is) Father." 17. The German word for a man was *Degen*; and the secondary meaning was afterwards a *sword*. 18. *Swilce* is connected with *sua þæt*. 19. *Nan*=*none*. 20. *Ne* is contracted into *nis*; *ne am* into *nam*; *ne were* into *nere*; *ne wot* into *not*. 21. *Frið* has now disappeared from our language, except in proper names, as *Frederick*, *Aelfred*=*All-peace*, etc. 22. *Aht*, a part of the verb to *owe*, which used to mean to *possess*. 23. *Far-an*, to *go*. Hence, a *far* country = one which needs a great deal of *going* to; *fare-well* = go in health; *field-fare* = a bird that *goes* about in the fields; *thorough-fare* = a place through (or *thorough*) which one *goes*; *fare* = money paid for *going* in a ship or in a cab. 24. *Ungederad* = without dread. The word is the participle past. The *g* became softened into a *y*; and in Spenser we find *ydrad*, *unydrad*.

Ex. 5. In the two extracts from *Beowulf* and *Caedmon*, select those words which have been contracted in our modern English, thus:—

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Geata contracted into | Goths. |
| 2. Hlaford | „ Lord. |
| 3. Wyrold | „ World. |
| 4. Cyning | „ King, etc., etc. |

Ex. 6. Select the same class of words from the extracts in Exercises 3 and 4.

Ex. 7. Select from the whole four extracts the words which are now obsolete, and give their meanings.

Ex. 8. Turn the passage in Ex. 3 into modern English.

Ex. 9. Turn the passage in Ex. 4 into modern English.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER I.

1. Where did the history of the English people begin? 2. When did both history and literature have their beginning? 3. What were the names of the German tribes who now make up the English people? 4. What parts of Britain did they settle in? 5. What poem did they bring with them? 6. To what period does it belong? 7. Whose adventures does it relate? 8. What exploit does the hero perform? 9. Where does the name of the hero also appear? 10. What other poem did they bring with them? 11. Whose names appear in this poem? 12. In what language are these poems written? 13. By what appellation is the language most commonly called? 14. Why has this distinction been made? 15. Who was the first English born and bred poet? 16. What was he? 17. Where and when did he die? 18. What was his chief work? 19. How long was it in use? 20. How did the people get acquainted with its contents? 21. When was it first printed? 22. What is the next most important poem before the Conquest? 23. Whose heroic deeds and death does it celebrate? 24. What became of the hero? 25. Where and when did he fall? 26. Who was the first great prose-writer in English literature? 27. What is the date of his birth and death? 28. What was the nature of his agreement with Guthrum the Danish King? 29. What translations did he make? 30. From what language? 31. Who was his coadjutor, and what did he afterwards become? 32. Who wrote the Saxon Chronicle? 33. In how many forms is it found, and how are they named? 34. In what century does it seem to have been begun? 35. How far has it been brought down? 36. Who ascended the throne at that time? 37. Show how this work has a twofold value for the English people? 38. Why did many of the old English or Saxon writers make use of Latin? 39. Who was the greatest of these writers? 40. Give the date of his birth and death? 41. Where did he pass the greater part of his life? 42. What is his chief work? 43. Who was Asser, and what did he write?





CHAPTER II.

ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE NORMAN PERIOD.

1. **T**HE English-speaking population of this island were too much depressed in spirits and overridden by the perpetual presence of their Norman conquerors, to be able to cultivate literature of any kind. The English language itself was no longer spoken by the ruling classes: was everywhere despised, like the people who spoke it, and was neglected by almost all as a language to write in—as a literary language. From the end of the eleventh century down to 1362 (that is, for nearly three centuries), French was the language used in churches, in courts of law, and in political business. Nay; so far did the Normans carry their oppression, that little boys at school were obliged to translate their Latin into French, and the mother tongue was banished from the schoolroom. From 1066 down to 1200 the English people were either trying to regain their freedom, or sorrowing in silence over its loss; and in neither case was any English (or “Anglo-Saxon”) literature produced in the island.

2. LAYAMON (or Lagamon, or Laweman), a priest of Ernley-by-Severn (now called Lower Arley), wrote, about the year 1206, a book called

The Brut.

It is a kind of history of the English people. It was then the fashion among historians to trace the history of all the European nations up to the Trojans; and to account for their dispersion and settlement in the West by a reference to the fall of Troy. Brutus was supposed to be a great-grandson of Æneas; and, after the burning of his native city, to have sailed further west than his

grandfather, and to have settled in Britain. The book is chiefly a translation from a French book, called *Brut d'Angleterre*, and written by a monk called Richard Wace, or, as he describes himself, *Maitre Wace, cleric lisant*—Master Wace, who can write and read. Wace was born in Jersey, educated at Caen, and made Canon of Bayeux by Henry II. But Master Wace's book is to a large extent itself a translation from the old British History (written in Latin) of Geoffrey of Monmouth; and this again is a translation from an old Welsh chronicle, the MS. of which was brought from Brittany,¹ and which is full of stories about King Arthur, Merlin, Queen Wenhaver (or Guinevere), and other more or less mythical personages. Most of the literature of that time consisted of translations; but then the translator took great liberties with his original, and added, or left out, or altered, as he pleased. Wace's² *Brut* numbers 15,000 lines; but Layamon's contains 32,500. Layamon's *Brut* is written in irregular verse, mostly of three accents and six or seven syllables, without end-rhyme, but with a good deal of alliteration, or head-rhyme. Here and there, however, it has a few end-rhymes. The language is pure English; and it is remarkable that, though written in the thirteenth century, and though the author was under the constant temptation to make his task easier by using the French words of his original, *there are not fifty French words in the whole book.*

3. ORM, or ORMIN, was another English writer in the beginning of the thirteenth century. He called his book after himself, the *ORMULUM*, "because that Orm it wrought." He was a monk of the order of St. Augustine, and settled in a monastery somewhere in the East of England. It consists of a series of homilies. First the Gospel for the day is turned into verse, and then reflections and devotional thoughts are added. It is written in alternate verses of four and three accents (eight and seven syllables), without alliteration and also without rhyme. The chief peculiarity of the book is the spelling. Orm doubles every consonant that is accented.

¹ Brittany is a Celtic country still; and the people do not speak French, but Brezonec, a language of the same stock as Welsh, Gaelic, and Erse.

² Wace also wrote the *Roman de Rou*, or Romance of Rollo. This Rollo, or Rolf, was the famous Rolf, called the Ganger, or walker, because his legs were so long that, when he rode on the little Norway ponies, they touched the ground.

or that is preceded by a short vowel. Thus he writes *pann* for *pan*, and *menn* for *men*; but he writes *pan* for *pane*, and *men* for *mean*. He says:—

Ice hafe wendd intill Englissh
Gospelless hallghe lure
Afterr thatt little witt tatt me
Min Drihhtin hafethth lenedd.

I have wended (turned) into English
Gospel's holy lore
After the little wit that me
My Lord hath lent.

There are very few Latin or French words to be found in the *Ormulum*. The fragment we possess contains 20,000 lines. The *Brut* of Layamon is written in the Southern, or "Saxon," dialect of England; the *Ormulum* in the East Midland, or "Anglian." One chief distinction between these dialects is to be found in the inflection of the verb. They were as follows:—

PLURAL OF PRESENT TENSE.

Northern.

We hop-*es*

You hop-*es*

They hop-*es*

Midland.

We hop-*en*

You hop-*en*

They hop-*en*

Southern.

We hop-*eth*

You hop-*eth*

They hop-*eth*

4. Another interesting work of the thirteenth century is the *ANCREN RIWLE*, or the Rule of Anchorites. It is written in English of the West of England. The author is said to have been Richard Poer, Bishop of Chichester, and afterwards of Salisbury and Durham; and it was written for the guidance of three ladies and their servants in a small religious house in Dorsetshire. It contains such directions as the following:—

Ye, mine leove sustren ne schulen
habben no best bute kat one. Ye ne
schulen senden lettres, ne underuon
lettres, ne writen, buten leave. Ye
schulen beon i dodded four sithen
ithe yere, uor to lihten ower heaued.

Ye, my dear sisters, shall not
have no beast but one cat, ye shall
not send letters, nor receive letters,
nor write without leave. Ye shall
be cropped four times in the year,
for to lighten your head.

5. The next writer of note, who appears in the beginning of the fourteenth century, is

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

He was a monk of Gloucester Abbey, and he wrote a *CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND*. This chronicle is in verse, and is also rhymed. Each

line is seven accents, or fourteen syllables long. It begins with Brutus, and comes down to the reign of Henry III. Its value is twofold: as a specimen of the language, and as a contribution to English history. But the early part of this chronicle is little more than a translation from Geoffrey of Monmouth. There is one important passage in this chronicle which goes to show that French was still spoken by all the Norman population, and that the English who wanted to "rise in the world" also tried to learn it.

Thuse come lo ! Engelond into Nor-
manneshonde
And the Normans ne¹ couthe speke
tho bote¹ her owe speche
And speke French as deede atom,
and here chyl dren deede al so
teche ;
So that hey men of this lond that
of her blod come,
Holdeth all thulke² speche that hii
of hem nome.
Vor bote a man couthe French me
tolth³ of him wel lite ;
Ac lowe men holdeth³ to Englyss
and to her kunde speche yute.
Ich wene ther ne be man in world
contreyes none⁴
That ne holdeth to her kunde speche,
but Engelond one.⁴
Ac wel me wot vor to conne both
wel yt ys ;
Vor the more that a man con, the
more worth he ys.

Thus came lo ! England into the
hand of the Norman
And the Normans not could speak
then but their own speech,
And spake French as (they) did
at home, and their children did
also teach ;
So that high men of this land that
of their blood come,
Hold all the same speech that they
of them took.
For but (unless) a man know French,
men tell (reckon) of him well
little ;
But low men hold to English and to
their kindred speech yet.
I wene there be not man in no
world-countries
That holdeth not to their kindred
speech but England al-one.
But well men wot for to know both
well it is,
For the more that a man knows, the
more worth he is.

¹ *ne* . . . *bote* = only ; like the French *ne* . . . *que*.

² *Thulke* = the ilk = the same. Like the Scotch phrase, Macdonald of that ilk, *i.e.*, Macdonald of Macdonald.

³ *eth* was the third person plural of the Southern Dialect ;

en " " " " Midland " , and
es " " " " Northern "

⁴ Pronounce as in *alone* = *all one*.

6. Another chronicle of England was written by
ROBERT MANNYNG.

He is also called Robert de Brunne, from his birthplace Brunne, or Bourne, near Market Deeping, in Lincolnshire. This work is in two parts, and both are translations from the French. The first part is translated from Wace's Brut; the second from the chronicle of Piers, or Peter, de Langtoft, a canon of St. Austin, at Bridlington, in Yorkshire. Both parts are written in the same metre as their originals: the first in the octosyllabic metre of Wace; the second in Alexandrines,¹ or twelve-syllable metres. De Brunne has introduced into his English a large number of French words.

7. The constantly increasing prevalence of French, and the introduction into our language of a large number of French words, called forth protests from many sturdy and obstinate patriots. The most remarkable of these was

DAN MICHEL, of Northgate,

in Kent. He wrote a book entirely in English, and to the complete exclusion of Latin or French words. He called it the *Again-biting of Inner Knowledge*; or, in his own English,

The Ayenbite of Inwit;

or, in our modern and Latinised English, *The Remorse of Conscience*.²

8. The stirring events of the reign of Edward III. found a spirited poet in LAURENCE MINOT. He wrote ten poems on the victories of that king, the most famous of which are—

The Battle of Halidon Hill (1333).

The Siege of Tournay (1340).

The Siege of Calais (1346).

The Battle of Neville's Cross (1346).

The Taking of the Guisnes (1352).

¹This verse received its name from its being the metre of "Les Gestes d'Alexandre"—a popular French poem in the middle ages.

Re = again; *morse* = biting. *Conscience* = knowing with (oneself).

There is a martial ring about some of them. He writes thus of the state of France after the battle of Crécy; and the lines are singularly applicable to the same country after the Franco-German war of 1870.

Away is all thy weal, ywis,
 Frenchëman! with all thy fare
 Of mourning may thou never miss
 For thou art cumbered all in care:

With speech ne mought thou never spare
 To speak of Englishmen despite;
 Now have they made thy bigging¹ bare,
 Of all thy catel art thou quit.

Quit sure art thou—that well we know—
 Of catel and of drewris² dear
 Therefore lies thy heart full low
 That erst was blith as bird on brier.³

The verse is almost as regular and accurate as modern verse. The following is in the original spelling:—

With bent bowës thai war ful bolde
 For to felle of the Frankisch men;
 Thai gert⁴ tham lig⁵ with carës colde,
 Ful sari⁶ was Sir⁷ Philip then.

¹ Dwelling.² Treasures.³ Pronounce *breer*.⁴ = *Gart*, i.e. made.⁵ Lie.⁶ Sorry.⁷ *Sir* = King Philip

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER II.

EX. 1. Learn the translation of the following passage from LAYAMON'S BRUT:—

ORIGIN OF BILLINGSGATE.

Nou ich ¹ þehabbe i-sed hou hit is agon,	Now I have said to thee how it happened,
of Kairliun ² in Glommorgan.	about Caerleon in Glamorgan.
Go we get to Belyn, to þan blisfolle kyng. ³	Go we now back to Belyn, to that blissful king.
þo he hadde imaked þes borh, ⁴ and hit cleopede Kair-Uske ⁵	When he had made this burgh, and called it Caer Usk:

þo þe borh was strong and hende;⁶

þo gan he þanne wende⁷

riht to Londene,

þo borh he swiþe lovede.

He bi-gan þer ane tur;

þe strengeste of alle þan tune:

and mid mochele ginne,⁸

a ȝet⁹ þar hunder makede.

þo me hit¹⁰ cleopede

Belynesgat.

Nou and evere more,

þe name stondiþ þare.

Levede Belyn þe king,

In allere blisse:

And all his leode¹¹

lofde hine swiþe,

In his dages was so mochel mete,

þat hit was onimete.¹²

When the burgh was strong and
trim,

Then gan he wend thence
riht to London,

The burgh he greatly loved.

He began there a tower,
the strongest of all the town

and with much art

a gate there-under made.

Then men called it

Billingsgate.

Now and ever-more

the name standeth there.

Lived Belyn the king

in all bliss,

and all his people

loved him greatly.

In his days was there so much meat,

that it was without measure.

1. The guttural *ch* (or *gh*) first disappeared to the *ear* and then to the *eye*. We still have about 80 words in which it is retained for the eye, as *might*, *light*, etc. 2. *Caer* or *Kair*, the Celtic word for *castle* or *stronghold*. We have it in *Caernarvon*, *Cardiff*, etc. 3. *King*, really equal to *kinsman*, and connected with *kin*, *kind*, etc. 4. *Burg*, *burgh*, *borough*, *bury*, are all different forms of the same word = a place in which one may hide (*bury*) oneself (Ger. *Burg*, *berg-en*, etc.), *Pittsburg*, *Edinburgh*, *Peterborough*, *Aldermanbury* are examples. 5. That is, *the fort on the Usk*. *Usk*, *Esk*, *Exe*, *Ox* (in *Oxford*), *Axe* (in *Arminster*), are all forms of the Celtic word *uisg*, water, also found in the form *whisky*. 6. Our modern word *handy*. 7. *Wend*, still found in poetry. Its past is used as the past of *go*, which in Chaucer is still *goed*. 8. We have still this word in the form *gin* = trap. 9. *Yet* = *gate*, a form still surviving in Scotland. 10. *Hit*, the right form and the neuter of *he*. Its possessive was *his*, now supplanted by the malformation *its*. 11. The German form is *Leute*; the modern English *lay*, only found in the compound *layman*. 12. *Onimete* = German, *ohne Maass*.

Ex. 2. Get up the translation of the following passage from the ORMULUM:—

CHARACTER OF A GOOD MONK.

For himm birrþ beon full clenē
mann,

and all wiþþutenn ahhtë,¹

Buttan þatt mann himm finden²
shall

unnorne mete and wæde.³

TRANSLATION.

For him it behoves to be a very pure
man

and altogether without property,

Except that one shall find him in

simple meat and clothes.

And tæt iss all þatt eorþlig þing
þatt minnströmann birrþ aghenn,⁴

Whiþþutenn cnif and shæþe and
camb

and nedle, giff he't georneþþ.

And all þiss shall mann findenn
himm⁵

and wel himm birrþ itt gemenn,

For birþ himm nowwþerr don⁶ þæroff,
ne gifenn itt ne sellenn.

And himm birrþ æfre standenn inn

to lofenn God and wurrþenn,⁷

And agg himm birþ beon fressh þæрто
by daggess and bi nihhtess;

And tat iss hard and strang and tor
and hefig lif to ledenn.

And that is all the earthly thing
that it behoves minster-man to
own,

Except a knife and sheath and comb

and needle, if he want it.

And all this shall one find for him,

and his duty is to take care of it;

For he may neither do with it,
neither give it nor sell.

And he must ever stand in (vigor-
ously)

to praise and worship God,

And aye must he be fresh thereto
by daytime and by nights;

And that's a hard and stiff and rough
and heavy life to lead.

1. *Ahkte* or *aghte* = *oweing* or *owning* = *property*. 2. *Finden*. *En* is the "Middle English" sign of the infinitive; *an* of the oldest English. 3. *Wæde* = *weeds* = *clothes*, still found in the phrase *widow's weeds*. *Weeds* are the general dress, or *clothing*, of the ground. 4. *Aghenn*, the infinitive. 5. *For him*, the dative. 6. That is, *trade*. 7. We have lost the verb *to worthy*; instead of it we use the noun *worship* as a verb.

EX. 3. Get up the translation of the following passage from ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER'S CHRONICLE:—

THE BEGINNING OF ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER'S CHRONICLE.

DATE ABOUT 1300.

Engelond ys a wel god lond, ich wene¹ of eche lond best,
Yset in the ende of the world, as al² in the West.

The see goth him all aboute, he stont as an yle,³

Here fon⁴ heo durre⁵ the lasse doute,⁶ but hit be thorw gyle
Of folc⁸ of the selve⁹ lond, as me hath yseye wyle.¹⁰

From south to north he is long eightē hondred myle;¹¹

And foure hondred mylë brod from est to west to wende,¹²
Amydde tho lond as yt be,¹³ and noght as by the on¹⁴ ende.

Plente me¹⁵ may in Engelond of all gods yse,

Bute folc yt forgulte¹⁶ other¹⁷ yeres the worse be.

For Engelond ys ful ynow¹⁸ of fruyt and of tren,¹⁹

Of wodes and of parkes, thar²⁰ joye yt ys to sen;

Of foulës²¹ and of bestës, of wylde and tame al so,
 Of salt fysch and eche fresch, and fayre ryveres ther to ;
 Of welles swete and colde ynow, of lesen²² and of mede.²³

1. I ween. 2. As quite. 3. *Yle* or *eyle*, is the diminutive (by means of *le*, as in *lit*, *little*), of *y*, *ey*, *ea*, or *ei* (in Norwegian *oe*)=*island*. We find the word in *Battersea*=*St. Peter's island*; *Chelsea*=*Chesel ea*, the shingle island; *Jersey*=*Cæsar's island*; *Atheln-ey*=*Nobles' island*; and in the word *eyot* or *ait*, the general name for an island in the Thames. The letter *s* is intrusive, and made its way into the word from a mistaken connection with the old French *isle* (*île*) Latin, *insula*. 4. *Foes*. The plural in *n* is also found in *shoon*, *tren* (trees), *oxen*, etc. 5. *They need*. 6. *The less fear*. 7. Unless it be through guile. *Gyle* is a French spelling of the English *wile*. Compare *wise*, *guise*; *ward*, *guard*; *warden*, *guardian*; etc. 8. *Folk*, connected with *full*; as German *Volk* with *voll*. (So the Latin *populus*.) 9. *Same*. 10. As men have seen sometimes. The Scotch still say *whiles*; and we have in English *somewhile*, *erewhile*. 11. *Myle*. Measurements of space and time, etc., had no plural ending in Old English ("Anglo-Saxon"). Thus we have *six year*, *twenty horse*, and we still have *fortnight* for *fourteen nights*, *twelvemonth* for *twelve months*, and *ten stone*, etc. 12. *To go*. 13. *That is*. 14. *One*. 15. *Men may see*. 16. *The people miss it*, or *are in fault*. 17. *Other*=*or*, which is simply a contraction of *other*. We used to have *other*, *nother* (which still exists in Lancashire); but we now retain the Southern form of *either*, *neither*. *Other* and *nother* were shortened into *or* and *nor*. 18. *Enough*. The curious change of the final *gh* (which generally disappears into a *y* or a *w*) into the *f* sound, is also observable in *laugh*, *laughter*, etc. 19. *Trees*. 20. *So that*. 21. *Birds*. 22. *Leas*. 23. *Meads*.

Ex. 4. Translate the following. (If read aloud, it will be found very easy).

ROBERT DE BRUNNE, A.D. 1303.

GROSSETEST'S LOVE OF MUSIC.

Y shall ȝow telle as y have herde,
 Of the bysshope¹ saynt Roberde,
 Hys to-name² ys Grostest
 Of Lynkolne, so sayeth the gest.³
 He lovede moche to here the harpe,
 For mannys wytte⁴ hyt makyth sharpe.
 Next hys chaumbre, besyde hys stody⁵
 Hys harpers chaumbre⁶ was fast thereby.
 Many times by nygtys and dayys,
 He had solàce of notes and layys.
 One askede hym onys⁷ resun why
 He hadde delyte⁸ in minstralsy ?
 He answered hym on thys manere
 Why he helde the harper so dere,—

The vertu of the harpe, thurgh the skylle and rygt,
 Wyl destroyè the fendës mygt;
 And to the croys⁹ by godë skylle
 Ys the harpë leykened weyle.
 Therefore, godè men ge shul lere,¹⁰
 When ge any glemen¹¹ here,
 To wurschep Gode at youre powèr,
 As Dauyde seyth yn the Sautere.

1. *Bishop* is a curtailment of *episkopos* = *overseer*, or *inspector*. The French have softened the first *p* into *v*; and hence we have *evesque*, and *evêque*. We have dropped the first and last syllable. 2. *Surname*. 3. *Story*. 4. *Mind*. The word *wit* (the root of *wit-an*, to know), has been gradually narrowing its meaning for the last seven centuries. The first meaning seems to have been *perception*; then *mind* and *mental power*; next *ability*; then the *power of saying clever things*. 5. *Study*. 6. From *camera*. The coming together of the two liquids *m* and *r*, calls for a labial to rest upon; and thus the *b* has been introduced. Compare *numerus*, *nombre*; *dissimulo*, *dissemble*; *similis*, *semblable*. 7. *Once*. 8. This is the more correct way of spelling. The word is a Latin word (*delectari*); and the intrusion of the *gh* gives it the false appearance of an English word, in analogy with *light*, *night*, etc. 9. *Cross*. 10. *Lere* is the older form. Hence *lore*. 11. *Glemen*.

Ex 5 Turn into modern English the extract from ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER, on p. 33, covering the rendering given.

Ex. 6. Write out the words in the two extracts from ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER which are now obsolete.

Ex. 7. Write out those which differ in spelling only, from the words now in use.

Ex. 8. Prepare the following notes on the passage from LAURENCE MINOT.

1. *Weal*. A form of *well*, and found in *common weal*, *wealth* (which was once sounded *weelth*.) The word *wealth* in the passage in the Prayer-Book,—“Grant her in health and wealth long to live,”—does not mean *riches*, but a *good and healthy condition in the State*. 2. *Ywis*, a late form of *gewiss* = *certainly*. This has been wrongly changed by Coleridge and Macaulay into *I wis*. But the 1st per. sing. pres. of *witan* (to know) is *I wit*. 3. *Fare* = *welfare*. 4. *Big* is a Low German form of *bauen* (to build), and is connected with the Danish word for a town, *by*. 5. *Full low*. *Full* is here an adverb, and modifies *low*. A common adverb in Old English is *well*; as *wel gode* = very good. 6. *Fell*—the transitive form of *fall*. Compare *set*, *sit*; *drench*, *drink*; *lay*, *lie*; and the German *sprengen*, *springen*. 7. *Gart*, still used in Scotland.

Ex. 9. Turn the passage from MINOT into modern English verse.

Ex. 10. Collect from Ex. 1, 2, and 3 the words which are now obsolete, and give their meaning.

Ex. 11. Collect instances in the above exercises in which γ has changed into a modern y , and an f into a v .

Ex. 12. Turn the passage from ROBERT DE BRUNNE, into modern verse, and change the rhymes where necessary.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER II.

1. What prevented the English-speaking population of this island from cultivating their literature after the Norman Conquest?
2. In what estimation was the English language held?
3. What was the prevailing language among the higher classes from the eleventh century down to 1362?
4. What was the language used in churches and courts of law and political business during that period?
5. How did the English boys translate their Latin?
6. Did any English literature make its appearance in this island from 1066 down to 1200?
7. If not, why not?
8. Who wrote *The Brut*?
9. What is the subject of the poem?
10. In this work who is described as being the founder of the English people?
11. Who was Brut supposed to be?
12. Who and what was its author?
13. Where was he born, and what did he become?
14. Who is, to a great extent, the supposed author of the work?
15. From what language is it said to be a translation?
16. What did the chief part of the literature of that age consist of?
17. Did the translator keep closely to his original?
18. How many lines are in Wace's *Brut*?
19. How many in Layamon's?
20. In what kind of verse is it written?
21. What proportion of French or English words are in the book?
22. Who was Orm or Ormin?
23. When did he live?
24. What book did he write?
25. What does his book consist of?
26. What is the chief peculiarity in the book?
27. Give examples.
28. Are there many French words in the *Ormulum*?
29. How many lines does the work contain?
30. In what dialect is the *Brut* of Layamon written?
31. In what that of the *Ormulum*?
32. In what dialect is the *Ancren Riwl* written?
33. Who was the author?
34. For whom was it written?
35. What did Robert of Gloucester write?
36. Is it in prose or verse?
37. State the peculiarity of each line.
38. With whom does it begin, and in what reign does it end?
39. What contribution to English literature was furnished by Robert Mannyng?
40. Where did he live?
41. What does the first part of his work consist of?
42. What the second?
43. In what metre are both parts written?
44. How was the introduction of French words into works written in England received?
45. Who was Dan Michel, of Northgate?
46. What was he famous for?
47. What distinctive peculiarity is there in his writings?
48. Quote the title of his work.
49. What contributions to English literature were made by Laurence Minot?
50. Quote the most noteworthy of his works.

CONCLUSIONS FROM CHAPTERS I. AND II.

1. After a careful reading of the extracts in the first two chapters, it must be plain that literature was in a very infantile condition, and was very far from anything like free power over thought and expression. It is also tolerably evident that the language in which the author of *Beowulf*, Caedmon, and Orm wrote was English, and nothing but English. Here it is necessary to interpose a caution. It is very generally believed that what is called "Anglo-Saxon" is a different language from the English language; and that, somehow or other, there is a deep abyss between the two; and that there is a great break (or "solution of continuity") in the history both of the country and of the language. But this is not the case. The English people have always spoken the English language; and there is no period from the fifth down to the present century when they did not. The prevalent error on this subject has arisen from the use of the technical and artificial term (a mere book-term) *Anglo-Saxon*, and also from the use of the word *translation*. When we translate, we are always supposed to translate from one language into another. But we do not translate from the works of Caedmon in the same sense as we translate from the works of Virgil. There is an *unbroken line* of development, a continuous growth, of the English of Tennyson out of the English of Caedmon. The corrective to the prevalent error is twofold—historical and analogical. The historical corrective is the fact that our English has grown out of the English of the *Beowulf*, and is identical with it; the analogical corrective is to be found in the comparison of the growth of a tree or an animal. No one could recognise a likeness between an oak of thirteen hundred years old and an acorn or a year-old sapling; few could trace out the likeness in features or expression that really and essentially exists in the child of six months and the man of sixty years.

2. It will also be plain to the reader that all the poetry and prose, but more especially the poetry, of Englishmen down to the fourteenth century (with the single and brilliant exception of Laurence Minot, and he was of French origin) is dull, heavy, and only half articulate. Their works read like the feeble and clumsy efforts of half-educated country people to express their thoughts. The Norman-French leaven was needed to raise them out of their infantile condition, and to produce the free and powerful speech of a CHAUCER.

3. But the English language has gone through certain epochs; and philologists have tried to mark these. It must, however, be remembered that there is nowhere to be found a hard and fast line between different

conditions of our language, and that it is not in any true sense a "composite" language. The following are, perhaps, the most useful divisions:—

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| I. OLD ENGLISH,
from 450-1154. | { | Highly inflected, like modern German. Article, adjective, noun, and verb, with many inflections. Vocabulary purely Teutonic, with a slight admixture of Latin (chiefly ecclesiastical) and Celtic. Spelling and pronunciation vary in every county. |
| II. MIDDLE ENGLISH,
from 1154-about 1500. | { | A transition period of both loss and gain. Gradual loss of inflections; and gradual gain of new words from Norman-French. Loss on the side of "accidence;" gain on the side of "vocabulary." Spelling not fixed; begins to be fixed in 1474. |
| III. MODERN ENGLISH,
1500-1900. | { | The few inflections left dropping off (as the <i>en</i> from <i>brazen, wooden</i> , etc.). Enormous influx of "classical" words, especially Latin. Spelling fixed, chiefly by printers. Steady development of the <i>sentence</i> in prose, and of the <i>verse</i> in poetry. Slow formation of modern "style." |

The following division is given by Mr. Payne, in his "Studies of English Prose" :—

- | | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. Original English, or 'Anglo-Saxon' ... | Period of Stability ¹ ... | 600-1100 |
| 2. Very Early English, or "Semi-Saxon" ... | „ Disintegration ² ... | 1100-1250 |
| 3. Early or Old English | „ Stagnation ³ ... | 1250-1350 |
| 4. Middle English | „ Revival ⁴ | 1350-1550 |
| 5. Modern English | „ Re-establishment ⁵ ... | 1550-1870." |

¹ When the language was stable, homogeneous as to its vocabulary, synthetic (*i.e.*, inflectional) as to its grammar, and unaffected by the presence of foreign elements.

² When the language was losing its inflections, partly because it was seldom written, and partly because the social influences of the Norman-French were inducing neglect of its grammar.

³ When it was chiefly spoken, and very seldom written.

⁴ After absorbing a large number of French words, it becomes a literary language again.

⁵ Absorbs now thousands of Latin words, and gradually moulds itself into its 1870 form.

TABLE OF LITERATURE.

5th to 14th CENTURY.

WRITERS.	WORKS.	DATES.	CENTURIES.
—	Beowulf	—	5th.
—	Saxon Chronicle .	450-1154.	6th.
Caedmon . . .	Poems	d. 680.	7th.
Baeda	History	d. 735.	8th.
Ælfred	Miscellaneous . . .	d. 901.	9th.
Asser	Biography	d. 910.	10th.
—	—	—	11th.
Layamon . . .	The Brut	b. 1150.	12th.
Orm.	Ormulum	—	13th.
Robert of Gloucester. Robert Mannyng . Geoffrey Chaucer .	Chronicle of England " " " " Poetry	d. 1400.	14th.

CHAUCER.—HISTORICAL TABLE.

HOME.	A. D.	ABROAD.	A. D.
<i>Birth of Chaucer</i>	1328	Philip VI. King of France	1328
Flemings manufacture woollen cloths	1331	Nicholas V. Pope	"
Baliol crowned at Scone	1332	Order of Teutonic Knights es- tablished in Germany	1331
One weight and measure for the whole kingdom	1340	Sir John Froissart born	1337
Battle of Neville's Cross	1346	The Black Death	1340
Battle of Crecy	"	Petrarch crowned poet lau- reate at Rome	1341
The Black Death "Plague"	1349	Charles IV. of Germany	1347
Chief Justice Thorpe hanged for bribery	1351	And at Florence	1349
<i>Polychronicon</i> by Higden	1352	John II. King of France	1350
Sir John Mandeville	1354	Innocent VI. Pope	1352
Battle of Poitiers	1356	First settlement of Turks in Europe	1356
Windsor Castle rebuilt	"	La Jacquerie in France	1358
Wiclif's <i>Last Age</i>	"	Peace of Brétigny	1360
Edward III. invades France	1359	Charles V. of France	1364
<i>Chaucer joins the army, and is taken prisoner</i>	"	War between France and Eng- land	1370
Law pleadings, etc., in English	1362	Death of Petrarch	1374
<i>The Vision of Piers Plowman,</i> by Robt. Langlande	"	Death of Boccaccio	1375
Dress and diet of each class fixed by statute	1363	Clement VII. Pope	1379
Black Death in London	1367	Charles VI. of France	1380
First striking clock	1368		
<i>Chaucer on a mission to Italy</i>	1372		
<i>Chaucer appointed Comptroller of Customs, etc.</i>	1374		
Fifty guilds of merchants es- tablished up to the year	1375		
Death of Black Prince	1376		
<i>Chaucer on a mission to France</i>	1377		
Accession of Richard II	"		
Wiclif's Bible	1380		
Wat the Tyler's Rebellion	1381		

HOME.	A. D.	ABROAD.	A. D.
<i>Chaucer dismissed</i>	1386		
<i>Polychronicon</i> into English	1387		
<i>The Canterbury Tales</i>	"		
<i>Chaucer Clerk of the King's</i> <i>Works at Windsor, etc.</i>	1388		
		Victory of Turks at Kassoia	1389
		Greek language taught in Italy by Manuel Chrysolaras	1390
<i>A pension to Chaucer</i>	1394	Benedict XIII. Pope	1394
"The royal will the only law"	1398		
<i>Pension doubled</i>	1399		
Death of John of Gaunt	"		
Accession of Henry IV.	"		
Death of Chaucer	1400		

NOTE 1.—In 1328 the revenue was £154,000; in 1872 it was above £73,000,000.

NOTE 2.—In Chaucer's time the population of London was contained within the walls of the city—under 35,000; in 1871 it was nearly 4,000,000, and covered an area of 140 square miles.





CHAPTER III.

CHAUCER.

- H**IS AGE.—Chaucer's life fills the reigns of Edward III., Richard II., and one year of Henry IV. It was in the fourteenth century that the two elements of the nation, the Norman and the Saxon, became firmly welded into one English people. The chief agent in this union was the war in France, waged by Edward III. In this war the English (Saxons) and the Normans learned to respect each other. The Saxon footmen and bowmen learned to appreciate the skill and the chivalrous courage of their Norman leaders; the Normans learned to appreciate the stubborn courage and unyielding steadiness of their Saxon soldiers. The Norman element of the nation was rapidly becoming English in feeling and in language. The English language had gained a lasting triumph over Norman-French; and, in 1362, an Act was passed which substituted English for French in courts of law, in schools, and in other public places. In 1380, the Bible was translated into English by Wiclif. The translation before used in churches was in Latin. The "Saxon" race was rising from its depression: Edward III. was the king of England; he had gained the victories of Crécy and Poitiers; he was engaged in building Windsor Castle, by the help of men from all parts of his kingdom; Londoners had seen David Bruce King of Scotland and John King of France, prisoners in the capital; Edward had defied the pope and refused the old tribute; and new powers and new ideas were everywhere stirring throughout the country. The age and the language were fitted for the appearance of a great poet.
2. GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London in 1328, the year after the coronation of Edward III. His father was probably one Richard Chaucer, a vintner, of London. The name is Norman, and is found on the roll of Battle Abbey. He probably studied at Cambridge, and perhaps at Oxford also; and there is some evidence for believing that

he was intended for the bar, and that he was a member of the Middle Temple. He seems to have joined Edward III.'s army in 1359, at the age of thirty-one; and, during this campaign, he was made prisoner at the siege of Rhétiers. He was set free at the "Great Peace," which was made by Edward at Brétigny, near Chartres.

3. In 1367, at the age of thirty-nine, he was appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber, or "valet," as it was then called, with a pension of twenty marks for life. Nominally, a mark was only 13*s.* 4*d.* of our present money. But, as a good horse at that time was sold for 18*s.* 4*d.*, as a fat sheep cost 2*s.*, and the wages of a master carpenter amounted to only 3*d.* a day, it is probable that twenty marks, in the fourteenth century, could buy as much as £300 in the latter half of the nineteenth. In the same year, he married a lady of the queen's chamber, Philippa de Roet, the daughter of Sir Paon de Roet, a knight of Hainault, in Belgium. A sister of this lady, Katherine, married a Sir Hugh Swynford; and she also became the third wife of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and, next to the king himself, the most powerful man in England. Thus Chaucer was brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, who helped him in every way he could throughout his life.

4. In 1370, at the age of forty-two, he was employed in diplomatic service; and from 1370 to 1380, he is mentioned as having been engaged in no less than seven missions. In one of these, in 1373, he was sent to Italy; and on this occasion he visited Florence, Genoa, and Padua. At Arqua, a little village two miles from Padua, he is reported to have met Petrarch, who is said to have told him the story of the Patient Grizell, or Griselda. But it is more probable that Chaucer got the story either from Boccaccio or from Petrarch's Latin translation of Boccaccio. In 1374, he was appointed Comptroller of the Customs on Wool, Hides, Leather, and Wine, in the port of London; and the entries in the books were made by his own hand. In 1377, he was sent to France with Sir Guichard d'Angle, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon, to negotiate a secret treaty for the marriage of Richard, Prince of Wales, with Mary, the daughter of the King of France. In 1378, Edward III. died; Richard II. succeeded to the throne; and Chaucer was appointed one of the king's esquires.

5. In the year 1382, he was made Comptroller of the Petty Customs, but he also retained his office of Comptroller of the Customs of Wool and Wine. He was allowed to employ a deputy, so that

he had plenty of leisure for drawing up the rough sketch of his *Canterbury Tales*. In 1386, he was member of parliament for Kent, or, as it is still called in law, knight of the shire. The term is still retained in this century; and the member for a county is still girt with a sword by the sheriff on his nomination as member. This year marks the height of Chaucer's worldly prosperity. With his salary and his pensions (which included one of £10 a year for life from John of Gaunt), his allowances from the Court (among others a pitcher of wine a day), he was now a rich man. In 1387, he is said to have retired to Woodstock, and to have there begun his *Canterbury Tales*.

6. But a terrible blow was soon to fall upon him. Richard II. was in his minority; John of Gaunt, Chaucer's friend and patron, was abroad; and the government fell into the hands of the regent, the Duke of Gloucester, an enemy of Chaucer. On the 1st of December, he was dismissed from all the offices he held. This misfortune reduced him from wealth to comparative poverty; and the year after (1389), his wife died. He was in debt too, and had to assign his two pensions to one John Sealby. But, soon after, Richard II. dismissed his council and broke up the regency; the Lancastrian party returned to power, and Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the King's Works at Westminster and at Windsor. But he did not keep this office for more than a year; and his only income seems to have been his £10 a year from John of Gaunt.

7. In 1394, Richard II. bestowed on him a pension of £20 a year for life. In 1399, Henry IV. supplanted Richard, and Chaucer's pension was doubled. On Christmas Eve of 1399, Chaucer signed an agreement for the lease for fifty-three years of a house in the garden of the Chapel of St. Mary, Westminster. He was now above seventy years of age; and it is probable he signed this lease in the interests of his second son, Thomas. His eldest son, Lewis, had died young; and he does not seem to have had more than two children. Thomas lived to be one of the richest men in England; and his great-grandson through the female line, John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, was named by Richard III. heir apparent to the English crown. Chaucer died in the house he had leased in Westminster on the 25th of October, 1400.

8. Chaucer was a large, stout man; face small, fair, and bright with intelligence; soft and meditative eyes, somewhat dazed by read-

ing. But, though he was a hard student, he was not a recluse. He had the English love of nature; and his poems are full of allusions to the beauty of the fields and woods. May was his favourite month.

But, certeynly, whan that the moneth of May
Is comen, and that I here the foulës synge,
And that the flourës gynnen for to sprynge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocioun !

The freshness of spring put him into the highest animal spirits:—

Herknèth these blisful briddës how they singe,
And seeth these fresschë flourës how they springe ;
Ful is min hert of revel and solás.

He had probably the widest and most varied experience of the world of any man of the fourteenth century. He was a lawyer, a soldier, a courtier, a diplomat, a member of parliament, a man of business, and a poet. In some of these respects, Spenser, Milton, and Scott may be compared with him. His experience and his work had brought him into the closest contact with men of all ranks, from the king down to the poorest day-labourer; from cardinals and archbishops to summoners and astrologers. All this world-wide experience in peace and war, in ecclesiastical, military, and civil affairs, at home and abroad, in wealth and in poverty, is poured into his greatest work—the Canterbury Tales.

9. Chaucer's earlier works are chiefly translations from Latin and French. Indeed, original work was the exception then in the west of Europe. French, Italian, and English writers borrowed in the freest way from each other; and there was little individual property either in the thoughts or in the words of a poem. The following are the most important of Chaucer's minor works:—

I. THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE: a translation of the Roman de la Rose, a work by two French writers, Guillaume de Louis and Jean de Meung.

II. THE BOKE OF THE DUCHESS: a poem on Blanche, the second wife of John of Gaunt.

III. TROÏLUS AND CRESËIDE: a translation, much enlarged and altered, from the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio.

IV. THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF; or, on the Worship of True Beauty, typified by the leaf, which lasts when the flower dies.

V. THE HOUSE OF FAME, part of which has been adapted by Pope in his Temple of Fame.

10. But his great work is the CANTERBURY TALES, which may fairly be called the national epic of the English people, if we have a national epic at all. The framework of these tales is very like that of the Decameron of Boccaccio, or the framework of Mr. Dickens's Christmas Stories. The Decameron of Boccaccio (written in 1348) is a set of ten stories, told by seven ladies and three gentlemen, who have fled from the plague at Florence to a country-house. The tales of Chaucer are told on a pilgrimage on horseback from London to Canterbury, along the green lanes which were the only roads of the fourteenth century. One evening in April, nine-and-twenty pilgrims meet at an inn in the High Street, Southwark, called the Tabard.¹ Southwark was then a very small division of London, on the Surrey side of London Bridge. They agree after dinner, over their wine, to get up early next morning, and to travel together to Canterbury. One reason was that the roads were not very safe; but the host, Harry Bailly, also proposes that each pilgrim should tell stories to beguile the way—two going and two returning. There were in all, on the road, thirty-two pilgrims (they were, after leaving the inn, joined by three more), and this would have made one hundred and twenty-eight tales; but Chaucer has left us only four-and-twenty.

11. THE PROLOGUE consists of a description of the men who join in the pilgrimage; and they are all types of the different ranks of English society in the fourteenth century.—The KNIGHT is a distinguished warrior, who had been in the crusades, and had seen service in all parts of Europe and many parts of Asia and Africa. He was one of the bravest of Englishmen, and “as meek as is a maid.” His dress was shabby; but his horse was good, and well-groomed. He was in too great a hurry to confess his sins and shrieve his soul at Canterbury to be able to get a new coat at his tailor's.—His son, a young SQUIRE, rides beside him. Twenty years of age, with curly locks, an embroidered coat (“as it were a mead, all full of fresh

A tabard is a herald's coat without sleeves.

flowers, white and red"), a short "gown" with long and wide sleeves, courteous and "lowly" manners, mark him out as a young lordyng¹ of the time.—The servant of these two lordyngs was a YEOMAN, with a head shaped like a nut; hair cut short and close to the head, to make the drawing of the bow to the ear easier, and a sunburnt countenance.—A lady comes next: a PRIORESS, called Madame Englyntyne. She spoke French with a fine and clear articulation; not the French of Paris, but the French spoken in the Norman colony of Stratford-le-Bowe, then a fashionable country suburb of London. She was well-bred, and never wet her fingers in her sauce, nor let drops fall upon her breast. She had a straight nose, grey eyes, a small mouth, and a broad forehead.—A MONK, a "manly man," stout and ruddy, comes next. He rode a splendid horse; and the bells on his bridle rang out loud and clear. He hated study, and cared chiefly for hunting. His sleeves were edged with the finest fur of the grey squirrel. He was a lord "full fat and in good point" (embonpoint), and his favourite dish was a roast swan.—Then came a merry FRIAR. He was a limitour; that is, he had purchased from his convent the right of begging within certain limits. He was the best beggar in all his house, and could screw out of the poorest widow at least a farthing before he left her. He lisped, "to make his English sweet upon the tongue"; and he could sing and play upon the harp. When he was playing, his eyes shone like "stars on a frosty night."—The MERCHANT is dressed in motley, with a Flanders beaver hat, and silver buckles on his boots. He wears a forked beard, and he speaks in a slow and weighty manner.—A CLERK (scholar) of Oxford, entirely given up to logic, comes next. His overcoat is threadbare; and all the money that he can make, or that his friends send him, is spent on books "clothed in black and red." He is slow and sparing in his conversation—"Not oo word spake he morë than was neede."—A SERGEANT OF LAW rides beside him. He is dressed in a "medled" coat (a coat of a mixed colour), with a silk belt round his waist, and bars of silver on the belt. He had often served as Judge of Assize, and was thoroughly acquainted with all the law-cases and decisions that had been given since William the Conqueror.—Among the company, too, was a FRANKLIN² with a beard as "white as a

¹ Gentleman. *Ing* means *son of*. *Lordyng* was the general term of address to mixed companies in Chaucer's time.

² A farmer whose land is his own freehold.

daisy." He kept open house; and his larder was always full of the best of "flesh and fish."—There were also a HABERDASHER, a CARPENTER, a WEAVER, a DYER, and a TAPICER (upholsterer). They were all "warm" men—well to do; and they carried knives mounted "not with brass," but with silver.—The company had taken a COOK with them—a cook of special powers. He could "roast and seeth (boil) and broil and fry," and was equal to the best London artist in cookery.—A SCHIPMAN (sailor) from Dartmouth was another member of the company. He had hired a horse for the occasion, and rode it, as a sailor does, as well "as he could." His face was scarred and seamed and weatherbeaten; and "with many a tempest had his beard been shake."—A DOCTOR OF PHYSIC comes next—incomparable in his art, "for he was grounded in astronomy." He kept his patients wondrous well, by observing the stars, and giving his medicines at the right time. He was in the habit of giving gold as a medicine and of taking gold as his fee—"therefore he lovèd gold in speciál." Next appears the WIFE OF BATH—a travelling dealer in cloth. The kerchiefs on her head were of the finest quality; and on Sundays these weighed as much as ten pounds. Her stockings were red; and her shoes fitted well, and were soft, supple, and new. She had been married five times; she had travelled much; been three times at Jerusalem, had been also at Rome, Bologna, St. Jago in Galicia (Spain), and at Cologne.—Behind her rode the poor country PARSON,¹ a hard-working parish priest, and a genuine follower of Christ. He gave this noble example to his flock, "that first he wrought and after that he taught." He was never dry or condescending to any of his parishioners. But if there were any stiff-necked person, whether "of high or low estate," him would he "snub sharply."—With him came a PLOUGHMAN, his brother—an honest worker, who loved God and "then his neighbour right as himself."—The MILLER, a stout, big-boned, brawny carl, next makes his appearance. There was not a door in the whole city that he could not heave off its hinges, or break it "at a running with his head." His beard was as red as a fox and as broad as a spade. On the top of his nose grew a wart; and out of the wart grew a tuft of hairs. His nostrils were black and wide. He could play well on the bagpipes; and "therewithal

¹ Like his friend Wielif, Chaucer hated the monastic orders, but respected the hard-working parish priest.

he played us out of town.”—A MAUNCIPLE (or butler of an Inn of Court) came next, well skilled in “buying of victuals.”—The REEVE (or steward of an estate) was a slender choleric man, and close shaved. His legs were long, lean, and like two sticks. He rode moodily by himself, behind the company, on a dapple-grey horse, called Scot.—A SOMPNOUR (or summoner before the Ecclesiastical Courts) was also with them. His face was as red as fire, with a stubby beard and black eyebrows, and the children ran from him when they saw him.—His friend, a PARDONER, newly arrived from Rome, rode by his side. He wore long yellow hair, as straight as a bundle of flax, and, like bundles of flax, all in separate locks. His voice was as thin and “small as any goat.” He had in his carpet-bag a piece of the veil of the Virgin Mary, a corner of one of St. Peter’s sails, some pig’s bones in a glass, and other relics.—And then there was “myself—there was no moo.” Chaucer thus quietly mentions his own presence among the pilgrims.—By the advice of the host they draw lots (or “cuts”¹) who shall begin; and the first lot falls to the Knight, who opens the series of stories with the tale of *Palamon and Arcite*.

12. The finest of the Canterbury Tales are:—

- (a) The Story of Palamon and Arcite, which forms the *Knight’s Tale*.
- (b) The Story of Custance—one of the most pathetic poems in the language—told by the *Man of Law*.
- (c) The Prioress’s Tale: the legend of “Litel Hew of Lincoln.”
- (d) The Story of Patient Griseld—perhaps the best in Chaucer, and one of the finest tales of “love and duty” in the whole field of literature—told by the *Clerk of Oxford*. This story is one of the ten in Boccaccio’s *Decameron*; but Chaucer probably borrowed it from Petrarch’s Latin translation.

13. CHAUCER’S ENGLISH. Chaucer’s English is the English of the fourteenth century—the English of five centuries ago. It differs

¹ A Celtic word, still in use in Scotland.

from the English of the nineteenth century, as the dress of the two periods differs. The dress of the two periods differs both in material and in make; and so the English of Chaucer differs from the English of Tennyson both in vocabulary and in construction—both in words and in grammar. But the differences are very slight. There is a much wider difference between the English of the thirteenth and of the fourteenth centuries, than there is between the English of the fourteenth and that of the nineteenth century. That is to say, five centuries have made less change than one. This is due to the fact that in the fourteenth century there took place an almost sudden flooding of the English tongue by a French vocabulary. The grammar of Chaucer differs from the grammar of our present English, in possessing a much larger number of inflections, and in a few idioms which we have lost. Among the inflections may be noted:—

(a) *e* for the plural of adjectives—

And *smalë* fowlës maken melodie.

(b) *en* for the plural of verbs. (East Midland dialect.)

(c) *e* to form adverbs from adjectives; as *brightë*, brightly; *deepë*, deeply.

Among the idioms are:—

(a) *Nam* for am not; *nyllë* for will not (hence *willy nilly* for *will he or will he not*).

(b) “The helmës they to-hewen and to-schrede;” for “they began to hew and to cut.”

One reason why many persons find Chaucer difficult to read is, that it *looks* difficult. That is, his spelling is very new and strange to a modern eye. But this difficulty vanishes when he is read aloud; and the ear finds that easy which to the eye seemed very difficult. There is no room here to enter fully upon the grammar of Chaucer; but the following hints will keep almost every one in the right path:—

(a) Read the lines aloud, and trust entirely to the ear, with perfect confidence in the scanning of every line.¹

¹ Professor Morley says, “If the text be accurate, and we pronounce their words as men pronounced them when they were first written, the lines of Gower and Chaucer are perfectly smooth.” And the American poet, Mr. Russell Lowell, the most genial critic of Chaucer who has yet written, says, “When I remember Chaucer’s malediction upon his scrivener, and consider that by far the larger proportion of his verses (allowing always for change of pronunciation) are perfectly accordant with our present accentual system, I cannot believe that he ever wrote an imperfect line.”

(b) The accent varies between the English accentuation and the French. The English habit pushes the accent as far back as possible. In Pope's time *éssay* was pronounced *essáy*. Chaucer uses both; sometimes he writes *langáge*, and sometimes *lángage*; *fórtune* and *fortúne*; *bátaille* and *batáille*.

(c) Sound the final *e* in verbs, adjectives, and nouns, whenever the measure demands it. Chaucer makes *Romë* rhyme with *to me*, and *timë* with *by me*.

14. CHAUCER'S STYLE. Chaucer's style is manly, simple, and homely. The chief quality in it is sincerity. He does not make phrases about a thing or an event: he describes directly, and in the most simple language. His style is photographic in its accuracy and truth to details. He possesses humour and pathos—both in the highest degree; great sweetness and freshness; and his rhythms are often full of the most exquisite melody. He was master of the largest vocabulary of any man of his century—a vocabulary derived both from real life and from books.

15. CHAUCER'S METRE. The metre most generally employed by Chaucer is the common rhymed iambic of five feet. The technical name of this metre is Iambic Pentameter; and the formula is $5 \times a$. That is, it consists of five unaccented and five accented syllables. The number of accented syllables cannot be increased; but the number of unaccented may. When rhymed, its more usual name is Heroic Verse; when unrhymed, it is called Blank Verse. It is the measure most common in English poetry; but no writer has shown greater power over it than Chaucer. Compared with the variety of Chaucer, Pope's lines are singularly monotonous. Chaucer's lines are seldom, if ever, difficult to scan, if we attend to his accentuation. Thus in the line

So príck | eth hém | natúre | in hère | coráges | ,

we have only to remember that *nature* and *corages* have the French, and not the English, accent. So in the line

His mouth was wide as is a gret fornéys,

the word *fornéys* (furnace) has the accent on the last syllable. In the *Romaunt of the Rose* and the *Boke of the Duchesse* he uses a four-accented verse, or Iambic Tetrameter ($4 \times a$).

16. Chaucer abounds in remarkable lines which are full of meaning or of striking description. Of the Knight in the Prologue he says

that, though he was a very distinguished ("worthy") man, he was wise and as meek in his bearing "as a maid."

- (a) And though that he was worthy he was wys,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He nevir yit no vilonye ne sayde
 In al his lyf unto no maner wight.

That is, "he never said an unkind thing to any kind of person." The four negatives, which intensify each other, should be noticed. Of the Friar, he says:—

- (b) And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde sunge,
 His eyghen twinkeled in his heed aright
 As don the sterrës on a frosty night.

In reference to the practice of his Physician, he says with a sly humour:—

- (c) For gold in phisik is a cordiál,
 Therefore he lovèd gold in speciál.

The devotion of his Priest comes out in vivid characters in the lines:—

- (d) Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asondur,
 But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thondur,
 In siknesse ne in mischief to visíte
 The ferrest in his parisch, moche and lite.

He visited the farthest off in his parish, rich and poor, whenever sickness or misfortune happened to them. The Reeve (or Steward) has his dwelling (wonyng) on a heath:—

- (e) His wonyng was ful fair upon an hethe
 With grenë trees i-schadewed was his place.

Chaucer is full of the belief that love, and humility, and pity, and gentleness are always to be found with a good heart.

- (f) For pité renneth sone in gentil herte.

He has a lively way of stating a fact—such as, that a sick man is past physic.

- (g) And certeynly where nature wil not wirche (work)
 Farwel phisik: go bere the man to chirche.

And he has himself felt the sorrows of humanity :

- (h) Infynyt been the sorwes and the teerës
Of oldë folk, and folk of tendre yeerës.

When Palamon offers marriage to "Emelye the bright," he says :—

- (i) I redë that we make, of sorwes two,
O parfyt joyë lasting ever mo.

That is, "I counsel that we make, out of our two griefs, one perfect joy that will last for ever."

His descriptions of what we can see are always perfect. Thus :—

- (j) His nails were white as lilies in the grass,
And like the burnished gold his color was.

And he says of Dido (the spelling is modernised)—

- (k) Upon a lowly palfrey, paper-white,
With saddle red, embroidered with delight,
Of gold the bars, upward embossëd high,
Sat Dido, rough with gold and jewelry ;
And she is fair as is the brightë morrow,
That healeth sick folk of the night's long sorrow.

Mr. Hazlitt, an acute and sensitive critic, remarks :

"There is an instance of the minuteness which Chaucer introduces into his serious descriptions, in his account of Palamon when left alone in his cell :—

- (l) Swiche sorrow he maketh that the gretë tour
Resounëd of his yelling and clamour :-
The purë fetters on his shinnës grete
Were of his bitter saltë terës wete.

The mention of this last circumstance looks like a part of the instructions he had to follow, which he had no discretionary power to leave out or introduce at pleasure."

His ideas of goodness and of the "gentle" character in man are the orthodox ideas of a true seer and poet :—

- (m) Thou mayst wel seyn this in soth,
That he is gentil, bycause he doth
As longeth to a gentilman.

- (n) Lok, who that is most vertuous alway,
Privé and pert (open), and most entendith aye
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
Tak him for the grettest gentilman.

He shows what *gentillesse* is, by the most beautiful and truest simile perhaps in all literature:—

- (o) Tak fuyr and ber it in¹ the derkest hous
Bitwixë this and the mount Caukasoús,
And lat men shut the dorës and go thenne,²
Yit wol the fuyr as fair and lightë brenne
As³ twenty thousand men might it biholde;
His⁴ office naturel ay wol it holde,
Up⁵ peril of my lif, til that I dye.
Her may ye se wel, how that genteryo
Is nought⁶ annexid to possessioun,
Sithins⁷ folk doon her operacioun
Alway, as doth the fuyr, lo in his kynde!⁸

Chaucer is never tired of enlarging upon the goodness of good women. His description of Custance in the *Man of Lawes Tale*, gives his ideal of a noble and good woman.

- (p) This was the commune voys of every man—
Our Emperour of Romë, (God him seé!⁹)
A doughter hath, that, syn the world bigan,
To rekne¹⁰ as wel hir goodnesse as beautéë,
Nas¹¹ never swich another as is she;
I pray to God in honour hir susteene
And wolde¹² she were of al Európe the qucene.

In her is heigh beautéë, withoutë pride,
Youthë, withoutë grenehede¹³ or folye;
To alle hir werkës vertu is hir gyde,
Humblesse¹⁴ hath slayn in her al tirannyë.

¹ Into. ² Thence = away. ³ As if. ⁴ Its. ⁵ On.

⁶ Not. ⁷ Since. ⁸ According to its nature.

⁹ God him ese! = God guard him!

¹⁰ Rekne=reckon; a form of *reck*, which also appears in *reckless*.

¹¹ Nas=*ne was*; that is, *was not*. So Chaucer contracts the French negative *ne*, and the verbs *am*, *is*, *was*, *were*, *hath*, *would*, and *wot* into *nam*, *nis*, *nas*, *ner*, *nath*, *nolde*, and *not*.

¹² Wolde—that is, *I wolde*.

¹³ Grenehede=greenness or “verdancy.”

¹⁴ Humblesse. The French ending for nouns in *esse*, instead of the Latin *ity*, is common in Chaucer. He has *noblesse*, *almesse* (alms), *largesse*, etc.

She is miroúr of allë curteisyë ;
 Hir herte is verray¹ chambre of holynesse,
 Hir hand minístre of fredom for aelmesse.

THE PRIORESS.

- (g) Ther was alsó a nonne, a *prioress*,
 That of hire smylng was ful symple and coy ;
 Hire grettest oothë² nas but³ by Seynt Loy ;
 And sche was clept⁴ madame Englentyne.
 Ful wel sche sang the servisë devyne,
 Entunöd⁵ in hire nose ful semyly ;
 And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,⁶
 Aftur the scole of Stratford-attë-Bowe,
 For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
 At metö wel i-taught was sche withalle ;
 Sche leet no morsel⁷ from hire lippës falle,
 Ne wette hire fyngres in hire saucë deepe.
 Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
 That no dropë ne fil uppon hire breste.
 In curtesié was sett al hirë leste⁸
 Hire overlippö⁹ wypude sche so clene,
 That in hire cuppë was no ferthing¹⁰ sene
 Of grees, whan sche had dronken hirë draught.
 Ful semely¹¹ aftur hire mete sche raught.
 And sikurly¹² sche was of gret disport,¹³
 And ful plesánt, and amyable of port,¹⁴

¹ *Verray*, in the sense of the French *vrai* (from Latin *verus*, true).

² *Oothe*—the possessive plural=her greatest of oaths.

³ *Nas but*=*ne was but*; a French idiom (like *n'était que*), which has not survived in the language.

⁴ *Clept*=*cleped*; *i.e.*, called. Milton uses *yclept* for the past participle.

⁵ *Entuned*=intoned. ⁶ *Fetysly*; *i.e.*, neatly.

⁷ *Morsel*—old form of modern French *morceau*. ⁸ *Leste*=pleasure.

⁹ *Over lippe*=upper lip. *Ov* is an old form of *up*. *Up* also appears as *op* in *open*, and as *off* in *offing*. Many names of villages still have *over* in the sense of *upper*, as *Over Haddon* in Derby. In Germany and Holland (High Dutch and Low Dutch) it takes the form of *Ober*, as in *Oberyssele*.

¹⁰ *Ferthing*=*farthing*. An *e* before an *r* generally gets to be sounded *a*; as in *clerk*, *Derby*. But *farthing* means here *small piece*. The word is a dialectic form (of the East Midland dialect) of *fourthing*=*fourth part*. Compare *riding* (of Yorkshire). This comes from *three*. *Three*, *threeth*, *thrid*; and then *thriding*; and lastly *riding*. Hence there are only three *Ridings* in Yorkshire, and can be no more.

¹¹ *Semely*=*seemly*.

¹² *Sikurly*=*certainly*. *Sicker* is an old English and Scotch form of *secure* or *sure*.

¹³ *Disport*=*deportment*. ¹⁴ *Port*, *i.e.*, carriage. The root is found also in *porter*.

And peynēd hire¹ to counterfetē² cheere
 Of court, and ben estatlich of manēre,
 And to ben holden³ digne of reverence.
 But for to speken of hire consciēce,
 Sche was so charitable and so pitoūs,
 Sche woldē weepe if that sche sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smalē houndēs⁴ hadde sche, that sche fedde
 With rostud flesch, or mylk and wastel⁵ bredd.
 But sorē wepte sche if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smot it a yerdē⁶ smertē!⁷
 And all was consciēce and tendre hertē.
 Ful semēly hire wymple i-pynched was;
 Hire nosē straight; hire eyen grey as glas;
 Hire mouth ful smal, and thereto soft and reed;
 But⁸ sikurly sche hadde a fair forheed.

Prologue: Canterbury Tales.

17. It does not lie within the scope of this little book to write criticisms on the authors whom we are to become acquainted with, but it may be well to quote what great and genial critics have said of him.

Dryden calls him "a perpetual fountain of good sense." Mr. Hazlitt says, "Chaucer was the most practical of all the great poets, the most a man of business and of the world. His poetry reads like history. Everybody has a downright reality, at least in the relator's mind. A simile or a sentiment is as if it were given in upon evidence."

¹ *Peyned hire*, i.e., pained herself, i.e., took pains.

² *Counterfete*, i.e., imitate.

³ *Ben holden*: the *en* in both is a sign of the infinitive.

⁴ *Hounds*, i.e., dogs. But *hound* comes from *hentan*, to seize, from which we have also *hand* and *hunt*.

⁵ *Wastel*, an English form of the Old French *gastel*. (The English *w* represents the French *gu*; as in *ward* and *garde*, *wise* and *guise*, etc.) *Gastel* then became *gasteau*, then *gâteau*. Small cakes were called *petits gastels*—a term corrupted into *petticoat tails*.

Yerde—any stick. The word *yards* (of a ship) is still used in this sense. The definite meaning given to such words as *acre*, *furlong*, *gallon*, and so on is quite modern. *Acre* meant a field; *furlong*, a furrow long; and *gallon*, a pitcher.

⁷ *Smertē* is the adverb, and modifies *smot*.

⁸ *But* is here the Old English *bot*, which means *besides*. The same root is found in *boot* (in the phrase *to boot*) and *booty*.

But the best critic of Chaucer's writings is the American poet, Mr. Lowell; and the following are extracts from his essay on the subject:—

“Chaucer was the first great poet who really loved outward nature as the source of conscious pleasurable emotion.”

“In insisting on a definite purpose, on veracity, cheerfulness, and simplicity, Chaucer shows himself the true founder of what is characteristically *English* literature.”

“Chaucer, to whom French must have been almost as truly a mother-tongue as English, was familiar with all that had been done by troubadour or trouvère. In him we see the first result of the Norman yeast upon the home-baked Saxon loaf. The flour had been honest, the paste well kneaded, but the inspiring leaven was wanting till the Norman brought it over. Chaucer works still in the solid material of his race, but with what airy lightness has he not infused it? Without ceasing to be English, he has escaped being insular.”

“There is in Chaucer the exuberant freshness and greenness of spring. Everything he touches leaps into full blossom. His gladness and humour and pathos are irrepressible as a fountain. Reading him is like brushing through the dewy grass at sunrise. Everything is new and sparkling and fragrant. His first merit, the chief one in all art, is sincerity. He does not strive to body forth something which shall have a meaning; but, having a clear meaning in his heart, he gives it as clear a shape. He is the most unconventional of poets, and the frankest.”

18. It is an excellent twofold lesson, in the language and in poetry, to compare the version of Chaucer made by later poets, and to examine the merits or defects of each. Dryden, Pope, and Wordsworth have "modernised" parts of Chaucer; and of them we will

CHAUCER.

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a porë persoun¹ of a toun²;
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.³
 He was alsó a lernëd man, a clerk
 That Cristës gospel gladly woldë preche;
 His parischens devoutly wold he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wondur⁴ diligent,
 And in adversité ful paciënt;
 And such he was i-provëd oftë sithes.⁵
 Ful loth were him⁶ to cursë for his tythes,
 But rather wolde he geven out of dowte
 Unto his porë parisschens⁷ aboute
 Of his offrýnge and eek of his substaúnce.
 He cowde in litel thing han⁸ suffisance.⁹
 Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asondur,
 But he ne lastë¹⁰ not, for reyne ne thondur,
 In siknesse ne in meschief¹¹ to visíte
 The ferrest in his parissche, moche¹² and lite,
 Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
 This noble ensample unto his scheep he gaf,
 That ferst he wroughte, and after that he taughte.¹³
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to senful man nought dispitous,¹⁴
 Ne of his spechë daungerous¹⁵ ne digne,¹⁶
 But in his teching discrét and benigne.
 To draw his folk to heven by fairënesse,
 By good ensample, was his busynesse:
 But it were eny persone obstinát,
 What so he were of high or lowe estat,¹⁷
 Him wolde he snybbe¹⁸ scharply for the nonüs.
 A bettre preest I trowe ther nowher non is.
 He waytud after no pompe ne reverénce;
 Ne makëd him a spicëd conscënce,
 But Cristës lore, and His apostles twelve,
 He taught, and first he followed it himselvc.

take Dryden and Wordsworth. The genius of the age of Dryden (the latter half of the seventeenth century) and of Pope (the first half of the eighteenth) was ill able to interpret the sweet, manly, and sincere mind of Chaucer. They were too much under French influence. Hence Dryden's version is too rhetorical, too "stylish," full of splendid phraseology (some of which does not mean much), but true neither in conception nor in execution. Let us take Dryden first, and place his version opposite the original.

DRYDEN.

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train ;
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.
 His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
 (As God hath clothed His own ambassador);
 For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
 Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might last
 To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;
 Refined himself to soul to curb the sense,
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promised him sincere,
 Nothing reserved or sullen was to see :
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky :
 And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears
 (A music more melodious than the spheres) :
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.
 He bore his great commission in his look,
 But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
 He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
 And warned the sinner with becoming zeal ;
 But, on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
 He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
 And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.

19. Chaucer's priest is a man among men, but filled with the spirit of Christ. He is neither condescending nor haughty; he does not "keep" an over-nice conscience; and his own good works precede his teaching. He has the most real sympathy with and pity for sinful men; and no weather can stop his going to the farthest end of his parish, if he hears that trouble or misfortune has visited any of his parishioners. Dryden has misconceived the whole character. *His* priest is an ascetic, and not a neighbourly man; a pompous ecclesiastic, with an enthusiasm for ecclesiastical virtues, not a man full of love and kindness for his parishioners. Chaucer's lines describe real feelings and facts; Dryden's are full of abstract terms, "pleasing sanctity," "charity," and "venerable grace." Chaucer's priest takes his staff in rain and storm to go and comfort his people when in sickness or in misfortune; but Dryden's puts himself in some impossible aerial position, lets down a golden chain, and draws his audience upward "to the sky." Chaucer's priest stints himself in his food and dress, to give to his "pore parisschens"; but Dryden's treats them to "holy hymns" and a "music more melodious than—the spheres."¹⁹ Dryden's priest torments his soul, and makes "almost a sin of abstinence" (an ecclesiastical virtue); Chaucer's "cowde in litel thing have suffisance" (a real virtue). Chaucer's priest *feeds* his flock; Dryden's only tickles and "charms" them. Dryden's style is sonorous, powerful, and somewhat pompous; Chaucer's is a homely, manly, and English representation of the facts. Dryden's artificial ("unnatural") love of antithesis is visible in the lines:—

(a) Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor.

¹ *Persoun*=*parson*. The two words were originally one; the parson was the person (or representative) of the Church.

² *Toun*=*farm-town*. The word originally meant *enclosure*, and has been enlarging in meaning since the fifth century.

³ *Work*. ⁴ *Wonderfully*.

⁵ *Sithes*=*times*. From this word we have *sithennes*=*from that time*, now contracted into *since*.

⁶ *Very unpleasant it was to him* (the dative). *Tythe* is a form of tenth. So *tenty*=*twain-ty*.

⁷ *Parishioners*. ⁸ *Han*=*haven*, the infinitive.

⁹ *Sufficiency*. ¹⁰ *Left not*, i.e., did not omit.

¹¹ *Misfortune*. ¹² *Great*.

¹³ The *gh* in *taught* represents the *ch* in *teach*, which must at one time have sounded hard.

¹⁴ *Pitiless*. ¹⁵ *Not affable*. ¹⁶ *Disdainful*.

¹⁷ *Rank*. ¹⁸ *Snub*.

¹⁹ Here Dryden's grammar is wrong: he means "that of the spheres."

(b) Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense.

(c) He taught the gospel rather than the law.

In Chaucer every statement tells, every word goes straight to the heart of the reader; Dryden's abstract and vague style it is difficult to grasp, and much of his description eludes and evades our attempts.

20. Valid objections might further be brought against Dryden's style in these lines. (a) An *awful* man, is hardly English; *religious* the parson was by profession. (b) *To diffuse* a grace is probably not an English combination; and it does not make the *grace* any better to call it *venerable*. If *charity itself* means *charity in person*, this was impossible; if it means *the very spirit of charity*, the expression *itself* is inadequate. (c) There is no *necessary* opposition between a *rich soul* and *poor attire*; and therefore the conjunction *though* is too strong. (d) The notion of carrying *abstinence* so far as to make it a *sin*, is derived from the abstract notions of *goodness* bequeathed by the schoolmen. With them *evil* and *good* had no reference to persons, but were good and evil *in and for themselves*. (e) *Nothing of severe* is French. *Promised him sincere* is no language at all. (f) *Was to see* is also French; so is *sweet regards*. (g) His *accent*. This use of the word is French. "*Free action*" can be better predicated of a horse. (h) *Armed with innate eloquence* is doubtful English; and the grammar of the next line is worse than doubtful. (i) The *for* hardly gives a reason. The simile of the *golden chain* (his eloquence) is not very happy. (j) "*Charmed their ears.*" We should have expected *souls*. (k) "*David left him his lyre.*" This is an untruthful and reckless ignoring of all the writers of sacred hymns between David and Chaucer's priest. It looks as if Dryden were willing to sacrifice everything for effect. (l) "*He softened all he spoke.*" This is not very intelligible. (m) The *zeal* was only *becoming*. One would have expected a stronger type of zeal from this "*awful and reverend man.*" (n) The last line is poor, both in thought and in expression.—The whole is merely a clever mosaic of strong or of highly-coloured phrases; a self-consistent idea of the character was not present in Dryden's mind.

21. But Wordsworth, who was much nearer in feeling, though not in time, to Chaucer, renders him into modern English with far greater success. Wordsworth was a sincere man, with the deepest contempt for second-hand phrases, and for any ornamentation that

CHAUCER.

This litel child, his litel boke lernynge,
 As he sat in the scole¹ in his primére,²
 He *Alma Redemptoris*³ herdë synge,
 As children lernëd her⁴ antíphonére;⁵
 And, as he durst, he drough⁶ him nere and nere,⁷
 And herkned ever the wordës and the note,
 Til he the firstë vers couthe⁸ al by rote.

Nought wist he what this Latyn was to say,⁹
 For he so yong and tender was of âge;¹⁰
 But on a day his felaw¹¹ gan he pray
 To expounë¹² him¹³ the song in his langáge,¹⁴
 Or telle him what this song was in uságe;¹⁵
 This prayd he him to construe and declare,
 Ful oftë tymë on his kneës bare.¹⁶

His felaw, which that elder was then¹⁷ he,
 Answerd¹⁸ him thus : " This song, I have herd seye,
 Was makëd of¹⁹ our blisful Lady fre,
 Hire to saluen, and eek hire to preye
 To ben our help and socour whan we deye.
 I can no more expoune in this matére;
 I lernë song, I can²⁰ no more gramér."

This holy monk, this abbot, him mene I,
 His tonge out caught, and took away the greyn
 And he gaf²¹ up the gost ful softëly.
 And whan the abbot hath this wonder seyn,
 His saltë terës striken²² down as reyn :
 And gruf²³ he fel adoun unto the grounde,
 And stille he lay, as he had ben y-bounde.²⁴

The Prioress's Tale.

did not spontaneously grow out of the subject itself; and he turns Chaucer into our newer English with the *minimum of alteration*. A comparison of the two versions—word for word, and phrase for phrase—will be highly instructive to the young student.

WORDSWORTH.

This little child, while in the school he sate,
His primer conning with an earnest cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem book repeat
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;
And, as he durst, he drew him near and near,
And hearkened to the words and to the note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed
That he the meaning of this song would show,
And unto him declare why men sing so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
This child did him beseech on his bare knees:

His schoolfellow, who elder was than he,
Answered him thus:—"This song, I have heard say,
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day:
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have got."

(The little boy falls into the hands of his enemies, and "his throat is cut unto the neck-bone"; but he cannot die until a grain that has been "laid under his tongue" is removed.

This holy monk, this abbot,—him mean I,—
Touched then his tongue, and took away the grain;
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully;
And, when the abbot had this wonder seen,
His salt tears trickled down like showers of rain;
And on his face he dropped upon the ground,
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

- ¹ *Scole*. Chaucer has a verb from it: *to scoleye*=to go to school, or to study.
- ² First or lowest form.
- ³ *Alma Redemptoris Mater*=kindly Mother of the Redeemer; the beginning of a Latin hymn.
- ⁴ *Their*. ⁵ *Antiphonarivm*=a hymn-book, with part songs.
- ⁶ *Drew*. The *w* in *draw* stands instead of an old *gh*. This appears as *g* in *drag*, which is the same word as *draw*, and as *y* in *dray*, a third form of the same word. Thus we have *drag*, *draw*, *dray*, *drabble*, *drawl*, *trail*, and all from one root.
- ⁷ *Nearer and nearer*. The two words in the text are the comparative; and hence Wordsworth is wrong. The old positive was *neah*, still found in *nigh* and *neighbour*; but a southern trick of pronunciation added an *r* to it, as some people still say *idear*, *Mariar*. The comparative was formed by *re*; hence *neahre*, contracted into *nerre*, *nerë*, or *ner*.
- ⁸ *Couthe*, past of *can*=know.
- ⁹ Past of *is-to-say*. *That was-to-say*=that meant.
- ¹⁰ To be pronounced in the French manner.
- ¹¹ *Companion*. So in *schoolfellow*, etc.
- ¹² *Expound*. But the *d* is intrusive. The proper word is *expone*. So *propone* has become *propound*. A *d* after an *n* seems to give a rest; and hence the classes who read little still say *gownd*, *drownded*. The *d* is also intrusive in *sound*, *thunder*, *yonder*; and in the German *Abend*, etc.
- ¹³ The dative=*to him*.
- ¹⁴ The accent is on the last syllable. In Chaucer's time the accent was varying between French and English usage (the English take it as far back in the word as possible); and Chaucer takes advantage of this. He says, according to the demands of his verse, *hónour* and *honóur*, *lángage* and *langáge*, etc.
- ¹⁵ What this song was used for.
- ¹⁶ This line is an excellent example of the sounding of the final *e*. Chaucer has *Romë*, *tymë*, *havë*, etc. This usage marks the fact that English was still, to some extent, an inflected language.
- ¹⁷ *Than*. The two words are different forms of the same word; *than* being a northern pronunciation, and *then* a southern. Compare *Pall Mall* (pronounced in Manchester like the *a* in *Sally*, and in London *Pell Mell*); *bank*, *bench*, etc. But the "genius" of the language, finding two pronunciations, set them to perform two different functions. "He is taller than I (come next in tallness)"="He is taller than I."
- ¹⁸ A compound of *swear*. ¹⁹ *About*. Wordsworth's version is wrong.
- ²⁰ *Know*. *Ken* is a form still nearer to *can*.
- ²¹ *Gave*. The imperative was *gyf*; hence our *if*, which means *give* or *grant*. The vanishing of the *g* at the beginning of a word is very common. Compare *genug*=*enow* or *enough*; *Gypennswich*=*Ipswich*.
- ²² *Strike*. As a black thundercloud holds back, or seems to hold back, its rain for some time, and then all of a sudden lets it go, and the large heavy drops strike down from the sky; so from the abbot, who had long restrained his soul, but was quite broken down when he saw the quiet death of the little lad, the wonder and pity pent up in his brain burst forth, and the big thunderdrop tears fell heavy and fast.
- ²³ *Gruf*=*grustings*, hence *grovelling*. So in Old English "He fell *naselings*"=*on his nose*. "Out went the candle, and we were left darkling"=*in the dark*. (*Shakspeare*.)
- ²⁴ *y*=the older *ge*. In Milton we have *yclept*=*called*; but this, in him, is an archaism.

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER III.

1. Scan extracts (*a*) and (*d*) on p. 52. Thus :
And though | that hé | was wóρθ | y hé | was wýs |
2. Scan extract (*o*) on p. 54, like the above.
3. Learn by heart extract (*p*).
4. Learn by heart extract (*q*).
5. Prepare the notes on extracts (*o*) and (*p*).
6. Prepare the notes on extract (*q*).
7. Prepare the notes on the *Parish Priest*.
8. Turn into modern English the first half of extract (*q*).
9. Annotate the last half of extract (*q*), taking especial notice of the words and phrases which differ from our nineteenth century English.
10. Write out a list of the French words in Chaucer's description of the *Parish Priest* on p. 58.
11. Write out a list of the English words in the same passage which have changed their form. Thus :

14th century.	19th century.
Ther	There
Toun	Town
Werk	Work
12. Write a short criticism on some of the phraseology in Dryden's lines on p. 59.
13. Write a short comparison on the two passages on pp. 62 and 63—taking couplet by couplet, or line by line.
14. Prepare the following verses :—
(Constance is falsely accused of a crime. King Alla sends a letter commanding her to be put on board a ship along with her child, the ship's head to be turned to the main sea, and so sent adrift.)

Have ye not seye¹ some time a palé face
 Among a prees,² of him that hath be lad
 To-wárd his deth, wher him geynéth no grace,³
 And swich a colour in his face hath had,
 Men mightë knowe his face⁴ was so bystad,
 Amongës alle the faces in that route ;
 So stant Custance, and looketh hire⁵ about.

O queenës lyving in prosperité,
 Duchésses, and ye ladyes everychon,
 Haveth⁶ some reuthe⁷ on hir adversité ;
 An emperourës doghter stond allon ;⁸
 She nath⁹ no wight¹⁰ to whom to make hir moon ;¹
 O blod ryál,¹² that stondest in this drede,
 Ferre¹³ be thy frendës at thy gretë neede !

Wepen both young and olde in al that place,
 Whan that the king this corséd lettre sent ;
 And Custance, with a dedly palë face,
 The fourthë day towárd her schip sche went.
 But nevertheless sche takth in gode entente¹⁴
 The wil of Christ, and knelyng on the londe
 Sche saydë, “ Lord, ay welcom be thy sonde ! ”¹⁵

“ He that me keptë fro¹⁶ the falsë blame,
 While I wos on the lond amongës you,
 He can me kepe from harm and eke fro schamo
 In the salt see, although I se nat how ;
 As strong as ever He was, he is right¹⁷ now,
 In Him trust I, and in His Mooder dere,
 That is to me my sayl and eek my steere.”¹⁸

Hir litel child lay wepyng in hir arm,
 And kaeling pitously to him sche sayde :
 “ Pees, litle sone, I wol do the¹⁹ noon harm.”
 With that her kerchef of hir hed sche brayde,²³
 And over his litel eyghen sche it layde,
 And in hir arm sche lullith it wel faste,
 And unto heaven hir eyghen up sche caste.

“ Mooder ! ” quod²¹ sche, “ and Maydë bright, Marie,
 Soth is, that thurgh wommanës eggëment,²²
 Mankynde was lorn²³ and dampnëd²⁴ ay to dye,
 For which thy Child was on a cross y-rent ;
 Thy blisful eyghen sawh al His tormént ;
 Then nys²⁵ ther noon comparisoun bitwene
 Thy wo, and any woo man may sustene.

“ Thow saugh thy Child i-slaw²⁶ byfor thyn yen,²⁷
 And yit now lyveth my lytel child, parfáy ;
 Now, Lady bright, to whom alle woful cryen,
 Thou glory of womanhood, thou fairë May,²⁸
 Thou haven of refute,²⁹ brighte sterre³⁰ of day,
 Rewe³¹ on my child, that of thy gentilësse³²
 Rewest on every synful in distresse.

“ O litel child, alas ! what is thi gilt,
 That never wroughtest synne as yet, pardë ?
 Why wil thyn hardë fader han the spilt ?
 O mercy, deërë constable ! ” seyde sche ;
 “ And let my litel child here dwelle with the ;

And if thou darst not saven him for blanie,³³
So kys him oonës in his fadrës name."

Therwith sche loketh bakward to the lond,
And seyde, "Farwel, housbond rewthöles!"
And up sche rist,³⁴ and walketh down the stronde,³⁵
Towârd the schip; hir folweth al the prees;
And ever sche prayeth hir child to hold his pees,³⁶
And took hir leve, and with an holy entent
Sche blesseth her, and to the schip sche went.

Man of Lawes Tale.

1. *Seye* = *seen*. One of the most noticeable points in the above passage, is the variety in the spelling. This arises from two causes: 1st. The spelling of English was, like the pronunciation, in a dialectic position—was quite unfixed. 2nd. The copyists of Chaucer's MSS. were numerous. Hence we have *sawh*, *seye*, *seigh*, and *seyghe*, for *saw*; *eyen*, *eyghen*, and *yen*, for *eyes*, etc. 2. *Press* = *crowd*. 3. *No grace can save him*. 4. The relative, *that*, is understood; and the antecedent to it is to be got out of *his* = the face of *him that* was so bestead (beset). 5. *Look* was a reflective verb in Chaucer's time, like the French *s'asseoir*. 6. The imperative. 7. *Ruth* = *pity*, from the verb *rue*, to have *pity*. It now means to repent. 8. *Alone* = *all one*. "He was alone in the room," means that "all in the room were one; and that one (which was all) was he." 9. *Ne hath* = *has not*. So *nere* = *ne were*, *nam* = *ne am*, etc. 10. A form of the word *quick* = *living being*. 11. *Moan*. 12. *Royal*. The forms *reäl*, *feäl*, and *leäl* are found for *royal*, *fidële* and *loyal*. 13. Probably pronounced *far*, just as we now pronounce *clerk*, *Derby*, with an *a*, though we spell them with an *e*. So Chaucer always writes *herte*, *Dertemouth*, *sterre*, *ferre*, etc. 14. *Meaning*. 15. *What thou sendest*. 16. *Fro* is a mode of *from*, still preserved in the phrase *to and fro*. 17. *Right* is an adverb, modifying *now* = *at this very moment*. 18. *Helm*. The place where the *steere* is, is called the *stern*. 19. *The* = *thee*. 20. *Took off*. 21. *Quoth*. A compound is *bequeathe*. 22. *Inciting*. The word is a hybrid formation: *egg* (still found in the phrase *to egg on*) is English; while *ment* is a Latin ending. We have similar words in *needment*, *oddment*. 23. *Lost*. This form is still found in *forlorn* (Ger. *verloren*). The substitution of an *s* for an *r* is not unusual in English. So Milton—

The parchöd air burns *frore*,
And cold performs the effect of fire.

24. The *p* was introduced between the two liquids, *m* and *n*. Compare *b* between *m* and *r* in *number*, etc. 25. *Ne is* = *is not*. 26. *Slain*. The *y* or *i* is a remnant of the old past participle prefix *ge*, which still survives in German. 27. *Eyes*. Like the northern form *een*. 28. *May* was the month dedicated to the Virgin. 29. *Refuge*. A *t* for a *k* or hard *g* is not uncommon in English. So *mate* for *make* (*companion*), *wight* for *quick*, etc. 30. *Star*. See note 13. 31. *Have pity on*. 32. *Out of thy gentle heart*. 33. *For fear of blame* from the king. 34. *Rosc*. 35. *Strand*. The form *Strond* is still found in Dover. 36. *Peace*.

THE NONNE PRESTIS TALE.

CHAUCER.

A porë wydow, somdel stope¹ in âge,
 Was whilom duellyng in a pore cotâge,
 Bisyde a grovë, stondyng in a dale.
 This wydow, of which I tellë yow my tale,
 Syn thilkë² day that sche was last a wif,
 In paciens laddë a ful symple lyf.
 For litel was hir catel and her rente ;³
 For housbondry of such as God hir sente,
 Sche fond⁴ hirself, and eek hir doughtres tuo.
 Thre largë sowës hadde sche, and no mo.
 Thre kyn,⁵ and eek a scheep that hightë Malle.
 Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,⁶
 In which sche eet ful many a sclender meel.
 Of poynaunt saws⁷ hir needide never a deel.⁸
 Noon deynteth⁹ morsel passide thorough hir throte ;
 Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.¹⁰
 Repleccioun¹¹ ne made hir never sik ;
 Attemprë¹² dyete was al hir phisfk,
 And exercise, and hertës suffisaunce.
 The goutë lette¹³ hir nothing for to daunce.

1. Connected with *step*. The phrase is=*advanced in years*. 2. *That same*. 3. *Property and income*. 4. *Found*. 5. *Cows*. 6. There were only two rooms in the house: the *bower*, the inner room; and the *hall*, the outer. There was no chimney, and the smoke found its way through the crevices of the roof. 7. *Sauce*. From Latin, *sal*=*salt*. 8. *Never a drop*. 9. *Dainty*. 10. Her diet was as modest as her house (cottage). 11. *Repletion*. 12. *Temperate*. 13. *Hindered* her not. We have this meaning still in the phrase *without let or hindrance*.

15. Compare the version of Dryden with the original, somewhat in this fashion :—

(a) Dryden has kept much closer to his original in this passage than in his description of *The Parish Priest*. He has, however, in some places enlarged too much, and departed from the simplicity of the original.

Since last she laid her husband under ground,
 is not so simple or so homely as

Sin thilkë day that sche was last a wif ;

and so on.

(b) The verbal alterations are perhaps too numerous. *In days of yore* is too strong a translation of *whilom*. *On whom my tale I found* is a little clumsy. *And so on*.

DRYDEN.

There lived, as authors tell, in days of yore,
 A widow somewhat old, and very poor :
 Deep in a dell her cottage lonely stood,
 Well thatched, and under covert of a wood.
 This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
 Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
 A simple, sober life in patience led,
 And had but just enough to buy her bread :
 But huswifing¹ the little² Heaven had lent,
 She duly paid a groat for quarter rent ;
 And pinched herself, and eke her daughters two,
 To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
 A ewe called Molly, and three brinded³ cows,
 Her parlour-window stuck with herbs around,
 Of savoury smell, and rushes strewed the ground.
 A maple dresser in her hall she had,
 On which full many a slender meal she made ;
 For no delicious morsel passed her throat ;
 According to her cloth she cut her coat ;
 No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat ;
 Her hunger gave a relish to her meat ;
 A sparing diet did her health secure ;
 Or, sick, a pepper-posset was her cure.
 Before the day was done, her work she sped,
 And never went by candle-light to bed :
 With exercise she sweat ill-humours out ;
 Her dancing was not hindered by the gout.

1. We should *now* say *husbanding*. 2. *Which*, understood. 3. Now *brin-*
dled.

16. (Chaucer has been accused, on insufficient grounds, of overloading his English with French words). In the lines on the *Parish Priest*, select all the words of French origin, underline those which are now obsolete, and state the proportion of these to those still in use.

17. Do the same with the passage from the *Man of Lawes Tale*.

18. Turn into modern verse the stanza (p. 65) beginning, "O queenës lyving." It will not be necessary to alter any of the rhymes.

19. Turn into modern verse the first ten lines from *The Nonne Prestis Tale*.

20. Write out the rhymes in which Wordsworth has differed from Chaucer; and, where you can, give the reason. Thus:

<i>Chaucer.</i>	<i>Wordsworth.</i>
(1) lernynge	sate
primére	cheer
synge	repeat
antiphonére	hear.

Wordsworth could not make *learning* rhyme to *sing*, because the accent is not, as it was in Chaucer's time, on the *ing* in *learning*. *Primére* would have been unintelligible to a modern reader.

21. In the passages given from Chaucer, find out all the words in which the *gh* has vanished to modern ears. Thus:

<i>Chaucer.</i>	<i>Modern.</i>
Drough	Draw
Eyghen	Eyes.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER III.

1. Through whose reigns did Chaucer live? 2. In what century did the Normans and the Saxons become one people? 3. Through what agency was this effected? 4. Mention the changes made in the position of the English language. 5. When did this take place? 6. In what year was the English Bible translated? 7. Who was the author of the translation? 8. Before this, in what language was the Bible used in churches written? 9. Where was Geoffrey Chaucer born? 10. When? 11. Is his surname French or English? 12. In what university or universities did he study? 13. For what profession was he intended? 14. What happened to him during the French campaign? 15. What office was conferred upon him in his 39th year? 16. What pension did he receive for his services? 17. What would be the value of Chaucer's pension now? 18. When, and whom did he marry? 19. To whom did he become related by this marriage? 20. What effect had this step on his worldly circumstances? 21. In what service was he engaged in 1370? 22. How old was he then? 23. How long was he engaged in diplomatic service? 24. In how many missions did he take a part? 25. Where did he travel in 1373? 26. What celebrated cities did he visit in that year? 27. What renowned poet did he meet? 28. To what office was he appointed in 1374? 29. What business was he engaged on in France in 1374? 30. Who succeeded Edward III. on his death in 1378? 31. What new dis-


tion was conferred upon Chaucer by the young king? 32. To what office was he promoted in 1382? 33. For what county did he become a member in 1386? 34. What is meant by a knight of the shire? 35. Where is he said to have retired to in 1386? 36. For what purpose? 37. What misfortunes befel him at this time? 38. Who was the cause of these? 39. What effect had this blow upon his worldly circumstances? 40. What step was taken by Richard II. in 1389? 41. Which party returned to power? 42. To what post was Chaucer appointed? 43. How long did he retain it? 44. Who supplanted Richard in 1399? 45. Did this change benefit Chaucer? 46. When and where did Chaucer die? 47. Where was he buried? 48. What was his favourite month? 49. What do Chaucer's earlier works chiefly consist of? 50. Give a list of Chaucer's minor works. 51. Has any modern poet of the 18th century adapted any of his works? 52. What is his great work? 53. What is the framework of the story? 54. Give some account of the Decameron of Boccaccio. 55. Where and when do the pilgrims meet? 56. What was their number? 57. What agreement is come to by the pilgrims after dinner? 58. What proposal is made by Harry Bailly, the innkeeper? 59. How many stories ought to have been told? 60. How many are still extant? 61. Of what does the prologue consist? 62. What parts of the world had the knight seen service in? 63. Why was he in so great a hurry to get to Canterbury? 64. Who rode beside him? 65. What was the name of the prioress? 66. What accent did she use in speaking French? 67. What was Stratford-le-Bow then? 68. Who was the last English king who spoke French? 69. What are the best of the Canterbury Tales? 70. Which is perhaps the finest? 71. Who tells it? 72. In what celebrated Italian classic is the story told? 73. What kind of English does Chaucer write in? 74. In what degree does it differ from the English of the nineteenth century? 75. Is there much difference between thirteenth and fourteenth century English? 76. Much between the fourteenth and nineteenth century English? 77. How does the accent vary? 78. What is the English habit? 79. What two ways has Chaucer of pronouncing "langage"? 80. How does Pope pronounce the word *essay*? 81. Quote some words which Chaucer pronounces in two ways. 82. What is the chief great quality of its style? 83. Does he describe wordily, or the reverse? 84. Are his verses rhythmical? 85. What metre does Chaucer usually employ? 86. What is the technical name of this metre? 87. State its formula. 88. How many accented and unaccented syllables does each line contain? 89. Can the number of accented syllables be increased? 90. Can the number of unaccented be increased? 91. What name does it usually go by when rhymed? 92. When unrhymed, what is it called? 93. Is this metre common in English poetry? 94. What two requisites must you keep in mind when scanning Chaucer's verse? 95. What kind of verse does he use in "The Romaunt of the Rose," and "The Boke of the Duchesse"?





CHAPTER IV.

CHAUCER'S CONTEMPORARIES.

1.  HE greatest of Chaucer's contemporaries were, among prose-writers, John de Wiclif, John de Trevisa, and Sir John Mandeville; among poets, John Gower, John Barbour, and William Langlande.

2. JOHN DE WICLIF (or Wyclif, or Wycliffe) was born at the village of Hipswell, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, in the year 1324. He studied at Oxford, and rose to be Master of Baliol and Warden of Canterbury Hall. He was afterwards made Vicar of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. Like Chaucer, he attacked—but more directly and with greater boldness—the abuses of monasteries, the habits of the mendicant friars, and the tribute paid to the pope. He was often persecuted, but, again like Chaucer, he was protected by John of Gaunt. He was the first Englishman who made a complete translation of the Scriptures into his mother tongue. This great work was completed in the year 1383—the year before his death. He died quietly, in his vicarage at Lutterworth, in 1384. Exactly one hundred years after (and ten years after Caxton had set up his printing press in Westminster), his bones were taken up from the chancel of his church in Lutterworth, burnt to ashes, and thrown into the river Swift. "The Swift," says Fuller, "conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over." Besides his translation of the Bible, he wrote a number of theological works. He was assisted in his translation by Nicholas Hereford. The style of the translation of the New Testament is more modern than that of the Old; and both contain a large number of French

words. Both versions are very easy to read. The following are fair examples from the Gospel of St. Mark:—

1. Jhesus seith to hem: Hoole¹ man han no nede to a leche, but thei that han² yvele; forsothe I cam not for to clepe³ juste men, but synners.—ii. 17.

2. And a womman that . . . hadde suffride many thingis of ful many lechis,⁴ and spendid alle hir thingis,⁵ and no-thing prophitide,⁶ but more hadde worse, whanne she hadde herd of Jhesu, she cam in the cumpanye byhynde, and touchide his cloth.—v. 26.

3. And thei token the relives of broken mete, twelve coffyns full, and of the fyschis.

3. JOHN DE TREVISA was born in Cornwall—was chaplain to Thomas Lord Berkeley, and was also appointed vicar of Berkeley in Gloucestershire. He is said to have written a translation of the Scriptures; but nothing is now known of it. His best known work is a translation of the Polychronicon (Universal History) of Ralph or Ranulph Higden. This translation was completed in 1387. The following passage witnesses to the dialectic character of the English language—a character which, in its spelling,⁷ at least, it has not yet lost.

The forseyde Saxon tongue ys deled⁸ a⁹ thre, and ys abyde scarslych with feaw uplondysch¹⁰ men, and ys grete wondur; for men of the est with men of the west, as hyt were under the same party¹¹ of

The aforesaid Saxon tongue is divided into three, and is (has) remained scarcely with few country people, and is great wonder; for men of the east with men of the west, as it were under the same part

¹ *Hoole*, the right spelling, from *heal*. The *w* in *whole* is a modern error.

² *Han* contracted for *haven*.

³ *Clepe* = call.

⁴ *Lechis* = leeches; *i.e.*, doctors. As the chief function of physicians was to bleed, the name was afterwards given to the animal.

⁵ *Thingis* = goods, or property.

⁶ *Prophitide*, plainly an erroneous spelling for *profitid*.

⁷ For example, *weald*, *wold*, and *wood*, are the same word, pronounced (and then spelled) in the Southern, Northern, and Midland fashion.

⁸ *Deled* = divided. Hence *deal* = wood divided or sawed. *Dole*, a share given out.

⁹ *A*, a form of the preposition *on*, still found in *afoot*, *aboard*, *ashore*, etc.

¹⁰ *Uplondysch*. *Up* here means away from the sea. *Up the country* is a similar phrase.

¹¹ *Party*, or *partie*, as Chaucer spells it, is the form in which the word came into our language from the French.

hevene, accordeth more in sounyng of speche than men of the north with men of the south; therefore hyt ys that Mercii, that buth¹ men of myddel Engelond, as hyt were parteners of the endes, undurstondeþ bettre the syde longages, Northeron and Southeron, than Northeron and Southeron undurstondeþ eyther o:her.

of heaven (in the same latitude) agree more in pronouncing their words than men of the north with men of the south; therefore it is that Mercians (men of the Midland Counties), who are men of middle England, and as it were partners of the borders, understand better the side languages, Northern and Southern, than the northerners and southerners understand each other.

He also remarks, how great a "wondur" it is that English, which is the "burgh-tongue" of Englishmen, should be so "diverse of sound" in this island; while French, which is a "comeling" from another land, hath "one manner" of sound. On the other hand, he points out that there are as many dialects of French in France itself, as of English in England.

4. SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE is perhaps the greatest of these three; and it is worth noticing that the first great prose-writer of England should have been also one of her greatest travellers. The English nation has always been the most adventurous nation in the world. Sir John Mandeville was born at St. Alban's in Hertfordshire in the year 1300. He was educated for the profession of medicine. He left England on Michaelmas-day of 1322, and was away from England for thirty-four years. On his return in 1356 he wrote an account of his travels in Latin, and dedicated it to Edward III. He afterwards "put this boke out of Latyn into Frensch, and translated it out of Frensche into Englyssch, that every man of my nacioun may understonde it." He "viaged thorough Tartarie, Persie, Ermonie² (Armenia) the Little and the Grete; through Libye, Chaldee, and a great partie of Ethiop; thorough Amazoyne, Ind the Lass and the More—a great partie," and so on. He is said to have got as far east as Peking, but this is very doubtful. He seems to have hired out his sword and his healing powers as a physician to different kings and princes, and to have earned, like Dugald Dalgetty, an adventurous livelihood in this way.

¹ *Buth*, southern form of the plural.

² Hence the form *ermine*, the name of the fur of the Armenian rat.

He died at Liège in 1372. His book is not valuable for its descriptions of foreign countries; but it marks a distinct epoch in the history of the language. His stories are full of wonders; and some critics have classed his stories with the fictions of Baron Munchausen. He was for some time in the service of the Soudan of Egypt, "who would have married me full highly to a great prince's daughter, if I would have forsaken my law and my belief." In Egypt, he says, men find the apple-tree of Adam, the fruit of which has a bite out of one side. But it is worthy of note that Mandeville was probably the first man who maintained that the world was round. He came to this conclusion by observing the stars—by noticing for example, that the farther south he went, the lower the plough and the pole-star got in the heavens, and contrariwise. He says: "I tell you certainly that men may go all round the world, as well under as above, and return to their country, if they had company, shipping, and guides."

5. His travels are a kind of guide-book to the Holy Land, and chiefly to Jerusalem, to which he describes four routes; and they contain also a hand-book to the Holy Places. He tells stories of large eagles which carry off elephants in their talons, of castles, and of the wealth of Cathay (Chinese Tartary). Of the Khan of Cathay he says:—

"At the head of the hall, is the emperor's throne, very high, where he sits at meat. It is of fine precious stones, bordered all about with purified gold, and precious stones, and great pearls. And the steps up to the table are of precious stones, mixed with gold. . . . And under the emperor's table sit four clerks, who write all that the emperor says, be it good or evil; for all that he says must be held good, for he may not change his word or revoke it. . . . At great feasts, men bring before the emperor's table great tables of gold, and thereon are peacocks of gold and many other kinds of different fowls, all of gold, and richly wrought and enamelled; and they make them dance and sing, clapping their wings together, and making great noise; and whether it be by craft or by necromancy, I know not, but it is a goodly sight to behold."

6. Sir John Mandeville is often called the "Father of English Prose-Writers." The chief point about his English is the large French element. It was in the fourteenth century that the English language received the maximum supply of French words;

and it was Mandeville, who, of all English writers, introduced on his own individual authority by far the largest number. Probably, about fourteen hundred French words were brought into our language by this writer alone. His writings contain about twelve per cent. of French words. Among those which were introduced by himself are: *abstain, calculation*,¹ *cause, contrary, discover, examine*,² *obstacle, ostrich, quantity, subjection*. It seems difficult to imagine how we could have ever got on without these words. His work seems to have been the most popular book in the fourteenth century and throughout the fifteenth; and Mr. Halliwell says that "of no book, with the exception of the Scriptures, can more MSS. be found." There are nineteen copies in the British Museum, six of which are in English, and few public or large private libraries are without one.

The following are specimens of Mandeville's language and style:—

1. Also within the chirche at the right syde besyde the queer³ of the chirche is the Mount of Calvarye, wher our Lord was don⁴ on the cros. And it is a roche of white colour, and a lytill medled⁵ with red. . . . And upon that roche made Abraham sacrifice to our Lord.

2. Also within the Mount of Calvarie, on the right side, is an Awter, where the piler lyth that oure Lord Jhesu was bounden to whan he was scourged; and there, besyde iiij fote, ben⁶ iiij pilers of ston that always droppen water. And sum seyn that thei wepen for our Lordes deth.

3. Machamete was born in Arabye, that was first a pore knave⁷ that kept cameles that wenten with marchantes for marchandise, and so befell that he went with the marchantes in to Egipt, and thei were thanne Cristene in tho⁸ partyes.

¹ From *calculus*, a pebble. Counting for the Roman bankers was done by slaves, who had fixed numbers of pebbles tied up in bags.

² *Evagminare*; from *ex*, out, and *agmen*, an army on march. Hence the meaning is to *open out the army* for the purpose of review.

³ *Queer*=choir.

⁴ *Do* had, in the fourteenth century, even a larger number of uses than with us. It combined itself with *off*, *on*, *out*, and *up*, into *doff*, *don*, *dout*, and *dup*. "He dupped the door"—he did it up, or *upened* or *op-ened* it. To *dout* is to turn out.

⁵ The French *mêlé* with an intrusive *d*, like the *d* in *sound*, in the *gound*, *drownded*,—of the illiterate classes.

⁶ *Ben* is the Midland plural. *Beth* or *buth* the Southern plural. *Are* is not English, but a Danish importation of the tenth century.

⁷ *Knave*=boy.

⁸ *Tho*=those. The spelling, it should be noted, is still preserved in *those*, which is said to be the plural of *that*.

7. JOHN GOWER was born in the year 1325. He belonged to an old knightly family of Kent. He studied at Merton College, Oxford, and was afterwards called to the bar. He lived chiefly in London. He wrote three poems—the *Speculum Meditantis* (the Mirror of the Thoughtful Man) in French, the *Vox Clamantis* (the Voice of one Crying in the Wilderness) in Latin, and the *Confessio Amantis* (the Lover's Confession) in English. Thus Gower is in the highest degree the representative of the state of knowledge in England at the time. All educated persons knew the three languages. The first two have never been printed. They exist only in manuscript; the last was printed by Caxton in 1483. His sententiousness, or fondness for pithy statements regarding abstract moral points, won for him the title of "moral Gower,"—probably first given to him by his friend Chaucer. His language has a much smaller admixture of French words than Chaucer's. The *Confessio Amantis*, from which the following extract is taken, is simply a collection of stories from many sources—both ancient and modern—Latin, Italian, and French—strung together with little appositeness. The poet defends the old order of things; and the poem on the whole is very dull.

JOHN GOWER.

This olde Eson broght forþ was þo.¹
 Awei sche bad alle oþre go
 Vpon peril þat mihtē falle,
 And wiþ þat word þei wenten alle,
 And leften þere hem tuo al one.
 And þo sche gan to gaspe and gone,²
 And madē signēs many on,
 And seide hir wordēs þerupon;
 So þat wiþ spellinge³ of hir charmes
 Sche tok Eson in boþe hire armes,
 And made him forto slepē faste,
 And him⁴ vpon hire herbēs caste.
 The blakē⁵ wether tho sche tok,
 And hiewh⁶ þe fleissh, as doþ a cok⁷!
 On either aulter part sche leide,
 And wiþ þe charmēs that sche seide
 A fyr doun fro þe sky alyhte,
 And made it forto brennē lyhte.
 Bot whan Medea sawh it brenne,⁸
 Anon sche gan to sterte and renne,

The fyri aulters al aboute.
 Ther was no bestë which goþ oute
 More wyldë, þan sche semeþ þer.
 About hir schuldres hyng hir her,
 As þogh sche were out of hir mynde
 And tornëd in⁹ an oþer kinde.
 Tho lay þer certein wodë¹⁰ cleft,
 Of which þe pieces now and eft¹¹
 She made hem in þe pettës¹² wette,
 And putte hem in þe fyri hete,
 And tok þe brond wiþ al þe blase,
 And þriës sche began to rase¹³
 Aboute Eson, þer as he slepte.
 And eft wiþ water, which sche kepte,
 Sche made a cercle aboute him þriës,¹⁴
 And eft wiþ fyr of sulphre twyes ;
 Ful many an oþer þing sche dede,
 Which is noght writen in þis stede.¹⁵
 Bot þo sche ran so up and down,
 Sche made many a wonder soun¹⁶ ;
 Somtime lich vnto þe cock,
 Sometime vnto þe lauerock.¹⁷
 Somtime kacleþ as an hen,
 Somtime spekeþ as don þe men.
 And riht so as hir iargoun strangeþ,¹⁸
 In sondri wise hir formë changeþ,
 Sche semeþ faie¹⁹ and no womman.
 For wiþ þe craftës þat sche can
 Sche was, as who seiþ,²⁰ a góddesse ;
 And what hir listë, more or lesse,
 Sche dede, in þe bokes as we finde,
 That passeþ ouer mannes kinde ;
 But who þat wole of wondrës hiere,
 What þing sche wroghte in þis matiere,
 To make an ende of þat sche gan,
 Such merueile herdë neuere man.

Confessio Amantis. (See p. 82.)

8. JOHN BARBOUR was born in the year 1316; he was probably of Norman descent, from his name. He rose to be Archdeacon of Aberdeen. Long after middle age, he studied both at Oxford and at the University of Paris. His greatest poem is THE BRUCE. It is

written in lines of four accents, and from eight to nine syllables (iambic tetrameter, or $4x a$). It contains about 12,500 lines, and relates the events of twenty-five years of Robert Bruce's eventful life. The English of the poem differs very little from the English of Chaucer. Barbour makes the present participle in *and*, where Chaucer makes it in *ing*; but both poets have in some passages used both forms.—It may be necessary to give here, once for all, a warning against the use of the term *Scotch language*. Scotch at all times was no less English (or Saxon) than Chaucer, or Gower, or Mandeville's English is. It is a dialect of the English language, nearer to the East Midland dialect, in which Chaucer wrote, than the dialect of Northumberland or Yorkshire now is. It is a still greater blunder to confound Scotch with Gaelic. The one is a Teutonic, the other a Celtic language. An almost similar historical phenomenon has taken place in four western countries—France, England, Scotland, and Ireland. The purely Celtic population in these countries, has been gradually edged off to the west, and hemmed in by a hard and fast line, along with their language; and this language is gradually dying out. Such is the case with the French (who are to some extent Teutons), and the Brétons of Brittany, who speak Brézouec or Armorican; with the English and the Welsh; with the Lowlanders and the Gaels of Scotland; and with the Normans and Scotch and the Erse of Ireland.—THE BRUCE is the only poem of the fourteenth century which can for a moment be compared with the writings of Chaucer. Gower and Langlande are decidedly dull; but Barbour's lines have now and again fire and spirit, and a certain manly rhythm and native power. The following, from the conclusion of his account of the Battle of Bannockburn, is one of his best passages:—

Then micht men hear enseignies¹ cry
 And Scottis men cry hardily,
 On them! On them! On them! They fail!
 With that sa hard they can assail,
 And slew all that they might ower ta²;

¹ *Enseignier*, standard-bearer.

² *Ta*=take. *Over-ta*=overtake. The hard *k* at the end of a word often vanishes in Scotland, as the hard *g* in England. Thus *dag* became *day*; and *sorje*, *sorwe*, and then *sorrow*; *morge*, *morwe*, *morrow*; etc.

And the Scottis archers alsua¹
 Shot amang them sa deliverly²
 Engrievand them sa greatumly,³
 That, what for them that with them faught
 That swa great routés to them wraught,⁴
 And pressit them ful eagurly ;
 And what for arrows that felly
 Mony great woundés gan them ma,⁵
 And slew fast of their horse alsua,
 That thei wandyst⁶ a lytel wey ;
 They drad sa greatly than to dey
 That their covine⁷ was wer and wer ;
 For they that fechtand⁸ with them war
 Set hardiment and strength and will
 And heart and courage als, thertill⁹ !
 And al their main, and al their might,
 To put them fully to the flight.

9. The author of the *Vision concerning Piers the Ploughman*, commonly called *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, was probably ROBERT or WILLIAM LANGLANDE, a secular priest, of whose life little or nothing is known. The poem was published—that is to say, copies in manuscript began to be made—in or about the year 1362. Langlande is also the author of two other poems called *The Creed of Piers the Plowman* (1385), and *The Complaint of Piers the Plowman* (1399). The first poem is an allegory regarding the state of England. Peter the Ploughman is supposed to fall asleep on the Malvern Hills, and in a dream to see gathered before him in a field representatives from every class and rank of English society. A lovely lady, who announces herself as Holy Church, explains to him the dream, and the different purposes aimed at in their political games by the king, the noble, and the priest. The poem especially attacks the abuses of the Church, and the vices of the monastic orders. In the second poem,

¹ *Alsua*=also. ² *Deliverly*, quickly, cleverly.

³ *Greatumly*, greatly.

⁴ *Wraught routes*, worked rout, *i.e.*, put them to rout.

⁵ *Ma*=make. ⁶ *Wandyst*, recoiled.

⁷ *Covine was wer and wer*=their combination was worse and worse, *i.e.*, thy closed up in rank with less and less quickness.

⁸ *Fechtand*=fighting.

⁹ *Thertill*=thereto. *Till* is in Old English applied to space, but now only to time. "He went till London."

Piers the Plowman is himself the subject, as an agricultural labourer; and the author now attacks the doctrines of the Church, from the point of view of a disciple of Wiclif. The third poem is a mere fragment; and its subject is entirely political. The Government of the day tried hard to put down both of the two last poems. These books were first printed in the year 1550, and became, from that time till the end of the sixteenth century, extremely popular; and their popularity gave material aid to the spread of the principles of the Reformation. Robert Crowley, "dwelling in Ely Rentes in Holburne," brought out three editions in one year.

10. The verse in which these poems are written is alliterative verse. They are the last specimens of any importance of this kind of verse in the language; and they are among the most perfect. The verse is to be counted by accents. The first or longer line of the couplet contains generally three accents, and the second line two. The first line has also two alliterating words, and the second one, which alliterates to the former two. Thus, the first lines of the Vision are:

In a summer season
When soft was the sun,
I shoop¹ me into shrowdës²
As I a shep³ were.

The poem contains more than fourteen thousand verses. The fashion of writing alliterative verse continued into the fifteenth century, and down even into the sixteenth. But, in Shakspeare's time, it was a mere literary amusement or accomplishment among educated women; and he ridicules it in several of his plays. The following extract is from the VISION:

PIERS THE PLOWMAN.

Passus Quintus de Visione.

De kyng and his knihtes · to þe churche wenten
To heere Matyns and Masse · and to þe Mete aftur.
Denne Wakede I of my wink¹ · me² was wo wip alle
Dat I nedde⁴ sadloker⁵ I-slept · and I-sege more.

¹ Shoop=shaped, *i.e.*, put myself into.

² Shrowdes, clothes. The word originally meant any kind of clothes; and we still have this meaning in the *shrouds of a ship*.

³ Shep=shepherd.

Er I a ffurlong hedde i-fare · a ffeyntise⁶ me hente,
 Dat fforþer mighti⁷ not afote · for defaute of Sleep.
 I sat softeliche a-doun · and seide my beoleeve,⁸
 And so I blaberde on my Beodes⁹ · þat brouhte me a-slepe.
 Den sauh I mucche more · þen I beofore tolde,
 For I sauh þe ffeld ful of ffolk · þat ich¹⁰ of bi-fore of schewede,
 And Conscience wiþ a crois · com for to preche.
 He preidë þe peple · have pitë of hem-selue,
 And preuede¹¹ þat þis pestilences · weore for puire¹² synne,
 And þis souþ-westerne wynt · on a Seterday at euen
 Was aperteliche¹³ for pruide · and for no poynt ellës.
 Piries and Plomtres¹⁴ · weore passchet¹⁵ to þe grounde
 In ensauple to men · þat we scholde do þe bettere.
 Beches and brode okes¹⁶ · weore blowen to þe eorþe,¹⁷
 And turned vpward þe tayl · in toknyng of drede¹⁸
 þat dedly Synne or¹⁹ domesday · schulde fordon²⁰ hem alle.

Langlande.

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER IV.

1. Turn the passage on p. 8, from Wiclif, into modern English.
2. Prepare the passage from John de Trevisa.
3. Copy the passage from Sir John Mandeville, and underline the words which have come to us from the French.
4. Prepare the passage on p. 77, from John Gower, with the help of the following notes:—
 1. *Then*. 2. *Gone*=*yawn*. The *g* at the beginning of a word was softened into *y*, as in *gif*, *yif*, and then disappeared, as in *if*. 3. *Reciting*—or *uttering spells*. To *spell* is to go over or recite (each letter). 4. *Him upon*=*upon him*. 5. *Black*. 6. *Hewed*. The *w* in the verb to *hew* represents an old guttural sound, which we still have in *hack*—a hard Northern form of *hew*. 7. *Cook*. 8. *Burn*. The old *r* generally united itself with the first letter of the word or syllable, but afterwards fell away. Compare *brid*, *bird*; *turn*, *trundle*; *form*, *fromage*. 9. *Into*. 10. *Wood cleft*, or *cut*. 11. *Now and after*=*now and again*. 12. *Pots*. 13. *Run*. 14. *Thries*—the possessive of *three*. 15. *Place*. So *instead*=*in place of*; *homestead*, *bedstead*, etc. 16. *Soun*, the right form; the *d* is intrusive, as in *dwindle*, *swound*, *ground*, *drownded*. 17. *Laverock*, contracted into *lark*. The old form *laverock* is still used in Scotland. 18. *Becomes more and more strange*. *Strange* is a Latin word which has come to us through the French. These are the steps: *extra*; *extraneus*; *estrange*; *etrange*; *stranger*. 19. *Fay*, or *fairy*. 20. *As who should say*.
5. Select from the above passage all the words which are French or Latin, such as *peril*, *signes*, etc.
6. Select from it all the English words which now exist in a different form.

7. Turn the first half into modern English verse, using new rhymes wherever that is necessary.

8. Turn the passage from Barbour into modern English verse.

9. Prepare the passage from *Piers the Plowman* by the help of the following notes:—

1. *Sleep*. Compare the phrase *forty winks*. 2. The dative. 3. It was wo to me withal that I had not slept sounder. 4. *Nedde*=*ne hadde*=*had not*. 5. Connected with *sad*, which originally meant *close-set*. Wiclif talks of a stone with a close and set grain as a *sad stone*. 6. Faintness. 7. The *I* in the 14th century was not always written with a capital. (The Germans and French still write *ich* and *je*). It had also three forms: *i*, *ic*, and *ich*, which corresponded to the different dialects and refinements of speech in the island. The Southern English early got rid of the guttural *ch*, and many of them cannot now sound it at all. 8. *Belief*=*creed*. 9. *Beads*. The word originally meant *prayers* (and it still does in Germany). Hence, the words *bedesman*, *beadle*. 10. *That I formerly showed*. 11. *Proved*. So Chaucer has *cheese* and *leese* for *choose* and *lose*. 12. *Pure*. The author here refers to the three great pestilences ("The Black Death") which occurred in the reign of Edward III., one in 1348-9; the second in 1361-2; the third in 1369. 13. *Openly*. 14. *Pears and plum-trees*. 15. *Pushed or dashed*. 16. *Oaks*. 17. *Earth*. 18. *In token*. The word *token* is a noun from *teach*, which was once pronounced hard. 19. *Ere*. 20. *Undo*. The prefix *for* generally has a negative meaning; here it has an intensive="done up." Compare Shakspeare,—

All with weary task fordone.

So in *forlorn*. But it has a negative force in *get*, *forget*; *bid*, *forbid*; *swear*, *forswear*; *go*, *forgo* (=go without, usually spelled *forego*).

10. Select from the above passage the words which are now obsolete.

11. Select the forms or inflections which are now obsolete.

12. Select the words of French origin; and give their number, and proportion to the number of English words.

13. Give the modern equivalents of the following words:—

(a) ffeyntise	(e) crois	(i) tokyning
(b) hente	(f) preidö	(j) or
(c) defaute	(g) aperteiche	(k) schulde
(d) beoleeve	(h) ensauple	(l) fordon

14. Write out the alliterative letters in the first ten lines, thus:—

1) *k*; 2) *m*; 3) *w*; 4) *s*; etc.

15. Write out the alliterative letters in the last half.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER IV.

1. Mention the three greatest prose-writers contemporary with Chaucer. 2. The three greatest poets. 3. Where was Wiclif born? 4. When? 5. Where did he study? 6. Where was his parish? 7. Where did he finish

his translation of the Bible? 8. Who assisted him? 9. When was Trevisa born? 10. What work did he translate? 11. What does he say about *English*? 12. Where was Sir John Mandeville born? 13. When? 14. How long was he away from England? 15. In how many languages did he write his travels? 16. Of what profession was he? 17. Where did he die? 18. When? 19. What geographical discovery did he anticipate? 20. What is the chief point about his English? 21. How many French words did he introduce? 22. Mention some. 23. When was Gower born? 24. In how many languages did he write? 25. Mention the title of his English poem. 26. Of his French poem. 27. Of his Latin poem. 28. How many of these were printed? 29. When? 30. When was John Barbour born? 31. What is the name of his poem? 32. In what metre is it written? 33. What is *Scotch*? 34. What phenomenon has taken place in France, England, Scotland, and Ireland? 35. What language is spoken by the Bretons? 36. By the Scotch Highlanders? 37. By the Celtic Irish? 38. Who wrote *Piers Plowman*? 39. When was the poem published? 40. What is its subject? 41. In what kind of verse is it written? 42. What opinion had Shakspeare of this kind of verse?



TABLE OF LITERATURE.
THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

WRITERS.	WORKS.	DATES.	DECADES.
			1st.
Occleve . . .	Poems	1419.	2nd.
Lydgate . . .	Poems	1429.	3rd.
James I. . . .	The King's Quhair.	d. 1437.	4th.
			5th.
			6th.
Blind Harry .	The Wallace . . .	1460.	7th.
			8th.
The Prestons . Mallory . . .	Paston Letters . History of King Arthur	1482. 1485.	9th.
Caxton . . .	Various works edit- ed, written, and printed by Caxton	1492.	10th.



CHAPTER V.

FROM CHAUCER TO SPENSER.

1. **F**ROM the death of Chaucer in 1400, down to the birth of Edmund Spenser in 1552,—that is, for a century and a half,—there is no man of genius in England to carry on the work of original thought either in prose or in verse. The greatest names in verse are James I. of Scotland, Surrey, and Wyatt. The greatest name in prose is William Caxton, the printer. But, though there were few great writers, there were many great events; and the greatest of these were the introduction of printing into England, and, greatest of all, what is called the Revival of Learning. The first printing press was erected in the Sanctuary, Westminster, by Caxton, in the year 1474.

The revival of learning is closely connected with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, and the consequent emigration of the learned Greeks who resided there. Constantinople was taken in 1453,

and a large number of Greek scholars settled in Italy, with their libraries of manuscripts. Up to that time, the Greek language and literature were unknown in the West of Europe; and even great universities like Bologna, Paris, and Oxford, had no teacher or professor of Greek. The two men who most ardently promoted learning in Italy in the fifteenth century were Pope Nicholas V. and Cosmo de Medicis, the ruler of Florence. Grocyn was the first man who taught Greek in England; and he lectured in Baliol College, Oxford.

2. There are two disciples of Chaucer who probably deserve to be mentioned here, and these are Thomas Occleve and John Lydgate. THOMAS OCCLEVE was born in the year 1370, and was the friend and

disciple of Chaucer. He is said to have been a very dull writer; and it is quite unnecessary to quote from him. JOHN LYDGATE, a monk of Bury St. Edmunds, commonly known as Dan John of Bury, was born in 1374 and died in 1460. He was a very prolific and fluent writer, and could produce rhymes to order in any number. His writings are not without spirit, but they need only be mentioned in a survey of English literature. He added the *Story of Thebes* to the Canterbury Tales; but it is not now included in that collection.

3. JAMES THE FIRST, of Scotland, the best poet of the fifteenth century, was born in 1394 and died in 1437. In 1405, when only eleven years old, he was taken prisoner by the English, while on his way to France to be educated. Henry IV. and his successors detained him a prisoner for nineteen years; and most of his time was spent in Windsor Castle. One day, looking out of the Round Tower, in which he was confined, he saw walking in the garden a beautiful lady—Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and therefore granddaughter of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford, the sister-in-law of Chaucer. He fell in love with her, and married her in 1424. His poem of the

King's Quhair

(Quire, or Book) has her for its subject. It was written in the nineteenth and the last year of his captivity in England. It uses the seven line stanza which Chaucer has employed in the Man of Lawes Tale and other poems. This stanza is commonly called the *rhyme royal*, and is believed to have received this name from its employment by James. The following stanzas show that his verses are as accurate and regular as Chaucer's, while, perhaps, his style is clearer:—

Now there was made, fast by the tourës wall,
 A garden fair, and in the corner set
 Ane herber¹ green, with wandës long and small
 Railëd about; and so with treës set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,²
 That lifë³ was none walking there forby,⁴
 That might within scarce any wight espy.

¹ *Herber*, arbour.

² *Knet*, knit. From the same root come *knot* and *net* (formerly spelled *knet*).

³ *Lifë*, living thing.

⁴ *Forby*, past.

So thick the bewës¹ and the leavës green,
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
 And middës² every herber might be seen
 The sharpë, greenë, swetë juniper,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That, as it seemëd to a life³ without,
 The bewës spread the herber all about.

From the above extract, it is plain that James, like Chaucer, sounded the final *e*, or not, just as it suited his verse.

4. WILLIAM CAXTON was born in the Weald⁴ of Kent in the year 1412. He was a merchant and citizen of London, and when past middle age had occasion to pay frequent visits to the Low Countries, a general name for what is now called Belgium. When in Germany he became acquainted with the new art of printing, and quickly noticed its capacity for reproducing books much more rapidly and cheaply than the manuscripts of the day could be brought out. He seems to have set up his first printing press in Bruges in 1468, and to have removed to Cologne in 1471. But it was not till thirty years after the Germans had discovered the art of printing (that is, of using movable types),—it was not until the year 1474, that the first printed book appeared in England. This was

“The Game and Playe of the Chesse,”

which was “finished the last day of March, 1474.” His press was situated in the Almonry, near Westminster Abbey. “The predominant spirit of the age was still a mixture of devotion and romance;” and the books printed by Caxton were chiefly story books and religious books. But he also printed the works of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate. Between 1471 and 1491 he printed more than sixty-three books. Most of them were translations from French or from Latin; and many of these were executed by himself. He also brought out in 1485 a new edition, “modernised,” or rewritten by himself, of Trevisa’s translation of the Polychro-

¹ *Bewes*, boughs. The endings *w*, *gh*, and *y* may, any one of them, stand for an old hard *g*.

² *Middës*, in the middle of. ³ *Life*, living person.

⁴ The word *weald* is a Southern form of *wold*, which is a Northern form of the Midland word *wood*. The tendency of an *l* to vanish, first to the ear, and then to the eye, is seen in *would* and in *such* (= *solich*).

nicon of Higden. And it is a fact worthy of special notice—that between 1350 and 1485 the English language had changed so much that the old version of John de Trevisa was almost unintelligible. A parallel case would be, if the poems of Pope could not be understood by educated readers of the present day. In fact, the vocabulary of the English language was changing; it was becoming extremely Latinised, and the genuine English words of Trevisa were falling into forgetfulness. Mr. Marsh mentions that Caxton's *Game of the Chesse*, contains three times as many French words as the *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory. Although Caxton was about fifty when he began to be a printer, he translated or wrote matter sufficient to fill twenty-five octavo volumes.

5. SIR THOMAS MALORY'S *Morte d'Arthur* is the collection of stories out of which Tennyson has drawn the incidents for his *Idylls of the King*. "It treteth," Caxton says, "of the byrth, lyf, and actes of the sayd Kyng Arthur, of hys noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, their marvayllous enquestes and adventures."¹ Another interesting production of the fifteenth century is the *Paston Letters*. They are the correspondence of a knightly family during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., and cover the space between 1422 and 1483. The style of the correspondents—all educated persons—is singularly modern; and they are full of valuable details regarding the domestic manners and ways of thinking and living in the fifteenth century.

6. The poems of WYATT and SURREY mark a new epoch in English poetical literature. Their studies in Dante, Petrarch, and other Italian poets, induced in them a greater correctness, smoothness, polish, and precision of form; and they had the merit of introducing new metres into the English language. These two may fairly be regarded as the forerunners of the great Elizabethan age. SIR THOMAS WYATT was born in 1503, and died in 1541. He was chiefly engaged in diplomacy; and he died of a fever in France. He is the more vigorous writer of the two. HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, was born in 1517, and was executed by Henry VIII., in 1547. His ostensible crime was the blazoning of the royal arms along with his own; but he is believed to have been engaged in a conspiracy against

¹ The best edition is published by Macmillan & Co

Henry VIII. His execution was the last political act of that king. It is to Surrey that we owe the introduction of

The Sonnet and Blank Verse.

Both forms he imported from Italy. He translated the first and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid* into blank verse. The following sonnet is a fair specimen of Surrey's style:—

The soote season, that bud and bloom¹ forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill and eke² the vale.
 The nightingale³ with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her make⁴ hath told her tale.
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
 The hart hath hung his old head⁵ on the pale⁶;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
 The fishes fleet⁷ with new repair'd scale⁸;
 The adder⁹ all her slough away she flings;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
 The busy bee her honey now she mings¹⁰;
 Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

7. JOHN SKELTON, who was born in 1460, and died in 1529, was a fluent versifier, but can hardly be considered a poet. He studied at both universities, was appointed tutor to the young Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, and was made Rector of Diss, in Norfolk. He attacked Cardinal Wolsey with great vigour and coarseness in his rhymes, and was obliged to take refuge from the Cardinal's animosity in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, where

¹ *Bloom*, a contracted form of *blossom*, from the verb *blow*.

² *Eke*, the narrow and hard English form of the word which appears in German with a broad and guttural sound in *auch*.

³ The *n* in *nightingale* (as in *porringer* etc.), is intrusive. The word comes from *aalan* to sing; and in modern English it appears as *yell*.

⁴ *Make*=*match* or partner. ⁵ *I.e.*, shed his horns. ⁶ *Pale*, paling.

⁷ *Fleet*, float. Hence a *fleet* is a number of ships that float together.

⁸ *Scale*, any covering. It is a hard form of the word *shell*. The same root is found in *skull* and *scallop*.

⁹ The proper form is *nadder*. But the word has given up its *n* to the indefinite article *a*; *an adder* being printed by mistake for a *nadder*. The same mistake has happened in *apron*, which should be a *naperon* (*nap* as in *napkin*). The opposite error is found in *a nag* and *a newt*.

¹⁰ *Ming*—the original word. *Mingle* is the diminutive, like *shuffle* from *shove*.

he died. The animal spirits and rapid flow of his verses—he calls them himself “breathlesse rimes”—made them popular; but, with a few exceptions, they are poor stuff. The following is from his satire against Wolsey, entitled “Why come ye not to Court?”

But this mad Amalek,
Like to a Mamelek,¹
He regardeth lords
No more than potshords;
He is in such elation
Of his exaltation
And the supportation
Of our sovereign² lord,
Etc., etc., etc.

His non-political verses are much more pleasant.

8. By far the greatest name in the first half of the sixteenth century is SIR THOMAS MORE. Thomas More was born in 1480, in Milk Street, Cheapside,³ in the city of London, and just a hundred and fifty-two years after the birth of Chaucer. He was educated at St. Anthony's School, in Cheapside; and Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, said of him, “There is but one wit⁴ in England, and that is young Thomas More.” At the age of fifteen he was received as page into the house of John Morton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sent him to Oxford. There he studied Greek under Grocyn, who first taught Greek in England, and formed a friendship with the great Erasmus. After leaving the University, he had a strong wish to turn monk, and he became a lay-brother of the Carthusian Monastery in the city of London. But he afterwards became a member of Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bar, and was appointed lecturer in Furnival's Inn. He was so successful as a lawyer, that it came to be generally said in London that no suit

¹ Mameluke.

² This is one of the misspellings of the English language. The derivation is from the Latin *supremus*, through the French *souverain*. Milton always spells it *sovrain*. The word *reign* has attracted it into the bad spelling. So the influence of the Greek word *rhythm* has changed the word *rime* into *rhyme*.

³ *Cheapside* was the street which ran along the side of the city *cheap* (or market). Milk Street marks the quarter where milk was sold; Bread Street (where Milton was born) stands opposite to it.

⁴ Man of ability. The use of the word to denote the power of saying odd or epigrammatic things does not occur till the eighteenth century.

could have a successful issue without Thomas More. His practice at this time brought him an income equal to about £10,000 a year of our money. He was appointed Under-Sheriff of London, went into the House of Commons, and finally became Speaker of the House. On the accession of Henry VIII., he was appointed successively Treasurer to the Exchequer, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and lastly, Lord High Chancellor, in the room of Cardinal Wolsey. More was the first lay¹ Lord Chancellor of England. But, feeling it his duty to protest against the marriage of the king with Anne Bullen, he resigned the Great Seal in 1532, and retired to his country house in Chelsea, which was then a pretty village on the banks of the Thames. The king had made up his mind to have a public acknowledgment that he was right; and in 1534 he invented an oath, to be taken by all the king's servants, declaring his marriage with Catherine of Arragon invalid. This oath was taken by all present and past servants of the king, except Sir Thomas More and Fisher, the Bishop of Worcester. They were arrested, and thrown into the Tower. More was tried at Westminster for treason, by the king's orders, though he had left the king's service, and was beheaded on the 6th of July, 1535. He went gaily to the scaffold, making kindly and pleasant remarks to every one around him. When his head was on the block, he asked for a moment's delay to move aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut; that has not committed treason." He was a typical Englishman of the best and highest kind: serious and God-fearing in his heart, gay and full of humour, and courteous to both rich and poor; sternly just and upright. He was a thoroughly religious man; and his religion touched all his actions, and made his feeling of duty permanent and thorough-going. As Chancellor, the business of his court was despatched with a speed hitherto unknown; bribery ceased; the sternest impartiality was shown in his decisions; and, unlike Wolsey, he could be approached by all, even the poorest and the meanest. He was a good son, too. His father lived to be senior puisne judge of the King's Bench, and to see his son Lord High Chancellor. "Every day during term time, before the Chancellor began business in his

¹ The theory of this post is that the High Chancellor is the keeper of the king's conscience. But, as the king is the head of the Church, the keeper must be a priest. The word *chancellor* comes from *cancer*, a crab—*cancelli*, little crabs—but applied to the lattice work in front of the Chancellor's seat.

own court, he went into the court of King's Bench, and, kneeling before his father, asked and received his blessing." He was a good husband. He suffered much from the bad temper of his wife, which he always turned aside by a joke. She did her best to induce him to take the oath, and to come out of prison—"Thousands of others better than he had done it." But what thousands of others had done was no guide or measure for More. That he was a good father is shown by the love which his daughter Margaret Roper bore him. His head was fixed upon London Bridge, where it remained a fortnight; but his eldest daughter bribed one of the bridge-keepers, got the head removed from the pole, had it lowered to her as she was passing in a boat under London Bridge, carried it off with her, and, when she died, the head was buried with her in her coffin.

9. Thomas More's chief work in English is the "Life and Reign of Edward V.," the materials for which were given him by his friend, Archbishop Morton. Hallam calls it "the first example of good English language, pure and perspicuous, well chosen, without vulgarisms or pedantry." To understand this judgment of Hallam's we must remember:—

(a) That the fifteenth century was a century chiefly of translation from Latin or French.

(b) That the learned class wrote chiefly in Latin, and hence the English language was not cultivated so much as it ought to have been.

(c) That the sixteenth century was the time of pedantic quotation, many books being crammed with Latin quotations, often more numerous than the original matter.

The work by which Thomas More is best known, however, is his *UTOPIA*—written in Latin. *Utopia* is a Greek word, which means *nowhere*.¹ The subject of the book is an ideal republic. Utopia is an island, crescent-shaped, and two hundred miles long. It has fifty-four towns all alike; and there are no taverns and no lawyers. The fashions never change, and no jewellery or fine clothes are worn after childhood. No one desires any other quality in his clothing than that of durability; and, since wants are few, no man needs to work more than six hours a day. The rich do not hunt, but leave

¹ From *οὐ*, not, and *τόπος*, a place. We have the same word in *topic*, *topography*, etc.

hunting to the butchers. The glory of a general—for there is war even there—is in proportion to the fewness of the slain in a victory. Gold and precious stones are not cared for. Criminals are not punished with death; they are made slaves, wear a peculiar dress, have the tips of their ears cut off, and are hired out to work. If, however, they desert, they are executed. All religious opinions are tolerated.

The following is an extract from his history. (It ought to be stated that Shakspeare follows his character of Richard III., and has drawn many things from him.)

RICHARD III.

Richarde, the thirde¹ sonne of Richarde, Duke of York, was in witte² and corage³ egall with his two brothers, in bodye and prouesse⁴ farre vnder them bothe, little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlye,⁵ in other men otherwise. He was malicious, wrathful, envious, and ever frowarde.⁶ . . . None evill captaine was he in the warre, as to whiche his disposicion was more metely⁷ than for peace. Sundry victories hadde hee, and sommetime⁸ overthrowes, but never in defaulte as⁹ for his own parson,¹⁰ either of hardinesse¹¹ or polytike order;¹² free was hee called of dyspence,¹³ and somewhat above his power liberall. With large giftes hee gat him unsted-

¹ Ought to be *thridde*, from three. The *r* has been transposed, as in *turn*, *trundle*.

² Ability.

³ *Corage* in Chaucer means simply *heart*. The same meaning is to be found in the phrase, "He has not the heart to do it." Here, in More, in the sixteenth century, it receives the modern meaning.

⁴ Old French *prou*, from Latin *probus*, good. Hence *probity*.

⁵ Warlike.

⁶ *Frowarde*, inclined *from* the right. A *toward* boy is a boy inclined to his work.

⁷ *Metely* = meet. Hence *mate*, from the verb *to meet*.

⁸ The words *time*, *year*, *month*, *night*, *stone*, *pound*, etc., were not pluralised in Old English.

⁹ *As* = as far as his own person was concerned.

¹⁰ Chaucer and other old writers spell *person* as *parson*, and *parson* as *person*.

He was a poorē persone of a toun.

¹¹ Courage. Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, was called *Le Hardi*.

¹² Clever arrangement.

¹³ From *dispend*. But the *s* belongs to the *dis*; and our word *spend* ought to be *pend*. A similar blunder has occurred in the name De Spenser. It was originally *Dispensers*—in the sense of stewards. The *Di* came to be regarded as the French *De*; and the word was cut down into *Spenser*.

faste frendeshippe, for which he was fain to pyl¹ and spoyle in othere places, and get him stedfast hatred. He was close and secrete,² a deepe dissimuler,³ lowlye of counteynaunce, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable⁴ where he inwardely hated, not lettyng⁵ to kisse whom he thoughte to kyll; dispitious⁶ and cruell, not for evill will alway, but after⁷ for ambicion, and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate.⁸ Frende and foo was muche what⁹ indifferent where his advantage grew; he spared¹⁰ no man's deathe, whose life withstode his purpose. He slewe¹¹ with his owne handes King Henry the Sixt, being¹² prisoner in the Tower, as menne constantly saye, and that withoute commaundement or knowledge of the king, which¹³ woulde vndoubtedly, yf he had entended that thinge, have appointed that boocherly office to some other then his owne borne brother.

10. In an age of translation, it may perhaps be well to note the best. This is probably the translation of Froissart's Chronicles by Lord Berners. John Bouchier, Lord Berners, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Governor of Calais. His translation was undertaken at the request of the king, and was published in 1523. Lord Berners was an educated man, a courtier, and a man of the world, and wrote easy, unpedantic English. Mr. Marsh says: "This translation is doubtless the best English prose style which had yet appeared." The book itself is one of the most interesting in the English language.

11. ROGER ASCHAM is a writer of some respectability. He was Latin Secretary to Queen Mary, and afterwards, oddly enough,

¹ Hence the noun *village*.

² One of those double phrases so common in English, like "last will and testament," "acknowledge and confess," "dissemble nor cloke," etc.

³ *Dissembler*. The *b* has been inserted between the two liquids *m* and *l*.

⁴ *Companionable*. The word has various derivations. From *panis*, bread; and therefore = those who eat bread together; or from *pagus*, a district, and hence *compagani* = those from the same part of the country; or from *pannus*, a banner.

⁵ Omitting or delaying. ⁶ *Dispitious* = without pity.

⁷ For the *after* results, which were to help on his ambition.

⁸ For the securing or for the raising of his position.

⁹ Compare *somewhat*. The use of *much* here is like that in the common phrase *much of a muchness*.

¹⁰ The modern phrase is *spare his life*; but the above is quite correct.

¹¹ *Slew* from *slay*. The old word is *slag-en*. A final *g* becomes in modern English either a *y* or a *w*.

¹² *Being* = while he was.

¹³ *Which* = who. So "Our Father *which* art in heaven."

Tutor and Secretary to Queen Elizabeth. He was born in 1515. His *Schoolmaster* was not published till 1570, two years after his death. The following passage from it is well known:—

One example, whether love or feare doth worke more in a child for¹ vertue and learning, I will gladlie report; which may be hard with some pleasure, and folowed with more profit.

Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodegate (*Bradgate*) in Lecestershire, to take my leave of that noble Ladie Jane Grey, to whome I was exceding moch beholdinge.² Hir parentes, the Duke and the Duches, with all the household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke. I founde her, in her Chamber, reading Phaedon Platonis in Greeke, and that with as much delite,³ as som jentleman would read a merie tale in Bocase.⁴ After salutation, and dewtie done, with some other taulke, I asked hir whic she wold leese⁵ soch pastime in the Parke? Smiling, she answered me: I wisse,⁶ all their s-porte in the Parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure that I finde in Plato. Alas! good folke, they never felt what trewe pleasurement. And howe came you, madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieffie allure you unto it; seinge not many women but verie fewe men, have atteined thereunto? I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will mervell at. One of the greatest benefites that ever God gave me is, that he sente me so sharpe and severe Parentes, and so jentle a Scholemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speke, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go. eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowying,⁷ plaiying, dauncing, or doing anie thing els; I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, measure, and number, even so perfiklie, as God made the world; or els I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie⁸ some tymes with pinches, nippes, and bobbes,⁹ and other waies which I will not name for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered,¹⁰ that I thinke my selfe in hell, til tyme cum that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who techeth me so jentlie, so

¹ For. Connect with *work*; then *work for* = promote.

² *Beholdinge*, indebted. We still say *beholden*.

³ *Delite*. The correct spelling; the introduction of the *gh* is a blunder. The combination *gh* can only exist in purely English words; but *delight* comes from the Latin *delectari*. So Spenser has the false archaism *spight*, instead of *spite*, from *dépit*.

⁴ *Bocase* = Boccaccio.

⁵ *Leese* = lose. So Chaucer has *cheese* for *choose*. It seems to have been the Midland form. *Wold leese* = was willing to lose.

⁶ *I wisse*, an erroneous way of writing *ywis*, which is the Old English for *certainly*, like the German *gewiss*.

⁷ *Sowying* = sewing.

⁸ *Presentlie* = immediately.

⁹ *Bobbes* = cuffs.

¹⁰ *Misordered* = ill treated.

plesantlie, with soch faire allurements to lerning, that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping,¹ because what soever I do els, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, feare, and whole misliking.² And thus my boke hath bene so moch my pleasure, and bryngeth dayly to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it³ all other pleasures, in verie deede, be but trifles and troubles unto me. I remember this talke gladly, both bicause it is so worthy of memorie, and bicause also, it was the last talke that ever I had, and the last tyme that ever I saw that noble and worthie ladie.

12. WILLIAM TYNDALE is the most important writer of prose of the sixteenth century. He has done more to shape and to fix our language in its present form, than any single writer between Chaucer and Shakspeare. Tyndale was born in 1484 at North Nibley, in Gloucestershire. His childhood was spent at Oxford; and he afterwards became a graduate of that University. After leaving, he was employed as tutor to the children of Sir John Walch of Little Sodbury, in his native county. But the too free expression of his anti-Popish opinions compelled him to resign. He found a refuge for a short time in the house of Alderman Humphrey Monmouth, of the city of London, who made him an allowance of £10 a year. With this income, which would carry him as far as £100 in our day, he travelled into Germany. Here he met and conversed with Luther, with whose belief that the Scriptures were not the exclusive property of the Church, but ought to be in the hands of the people, he cordially agreed. He began his translation of the New Testament at Hamburg, and finished it at Antwerp. It was probably printed at Wittenberg in 1526; and the copies were smuggled into England. He then translated the Five Books of Moses, an edition of which was published in 1530. He revised his New Testament at Antwerp in 1534; and hundreds of copies were poured into England. The translator's brother and two others were sentenced for distributing copies to pay a fine of £18,840 0s. 10d. (an impossible sum for private persons to pay), to ride with their faces to their horses' tails to Cheapside, and to

¹ *On weeping* = a weeping. *On* in Old English is written *an*; and this combines easily with such words as *building*, *shore*, *loft* (air), etc., into *a-building*, *ashore*, *aloft*, etc.: "While the ark was a preparing."

² *Whole misliking* = thorough disgust.

³ In comparison with it.

witness the burning of their books from the platform of the pillory. Tyndale himself was in 1535 arrested under a warrant of the Emperor Francis at Antwerp, and thrown into prison. He was kept a close prisoner at the castle of Vilvorde, near Brussels, for eighteen months; was brought to Antwerp in 1536, tried, condemned, led to the stake, strangled, and burnt. And at that very time, the king's printer in London (for Henry VIII. had just quarrelled with the pope) was printing the first edition of his New Testament. Tyndale's last words were, "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" and his prayer was granted while he was speaking. Mr. Marsh says of his work: "Tyndale's translation of the New Testament is the most important philological monument of the first half of the sixteenth century,—perhaps I should say, of the whole period between Chaucer and Shakspeare, both as a historical relic and as having more than anything contributed to shape and fix the sacred dialect, and establish the form which the Bible must assume in an English dress. The best features of the translation of 1611 are derived from the version of Tyndale, and thus that remarkable work has exerted, directly and indirectly, a more powerful influence on the English language, than any other single production between the ages of Richard II. and Queen Elizabeth." Tyndale's version is in familiar and popular English, and avoids both Latin and French words. The version of 1611 (which we still use in 1872) goes yet further in that direction. The following passage will illustrate the difference between the two versions. The spelling of Tyndale is more old-fashioned, but there is small difference otherwise.

A certayne man descended¹ from Jerusalem into Jericho. And fell into the hondës of thevës whych robbëd him off his rayment and wonded hym and departed levyng him halfe deed. And yt chaused that there cam a certayne preste² that same waye and sawe hym and passëd by. And lyke wyse a levite when he was come neyë³ to the place wente and lokëd on hym and passëd by. Then a certayne Samaritane as he jornyed cam neye vnto hym and behelde hym and had compassion on hym and cam to hym and bounde vppe hys woundës and pourëd in wyne and oyle and layed hym on his beaste and broght hym to a common hostry,⁴ and drest

¹ *Descended*, in our version, *went down*. ² *Preste* is a contraction of *presbyter*.

³ *Neye* = *nigh*. The final sound in *nigh* appears in English either as *y* or as *gh*.

⁴ *Hostry*, inn. An older form is *hostelry*.

him. And on the morowe when he departed, he toke out two pence and gave them to the hoste and seyde vnto hym, Take care of him and what sower thou spendest above this¹ when I come agayne I will recompence² the. Which nowe of these thre thynkest thou was neyebour unto hym that fell into the thevës hondës?³ And he answered: He that shewëd mercy on hym. Then sayd Jesus vnto hym, Goo and do thou lyke wyse.

MILES COVERDALE, afterwards Bishop of Exeter in 1551, published a translation of the whole Bible in 1537, and incorporated Tyndale's version almost without alterations.

13. In Scotland there are three names of note in this century, William Dunbar, Gawaine Douglas, and Sir David Lyndesay. WILLIAM DUNBAR was born about the year 1460, and died in 1520. He graduated at St. Andrews in 1479. He became a Franciscan friar, preached and begged his way through France and the Continent generally, and was afterwards attached to several Scottish embassies. He also held an office in the Court of James IV. His three greatest poems are: "The Thistle and the Rose," a poem in honour of the marriage of James IV. with the English Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., in 1503; "The Golden Terge," a poem about Venus and Reason; and "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," his best, and a poem full of vigorous and picturesque writing. Dunbar is the greatest of Scottish poets, except Burns; and he has frequently been called, and with considerable justice, the "Chaucer of Scotland." He shows a greater wealth of imagination than Burns. The following is a specimen of his moral poems:—

Have mind that eild⁴ aye follows youth;
 Death follows life with gaping mouth,
 Devouring fruit and flouring⁵ grain
 And erdly⁶ joye returns in pain.

¹ Above this, in our version, *more*.

² *Recompence*, we have *repay*.

³ *Into the theves hondes*, among the thieves.

⁴ *Eild*, old age.

⁵ *Flouring* = flowering. *Flour* and *flower* are simply two ways of spelling the same word; and the language has taken advantage of the two spellings to make two words of them, and to give them different functions. *Flour* is the finest part of wheat; *flower* of the plant.

⁶ *Erdly* = earthly. The harder form is found in Scotland—as in *kirk* for church, *bank* for bench, *thack* for thatch, etc.

14. GAWAINE DOUGLAS was born in 1474, and died in 1522. He was a younger son of the fifth Earl of Angus, who is known in the history of Scotland as Archibald Bell-the-Cat. He studied at the University of Paris, rose to be Abbot of Aberbrothock in Forfarshire, and was afterwards created Bishop of Dunkeld. He was nominated Archbishop of St. Andrews; but the pope refused to sanction the appointment. He died of the plague in London in 1522. His greatest work is a translation of the *Æneid*. To each book he has prefixed a prologue; and these prologues are the best parts of his work. The following verse from one of them is a fair specimen:—

Welcome, the lord of light and lamp of day !
 Welcome, fostrer of tendre herbis¹ greene !
 Welcome, quickener of fairest flouris' sheen !²
 Welcome, support of every root and vane !³
 Welcome, comfort of all kind fruit⁴ and grain !
 Welcome, the birdis bield upon the brier !
 Welcome, mastér and ruler of the year !
 Welcome, welfare of husbands⁵ at the plews !⁶
 Welcome, reparer of woods, trees, and bews !⁶
 Welcome, depainter of the bloomit⁷ meads !
 Welcome, the life of everything that spreads !

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER V.

1. Scan the verse on p. 88 from KING JAMES.
2. Write out the words and phrases in the two verses from JAMES I., in which (a) the grammar differs from ours, (b) those in which the form, and (c) those in which the sense, differs.
3. Turn the passage into modern verse.
4. Mark the rhymes in the sonnet on p. 90, thus *a b a b*, etc.
5. Write a short summary of the life of SIR THOMAS MORE, and write his life from your own summary.
6. Turn the passage from MORE's *Richard III.* into modern English.

¹ *Herbis* : the plural in *is* was preferred in Scotland.

² *Sheen*, a noun. ³ *Vane* = vein.

⁴ *Kind fruit* = kind of fruit. This idiom exists still in German, and is often found in Chaucer. "No maner wight" = no kind of person.

⁵ *Husbands*, men engaged in husbandry.

⁶ *Plews*, *bews* = *ploughs*, *boughs*. The final *g* in an Old English word may appear as *gh*, as *y*, or as *w*.

⁷ *Bloomit* = *bloom'ed*, *i.e.*, full of blooms or blossoms. *It* for *ed* is a common ending in Scottish writings; as *is* for *es*.

7. Make out a list of the words which are different in sense from ours, thus:—

Witte = ability. Metely = fit.

8. Turn the passage from ASCHAM into modern English.

9. Classify, as far as you can, the differences in spelling of the words in ASCHAM from our mode of spelling.

10. Tabulate the differences in words and phrases in Tyndale's version, on p. 98, from ours, thus:—

<i>Tyndale.</i>	<i>Our Version (of 1611).</i>
descended	went down.
that same waye	that way.
a common hostry	an inn.

11. Turn the lines on p. 99 into modern verse.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER V.

1. Did any man of great genius appear in England from the death of Chaucer to the birth of Spenser? 2. What was the length of that interval? 3. What are the greatest names in verse? 4. What in prose? 5. What are the two great events of the period? 6. Where and when was the first printing press set up? 7. With what circumstance is the revival of learning closely connected? 8. What was the consequence of this? 9. In what year was Constantinople taken? 10. What did the Greek scholars who lived there do? 11. Was Greek known in the West of Europe at this time? 12. In what great universities of Europe was a knowledge of Greek unknown? 13. Who were the chief promoters of Greek learning in the 15th century? 14. Who first taught Greek in England? 15. Where? 16. What two disciples of Chaucer deserve to be mentioned here? 17. In what year was Thomas Occleve born? 18. Who was John Lydgate? 19. When was he born? 20. What story did Lydgate add to the Canterbury Tales? 21. Is it now retained in the collection? 22. What rank has James I. of Scotland among the poets of the 15th century? 23. Give the dates of his birth and death. 24. What happened to him in his 11th year? 25. How long was he detained a prisoner by Henry IV. and his successors? 26. Where was his captivity chiefly spent? 27. When did his marriage take place? 28. What is the subject of his poem of the King's Quhair? 29. When was it written? 30. How long after this did he remain in England? 31. In what metre is the King's Quhair written? 32. What is this stanza commonly called? 33. Where and when was William Caxton born? 34. Who and what was he? 35. What places on the Continent did he frequently visit? 36. Where and when was his first printing press set up? 37. To what city did he afterwards remove, and when? 38. How long was it after the Germans had discovered the art of printing in movable type that the first printed work appeared in England? 39. What book was this? 40. Where was Caxton's press set up? 41. What kind of books were printed by him, and why? 42. How many works proceeded from his press between 1471 and 1491? 43. Were these original works or translations? 44. Who was the chief producer of these? 45. Give a proof of the material change which took place in the English language between 1350 and 1485. 46. What would be a parallel case? 47. What is the reason

of this change? 48. What does Mr. Marsh observe about the language used in Caxton's Game of the Chesse? 49. What work was written by Sir Thomas Malory? 50. Of what does the work treat? 51. What do the poems of Wyatt and Surrey mark? 52. From whom did they derive their correctness, smoothness and polish of form? 53. When was Sir Thomas Wyatt born? 54. In what was he chiefly engaged during his life? 55. Which is the more vigorous writer of the two? 56. When was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born? 57. When and how did he die? 58. Of what was he accused? 59. What is believed to have been the real cause of the king's enmity towards him? 60. For what are we indebted to him? 61. From what country are these novelties he introduced said to be importations? 62. What translation did he make? 63. When was John Skelton born? 64. Was he a poet in the real sense of the word? 65. Where did he study? 66. To whom was he tutor? 67. Whom did he attack fiercely in his rhymes? 68. With what consequences? 69. Where did he live? 70. What does he say of his verses himself? 71. Which is the greatest name in the first half of the 16th century? 72. When and where was he born? 73. How long after the birth of Chaucer? 74. What school was he sent to? 75. Who was the founder of St. Paul's School? 76. What did the founder of that school say of young More? 77. Whose house did he enter as page? 78. Who was his Greek master? 79. On leaving the University what did he wish to become? 80. What religious house did he enter? 81. What did he afterwards study? 82. What success had he in his new vocation? 83. What was his yearly income from his practice, calculated according to our money? 84. What appointments did he hold? 85. What honours did Henry VIII. confer upon him? 86. What particular dignity was conferred upon him in the room of Cardinal Wolsey? 87. What step did he take when the king married Anne Bullen? 88. To what village, now a part of London, did he retire? 89. What proclamation did the king make in 1534? 90. For what purpose? 91. Who stood out against the king? 92. Where, and for what was More tried? 93. When was he executed? 94. What is Thomas More's chief work? 95. Who furnished him with the materials for it? 96. By what work is he best known? 97. What does the word, the title of the work, mean? 98. What celebrated dramatist has followed his account of Richard III.? 99. What celebrated work was translated by Lord Berners? 100. Who was the author? 101. At whose request was the translation made? 102. When did the translation appear? 103. Who was Roger Ascham? 104. What did he afterwards become? 105. Name his chief work. 106. What rank did William Tyndale hold among the writers of the 16th century? 107. When and where was Tyndale born? 108. Where was his childhood spent? 109. To what country did he go after leaving England? 110. Whom did he meet there? 111. Where was his translation of the New Testament begun? 112. Where was it finished? 113. Where and when was it probably printed? 114. How were the copies conveyed to England? 115. On what translation was he afterwards engaged? 116. When was this published? 117. When and where was his translation of the New Testament revised? 118. Were many copies of it sent to England? 119. What happened to Tyndale himself in 1535? 120. Where, and how long, was he kept a prisoner? 121. What befell him at Antwerp? 122. What was taking place in London at that very time? 123. What were Tyndale's last words? 124. In what kind of English is the translation written? 125. What kinds of words are avoided? 126. Is the translation of 1611 an improvement in this respect, or the reverse? 127.

Who was Miles Coverdale? 128. What did he do? 129. What became of Tyndale's version of the New Testament? 130. What three literary names of note appeared in Scotland in this century? 131. When was William Dunbar born? 132. When did he die? 133. At what university was he educated, and when? 134. What are his three greatest poems? 135. What is the first, and its subject? 136. What the second, and its subject? 137. What the third and its subject? 138. Which is the best of the three? 139. What rank does Dunbar hold among Scottish poets? 140. When was Gawaine Douglas born? 141. Who was he? 142. By what familiar name is his father known in Scottish history? 143. Where did he study? 144. What did he afterwards become? 145. Where and when did he die? 146. What is his greatest work? 147. What is peculiarly valuable about this work?



SPENSER.—HISTORICAL TABLE.

AT HOME.	A.D.	ABROAD.	A.D.
<i>Edmund Spenser born (about)</i>	1552		
Raleigh born	"		
Edw. VI. dies; Mary crowned	1553		
Hooker born	"		
Sir C. Wyatt, Dudley, and Jane Grey executed	1554		
Sir P. Sidney	"		
Hooper, Ridley, and Latimer burnt	1555		
Pole, the Pope's Legate, Arch- bishop of Canterbury	1556	Charles V. abdicates in favour of his son Philip II.	1556
Calais taken from the English	1558	Charles V. resigns the Impe- rial Crown; Ferdinand I. Emperor	1558
Mary dies; Elizabeth crowned	"	Charles IX., King of France	1560
Westminster School founded	1560	Francis II., husband of Mary Queen of Scots, died	"
Francis Bacon born	1561	Council of Trent closes	1563
Shakspeare born	1564	Peace of Troyes	1564
Royal Exchange founded	1567	Elizabeth excommunicated by Pope Pius V.	1570
		Capture of Brill by the Nether- land patriots	1572
		Grégory XIII. Pope	"
		St. Bartholomew Massacre: 50,000 persons murdered	"
Ben Jonson born	1574	Charles IX. dies; Henry III. crowned	1574
Elizabeth helps the Nether- lands	1575	Elizabeth offered crown of the Netherlands	1575
		Rodolph II. Emperor	1576
Drake goes round the world	1577		
<i>Spenser publishes his first work, the Shepherd's Calendar</i>	1579		
<i>Spenser in Ireland</i>	1580		
		Tasso's <i>Gierusalemme Liberata</i> published	1581
London supplied with water in pipes	1582		
Edinburgh University founded	1582		
Lord Leicester in the Nether- lands	1585	William the Silent assassinated	1584
Death of Sir P. Sidney	1586	Sixtus V. Pope	1585
Tobacco and potatoes imported	"		

AT HOME.	A.D.	ABROAD.	A.D.
Mary Queen of Scots executed	1587		
Spanish Armada	1588		
Sir W. Raleigh in Ireland	1589	Henry III. assassinated; Henry IV. succeeds	1589
<i>Spenser publishes the Faerie Queene, Books I.-III.</i>	1590		
Harrow School founded	"	Henry IV., assisted by Essex with 40,000 men	1591
Shakspeare's Minor Poems	1593		
Hooker publishes the Ecclesiastical Polity, Books i.-iv.	"		
<i>Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2nd ed., containing Books I.-VI.</i>	1596		
Shakspeare's earlier plays acted	1597		
Bacon's Essays	"		
Bodleian Library founded at Oxford	1598	Edict of Nantes	1598
		Philip III.	"
<i>Spenser dies in Westminster</i>	1599		

NOTE 1.—The revenue in 1553 was £450,000; it is now (1873) more than £76,000,000.

NOTE 2.—The population of England in 1576 was 4½ millions; it is now above 20 millions.

NOTE 3.—In Elizabeth's reign (begun 1558) the following schools and colleges were founded: *Westminster* (1560), *Merchant Taylors'* ('61), *Rugby* ('66), *Harrow* ('90); *Jesus College, Oxford* ('71), *Edinburgh University* ('82), *Emmanuel College, Cambridge* ('84), *Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge* ('93). The Bodleian Library was also founded ('98); and the first English paper mill was erected at *Dartford* in 1590—more than a hundred years after the first English printing press was erected by *W. Caxton* in 1474.



TABLE OF LITERATURE.
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

WRITERS.	WORKS.	DATES.	DECADES.
			1st.
G. Dunbar. . . .	Poems	d. 1518.	2nd.
G. Douglas . . .	Translation of Virgil. . . .	d. 1519.	
			3rd.
Tyndale	Translation of the Bible. . .	d. 1536.	4th.
Wyatt	Poems	d. 1541.	5th.
Surrey	Poems	d. 1547.	
Latimer & Ridley Lyndesay	Sermons. . . .	d. 1555.	6th.
	Poems	d. 1557.	
			7th.
John Knox . . .	Sermons. . . .	d. 1572.	8th.
Gascoigne . . .	Poems	d. 1577.	
Sidney	<i>Arcadia</i>	d. 1586.	9th.
Marlowe	Plays.	d. 1593.	10th.
Spenser.	Poems	d. 1599.	
J. Lyly.	<i>Euphues</i> & Plays	d. 1600.	
Hooker.	<i>Eccl. Polity</i> . .	d. 1600.	



CHAPTER VI.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1552-1599.

1. **F**OR one hundred and fifty years after Chaucer's death, poetry was almost non-existent in England. From the year 1400, down to the birth of Spenser, in 1552, there is no poetical genius of the first, or even of the second, rank in the history of this country. Perhaps the two best writers of poetry that fall within this interregnum, are Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey. Surrey¹ especially did much to polish the English language and to improve the forms of English verse; and his poems are, some of them, worth reading. He was the first Englishman to introduce and to use blank verse, into which he translated the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*; and he was also the first to introduce the sonnet in its purely Italian form. Puttenham, in his "Art of Poesie" (1589), holds up these two poets (Surrey and Wyatt) as the "chief lanterns of light" to all subsequent English poets. He adds: "Their conceits² were lofty, their style stately, their conveyance cleanly,³ their termes proper, their metre sweet and well-proportioned; in all imitating very naturally and studiously their master, Francis Petrarch.⁴ They greatly polished our rude and homely manners of vulgar⁵ poesie from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English metre and style."

Dr. Nott, the editor of Surrey's works, maintains that he is the inventor of the present system of versification; and that it was he who introduced the principle of measuring verse, not by the number of accents, but by the number of syllables. This may be; it is not a

¹ 1516-1547.

² Ital. *conceitti*, thoughts.

³ Mode of statement neat.

⁴ 1304-1374.

⁵ *Popular poetry*, i.e., poetry written in the *vulgar tongue*; that is, in English. Writers and readers of classical authors, always spoke thus of their mother-tongue, and of the works that appeared in it.

question of much importance. But, so far as regards poetry in the highest sense, there is nothing to stay our steps in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, until we come to the name of Edmund Spenser.

2. As in the case of Chaucer, this great poet had to wait for a great time. The last half of the fifteenth century had been filled with the Wars of the Roses; England had been in a state of disorder; and the feeling of tranquillity, order, and security, which is necessary to the production of great works of any kind, had been absent from the country. Neither was there a settled confidence in the political condition of England under Henry VIII., Edward VI., or Mary; it was not until Elizabeth had been firmly seated on the throne for some years, that a lasting internal peace reigned. Then "men began to trade, farm, and build, with renewed vigour; a great breadth of forest land was reclaimed; travellers went forth to discover 'islands far away,' and to open new outlets for commerce. Wealth, through this multiplied activity, poured into the kingdom and that general prosperity which was the result, led her subjects to invest the sovereign, under whom all this was done, with a hundred valuable and shining qualities not her own." Shakspeare says of her:

She shall beloved and feared; her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her;
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

England, for the first time for two hundred years, felt herself to be once more a great and a united country. The terrible danger of the Spanish Armada¹ had made England rise and act as one man; great deeds were done every year; great discoveries made; great soldiers and sailors were constantly appearing; and a host of the greatest writers that have ever lived in any country at any period.

In 1590 (the year in which Spenser published the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*) there were met in London, Chapman, Drayton, Shakspeare, Bacon, Raleigh, Donne, and Ben Jonson, not to mention a crowd of others hardly less great. In the fields of action and of politics there were Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Burleigh, and Sir Francis Drake; while on the Continent this was the time of Charles

¹ 1588.

V. and Philip II. of Spain, and of Henry IV. of France. It was a time of the greatest activity, both of mind and body, and also of fixed and conscious strength. The enemies of England were defeated and put down on the Continent and at home. "Spenser's poems are full of allusions to the young life of England: to her outburst of national feeling; her devotion to the queen; her resistance to Spain; her ocean adventures; her great men; her high artistic and intellectual culture; her romantic spirit; her championship of freedom abroad; and her reverence for law and authority at home."¹

3. Spenser was born in London, at East Smithfield, near the Tower, in the year 1552. This was just one year before the burning of the Martyrs began in West Smithfield, under Queen Mary. In one of his smaller poems he talks of—

Mery London, my most kindly nourse,
That to me gave this life's first native source;
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of auncient fame.

Nothing is known of his parents, except that his mother's name was Elizabeth. He says of that name—

Most happy letters! framed by skilful trade
With which that happy name was first desyned,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.

The three Elizabeths were his mother, the queen, and his wife. Of his contemporaries, Hooker was born the year after, in 1553; Sidney, in 1554; Bacon, in 1561; and Shakspeare, in 1564. He studied at Cambridge, and became B.A. in 1573, and M.A. in 1576. While there he formed a close friendship with Gabriel Harvey, a clever but pedantic scholar, who induced Spenser for some time to write in hexameter² and other classic metres. Spenser, however,

¹ Kitchin, in his *Life of Spenser*.

² The *hexameter* mentioned here, is not the *iambic hexameter*, that is, the Alexandrine, or line of six iamboes, with the formula of $6 \times a$. It is the classical hexameter, which had very different laws and a very different melody, and which consisted of six dactyls and spondees. But, as there is no such foot in our language as the spondee, which consists of two *long syllables*, and which in our language would have to consist of two syllables, *both* of which are accented (or *a a*), and as there are no words in our language which are or can be so accented

soon felt that these forms of verse cramped his own power as much as they did the English language. After the close of his university life, he went (probably as tutor) to the North of England. Harvey, whose friendship was better and truer than his poetical taste, brought him back to London, introduced him to Sir Philip Sidney, "one of the very diamonds of Her Majesty's Court," who gained for him the good-will and "patronage" of his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. By Lord Leicester's influence, he obtained the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, under Lord Grey de Wilton, in 1580. But Lord Grey was recalled in 1582, and Spenser returned with him to England. The same influence at Court obtained for him a grant of 3028 acres of forfeited lands in Ireland, part of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond. One of the conditions of this gift was residence upon the land; and Spenser accordingly went to Ireland, and lived in what had been the earl's castle of Kilcolman, on the banks of the Awbey (Mulla, Spenser calls it), in the county of Cork. Sir Walter Raleigh had obtained, for his military services in Ireland, 12,000 acres of the same estate; and, for some time, these two celebrated men were near neighbours. The castle stood on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, with mountains on every side. The hills in the neighbourhood commanded a view of half the breadth of Ireland.

4. Here he was often visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he calls in his poem, the "Shepherd of the Ocean"; and, in one of these visits, he read to Raleigh large portions of the *Faerie Queene*. Raleigh advised him strongly to publish it. Both set out for London with that purpose; and in 1590, the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* appeared. The poem was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, as "Queen of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia [a side compliment to Sir Walter Raleigh, who established that colony, and named it after the queen], to whom her most humble servant, Edmund

(except *farewell* and *amen*), the *classical* hexameter cannot exist in English. We have plenty of dactyls in the language, but no spondees. Mr. Longfellow and others have tried to introduce the metre into English, in the *Evangeline* and other poems; but the lines will not scan. They will be found to consist of a jumble of *trochees*, *iambuses*, and *dactyls*, which is neither sweet nor melodious. The classical hexameter has not naturalized itself in England, and will not. The first line of *Evangeline*—

"This is the | forest pri | meval. The | murmuring | pines and the | hemlock"
is composed of five dactyls and a trochee: the line,—

"Brought in the | olden | time from | France and | since as an | heirloom,"
consists of two dactyls and four trochees.

Spenser, doth in all humilitie, dedicate, present, and consecrate to her his labours, to live with the eternitie of her fame." Raleigh had previously introduced him to the queen, who settled on him an annual pension of £50.

In 1593, he met an Irish lady, whom he calls in his sonnets, Elizabeth (her surname is not known), and whom he married in the city of Cork, on St. Barnabas' Day.¹ He must then have been about forty-two. In his Epithalamium, a poem written on their marriage, he says:—

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye² see
 So fair a creature in your town before,
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild is she;
 Adorned with beauty's grace and vertue's store?
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath ruddied

* * * * *

Her long, loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantel her attire,
 And, being crownèd with a girland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.

Some maiden queen, that is, *one* maiden queen, that is, Queen Elizabeth; but then *her* hair could hardly be called golden.

5. In 1596, he paid another visit to London, for the purpose of publishing the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*, along with a new edition of the first three. He returned to Ireland the year after; and in 1598, he was recommended to the queen for the office of Sheriff of Cork. Soon after, Tyrone's rebellion broke out (October,

¹ "This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
 With Barnaby the bright."—*Epithal.* 265.

Before the change of style, the 11th of June was the day of the summer solstice. This was expressed proverbially in England:—

"Barnaby bright,
 The longest day and the shortest night."

Chambers' *Book of Days*, i., 769.

² "The Anglo-Saxon employed *ye* (*ge*) as the subject of a verb, and *you* (*eow*) as the object; the early English was careful to make the same distinction. There was a time, when *you are* for *ye are* (and yet more for *thou art*), would have been as offensive to the ear of a correct English speaker, as is now the *thee is* of the Quaker."—Whitney, on Language, p. 30.

1598); the insurrection spread into Munster; Kilcolman was attacked; Spenser and his wife had to flee; their youngest child had wandered into some odd room of the castle, and could not be found in the hurry and excitement; the castle was set on fire, and the child perished in the flames. Spenser made his escape to England; and, after a long illness, died at the age of forty-six, at an inn in King Street, Westminster, on the 16th of January, 1599. He was buried beside Chaucer, in the south transept of the Abbey. The Earl of Essex defrayed the expenses of the funeral; and his hearse was attended by a crowd of his brother poets, who threw "mournful elegies" into his grave.

6. The first work he published (in 1579) was the "Shepherd's Calendar," a set of twelve poems or eclogues,¹ pastoral in form, but, as regards their matter, full of discussions about party divinity. The shepherds that figure in them are pastors, and the sheep are parishioners. Two of the chief characters are Algrind (that is Grindall), the then Archbishop of Canterbury, and Morell (that is, Elmore or Aylmer), Bishop of London. The next poem was "Mother Hubbard's Tale." It is a satire on the common ways of rising in Church and State, written in the style and in the metre of Chaucer.

7. His greatest poem (the Faerie Queene) was not published till 1590. The story of it is as follows:—Gloriana, the Queen of the Fairies,² holds her annual court and feast for twelve days. On each day, a new wrong is complained of, and a new adventure proposed; and on each day a knight volunteers, and is chosen to right the wrong.

And many another suppliant crying came,
With noise of ravage wrought by beast and man,
And evermore a knight would ride away.

¹ *Eclogue*, i.e., ecloga, a selected piece; a title given to some of Horace's Odes, to Virgil's Pastorals, and to any selection from Ovid, Catullus, or other Latin writer.

² *Faerie*, or *fairy*, is in reality a plural, which has come to be looked upon as a singular. The true singular is *fay* (French, *fee*), which is also still in use. Thus Coleridge: "Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans." *Fay* comes from the Italian *fata*, which comes from the Latin *fatum* = *that which has been said*, from *fari*. But we have still to account for the *ry*. There was an Old English ("Anglo-Saxon") plural ending in *ru*. This was afterwards changed into *ry*, and added to nouns to give them a collective meaning. Thus we have *heronry*, *rookery*, *nunnery*, *yeomanry*, *jewry*, *shrubbery*, and *eyry* (= *eggerie* = *eggs*.)

Each wrong represents a vice; and each knight represents one of the chief, or cardinal, virtues. The adventures of each knight were to fill one book; and the whole poem was to have consisted of twelve books. Only six exist. The other six are said to have been lost by a servant on the flight from Ireland; but this is only a rumour, and there is no good evidence in its favour. The first book gives the adventures of the Knight of the Red Cross, who represents Holiness; the second, the deeds of Sir Guyon, or Temperance; the third, of Britomartis (who typifies Chastity), a lady knight; the fourth, of Friendship; and it contains, among other stories, the interesting tale of Sir Scudamore—how he won the *Shield of Love*,¹ from which he has his name.

8. The whole poem is an allegory; and, unfortunately, a double allegory. A simile is a likeness or comparison, with the word *like* or *as* expressed, as when Pope says:—

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

A metaphor is also a likeness or comparison, but with the word *like* or *as* omitted, as when Shakspeare talks of a “*sea* of troubles,” of “*this sun* of York.” The English language—every language—is full of metaphors. Just as Goethe called a cathedral “frozen music,” so we may call language in general *petrified metaphor*. We talk of a *ray* of hope, a *shade* of doubt, a *flight* of imagination, and a *flash* of wit. But an allegory is a long and intricate chain of metaphors, some of which must be more or less inappropriate or inexact. Even in so well managed an allegory as John Bunyan’s “*Pilgrim’s Progress*,” this is very plain. Still more must this be the case when the events and persons described are made to have a double meaning—one in relation to real persons, and the other to vices or virtues. Allegory was the fashion of Spenser’s time; and Spenser carried it to a greater extreme than any other poet. In the *Faerie Queene*, that “continued allegory, or darke conceit,” as he calls it, Spenser has what he calls, in the philosophical language of his time, a *general intention* (or meaning) and a *particular intention*. Thus *Gloriana* is the *Faerie Queene* in his “general intention,” and Queen Elizabeth in his “particular intention;” *Una* is *Virtue* on the one hand, and the Church of England on the other; *Duessa* is *Religious*

¹ Ital. *scudo d’amore*, Lat. *scutum amoris*.

Error (or the Church of Rome) in general, and Mary Queen of Scots in particular; and *Prince Arthur* is Great-mindedness, or Magnanimity (or, as he calls it, *Magnificence*), and also his patron, Lord Leicester.

The best thing to do with the allegory is to let it alone: to read the poem simply as a poem, and the stories simply as stories. Hazlitt says rightly, "If readers do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them. Without minding it at all, the whole is as plain as a pike-staff."

9. The poem is written in stanzas of nine lines. It is generally said to have been borrowed from the Italian stanza of eight lines, or eight rhymes, called *ottava rima*. It is the favourite stanza in Italy for narrative poetry; and Tasso, Ariosto, and others, have used it. But Spenser added a line to it, and made it a nine-lined stanza. This looks, at first sight, not much to have done. But there are chemical compounds to which, if one new element is added, the properties and qualities of all the previously existing elements are entirely changed. The effect, in the case of this stanza, is much the same. By the addition of this one line, the whole music of the stanza is changed, its power is increased; the rhythm and cæsuras of all the other lines have been altered; and the stanza itself is a quite new whole. It is true, then, that Spenser *borrowed* the *ottava rima*; but it is as true that he made it, by his new use of it, entirely his own. Therefore, it is rightly called the *Spenserian stanza*. Spenser invented it, and he has used it best of all the poets who have employed it to express the music of their thoughts.

10. The line is iambic pentameter. That is, it consists of five iambuses, or five sets of two syllables, the last of which is accented. The formula is therefore $5x a$. The last line is iambic hexameter, or $6x a$. This line is generally called an *Alexandrine*, because it was the measure used in the popular poem of the middle ages in France, called *Les Gestes d'Alexandre*, or, 'The Deeds of Alexander. Pope, who did not understand their use or their power, calls them "needless."

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,

Which, like | a wound | ed snake, | drags its | slow length | along. |

Let us examine the metre of one stanza; and we can take the first:

A gent | le knight | } was prick | ing on | the plaine, |
Ycladd | in migh | tie armes | and sil | ver shielde, |

Wherein | old dints | of / deepe | woundes did | remaine, |
 The cru | el markes | of man | y a bloo | dy field; |
 Yet armes | till that | time did | he nev | er wiede; |
 His ang | ry steede | did chide | his fom | ing bitt, |
 As much | disday | ning | to | the curbe | to yelde; |
 Full jol | ly knight | he seemed | and faire | did sitt, |
 As one | for knight | Iy jousts | and fierce | encoun | ters fitt. |

It is evident, in the first place, that the cæsura in Spenser's lines occupies always a different position. This could not be otherwise with a poet who possessed so perfect an ear, and so highly trained a sense of melody. The only other poet who equals him in this, the essential requisite of all melodious verse, is Milton. Pope's cæsura and Drayton's cæsura, on the other hand, are always, or almost always, in the middle. Hence their monotony. In Drayton, indeed, this monotony rises to the intolerable. The only reason why this has not been before remarked, is that very few persons living have read above a few pages of Drayton's "Polyolbion" at one sitting. The cæsura of Spenser and Milton can be represented by the line of beauty—a curved line; that of Pope and Drayton by a hard straight line running down the middle of their pages.

✕ In the next place, we can see that the middle line has no cæsura at all, and reads like prose. Just as a great composer of music will often introduce a discord or a movement in a minor key, as a kind of rest, so Spenser sometimes introduces a piece of the merest prose as a relief from the elaborate melody and labyrinthine sweetness of his verse. ✕

11. The following verses will be sufficient evidence that Spenser's music is unsurpassed by any poet:—

Eftsoons¹ they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote² delight a dainty ear,
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:³

¹ *Eftsoons*, presently. An old possessive of *soon*. *Eft*, the Southern form of *aft* (found in the ship-word *abaft*), the comparative of which is *after*.

² *Mote* = might. This is one of Spenser's archaisms. But no doubt *mote* was in use in the country districts in Spenser's time.

³ *Elsewhere*, an evident tautology. The same sense is given in *Save in this paradise*.

Right hard it was for wight¹ which did it hear,
 To rede² what manner music³ that mote be :
 For all that pleasing is to living ear,
 Was there consorted in one harmony :
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet ;
 Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine respondence meet .
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the bass murmur of the water's fall ,
 The water's fall with difference discreet ,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
 The gentle warbling wind low answer'd to all.

12. Spenser's language requires some study. As any inquiry into the kind of English Spenser used falls naturally into two parts, one general, and one particular, we must ask, in the first place: *What was the kind of English generally written in Spenser's time?* and in the second place: *What was the kind of English which Spenser himself preferred and used?*

It will be remembered that Mandeville's writings form the tide-mark which shows to what height the contribution of Anglo-Norman words to our language rose, and that they represent fairly and without exaggeration the extremely mixed condition of the vocabulary of the English language in the fourteenth century. The Norman element had been gradually filtering into the pure English element from the year 1042 (the accession of Edward the Confessor), until the English language could hold no more, and a slight reaction began. This reaction continued to the middle of the fifteenth century, by which time many Norman words had been rejected, and had disappeared from the language. But the revival of learning, which in Italy took place in the fifteenth century, and

¹ *Wight*, an old adjective meaning *alive*. Another form of it is *quick* = living. Scott uses it as an adjective:—

Thirty steeds, both fleet and *wight*,
 Stood saddled in stable day and night.

² *Rede*, judge or guess. Diminutive, *riddle*.

³ *Manner music*, archaism. Compare Chaucer's "maner wight."

⁴ *Discreet* (or, better, *discrete*), carefully and clearly separated.

which spread into France and England in the sixteenth, had made the study of the Latin language almost universal. Latin became the language of readers in every country—the language in which all books without exception were written. The term *scholar* meant then nothing but Latin scholar.¹ Before this, learning had sunk so low in England, that the library at Oxford contained only 600 volumes, and there were only four classics in the Royal Library at Paris. But from the beginning of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth centuries, “it is probable,” says Mr. Wright, “that the great mass of the *reading public* were as well acquainted with Latin as with their own mother tongue.” And, within the same period, it came to be the fashion to use Latin words in an English shape to an enormous extent. It was extremely easy to do this. A writer had only to take the root of a Latin word, and give an English ending and a slightly English look, and the thing was done. Thus, *suggestio* became *suggestion*; *opinio* became *opinion*; *separo* became *separate*; *itero* became *iterate*; and *calumnior*, *calumniate*. In this way Latin words came into our language, not in scores or in hundreds, but in thousands; until the practice was carried to such a ridiculous degree of affectation, that a natural reaction of disgust began. Samuel Rowlands, a popular writer in 1611, gives the following lines² in illustration of this fashion, which had then reached its height:—

As on the way I itinerated,
 A rurall person I obviated,
 Interrogating time's transitation,
 And of the passage demonstration.³
 My apprehension did ingenious scan
 That he was merely a simplitian.
 So when I saw he was extravagant⁴
 Unto the obscure vulgar consonant,
 I bad him vanish most promiscuously,
 And not contaminate my company.

13. It must not be forgotten also that the Court at this time was a learned Court. “The queen understood Greek better than the canons of Windsor;” and classical learning became and was

¹ A translator was then called a *Latiner*; hence the proper name *Latimer*.

² Quoted from Wright's “Dictionary of Obsolete English.”

³ To show him the road.

⁴ Had lost his way.

for a long time the fashion. This is evident from the existence of the singular affectation of *euphuism* for many years at the Court of Elizabeth. John Lyly, a dramatist and poet of high ability, published in 1579 a romance which he called *Euphues*.¹ One of the chief aims of the book was to introduce a "pure and reformed English," which contained an enormous disproportion of Latin words. So fashionable did the style of Lyly become, that Sir Henry Blount, writing in 1632, says, "Our people are in his debt for a new English which he taught them. All our ladies were then his scholars; and that beauty in Court which could not parley euphuism—that is to say, who was unable to converse in that pure and reformed English, which he had formed his work to be the standard of,—was as little regarded as she who now there speaks not French." We can get a very fair idea of the extravagance to which this fashion of *euphuism* was carried in the language which Sir W. Scott puts into the mouth of Sir Piercie Shafton in the *Monastery*.

14. What, then, with the universal study of Latin, and what with this special and fashionable pursuit of *euphuism* at Court, we can quite well appreciate and understand Sir Thomas Browne when he says, "We shall, within a few years, be fain to learn Latin to understand English, and a work will prove of equal facility in either."² Thomas Wilson, who published in 1553 a *System of Rhetoric and of Logic*, says: "Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they would not be able to tell what they say; and yet these fine English clerks³ will say they speak in their mother-tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the king's English." And Dr. Heylyn remarks, in 1658, that "more French and Latin words have gained

¹ The Fine Speaker.

² Translate into simple and pure English:—

(a) Thou shalt manducate thy panicular provisions in the perspiration of thy front.

(b) It has not sufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction.

(c) Deity is my pastor; I shall not be indigent.

(d) They had no apprehension of his violating his verbal engagement at any juncture.

(e)

"Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead."—*Longfellow*.

³ Scholars.

ground upon us since the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign than were admitted by our ancestors, not only since the Norman, but since the Roman conquest." This use, then, of Latin words had got, not only into written, but into spoken, language; it had made its way into the Court, into the bar, and into the pulpit. It was practised and was understood by every one who had the slightest claim to education. Spenser lived in the midst of all this; and, as himself a learned man and a courtier, he could not have resisted its influence. And thus Spenser could not help using Latin expressions where English would have done equally well.

15. But there was in Spenser's case a special influence not less important. And that is—his subject. Had he been describing the every-day life of England, as Chaucer did, he would no doubt have used language more near the common level and high-road of that every-day life; or, had his stories related to the life of a past time and a foreign country, his own good taste would have prompted him to employ a style that suited these stories. But his subject lay entirely out of time and out of space. There was no necessity for a "local colouring;" there was as little necessity for a style that would suit a particular age. Ben Jonson said that "Spenser writ no language." If Jonson meant by this that Spenser did not use the language of ordinary men in ordinary circumstances, or that he did not use the stirring and living language that a dramatist would have been compelled to use, he was perfectly right. Or, if he meant that Spenser's vocabulary was not the vocabulary of the England then existing, or of any England previously existing, then he was right again. But, if he meant that Spenser did not write in a self-consistent and homogeneous English style, then he was wrong, and entirely wrong. The colouring of Spenser's style comes from the brilliance of his own mind; and he did not limit himself to any special age in drawing for himself from the "well of English undefiled," or from the private springs of other poets' fancy, the phrases and words that suited his subject best. The truth is, as Mr. Kitchin well remarks,—“without any intention of writing in Old English,¹ he looked always backwards, never forwards, in his choice of words and phrases.” He was influenced by the euphuism of his time; but

¹ Spenser says of Chaucer:—

“I follow here the footing of thy feet.”

he was not subdued. The most ridiculous and opposite accusations have been made against him. Dryden accuses him of using too many Latin words; a "Person of Quality" in the last century finds it necessary, on the contrary, to rid him of his "Saxon dialect;" just as Milton was turned into prose by a clergyman for the benefit of "country readers."

16. Spenser uses words (*a*) in their old form, and (*b*) in their old or primary meaning; and (*c*) he also uses inflections that had dropped out of the language long before his own time. Thus he has (*a*) *been* for *are*, *mote* for *might*, *gossib* for *gossip*,¹ *ydle* for *idle*, and *lad* for *led*. Then (*b*) he uses *affront* in the sense of *to face* or *oppose*, *bewale* for *to choose*, *to bid* for *to pray*, and *to blaze* for *to proclaim*. Then, among old and obsolete inflections, he employs (*c*) such as *fone* for *foes*, *ydrad* for *dreaded*, *glitterand* for *glittering*, and *eyne*² for *eyes*. But the reader very soon becomes accustomed to these and other peculiarities—comes to like them—and comes to feel that they are the fitting dress of Spenser's beautiful thoughts and wealthy imagery.

16. Spenser is the first great writer of the Elizabethan age. He marks the dawn and the early morning, but he did not live to see the full meridian, of the day. One year after the publication of the six books of the *Faerie Queene*, and two years before his death, he could have read Shakspeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; but that play gives a very weak idea of the fulness of power which Shakspeare afterwards displayed. Bacon's *Essays* were published in the same year; and Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* had appeared three years before. Spenser's command over language is simply marvellous; and there seems to be no limit to his power of description. The most remarkable quality of his style, however, is its music. Hazlitt says: "His versification is at once the most smooth and the most sounding in the language. It is a labyrinth of sweet sounds. . . . Spenser is the poet of our waking dreams; and he has invented, not only a language, but a music of his own for them. The undulations are infinite, like those of the waves of the sea; but the effect is still the same, lulling the senses into a deep oblivion of the jarring noises of the world, from which we have no wish to be ever recalled." The purpose of his great poem was "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in ver-

¹ And in the sense of *companion*, the one *next* to the original sense, "related in God." Compare the Scotch *sib* = related, much used in Sir W. Scott.

² Compare the Scotch form, *een*.

tuous and gentle discipline." "There is something," says Pope, "in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the *Faerie Queene* when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago." He has been called *The Poet's Poet*, not only because he is the most poetical of poets, but because he has trained more poets in their art than any other writer of verse in England. Milton, Pope, Keats, and many others, have been profoundly influenced by him.

The First Book of the *Faerie Queene* is generally considered to be the best; and next to it in beauty comes the Second.

18. The best final deliverance on Spenser's style has been given by Professor Craik: "These peculiarities—the absence of an interesting story or concatenation of incidents, and the want of human character and passion in the personages that carry on the story, such as it is—are no defects in the *Fairy Queen*. On the contrary, the poetry is only left thereby so much the purer. Without calling Spenser the greatest of poets, we may still say that *his poetry is the most poetical of all poetry*. Other poets are all of them something else as well as poets, and deal in reflection, or reasoning, or humour, or wit, almost as largely as in the proper product of the imaginative faculty; his strains alone, in the *Fairy Queen*, are poetry, all poetry, and nothing but poetry. It is vision unrolled after vision, to the sound of endlessly varying music. The 'shaping spirit of imagination,' considered apart from moral sensibility,—from intensity of passion on the one hand, and grandeur of conception on the other,—certainly never was possessed in the like degree by any other writer; nor has any other evinced a deeper feeling of all forms of the beautiful; nor have words ever been made by any other to embody thought with more wonderful art. On the one hand invention and fancy in the creation or conception of his thoughts; on the other the most exquisite sense of beauty, united with a command over all the resources of language, in their vivid and musical expression—these are the great distinguishing characteristics of Spenser's poetry. What of passion is in it lies mostly in the melody of the verse; but that is often thrilling and subduing in the highest degree. Its moral tone, also, is very captivating: a soul of nobleness, gentle and tender as the spirit of its own chivalry, modulates every cadence."

19. His greatest work is the

Faerie Queene ;

the work in which he shows the most wonderful command of language, his

Hymne of Heavenly Love ;

but the most perfect of all his poems is the

Epithalamium

—a bridal poem written on his own approaching marriage. In this his full powers, both of heart and head, worked together. The rhythms of this poem are extremely subtle and extraordinarily varied. With the triumphant joy there runs an undersong of sadness:—

But ah ! here fits not well

Olde woes, but joyes, to tell

Against the bridal daye, which is not long.

Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER VI.

Ex. 1. Scan the following verse:—

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessèd angels to and fro descend
 From highest heaven in gladsome companee,
 And with great joy into that citie wend
 As commonly as frend does with his frend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
 And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

Thus:—

As hé | thereón | stood gá | zing hé | might sée | =5 x a.

Give also the rhymes in their order, calling the first rhyme *a*, the second *b*, and so on.

Ex. 2. Scan the following, and mark the rhymes:—

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
 Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall;
 And he himself seemed made for meriment,
 Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
 There was no pleasure nor delightfull play
 When Astrophel so ever was away.

Ex. 3. Scan the following, and mark the rhymes:—

In midst and center of this plot,
 I saw one groveling on the grasse;
 A man or stone, I knew not that:
 No stone; of man the figure was.
 And yet I could not count him one,
 More than the image made of stone.

Ex. 4. Explain the words or phrases in italics in the following lines:—

- (a) *Forwasted* all their land, and them expelled.
 (b) But full of fire and greedy *hardiment*.
 (c) When ruddy Phœbus gins to *welke* in west.
 (d) An agēd sire, in long black *weedes yclad*.
 (e) *Bidding his beades* al day for his trespās
 (f) With holy father *sits* not with such things to *mell*.
 (g) There was an holy chapel *edifyde*.
 (h) The stedfast *starre*
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To all that in the *wide* deepe *wandering* arre.
 (i) *Astonied* with the stroke of their owne hand,

Ex. 5. Comment on the italics in the following:—

- (k) He well it wards, and *quyteth* cuff with cuff.
 (l) Which he had got abroad by *purchase* criminale.
 (m) As when the beaten marinere
 That long hath wandered in the ocean wide,
 Oft soust in swelling Tethys' *saltish teare*,
 And long time having tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of heaven, that none can *bide*.
 (n) A *gentle husher*, Vanitie by name.
 (o) And *eke unhable* once to stirre or go.
 (p) And *fretting* grieffe, the enemy of life.
 (q) At last the golden *orientall* gate
 Of greatest heaven gan to open faire.

Ex. 6. Comment on the italics in the following:—

- (s) And to him running, said, O *prowest* knight.
 (t) Where many skilfull *leaches* him *abide*.
 (u) To make one great by others losse is bad *escheat*.
 (v) The false resemblance of *deceipt* I wist.
 (w) From hope of heaven hath thee excluded *quight*.

- (x) Aveugles sonne lay in the *leaches cure*.
 (y) But all the Satyres scorn their *woody kind*.
 (z) Attached that *faitour false*, and bound him strait.

Ex. 7. The poet Daniel says that Spenser wrote in "aged accents and untimely words." Select from the passage given in Ex. 12, all the archaisms, and give their modern forms.

Ex. 8. Note all the instances of alliteration in the passages in Ex. 5.

Ex. 9. Draw out a list of the French words in the passage in Ex. 1.

Ex. 10. Do the same by the passages in Ex. 2.

Ex. 11. The following is the character of the "Brave Courtier" given in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. Turn it back into verse,—the rhymes are in italics:—

"Some joy others to *deface* with sharp quips, thinking that their disgracing does *grace* (to) them. But the brave courtier, in whose beauteous *thought*, regard of honour harbours more than anything (*ought*), doth loath such base condition, to *backbite* any good name for *despite* or envie: he stands on termes of honourable *minde*, nor will be carried with the (common) *winde* of the inconstant *mutabilitie* of courts, nor *flee* after every tattling fable; but heares and sees the follies of the *rest*, and gathers the *best* thereof for himselfe.

Ex. 12. Prepare the following verses from Canto III:—

I,

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse
 That moves more deare compassiön of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her¹ brightnes blynd,
 Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,²
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart³ perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy,

II.

And now it is compassionöd so deepe,
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thiinke how she, through guyleful handeling,⁴
 Though true as touch,⁵ though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight⁶ was fayre,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorcöd in dispayre,
 And her dew loves deryv'd⁷ to that vile witches shayre.⁸

III.

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace,⁹ is in exile,
 In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seek her knight; who, subtly betrayd
 Through that late vision¹⁰ which the enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
 Yet wishëd tydinges¹¹ none of him unto her brought.

IV.

One day, nigh weary of the yrkesome¹² way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all men's sight
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside. Her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven,¹³ shynëd bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V.

It fortunëd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping¹⁴ lyon rushëd suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage¹⁵ blood.
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd¹⁶ her tender corse;
 But to the pray when as¹⁷ he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswagëd with remorse,
 And with the sight amazd, forgat¹⁸ his furious forsc.

VI.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,¹⁹
 As he her wrongëd innocence did weet.²⁰
 O, how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose²¹ yielded pride and proud submission,²²
 Still dreading death, when she had markëd long,
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion;
 And drizzling teares did shed²³ for pure affection.

VII.

“The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,”
 Quoth she, “his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake²⁴ does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate;²⁵
 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
 As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?”²⁶

VIII.

Redounding teares did choke the end of her plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbourwood;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
 With pittie calmd²⁷ down fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,²⁸
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
 To seek her strayd champion if she might attayne.

IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard²⁹
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent
 With humble service to her will prepard:
 From her fayre eyes he took commandement
 And ever by her lookes conceivd her intent.

Faerie Queene.

1. *Her* refers either to *beautie* in the third line, or to Queen Elizabeth, or to both. 2. *Fealty*. So we had in Old English *realty*, *lealty*. 3. *Hart* is the more common spelling; but *e* before *r* was generally sounded *a*, as in *clerk*. This fact is recognised in the modern clumsy spelling of *heart*, which contains both the *e* and the *a*. 4. *Handle*—a continuative from *hand*. *Handle* = to keep *hand*-ing. So *shuffle* from *shove*, *trundle* from *turn*, *whistle* from *whist*. 5. The *eye* may deceive, but the *touch* cannot. Perhaps there is here an unconscious reference to the story of St. Thomas. 6. *Living wight*—a kind of tautology. *Wight*—a form of *quick*—means *living*. 7. *Drawn away from Una to Duessa*. 8. *Shayre* is a falsely archaic spelling. Spenser was often a little too anxious to give his verses an Old English look. The old spelling is *schare*, from *sciran*, to cut; whence also *shire*, *shore*, *sherd*, *short*, etc. The *y* cannot appear in *share*. 9. *Press* or *crowd*. 10.

Archimago had sent a false vision, which sent the Red Cross Knight wandering in search of Una in one direction, while Una was looking for the Red Cross Knight in the other. 11. *News*. Connected with the old word *tide*, which meant *time*. *Time* is derived from *temps* (Latin, *Tempus*); *tide* is connected with the German word *Zeit*. But, as the language found itself in possession of two words for the same thing, it detailed *tide* to mark the *time* of the sea's flow. The word, however, keeps its old meaning in *tidings* = German *Zeitung*. 12. *Irk*—hence *work*, and, by transposition of the *r*, *wright*. 13. The Icelanders still call the sun *Dagsauga*, the *eye of day*. 14. *Ramp*—a French word. Another form of it is *romp*; and a continuative *ramble* (a strong form of which is *scramble*). In heraldry we have the words *rampant*, *couchant*, *marchant*, *regardant*, etc. 15. The old and correct spelling. The word comes from Latin *silva* (whence *sylvan*), and means literally *woodman*. 16. *To have devoured*—the perfect, to indicate the eager greed of the lion. 17. *When as*—a Chaucerian archaism for *when*. 18. The nominative to *forgat* must be taken out of *his*. This is not infrequent in Spenser. 19. *Tong*—the old and correct spelling. The *ue* probably attached itself to *tong*, from a false analogy with *langue*. 20. *Weet* = *wot* = *know*. 21. *Whose* = *and his*. The use of the relative at the beginning of a sentence is a Latin idiom, and is very common both in sixteenth and seventeenth century writers. It was never employed in the *spoken* language. 22. This doubled expression of the same notion by two words—one English and one Latin or French—is very usual in Spenser, and not unusual in ordinary English. Thus we have *will* (E.) and *testament* (L.); *dissemble nor cloak*; *use* (L.) and *wont* (E.); *aid and abet*; *nature and kind*. The existence of these phrases goes far to show that the population was in some places and at some time “in a bilingual state.” 23. What is the nominative to *did shed*? 24. This use of an adjective for a noun is classical (*i.e.*, is found both in Greek and in Latin), and in English is frequent in Milton and Elizabeth Browning. The latter poet writes:—

Deep in the depths of God's *divine*.

But we have it also in common speech—in such phrases as *from low to high*, *from bad to worse*. 25. *State*. The cutting off of the *e* took place when *estate* was confined to landed property, and not asserted of *condition*, *rank*, etc., as it always was in Shakspeare's time. 26. If we measure this line by syllables, it contains the requisite number (12) for an Alexandrine, and would scan thus:—

As thé | god óf | my lífe | why háth | he mé | abhórd. |

But this would be simply intolerable, and could not have been intended by so fine an ear and so exquisite a sense, both of music and of meaning, as Spenser's. It is hardly to be doubted that he intended the scanning to go with this sense, thus:—

As the gód | of my lífe | why — | hath he mé | abhórd. |

The utter breaking down of the *formal* and technical scanning was intended by Spenser to indicate the breaking down of Una's self-restraint. She falters out the last words, and then bursts into tears. The pause after the *why* is quite equal to half a foot. 27. *Calmd* belongs to *mood*. 28. *Brood*, connected with *born*; but the *r* has changed its place (by *metathesis*, or transposition). From the same root we have *breed*, *bird* (*brid*), *birth*, *broth-er*, etc. 29. *Gard*—the Norman French spelling is *guard*.

Ex. 13. Prepare the following from

AN ELEGIE ;

OR,

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHEL.

O grieffe that liest upon my soule,
As heavie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead ;
Halfe of this hart, his sprite, and will,
Di'de in the breast of Astrophill.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospell bookes ;
I trowe that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long ;
But eies, and eares, and every thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

Ex. 14. Give the thought of the above in prose ; but carefully avoid Spenser's English.

Ex. 15. Prepare the following sonnet with the notes :—

LXXIV.

Most happy letters ! fram'd by skillfull trade,¹
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times² thrise happy hath me made,
With guifts³ of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,⁴
From mother dear deriv'd by dew descent :
The second is my soveraigne queene most kind,
That honour and large richesse to me lent :⁵
The third my love, my life's last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayسد :
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prayسد.
Ye three Elizabeths ! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

1. That is, *work*. 2. *Three times* modifies *hath made*, and not *thrise*.
3. *Guifts*—an utterly wrong spelling, a false archaism. 4. *Nature*. 5. *Given*.

Ex 16. Prepare the following :—

TRIBUTE TO CHAUCER.

Whylome,¹ as antique² stories tellen³ us,
 These two were foes, the fellonest⁴ on ground,
 And battell made the dreddest daungerous
 That ever thrilling trumpet did resound ;
 Though now their acts be nowhere to be found,
 As that renownéd poet them compyled
 With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
 Dan⁵ Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
 On fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

But wicked time, that all good thoughts doth waste
 And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
 That famous monument hath quite defaste,⁶
 And robd the world of threasure endless deare,⁷
 The which mote have enrichéd all us heare.
 O curséd eld,⁸ the canker-worme of wits !
 How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
 Hope to endure, sith works of heavenly wits⁹
 Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little bits !

Then pardon, O most sacred happy spirit,
 That I thy labours lost may¹⁰ thus revive
 And steale from thee the meede of thy due merite,
 That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive,
 And, being dead, in vain yet many strive :
 Ne dare I like ; but¹¹ through infusion sweete
 Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive,
 I follow here the footing of thy feete,
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather¹² meete.

Faerie Queene, Book Ath, Canto 2.

1. An old dative, like *seldom*. 2. *Antique*=*ancient* or "*olden*." The word has also been corrupted into *antic*="old fashioned" *tricks*. 3. An archaism. The old Midland plural was in *en*; the Southern in *eth* (*we hopeth*); and the Northern in *es* (*we hopès*). 4. *Fell* (said by some to be from Latin *fel, gall*), hence *felon*. 5. *Dan*, a form of *don* (Spanish), and *dom* (*Portuguese*)—from the Latin *dominus*. 6. *Defaced*. This is an odd archaism—probably a blunder of Spenser's. The opposite corruption has taken place in *shamefaced*, which ought to be *shamefast*. 7. *Of infinite value*. 8. The noun-form of *old*; compare *long, length*. 9. *Sith*=*since*. *Wits*=*men of wit*=

ability. 10. *Amiable*. 11. *Except*. 12. *Rather* is here used in its old sense = *sooner*. *Rathe* is used in Milton's *Lycidas* in the sense of *early*.

Bring the rathe primrose, that neglected dies.

Then it took the sense of *delicate*, as in Coleridge.

Twin buds too rathe to bear,
The winter's unkind air.

The old pronunciation *rãther*, is still retained in Ireland.

Ex. 17. Put the following back into Spenser's verse:—

A fair and lovely lady rode *beside* him, upon a lowly ass whiter than *snow*—yet she was much whiter;—but she *hid* * [that brightness] under a veil that hung (wimpled) *low* down; and over all [her dress] she *threw* * a black stole; she was *sad*, as one that inly mourned, and she sat heavy upon her *slow* palfrey; [it] seemed [as if] she *had* in her heart some hidden care; and she *lad* (led) by her in a line a milk-white lamb.

☞ The words in italics are the rhyming words; those marked with an asterisk must be thrown into the forms *did hide*, *did throw*.

Ex. 18. Write, in prose, a short account of the matter of the first ten stanzas of the *Faerie Queene* without using any of Spenser's phraseology.

Ex. 19. (a) *Forwasted*. The prefix *for* (= German *ver*) has two functions,—one to *intensify*, the other to *deny*. Here it intensifies; as also in *fordone* *forlorn*, etc. (b) *Hardiment*=*courage* or *daring*. (c) *Welke*=*wither*. It still has this meaning in German *welken*. (d) *Weedes*=*clothes*. Compare the phrase *widow's weeds*. The *y* in *yclad* is the sign of the old past participle. It once was *ge*. (e) *Saying his prayers*. (f) *Mell*=*meddle*. (g) *Edifyde*, used in the original sense of *built up*. We have still this sense in the word *edifice*. (h) In the last line is a good example of alliteration. (i) *Astonied* = *stunned* or *astonished*.

Ex. 20. (k) *Quitte*, from the Latin *quietus* (*quiet*), through the French. A *quittance*, in French, is a *making a creditor quiet*, that is, *by paying him*. The same idea is found in the word *pay*, which comes from the Latin *pax* (*peace*) and *pacare*, to bring to peace, through the French *payer*.—*Coy*, *acquit*, *requite*, etc., are connected with *quietus*. (l) *Purchass*, from French *pourchasser*, to pursue. (m) *Tethys* was a sea-god.—*Bide*=*abide*. (n) *Husher*, from *huissier*, from Latin *ostiarius*=*a door-keeper*. Now *usher*. (o) *Eke*=*also*. *Unhable*, the right spelling, from Latin *habilis*; through the French *habile*. (p) The old meaning of *fret* is to eat. It is the Low German form of the High German *fressen*. (q) *Oriental*=*eastern*. Milton constantly uses *orient* and *occident* for *eastern* and *western*. (s) *Boldest*. We have the noun *prowwess*; but we no longer have *proww*. *Prow* comes from Latin *prob-us* (*good*; found in *probity*, etc.), by the change of *b* into *v* and then into *w*. The same change of *b* into *v* takes place in *probus*, *approve*. (t) *Doctor*. As bleeding was almost the only function which the old physicians exercised, the name *doctor* (or *leach* in "Saxon") was applied to the small worm used for bleeding.—*Bide beside him*. The same meaning in the vulgar phrase "I can't abide him." (u) *Escheat*, from French *echoir*, to fall to a person. (v) The *p* in *deceipt* is right. The Latin verb *capio* (*I take*) has given about 200 words to the English language. If (a) they have come direct from Latin, they keep the *p*; if (b) through the French, the *p*

is changed into *v*. Examples of (*a*) are *recipient*, *reception*, etc.; of (*b*) *Receive*, *deceive*, *perceive*. To *deceive* is = to take in; to *perceive* = to take into the mind, etc., etc. (*w*) *Quight* is a false archaism, as the word is from a Latin root; and no Latin root contains the Teutonic throat-symbol *gh*. (*x*) *Care of the doctor*. Compare the phrase *cure of souls*, *curate*, etc. (*y*) *Woody kind* = *sylvan kindred*. (*z*) *Faitour*, a French word, of Latin *factor* (in *malefactor*, *benefactor*).

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER VI.

1. Who are the two most distinguished English poets between Chaucer and Spenser? 2. What seem to have been the chief causes for the decay of poetry in the fifteenth and first half of the sixteenth centuries? 3. What two kinds of verse were first introduced by the Earl of Surrey? 4. Mention some of the great writers who were living in London in the year 1590. 5. What is the difference between the hexameters used by Longfellow in his *Evangeline*, and the Alexandrines used by Spenser? 6. Where and when was Spenser born? 7. Where did he receive his university education? 8. What kind of versification did his friend Harvey encourage him to employ? 9. What office in Ireland did Spenser receive in 1580; and by whose influence? 10. What amount of land was presented to him, and in what county? 11. What condition was affixed to the enjoyment of this land? 12. Who was his neighbour in Ireland? 13. Where did Spenser publish the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*, and by whose advice did he publish it? 14. What pension did Spenser hold from Queen Elizabeth? 15. Whom did Spenser marry, and when? 16. In what year did the other three books of the *Faerie Queene* appear? 17. For what office did the queen recommend him? 18. What occurred to prevent his entering upon that office? 19. What domestic misfortune happened to Spenser on the occasion of Tyrone's rebellion? 20. Where did Spenser flee to? 21. Where and when did he die? 22. Where was he buried? 23. What is the name of his first poem? 24. Of the second? 25. What is his greatest poem called? 26. Explain the word *fairy*. 27. Give a slight sketch of the story of the *Faerie Queene*? 28. What is an allegory? 29. In what metre is the *Faerie Queene* written? 30. What did Spenser add to the *ottava rima* which he borrowed, and what is the effect of this addition? 31. Give the formulas for the first and last lines of his stanza. 32. Compare Spenser's *cæsura* with that of Drayton and of Pope. 33. How do Milton and Spenser's *cæsura* agree, and why? 34. In what century did the revival of learning occur in England? 35. What class of words did this revival bring into the language? 36. Mention some. 37. What book promoted this tendency to an enormous extent? 38. What complaint regarding English at this period is made by Sir Thomas Browne? 39. Of what writer does Spenser say, "I follow here the footing of thy feet"? 40. Mention some instances of what in the eighteenth century was called Spenser's "Saxon dialect." 41. What is an *archaism*? Give some examples. 42. In what sense does Spenser use the words *affront*, *bewale*, *bid*, and *blaze*? 43. What "parts of speech" are the words *yard*, *glitterand*, *eyne*? 44. What is the original meaning, and what is the derivation of *gossip*?



CHAPTER VII.

THE DRAMA AND THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS.

1. **T**HE imitation, or "acting," of events that have happened in real life is a necessity that lies deep in human nature. We see it in children every day, whose tendency is not merely to relate a story or an event, but to *act* it over again—to *represent* it not only in words, but in looks, gestures, and action. The English Drama does not connect itself with the Greek Plays; but has a distinct origin of its own. The English Drama arose out of the necessity felt by the clergy to present to the senses—and especially to the eyes—of their people the events and incidents of the gospel story. These plays were called Miracles, or Miracle Plays. They were also called Mysteries,¹ a term imported from France. They were written by the clergy, at first in Latin, and acted by the clergy, and that in churches and cathedrals. Afterwards, to accommodate the large crowds which came, a scaffolding was erected in front of the church door, or against the church wall in the churchyard. Later on, wheeled platforms were constructed, which were drawn into the market-place and other open spaces in towns; so that, if the people would not come to church, the church could go to them.

2. The first miracle play of which we have any information is the *Raising of Lazarus*, by Hilarius, a monk of the twelfth century. The first miracles written in English were said to have been composed by Ralph Higden (the author of the *Polychronicon*), who travelled three times to Rome for leave to employ the English tongue, and were first acted in England when Chaucer was a boy. The subjects were taken both from the Old and from the New Testament. *The Creation*, *The Story of Cain and Abel*, *The Deluge*, *The Crucifixion*, and *The Lives of the Saints*, were all dramatised, and represented in words, in scenery, in dresses, and in action. *The Sacrifice of Isaac* was a favourite play, and contains some verses which are not without a rough but genuine pathos.

Isaac. When I am dede, and closed in clay,
Who then shalle be youre son ?

¹ From *ministerium*—service; not from *mysterion* (*mystery*)—a Greek word which means *muttering* or *speaking low*.

- Abraham.* Ah, Lord, that I shuld abide this day !
Isaac. Sir, who shalle do that I was won¹ ?
Abraham. Speke no siche wordës, son, I pray.
Isaac. Shall ye me slo² ?
Abraham. I trow I mon.³
 Lyg⁴ stille ; I smyte.
Isaac. Sir, let me say.
Abraham. Now, my dere child, thou may not shon.⁵
Isaac. The shynyng of your bright bladë
 It gars me quake for feare to dee.
Abraham. Therefor groflynges⁶ thou shalle be layde,
 Then when I strike thou shalle not se.
Isaac. What have I done, fader, what have I saide ?
Abraham. Truly, no kins ille⁷ to me.
Isaac. And thus gyltless shall be arayde.
Abraham. Now, good son, let siche wordës be.
Isaac. I luf you ay.
Abraham. So do I thee.
Isaac. Fader !
Abraham. What, son ?
Isaac. Let now be seyn⁸
 For my moder luf.
Abraham. Let be, let be !
 It will not help that thou wold meyn ;⁹
 Bot ly stille tille I com to thee,
 I mys a littlyle thinge I weyn.¹⁰

And so Abraham turns aside to weep and to think what he should say to Sarah, when he goes home without Isaac.

3. These miracles continued to be popular from the eleventh to the fourteenth century ; but they were acted even much later. They continued to be acted once a year at Coventry till 1591 ; at Newcastle till 1598 ; and at Kendal as late as the year 1603. And they still exist in Mexico, in the Tyrol, in Switzerland, and in some parts of Germany. At Ammergau, in Bavaria, every ten years is acted the *Life of Our Lord*, with the deepest solemnity, and a certain native beauty and majesty, which takes the hearts of all spectators. The representation lasts a whole week. In the Chester Series of Miracle Plays there are twenty-four ; and, in 1594, nine of these were acted on Whit-Monday, nine on Tuesday, and the remaining six on Wed-

¹ *Won*=*wont* (to do). *Won* in Old English meant to dwell.

² Slay. ³ *Mon*=*must*. *Mon* and *mun* are still in use in Scotland

⁴ The *g* in *lyg* first vanished to the ear and then to the eye. A final *g* either disappears into a *y* (as in *dag*, *day*) or into a *w*, as in *sorge*, *sorwe*, and then sorrow.

⁵ Shun=escape.

⁶ *On thy face*. An old possessive. So *naslings*, on one's nose ; *darklings*, in the dark ; etc.

⁷ No kind of ill.

⁸ *Seyn*=*seen* (what you will do for my mother's sake).

⁹ Mean. ¹⁰ Ween.

nesday. "The places where they played them were in every street. They began first at the abbey gates, and when the first pageant was played, it was wheeled to the high cross before the mayor, and so to every street. Thus one of the "pageants" was always being acted in some part of the town. They were acted by the different Trade-Guilds or Companies of the City. "First came the pageant of the Tanners, who set forth the Fall of Lucifer; that of the Drapers followed, with the Creation and Fall. The Cappers and Linen-drapers played the tale of 'Balaam and his Ass.'" The last of the four-and-twenty pageants was Doomsday, or the Day of Judgment. Thus, in three days, the Chester people, who could not read, saw the whole Bible history presented to them in the most vivid and life-like fashion. To prevent the spectators from wearying, comic interludes were introduced; but nowhere were these allowed to interfere with or to mar the solemn character of the miracle. These sequences of plays were acted in the open air, at Easter and Whitsuntide. Three of these are still preserved: the Coventry, the Wakefield, and the Chester Mysteries. The men who acted Herod and Caiaphas each received 3s. 4d.; but the Judas (as is still the case in Mexico) was paid at a higher rate for undertaking so contemptible a character. In Mexico this actor is in danger of his life, and has to be escorted from the stage by a guard of soldiers. The following is a copy of one account:

Paid, for playing of Peter	xvi ^d .
„ to two Damsels	xiii ^d .
„ to the Demon	vi ^d .
„ to Fawston for hanging Judas	iv ^d .
„ to Fawston for cock-crowing .	iv ^d .

The actors who personated the saints wore a gilt wig and beard. The dresses were originally obtained from the church, but afterwards from all sources. We find, for example, "To reward to Mrs. Grimsby for lending of her gear for Pilate's wife, xii^d." When more elaborate scenery came into use, we find this entry, "Paid to Crowe for making of three worlds, iii^s."

4. The tendency to allegory among the Provençal poets in the South of France reached England, and gave birth to a new kind of play called a Morality. Instead of heavenly powers and Scripture personages, we have mere abstract ideas personified acting in this kind of play. *Every Man* (for mankind), *Good Counsel*, *Justice*, *Mercy*, *Repentance*, *Pride*, and so on. *Sathan* of the miracles appears as the *Vice* of the moralities; the centre of most of the riot of the piece, and the personage on whom blows, buffets, and all kinds of punishment inevitably fall; but in some moralities *Sathan* appears in addition to *The Vice*. The oldest English morality still existing is the *Castle of Perseverance*, written about 1450. In one of the shortest of these plays, *Every Man* is summoned by *Death* to go on his long journey; and he looks about him for companions. He applies to *Kindred*, *Knowledge*, *Beauty*, *Fellowship*, *Five-wits*, *Good-deeds*,

and others; but, though all of them are at first quite willing to accompany him, he is in the end deserted by *Knowledge*, *Beauty*, and *Five-wits*, and only *Good-deeds* finishes the journey with him. These plays came gradually to introduce historical personages, and to make sly hits at ruling powers and passing events. Then came the Interlude—a shorter play than the Morality, and generally introducing real persons. JOHN HEYWOOD, who filled the office of Court-jester of Henry VIII., was the author of most of these. In one, *The Four P's*, the personages are a Pardoner, a Poticary, a Palmer, and a Pedlar. The first three enter upon a contest as to which of them shall utter the grossest improbability; and the Pedlar is appointed umpire. The Palmer says he never saw a woman out of temper; and the general laughter awards the prize to him. Heywood lived and wrote this weak stuff within twenty years of Shakspeare's first drama.

5. The course of development seems, then, to have been as follows:—

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| | In which were Introduced |
| 1. MIRACLE-PLAYS | Spiritual Personages, Saints, etc. |
| 2. MORALITIES | Personifications of abstract ideas. |
| 3. INTERLUDES | Personifications and also real or historical Personages. |
| 4. THE MODERN PLAY ... | Real Personages. |

The Court Masque was a kind of Interlude, into which heathen deities, Christian ideas, and real persons were freely introduced. The first modern play was a comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, written in 1551, by Nicholas Udall, Head-master of Westminster School. Our earliest tragedy is *Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex*, by Thomas Sackville (Lord Buckhurst) and Thomas Norton. It was acted in 1562, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple.¹ It was written in blank verse, which had not long before been introduced by the Earl of Surrey. The language is powerful; but it is dull to read aloud, because the pause (*cæsura*) is always in the same place—after the second foot.

6. In the middle of the sixteenth century, there were neither regular theatres nor professional actors; but amateurs played in town-halls, court-yards of inns, cock-pits, barns, and other rough places. Strolling players were subject to the parliamentary acts relating to vagabonds, beggars, and other persons with unsettled abodes. To avoid the liability to be treated as vagabonds, players obtained leave to don the livery of some great lord, and later on, of the king or

¹ The Inner Temple is one of the four "Inns" of Court in which all students of law and barristers enrol themselves. The Inner Temple is to the east of the Middle Temple, on the banks of the Thames, and below Fleet Street.

queen for the time being. Hence, actors in the Royal Theatre of Drury Lane still call themselves the "Queen's Servants." The number of persons, either in London or in the country, who could read was still very small. There were no newspapers, magazines, or books for general readers. Books were confined to the wealthy and to the learned classes; and men of literary ability had no means whatever of reaching the general public, or of making fame and money for themselves, without devoting themselves to dramatic literature. Hence, dramatic literature is almost the only literature of Queen Elizabeth's time, and it is the only *popular* literature. But we are not to suppose that the plays written by these able men were published. As has been said, there was *no public* for them in a printed form; and, in the next place, the proprietors of the copyrights most jealously kept them from circulation, guarded them against piracy, and kept all their copies in manuscript. Had they been freely circulated, they might have been acted in the country without leave or licence from the holders of the copyrights; and, means of communication being very slow in those days, no news of this infringement would have come to London until the mischief had been done. Hence it happens that the text of Shakspeare is so full of various readings, that it is in many parts very doubtful, and that, as a whole, it is hardly even now settled. Had it been possible for Shakspeare to have had his plays printed, and to have read and corrected and edited them himself, infinite labour and controversy would have been spared.

7. It is impossible for even well-educated persons to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the works of all the eminent dramatists whose plays brightened or interested the stage in the beginning of the seventeenth century. We must be contented, in the meantime at least, merely to know their names. Two points, however, are worthy of note. The first is that, in Shakspeare's time, books were still a very expensive luxury, few persons could read, and those who loved fine expression, poetical thoughts, or interesting stories, had to gratify themselves at the theatre. The mind of the English nation was at that time in a state of the highest activity; and there were many clever young men in London, from the Universities and elsewhere, who were eager to supply this increasing demand of the people for new dramas. The second point is that, in the history of nations, great men or great writers never appear alone, but always in groups. Just as we do not find high mountains in Holland or in the Great Plain of Europe, but must seek them in the Alps or in the Caucasus; so we do not find a Shakspeare or a Dante alone, but surrounded by minds as great in their own spheres, or nearly as great as in his sphere is Shakspeare himself. Bacon as a thinker, and Burleigh as a statesman, are perhaps not very far beneath Shakspeare in mental power.

8. BEN JONSON was the greatest of the contemporary group of dramatic writers. He was born nine years after Shakspeare, in 1573,

and died in 1637. They were acquainted with each other, nay, friends and companions; and at the Mermaid, in Fleet Street, had many "wit¹ combats" (trials of mental power) together. Jonson's greatest work is,

Volpone, or the Fox.

Two more of his plays rank next to this: *Every Man in his Humour* and *The Alchemist*. He was buried (in an upright position) in Westminster Abbey; and the stone over his grave may still be seen, with the words, "O rare Ben Jonson." The two writers next to Ben Jonson are always named together—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. Francis Beaumont (1586–1616), and John Fletcher (1576–1625), wrote in all fifty-two plays. Beaumont succeeded best in tragedy; Fletcher in comedy.

The Maid's Tragedy,

is said to be their best tragedy;

The Knight of the Burning Pestle,

their most popular comedy. Their works were more popular in their day than even those of Shakspeare and Jonson. Fletcher died of the plague which was always lurking about London, in 1625. PHILIP MASSINGER, (1584–1640) is said to be a stronger and more powerful writer than the two last. He wrote thirty-seven plays, of which nineteen are still extant. The only play of his now acted is,

A New Way to pay Old Debts,

and the character of Sir Giles Overreach appears in this play.

9. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–1593), though not so cultivated a writer as Ben Jonson, was perhaps the more powerful genius by nature. He was born at Canterbury, and studied at Cambridge. It is to him that blank verse owes much of its power, polish, and expressiveness; and he wrote it with success long before Shakspeare began to study. His greatest work is,

The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus.

The story of a man who has sold himself to the powers of evil, for the temporary enjoyment of science or of wealth, is a very old one, and has formed the subject of many a drama. The best of these dramas is undoubtedly Goethe's, which has been translated into English about twenty times. The scene in which *Faustus* soliloquises while he is waiting for the arrival of the evil one to redeem his bargain, is very powerful. The feeling and the language are in full accord. Sometimes, where the feeling of the situation is not strong, Marlowe's habitual use of powerful language betrays him into bombast.

¹ The reader must not forget that our modern sense of the word *wit* did not begin until the 18th century.

10. GEORGE CHAPMAN (1557-1634), the translator of Homer, wrote only one play,

Bussy d'Amboise.

It is written in the true "grand style" of the Elizabethan era; but the amount of reflection and philosophising in the play rather impedes the action and diminishes the interest. He is best known by his translation of Homer, which is full of vigour, and (on the whole) perhaps the best we as yet have.

11. JOHN FORD (1586-1639), a lawyer, wrote tragedies only; and the comic scenes in them are said to be dull and stiff. Hallam says, that he had "the power over tears"; but this is not a very high form of dramatic power. His best play is said to be

The Broken Heart.

He also wrote a historical play on *Perkin Warbeck*. JOHN WEBSTER (1638), is rated very high by Charles Lamb, the best and soundest critic of seventeenth century dramatists. He compares a *Land Dirge* of Webster's, with Shakspeare's *Sea Dirge*, *Full fathom five thy father lies*, and says, that "as the one is of the water, watery; so the other is of the earth, earthy." His most celebrated tragedy is

The Duchess of Malfy,

which was brought out in 1623. PEELE, KYD, GREENE, DEKKER, MIDDLETON, MARSTON, and HEYWOOD, can only be named here. JAMES SHIRLEY (1594-1666) is usually regarded as the last in time of the Elizabethan dramatists. He excelled in comedy; but he is also the author of that noble and serious lyric, *The Glories of our Blood and State*. He was a curate at St. Albans, embraced the Roman Catholic faith, tried to open a school in that town without success, and came to London to write for bread. The fire of London destroyed his house; and not long after, both he and his wife, who had fled for shelter to a suburb of London, died on the same day.

12. The two special characteristics of the Elizabethan drama, are high and fertile imagination and enormous power of phraseology. Great events constantly happening to England in the reign of Elizabeth; the feeling that for the first time the world was opening up to the knowledge of Englishmen; the presence of a large number of able young men in London, most of them known to and in constant intercourse with each other; an eager but limited public (London only numbered at that time a hundred thousand souls, and was chiefly confined within the city walls) with the keenest appreciation of good and rhythmical writing,—formed a set of circumstances such as can only be paralleled by Athens in the time of Pericles, and went to produce a drama such as England has never seen before or since.

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER VII.

It is impossible by extracts to show the ability or the style of a dramatic writer. The force, the justice, and the beauty of a speech all depend on its relation to the character of the speaker, to the circumstances in which he is, and to the plan (or plot) of the whole play. Extracts may show the kind of poetical language used by the writer, just as a piece of stone from a house may give some idea of the carving, but can give none of the plan of the whole house, its proportions, the relation of its elevation to the landscape, or the style of its architecture. The following passages, mostly lyrical, are given chiefly to show to the reader that the old seventeenth century dramatists had a certain common style—a style of the most noble and elevated character, never equalled before, and probably not since their time.

Ex. 1. Prepare (and, if necessary, learn by heart) the following lines from Ben Jonson :—

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk,¹ doth make man better be ;
 Or standing long, an oak, three hundred year,²
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :³
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of light.⁴
 In small proportions we just⁵ beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect⁶ be.

1. The accent, the pause, and the meaning, all combine to make *bulk* emphatic. 2. In Old English, words like *year*, *summer*, *winter*, *night*, etc., never took the sign of the plural. We still retain this custom in such words as *fortnight* (= *fourteen nights*), *se'nnight*, and in the phrases *four foot high*, *ten stone weight*, etc. 3. Connected with form *sear*. 4. The lily was the very embodiment of light itself. 5. *Just*=*perfectly and fully developed*. 6. Life, says Ben Jonson, has no relation to time, but only to development.

Ex. 2. Prepare (and learn by heart) the following hymn from Ben Jonson :

HYMN TO DIANA.¹

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,²
 Now³ the sun is laid to sleep,⁴
 Seated in thy silver chair,⁵
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus⁶ entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently⁷ bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself⁸ to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did⁹ close :
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,¹⁰
 Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,¹¹
 And thy crystal-shining quiver ;¹²
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright !

1. *Diana*, also called *Luna*, *Cynthia*, etc., and in Greek, *Artemis*, was the sister of *Apollo*, and the goddess of the moon. 2. These are noble trochaics, and go far to prove that Ben Jonson was second only to Shakspeare. They are called trochaic tetrameter catalectic (=defective), and have a "short" syllable wanting. The symbol is 4 a x —. The line is thus scanned:

 Quéen and | húntréss | cháste and | fáir— |

3. *Now* is here a conjunction, and = *now that*. 4. The phrase *laid to sleep* is not in accordance with the notions of Greek or Roman mythology. 5. *Chair*. This is the Norman-French form; the ordinary French form is *chaise*. This word we have also adopted, but assigned to it another meaning. *Chair* is a softened contraction of *cathedra*. Hence *cathedral* = a church which contains a chair—*i.e.*, a bishop's chair. 6. The evening star, called also—when he appears *before* the sun in the morning—*Phosphorus* = the light-bringer, and in Latin *Lucifer*. 7. *Excellently* has not a general, but a specific, meaning here. It means *excelling all other stars in brightness*. 8. The *objective*, governed by *interpose*. 9. *Do* and *did* were not, in Jonson's time, felt to be mere expletives. In Pope's time they were. Pope thus exemplifies:—

 While feeble expletives their aid *do* join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

10. *Sight of thee*. 11. *Aside* would be the modern word. 12. A form of *coffer*.

Ex. 3. Scan the first verse of the *Hymn to Diana*.

Ex. 4. Write a short paper to develop more fully BEN JONSON'S idea in his poem *The Noble Nature*. Give also some instances from history.

Ex. 5. In the two poems from BEN JONSON, select the words, phrases, and idioms which are *not* modern.

Ex. 6. Prepare the following *Dirges* from WEBSTER and SHAKSPEARE.

A LAND DIRGE.

Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole²
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm
 And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm ;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

J. WEBSTER.

1. An iambic line beginning with a trochee. There are here and there trochaic lines ; but the poem is chiefly in iambic pentameter. 2. Connected with *deal = to divide*.

A SEA DIRGE.

Full fathom five thy father lies :¹
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :²
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange ;
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 Hark ! now I hear them,—
 Ding—dong—bell.

1. An alliterative line. Compare with the first line in the *Land Dirge*.
 2. The verse here begins to be trochaic, and continues so all through. Each line—whether iambic or trochaic—contains four accents.

Ex. 7. Write a short paper, comparing the two poems above.

Ex. 8. Mark the accented syllables in the *Sea Dirge*.

Ex. 9. Prepare the following passage from CHAPMAN :—

INNOCENCE THE HARMONY OF THE FACULTIES.

Innocence is the sacred amulet¹
 'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,²
 Of all misfortune, injury, and death :
 That makes a man in tune³ still in himself

Free from the lot to be⁴ his own accuser ;
 Ever in quiet, endless joy enjoying ;
 No strife nor no sedition in his powers ;
 No motion⁵ in his will against his reason ;
 No thought 'gainst thought ; nor (as 'twere in the confines
 Of wishing and repenting both) possess
 Only a wayward⁶ and tumultuous peace :
 But, all parts⁷ in him friendly and secure,⁸
 Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,
 He can with every wish be in their⁹ plenty ;
 When the infectious¹⁰ guilt of one foul crime
 Destroys the free content of all our time.¹¹

1. From the Arabic word *hamulât* = something carried. 2. *Non firmness*, and hence *weakness of will*. 3. So Shakspeare speaks of Ophelia as *Like sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune*. 4. *Of being*. 5. *Commotion*. 6. This word seems to mean *fond of getting one's own way*. Some connect it with *woe*, and make it = *woeward*. Others make it *awayward*, and compare it with *froward* = *fromward*, and *toward*. 8. In the old sense of free from care. This word has put in three appearances in our language : 1st, through the Norman French, as *sure* ; 2nd, direct from the Latin *securus*, as *secure* ; and 3rd, direct from an older Latin form *sine curâ* (*without care*), as *sinecure* (a noun). 9. *Their* = *of the best things*. 10. That is, the *one foul crime* infects all the other and sound parts of the mind. 11. *Destroys the freedom and contentment of our whole life*.

Ex. 10. Select from the three previous passages, all the words, phrases, and idioms, which are *not* modern.

Ex. 11. Prepare the following poem from SHIRLEY : --

DEATH THE LEVELLER.¹

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial² things ;
 There is no³ armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy⁴ hand on kings :
 Sceptre⁵ and crown
 Must tumble⁶ down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap⁷ the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill :⁸
 But their⁹ strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but¹⁰ one another still :

Early or late¹¹
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow :
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds :
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb ;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.¹²

1. *Leveller*—from Latin *libra*, a balance; diminutive *libella*,—by the change of the labial *b* into the aspirated labial *v*. 2. The weight of sense carried by this Latin word *substantial*, only introduced into the language in the sixteenth century, is one proof of the greatness of the rôle played by the Latin element in our language. 3. The emphasis is on *no*, and a pause ought to be made after it. A mechanical method of scanning is not to be strictly adhered to in English; and this line might, in keeping with the sense, be scanned thus:

There is n6 | ármour | agaínst | —fáte |

Four accents: and the unaccented syllable before *fate* is to be supplied by the pause necessary to express the full sense. 4. *Ice*—*icy*. The simplest way of the language of forming adjectives from nouns, is by the addition of *y*. This *y* is a paring down from the old English *ig*, which the Germans still retain. 5. The trochee here has a fine effect. 6. Not *derived* from *tomb-er*, but connected with it. 7. Another form of *reap* is *rip*; and the adjective *ripe* comes from it. 8. There seems to be a confusion here; and the metaphor is wrongly mixed up with the literal expressions. 9. The *their* is emphatic, and has also the *verse-accent* upon it, and is = *even their*. 10. They tame *only* each other—but not *Death*. 11. *Sooner or later* in time. 12. Perhaps the rhyme was suggested to Shirley by the song in *Cymbeline* :

Golden lads and lasses must,
 As chimney-sweepers, turn to dust.

Ex. 12. Scan the first verse of SHIRLEY'S poem.

Ex. 13. Write a short paper, comparing the style or mode of treatment of SHIRLEY with that of MR. PRAED (1802-1839), in the following lines entitled FUMUS (*We were*, but are no more).

Go to the once loved bowers ;
 Wreath blushing roses for the lady's hair :
 Winter has been upon the leaves and flowers,—
 They were !

Waken the minstrel's lute ;
 Bid the smooth pleader charm the listening ear :
 The chords are broken, and the lips are mute ;
 They were !

Visit the great and brave ;
 Worship the witcheries of the bright and fair :
 Is not thy foot upon a new-made grave ?
 They were !

We too, we too must fail :
 A few brief years to labour and to bear ;—
 Then comes the sexton and the old trite tale,
 " We were ! "

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER VII.

1. What were Miracle Plays? 2. When were they first performed? 3. Who were the actors? 4. Who was the author of the first Miracle Play? 5. Who is said to have written the first English Miracle Play? 6. What were the subjects taken from? 7. Till what date were they performed in England? 8. Are these dramas still performed; if so, where? 9. What is a Morality, and how did the name arise? 10. What is the oldest English Morality? 11. Who was the author of the first Interludes? 12. What seems to have been the course of development of the English drama? 13. Who wrote the first modern English play? 14. When was the first English tragedy performed? 15. What are the three best of Ben Jonson's principal dramas? 16. When was he born? 17. When did he die? 18. What is Marlowe's greatest work? 19. What is the name of Chapman's play? 20. Who wrote *The Broken Heart*? 21. Who wrote *The Duchess of Malfy*? 22. Who is the last of the Elizabethan dramatists?

NOTE.—For *Table of Literature of the Sixteenth Century*, see the end of the book.



TABLE OF CONTEMPORARIES.

FROM THE BIRTH OF SPENSER TO THE DEATH OF DRAYTON,
1552-1631.

DECADES.	BORN.	DIED.	DECADES.
50	Raleigh } Spenser } . . 1552 Sidney . . 1554	Latimer } Ridley } . . 1555 Cranmer } Lyndsay . . . 1557	50
60	Daniel* . . . 1562 Marlowe* } . . 1563 Drayton } Shakspeare* . . 1564		60
70	Donne . . . 1573 B. Jonson* . . 1574 J. Fletcher* . . 1576	John Knox . . 1572	70
80	Massinger* . . 1584 Hobbes . . . 1588	Sidney . . . 1586	80
90	Herrick . . . 1591 Shirley* . . . 1594	Marlowe . . . 1591 Spenser . . . 1599	90
1600	Crashaw . . . 1602 Milton } T. Fuller } . . 1608	J. Lyly } . . . 1600 Hooker }	1600
10	S. Butler . . . 1612 J. Taylor . . . 1613 H. Vaughan . . 1614 Cowley . . . 1618	Hakluyt } Shakspeare } . . 1616 Raleigh . . . 1618 Daniel . . . 1619	10
20	Marvell . . . 1620 Temple } Bunyan } . . 1628	Bacon . . . 1626	20
30	Dryden . . . 1631	Drayton } Donne } . . 1631	30

* Those thus marked are Dramatists.

SHAKSPEARE.—HISTORICAL TABLE.

HOME.	A.D.	ABROAD.	A.D.
<i>Shakspeare born</i>	1564	St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24th	1572
		Commercial Treaty with Russia	1577
<i>Shakspeare marries</i>	1582	Skirmish at Zutphen, and death of Sir P. Sidney	1586
<i>Shakspeare comes to London</i>	1586	Henry III. of France assassi- nated	1589
		Battle of Ivry	1590
		Death of Tasso	1595
<i>Shakspeare buys "New Place"</i>	1597	Edict of Nantes	1598
East India Company founded	1600		
Houses now built of bricks instead of wood	"		
Elizabeth dies	1603		
James I. succeeds, and knights 700 persons in three months	"		
Gunpowder Plot; Shakspeare now 41 years of age	1605		
Virginia and New England chartered	1606		
Milton, Hyde, and Fuller born	1608	The Puritans emigrate to Virginia	1608
		Evangelical Union of Protes- tants formed by Elector Palatine Frederick	"
Kepler publishes laws of planet- ary motion	1609		
<i>Shakspeare's Sonnets published</i>	"	Henry IV. of France assassi- nated	1610
Thermometer invented	1610		
<i>Shakspeare retires</i>	1612	Princess Elizabeth marries the Elector Palatine: hence our Hanoverian Line	1613
S. Butler born	"		
Polyolbion published	"		
Jeremy Taylor born	1613		
Napier invents logarithms	1614	Second part of Don Quixote published	1615
<i>Shakspeare dies</i>	1616	Cervantes dies	1616
Raleigh executed	1618	Thirty Years' War begins, May	1618
Cowley born	"	Battle of Prague	1620

NOTE 1.—The revenue in 1603 was £600,000; it is now more than one hundred times as much.

NOTE 2.—The plague is always dormant in London, and makes frequent appearances—in 1604, 1625, and 1665.



CHAPTER VIII.

SHAKSPEARE, 1564-1616.

1. **W**ILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, on St. George's day, the 23rd of April, and was baptized three days after. His father, John Shakspeare, was a wool-dealer and glover; and he rose to the office of high bailiff, or mayor, of the town. He had married, in 1557, Mary Arden, a county heiress, of an old knightly family. William Shakspeare was the eldest of six children. Neither his father nor mother could write—an accomplishment somewhat rare in the sixteenth century; but their son was probably sent to the grammar school of the place, and received there the small amount of Latin which was so useful to him in his later life. He is said, after leaving school, to have been a schoolmaster in the country; he is said also to have spent some time in a lawyer's office;¹ and he is also believed to have been a printer. In 1582, at the age of seventeen, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a small yeoman. She was nearly eight years older than her husband, and several of Shakspeare's plays contain allusions to the undesirableness of inequality of age in marriage. They had three children: Susanna, born in 1583; and in 1584, the twins Judith and Hamnet. In 1586 he left his native town, and went alone to London.

2. He seems to have immediately received employment in the GLOBE THEATRE, at Blackfriars. Two of the best actors of the Globe were Warwickshire men: Richard Burbage, the greatest tragic actor of the day, and Thomas Greene, himself a native of Stratford. Soon after joining the company, he was employed in a twofold

¹ There is very good evidence for this in an allusion in a pamphlet by Nash, a contemporary of Shakspeare's.

capacity—as actor and as arranger of plays for the stage. In this latter function he made alterations and additions, always larger and larger, to the plays he had to edit; and he thus gradually learned to feel his power, and gained courage to produce his own conceptions. He was connected with the theatre for about five-and-twenty years. He belonged only to the second class as an actor; and two of the characters played by him were the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, and the faithful servant *Adam* in *As you like it*. He gradually prospered, chiefly as an adapter and writer of plays, till he rose to be part proprietor both of the Globe and the Blackfriars theatre. In 1597, at the early age of thirty-three, he was able to purchase New Place, in Stratford, and to rebuild the house. In 1603 his name stands second in the patent or licence granted to Blackfriars by King James. As he prospered, he invested his money in lands and houses in his native town, which he visited every year. About the year 1612, at the age of forty-eight, he left London, and retired to New Place, the house he had built for himself some years before. It was the best house in the town. His old father and mother, who were not now in such good circumstances, spent the last years of their life with him, and died under his roof. In 1607 his daughter Susanna married Dr. Hale; and in the year after Shakspeare had a little grand-daughter. His only son, Hamnet, had died in 1596, at the early age of twelve. In 1616, his second daughter, Judith, married Thomas Quincy. Two months after, Shakspeare fell ill, and died on his birthday, the 23rd of April, 1616. He was buried in the parish church of Stratford. He seems to have had a good reputation among his friends and neighbours for honesty, kindness, and considerateness; and the epithet, “gentle Shakspeare,” adheres closest to his name. His life had almost no events; it seems only to have been that of an ordinary prosperous Englishman. He was about the middle height, with a high, broad, and noble forehead, bright eyes, and open, kindly, handsome face; and of a very pleasant and attractive manner.

3. He has written thirty-seven plays, and a number of sonnets and other poems. The plays are usually divided into three classes: (a) tragedies, (b) comedies, and (c) historical plays. The greatest of his tragedies are

Macbeth, King Lear, Hamlet, Othello, and Romeo and Juliet.

His finest comedies are—

Midsummer Night's Dream, As you Like It, and The Merchant of Venice;

and his best historical plays are probably—

Richard III., Coriolanus, and Julius Cæsar.

His plays drawn from the history of England are, apart from their greatness and their merit as dramatic poems, real contributions to the history of our country, because the characters are *truthfully* conceived, and faithfully represented. It is a fact worthy of distinct notice, that Shakspeare himself never invented a plot; and that the story of each of his plays is borrowed from other sources. Plutarch is his authority for his Roman plays; Holinshed, Hall, and other chroniclers for others; while the stories of his comedies are taken from Chaucer, Boccaccio, and several Italian writers. The series of three plays on *Henry VI.* is probably based upon three older plays by an unknown author; and this is also true of *King John* and *Henry VIII.*

4. It is very difficult to measure the greatness of Shakspeare; but there are several external as well as internal standards with which we may compare him, and we shall thus be helped to a more definite notion of his real power. Before this can be done, however, one still prevalent error must be swept away. An idea was current in the eighteenth century that Shakspeare was a wild, irregular, and savage genius, who struck upon truth and imaginative beauty by a kind of instinct—by a sort of haphazard intuition. This prejudice was fostered chiefly by the French critics, who pointed out that Shakspeare had, in all of his plays, violated the unities. The unities are the unity of time and the unity of place; and the former demands that all the events to happen in the play shall fall within the space of twenty-four hours, while the latter requires that they shall be confined to one particular place. But in several of Shakspeare's plays the events cover years, and the scenes are shifted from town to town, from kingdom to kingdom,—nay, from continent to continent. This notion of Shakspeare's "wildness" had even been encouraged by Milton, who, in speaking of the stage, has thoughtlessly referred to him as—

Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warbling his native wood-notes wild.

And Thomson, in his poem on *Summer*, says of him,—

Is not *wild* Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?

And the French thought and wrote of him as an inspired idiot: "*votre bizarre Shakspeare.*" But the faithful examination of his plays by great English and German critics has completely proved, that the art and symmetry and organisation of his plays, are quite equal to the passion and strength and poetry of particular passages. Coleridge says: "In all points, from the most important to the most minute, the judgment of Shakspeare is commensurate with his genius—nay, that his genius reveals itself in his judgment, as in its most exalted form." And Professor Craik says, with still greater force and felicity: "It was the union of the most consummate judgment with the highest creative power, that made Shakspeare the miracle that he was,—if, indeed, we ought not rather to say that such an endowment as his, of the poetical faculty, necessarily implied the clearest and truest discernment, as well as the utmost productive energy—even as the most intense heat must illuminate, as well as warm." In fact, Shakspeare, besides being a great "genius," was one of the most thoughtful and careful and considerate men that ever lived.

5. To obtain a clear and adequate idea of his greatness, we have good grounds for believing that:—

(a) He was one of the greatest poets that ever lived. Perhaps Homer, who lived in a younger and more childlike time, is greater than he; but the forms of their poetry are as different and as wide apart as the times in which they lived, and it would be difficult to compare them.

(b) He was one of the greatest artists that ever lived. That is, he understood how to make a symmetrical whole out of the largest number of heterogeneous objects; he understood how to adapt means to ends, and how to show the beauty and poetry that lives in everything and every man that God has made. So far as polish of verse and beauty of rhyme is concerned, Dante is perhaps his superior, but not always.

(c) He shows a greater mastery over language than any poet or prose-writer that ever lived. This fact may be viewed from two stand-points (1) as to the extent of his vocabulary—the number of words he has actually used; and (2) as to the power and expressiveness

of his phraseology: that is to say, the number of new combinations of words he has himself invented. (1.) There are many poor uneducated persons, chiefly in the agricultural districts of England, who go through life from the cradle to the grave with a vocabulary of only 500 words. The number of words in ordinary use, for the purposes of business and communication, as estimated by the telegraph companies, is 3000. The ordinary vocabulary of a writer like Thackeray, amounts to 5000 words; the "classical" vocabulary of Racine numbered only 1500 words; while the vocabulary of Milton, who possessed a grander sweep of thought and wider range of subject, rises to 7000 words. But the vocabulary of Shakspeare, as given in Mrs. Cowden Clarke's concordance, reaches the astonishing number of 21,000. So that Shakspeare could wield, and employ with perfect knowledge of their exact force and meaning, a number of words three times larger than the number which was required to display the thought, and the evolutions of thought, of so great a poet as Milton.

(2.) The power of making new phrases that shall be accepted by the nation, and become part of their language is a power chiefly possessed by genius. In this power Shakspeare stands pre-eminent; and there is no one who can even be said to be second to him. The places are empty below him, till we come to the fifth or sixth. The number of new phrases thrown by Shakspeare into the treasury of our language is not to be estimated by scores, but by hundreds. In fact, the language is saturated with them; and we speak Shakspeare and think Shakspeare, whether we will or whether we do not will, both consciously and unconsciously. Dr. Angus quotes thirty-six phrases from Hamlet alone, which have been woven into the web of daily speech. Such are the phrases,—

"As true as steel."

"Every inch a king."

"A divided duty."

"Though last, not least."

"Witch the world."

And,

"More honoured in the breach than in the observance."

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

"The time is out of joint."

"There's the rub."

"A divinity that shapes our ends."

In this respect Shakspeare stands in the completest contrast with Sir W. Scott. Out of the voluminous works, both in prose and poetry, of Scott, hardly a single phrase has entered the language, although his novels and poems have been read by a larger number of persons than any other books ever written, except the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. Scott has amused millions, but he has left no mark.

(d) Shakspeare shows a greater knowledge of human nature than any other writer that ever lived. He seems almost to have known everything. This came from his large sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, with all ages, with all feelings, in all kinds of circumstances. He has, accordingly, contributed to literature a larger number of "characters" than any other writer. Many dramatists (Ben Jonson, for instance) merely personify a mental or moral quality, such as ambition, avarice, or hate. But a character is made up of a large number of forces which vary in weight and strength at different times, and many of which are inconsistent with each other. A bad man has many good and even excellent points and feelings; a good man has many bad and blameworthy sides. Shakspeare knew and understood character as a whole, and always works upon it and develops it from within, and never from without. In this respect he may be contrasted with Dickens, some of whose characters are simply external peculiarities of dress or manner, with a Christian name appended to them. The springs of action in a real person are infinite and infinitely complex; and Shakspeare understood this better than any one.

(e) He has written more good acting plays than any other dramatist.

(f) He has covered a greater extent of ground in the selection of his characters. He has drawn them from Greece and Italy as well as from England; and he has drawn them from all periods of time.

(g) He has written in a greater variety of styles than any other writer. Professor Craik, says: "Every great and original writer has distinguished, and as it were individualized, himself as much by his diction as by even the sentiment which it embodies; and the invention of such a distinguishing style is one of the most unequivocal evidences of genius. But Shakspeare has invented *twenty styles*. He has a style for every one of his great characters, by which that character is distinguished from every other, as much as Pope is dis-

tinguished by his style from Dryden, or Milton from Spenser." Coleridge calls him, probably with justice, a "myriad-minded man."

6. To sum up:—

- (a) He was a great poet.
- (b) A great artist.
- (c) The greatest master of words and phrases.
- (d) The most learned person in the human heart.
- (e) The most fruitful in good plays.
- (f) The most varied stylist.

Another fact—an external phenomenon—regarding Shakspeare is, that more books have been written about him and his plays than about any other literary man, not even excepting Goethe. They number several thousands, and would fill a large library. Shakspeare as a Lawyer, as a Printer, as a Divine—Shakspeare's knowledge of Insanity, of History, of the Topography of England—these, and many other points in his mental history, have formed the subjects for even large books. Almost nothing is known about the incidents of Shakspeare's life; everything can be known about the life and growth of his mind.

7. The best way to study Shakspeare is to take one play, like Hamlet or Macbeth, and to read and re-read it, until every word and phrase is thoroughly understood, every character fully known and appreciated, and every scene and speech lives vividly and permanently in the memory. It is impossible to learn Shakspeare from what are called "extracts." But some slight perception of his power as a poet may be gained from a few selections from his poems and sonnets; and these are therefore given here. His English is often very difficult to understand. This arises from several causes:—(a) In many places the text is uncertain, and it is impossible to make up one's mind as to the true meaning; (b) Shakspeare uses words in their older meaning, and sometimes in a meaning of his own; (c) his thoughts are in themselves difficult, and therefore the words in which they are expressed do not always seem plain; and (d), which is the chief reason—Shakspeare was so full of thoughts and illustrations and images, that they jostle each other as they come out of his mind, and it is not always easy to recognise in the crowd and press of his conceptions what he means to say.

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER VIII.

It is, as has been said, impossible to give any adequate or valid idea of Shakspeare's power as a *dramatist* by selected passages. That can only be done by the careful and thorough study of one of his plays. The following plan may perhaps help the young and serious reader in his efforts towards this. Take, say, the *Merchant of Venice*.

1. Read the play over once, but without any end whatever in view, solely for the delight received in reading.

2. Read the play once more, with a special reference to the conduct, character, and expressions of each of the individuals in the play.

3. Write an abstract of the character of each person, and put down what you think would be his probable course of action under certain circumstances. Compare these guesses with Shakspeare's statements.

4. Read the play for the third time, with special attention to the poetical language.

5. Go over it a fourth time, and mark the phraseology that is remarkable, or that is obsolete at the present time.

But though it is impossible, without some such plan as the above, to seize and to hold any clear idea of Shakspeare's dramatic power, we may yet form some notion of his style—or rather of one of his styles—from a few extracts.

1. He could say the same thing in many different ways (and this is connected with his dramatic versatility), and yet always well and adequately.

(a) What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

(b) There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

(c) I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

(d) For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.

These four passages are very nearly the same statement, made from four different points of view.

2. He always "hit the nail on the head." He always said what he meant to say, exactly what he meant to say, and no more. "Perfect conception gave perfection of phrase."

(e) There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly *distil* it out.

(f) One *touch* of nature makes the whole world kin.

(g) It were all one
That I should love a bright *particular* star
And think to wed it, *he is so above me*.

(h) How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon this bank.

(i) Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and *take*
The winds of March with beauty.

(j) How far that little candle *throws his beams*,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Shakspeare's employment of the words in italics is peculiar to himself, and a little out of the common highway; but they do for him exactly what he wants—they tell their story at once, and they *cannot be forgotten*.

3. Perhaps the two chief features of his style are his easy and powerful use of metaphor, and the noble rhythm of his sentences: in two words, *metaphor* and *music*. The famous passage from *Richard II.* is a good instance of the first.

(k) For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;¹
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Then comes at last, and with a little pin
Bores through his *castle-walls*, then farewell king!

The following is a good example of the second:—

(l) We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

4. But the most striking phenomenon in the style of Shakspeare is its relation to the English language and its development. To put this in a short form, we may say that, without the large Latin element introduced into the language in the 16th and 17th centuries, the existence of a Shakspeare would have been impossible. The saturation of English with French words made Chaucer possible; and the marriage of Latin with English produced Shakspeare and the Elizabethan poetic style. The Latin element is the instrument of abstract thinking, and contains almost all the *general* expressions in our language. Shakspeare's genius, therefore, soared easily on these two wings; and without both he could never have reached the height he has reached. The fine coalescing of the two elements is in

¹ This is a splendid dramatic touch of self-pity, quite in Shakspeare's best manner. Richard II. has a sneaking and selfish hope that, if he is murdered, his ghost will haunt his deposer, Henry IV.

fact the strongest note of the Shakspearian style. The names of things are English (or "Saxon"); the names of mental or complex (or generalized) ideas are Latin (or French, which is merely Latin at second-hand). Thus, compare :

<i>English.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>
Going	Motion
Seeing	Vision
Thing	Entity
Man	Humanity

English gets a clumsy look and a sense of inadequacy and incapacity, if it strives to express general or abstract notions. If we say *manifoldness* for *variety*, *again-rising* for *resurrection*, *in-wit* for *conscience*, *again-bite* for *remorse*, and *trial* for *temptation*, we feel that we have not done justice to the meaning we have. Mr. Lowell points out that "Hints of Deathlessness" would be a poor substitute for the title of Wordsworth's ode on "Intimations of Immortality;" and that Coleridge's opening of his poem—

It was an ancient mariner,

is as superior in expression, as it is in rhythm, to

It was an elderly seaman.

But Shakspeare's triumphs of style are gained by the skilful juxtaposition of the two elements. This is plain from the following; and the Latin words will be easily recognised :—

- (n) Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No : this my hand will rather
The *multitudinous* seas *incarnardine*,
Making the green one red.

Here the polysyllabic Latin words, in this speech of Macbeth's, give the idea of a vast and wandering waste of sea, and the guilt of Macbeth's deed permeating every billow of this sea; while the undoableness and irretrievable nature of his act is *clenched*, as it were, by the short English monosyllables *green one red*.

- (n) I can call spirits from the *vasty* deep.
(o) Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words
Be freshly remembered.

Here *household* gives a more specific shade to the general hue of *familiar*.

- (p) For her own person
It beggared all *description*.

The contrast of the plain English *beggar* with the Latin word *description* is a strong one.

- (q) Age cannot wither her, nor *custom* stale
Her *infinite variety*.

The introduction of the homely and forcible word *stale* throws up by contrast the larger and wider meanings of the three Latin words.

(r) On our quick'st decrees
The *inaudible* and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

The two words *inaudible* and *noiseless* mean the same thing; but the use of the Latin, *inaudible*, greatly heightens the feeling of *stealthiness* of the never-resting foot. So in the phrases, "bubble reputation," "fantastic tricks," "the deep damnation of his taking-off."

Ex. 1. Prepare the following:


SONNET.

When in disgrace¹ with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweepe² my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless³ cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him⁴ with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,⁵
With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee; and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising⁶
From sullen⁷ earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd⁸ such wealth⁹ brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

 [It must be remembered that Shakspeare's sonnets are not properly sonnets at all. They are only three quatrains (of iambic pentameters alternately rhymed = 5 x a), closing with an ordinary couplet. The construction of a real sonnet will be afterwards discussed.]

1. The opposite of *grace* or *favour*. 2. One function of *be* is to turn an intransitive verb into a transitive. Compare *moan*, *bemoan*; *wail*, *bewail*; *speak*, *bespeak*. 3. *Useless*. *Boot* is connected with *bet* (= *good*) *better*, *best*, with *booty*, *to boot* (= "to the good"). 4. The *hims* mean *this man*, *this other*, etc. 5. *Scope*, a Greek word, meaning *power of sight*, here *power of mental sight*. Found also in *telescope*, *microscope*. 6. The scanning of this line indicates the new and sudden transition from sullenness and despondency, to the crowding in of cheerful and inspiring thoughts:—

Like — | to the lárk | at bréak | of dáy | arísing. |

7. *Sullen*, from low Latin *solanus*, from *solus* (*alone*), found in *solitude*, *solitary*, etc. 8. A Latin idiom very common in Shakspeare's time = *the remembrance of thy friendship*. 9. *Wealth*, from *weal* = *a state of weal*. This is the sense of the passage in the Prayer-Book: "Grant her in *health* and *wealth* long to live" = *health of body* and *weal of circumstances*.

Ex. 2. Prepare the following :

SONNET.

Let me not to the marriage of true¹ minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:²—

O no ! it is an ever-fixèd³ mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.⁴

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon⁵ me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

1. *Faithful*. 2. *Prepares to depart when the love of the other person has removed=has been withdrawn*. 3. In Shakspeare's time an *ed* was always sounded; hence, when the necessities of the verse prevented this, it was written *'d*. 4. The height of the star is known, but his influence (worth) cannot be discovered. 5. *Against*, in modern English.

Ex. 3. Prepare the following from one of Shakspeare's earlier poems :—

And when thou hast on foot the purblind¹ hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles :
The many musits² through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze³ his foes.

Sometimes he runs among the flock of sheep
To make the cunning⁴ hounds mistake their smell,
And sometimes where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
And sometimes sorteth⁵ with a herd of deer.
Danger deviseth shifts⁶ ; wit⁷ waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,⁸
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled,
With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out ;
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
As if another chasè were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
 Anon⁹ their loud alarums he doth hear;
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.
 Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
 Turn, and return,¹⁰ indenting with the way;
 Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
 For misery is trodden on by many,
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.¹¹

1. *Purblind* = *parblind*, *half-blind*. Compare *parboil* = *partboil*. 2. *Musits*, *plans*, the result of *musings*. 3. In the old sense, to bring his foes into a maze. 4. *Cunning* = *kenning* = *knowing*. 5. *Assorteth*. 6. From *shove*. Compare *drive*, *drift*; *thrive*, *thrift*. 7. *Mental resource*. 8. A diminutive from an old word, *ming*. Compare *mid*, *meddle*; *mud*, *muddle*. 9. *Anon* = *an one* = *at once*, or *immediately*. *An* is the old form of the preposition *on*, and is more generally found in the short form *a*, as in *aloft*, *abroad*, *ashore*. 10. The *re* in *return* must have the emphasis in reading. 11. Here Shakspeare's heart speaks out. His sympathy with the hare has been gradually growing. At first it was with the hunters.

Ex. 4. Extract the idea common to all the four passages (*a*), (*b*), (*c*), and (*d*), and state it as clearly as possible.

Ex. 5. Comment on the words in italics in the passages (*e*), (*f*), (*g*), (*h*) (*i*), and (*j*), somewhat in the following way:

(*e*) There is some soul of goodness in things evil
 Would men observingly *distil* it out.

Shakspeare indicates, by using the word *distil*, that it requires trouble and care and thought to find out the goodness in what appears to us evil—the same kind of thought as is employed by the distiller of perfumes, who rejects the impurities and the refuse of the plants he is at work upon, but carefully treasures every drop of the essential extract. The force of the word *distil* is strengthened by the adverb *observingly*. Good, Shakspeare seems to say, does not come to us in this world spontaneously; we must *work* for it; and the rejection of good along with evil is the result of thoughtlessness and want of consideration.

(*f*) Shakspeare uses the word *touch*, because that sense is the truest, and the least liable to error. Spenser expresses the same idea in the phrase *True as touch*, etc.

Ex. 6. Explain fully the metaphor in passage (*k*), and especially its appropriateness to the state of a *king*.

Ex. 7. Select all the Latin words in passages (*m*), (*n*), (*o*), (*p*), (*q*), and (*r*); and give, if possible, pure English equivalents for them. Thus:—

Multitudinous = crowding and crowded.
 Incarnardine = redden.

Ex. 8. Comment upon the inferiority, or superiority, in each case of the Latin to the English word.

Ex. 9. Prepare the following song :—

Hark—hark! the lark | at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus¹ | 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water | at those springs
 On chaliced² flowers | that lies:³
 And winking Mary-buds | begin
 To ope⁴ their golden eyes,—
 With everything | that pretty bin;⁵—
 My lady sweet, | arise!
 Arise! arise!

[The rhythm and music of this song are its most remarkable points. The line | marks the cæsura, or pause, in each line; and it will be seen that it is most exquisitely varied.] 1. *Phœbus Apollo*, the god of the sun. 2. *Chalice*, from Latin *calix*. 3. *Lies*, the old Northern plural. 4. The right form of the word. The *n* is a fragment of the old infinitive. 5. The "Saxon" plural; *are* is Danish.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER VIII.

1. Where and when was Shakspeare born? 2. What was his object in going up to London? 3. How did he succeed there? 4. When did he leave London? 5. How old was he then? 6. Where did he retire to? 7. How old was he at his death? 8. How many plays has he written? 9. What are the greatest of his tragedies? 10. What are the finest of his comedies? 11. Mention his best historical plays. 12. Did he invent his plots? 13. What objections had French critics to him as a dramatist? 14. Compare the vocabulary of words used by Shakspeare with those employed by Milton. 15. In what particular is Shakspeare unrivalled? 16. Has he contributed many new "characters" to literature? 17. From what sources has he drawn his characters? 18. Give some proof of the estimation in which Shakspeare is held?





CHAPTER IX.

PROSE-WRITERS OF THE SHAKSPEARIAN AGE.

1. **T**HE five most prominent prose-writers in Shakspeare's time are SIR WALTER RALEIGH, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, RICHARD HOOKER, WILLIAM LYLY, and FRANCIS BACON. Each of these men left his mark upon the English language, and was a powerful factor in influencing the thought of the age.

2. WALTER RALEIGH was born at Hayes Farm in Devonshire, in 1552. He was sent to Oriel College, Oxford; but he left at the early age of seventeen to fight on the side of the Huguenots in France. He spent five years on the Continent; and in 1596 accepted the offer of his step-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to sail with him to Newfoundland. On his return he went to Ireland to aid in putting down the Desmond rebellion; and so brilliantly had Captain Raleigh distinguished himself, that he was selected to carry home the despatches to Queen Elizabeth. He was now attached to the court; and while engaged thus, he found and used the opportunity of placing his velvet cloak on a muddy crossing under the feet of her majesty. In a few years he was knighted, appointed Captain of the Queen's Body-Guard, and received a grant of 12,000 acres of land in Ireland from the forfeited estates of the Tyrones. But he could not rest. He obtained a patent for the colonization of North America, and made two expeditions for this purpose across the Atlantic. Both were unsuccessful; the natives attacked and beat off the settlers. The only result of these attempts was the introduction into Europe of the potato and of tobacco, two plants that have done more to modify the form of our civilization than any other, except the vine. Raleigh called the country in which he landed Virginia, in honour of the queen; and the name of the capital of North Carolina, Raleigh, is another historical mark of the past. He commanded a ship in the fight with the Armada. He married, contrary to the express com-

mand of the queen, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who built the Exchange, and gave his name to Throgmorton Street. He then sailed up the Orinoco, and took possession of Guiana in the queen's name. But, with the accession of James the First, a terrible change struck his fortunes. He was accused of having taken part in the plot to seize the king, and place Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne; and he was brought to trial in Winchester Castle. He was sentenced to death; but King James did not dare to carry out the sentence, and Raleigh lay in the Tower for thirteen years. During this imprisonment he wrote his History of the World, a most daring design, as even now the materials for so vast an idea do not nearly exist. In 1618 the king was in one of his numerous straits for money, and bethought himself of a story of a gold-mine he had heard of on the Orinoco. Raleigh was sent out with fourteen ships to find this and other treasures. He attacked St. Thomas, a Spanish settlement, and took it, but found in it only two bars of gold; and he lost his eldest son, Walter, in the assault. Broken-hearted, and, as he wrote to his wife, "with broken brains," he returned to England. The Spanish ambassador demanded that Raleigh should be treated as a pirate; and James, who at the time was eager to marry Charles to the Infanta, ordered him to be executed upon the old sentence passed thirteen years before. Whether we look at the circumstances or at the motives of this act, we are compelled to consider it perhaps the meanest and most dastardly piece of injustice ever perpetrated by a person in authority. Before kneeling down, Raleigh felt the edge of the axe: "This is a sharp medicine," said he, "but it will cure all diseases." He was executed at Westminster, on the 29th of October, 1618.

3. Mr. Minto says that Raleigh wrote some of the "most flowing and modern-looking prose of this period;" but that only the preface and the conclusion of his History of the World have much literary value. The first extract here given is from the preface, and the second from the end of his history.

But let every man value his own wisdom, as he pleaseth. Let the Rich man think all fools, that cannot equal his abundance; the Revenger esteem all negligent that have not trodden down their opposites¹; the Politician,

¹ *Opposites, i.e., enemies.* It was a favourite trick of the seventeenth century writers to use adjectives as nouns, and to give them plurals.

all gross that cannot merchandise¹ their faith: Yet when we once come in sight of the Port of death, to which all winds drive us, and when by letting fall that fatal Anchor, which can never be weighed again, the Navigation of life takes end: Then it is, I say, that our own cogitations (those sad and severe cogitations, formerly beaten from us by our health and felicity) return again, and pay us to the uttermost² for all the pleasing passages of our life past.

Preface to History of the World.

THE FOLLY OF AMBITION, AND POWER OF DEATH.

If we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope it, but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of His law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him, and loves him, is always deferred. "I have considered," saith Solomon, "all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" but who believes it, till death tells it us? It was death, which, opening the conscience of Charles V., made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and King Francis I. of France to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Morindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects,³ and humbles them at the instant,⁴ makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed⁵ happiness. He takes the account of⁶ the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel⁷

¹ *Merchandise their faith*, sell their convictions.

² *Uttermost*—a most irregular formation. *Utter* is a comparative of *out*; *m* is a fragment of an old superlative in *ema*; and *ost* is a second superlative (more usually found with the spelling *est*). We have therefore in one word, one comparative and two superlatives.

³ *Abjects*—see note 1, previous page.

⁴ *At the instant*, instantaneously.

⁵ *Forepassed*, former.

⁶ *Takes the account of*, like the mercantile phrase, "takes stock of," looks over and adds up his real value.

⁷ *Gravel*—connected with the Old English word *graven*, to bury. *Gravel* originally meant anything dug up.

that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty¹ Death! whom none could advise, thou hast 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-stretched² greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *hic jacet*.³

Preface to History of the World.

4. PHILIP SIDNEY was born at Penshurst in Kent, in the year 1554. He was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and nephew to the Earl of Leicester. He was educated at Shrewsbury School; and he then went to Christ Church, Oxford. In 1572, when only seventeen, he set out to make the "grand tour" on the Continent for three years; and he happened to be in Paris, but living in the English embassy, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1573. During his travels, he visited all the great European scholars and statesmen, and made an earnest study of foreign politics. William the Silent of Orange pronounced him, at the age of twenty-two, one of the ripest statesmen in Europe. In 1580 he wrote the *Arcadia*, an heroic romance, and dedicated it to his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. In 1581, he wrote the *Apologie for Poetrie*. In 1585 Elizabeth sent Lord Leicester with an army to help the Dutch Protestants in their struggle with Spain, and appointed Sidney Governor of Flushing. Sidney led a brigade in Leicester's army, and was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Zutphen. It was when riding, mortally wounded, from the field of battle that the incident of the cup of water occurred. He died in 1586, at the early age of thirty-two, and was buried in St. Paul's.

5. He writes a purer and more modern English than any writer of the sixteenth century. His diction is rich and varied; but his sentences are sometimes long and wearisome. His opinions on poetry are sound and thoughtful; and he enlarges on the power of poetry in human life with as much truth as eloquence. He says that

¹ *Eloquent, just, and mighty.* Eloquent, because he can persuade and convince all hearers; just, because he gives every one his due.

² *Far-stretched*, perhaps *far-stretching* would be nearer the meaning. But *far-stretched* is in stronger contrast with *narrow*.

³ *Hic jacet*=here lies.

the ballad of *Chevy Chase*¹ "stirred his heart like the sound of a trumpet," and that poetry is "more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters, in the extreme height of summer." His free use of epithets and of metaphors is too much for a modern taste. He speaks of "the candles' inheriting the sun's office;" the "dainty vanity" of the nightingale's song; and the "comfortable² beauties" of the day. Sidney also wrote some very beautiful sonnets.

But by this time there had been a furious meeting of either³ side: where after the terrible salutation⁴ of warlike noise, the shaking of hands was with sharp weapons; some lances, according to the metal they met and skill of the guider, did stain themselves in blood; some flew up in pieces, as if they would threaten heaven⁵ because they failed on earth. But their office was quickly inherited, either by (the prince of weapons) the sword, or by some heavy mace, or biting axe; which hunting still the weakest chace,⁶ sought ever to light there where smallest resistance might worse prevent mischief.⁷ The clashing of armour, and crushing of staves, the justling⁸ of bodies, the resounding of blows, was the first part of that ill-agreeing musick, which was beautified with the grisliness of wounds, the rising of dust, the hideous falls and the groans of the dying. The very horses angry in their master's anger, with love and obedience, brought forth the effects of hate and resistance, and with minds of servitude did as if they affected glory.⁹ Some lay dead under their dead masters, whom unknighly wounds¹⁰ had unjustly punished for a faithful duty. Some lay upon their lords by like accident, and in death had the honour to be borne by them, whom in life they had borne. Some having lost their commanding burthens¹¹ ran scattered about

¹ There is no place, either in England or in Scotland, called *Chevy Chase*. The word is probably a corruption of the French *chevauchée*, a horseback raid. These were every-day occurrences in the border counties; and a bloody battle during one of them might easily get the name of "*The Battle of the Chevauchée*."

² *Comfortable* meant, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, *strengthening*. Thus we have in the Prayer-Book the phrase "most comfortable words."

³ *Either side*. The word *either* seems absurd; it is probably an affectation for *both*.

⁴ *Salutation* (the blowing of trumpets) came first; then *shaking of hands*, that is, crossing of swords.

⁵ *Heaven*—that which is raised or *heaved* up; *heavy*, that which requires much *heaving* to raise.

⁶ *Hunting the weakest chace*, pursuing the weakest combatant.

⁷ *Prevent mischief* to the assailant.

⁸ *Justling*, or *jostling*, a continuative of *joust*.

⁹ *Affected glory*—aimed at it.

¹⁰ *Unknighly wounds*, in the back.

¹¹ *Commanding burthens*—their riders who commanded them. *Burthen* from *bear*.

the field, abashed with the madness of mankind. The earth itself (wont to be a burial of men) was now, as it were, buried with men: so was the face thereof hidden with dead bodies, to whom death had come masked in divers manners.

Arcadia.

IN PRAISE OF POETRY.

Sith,¹ then, poetry is of all human learning the most ancient,² and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence³ other learnings have taken their beginnings;—Sith it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, no barbarous nation is without it;—Sith both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making;⁴ and that, indeed, that name of making is fit for it, considering that whereas all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it,—the poet only bringeth his own stuff,⁵ and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit;—Sith, neither his description nor end⁶ containing any evil, the thing described can not be evil;—Sith his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight⁷ the learners of it;—Sith therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledge) he doth not only far pass⁸ the historian, but, for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, and for moving,⁹ leaveth him behind;—Sith the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that¹⁰ even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it;—Sith all its kinds are, not only in their united forms, but in their several dissections fully commendable: I think,—(and I think I think rightly) the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the poet's triumph.

Defence of Poesy.

6. RICHARD HOOKER was born at Heavitree, a village near Exeter, in the year 1553. His parents were poor, but his uncle, John Hooker, was chamberlain to the city. His father intended to apprentice him to some trade; but his schoolmaster, who knew him to be a boy of great abilities, spoke to his uncle, who was so lucky as to interest Jewell, the Bishop of Salisbury, in his favour. In 1567 he was admitted as bursar to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his hard work and his knowledge of Hebrew. He was made fellow of his college in 1577, and lecturer in Hebrew in 1579; and in 1581 he entered the Church. The same year he was appointed to preach at Paul's Cross, and travelled up to London, one cold and rainy day, on horseback. He reached his London lodgings

cold and wet, and terribly afraid he would not be able to keep his engagement. The landlady nursed him and comforted him, and took the opportunity of recommending him to take a wife. The simple soul said he would be glad if she would find him one; and she promised to do her best for him. She did; and the woman she selected was her own daughter. The guileless Hooker, not "judicious" in this, found himself tied for life to Joan Churchman, an ignorant, vulgar-minded, domineering shrew. Spenser says,—

Who means no guile, be guiled soonest shall.

The same year he was appointed Rector of Drayton-Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire. Here he was frequently ordered away from his studies by his wife to herd the cows in the field; and one day, when his old pupil, Sandys, the son of the Archbishop of York, and George Cranmer, a nephew of the great Cranmer, paid him a visit, his wife put a stop to their conversation on philosophy and theology by calling him away to rock the cradle. By the influence of Sandys he was appointed Master of the Temple in 1585. In the Temple Church the afternoon lecturer was a Mr. Travers, whose theological opinions were entirely opposed to those of Hooker. "The pulpit," says Fuller, "spake pure Canterbury in the morning; and Geneva in the afternoon." That is to say, Hooker preached Anglicanism, and Travers Calvinism. At last Travers was silenced by the archbishop; but the pugnacious dogmatist took to paper and pamphlet warfare. Hooker, a humble-minded, peace-loving, timid, and rather weakly man, could bear the controversy no longer; and petitioned the archbishop to remove him to some country parsonage, where he could pursue his studies in peace. He was accordingly removed, in 1591, to the living of Boscombe, near Salisbury. Here he wrote the first four books of his *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, which were published in 1594. In 1595 he was translated to the better living of Bishopsbourne near Canterbury. In 1600 a severe cold brought on congestion of the lungs and he died on the 2nd of November. The complete *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which consists of eight books, was not published until 1662, Izaak Walton, the "Complete Angler," who wrote a life of Hooker, says he was "a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat, of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thought of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortification; his face full of heat-pimples, begot

by his inactivity and sedentary life." He was a little man, his body bent with study, weak-voiced and weak-sighted. "God and nature," says I. Walton, further "blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that, as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance, so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever look any man in the face; and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time."

7. Mr. Hallam says:—"So stately and graceful is the march of his periods, so various the fall of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences, so grave and noble his diction, so little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom, of pedantry in his learned phrase, that I know not whether any later writer has more admirably displayed the capacities of our language." Mr. Minto thinks this judgment an "extreme exaggeration;" but allows to him "extraordinary musical richness of language." He adds:—"Most of us are more influenced by mere pomp of sound than we might be willing to allow; and the melody of Hooker's periods is of the richest order." This is doubtless due to his great susceptibility to music, and especially to church music. For nearly three centuries his book has been regarded as one of the main bulwarks of the Church of England. His sentences are too long, and their build is much more Latin than English. The collocation of words in the following sentence is almost entirely Latin.

"And beyond seas, of them which fled in the days of Queen Mary, some contenting themselves abroad with the use of their own service-book, at home authorized before their departure out of the realm, others liking better the Common Prayer-Book of the Church of Geneva translated, those smaller contentions before begun were by this means somewhat increased."

The following is a characteristic passage:—

THE NECESSITY AND MAJESTY OF LAW.

The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth¹ to the other nourishment and life is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be occasion at any time to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good laws

all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes² from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. . . .

Since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His lay upon the world, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do His will. *He made a law for the rain; he gave His decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass His commandment.* Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation³ of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve⁴ itself; if celestial spheres should neglect their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility⁵ turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly, that obedience of creatures⁶ unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

Ecclesiastical Polity.

8. JOHN LYLY (OR LILLY) is worthy of mention as the man who carried a fashion of the Elizabethan period to its highest pitch. Very little is known of his life. He was born in Kent, studied at Magdalen, became a hanger-on at court, and was one of the numerous playwrights about town. "Our nation," says Sir Henry Blount, in 1632, "are in his debt for a new English which he taught them. *Euphuus* and his *England* began first that language; all our ladies were then his scholars; and that beauty in court which could not parley euphuism, that is to say, who was unable to converse in that pure

and reformed English, which he had formed his work to be the standard of, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French." Professor Craik thinks our language is indebted to Lyly for "not a little of its present euphony." Mr. Minto says that his sentences were the "most smooth and finished of that time." The peculiarity of euphuism was twofold—(a) a neat and sententious way of giving expression to thought, and (b) a copious use of all kinds of illustrations from minerals, plants, animals, and all kinds of stories and histories, ancient and modern. Its essential vice, and that which was destined to destroy it, was that it made people think less of what they were saying than of the manner of saying it. The following is a characteristic specimen of his style:—

The merchant that travelleth for gain, the husbandman that toileth for increase, the lawyer that pleadeth for gold, the craftsman¹ that seeketh to live by his labour—all these, after they have fatted themselves with sufficient, either take their ease, or less pain² than they were accustomed. *Hippomanes* ceased to run when he had gotten the goal. *Hercules* to labour when he had gotten the victory. *Mercury* to pipe when he had cast *Argus* in a slumber. The ant, though she toil in summer, yet in winter she leaveth to³ travail. The bee, though she delight to suck the fair flower, yet is she at last cloyed with honey. The spider that weaveth⁴ the finest thread ceaseth at the last when she hath finisheth her web. But in the action and study of the mind (Gentlemen) it is far otherwise, for he that tasteth the sweet of his learning endureth all the sour of labour. He that seeketh the depth of knowledge, is as it were in a *Labyrinth*, in the which the farther he goeth, the farther he is from the end: or like the bird in the lime-bush, which, the more she striveth to get out, the faster she sticketh in.⁵ And certainly it may be said of learning as it was said of *Nectar*, the drink of the Gods, the which the more it was drunk, the more it would overflow the brim of the cup; neither is it

¹ *Craftsman*, now handicraftsman. The word *craft* in Old English meant *power*, as it still does in German. The word *cunning* meant *knowledge* (as in the Psalms "May my right hand forget her cunning"); but both words have been gradually tainted with the meaning of *deceit*. So, in *crafty*, *priestcraft*, etc.

² *Pain* in the sense of *trouble*. So we have "The Rev. John Flavel was a painful preacher," where we should say *painstaking*.

³ *Leaveth to*—now *leaves off*. *Travail* had in the seventeenth century still the meaning of *work*.

⁴ *Weave*—hence, by unspirating the *v*, we have *web*. Hence, *webster*, a woman-weaver—now used only as a proper name.

⁵ The images of the *labyrinth* and the *lime-bush* are not very happy.

far unlike the stone that groweth in the river of Caria, the which the more¹ it is cut the more it increaseth.

Euphues.

9. FRANCIS BACON was born at York House in the Strand, London, in the year 1561. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Seals under Queen Elizabeth, and a nephew of Cecil, Lord Burleigh; and his mother's name was Anne Cook, a lady who was a good Greek and Latin scholar, and who had also a thorough knowledge of French and Italian. He showed in his childhood so much quickness of mind and sedateness of manner, that the queen called him her "little lord keeper." At twelve he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, and remained there for about three years under the care of Whitgift (afterwards archbishop), then Master of Trinity. He then went abroad on the grand tour, visited France, Germany, and Italy, and settled for some time at Poitiers and there collected materials for his first work, *On the State of Europe*, which was published at the age of nineteen. His father's death in 1579 hastened his return. He wished to devote himself to philosophy; and for this purpose he petitioned his kinsman Burleigh for a place under government, but without success; he therefore turned to the law, entered himself at Gray's Inn; and in 1582 was called to the bar. He quickly gained a high reputation as a pleader, was, in 1586, made Bencher of his Inn; and in 1589 Queen's Counsel. In 1592 he was M.P. for Middlesex. But his good fortune did not really begin until the accession of James I., in 1603. He attached himself to the Duke of Buckingham, was knighted by his influence in 1606, and Sir Francis Bacon married, Alice Barnham, the daughter of an Alderman of the city of London, and a lady of some fortune. In 1607 he was appointed Solicitor-General; in 1613 Attorney-General; and in 1617 he rose to the highest rank which the law can give, the office of the Great Seal, or of Lord High Chancellor. The title he took on this occasion was that of Baron Verulam; and three years after he was created Viscount St. Albans. Soon after, in 1621, he was accused of allowing the Duke of Buckingham to influence the decisions

¹ *The which the more*—the two *thes* are very different. The latter *the* is an old ablative of *thaet*, and is = *by that*. *The more he reads, the duller he becomes* = *by that more he reads, by that*, etc. The measure of the one is the measure of the other.

of his court and also of taking bribes. He pleaded guilty to three-and-twenty charges, was fined £40,000, made incapable of holding any office, and condemned to imprisonment during the king's pleasure. The fine was remitted; Bacon was set free in two days; and a pension of £1200 a year allowed him for life. He had long been extravagant; his philosophical works prevented his paying proper attention to the money affairs of his court; and he was confused and lax in many ways. He applied for the provostship of Eton; but without success. He was one winter day driving in the country, when a snowstorm came on, and the idea struck him that snow might possess the same preservative powers as salt. Characteristically enough, he resolved at once to experiment on his idea, stopped his carriage, got out at a cottage, bought a fowl, and set to work with his own hands to stuff it with snow. He felt a sudden chill, and being unable to go home, was taken to the house of the Earl of Arundel, which was near. Here he was put into a damp bed; fever followed; and he died in a few days. He was buried in the abbey at St. Albans in 1626. He is said to have been a little, broad-shouldered man, of a brown complexion, thin and timid-looking, with a large head and small features.

10. His most popular work, and that by which he will be longest known in literature, is the *ESSAYS*. His philosophical reputation rests chiefly on the *Novum Organon* (*New Instrument* for inquiring into truth). The chief distinction of the *Essays* is their conciseness; in very few writings is there so much matter and thought expressed in so few words. His other English works are,—

The Advancement of Learning.

The History of Henry VII.

The New Atlantis.

The Sylva Sylvarum.

Professor Craik calls him the principal figure in English prose literature in the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

LEARNING INDUCES NOT SLOTHFULNESS.

(From "*The two Books of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning*," published in 1605.)

¹For the conceit² that learning should dispose men to leisure and privateness,³ and make men slothful, it were a strange thing if that which

accustometh the mind to a perpetual motion and agitation should induce slothfulness; whereas contrariwise it may be truly affirmed that no kind of men love business for itself, but those that are learned; for other persons love it for profit, as an hireling⁴ that loves the work for the wages; or for honour, as because it beareth them up⁵ in the eyes of men, and refresheth their reputation, which otherwise would wear; or because it putteth them in mind of their fortune, and giveth them occasion to pleasure and displeasure; or because it exerciseth some faculty in which they take pride, and so entertaineth them in good humour and pleasing conceits towards themselves; or because it advanceth any other of their ends. So that, as it is said of untrue valours,⁶ that some men's valours are in the eyes of them that look on; so such men's industries are in the eyes of others, or at least in regard of their own designments; ⁷ only learned men love business as an action according to nature, as agreeable to health of mind, as exercise is to health of body, taking pleasure in the action itself, and not in the purchase;⁸ so that of all men they are the most indefatigable, if it be towards any business which can hold,⁹ or detain their mind.

OF BEAUTY.

Vertue is like a Rich Stone, best plaine¹ set: And surely, Vertue is best in a Body that is comely,² though not of Delicate Features: And that hath rather Dignity of Presence, than *Beauty* of Aspect. Neither is it almost³ scene, that very *Beautiful Persons*, are otherwise⁴ of great Virtue; As if Nature, were rather Busie not to erre, then⁵ in labour, to produce Excellency. And therefore, they prove Accomplished, but not of great Spirit; And Study rather Behaviour,⁶ then Vertue. But this holds not alwaies⁷; For *Augustus Cæsar*, *Titus Vespasianus*, *Philip le Belle*⁸ of France; *Edward the Fourth* of England, *Alcibiades* of Athens, *Ismael*, the *Sophy* of Persia, were all High and Great Spirits; And yet the most *Beautiful Men* of their Times. In *Beauty*, that of Favour,⁹ is more than that of Colour, And that of Decent and Gracious Motion,¹⁰ more than that of Favour. That is the best part of *Beauty*, which a picture cannot expresse; No, nor the first Sight of the Life.¹¹ There is no Excellent *Beauty*, that hath not some Strangenesse¹² in the Proportion. A man cannot tell, whether *Apelles*, or *Albert Durer* were the more Trifler: whereof¹³ the one would make a Personage by Geometricall Proportions; The other, by taking the best Parts out of divers Faces, to make one Excellent. Such Personages, I think, would please no Body but the Painter, that made them. Not but I thinke a Painter, may make a better Face than ever was; But he must do it by a kinde of Felicity¹⁴ (As a Musician that maketh an excellent Ayre in Musicke,) And not by Rule. A Man shall see Faces, that if you examine them, Part

by Part, you shall finde never a good ; And yet altogether doe well. If it be true, that the Principall part of *Beauty*, is in decent Motion, certainly it is no marvaile, though Persons in yeares seeme many times more Amiable ; *Pulchrorum Autumnus Pulcher* ; For no *Youth* can be comely but by Pardon,¹⁵ and considering the *Youth*, as to make up the comelinsesse. *Beauty* is as Summer-Fruits, which are easie to corrupt and cannot last, and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute *Youth*, and an *Age* a little out of countenance ; But yet certainly againe, if it light¹⁶ well, it maketh Vertues shine, and Vices blush.*

Essays.

OF TRUTH.

The first creature¹ of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense² ; the last was the light of reason ; and His Sabbath³ work, ever since, is the illumination of his spirit. First He breathed light upon the face of the matter,⁴ or chaos ; then He breathed light into the face of man ; and still He breatheth and inspireth⁵ light into the face of His chosen. The poet that beautified⁶ the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest,⁷ saith yet excellently well, " It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost⁸ upon the sea ; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below ; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground⁹ of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene, and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below ; " so¹⁰ always, that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.¹¹

Essays.

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER IX.

Ex. 1. Prepare the passages on pp. 163 and 164, with the notes.

Ex. 2. Select from these passages (a) all the obsolete words, and give their meanings ; and (b) all the words used in a different sense from that in which they are now employed.

Ex. 3. Prepare the passage from Sir P. Sidney on p. 165, with the notes.

Ex. 4. Select from this passage all the statements which a modern writer would *not* have made, and which would now be considered quaint or affected.

Ex. 5. Turn the passage into modern English.

Ex. 6. Prepare the passage on p. 166, with the following notes :—

1. Since. 2. Poetry is the oldest form of literature (or written speech) in all languages. 3. As from it. 4. The Romans called a poet *vates* = a

* This extract is printed with the capitals and italics, as in the original.

prophet, or bard; the Greeks a *maker* (*poietes*). 5. His own material. He gets it all "out of his own head." *Conceit*=*thought*. 6. *End*=*purpose*. 7. The *effects* which the poet produces in men's minds are not only good, but are *delightful* at the same time; he brings not only *benefit*, but *pleasure*. 8. Surpass. 9. *Moving*=*producing emotion*. 10. *That*=*Sith*. Sidney puts in *that* as a representative (or *pro-conjunction*) of *sith*, to prevent the repetition of it in less important clauses. Compare the French custom of putting *que* for *lorsque* or *quand*, to avoid the too frequent repetition of them.

Ex. 7. Turn the passage *In Praise of Poetry* into modern English. Omit the *since* (*sith*), and break up into short sentences.

Ex. 8.—Prepare the passage from Hooker on pp. 168 and 169, with the following notes :—

1. We should now say, *administereth*. 2. *First original causes*—a good example of Hooker's tautology. He is very fond of adding the corresponding Latin word to the English, as if the English word did not contain a sufficiently defined meaning. 3. *Observance*. 4. *Loosen and dissolve*—another example of the remark in note 2. 5. *Turning or rotation*. 6. *Created things*.

Ex. 9. Write a short and clear statement of Hooker's views on LAW—as they appear in this passage.

Ex. 10. Prepare the passage on p. 170, with the notes.

Ex. 11. Work out Lyly's contrast between *Learning* and other kinds of human labour, and state clearly the reason of this contrast. [*Learning* is an attempt to spell out the laws of an *infinite* universe—to ascertain the thoughts of an *Infinite Mind*, etc., etc.]

Ex. 12. Prepare the passage on *Learning* from Bacon on p. 172, with the following notes :—

1. *For*=*as for*, or *as regards*. 2. *Conceit*=*notion* or *thought*. From Latin *conceptus*, from *concipere*, from *capere* to *seize*. The idea is that the mind seizes hold of a number of things *together* (*con*) and combines them into one *notion*. In fourteenth to sixteenth century English, "a *conceited person*" meant a man *full of thoughts*; now it means a man with his *thought too much directed to himself*. Chaucer calls Homer "a *conceited clerk*"; and a sixteenth century author speaks of Cicero's having said something "most pleasantly and *conceitedly*," *i.e.*, *pithily*, or *wittily*. 3. Probably the round-about Latin way of saying a *leisurely privacy* or *indolent retirement*. 4. *Hireling*. This is a double diminutive and is=*hire-el-ing*. We have *el* in *little* (formerly *litel*), *sparkle*; and we have *ing* in *lording* (=son of a lord or little lord), *farthing* (=fourthing) and others. We have the *l* and the *ing* in *duckling*, *gosling*, *darling* (=dearling), *nestling*, *yearling*, etc. 5. *Raises* or *exalts*. 6. *Unreal courage*.—Bacon and his contemporaries—Shakspeare and others—often pluralized abstract nouns, like *industries*, *knowledges*, *loves* ("Wherein has Cæsar then deserved your *loves*?" *Shakspeare*), *wills* ("The *wills* above be done!" *Shakspeare's Tempest*), etc. 7. *In regard of their own designments*=*with reference to their own private (or selfish) purposes (designs)*. 8. *Purchase*=*result* or *gain* derived from the action. The word is from

purchasser, to hunt down. Then it came to mean *to obtain.* Chaucer says, speaking of the begging Friar,—

His purchasè was better then his rente.

That is, what he *gained* by begging was more than the *rente* he paid for the right to beg. 9. *Hold* = *take possession of.*

Ex. 13. Prepare the passage on p. 173, with the following notes:—

1. *Plaine* is here an adverb, and modifies *set.* In Old English, down to the fourteenth century, the usual way of forming an adverb from an adjective was to add an *e* (and only sometimes an *ly*). Thus we have in Chaucer,—

Or if men smot it with a yerdè smertë

i.e., “if men struck it *smartly* with a rod.” This gives the reason why so many adverbs still decline to take the *ly*, as *fast, quick, slow,* etc. We do not say *Run fastly.* 2. *Comely* is connected with *become* and German *bequemem.* 3. *Almost* = *hardly ever.* 4. In other respects. 5. The fact that *then* is the same word as *than* comes out clearly when we find it after *rather.* *Rather* = *sooner.* “I would sooner have this, *then* that.” 6. Good manners. 7. *Alwaies*—an old possessive = *of all way.* 8. *Le Bel,* more correctly. 9. Feature. 10. Bacon rates *complexion* lowest; above this he puts *beauty of feature*; and lastly, *beauty of figure*—as seen in *grace of movement.* 11. The first sight of a beautiful person generally disappoints, because it is absolutely new, and we cannot connect it with something else. This agrees with Wordsworth’s view:—

True beauty dwells in deep retreats.

12. Something hitherto *unknown.* 13. *Of whom.* *Whereof* is now = *of which.* 14. A lucky stroke. 15. The meaning seems to be; “Youth can be *beautiful,* but not *comely,* except by a sort of allowance.” 16. Turn out well.

Ex. 14. Prepare the passage on p. 174, with the following notes:—

1. Thing created. 2. We should now say *senses*; but Bacon’s word is more distinct and definite—*sense* as opposed to *reason.* 3. Sabbath work = the “work” (which does not involve labour, or pains, or action) of his day of rest. 4. *Matter* = *material,* out of which the world was framed. 5. *Breatheth and inspireth* mean the same thing. It is another of those double phrases, one word English and the other Latin, so common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These doubles are most frequent in Hooker, who has *cecily and blindness, nocive or hurtful, sense and meaning.* It looks like a conflict between the two elements. 6. *Adorned.* The poet was the Roman poet *Lucretius.* 7. The inferior sect was the Epicurean, which did not command so large a following as the dominant sect of the Stoics. 8. *Toss* is a form of *tease.* 9. *Vantage,* from French *avant.* 10. Provided. 11. Professor Bain objects to this sentence as very affected and “euphuistic” in style. But the three statements made in it are real and important truths; and the only admissible objection seems to be to their curtness.

Ex. 15. Turn into modern English the following sentences from Bacon’s *Essays*:—

1. Honour aspireth to death; Feare preoccupateth¹ it.
2. Lies make for² Pleasure, with Poets.
3. The Inquarie of Truth is the Love-making or Wooing of it.

4. Clear and Round Dealing is the Honour of Man's Nature.
5. The most vitall parts are not the quickest³ of Sense.
6. There is no passion in the Minde of man so weake, but it Mates,⁴ and Masters, the Feare of Death.
7. The true placing of Bounds importeth⁵ exceedingly.
8. Whereas the Meaning ought to govern the Terme, the Terme in effect governeth the Meaning.⁶
9. The ablest men, that ever were, have had all an Opennesse, and Francknesse of dealing; And a name of⁷ Certainty, and Veracity.

Ex. 16.—Turn into modern English the following sentences from the *Essays* :—

1. For Souldiers, I finde the Generalls commonly in their Hortatives, put Men in minde of their Wives and Children.
2. Men of Noble birth are noted to be envious towards New Men, when they rise. For the distance is altered; and it is like a deceit⁸ of the Eye, that when others come on, they thinke themselves goe backe.
3. Where there is no Comparison, there is no Envy.
4. Persons of violent and undertaking⁹ Natures, so they may have Power, and Businesse, will take it at any cost.
5. Of all other Affections, Envy is the most importune¹⁰ and continuall.
6. The Arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty Flatterers have intelligence, is a Man's Selfe.¹¹
7. Greate Persons are the first that finde their owne Grievs; though they be the last that finde¹² their own Faults.
8. Be not too sensible,¹³ or too remembering, of thy Place, in Conversation.
9. There is in Humane¹⁴ Nature, generally, more of the Foole, then of the Wise.

Ex. 17.—Turn the following sentences from the *Essays* into modern English :—

1. Goodness answers to the Theologicall Vertue *Charitie*, and admits no Excesse,¹⁵ but Errour.
2. It is well, when Nobles are not too great for Sovereignty, nor for Justice.
3. In great oppressions, the same Things, that provoke the Patience, doe withalle mate the Courage.¹⁶
4. God never wrought Miracle, to convince Atheisme, because his Ordinary Works convince it.
5. Man is of Kinne to the Beasts, by his body; And if he be not of Kinne to God by his Spirit, he is a Base and Ignoble Creature.
6. They may sometimes discourse high,¹⁷ but that doth little hurt.
7. If Things be not tossed upon the Arguments of Counsell, they will be tossed upon the Waves of Fortune.¹⁸
8. A long Table, and a square Table, or Seats about the Walls, seeme Things of Forme, but are Things of Substance.¹⁹
9. It were better, to meet some Dangers halfe way, though they come nothing neare, then to keepe too long a watch upon their Approaches: For if a Man watch too long, it is odds²⁰ he will fall asleepe.

NOTES ON EXERCISES 15, 16, & 17.

1. Anticipates. 2. A phrase restored lately to the language by Mr. Matthew

Arnold, and much superior to its Latin equivalent *conduces*. 3. *The quickest*. But the original meaning of *quick* was *vital*; and Bacon's use of it marks the fact that in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it had come to mean *speedy, nimble*. 4. *Mates* = *matches*. We should now say *rises equal, and even superior, to*. 5. *Is of exceeding importance*. 6. This is a golden precept. It explains in two lines the cause of half the errors made by mankind. We take a word and *make* it contain a certain meaning, instead of finding out what meaning the word really *does* contain. The word *education*, for example, means a thousand different things with a thousand different persons. 7. We should now say *a name for, or a reputation for*. 8. The *p* belongs to the root, as it comes from *decipere*, to "*take in*." 9. *Enterprising*. 10. *Importunate*. 11. And a further and fair deduction from this statement of Bacon's is: That, if we did not flatter ourselves, we should not even understand other flatterers. 12. Find out. 13. *Conscious of your own rank*. 14. *Human*. The distinction between *human* and *humane*—which arose from an accident of spelling—did not exist in Bacon's time. 15. Goodness may make mistakes; but there cannot be too much of it. 16. Raise the courage up till it is equal to the attacks and annoyances. 17. Talk big. 18. If plans are not debated thoroughly, they may be all broken up by circumstances. 19. *Form and substance* were the old opposites of the schoolmen. 20. The "odds" are against his keeping awake. (*Awake* = *on wake* = *on wait* = *on watch*.)

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER IX.

1. Mention the five most prominent prose-writers of Shakspeare's time.
2. Where was Sir Walter Raleigh born?
3. In what estimation was he held by Queen Elizabeth?
4. Whom did he marry?
5. What befell him on the accession of James I.?
6. How long was he a prisoner in the Tower?
7. What work did he write there?
8. For what purpose was he released by the king?
9. What success did he meet with.
10. When and where was he executed?
11. When was Sir Philip Sidney born?
12. Where was he educated?
13. In whose army was he serving when he received his death-wound?
14. What works did he write?
15. When was Richard Hooker born?
16. What honours were conferred upon him by his college?
17. To what office was he appointed in 1585?
18. Why did he resign this post?
19. To what living was he presented in 1591?
20. What great work did he write there?
21. What new fashion was introduced by John Lyly?
22. Where was he born?
23. Where and when was Lord Bacon born?
24. How old was he when he wrote and published his first work?
25. What induced him to become a barrister?
26. What success had he?
27. What was the highest post to which he rose?
28. Of what was he accused in 1621?
29. To what punishment was he subjected?
30. How did he meet with his death?
31. What is his most popular work?
32. Mention his greatest work.





CHAPTER X.

THE MINOR POETS CONTEMPORARY WITH SHAKSPEARE.

1. **T**HE mental activity of the age of Elizabeth and of King James I. was not entirely absorbed by the drama. Other kinds of poetry were cultivated. The most considerable minor poets of this period are GEORGE CHAPMAN, ROBERT SOUTHWELL, SAMUEL DANIEL, MICHAEL DRAYTON, SIR JOHN DAVIES, JOHN DONNE, the two FLETCHERS (PHINEAS and GILES), and WILLIAM DRUMMOND. It is impossible to do more in this book than to give the shortest notice of their lives and writings.

2. GEORGE CHAPMAN (1577-1624) is known, not only by his plays, but also, and chiefly, by his translation of HOMER. He translated both the ILIAD and the ODYSSEY.¹ Charles Lamb says of him, "He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his *Homer* is not so properly a translation, as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses rewritten. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of more modern translations. . . . Passion (the all-in-all in poetry) is everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd." He is said to have boasted that he translated twelve books in fifteen weeks; and from this haste comes, no doubt, its roughness. He was daring and picturesque in his use of compound epithets, such as "the ever-living gods," "the many-headed hill," "the wary-witted queen." Professor Craik says: "Rude and negligent upon the whole as it is, Chapman's is by far the most Homeric Iliad we yet

¹ The word *Iliad* comes from *Ilion*, the Greek name for Troy; and hence it means *The Tale of Troy*. *Odyssey* comes from *Odyseus*, the Greek name for the man called by the Romans *Ulysses*; and the poem relates his *Wanderings* after the end of the siege.

possess." And the poet Keats admits that the reading of Chapman's *Homer* was to him the opening of a new world.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The translation of the *ILIAD* is made in a long verse of seven accents (sometimes mentioned as of fourteen syllables, though there are sometimes fifteen), which may be called *iambic heptameter* (7 *x a*). But it is really nothing more than the ordinary ballad metre (lines of 4 *x a* and 3 *x a* alternately), printed in long lines. The *Odyssey* is written in the ordinary heroic verse. The following passage is from the sixth book of the *Iliad*:—

HECTOR AND HIS LITTLE BOY.

This sayd, he reacht¹ to take his sonne: who of his armes affraide,²
And then, the horse-haire plume, with which he was so overlaide,
Nodded so horrible he clinged back to his nurse and cryed:
Laughter affected his great syre,³ who doft⁴ and laid aside
His fearfull⁵ helme, that on the earth cast round about it light:
Then took and kist his loued sonne, and (ballancing his weight⁶
In dancing him) these louing vowes to living Jove he usde
And all the other bench⁷ of gods: O you that have infusde
Soule to this infant, now send downe this blessing on his starre,
Let his renoune be clear⁸ as mine: equall his strength in warre!*

3. ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560-95) was a member of the Society of Jesus. A law was passed in the age of Elizabeth banishing all Jesuits from the kingdom, upon pain of death. Southwell, in defiance of the law, laboured as a priest for eight years in secret; but was arrested, tried, convicted, and hanged at Tyburn. His poems are on moral and religious subjects. They are worthy of note for their seriousness and good sense, and for the high polish and careful finish of the workmanship.

* For the notes, see p. 190.

The loppèd tree in time may grow again ;
 Most¹ naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
 The sorriest² wight may find release of pain,
 The driest soil sucks in some moistening shower ;
 Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap³ to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow ;
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb :
 Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard that may in fine⁴ amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring ;
 Not endless night, nor yet eternal day :
 The saddest birds a season find to sing,
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
 Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth⁵ all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.*

4. SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619) was born two years before Shakspeare, and died three years after him. He was educated at Oxford, and was afterwards tutor to Lady Anne Clifford, who married an Earl of Pembroke. He was attached to the court, and was the second who held the office of poet-laureate. Spenser was the first. His chief poems are:—

- (1) A History of the Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster ;
- (2) *Musophilus* ;
- (3) An Epistle to Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland.

The *Musophilus* (which Professor Craik thinks his best poem) is a dialogue between *Philocosmos* (a lover of the world) and *Musophilus* (a lover of the Muses) ; and consists chiefly of a defence of the cultivation of poetry. The careful polish of his style and the purity of his English earned for him the title of the "well-languaged Daniel." The first of the following passages is from the *Musophilus*, and the second from the *Epistle*.*

* For the notes, see p. 191.

Sacred Religion! Mother of Form¹ and Fear!
 How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd!
 What pompous² vestures do we make thee wear!
 What stately piles we prodigally³ erect!
 How sweet perfum'd thou art! how shining clear!
 How solemnly observ'd! with what respect!

Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare,
 Thou must have all within, and nought without;⁴
 Sit poorly, without light, disrob'd; no care
 Of outward grace, to amuse⁵ the poor devout;
 Powerless, unfollow'd; scarcely men can spare
 The necessary rites to set thee out.

Musophilus.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
 And reared⁶ the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
 As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
 Of his resolv'd powers; nor all the wind
 Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
 His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
 What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
 The boundless wastes⁷ and wilds of man survey!

And whilst distraught⁸ ambition compasses,
 And is encompass'd;⁹ whilst as¹⁰ craft deceives
 And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack¹¹ man,
 And builds on blood, and rises by distress;¹²
 And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
 To great expecting hopes;¹³ he looks thereon
 As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
 And bears no venture¹⁴ in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepared
 A rest for his desires, and sees all things
 Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
 Full of the fruits of frailty:¹⁵ and compared
 The best of glory with her sufferings:
 By whom, I see, you labour all you can
 To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
 His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Epistle to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland.

5. MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631) was, like Shakspeare, a Warwickshire man. He is the most voluminous of the seventeenth century poets, and certainly not the most interesting. He is the author of three long poems:—

- (1) The Barons' Wars ;
- (2) England's Heroical Epistles ;
- (3) Polyolbion.

It is by the last that he is best known, if he can now be said to be *known* at all, in any honest sense of the word. There is probably no Englishman of the present century who has read this poem from beginning to end; and most educated persons know nothing more than its name. It consists of thirty books, each of one thousand lines. It is in reality a kind of "Murray's Guide" to England; and, though it is full of learning and not without fancy, the reading of it soon becomes excessively tedious. Drayton has written more than 100,000 lines altogether; but very few of them have "lived." The *Polyolbion* is written in alexandrines; but the alexandrines are of very inferior construction. Indeed, it may fairly be said that they are not alexandrines at all, but really pairs of iambic trimeters printed in one line. Hence the extreme monotony of the poem, which seems to consist of a succession of short jerks. This monotony has been sometimes insinuated by a critic here and there, who dared to leave the crowd of unreflecting admirers; but the reason of it has never been pointed out. The reason of it is to be found in the position of the cæsura, which is always in the same place—always, that is, in the very middle, after the third foot. This, it will be found, is everywhere the case, as well as in the following lines:—

Now Sabrina as a queen	miraculously fair,
Is absolutely placed	in her imperial chair
Of chrystal richly wrought	that gloriously did shine,
Her grace becoming well	a creature so divine.

This might just as well have been printed in short trimeter lines; but then few would have read it.

Now Sabrina as a queen
Miraculously fair, etc., etc.

But the cæsura (or halt, or break, or pause) in a verse is the chief condition of its melody; and in the verses of all great poets the posi-

tion of it is constantly varied. In Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, the symbol of this cæsura would be an ever varying curve; in Drayton it is a hard straight line. One wonders, therefore, how readers who had been accustomed to the subtle and labyrinthine melody of Shakspeare's lines, could bear to read even a page of Drayton, however fine his sense and his imagery may have seemed to them. Another fault to be fairly found with it is, that it has not the unity of a work of art; it is merely a dictionary of places in verse, without design, without beginning or end, and without any permeating or connecting interest. The following passage is from the POLYOLBION:—

Then from her burnished gate the goodly glittering East
 Gilds every mountain-top, which late the humorous¹ night
 Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight;
 On which the mirthful quires,² with their clear open throats,
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes
 That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
 Seems all composed of sounds about them everywhere.
 The throstle³ with shrill sharps, as purposely he song⁴
 To awake the listless sun, or chiding that so long
 He was in coming forth that⁵ should the thickets thrill;
 The woosel⁶ near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
 As nature him had marked of purpose t' let us see
 That from all other birds his tunes should different be.

Polyolbion, Book xiii.

6. SIR JOHN DAVIES (1570–1626) was Chief-Justice of Ireland, and the author of a long poem, entitled, *Nosce Teipsum; or, The Soul of Man and Immortality thereof*. It was published in 1599, and passed through four editions in the lifetime of the author. It is written in iambic pentameter, alternately rhymed, and in stanzas of four lines, called *quatrain*s; the same kind of verse which we find in the *Annus Mirabilis* of Dryden, and in the *Elegy* of Gray. Hallam places it above much of the poetry of the last two centuries, "whether we estimate it by the pleasure it imparts, or by the intellectual power it displays." Davies writes, that we do not know ourselves, but only other things, until affliction comes in and shows us to ourselves.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
 Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees
 Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly,
 Not seeing itself, what other things it sees ?

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
 And threat¹ the feeble sense with sword and fire,
 The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
 And to herself she gladly doth retire ;²

As spiders, touch'd, seek their webs inmost part ;
 As bees, in storms, back to their hives return ;
 As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
 As men seek towns when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks
 (Making us pry³ into ourselves so near,⁴)
 Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
 Or all the learned schools that ever were.

She within lists⁵ my ranging mind hath brought,
 That now beyond myself I will not go :
 Myself am centre of my circling⁶ thought :
 Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
 As force without, fevers within, can kill ;
 I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
 But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.⁷

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all :
 I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
 Yet for the least and vilest things am thrall.⁸

I know my life's a pain, and but a span ;⁹
 I know my sense is mock'd¹⁰ in every thing ;
 And, to conclude, I know myself a man,
 Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

Nosce Teipsum.

Of *Man* he says :

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of Thine,
 But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ !
 There cannot be a creature more divine,
 Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.¹¹

7. JOHN DONNE (1573-1631) is the ablest and most extreme example of what Dr. Johnson called the *Metaphysical School*. This was rather a misnomer; but he gave these poets, Donne, Crashaw, Cowley, and others, this name, because they preferred to play with subtle and remote thoughts, to propound verbal riddles, and to take the most roundabout and labyrinthine way of expressing their thoughts and feelings. They were the chief causes, why the word *conceit* received its modern meaning. When this word first appeared in the language, it meant simply *conception* or *thought*. Thus Chaucer calls Homer "that conceited clerk," meaning "that learned man full of thoughts." The Italian school, whose *conceitti* were now imported into England, was the source from which this perpetual striving after *outré* and "clever" expression sprang. Even in Donne's Love Poems we have this kind of straining. Hartley Coleridge says, that he used to—

Twist iron pokers into true-love knots,
Coining hard words not found in polyglots.

Leigh Hunt said he "could find out connexions between everything and anything;" and Dryden calls him the "greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation." The following is a typical specimen of his style.*

Our two souls therefore—which are one—
Though I must go, endure¹ not yet
A breach,² but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

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 th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,³
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;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,⁴
And makes me end where I begun.

Valediction.

* For notes, see p. 192.

8. PHINEAS and GILES FLETCHER (the latter died in 1650), two brothers, and both clergymen in Norfolk, are generally mentioned together. They were cousins of the dramatist.

Phineas Fletcher wrote—

The Purple Island

in a seven-line stanza of pentameters. Giles Fletcher wrote a poem entitled—

Christ's Victory and Triumph.

The *Purple Island* is a quaint and fanciful title for a poem, the subject of which is the human body. The first five cantos are occupied with a description of the human body; the sixth with a description of the intellectual powers. The poem is allegorical, and belongs to the school of Spenser. The veins, arteries, bones, and muscles of the body, are the streams, rivers, mountains, and plains of *The Purple Island*. *Intellect* is the prince of the island; and his wife's name is *Voletta* (or *will*). This lady is much given to fainting, but Repentance is quickly at hand with a moral sal volatile. Intellect has as his counsellors, Fancy (= Imagination), Memory, the Five Senses, and a sixth, greater than all,—Common Sense. The island is attacked by the Vices; but the Virtues conquer, not, however, without the interposition of an angel. As this angel was King James I. (one of the meanest men who ever sat upon the throne of England), we can see how far adulation had gone in the seventeenth century. *Christ's Victory* is written in the *ottava rima*, with an alexandrine at the end. The *Purple Island* stanza has also an alexandrine.*

Man as the Almighty's viceroy here¹ is placed;
 Where, if he live as knowing he may die,
 He never dies, but, with fresh pleasure graced,
 Bathes his crown'd head in soft eternity;
 Where thousand joys and pleasures ever new
 And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
 With endless sweets, rain down on that immortal crew.²

* For notes, see p. 192.

There golden stars set in the crystal snow,
 There dainty joys laugh at white-headed caring :
 There day no night, delight no end, shall know ;
 Sweets without surfeit,³ fulness without sparing ;
 And by its spending growing happiness :⁴
 There God Himself in glory's lavishness
 Diffused, in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

The Purple Island.

But to their Lord, now musing⁵ in His thought,
 A heavenly volley⁶ of light angels flew,
 And from His Father Him⁷ a banquet⁸ brought
 Through the fine element ;⁹ for well they knew,
 After His lenten fast, He hungry grew :
 And as He fed, the holy choirs combine
 To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine ;¹⁰
 All thoughts to pass,¹¹ and each was past all thought Divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys
 Attempered¹² to the lays angelical ;
 And to the birds the winds attune their noise ;
 And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
 And echo back again revoicèd all ;
 That the whole valley rung with victory.
 But now our Lord to rest doth homeward fly :
 See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.
*Victory of Christ**

9. WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585-1649) is the only poet who represents Scotland in the seventeenth century. He was born at Hawthornden, one of the most beautiful glens near Edinburgh, studied at that University, went to France to study civil law, and on his return home gave up his time to literature. The breaking out of the civil war put a stop to his quiet life of literary leisure ; and it is said that the execution of Charles I. in 1649 hastened his own death. He is connected with the Shakspearian era, not only by his style, but by his acquaintance with Drayton, and with Ben Jonson, who paid him a long visit at Hawthornden.

* For notes, see p. 192.

SONNET.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
 With thy green mother¹ in some shady grove,
 When unmelodious winds but² made thee move,
 And birds their ramage³ did on thee bestow:
 Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
 Which wont⁴ in such harmonious strains to flow,
 Is reft⁵ from earth to tune the spheres above,⁶
 What art thou but a harbinger⁷ of woe?
 Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
 But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
 Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
 For which be silent as in woods before:⁸
 Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
 Like widowed turtle still her⁹ loss complain.

Another little known but genuine Scotch poet may here be mentioned—ALEXANDER HUME (1560–1609). He had been a barrister, but afterwards became a clergyman, and belonged to the sternest type of the Puritan school. The perfect calm and sweet transparency of the following poem must be evident to the youngest reader.*

O perfect Light, which shaid¹ away
 The darkness from the light,
 And set a ruler o'er the day,
 Another o'er the night;

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
 More vively does appear,
 Then at midday unto our eyes,
 The shining sun is clear.

Our hemisphere is polished clean,
 And lightened² more and more
 While everything is clearly seen,
 Which seemèd dim before.

* For notes, see p. 192.

The time so tranquil is and still,
 That no where shall ye find,
 Save on a high and barren hill,
 The air of peeping³ wind.

All trees and simples,⁴ great and small,
 That balmy leaf do bear,
 Than they were painted on a wall
 No more they move or steir.⁵

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
 Yea, smoother than the sand ;
 The waves, that weltering went to be,
 Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cessile⁷ air
 That every cry and call,
 The hills and dales and forest fair
 Again repeat them all.

The cloggèd busy humming bees,
 That never think to drone,
 On flowers and flourishes⁸ of trees
 Collect their liquor brown.

Great is the calm, for every where
 The wind is setting down,
 The reek⁹ throws right up in the air
 From every tower and town.

All labourers draw¹⁰ home at even,
 And can to other say,
 Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
 Which sent this summer day.

Story of a Summer Day.

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER X.

Ex. 1. Prepare the passage from *Chapman* on p. 180, with the following notes:—

1. This neat and convenient substitute for *ed* was not uncommon in the seventeenth century. It was revived in this century by Walter Savage Landor and the brothers Hare ; but it does not seem to have made good its footing. 2. *Afraid* is really the past participle of *affroy* ; just as we do not spell *payed*, *sayed* ; but *paid*, *said*. 3. *Sire*—from French *sieur*, from Latin *senior*. *Sir* is a still shorter form. In Italian *senior* appears as *signor* ; in Spanish as *señor*. 4. *Doffed*—from *do* + *off* = *doff*. Compare *dono* = *d* + *on* ;

dup = *do + up*; and *dout* = *do + out*. 5. *Fearful* has now generally a subjective meaning, and is applied to the mind that feels fear, except in the phrase *a fearful sight*. 6. Pronounced as if written *wight*—as it still is in Scotland. 7. *Bench*—a softened southern form of *bank*. 8. *Clear* = *brilliant*.

Ex. 2. Prepare the passage from *Southwell*, with the following notes:—

1. *Most* is an adverb modifying *naked*—the phrase is = *utterly bare of leaves*. 2. *Most full of sorrow*. 3. *Hap* is a Celtic word, meaning *chance*. From it we have *happen*, *happy* (= *to whom the chances fall*), and, by a curious combination with a Latin preposition, *per-haps*. 4. *In fine* = *at last*. *Fine* from Latin *finis*. Hence, also *finance* = *the art of making both ends meet*. 5. *Temper*—from Latin *temperare*—from Latin *tempus*, *time*. Thus the word *temper* has a relation to *time*; and a good-tempered person is one who *takes time* before he blames or is angry.

Ex. 3. Prepare the two passages from *Daniel*, with the following notes:—

1. *Ceremonial*. Mother or Creator of the outward signs of reverence and of the inward feelings. 2. *Full of pomp*. The word *pompous* has now-a-days a bad sense. 3. *Prodigally* = *without regarding the expense*. 4. There seems to be here an allusion to the bare Presbyterian ceremonies of Scotland. 5. *Amuse*—in the old sense. The word comes from a *Musis* = *away from the Muses*, *away from severe thought*. 6. *Rear*—a dialectic form of *raise*. 7. *Waste*—a word connected with *vast*. 8. *Distracted*. *Distract* is a Latin word; and therefore the past participle in *distraught* is a false archaism—as no Latin word has the throat-symbol *gh*. Compare Spenser's false archaisms: *spight*, *despight*; and our own, *delight*. 9. "Gets round" or *deceives* and *is deceived*. 10. *Whilst as* = *whilst*. 11. *Ransack*—a Danish word, from *rann* = *house*, and *saka* = *seek* or *visit*. 12. Builds his throne on blood, and rises by the distress of others. 13. And leaves his empty throne to his son. Compare Napoleon III. at Chislehurst. 14. *Has no share in the venture*. 15. *Frailty*—a contraction, through the French, of *fragility*. The one is detached to signify a moral state; the other a physical.

Ex. 4. Prepare the passage from *Drayton*, with the following notes:—

1. *Moist*. Its modern meaning of *genially odd* or *oddly genial* is derived from the old theories of medicine, which attributed all diseases to disorder among the *humores* or *humours* of man. 2. Now spelt *choirs*. 3. *Thrush*. 4. *Sang*. It is worthy of note that all three forms of the past of *sing* are found, *sang*, *song*, and *sung*, in literature. They are simply dialectic forms of the same word—by change in the vowel, which is merely change in the manner of opening the mouth. *Sung* would seem to be Southern; *Song*, Western; and *Sang*, East Midland. 5. The antecedent to *that* is *he* = *He that was to thrill* (or *penetrate*) *the thickets was so long*. 6. *Wousel* = *ousel*. The *w* is an intrusive sound from the West of England. There is only one word in the literary English which retains this intrusive *w*; and it retains it to the *ear*, but not to the *eye*—the word *one*, which we pronounce *wun*. (But in its compounds *al-one*, and *on-ly*, it comes back to the old and purer pronunciation). In Dorsetshire we find *woak* for *oak*, *woats* (or *wuts*) for *oats*, and *wold* for *old*.

Ex. 5. Prepare the passage from *Davies*, with the following notes:—

1. *Threaten*. 2. The genuine English equivalent of *retire* is *withdraw*. 3. *Pry*—probably a form of *peer*. 4. *So closely*. 5. *Limits*. 6. *Circling*

or revolving around myself; whereas formerly I used to wander and be erratic, like a comet. 7. *Wit and will*—a combination which shows the older meaning of the word *wit*. The phrase is = *mind and soul, mental and moral powers*. 8. *Slave*. 9. *Span* = as far as we can span, or stretch out our fingers. *Spin* is a sub-form. 10. *Deceived*. 11. Davies's meaning seems to be, that *Man* is in all respects like to God—with the one exception that he is not infinite.

Ex. 6. Prepare the passage from DONNE, with the following notes :—

1. *Suffer*. 2. *Breach*—from *break* (of which it is a softened form). From the same root we have *broach* (to break into a cask, or a subject), *brush* (a thing with a broken surface), *brittle* (= *breakable*) etc. The meaning of the line is : "Our souls are not separated, but only expanded." 3. *Roam* = *make room for oneself*. *Roam, room*, and the German *Raum* are all vowel forms of the same word. 4. *Correct*.

Ex. 7. Prepare the passages from the two *Fletchers*, with the following notes :—

[The word *fletcher* is an English corruption of the French *flechien*—an arrow-maker. The trade of *fletchers and bowyers* still exists.]

1. *In this world*. 2. *Crew*. The limitation of meaning to a ship's company is late. *Crew* is a form of the word *crowd*. 3. *Surfeit*—from Fr. *surfaire, to overdo*. *Sur* is a contraction of Latin *super*. 4. Happiness that grows by being spent. This is the fundamental distinction between all real and spiritual happiness and mere sensual or unreal happiness. The one increases by being given away—by increasing the happiness of others; the second is limited to a fixed quantity, and disappears and is unproductive. 5. *Thinking in his mind*. 6. *Volley*—from Fr. *volée, a flight*. 7. *Him* = *to him*; a dative. 8. *Banquet* is a French diminutive from *banc* (a form of *bench*), a table or chair. 9. The air. 10. *Trinity*. 11. *To surpass*. 12. *Attuned themselves to*.

Ex. 8. Prepare Drummond's Sonnet, with the following notes :—

1. The tree from which the wood for the lute was cut. 2. *But* = *only*, and does not modify *made*. 3. *Ramage, leaping up and down among the branches*. From Latin *ramus, a branch*. 4. *Was wont*. 5. Past participle of *reave*. Harden the aspirate *v*, and we have *rob*. *Reave* is more often found with the prefix *be*, in the form *bereave*. 6. The music of the spheres. 7. *Harbinger, a person who went before another to prepare a harbour (herberg) or inn for him*. The *n* is intrusive, as in *passenger, messenger, porringer*, etc. 8. As you formerly were in the woods. 9. *Her* = an objective possessive = *the loss of her*—the lady to whom he was to have been married.

Ex. 9. Prepare the poem from Hume, with the following notes :—

1. *Chased*. The word *shay* is connected with *shy*, and is found in Scotland and Lancashire in the form of *shoo*. 2. *Lightened up*. 3. *Peep* is not the word which means *to look into*, but *to chirrup, to cry peep, peep*—said of little birds. 4. *Herbs for medicine*, originally, and then merely *herbs*. The word came to be applied from the ancient division of all medicines into *simplicia* and *composita*—*simples* and *composites*. Herbs were looked upon as the least composite of all medicines, and hence the name. 5. *Stir*—another form of *steer*. *Steer* is transitive; *stir* intransitive. Hence, also *steerage, stern*, etc. 6. *Welter* is connected with *walk, wallop, and waltz*

(and German *wälzen*). 7. *Yielding*. 8. *Blossoms*. *Flourishes* is still used in that sense in Scotland. 9. *Smoke*. *Reek* is a hard form (Scotch) of the German *Rauch*. Edinburgh is generally called by the country people *Auld Reekie*. 10. *Go slowly*.

Ex. 10. State shortly, and in ordinary prose, the main idea of *Southwell's* lines.

Ex. 11. Write a short paper containing the thoughts expressed in *Daniel's* lines from the *Epistle*, but avoid his poetic phraseology.

Ex. 12. Re-write *Drayton's* lines in pentameters, thus :

* * * * *

Then from her burnished gate the glittering East
Gilds every mountain top, which late the night
Had sown with pearl, to please the morning's sight, etc.

Ex. 13. State shortly the meaning of *Davies* in his lines on *Affliction*; and draw out the contrast between the greatness and the littleness of man.

Ex. 14. Compare the stanza beginning

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,

with Spenser's stanza (from which it is imitated) on p. 116,

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade;

and point out in what respects Fletcher is inferior.

Ex. 15. Expand into alternately rhymed pentameters some of the verses from *Alex. Hume*, and carefully note the points in which your own version is inferior. It will not always be necessary to retain his rhymes. Thus :

Eternal Mind, whose presence drives away
The darkness from the penetrating light,
Who hast a ruler set above the day,
And the soft moon above the quiet night, etc.

Ex. 16. Draw out in a tabular form the metres of the poems in this chapter, thus :—

AUTHOR.	METRE.	FORMULA.	STANZA.
Chapman	Iambic Heptameter	7 x a	Couplets
Southwell	Iambic Pentameter	5 x a	Six-lined = a b a b c c, etc.
Daniel (1)	Iambic Pentameter	5 x a	Six-lined = a b a b a b, etc.

Ex. 17. Select from the poems in this chapter all the words which are (a) obsolete, and (b) used in an old sense.

Ex. 18. Find out some poem in which the subject of any one poem in this chapter is also treated, and compare the two point by point, and then in their general effect.

Ex. 19. Catalogue the rhymes in *Drummond's* sonnet, *a b b*, etc. [It will be seen that this sonnet is not like Shakspeare's, but constructed on the Italian model.]

Ex. 20. Select from the verses of the two *Fletchers*, the sonnet of *Drummond*, and the poem by *Hume*, all those words which (*a*) come straight from the Latin, and (*b*) come from Latin through the French; thus:—

<i>Latin</i> . ¹		<i>Latin</i> ² (<i>French</i> .)
Eternity.		Viceroy.
		Placed.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER X.

1. When was George Chapman born? 2. What works of his are best known? 3. What kind of epithets is he fond of using? 4. In what metre is his *Iliad* written? 5. In what his *Odyssey*? 6. Who was Robert Southwell? 7. When did he die? 8. What is the chief quality of his poetry? 9. When was Daniel born? 10. What are his chief poems? 11. What title has been generally given him? 12. Where and when was Drayton born? 13. What is his chief work? 14. What is its subject? 15. In what metre is it written? 16. What is the distinguishing fault of this metre as written by Drayton? 17. Who was Sir John Davies? 18. What is the title of his poem? 19. In what metre and stanza is it written? 20. What other poets have employed this stanza? 21. When was Donne born? 22. How does Dr. Johnson rank him? 23. Who were the two Fletchers? 24. What poem did Phineas write? 25. What is the title of Giles Fletcher's poem? 26. What is meant by the term *Purple Island*? 27. What is the metre and what the stanza of *Christ's Victory*? 28. State the metre and stanza of *The Purple Island*. 29. When was Drummond born? 30. When did he die? 31. What other Scottish poet is mentioned in this chapter? 32. What is the subject of the poem quoted from his works?





CHAPTER XI.

FROM SHAKSPEARE TO MILTON.

1. **B**ETWEEN the death of Shakspeare and the time when Milton began to write his longer poems, we find a large number of great names—both in prose and poetry—some of whom were influenced by the Elizabethan manner of thinking and expression, and some by the newer French style which was rapidly finding its way into English literature. The works of this period are coloured by the vicissitudes and terrible events of the twofold conflict which was soon to trouble English history. This conflict was not only political, but religious. It troubled not only men's business and political arrangements, but their inmost minds and most sacred family relations. The peace which had been gained by Henry VIII., enjoyed under Elizabeth, and not disturbed under James I., was soon to be overcast by the clouds and storms of civil war—the most terrible visitation that can fall upon a settled country. The chief names in poetry during this period are WITHER, CAREW, HERRICK, and HERBERT, all of whom were born in the sixteenth century; and the chief prose writers are Sir THOMAS BROWNE, FULLER, JEREMY TAYLOR, and BAXTER, all of whom were born in the first years of the seventeenth.

2. GEORGE WITHER was born in 1588, and died in 1667. He was educated at Magdalen College Oxford. In 1613 he was thrown into the Marshalsea for a satire on the ruling powers; and at this time he wrote his poem called *Shepherd's Hunting*. He was a strong adherent of the Puritan party, and in the civil war he raised a troop of horse for the Parliamentarians. To do this he sold all his property. He had the misfortune to be taken prisoner in an engagement, and was left for execution; but his life is said to have been saved by a

joke of Denham's, the author of *Cooper's Hill*. He begged the Royalist party not to execute Wither, on the ground that so long as he remained alive, Denham was not the worst poet in England. This cavalier joke was successful. Wither published more than a hundred different works in verse or in prose; but he was quite forgotten, until Charles Lamb, Southey, and Wordsworth, reintroduced him to English readers. If he had published less, he would probably have been read more. But he loved poetry for her own sake; and this genuine love has given a true life to his verses. In the *Shepherd's Hunting*, he tells us what he has given up for her:—

And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE MUSE.

And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she ¹ would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double;
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banished from my flocks,
And confined within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume ² the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the springtide yields,
Though I may not see those groves
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel; ³
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre ⁴ Envy's evil will.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow

Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace,
 And the blackest discontents ⁵
 Be her fairest ornaments,
 In my former days of bliss,
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from everything I saw
 I could some invention draw,
 And raise pleasure to her height ⁶
 Through the meanest object's sight;
 By the murmur of a spring
 Or the least bough's rustleing;
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed;
 Or a shady bush or tree;
 She could more infuse in me
 Than all nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser ⁷ man.

Shepherd's Hunting.

'These verses are trochaic tetrameters. They are not the ordinary "octosyllabics," which Prior, Gay, and other writers of the eighteenth century employed. From this example of Wither, it would appear that the octosyllabic measure is better fitted for trochaics than for iambics. Wither has varied the pauses and the rhythms with great skill. Nothing is easier in rhymed verse to write than octosyllabics—nothing so difficult to write well. The slightest power of rhyming soon gives a dangerous facility.

Most of his verses have in them the native English vein of sober sweetness—and not least those written *For a Widower* in a stanza which Wordsworth has often delighted to write in.

FOR A WIDOWER.

How near me came the hand of Death,
 When at my side he struck my dear,
 And took away the precious breath
 Which quickened ⁸ my belovèd peer! ⁹
 How helpless am I thereby made—
 By day how grieved, by night how sad!
 And now my life's delight is gone,
 Alas, how am I left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her ¹⁰ sweetest key,
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable ¹¹ than the day—
 Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard or seen ;
 But what I once enjoyed in them
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

3. THOMAS CAREW was born in 1589, and died in 1639. He was educated at Oxford; made the "grand tour" on the Continent; and, on his return, was attached to the court of Charles I. He was what was called, "Sewer in Ordinary." His verses are chiefly lyrical; now and then they strike true notes of perfect sweetness and beauty. Some, on the other hand, are too full of declamatory exaggeration. Of this kind is the following song:—

SONG.

Ask me ¹ no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose ;
 For in your beauties, orient ² deep,
 These flowers, as in their causes, ³ sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day ;
 For in pure love Heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither do haste
 The nightingale when May is past ;
 For in your sweet dividing ⁴ throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Perhaps the following is a better specimen of his real style :—

TRUE BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel ¹ to maintain his fires ;
 As Old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast² mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires :—
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

This should be compared with the sonnet (p. 158) of Shakspeare, who preaches over and over again the same doctrine.

The *New Year* lines he sent to the Countess of Carlisle are also among his most simple and genuine :—

Give Lucinda pearl nor stone ;
 Send them¹ light who else² have none :
 Let her beauty shine alone.

No rich 'tire³ thou canst invent
 Shall to grace her form be sent ;
 She adorns all ornament.⁴

Give her nothing, but restore
 Those sweet smiles which heretofore
 In her cheerful eyes she wore.

4. ROBERT HERRICK is the greatest lyricist of this period, and perhaps of any period in the history of English literature. He was the son of a goldsmith in Cheapside, in the city of London, and was born there in 1591. He studied at Cambridge, took holy orders, and (in 1629) was presented by Charles I. to the living of Dean Prior in Devonshire. Here he lived for twenty years; but, after the execution of the king, he was ejected from his living. He came to London, resided chiefly in Westminster, and he seems to have known and associated with the greatest writers of the time. He writes verses in which he speaks of the nights he has spent with Ben Jonson—"lyric feasts made at the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun"—where the conversation was better than the supper, and

Each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

The most remarkable quality in his verses is the perfect freedom and ease with which he writes—a freedom that could only have been the result of great labour, but which seems the most "natural" thing in the world. Some of his most skilful lines look as if any

one might have written them. Thomas Campbell says, that "Herrick has passages where the thoughts seem to dance into numbers from his very heart." And Sir Egerton Brydges remarks: "We know of no English poet who is so *abandonné*; who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings; who is so much heart and soul in what he writes. He is as fresh as the spring, and as blithe as summer." His *Hesperides*,* or *Works both Humane† and Divine*, were published in 1648. At the Restoration he returned to his vicarage, and died there in 1674. In the Argument‡ of his book, he says:—

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white.

His best poems may be found in *Palgrave's Golden Treasury*. Here we can only give one or two. His poem *To Daffodils*§ is one of the most characteristic—

Fair Daffodils¹, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.²
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song,
And having prayed³ together, we
Will go with you along.

* The *Hesperides* were the guardians of the golden apples which the earth gave to Hera (Juno) on her marriage with Zeus (Jupiter).

† In Herrick's time the convenient distinction,—which was originated by an accident in *spelling*,—between *humane* and *human*, had not yet arisen.

‡ An old-fashioned term, borrowed from the Romans, for *contents*.

§ In these verses, rhythm and language and feeling are completely one; and the expression of the whole is perfect. They are written in iambics; but there is one important exception—in singular keeping with the mood—in the second stanza. The first line must be so read, with a trochee in the first place:—

Wé — | have short tíme | to stáy | as yóu
Wé — | have as shórt | a spríng.

The pause—a melancholy pause—which is required to fill up the place of the additional syllable to *we*, throws upon this word the whole weight of the emphasis. "We are no better or longer-lived than you; we come to our best as quickly and fade as rapidly."

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or any thing.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

5. GEORGE HERBERT is a poet of a different type. He was born in 1593. He belonged to the family of the Pembrokes, and was the younger brother of the philosophic writer, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was educated at Cambridge, and was elected Orator for the University in 1619. He was attached to the Court of King James, in which he had a sinecure office. Lord Bacon is said to have had so great a respect for his learning and judgment, that he asked him to revise his works before their publication. After the death of King James, he entered the Church and was made Rector of Bemerton in Wiltshire. Izaak Walton, who wrote his life, tells us that he married his wife after having been acquainted with her for only three days ; but that this marriage, contrary to ordinary experience, proved a very happy one. Walton says : "The third day after he was made Rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton ; and immediately, after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her : ' You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners ; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility ; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them.' And she was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness." The words "*A priest's wife can challenge no precedence but that which she purchases by her obliging humility*" are very characteristic of the gentleness and sweetness of George Herbert, and also of the best traditions of the Church of England. He died of ague in 1632. His poems were published under the title of *The Temple* in 1633, and twenty thousand copies

were sold in a few years after. Herbert wrote poetry merely for the love of it,—as a spontaneous expression of his feelings of thankfulness and homage to God; and his poems have been the pleasure of pious and thoughtful minds for many generations. His thoughts are quaint and original; but his diction is pure, simple, and unaffected. The following verses, though not his best, are the most characteristic of his style. They were evidently written after an illness.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy returns¹! e'en as the flowers in spring;
 To which, besides their own demean,²
 The late-past frost tributes of pleasure bring.³
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May,
 As if there were no such cold thing.⁴

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
 Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
 Quite under ground⁵; as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root, when they have⁶ blown;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.⁷

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
 And up to heaven in an hour;
 Making a chiming of a passing bell.⁸
 We say amiss
 This or that is;
 Thy word is all, if we could spell.⁹

And now in age I bud again,
 After so many deaths I live and write,¹⁰
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing: O my only Light!
 It cannot be
 That I am he,
 On whom Thy tempests fell all¹¹ night.*

* Four verses out of seven.

The perfectly natural simplicity of the line

I once more smell the dew and rain,

and of the phrase, *and relish versing*, is extremely characteristic of Herbert. Much of the sweetness of Herbert's lines comes from the fact that he composed them, not only *for*, but *to*, the harp; and there is always a pure spontaneity about his lyrical flow. "The Sunday before he died," says Izaak Walton, "he rose suddenly from his couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and having tuned it, he played and sang:

' O day, most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud¹;
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,²
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay³:
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife⁴
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday, Heaven's gate stands ope,⁵
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.⁶

Thou art a day of mirth;
And, where the week-days trail⁷ on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
O let me take thee at the bound,⁸
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being loosed from earth,
Fly hand-in-hand to heaven!'"*

The verses which form the introduction to the *Temple*, and which he calls *The Church Porch*, are full of calm good sense and neat aphorisms. He says:

(a) A verse may find† him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

* Three stanzas out of nine.

† Find his soul—that is, reach him and make him think.

- (b) He that gets patience and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
- (c) Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
- (d) Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
- (e) Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings. Quit thy state:
All equal are within the church's gate.

6. Another verse-writer worthy of mention, though he was hardly a poet, is Sir Henry Wotton. He was in the diplomatic service of King James I., and held by him in great confidence. He is the author of the well-known definition of an ambassador as "an honest gentleman sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country;" and he gave the celebrated advice to Milton, when about to travel in Italy, "*volto sciolto, pensieri stretti*" (an open countenance and close thoughts). He was born in 1568, four years after Shakspeare, and died in 1639, in the same year as G. Herbert. He was Provost of Eton when he died. He is the author of the manly poem, written in a noble and genuine English strain, entitled—

HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,¹
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple² truth his utmost³ skill! ⁴

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still⁵ prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;⁶

Who envies⁷ none that chance⁸ doth raise
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;⁹

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;¹⁰

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts¹¹ to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile¹² bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,¹³
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

7. SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born in 1605, and died in 1682. He was educated at Winchester School, and at Oxford, and after travelling on the Continent, and graduating in medicine at Leyden, he settled as a physician in Norwich. His first work was entitled *Religio Medici* (*The Religion of a Physician*). It was published in 1643, at once made him famous, was translated into Latin, and had an enormous circulation in France, Italy, Belgium, and Germany. His next book—*Pseudodoxia* Epidemica* (Treatise on Vulgar Errors)—appeared in 1646. It tries to show the folly of believing “that crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed; that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat; that an elephant hath no joints; that storks will live only in *republics and free states* ;” and other popular prejudices. It treats also of saluting when one sneezes, of pigmies, of the blackness of negroes, of the cessation of oracles, and many other interesting subjects. Browne is significant and important in the history of English literature, as the type of a new and ornate and even pompous style. He introduced upon his own authority a large number of Latin words into the language; and Coleridge calls him *hyper-latinistic*. Even Dr. Johnson, who was himself too fond of a Latinized English, blames him for this. Many of these words have taken no root in the language whatever—such as *dilucidation*, *indigitation*, *reminiscential evocation*, *amit*, and such-like. The following sentences are characteristic examples of this tendency in Browne: “Ice is only water *congealed*† by the *frigidity* of the air, whereby it *acquireth* no new form, but rather a *consistence* or *determination*‡ of its *diffluency*, and *amitteth* not its *essence*, but *condition* of *fluidity*. Neither doth there anything properly *conglaciate* but water, or watery *humidity*; for the *determination* of quicksilver is properly *fixation*; that of milk, *coagulation*; and that of oil and *unctuous* bodies, only *incrassation*.”§ Mr. Minto gives him credit for “felicitous

* Literally, *epidemic false opinion*.

† The words in italics are Latin.

‡ *Coming to an end*, as in the law-phrase *cease and determine*.

§ There are other Latin words in this passage in addition to those in italics, but they come to us through the French, and are Latin at secondhand. Such are *properly*, etc.

and complete expression ;” and there can be no doubt that he is *par excellence* one of the great stylists in English literature. His thoughts do not keep the high road; they roam through the heights and depths of the universe, and many of them are as astonishing as they are true. He was a profoundly meditative man, with little or no personal feeling, and by nature a seeker after truth, and therefore completely tolerant of other people’s opinions. He says: “I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself.” The genuineness of his thinking is plain from the following sentences: “There is surely a piece of divinity in us—something that was before the heavens, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man.” The following are fair examples of his style.

OBLIVION.

Oblivion is not to be hired; ¹ the greatest part must be as content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood; and the recorded names contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? ² Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina ³ of life; and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die, since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, ⁴ and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death ⁵ daily haunts us with flying moments, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration; diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation. ⁶

LIGHT THE SHADOW OF GOD.

Light that makes things seen makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, ⁷ and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, ⁸ and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and

souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.⁹

8. THOMAS FULLER was born in 1608, in the same year as Milton, and eight years before Shakspeare died. He forms in many respects a striking contrast with Sir T. Browne. He was born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire; and Dryden was also born in that town. He was entered of Queen's College, Cambridge; gained high honours; entered the Church, and was gradually promoted until he obtained the lectureship of the Savoy in London. On the breaking out of the civil war, he joined the king's forces at Oxford as chaplain. He lived on through many changes of fortune, and, at the restoration, was appointed preacher at St. Bride's, and Chaplain to Charles II. He died in 1661.

The most remarkable point about the man was his memory—about his style, was the wit and humour of it. "It is said that he could repeat five hundred strange words after twice hearing, and could make use of a sermon *verbatim* if he once heard it. He undertook once, in passing to and fro from Temple Bar to the farthest point of Cheapside, to tell at his return every sign* as it stood in order on both sides of the way, repeating them either backwards or forwards; and he did it exactly." Prof. Craik says that "he was one of the greatest and truest wits that ever lived; that no man ever made so many jokes, good, bad, or indifferent; and that there is probably neither an ill-natured nor a profane witticism to be found in all he has written."

While Browne is full of a true sublimity and pomp, Fuller lowers even the natural dignity of his subject by his homely and jocular method of treatment. Fuller bears the same relation to Browne that Butler does to Milton. The very titles of his books are humorous.

A Pisgah Sight of Palestine.

Good Thoughts in Bad Times.

Good Thoughts in Worse Times.

Mixed Contemplations in Better Times.

* Houses in London were not then numbered—were not numbered till 1764. Every house was known by its own sign—a bear, a lamb, an eagle, a wolf, a vat, a bale of wool, etc., etc.

He was a man of wide reading and of large scholarship, but he makes it all subserve his feeling of the ludicrous. "Wit," says Coleridge, "was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect." He was a man of the most easy-going and kindly temper. He is turned out of house and home by the Parliamentarians, and even robbed of his books, but his only revenge is a few quiet jokes at some of the more conspicuous Roundheads and sectaries.

Mr. Minto says he was the first "writer of books by profession;" and he himself admits that he "wanted to get some honest profit for himself."

What we now call *quaintness** is the most striking characteristic of Fuller's style; and it was this quality which endeared him so much to a kindred spirit in the nineteenth century—Charles Lamb. He is fond of homely and colloquial English, of gossip and proverbial expression; but he also mixes his more "Saxon" English with Latin words and phrases. He does not object to coin words with freedom, such as *duncical* (for *stupid*), *misoclere* (*clergy-hater*); and he often employs archaisms like *farced*† (*stuffed*), *understanden*, and *strook* (for *struck*).

His wit and humour are always sweet and kindly. "Negroes" he calls "the images of God cut in ebony." Sometimes his love for antithesis and "smartness" leads him to the verge of the childish: as when he says of Laud, "He was a man of low stature, but of high parts." But nothing can be more pithy than many of his short sayings:—"A good memory is the best monument."‡ "To use force before people are fairly taught the truth, is to knock a nail into a board without wimbling a hole for it, which then either not enters, or turns crooked, or splits the wood it pierceth." "As smelling a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are thoughts of mortality

* This word probably comes from the Latin *comptus* (*dressed*), and in old English means *carefully finished*. Thus Shakspeare in *Julius Cæsar*,

To show how *quaint* an orator you are.

In Milton's ode on *The Nativity*—

A drear and dying sound

Affrights the flamens at their service *quaint*.

The word here seems to mean *carefully performed*.

† Compare Chaucer:—

His tippet was aye farsud full of knyfes.

We have retained the word in cookery, but have altered it into *forced*, as in *forced-meat balls*.

‡ Compare Milton's epitaph on Shakspeare:—

What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones, etc., etc.

cordial to the soul." "A *good* education alters the judgment and manners."* "It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury." "Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward, flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled † up under heads are most portable." "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all the virtues." "A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it." "Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh, 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches."

The following sentences form an excellent testimony to the perfect candour and fair-mindedness of the man :—

The study of books is a languishing and feeble motion, that heats not ; whereas conference teaches and exercises at once. The contradictions of judgment do neither offend nor alter, they only rouse and exercise one. . . . We evade correction, whereas we ought to offer and present ourselves to it, especially when it appears in the form of conference, and not of authority. At every opposition, we do not consider whether or no it be just, but right or wrong how to disengage ourselves ; instead of extending the arms, we thrust out our claws. . . . When any one contradicts me, he raises my attention, not my anger ; I advance towards him that controverts, that instructs me. The cause of truth ought to be the common cause both of one and the other.

The following passage is a good specimen of his style :—

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.

There is scarce any profession in the common wealth more necessary, which is so slightly¹ performed. The reasons whereof² I believe to be these :—First, young scholars make this calling their refuge ; yea, perchance,³ before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the

* Fuller here means, *not only fills the memory, not merely makes people learned*, but alters their whole habit of weighing thoughts, persons, and events ; and this complete change of mind shows itself in their manner of dealing with other persons.

† The Old French word *fardel* (New French *fardeau*). In Hamlet we have—
Who would *fardels* bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ?

country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula.⁴ Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful⁵ calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with⁶ the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy⁷ of the usher.⁸ But see how well *our* schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several⁹ callings, that the necessity of Church and State, in all conditions, may be provided for. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking¹⁰ it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity¹¹ and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions¹² into several forms.¹³ And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than¹⁴ forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness¹⁵ of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribe* than *paidagogos*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping, then giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies.

Such an Orbilius¹⁶ mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence, and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place—that the eminencies of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity.

Holy State.

9. One of the most noteworthy literary phenomena of the seventeenth century was the translation of the Bible. This translation was published in 1611; and it is that which we still use. According to Sir Thomas More, there had been translations of parts of the Bible before Wyclif; but it is to Wyclif (in the 14th century) that we owe

the complete version. Then came Tyndale's version of the New Testament in 1526; and in 1537 Miles Coverdale's complete Bible. From this translation is taken the version of the Psalms still used in the Book of Common Prayer. In 1540 Cranmer, then Archbishop of Canterbury, published a revised translation, which goes by the name of Cranmer's, or the Great, Bible. Parker's Bible, commonly called *The Bishops' Bible*, as the majority of the fifteen translators engaged upon it were prelates, was published in 1568. At a conference held at Hampton Court, under the presidency of James I., Dr. Reynolds, the leader of the Puritan party, and then head of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, proposed that a new translation should be undertaken. Fifty-four scholars were appointed to the work; but only forty-seven actually engaged in it. Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, were the three centres of meeting. The translators took the Bishops' Bible as their basis, and finished their task in about three years. The sacred volume was published in 1611.

10. It will thus be seen that our present translation is not the work of one man, nor even of one generation; but that large numbers of the best, humblest, ablest, and most pious Englishmen laboured for many generations to give us a more and more adequate version of the true meaning of Scripture. The two highest and special literary merits of our version are:—

(a) That it is written in the best and purest English.

(b) That it contains the sweetest prose rhythms of any English book in the world. The first statement requires no proof; it is patent to every one who reads his Bible daily. But the remark of so high an authority as Coleridge cannot be out of place: "Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style." That the Bible contains the purest and sweetest rhythms that have ever flowed into the heart and soul of the English people is sufficiently apparent from the following quotations:—

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."—Isaiah xxxv. 1.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah—this that is glorious in his apparel, travailing in the greatness of his strength?"—Isaiah lxiii. 1.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Psalm xxiii. 1.

"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have

sinnéd against heaven and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be calléd Thy son: make me as one of Thy hiréd servants.”—St. Luke xv. 18, 19.

“And he was the only son of his mother; and she was a widow.”—Matt. xviii. 9.

A great writer says:—“The marvellous English of the Protestant Bible lives on the ear, like a music that can never be forgotten. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness.”

Mr. Marsh tells us that “when we study our Testaments, we are in most cases perusing the identical words penned by the martyr Tyndale nearly three hundred and fifty years ago.”

11. JEREMY TAYLOR was the greatest prose-writer of the seventeenth century, and “the greatest master of English in his day.” He was born in 1613—three years before Shakspeare died. He was of an old and noble family; but the Taylors had “fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces;” and his father was a barber at Cambridge. After attending the Free Grammar School there, he gained a sizarship¹ in Caius² College. He graduated in 1631, took holy orders, and removed to London. He was asked by a college friend to lecture in St. Paul’s; and his “youthful beauty and pleasant air” and fresh eloquence took the heart of Archbishop Laud, who happened to be among his hearers. Laud obtained for him a fellowship in All Soul’s College, Oxford, made him his chaplain, and gave him the rectory of Uppingham. In 1639 he married. All that is known of his wife is that her maiden name was Phœbe Langdale. The Civil War broke out in 1642; and Taylor, who was both by temperament and by conviction a Royalist, joined the king’s forces. He was taken prisoner in Wales; and after his release, he opened a school in Carmarthenshire. He next married a lady of royal descent, Joanna Bridges, who held large properties in Wales. But her estates were much broken by fines. Like Spenser, he found a resting-place and retreat in Ireland, and was for some time preacher in the church of

¹ The old function of Sizars in College was to distribute the *sizes* or rations. This is now a sinecure, though the term is retained.

² Pronounce *Keys*.

Lisburn. In 1660, he went to London to publish one of his books; and, while there, he signed the requisition of the Loyalists to Charles II. for his return to the throne. He saw the king enter London on the 29th of May in triumphal procession; and in the August following he was created Bishop of Down and Connor. Not long after, the see of Dromore was added to his bishopric.¹ He died at Lisburn of a fever in 1667, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His chief works are:—

1. Liberty of Propheying;
2. Life of Christ;
3. Holy Living and Holy Dying;
4. Golden Grove.

12. His *Liberty of Propheying* (= *Preaching*) is a work on toleration; and is the first work on that subject ever written by an English divine. The *Golden Grove* is a series of meditations and prayers; and it received its title from the fact that it was written at the country-seat of Lord Carbery, which was called by that name. The works *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living* and *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying* were intended to form an "Institute of Christian Life and Conduct." He goes into every possible circumstance of daily life, and gives rules for our guidance in them.

13. He is often called "the Shakspeare of English prose," "the Spenser of Divinity," the "Chrysostom (*Golden Mouth*) of the English pulpit;" and he is justly entitled to all of these designations. Mr. Hallam thinks that Taylor's style is too overloaded with ornament, too luxuriant, too "Asiatic." He is certainly not to be looked upon as an accurate and careful thinker. He is, in fact, a *rhetorician*—and perhaps the greatest rhetorician that England ever produced. He is never tired of heaping magnificent phrases round the subject he is speaking of; he accumulates all kinds of circumstances and details; and sometimes loses himself in long and elaborate similes. The three chief external peculiarities of his style are as follows:—

- (1) His epithets (and predicates) are almost always in pairs.
- (2) He constantly mixes together the abstract and the concrete.

¹ *Ric* is a suffix from the Old English *rice* (German *Reich*). It appears as *rey* in *Surrey*=*Suthrice*, or *South Kingdom*.

(3) He makes a simile a complete picture in itself, introducing details which have no parallels in the subject he is discussing.

(1) His *doublets* are seen in phrases like "fethers and chains of sorrow;" "the spirit of a man makes *felicity and content*;" "a troubled and *discomposed spirit*;" and so on.

(2) This is his favourite trick of speech. Then we have: "The earth was bound up with *the image of death and the colder breath of the north*;" "it began to decline to *softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age*;" "the drops were grown into an artificial river and an intolerable *mischiefs*;" "the rivulet swelling into *rivers and a vastness*;" "sorrows greater than the *reason and the patience*¹ of a man."

(3) The following is an example of his being led aside from his subject by the simile itself. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that this was the ancient manner. Homer and many other ancient poets make their similes complete pictures in themselves.

"So we sometimes espy a bright cloud formed into an irregular figure; when it is observed by unskilful and fantastic travellers, it looks like a centaur to some, and as a castle to others; some tell that they saw an army with banners, and it signifies war; but another wiser than this fellow, says it looks for all the world like a flock of sheep, and foretells plenty;² and all the while it is nothing but a shining cloud, by its own mobility and the activity of a wind cast into a contingent and inartificial shape; so it is in this great mystery of our religion, in which some espy strange things which God intended not, and others see not what God has plainly told."

His fondness for all kinds of details is seen in such a sentence as this:—

"Before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gout and consumption, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and worn out body."

His power of accumulating details and circumstances—many of them expressed only by abstract terms—is seen in the miniature pictures he draws. He thus contrasts the frigid and the torrid zones:—

"Some have only a dark day and a long night from the sun; snows and white cattle, a miserable life, and a perpetual harvest of catarrhs and con-

¹ This means *greater than he can think of or bear*.

² Compare the interview of Hamlet and Polonius, in *Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 2.

sumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies; but some have splendid fires and aromatic spices, rich wines and well-digested fruits, great wit and great courage, because they dwell in his eye, and look in his face, and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in his chambers of the east."

With a few words he paints a vivid picture of a shipwreck:—

"These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs. A dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck."

His chief rhetorical powers consist in the wealth of his imagery, and the wonderful sweetness of his rhythms. The following extracts will show these characteristics:—

ON PRAYER.

Anger is a perfect alienation¹ of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right² line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring³ upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration⁴ and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and to stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries⁵ here below. So is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business,⁶ and his business was matter of discipline,⁷ and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention⁸; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven on the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing, and the dew of heaven.⁹

But, as when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, Le¹ 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,² and by-and-by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story,³ the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly; so is a man's reason and his life.

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises⁴ and solemn bugbears, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers,⁵ the kindred and the watches, and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted⁶ from its troublesome circumstances.⁷ It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

No man can tell but he that loves his children, how delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering,¹ their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.

THE PROGRESS OF SIN.

I have seen the little purls² of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate³ the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls⁴ of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined, and to invade the neighbouring gardens; but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river and an intolerable mischief.

COMFORTING THE AFFLICTED.

But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up⁵ with the images of death, and the colder⁶ breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures,⁷ and melt with joy, and run in use-

ful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses⁸ of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs⁹ of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing and comforted and thankful persons.

The large common-sense of this writer, and his noble but still practical views of human life are seen in the following passage:—

He that can look upon death, and see its face with the same countenance¹ with which he hears its story²; that can endure all the labours of his life with his soul supporting his body; that can equally³ despise riches when he hath them and when he hath them not; that is not sadder when they lie in his neighbour's trunks, nor more brag⁴ if they shine round about his own walls; he that is neither moved with good fortune coming to him nor going from him; that can look upon another man's lands evenly and pleasedly,⁵ as if they were his own, and yet look upon his own, and use them too, just as if they were another man's; that neither spends his goods prodigally⁶ and like a fool, nor yet keeps them avariciously and like a wretch; that weighs not benefits by weight and number, but by the mind and circumstances of him that gives them; that never thinks his charity⁷ expensive if a worthy person be the receiver; he that does nothing for opinion sake,⁸ but everything for conscience, being as careful of his thoughts as of his actings in markets and theatres,⁹ and is as much in awe of himself as of a whole assembly; he that knows God looks on, and contrives¹⁰ his secret affairs as in the presence of God and His holy angels; that eats and drinks because he needs it, not that he may serve his appetite and load his stomach; he that is bountiful and cheerful to his friends, and charitable and apt¹¹ to forgive his enemies; that loves his country, and obeys his prince, and desires and endeavours nothing more than that he may do honour to God: this person may reckon his life to be the life of a man, and compute¹² his months, not by the course of the sun, but by the zodiac and circle¹³ of his virtues; because these are such things which¹⁴ fools and children, and birds and beasts cannot have; these are therefore the actions of life, because they are the seeds¹⁵ of immortality. That day in which we have done some excellent thing we may as well truly reckon to be added to our life as were the fifteen years to the days of Hezekiah.

His shrewdness appears in such pithy statements as :—

- (a) No man is poor that does not think himself so.
- (b) Let thy face, like Moses', shine to others, but make no looking-glass for thyself.
- (c) He that spends his time in sport and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes, and his meat nothing but sauces.
- (d) Thy time is as truly sanctified by a trade and devout though shorter prayers, as by longer offices.
- (e) The wisdom of the contented man is to let God choose for him.
- (f) A good man is as much in awe of himself as of a whole assembly.

14. Jeremy Taylor was a widely-read scholar; and his writings are full of Latin and Greek quotations, after the fashion of his time. He coins words for himself too. He uses *intenerate* for *soften*, *paranymph*¹ for *lady's-maid*. He uses Latin words in their old senses—as *patience* with the sense of *suffering*, *insolent* of *unusual*, and *excellent* of *surpassing*. Thus he speaks of an *insolent collocation*, and of an *excellent pain*. Some of his sermons would take six hours to read aloud; but these are enlargements of those actually preached. The sermons he delivered sometimes lasted three hours; but we must remember that in his time there were no newspapers, nor magazines, nor popular works—and that sermons in those days combined intellectual with religious interests and pursuits.

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER XI.

Ex. 1.—Prepare the lines from WITHER with the following notes :—

1. *She* has the verse-accent and also the emphasis. 2. *Pass*. 3. The nightingale. 4. *In spite of*. A form of the French *malgré*. 5. The seventeenth century writers often used abstract nouns in the plural. 6. *Height*, Milton always writes *highth*, which is more correct. But *heigh* and *neigh* (in *neighbour*) are dialectic spellings of *high* and *nigh*; and *t* (instead of *th*) is sometimes found as a suffix to form a noun from an adjective or a verb, as *high*, *height*; *weave*, *weft*. 7. *Wiser than I am*. 8. *Gave life to*. *Quick* was the old word for living; and we still have it in the phrases *the quick and the dead*, *a quick-set hedge*, etc. 9. *Mate* or *equal*. *Peer* comes from Latin *par*, *equal*,—no doubt through some Norman-French form. 10. *Her*, used because the word *its* did not exist in Wither's time. 11. *Strengthening*, from Latin *fortis*, *strong*.

Ex. 2.—Prepare the SONG from CAREW with the following notes :—

1. The verbs *ask* and *teach* seem to take two objectives—one of the person

¹ Compare Mediæval Latin word *parafredus*, a spare horse, which gives us our word *palfrey*.

and another of the thing asked for. 2. *Orient* = *in their origin*. The word is here used in its primary sense. It comes from the Latin *orior*, *I arise*; and this word gives us also *oriental*, *origin*, etc. The reason why the East is called in Chaucer, Milton, and others, the *Orient*, is because the sun rises there. 3. This is an idea of the old scholastic philosophers—Thomas Aquinas and others. They believed that the *whole* flower lay in miniature in its seed. 4. *Dividing*—a Latin use of the word = *dividing and articulating the notes*.

Ex. 3.—Prepare the verses on *True Beauty* with the following notes:—

1. *Fuel*, from mediæval Latin *focale*, from Latin *focus*, a fire, through the French *feu*, spelt in old English *few*, as in *curfew* (= *couvrefeu*). 2. *Steadfast*, *steady*, *stead*, *instead*, *homestead*, and others, are all branches from the word *stand*. The fact that the *n* is not in the past tense *stood*, shows that it does not belong to the root. 3. The verses are trochees. The formula is $4 a x$. The short syllable is wanting to the last trochee. The lines are to be thus scanned:

Hé that | lóves a | rósy | cheék — |

Ex. 4.—Prepare the *New Year* lines with the following notes:—

1. The emphasis is on *them*. This contradicts the verse-accent, which is on the *send*; but perhaps the emphasis gains by this contradiction. 2. *Else* = *otherwise*. *Else*, formerly written *elles* (a dissyllable), is an old possessive. The *el* is a relative of the word *al* (in Latin *alius*), found in *alien* (a person belonging to another country), *alienate*, etc. 3. *Attire*, this word is usually derived from the French *attirer*, to draw on; but it is more probably connected with the German *Zier*, ornament. 4. This line gives the true doctrine of ornament. Ornament is not an adventitious addition to a person or thing; but a development or external expression of the real beauty which resides in the person or thing. Ornament put on only uglifies: ornament which is a natural part and outgrowth heightens beauty. 5. *Wore* at first sight seems an unfit word, and to have been used merely for the sake of the rhyme. But as it carries in it the meaning of *habitually*, it is probably the best term he could have employed.

Ex. 5. Prepare the poem *To Daffodils* with the following notes:—

1. *Daffodils*. The old word is *affodil*, from the Greek word *asphodēlos*. The initial *d* is intrusive, and probably came from a certain trifling or playing with the word in rhymes. This trifling or dallying with the word seems to have taken place in such old songs as the one beginning,—

Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily;

in the *Golden Treasury*, p. 9. 2. The word *noon* comes from the Latin *nona hora* (*ninth hour*). The Romans began their day at six in the morning; and *noon* is, therefore, three o'clock p.m. But the meaning gradually slid into the *most important time* of the day; and that is, astronomically, when the sun is at his highest. In some parts of Italy, noon is still announced by *nine* strokes of the bell. 3. *Prayed* = *gone through the service of evensong*. The *we* at the end of the line prepares finely for the melancholy moral of the whole poem. The *we* is again suddenly resumed in the next verse with the whole weight of its meaning. In the earlier lines, he seems only full of pity and sympathy for the short life of the daffodils—which hardly overruns

the middle of the day. The offer to join the daffodils in evensong brings, with a sudden rush, the knowledge into his mind that *we* have a fate and a life no longer than that of the daffodils. 4. *Or anything*. This is a very daring phrase at the end of a line. In another poet it would have looked flat and prosaic.

Ex. 6.—Prepare the poem *The Flower* with the following notes :—

1. *Returns*, after having hid Thy face, as the sun does in winter. 2. *Demean* = *merit*. 3. This is rather a difficult line, and the thought is expressed in the enigmatical style of the early part of the 17th century. The meaning is: Flowers in spring are pleasant and beautiful in themselves; but the frosts which have just passed make them still more beautiful by contrast. 4. *No such cold thing*—a daring piece of commonplace. Compare Herrick's line in *To Daffodils*. 5. Like annuals in winter, which die down to the roots. 6. The emphasis is on *have*. *Have blown* = *have done blowing*. 7. *Unknown* is an epithet to *they* and not to *house*. 8. A *passing bell* is a bell for the dead; *chimes* are the notes of joy and congratulation. 9. *Spell* = *spell it out*. The word *spell* in King Alfred's writings means a *story*. With Orm, the verb *spell* means to *preach*. Lastly it came to mean to *make out* the letters of a word, as we make out the incidents of a narrative. 10. *So many deaths*. Herbert lived in a damp country parish; and his delicate nervous frame suffered terribly from ague. 11. *All night*. Archbishop Trench in his *Household Book of Poetry* has *at night*; but this is a quite erroneous reading. Herbert had evidently been tossing about all night in great pain.

Ex. 7.—Prepare the lines on *Sunday* with the following notes :—

1. The fruit and best result of this present creation, but only the seed (or bud) of the new and other life. 2. This is a difficult line. It probably means the *warrant* or *guarantee* of salvation, indicated by the signature or *indorsement* (from Latin *dorsum*, the back) on the agreement or covenant, written by a friend (Christ) with his blood. 3. *Bay* = *shelter*. 4. The Church. 5. *Ope* = *up* = *off*; and hence *open*. *To open* is to *do up* (in Shakspeare's time to *dup*) a door. Compare German *aufmachen*, *aufthun*. *Far off* means *far up* in the picture lying before one, that is, near the horizon or sky-line. 6. *More plentiful than the very hope that looks for blessings*. 7. *Trail* is a continuative (or "diminutive") from *draw*. Another is *drawl*; and from its cognate (or "split form") *drag*, we have *draggle*.

Her sails are draggled in the brine,
Which gladdened late the skies.

8. At the bound from Sunday to Sunday, leaping over the other days of the week.

Ex. 8.—Prepare the lines from *Wotton* with the following notes :—

1. How fortunate is he in his birth and in his training. 2. *Simple*, from Latin *simplex* = *sine plicâ*, without fold, so that the pattern of the web is seen at once. From the same root we have *complex*, *double* (*duplex*) *triple* (*triplex*) etc. 3. *Ut-m-ost*—a double superlative of *out*. The form *ut* is also found in the phrase *Utter Bar* (for *Outer Bar*, in opposition to *Inner Bar*). *M* is a fragment of the old superlative in *ema*. 4. *Skill*, said to be from an old Norse word which means to *divide*. Connected also with *scale off*, etc. 5. *Always*. 6. He does not care for public reports, or for private whispers. 7. *Envy*—from Latin *invidere*, to look askance at. 8. *Chance*—

a shortened form, through the French, of the word *cadence*—from Latin *cadentia*, things that fall. 9. He does not understand the rules of *expediency*, but only the law of what is *eternally right*. 10. His ruin cannot help to raise those who attack him. 11. He begs God to send his own Spirit, rather than to bestow on him external gifts—which are in their own nature indifferent, and may or may not bring with them happiness and strength. 12. A modern writer would have said *slavish*. 13. This line seems to have been running in Mr. Tennyson's head when he wrote the song in *Geraint and Enid* :—

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;
For man is man, and master of his fate.

Ex. 9.—Prepare the passages from *Sir T. Browne* with the following notes :—

1. *Bribed*. 2. The writer means that the time during which our earth existed without any record in history far exceeds that period of which we have some record ; and no man can tell the middle point between the two. 3. *Juno Lucina*—the goddess who presided over births. The meaning is : Death is the birth into a new and genuine life. 4. The short arch (or circuit) which the sun makes in winter. The sun on the 22nd December, for example, makes a very small arch in the sky, because he does not rise nearly so high in the heavens as in June. 5. Sleep. 6. *Long life is a dream ; and it is folly to expect it*. 7. By man. 8. *Shadowing forth*. 9. *Simulachrum, image* ; light is the shadow of God upon created things. Milton comes near, but not quite up to, the same idea, when he says :—

Dark with excess of light thy skirts appear !

Ex. 10.—Prepare the passage from *Fuller* with the following notes :—

1. *Perfunctorily* or *superficially*. 2. The use of a relative, the antecedent of which is in the previous sentence, is Latin, but was very common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The cause of this is to be found in the fact that scholars then wrote quite as much Latin as English, and perhaps more. A modern writer would have said : *And the reasons of this*. 3. *Perchance*—a rightly formed word, both parts being Latin. It is probable that *perhaps* was formed from a false analogy with this word. 4. The *rod* was for the back ; and the *ferula* for the hand. 5. A modern writer would have said *profitable*. 6. *By*. 7. *Proxy*, in Old English written *prokecy*, a contracted form of *procuracy, taking care (cure) of something for (pro) another*. So *procurator* is shortened into *proctor*. 8. *Usher*, from French *huissier*, from Old French *huis*, a door. The *usher* leads the boys through the door (or elements) of each subject. 9. *Different*. From the verb *sever*. The word *several* has hardly any specific meaning now-a-days ; it means a number midway between *many* and *a few*. 10. *Who undertake it*. 11. *Dexterity*, from *dexter, right-handed*. The opposite notion is that of *awkwardness*, from *awk, left-handed*. Compare the French saying : “Both hands of an Englishman are left hands ; and all his fingers are thumbs.” 12. *Characters*. 13. *Classes*. 14. *Then=than*. 15. *Nimble*—from an old verb *to nim=to take*. *Nimble* is therefore *quick in taking up*. 16. *Orbilus* was a Roman school-master notorious for his extreme severity. He was the Dr. Busby of Rome.

Ex. 11.—Select from the BIBLE six verses which strike you as very rhetorical.

Ex. 12.—FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644) was a Cambridge man, a member of Lincoln's Inn, cup-bearer to Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and chronologer ("poet") to the City of London. His best known volume of poems is called *The Emblems*; and here and there his verses are not without quaintness, vigour, and beauty. But

QUARLES.

Ah! whither shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-eyed fury means to smite, can save.

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle Mercy show
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

The ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, Thou that seem'st my foe;
'Tis Thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Ex. 13.—Prepare the passage from Jeremy Taylor, on p. 217, with the following notes:—

1. *Countenance*—from French *contenir*, to contain. 2. Hears it talked about. 3. *Equally* would be better before *when*. 4. *Boastful*. We now use *brag* only as a verb or as a noun; and from the latter we have *braggart*. 5. *Evenly and pleasedly*=with equal pleasure. This is a Greek and Latin idiom (called *hendiadys*=one thing through two), of which Taylor was extremely fond. So he has *showers and refreshment for refreshing showers*. See others in the text, p. 217. 6. *Prodigal*, from Latin *prodigo*, I drive forth. 7. It is from this passage evident that the word *charity* was beginning in Taylor's time to take its modern meaning of *alms*. The classical meaning of the word is *love, affection, or good-will*. 8. A possessive before *sake* had no sign of the possessive. 9. The two most public of public places. 10. *Manages*. 11. *Ready*. 12. *Count*, which is a contradiction of *compute*. *Compute* comes to us straight from Latin; *count*, through the medium of the French: *count* is therefore Latin at second-hand. The French have generally squeezed words into few syllables: thus *blaspheme* has become *blame*; *ratiocinare, raisonner*; *dissimulare, dissembler*, etc. 13. *Zodiac and circle*—another instance of Taylor's fondness for doublets. The *zodiac* is the circle or path of the sun. 14. We should now say *such as*. 15. Taylor's meaning seems to be, that evil or doubtful actions—as they do not contribute to the building up of the inner man—cannot be counted as actions at all; but that good actions are the seeds of a future glorified and spiritual body.

he is too verbose; and, if he had written less, would have been read more.

After reading the two following sets of verses, that by *Quarles* and a shortened version, let the pupil write a short paper pointing out where words have been introduced merely to fill up the measure of the line—and in general comparing the two versions:—

SHORT VERSION.

Ah! whither fly? what path untrod
 Seek to escape the flaming rod
 Of my offended, angry God?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor rock, nor cave,
 Nor silent desert, nor the grave,
 What Judgment means to smite, can save.

'Tis vain to flee, till Mercy show
 Her face; the farther off we go,—
 The longer swing, the heavier blow.

The child, corrected, doth not fly
 His mother's hand, but clinging nigh
 Quenches with tears her flaming eye.

Great God! no safety here below!
 Thou art my fortress, thou my foe;
 Thou strik'st the stroke, thou guard'st the blow

Ex. 14.—From the Scripture passages given select all those words which are of Latin origin; and compare the number of them with the number of purely English words.

Ex. 15.—Prepare the passage *On Prayer*, on p. 215, with the following notes:—

1. *Alienation*, from *alius*, another. Hence also *alien*, *alienate*. 2. *Right*=*straight*. 3. *Soar*—from French *essorer*, Provençal *eisaurar*, from Latin *aura*, a breeze. 4. *Libration*=*balancing and steadying itself*. 5. *Services*. 6. *Business* is here used in the old sense of *being busy*. 7. *Discipline*=*bringing a person to his senses or reason*. 8. His prayers went up without *meaning* or *intention*—*proper direction of the will*. 9. Taylor piles up all kinds of illustrative circumstances—any that may bring out his meaning more clearly—until he has got confused, and mixes his metaphors and introduces contradictory images.

Ex. 16.—Prepare the two passages on p. 216, with the following notes:—

1. *He* is redundant; the *sun* is the nominative. 2. *Matins*=*morning songs*. 3. *Is* speaking. 4. *Disguises*—an improperly formed word. *Dis* is a Latin prefix; and *guise* is a Norman-French form of the English word *wise*=*manner*. 5. *Servants*. 6. *Freed*. 7. *Surroundings*.

Ex. 17.—Prepare the three passages from Jeremy Taylor on pp. 216 and 217, with the following notes:—

1. *Stammer*. The root of this word is also found in *stumble*. 2. *Purl*, a diminutive (or continuative) from *purr*. *Purr*+*el*=*purl*. 3. Soften. 4. The dew. 5. By frost. 6. *Colder*=*too cold*. A Latin idiom, common in Jeremy Taylor. 7. Of ice. 8. Conversation. 9. Taylor often makes abstract nouns plural.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XI.

1. Who are the chief poets and prose writers that flourished between the death of Shakspeare and Milton's time? 2. When was George Wither born? 3. How old was he when he died? 4. What poem did he write in the Marshalsea prison? 5. How did he show his zeal for the Parliamentarians? 6. How many works did he publish? 7. What kind of verse did he chiefly use? 8. When was Thomas Carew born? 9. What office did he fill at court? 10. What kind of pieces did he write? 11. Where and when was Herrick born? 12. Was he a layman? 13. For what are his verses chiefly distinguished? 14. In what year was George Herbert born? 15. What position did he hold at Cambridge? 16. What is the general opinion about his poems? 17. How may the sweetness of Herbert's poetry be in some measure accounted for? 18. Who was Sir Henry Wotton? 19. When was he born? 20. How old was Sir Thomas Browne when he died? 21. What was he? 22. What work of his rendered him famous? 23. What kind of English does he write? 24. Where was Fuller born, and when? 25. What distinguished man was his fellow-townsmen? 26. What did he become? 27. What was he when he died? 28. State one of his most remarkable mental qualities. 29. Mention one of his works. 30. When was our present translation of the Bible published? 31. Give the date of Tyndale's version. 32. Of Coverdale's. 33. How many translators were engaged on our present version? 34. What is the general character of it? 35. When was J. Taylor born? 36. Where was he educated? 37. Who was his chief patron? 38. To what rank did he rise in the Church? 39. When did he die? 40. What are his chief works? 41. Mention one of the peculiarities of his style. 42. What literary title has he generally received? 43. Mention one or two words which he employs in their old sense.



MILTON.—HISTORICAL TABLE.

	HOME.	A.D.	ABROAD.
<i>Milton born</i>	.	1608	
Clarendon born	.	"	
The Puritans emigrate to Virginia	.	"	
Thermometer invented	.	1610	Kepler discovers the laws of Planetary Motion . . . 1609
The Commons resolve to circumscribe the Royal Prerogative; beginning of the Constitutional Struggle	.	"	Henry IV. assassinated . . . 1610
The BIBLE	.	1611	
Samuel Butler born	.	1612	English Factories at Surat . . . 1612
Jeremy Taylor born	.	1613	The States-General meet for the last time . . . 1614
Napier invents Logarithms	.	1614	
Five of the Commons sent to the Tower	.	"	Cervantes dies. Australia discovered . . . 1616
Shakspeare dies	.	1616	
Lord Bacon Chancellor	.	1617	
Book of Sports	.	"	
Episcopacy introduced into Scotland	.	"	
Abraham Cowley born	.	1618	Thirty Years' War begins . . . 1618
Raleigh executed	.	"	
Harvey discovers the Circulation of the Blood	.	1619	
Andrew Marvell b. Puritans emigrate to New England in <i>Mayflower</i>	.	1620	Molière born . . . 1621
Charles I. ascends the Throne		1625	La Fontaine born . . . 1620
Forced Loan; Bacon dies	.	1626	
John Bunyan born	.	1628	
Laud Bishop of London	.	"	
Temple born	.	"	
O. Cromwell's first Speech in Parliament	.	"	
Isaac Barrow and Charles II. born	.	1630	
John Dryden born; Drayton dies	.	1631	Battle of Leipsic; Kepler dies 1631
John Locke and C. Wren born		1632	Battle of Lützen; Gustavus Adolphus killed . . . 1632
Laud Archbishop of Canterbury		1633	
First writ of Ship-money	.	1634	Wallenstein assassinated . . . 1634
			Richelieu founds the <i>Academie Française</i> . . . 1635

HOME.	A. D.	ABROAD.	A. D.
John Hampden refuses to pay Ship-money. B. Jonson dies	1637	Louis XIV. born	1638
Lord Strafford executed	1641	Tasmania discovered	1642
The King impeached	1642		
Battle of Edgehill	"		
Sir Isaac Newton born	"		
Laud beheaded; Battle of Naseby	1645	Peace of Westphalia	1648
Charles executed. Drummond dies	1649	Dutch War	1652
<i>Milton becomes blind</i>	1652	Van Tromp sweeps the Channel	1653
Cromwell Lord Protector	1653		
England divided into eleven Military Governments	1655	Waldenses persecuted	1655
Cromwell declines the Crown	1657		
Cromwell dies	1658		
Charles II., "Restoration"	1660		
Royal Society; Tea introduced	1662		
First English newspaper, <i>Public Intelligencer</i>	1663		
Daniel Defoe born	"		
M. Prior born	1664		
The Great Plague	1665		
Fire of London	1666		
The Dutch in the Medway	1667		
Jonathan Swift born	"		
Cowley and Jeremy Taylor die	"		
<i>Paradise Lost</i> published	1669		
Richard Steele born	1671		
<i>Paradise Regained</i>	"		
Joseph Addison born	1672	Dutch inundate their country .	1672
Temple Bar built	"		
<i>Milton dies</i> ; Clarendon dies	1674		
Dr. Watts born	"		

NOTE 1.—The revenue in 1625 was about £800,000; in 1650 about £1,500,000.

NOTE 2.—James I. creates the title of *baronet*; and fixes the number of baronets at 200. Each person is to pay £1095 for his patent of baronetcy.

NOTE 3.—Regular posts were established between London and Edinburgh in 1635.

NOTE 4.—The population of England in 1674 was about 5,000,000. In the great plague of London 120,000 persons died.



CHAPTER XII.

MILTON AND BUTLER.

1. **J**OHAN MILTON, the son of John and Sarah Milton, was born at the sign of the Spread Eagle,* in Bread Street, Cheapside,† in the City of London, on the 9th of December, 1608. This was twenty years after the defeat of the Armada, about which people still talked with the deepest thankfulness in Milton's boyhood, eight years before the death of Shakspeare, and five years after James I. came to the throne. He was baptized on the 20th of the same month, at All-hallows' Church, in Cornhill. His father was a scrivener, the term then applied to an attorney who drew up wills, leases, and other business agreements. In this business he worked hard, and grew rich. He was also well known as an able musician, high in the second rank. Sarah Milton's maiden name is unknown.

2. From his childhood, his father had destined him to the "study of letters;" and, throughout his studies, father and son worked with the most earnest co-operation. Milton's first tutor was a Scotchman,—Thomas Young,—“a Puritan who cut his hair short.” He was then sent to St. Paul's School, the head-master of which was at that time Alexander Gill, “an ingenious person,” who, however, had now and then “his whipping fits.” Milton was a hard student from his child-

* Houses were not then known by numbers, but by the coat of arms of the persons who lived in them; or, if they were shops, by some sign adopted as significant of the trade or commerce carried on. The “public-houses” are the only houses that have preserved this custom.

† Bread Street is opposite Milk Street; and these two streets were the quarter where bread and milk were sold in the ancient West *Cheap* of the City of London. The word *cheap* means market; and it reappears in many words and phrases. *Chipping Ongar* and *Chipping Norton*, *Chippendale*, etc., are all names showing the presence of a market. So with *Copenhagen*. The phrase *cheap* was originally at a good *cheap*, then good *cheap* (or, by inversion, *dog cheap*), then simply *cheap*. We have also *chapman*, like German *Kaufmann*.

hood. "From my twelfth year," he says, "I scarcely ever went to bed before midnight, which was the first cause of injury to my eyes."

3. In 1625, at the age of seventeen, he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he continued to work with the same earnestness and love of learning. A dispute between him and his tutor resulted in his rustication for a term in 1626. Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," says that "Milton was one of the last students at either University who suffered the public indignity of corporal punishment;" but later inquiries have shown that there is not a particle of evidence for this statement. In 1629 he was admitted B.A., and, in 1632, at the age of four and twenty, M.A., when he finally left the University, "regretted by most of the fellows of his college, who held him in no ordinary esteem." He received the degree of M.A. from Oxford also, in 1635.

4. His father had bought a small country-house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire; and to this quiet country place he retired for five years' close study. His time was spent chiefly in reading the best Greek and Latin authors, in mathematics, and in the study both of the theory and the practice of music. He now and then visited London to take lessons in science,—such science as was then known. Two sad incidents broke the tranquil current of his life at Horton. The first was the death of his mother, on the 6th of April, 1637; and the second the death by drowning of his college friend, Edward King, on the 11th of August, in the same year. King had taken a passage from the mouth of the Dee, for Kingstown, near Dublin, in a rickety vessel, which foundered with all hands on board, in the middle of the Irish Sea. Milton wrote his *Lycidas* in memory of his friend, and mentions the ship as—

"That fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,*
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine."

5. Milton now resolved, with the permission and by the advice of his father, to make a tour on the Continent; not merely for the purpose of seeing foreign countries and remarkable scenes and

* This line has been applied by a great orator to the Alabama, the escape of which from Liverpool in 1861 went near to involve the United States and Great Britain in a terrible war.

sights, but chiefly to gain the acquaintance or friendship of the most eminent men in letters, or politics, or science. His chief desire was to see Italy, in the literature of which country he was deeply read. He made a very short stay in Paris, and pushed on to Nice. From there he went to Florence, where the literary academies received him with the most hearty welcome. At Florence, too, he visited the famous astronomer, Galileo Galilei, "a prisoner to the Inquisition," but in his own house, "for thinking on astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

At Rome he stayed nearly two months; and all the treasures of the Vatican were thrown open to him. He then visited Naples, and was preparing there to go on to Sicily and Greece, when the news of the disputes between Parliament and the Crown reached him, and his feeling that no good citizen ought to be absent from his country in such troubled times, induced him to make the sacrifice (a heroic one for a man of Milton's tastes and aspirations) of these attractive schemes, and to return to London. He "thought it base," he said, "to be travelling for his pleasure abroad," while his "countrymen were contending for their liberty at home." Throughout his journey he had acted on the principle "never to be the first to begin any conversation on religion; but if any question were put to him concerning his faith, to declare it without any reserve or fear." He seems to have spoken his mind freely enough even in Rome, "defending the reformed religion in the very metropolis of popery."

6. On his arrival in England, however, he did not at once find an opportunity of "defending liberty." "The poet returned," Dr. Johnson says, "to vapour away his patriotism in a private boys' school." The facts of the case are, that Milton, one of the kindest and most generous of men, volunteered to instruct his two nephews, Edward and John Phillips. Other gentlemen, "who were his intimate friends," heard of the arrangement, and urged Milton to allow their sons to join in their studies. For this purpose Milton took a "pretty garden-house," up a narrow lane, off Aldersgate Street, at that time a quiet street in what was then the West-End of London. The course of instruction was remarkable for its extent, especially as regards languages. His pupils studied not only Greek and Latin, but Italian and French, and also Hebrew and Syriac.

7. In 1643, Milton, then at the age of five-and-thirty, married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a country gentleman, who

lived at Forest Hill, near Shotover,* in Oxfordshire. Mrs. Milton soon grew very tired of the quietness, and of the studious and somewhat severe habits, of her husband's house, and in a few weeks after her marriage obtained permission to visit her old home. She was to have returned at Michaelmas; but she did not, and refused again and again, in reply to Milton's entreaties, representations, and remonstrances, to *return at all*. Milton therefore resolved to repudiate her; and, in justification of his action, wrote and published several works on Marriage and Divorce. He also began to look about him for another wife, and paid attentions to the daughter of a Dr. Davies. Mrs. Milton grew seriously alarmed, induced a common friend to aid her in her efforts for a reconciliation, suddenly appeared in the room when Milton was visiting at the house of this friend, and on her knees begged for and obtained the forgiveness of her husband.

In the tenth book of *Paradise Lost* he describes, no doubt, this scene:—

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight
 Immovable—till peace obtained from fault
 Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration: soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress.

Milton was to have received with his wife a dowry of £1000, but it was never paid. In the civil war, he gave shelter and house-room to his father-in-law and others of his wife's relations; and in his house Richard Powell died.

8. In 1649, the year in which Charles I. was executed, Milton was offered the post of Foreign or Latin Secretary, which he accepted. For the next eleven years, all his time and all his thoughts were given up to the service of the Commonwealth. He not only conducted the correspondence with foreign countries, and, by following the policy of Cromwell, helped to make England more respected and dreaded abroad than she had ever been before; but he spent *many years of his own time* in writing replies to the literary attacks which were made upon the government of Cromwell, both at home and abroad. One of the hottest of these attacks was published soon after

* *Shotover* is a corruption of *Château Vert*. Most French names in England have been comically altered. Thus *Bocage Walk*, from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, is now call *Birdcage Walk*.

Charles's execution. The book was said to have been written by Charles himself—it was edited at least by Dr. Gauden—and was called *Eikōn Basilikē* (the Royal Image), or the *Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings*. To this Milton wrote a reply, which he entitled *Eiconoclastes* (the Image Breaker), in which he related and characterized the unconstitutional acts of the late king, and the unfaithfulness he had shown in his communications with his parliament and people. To another book on a similar subject Milton wrote a preface by order of the council. Salmasius, a professor at Leyden, and the most celebrated continental scholar of his day, had undertaken, by the desire of Charles the Second, then in Paris, a defence of the late king (*Defensio Regia*), which he wrote and published in Latin. This was felt by the Government as a challenge and an appeal to all the governments and jurists of Europe; and in reply to it Milton wrote (1650), also in Latin, his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*. For this defence Milton received the thanks of the council. His eyesight was now beginning to fail; he had sacrificed it in the service of his country.

9. In 1653 he lost his wife, who left behind her three daughters. In the same year his sight was completely gone, by paralysis of the optic nerve, which had been coming on for years. He knew it; but he never relaxed in his work. He was now a widower, blind, and with three little girls under eight to "look after." In 1656 he married his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, the daughter of a Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. It was impossible for him to perform the duties of his office alone. Andrew Marvel, a personal friend, a poet of no mean rank, and a man of the highest personal character, was appointed his colleague; and the salary of the office, £400, was divided between them. The last state-paper signed by Milton bears the date of May 15th, 1659. In spite of his blindness, he seems about this time to have begun to write a Latin Dictionary, a History of England, and a Body of Divinity. His second wife died in 1658. In his sonnet upon her, he mentions that he saw her in a dream, when she

Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :

Her face was veiled ; yet, to my fancied sight,

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.

But oh ! as to embrace me she inclined,

I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

10. In 1660, the year of the Restoration, Milton had, like many others of his party, to go into hiding. Sir Wm. Davenant, the then poet laureate, is said to have saved his life by affording him a secure asylum—a service which Milton had previously rendered to him as a Royalist, under the Republican *régime*. The *Eikonoclastes* and the *Defensio* were burnt by the common hangman; and all endeavours were made to discover the author—but without result. On the passing of the Act of Indemnity, however, on the 30th of August, 1660, Milton was able to reappear in the streets of London.

11. By the advice of his friend, Dr. Paget, Milton now married a third time. His new wife's name was Elizabeth Minshull, of a Cheshire family. Soon after this marriage, he went to lodge at the house of a Mr. Millington, a bookseller, in Little Britain, in the City. From this he removed in 1662 to a small house in Artillery Walk, near Bunhill Fields. This was his last permanent residence.

“Here he used to sit, in a grey coarse cloth coat, at his own door, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of the learned and also those of rank.” Among others, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., came to see him; and this strange interview is thus reported by Dr. Symons in his *Life of Milton*: “The Duke of York expressed one day to the king, his brother, a great desire to see old Milton, of whom he had heard so much. The king replied that he felt no objection to the duke's satisfying his curiosity; and accordingly, soon afterwards, James went privately to Milton's house, where, after an introduction which explained to the old republican the rank of his guest, a free conversation ensued between those very dissimilar and discordant characters. In the course, however, of the conversation, the duke asked Milton whether he did not regard the loss of his eyesight as a judgment inflicted on him for what he had written against the late king. Milton's reply was: ‘If your highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king your father? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than against me; for I have lost only my eyes, but he lost his head.’ Much discouraged by this answer, the duke soon took his leave, and went away. On his return to court, the first words he spoke to the king were, ‘Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue Milton

hanged.' 'Why, what is the matter?' said the king; 'you seem in a heat. What! have you seen Milton?' 'Yes,' answered the duke, 'I have seen him.' 'Well,' said the king, 'in what condition did you find him?' 'Condition! why, he is old, and very poor.' 'Old and poor! Well, and he is blind too, is he not?' 'Yes; blind as a beetle.' 'Why then,' observed the king, 'you are a fool, James, to have him hanged as a punishment. To hang him will be doing him a service; it will be taking him out of his miseries. No; if he is old, and poor, and blind, he is miserable enough, in all conscience: let him live!'"

12. When, in 1665, the plague appeared once more in London, Milton's Quaker friend, Ellwood, found for him a "pretty box" near Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. Here Milton handed him the MS. of *Paradise Lost*. After reading it, Ellwood brought it back, and in the course of conversation, remarked, "Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?" "Milton made no answer, but sate some time in a muse, then broke off the discourse, and fell upon another subject." The *Paradise Lost*, in ten books, was published by Samuel Simmons, in 1667. Milton received £5 for each edition; and he is said to have received in all £15; while the copyright was bought from his widow for £8. So that £23 was all that was ever paid for this poem. In 1671, he produced another volume of poems, which contained *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. A number of other works and pamphlets followed—on *Logic*, *Latin Accidence*, and other subjects. He had long suffered from gout; and the pain was not less intolerable from his blindness. His chief refuge in his paroxysms was his organ and singing. On Sunday evening, November the fifteenth, 1674, after a calm and cheerful day, he died "by a quiet and silent expiration."

13. In his youth he was remarkably handsome; and in his old age always noble and distinguished-looking. When at Cambridge, he was called the "Lady" of Christ's College. His face was a perfect oval, of a sensitive and feminine type; his complexion fair, "a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy;" blue eyes; light brown hair, parted in the middle, and flowing down his shoulders. Active, quick, and nervous, in his movements; an excellent fencer; "a gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." He was said to have been "delightful company, the soul of the conversation."

He was extremely methodical and exact in his manner of living. He rose at four in summer and at five in winter. On rising, a chapter in the Hebrew Bible was read to him. He then studied till twelve. At twelve he walked out or took exercise for an hour; dined; and played on the organ for another hour. He then studied again till six. From six to eight he entertained visitors; had a light supper, "with a pipe and a glass of water"; and then to bed at nine. He was buried beside his father, in St. Giles's, Cripplegate—one of the most beautiful and quietest of the City churches. In 1737, a bust of him was placed in Westminster Abbey.

14. Milton is the most remarkable example in literary history of astonishing precocity followed by astonishing results, even into a late old age. But he is a still more wonderful example of a rarer phenomenon: of a purpose formed in early youth, interrupted by, but never forgotten in, the severest political struggles and the hardest labour of manhood and middle age, and at last taken up and finished in the quiet and serenity of advanced years. In a *Vacation Exercise*, written at Cambridge when he was nineteen, Milton thus addresses his native language:—

Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use;
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles; and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity,
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie.

He is one of the very few poets who have given up their whole minds to the cultivation of poetry. Milton is the only man of the seventeenth century who did this; and Wordsworth is the only man in the first half of the nineteenth. This purpose in Milton was a religious purpose; and, like Dante, he looked straight to God for help and inspiration in his work. Nearly thirty years before he could find time to begin his poem, he describes it as "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren Daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim, with the hal-

lowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." There were three ideas which filled and informed and inspired the mind of Milton: these were duty to God, art, and political liberty. His duty to God led him to use his time and powers

As ever in his Great Task-master's eye.

His love of art and devotion to beauty in expression and sound made of him a poet and a musician, and filled his mind with a purpose which never left him through his life. His love of political freedom made him work and fight with pen and tongue for more than fifteen of the best years of his life—a labour which cost him his eyesight. The one thought that supported him when he thought of his blindness, and "the eyes which have forgot their seeing," was

The conscience to have lost them overlied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

His life falls naturally into three epochs, each with a strongly marked character.

I. From his birth to the conclusion of his *formal education*, from 1608 to 1638. Into this epoch falls his *Early Verse* period.

II. His political life, from 1638 to 1660, the year of the Restoration. This period contains all his *Prose Writings*.

III. His poetic life, from 1660 to 1674. This contains all his greater works.

15. The best verse-works of the First Period are:—

1. On the Morning of Christ's Nativity (1629);
2. L'Allegro and Il Penseroso (1631);
3. Comus (1634);
4. Lycidas (1637).

The greatest prose-works of the Second Period are:—

1. Areopagitica: a speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.
2. Eikonoklastes; or, The Image-Breaker.
3. The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty.

The great works of his Third Period are :—

1. *Paradise Lost* (1669) ;
2. *Paradise Regained* (1671) ;
3. *Samson Agonistes* (1672).

16. Hallam says of the *Ode on the Nativity*, that it is the finest ode in the language ; and Landor says of the stanzas 4–7, that “ it is incomparably the noblest piece of lyric poetry in any modern language that I am conversant with.” The *L'Allegro* (*The Cheerful Man*) and *Il Penseroso* (*The Meditative Man*) are poetical statements of two modes of life. Mr. Browne, an able and thoughtful critic, says that “ they are the pleadings, the decision on which is *Comus*.” The *Comus* was written on an incident which occurred to a daughter of the Earl of Bridgwater, then President of Wales.* A beautiful lady has been lost in a wood, and is brought under the spells of the Magician of the Senses, *Comus*. A Spirit—who represents the free powers of the virtuous mind—appears to her brothers in the guise of a shepherd and by the help of a root called *hæmony*,† frees her from his spells. The thought of the poem, which represents the maturing of Milton's will to serve God in whatever way he might be called to do, is :—

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue : she alone is free :
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Lycidas is a monody on a college friend, Edward King, who had been destined for the Church, and who was drowned in his passage from Chester to Dublin. The poem indicates two facts in Milton's life : First, that he had come to see the corrupt state of the Church in those times :—

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed ;

and second, that he considered the serious work of his manhood was now to begin :—

To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.

* An office now abolished.

† From *Hæmonia* (Thessaly) the land of magic.

The *Areopagitica* is a speech (written, but never spoken) against the appointment of a Censor of Literature. The *Eikonoklastes* was written in answer to a book which had a very wide and strong influence in favour of the Royalist cause, called *Eikon Basiliké* (*The Royal Image*), and which contained affecting descriptions of King Charles's mode of life, religion, and last moments. There are many other prose works too long to be enumerated here. The *Paradise Lost* is simply an expansion of the first three chapters of *Genesis*, and a passage in the *Revelation*. The *Paradise Regained* is a poetical description,—not of the *Crucifixion*, as might have been presupposed, but of the *Temptation*, and of Christ's conquest over Satan in that temptation. The *Samson Agonistes* is a "dramatic poem" on the Greek model. "The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours." It should be read as a piece of autobiography. The opening lines must often have run in Milton's head:—

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on.

And the long lamentation on his blindness takes its deepest meaning from Milton's own personal feelings:—

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!

And, still further, the whole poem abounds with political allusions to the down-trodden state of the old and stubborn Republican party, now without a leader or a hope—

Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill with slaves.

Milton was one of the hardest workers that ever lived. In addition to his poetry, which was polished and repolished over and over again, he has left behind him many kinds of works: State Letters, Histories, works on Theology, Logic, Grammar, a Dictionary, and others.

17. The following are specimens of his earlier works, and from his prose-writings. It is hardly necessary for young readers to read more than one book of the *Paradise Lost*; and even that requires severe attention and much collateral reading.

I. ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

No war, or battails sound¹

Was heard the world around !

The idle² spear and shield were high up hung ;

The hooked³ chariot stood

Unstain'd with hostile blood,⁴

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;

And kings sate still with awfull⁵ eye,

As if they surely⁶ knew their sovran⁷ Lord was by

But peacefull was the night

Wherein the Prince of Light⁸

His reign of peace upon the earth began ;

The windes, with wonder whist,⁹

Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joyes to the milde océan,¹⁰

Who now hath quite forgot to rave,

While birds of calm¹¹ sit brooding on the charméd wave.

The stars with deep amaze

Stand fixt in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their pretious influence ;¹²

And will not take their flight,

For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer¹³ that often warn'd them thence ;

But in their glimmering orbs did glow,

Until their Lord Himself bespake,¹⁴ and bid them go.

II.

The oracles are dumb,¹

No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine²

Can no more³ divine,⁴

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos⁵ leaving,

No nightly⁶ trance, or breathed spell,

Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er⁷

And the resounding⁸ shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;

From haunted spring and dale,
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting⁹ Genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
 The Nymphs, in twilight¹⁰ shade of tangled¹ thickets, mourn.

III. L'ALLEGRO.

And ever against eating¹ cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian² airs,
 Married to immortal verse ;
 Such as the meeting³ soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out ;
 With wanton heed,⁴ and giddy cunning,⁵
 The melting voice through mazes running
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self⁶ may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian⁷ flowers ; and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto,⁸ to have⁹ quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IV. IL PENSEROSO.

But let my due¹ feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters' pale ;
 And love the high embow'd roof,
 With antick³ pillars massy⁴ proof,
 And storied⁷ windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full voic'd quire below,
 In service high, and anthems⁸ clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.⁹

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,¹⁰

The hairy gown and mossy cell ;
 Where I may sit and rightly spell ¹¹
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew
 And every herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain. ¹²
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

V. LYCIDAS.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
 Now thou art gon, and never must return ! ¹
 Thee, Shepherd, thee ² the woods, and desert caves
 With wilde thyme and the gadding ³ vine o'ergrown
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The willows and the hazle copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning ⁴ their joyous leaves to thy soft layes. ⁵
 As killing as the canker ⁶ to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling ⁷ herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrop ⁸ wear
 When first the white thorn blows :
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

VI.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more, ¹
 For Lycidas your sorrow ² is not dead,
 Sunk tho he be beneath the watry floar ;
 So sinks the day-star ³ in the ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tuchs ⁴ his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear night of Him who walked the waves, ⁵
 Where other groves and other streams along, ⁶
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, ⁷
 And hears the unexpressive ⁸ nuptial ⁹ song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.
 There entertain him all the saints above
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the genius ¹⁰ of the shore,
 In thy large recompense,¹¹ and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth ¹² swain to th' okes and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey ;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,¹³
 With eager thought warbling his Dorick ¹⁴ lay ;
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,¹⁵
 And now was dropt into the western bay :
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blew
 To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.

VII. COMUS.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's Court
 My mansion ¹ is, where those ² immortal shapes
 Of bright aërial spirits live inspher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,³
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,⁴
 Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
 Confin'd, and pester'd ⁵ in this pinfold ⁶ here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being ;⁷
 Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants
 Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due ⁸ steps aspire
 To lay their just ⁹ hands on that golden key
 That opes the palace of eternity :
 To such my errand is, and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank ¹⁰ vapours of this sin-worn mould.

VIII. SONG.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting,
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent ¹ wave ;
 In twisted ² braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train³ of thy amber-dropping⁴ hair ;
 Listen for dear honour's sake ;
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.—*Comus.*

IX. SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS (1652?)

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide¹
 And that one talent² which is death to hide
 Lodg'd³ with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true⁴ account, lest He returning chide;
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light deni'd?'
 I fondly⁵ ask; but Patience, to prevent⁶
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts;⁷ who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'⁸

X. THE AWAKING OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

Methinks¹ I see in my mind a noble and puissant² nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks;³ methinks I see her on an eagle, mewing⁴ her mighty youth, and kindling⁵ her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance;⁶ while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.⁷—*Areopagitica*.

XI. THE VALUE OF A BOOK.

I deny not but that it is of great concernment to the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean⁸ themselves, as well as men, and therefore to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors,⁹—for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be¹⁰ as active as the soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial,¹¹ "the purest efficacy, and extraction¹² of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those¹³ fabulous dragon's * teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness¹⁴ be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself; kills the image of God, as it

* According to the fable, Cadmus, having killed the dragon that watched at the fountain of Thebes, sowed its teeth, which immediately sprang up armed men, who fought with and killed each other.

were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden¹⁵ to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed¹⁶ and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed,—sometimes a martyrdom; and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence,¹⁷—the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

18. It is well to study Butler along with Milton, as there is not in English literature—perhaps not even in any literature—so striking a contrast. The contrast extends to almost every point, not only in the minds and characters of the two persons, but in the circumstances and history of both. They were on opposite sides in politics and religion; they were as different in disposition as two men could be; and the literary vein and special poetic powers of each were in strong and startling contrast. Milton was serious, even to solemnity, about his politics, his religion, and himself, and was almost entirely destitute of humour and wit; Butler was nothing if not humorous, and delighted to laugh at everything, even at his own misfortunes, and a king's broken promises. The *Paradise Lost* and the *Hudibras* are examples of the loftiest idealism and the most downright and flat-minded realism; and both poems appeared within a few years of each other. Milton spent his best energies and the best years of his life in the cause of freedom; Butler spent his talents in ridiculing the excesses and excrescences of that cause.* Both had their right reward; Milton rose to be Secretary of State; Butler was neglected and at last forgotten by one of the worst courts that England has ever seen. Milton complains, in the beginning of the seventh book of the *Paradise Lost*, that he had

fall'n on evil days,
On evil days had fall'n, and evil tongues;

* The error committed by the Puritans was the desire to promote piety and religion by law and police, and to create a nation of saints by act of parliament. This, of course, gave rise to numerous mistakes; and Butler seized the ludicrous side of these mistakes.

and *Hudibras* is the matter-of-fact side of this poetical description. The "evil tongues" which must have been an inexpressible weariness to the soul and sense of Milton,—the "barbarous dissonance" which offended the Muse and her English son,—find full and free expression in the lines of *Hudibras*.

19. SAMUEL BUTLER was born in the parish of Strensham in Worcestershire, 1612, four years after the birth of Milton. He was educated at the Grammar School of Worcester, and afterwards went to Cambridge; but it is said that "for want of money he was never made a member of any college." When a young man, he seems to have acted as librarian to the Countess of Kent, at whose house he saw and talked much with one of the wisest men England has ever produced—the great lawyer Selden. He next filled the office of private secretary to Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's men, and a colonel in the Parliamentary army. Sir Samuel was a zealous Presbyterian, and a hot-headed zealot against Church and kingly government. From this Puritan Butler took his idea of *Sir Hudibras*.

20. At the Restoration, Butler was created steward of Ludlow Castle, an official seat of the Earl of Carbury, the then president of the principality of Wales. He was now fifty years of age; and soon after he married a widow lady, a Mrs. Herbert. This lady was very wealthy; but her property was invested in various kinds of insurances, and these soon vanished with the whole of her fortune. Butler now began to think of turning author; and, in 1663, he published the first part of *Hudibras*. It immediately became popular with all classes and parties, except the Puritan and Republican party. Charles II. took especial delight in it; but, like a selfish man constantly pinched for money, he magnificently promised and sedulously neglected the author. Butler himself says,—

He never ate, nor drank, nor slept
But Hudibras still near him kept.

And he goes on to complain of his fate,—

Now, after all, was it not hard
That *he* should meet with no reward,
That fitted out the knight and squire
This monarch did so much admire?

That he should never reimburse
 The man for th' equipage or horse,
 Is sure a strange, ungrateful, thing
 In anybody but a king.
 But this good king it seems was told
 By some that were with him too bold,
 If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
 Caress your foes, and trust your friends.
 Such were the doctrines that were taught,
 Till this unthinking king was brought
 To leave his friends to starve and die,—
 A poor reward for loyalty.

The rest of his life he appears to have spent in "obscure misery"; and he died in 1680, in Rose Street, Covent Garden. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, at the expense of a private friend. Oldham a contemporary, says,—

Of all his gains by verse, he could not save
 Enough to purchase flannel and a grave.

And Otway, the play-writer—a man who succumbed to a similar but worse fate, advises fathers to put their more promising sons apprentices to farmers or bricklayers,—

Till he against his nature learn to rive,
 And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope, wrote his epitaph, and describes him as "perfectly happy in his writings, but not so in the encouragement of them." Samuel Wesley, the great divine, wrote the following epigram on the setting up of a monument to him in Westminster Abbey:—

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
 No generous patron would a dinner give;
 See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust.
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,—
 He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

21. The poem of *Hudibras* is an account of the adventures of a knight and his squire in the civil wars. They are taken into all

kinds of scrapes, and released in the most ludicrous manner. Every occasion is seized to satirise the Independents, the Presbyterians, the Parliamentary party, and the lawyers. The book is full of all kinds of learning and the most out-of-the-way knowledge. Butler seems to have had a thorough knowledge of astrology, and to have been well read in the logic and metaphysics of the old school divines. Hume says, "it is surprising how much erudition he has introduced with so good a grace into a work of pleasantry and humour. *Hudibras* is perhaps one of the most learned compositions that is to be found in any language." The poem as a whole is tedious; and much of its contemporary popularity must have arisen from its caricatures of living persons. Butler bears the same relation to Milton that Hogarth does to Michael Angelo.—Part of the plot is taken from the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes; and the headings of each canto are ridiculous imitations of those in the *Faerie Queene*. Thus the *Argument of Canto the First* is:—

Sir Hudibras, his passing worth,
 The manner how he sally'd forth;
 His arms and equipage are shown;
 His horse's virtues and his own.
 The adventure of the *Bear* and *Fiddle*
 Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

22. The first canto opens with a description of the hero, Sir Hudibras, his character, his learning, his sword, his dagger, and his squire, and his setting out to fight with prelacy and other besetting sins. It then goes on to introduce the two to various adventures, in which Hudibras always shows cowardice, or that discretion which is the better part of valour, or some other contemptible quality. Much of the comedy arises from the fact that the two heroes are constantly beaten, cudgelled, and defeated. The following is a description of the mental powers of Hudibras:—

We grant, although he had much wit,¹
 He was very shy of using it;
 As being loath² to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holidays or so,
 As men their best apparel do;

Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
 Being rich in both he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic ;³
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,
 On either which⁴ he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute.
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl—
 A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—
 And rooks, committee men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination ;⁵
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure,⁶ he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth but out there flew a trope ;⁷
 And when he happened to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
 And tell what rules he did it by :
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talked like other folk ;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleased to shew 't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich ;
 A Babylonish⁸ dialect
 Which learned pedants much affect ;
 It was a parti-coloured dress
 Of patched and piebald⁹ languages ;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.¹⁰

It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if he talked three parts in one;
 Which made some think when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
 Or Cerberus¹¹ himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large;
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit;
 Words so debased and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on:¹²
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the orator,¹³ who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have used no other ways.

His beard plays a considerable part in the first canto:—

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 In cut and dye so like a tile,¹
 A sudden view it would beguile;²
 The upper part thereof was whey,³
 The nether, orange, mixed with gray.
 This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
 With grisly type did represent
 Declining age of government;
 And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the state's were made.

His dagger has a paragraph to itself:—

This sword a dagger had as page,
 That was but little for his age;
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knight-errants⁴ do.
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,⁵
 Either for fighting or for drudging.

When it had stabbed, or broke a head
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread :⁶
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure ;
 But left the trade as many more
 Have lately done on the same score.⁷

23. The chief points to be remarked in Butler are—

- (1) His great humour ;
- (2) His vigorous common-sense ;
- (3) His truly poetical imagination.

1st. His humour consists chiefly in the strong contrast which he constantly brings out between the common-place and the noble. He treats the sublime in a ridiculous and mocking way, and produces perpetual astonishment and laughter by the ease with which he lowers what is in itself and in reality great. Milton, whose heart was on fire with zeal for the cause of his party, could not and did not see the ludicrous in many of the qualities displayed by his Puritan friends ; while Butler, who sat outside these stirring and fiery zeals, and contemplated them coldly and with a steady eye, saw almost nothing but the ludicrous and the absurd in them. Milton knew nothing of the common and the low* ; Butler lived and dwelt in it as in his native element. The following are examples of his treatment of subjects in themselves noble or beautiful. In describing a sunrise, he says,—

- (a) And like a lobster boil'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn.

He takes the very opposite view of Fame to Milton's :—

- (b) There is a tall long-sided dame
 (But wonderous light) ycleped¹ *Fame*,
 That like a thin cameleon² boards
 Herself on air, and eats her words.

* Und hinter ihm, im wesenlosen Scheine,
 Liegt, was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine.

Goethe (of Schiller).

The method pursued by the *Barebones Parliament* in getting up petitions is thus described:—

- (c) The Parliament drew up petitions
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
 To well-affected³ persons down,
 In ev'ry city and great town;
 With pow'r to levy horse and men
 Only to bring them back agen.⁴

The notion of honour held by *Sir John Falstaff* is much the same as that advanced by *Sir Hudibras* as an excuse for running away:—

- (d) If he that in the field is slain,
 Be⁵ in the bed of Honour lain;
 He that is beaten may be said
 To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.⁶

Butler is always glad of a sly hit at rhymesters, especially those mechanical bards who followed the advice of Boileau, and composed the second line of their couplet first. It is true, however, that, as Dryden said, a rhyme sometimes suggests a thought.

- (e) A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
 That in the adventure went his half.
 Though writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one:
 And when we can with meter safe,
 We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph;
 For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.⁷

The following is a caricature of the stoical doctrines, and in especial ridicule of such lines as

My mind to me a kingdom is.

Butler, with his clear common-sense, was the last man to accept such ultra-metaphysical views as consolation for a beaten cause and a ruined Church.

- (f) But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
 To fortune, or be said to droop,
 Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,⁸
 And sayings of philosophers.

Quoth⁹ he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
 Is *sui juris*,¹⁰ unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels,
 Whate'er the other moiety¹¹ feels.
 'Tis not restraint or liberty
 That makes men prisoners or free;
 But perurbations that possess
 The mind, or æquanimities.¹²
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To Alexander when he cry'd,
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a paltry narrow tub to
 Diogenes; who is not said
 (For aught¹³ that ever I could read)
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob
 Because he had ne'er another tub.

This tendency to a humorous humiliation of what is noble is seen very clearly in the odd rhymes he is fond of using, some of which are extremely clever. Thus, when he speaks of Hudibras's beard, he must have found considerable pleasure in the discovery of so absurd a rhyme.

(g) This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns.

The following is also very good:—

(h) Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile*
 Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

* His daring in altering the accent, whenever it suits his verse to do so, is well known.

(i) And pulpit—drum ecclesiastic—
 Was beat with fist instead of à stick.

(j) Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
 That far off like a star did àppear.

* This is the right form of the adjective. *Difficult* comes from the noun (difficultas), and is formed in opposition to all precedent and analogy.

Crashaw, in a very fine poem, written to a lady, has the lines—

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ning shoe-tie.

Butler boldly adopts the rhyme, and gives it a ludicrous twist.

(k) Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie.

2nd. His common-sense was perhaps the most striking quality of his mind. He was perhaps incapable of enthusiasm; but he had a justness of mind which appreciated what was sound and honest in national and in private life. He says of honour:—

(a) In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour,¹ built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

He had many opportunities in his life-time of seeing the evil effects of mere presumption and subjective feeling.

(b) The truest characters² of ignorance,
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use³ to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.⁴

He hits off, in two lines, the fundamental doctrine of political economy.

(c) For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?⁵

The following is a side-blow at the poetasters of his century:—

(d) For those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time.

His view of the value of an oath is thus expressed:—

(e) Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe;
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle in a pinfold.

He had himself suffered much by litigation brought upon him by the attacks of others :—

- (f) For lawyers have more sober sense,
 Than t' argue at their own expense,
 But make their best advantages
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss :⁶
 And out of foreign controversies,
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses.

He has, at the end of the poem, a long argument to show that woman, though she has no visible power in the State, has all the real power in every practical and useful respect ; and he compares her to the pilot of the ship :—

- (g) As if a pilot, that appears
 To sit still only while he steers,⁷
 And does not make a noise and stir
 Like every common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the card⁸ or star,
 And did not guide a man-of-war.

3rd. In spite of this habitual preference of the ludicrous and the humorous, Butler here and there shows traces of a genuine poetic feeling. The following lines are a different and shorter expression of the truth which Chaucer sets forth so beautifully in the extract given on p. 54 (o).

- (a) For loyalty is still the same
 Whether it win or lose the game ;
 True as the dial to the sun,
 Although it be not shin'd upon.⁹

His lines on the moon might have been written by Wordsworth when at his best :—

- (b) The moon pulled off her veil of light
 That hides her face by day from sight,
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade).

The daring poetic intuition which makes the flames of the funeral pyre into curtains, is of itself a proof of his great power.

- (c) Like Indian widows, gone to bed
 In flaming curtains of the dead.¹⁰

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER XII.

Ex. 1. Prepare the passage on p. 238 with the following notes:—

1. *Battail's sound*. The old spelling in the seventeenth century. The use of the *subjective* possessive (with 's) for the *objective* possessive (with of) is a poetical licence. 2. *Idle*=*unused*. 3. *Hooked*=with hooked or curved scythes fastened to the axles or rims of their wheels. 4. *Hostile blood*=*the blood of the enemy*. A Latinism. 5. *Awful*, used in a subjective sense =*filled with awe*. It is now generally used in an objective sense. *An awful sight*=one that *fills with awe*. 6. *Surely*=*without the smallest feeling of doubt*. It modifies *knew*. 7. *Sovran*—the right spelling. The *g* in *sovereign* has intruded from a false analogy with *reign*; and this is the case also in *foreign*. The word comes to us from Latin through the French; and the steps are these: *super*, *superus* (*superancus*, *med.* Latin); *sovrain*, etc. 8. *Prince of light*. Milton here robs *Lucifer* of his title, and gives it to the rightful owner. 9. *Whist*=*hushed*. 10. *Océan*, a trisyllable. 11. *Birds of calm*=*halcyons* or *kingfishers*. It was fabled that for seven days before and after the shortest day, the halcyons were about and the sea was calm; and the halcyon days were therefore in midwinter and at Christmas. 12. *Influence*=*something flowing upon*, a word from the old science of astrology, hence *glances* or *aspects of the stars*. We have other terms from this exploded science: such as, *ill-starred*; *disastrous*=*influenced by unfavourable stars*; *jovial*=*influenced by Jove*; *saturnine*; *mercurial*, etc. P. Fletcher has the following lines:—

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all *light*, all *influence*, all *fate*;
Nothing to him comes early, or too late.

That is, the *light* and the *influence* of the stars follow him. 13. *Lucifer*=*the morning star*, called in Greek *Phosphoros* (*light-bringer*). The same star, when it rises *after* the sun has set, is called *Hesperos* (*Vesper*). Plato, in a short epitaph, makes a beautiful use of this fact: he says of a friend of his who died young,—

Thou wert the *Morning Star* among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled:
Now, having died, thou art as *Hesperus*, giving
New splendour to the dead.

14. *Bespake*, *them* understood. The *be* makes *speak* into a transitive verb. Compare *wail*, *bewail*; *moan*, *bemoan*. Sometimes the *be* enables the verb to take only a *person* for its object, as *seek*, *beseech*.

Ex. 2. Prepare the passage on p. 238 with the following notes:—

1. Milton's belief was that the coming of Christ silenced all the oracles of the ancient world, which had been prompted by fallen angels; and that these angels then left the earth, and went each to his own place. 2. *Shrine*, a concealed place. *Screen* is another form of the word. 3. *No more*=*no longer*. 4. *Divine*=*utter divinations*. 5. *Delphos* or *Delphi* was a small town in Phocis, in Greece, and was the principal seat of the worship of Apollo. In the centre of his temple there was a small opening (*chasma*) in the native rock, from which a vapour rose. The tripod was placed on this chasm; and the priestess took her seat on the tripod when the oracle had

to be consulted. The vapour intoxicated the priestess, who was called *Pythia*; and the first words she uttered were looked upon as the oracle of the god. 6. *Nightly*=*nocturnal*. In modern English the word means *every night*. 7. The next stanza refers to the fact that the Greeks believed that each hill and mountain, and dale and spring, and tree and bush, had its tutelary and inbiding deity, called by the Romans, *genius loci* (*genius of the place*). Those which lived on the mountains were called *Oreades* (from *oros*, a mountain); in trees, *Dryades* (from *drus*); in fresh water, *Naiades* (from *naiein*, to inhabit); in sea-water, *Nereides* (from *Nereus*, a sea-god). 8. *Resounding*. The *d* is intrusive. 9. *Parting*=*departing*. 10. *Twilight*=*two lights*. The word *two* takes many forms: *ty* in *twenty*; *twin*, *twain*. The usual form is *twi* as in *twist*, *twine*, *twinge*, *twinkle*. The presence of *tw* at the beginning of a word always indicates a two-fold notion, or idea of doubleness. 11. *Tangled*, from O. E. *tengan*, to seize; hence *tongs*.

Ex. 3. Prepare the passage from *L'Allegro* with the following notes:—

1. *Eating*. *Fretting* might have been better. *Fret* is the Old English word for to eat. But Milton had the classical phrase *edaces curae* in his head. 2. There were three styles in Greek music: Lydian, Phrygian, and Dorian. Of these, the Lydian was soft and voluptuous. 3. That goes out to meet the music. 4. A contradiction in terms, but intended by Milton. *Heed*=*carefulness*, but *carefulness* that abandons itself as much as possible to the excitement of the music. 5. A similar contradiction. 6. *Self* is here a noun. 7. *Elysium*, the place of the happy dead. 8. *Pluto*, the god of the lower regions. 9. The perfect tense is used to express the completeness and eagerness with which he would have performed the action. Spenser is very fond of this idiom. He says of the lion, that he ran suddenly at Una,

To have at once devoured her tender corse.

Ex. 4. Prepare the passage from *Il Penseroso* with the following notes:—

1. *Due*=*at due and regular times*. 2. *Enclosure*. So we speak also of the "pale of the church." 3. *Antick*=*antique*. The word *antics* is now used to mean *old-fashioned tricks*. 4. *Massive* is never used either by Shakspeare or by Milton. 5. *Proof* against the weight they have to sustain. Some commentators make the phrase *massy-proof*=*proof against the superincumbent mass*, and compare the phrase *star-proof*, *fire-proof*, etc. 6. *Storied*=*historied*; but the right word here, as Milton always used the right word, with fullest intention, and with only one intention. He does not let epithets fall from his pen in the hope that one or two may hit the very point. *Story* is a shortened form of *history*; but the monks limited the meaning of the word to *Scripture history*. The windows, then, are supposed by Milton to have incidents from the story painted on them. 7. *Dight*=*ornamented, dressed, or coloured*. Compare the line in the *Allegro*,—

The clouds in thousand liveries dight.

8. *Anthem*—a shortened form of *antiphon*=*alternately-sung hymn*. 9. In this line the sound echoes the sense. Milton, to express the greatness of the musical effect, introduces another accented syllable—five instead of four. The line should be thus scanned:—

And bring | áll | Héav'n | befóre | mine éyes. |

10. *Hermitage*, an abode for a *hermit*=*eremite*, from Greek *Erēmos*, a desert. 11. *Tell* or *describe*. 12. Experience, which is *induction*, gives the power of prophecy, which is *deduction*. This is the case in astronomy.

Ex. 5. Prepare the first passage from *Lycidas* with the following notes :—

1. The rhythm in these two lines is of the most natural kind, and expresses with great feeling the passion of Milton's loss. 2. The repetition of the *thee* in such a sentence is common both in Greek and in Latin verse. 3. *Gadding about*, said of a *vine* that creeps about. 4. This is a conventional exaggeration from the Greek poet Theocritus. 5. *Lay*, an English and softened form of the German *Lied*. 6. A hard form of *cancer*. 7. The very young lambs just weaned. A double diminutive=*wean-el-ling*. 8. A northern form of *wardrobe*, and still found in Yorkshire.

Ex. 6. Prepare the second passage from *Lycidas* with the following notes :—

1. The rhythm of this line is in very striking contrast with the rhythm of the line—

But, oh! the heavy change now thou art gone.

2. An abstract term used for a concrete, very common in Greek and Latin, but also found in English. We have *my joy, our pride, our delight*, etc. 3. *The sun*. 4. *Adorn, trick out*. 5. An allusion to the sea of Galilee. 6. A prose-writer would have had *beside*. 7. From Latin *lavare, to wash*. The *v* is changed into a *u* in the word *laundress*; but is retained in *lavender* = a plant used to scent new-washed clothes. 8. *Inexpressible*. 9. In allusion to the marriage of Christ and His Church. 10. The *genius loci*. 11. It will be his reward to be "good" to all and to save all who come near where he was himself shipwrecked. 12. *Unknown*, the early meaning. Milton is himself the *unknown swain*. 13. Of the Pandean pipe. 14. The Doric dialect of Greek was used in pastoral poetry. 15. In the evening the hills always appear much broader. 16. *Blue*—the colour of the Presbyterian party. 17. Milton believed that with the death of King, his own serious work in life was beginning.

Ex. 7. Prepare the passage from *Comus* with the following notes :—

1. *Mansion*=*abode*, from Lat. *manere, to remain*. The French *maison* is a form of the word. 2. *Those*=*those well-known*. A Latin idiom. 3. The scanning of this line brings out the fine rhythm of it :—

In ré | gions míld | of cálm | and séréne || afr. |

4. This line is a good example of alliteration. Milton was much more fond of head-rhyme (alliteration) than of end-rhyme. 5. From Italian *pesta, a crowd*, and = *crowded-up*. 6. *Pinfold*=*pound*, in which stray cattle are confined or *pinned*. 7. Another example of alliteration. 8. *Rightly-planted steps*. 9. Hands that have a legitimate right. 10. *Rank*—connected with *rackle, rancid, rancorous*.

Ex. 8. Prepare the *Song to Sabrina* with the following notes :—

1. *Translucent*=*through which the light shines*, a much finer and truer word than *transparent*. 2. *Twist*, a word connected with *two, twin, twain*, etc. 3. *Train*, connected with verb *draw, drag*, etc. Another word from the same root is *trail*. 4. Clear brown. 5. For the sake of the honour of the lady who is bound in the snares of Comus.

Ex. 9. Prepare the *Sonnet* with the following notes :—

1. *Wide*, an additional epithet of great force. A blind man could easily find his way in a narrow space. 2. *Talent*, a sum by weight = about £350. Milton here credits himself with only *one talent*; he probably means his

gift of poetry. The word *talented* is very modern and quite without authority or analogy. It is like *wisdomed for wise, heightened for tall*, etc. 3. *Lodged = is lodged*. Milton very frequently omits the connective *is* or *was*. So in the next clause, "though my soul [is] more bent." 4. *True = accurate*. 5. *Foolishly*. 6. *Anticipate*. 7. God does not require back what He has Himself given. 8. *Wait upon Him*.

Ex. 10. Prepare the two prose passages with the following notes:—

1. *Methinks = it seems to me*. The *me* is a dative. There are two verbs *thencan*, to think; and *thincan*, to seem. 2. *Powerful*; but the use of the word *puissant* (which has a heraldic flavour) gives the force of all historical associations. 3. There is here some reminiscence of the story of Samson. 4. *Mew*, probably from Latin *mutare*, to change. 5. *Kindle*, a continuative, probably connected with the word *tender*, and the German *zünden*. The change of *t* into *k* is seen in *watch* and *wake*, *match* and Chaucer's word *make* (*mate*), etc. 6. *Radiance = raying out*. 7. *Sects and schisms*. *Sect* is Latin from *secare*, to cut; and *schism* is Greek, from *schizein*, to cut. Milton here states one of the standing arguments against liberty of thought and of speech: that it produces diversities, dissent—"sects and schisms." 8. *Demean = conduct*. 9. *Malefactor*, a Latin word for *evildoer*. We have the Latin *benefactor*, but no corresponding word in English. 10. *That is destined*, or, *is sure to be*. 11. *Vial*, now written *phial*. 12. *Extract*. 13. *Those = those well known*, one of Milton's Latinisms. 14. *Wary*, a form of *ware* which is found in *beware*, *warn*; and in the French *gare*, *garde*, etc. 15. *Burden*, connected with *bear*, *bier*, *barrow*, etc. 16. *Embalmed = put into balm*. *Balm* is a contracted form of *balsam*. 17. *Fifth essence*, the essence collected after five distillations, oftener called *quintessence*.

Ex. 11. Prepare the passage on p. 246, with the following notes:—

1. *Wit = sense*. 2. *Loath*, now spelt *loth*, connected with verb *loathe* and with French *laïd*, *ugly*. 3. *Analytic*—that part of logic which teaches the dividing or analysing of notions. 4. *Either which*. We should now say, *either of which*. But the former is quite right, as *either* is an adjective. 5. *Ratiocination = technical reasoning* expressed in a technical way. 6. *Logic*, as the *Grammar of Thought*, puts its syllogisms into *mood* and *figure*, etc. 7. *Trope*, a figure of speech, from the Greek *trepein*, to turn. Thus, when we call a brave man a *lion*, we *turn* the word from its ordinary meaning to a different use. From the same word we have *tropic*, because the sun "turns" back when he reaches that line. 8. *Babylonish = mixed*, from *Babel*. 9. *Piebald = of different colours*. So we have *maggie = Margaret pie* (compare *Robin Redbreast*, etc.), *The Pied Piper*, etc. 10. Slashes were made in the satin sleeves of coats, and velvet fustian let in. 11. *Cerberus*, the three-headed dog who keeps the gates of the infernal regions. 12. In this description of Hudibras's language, Butler has in his eye not only the Puritan party, who were very fond of hard words, but Milton in particular. Milton introduced a large number of Latin words on his own authority, and whole lines could be quoted from the *Paradise Lost*, which consist of nothing else. Thus we have (Book V., 423)

The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimantal recompense
In humid exhalations.

13. Demosthenes.

Ex. 12. Prepare the passages on p. 248, with the following notes:—

1. The Puritans were very curious about the shape of their beards. Some of them had pasteboard covers made to put them in at night to protect their shape. 2. *Beguile*—a verb from *guile*—a Norman-French form of *wile*. Compare *ward* and *guard*; *wise* and *guise*; *war* and *guerre*, etc. 3. *Whey*—hence the word *whig*. The Puritans of Milton's time were the forerunners of the whigs of Queen Anne's reign. 4. *Knight-errants*. The plural to the adjective is a French fashion. 5. *Dudgeon*=*dagger*. 6. These lines seem imitated from the stanza in the old ballad quoted by Bishop Percy:

His sword would serve for battle and
For dinner, if you please;
When it had slain a Cheshire man,
'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese.

7. This is a side-blow at Cromwell, who was in early life a brewer.

Ex. 13. Prepare the short passages given in pages 249–251, with the following notes:—

1. *Ycleped*—in Milton, *yclept*. Oldest form, *gecleped*=*called*, from *clepian*. 2. It was a common belief that the cameleon lived on air. This arose from her habit of rapidly darting out her tongue to catch insects so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. 3. *Well-affected*—to the government. 4. *Agen*—the right spelling. *Again* seems to be a provincial mode, though it has now become general. 5. *Be*—the subjunctive mood, which is now hardly used at all. *Lain* would now be *laid*. 6. *Truckle*—from a verb *truck*=*to exchange*. A *truckle-bed* is therefore a bed which may form a seat or chair by day. 7. Butler's meaning is, that *rhyme* regulates the verse almost, if not quite, as much as the *sense*. 8. It was a prevalent fashion in Butler's time to quote tag-ends of Virgil and Horace—especially in Parliament. 9. *Quoth*—a defective verb, now only found in the third pers. sing., past indic. But we have from it the verb *bequeathe*. 10. *Sui juris*=*in its own power*. 11. *Moiety*—a French word—*half*. From a Low Latin word, *mediates*, from *medium*. 12. *Æquanimities*=*level frames of mind*. 13. *Aught*, hence the negative, *naught*. Hence *naughty*=*of no value*.

Ex. 14. Prepare the passages on p. 252 and 253 with the following notes:—

1. The Temple of Honour had only a very low door, at which every one who entered had to stoop. 2. *Characters*, in the original sense of the Greek word, *marks*. 3. *Use*=*are wont*. 4. *Entire*—a trisyllable. The ending *ire* was always in Old English two syllables. Shakspeare always makes *fire* a dissyllable; and in our own day, Mr. Matthew Arnold. Compare the German, *Feuer*. 5. That is, the value of a thing is the amount of the current medium which a *second* person is willing to give for it. Its value is its relation to other desired and desirable things; and this relation is expressed by the universal third term between any two things—*money*. 6. The Swiss, in Butler's time, occupied the same position as the Scotch in previous centuries; they were the hired soldiers of Europe. The phrases "The Swiss Guard," "Point d'argent, point de Suisse," point to this fact. 7. *Steer*—a transitive form of the intransitive verb *to stir*. Hence *stern*—the place where *steering* is carried on. 8. The *card* below the mariner's compass, with the directions N., S., E., and W. printed on it. 9. The comparison halts in point of fact, though the feeling of the lines is excellent. Show how.

10. An allusion to the old practice of Indian wives, ascending their husbands funeral pyre—called *suttee*. It has been abolished by the British Government.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XII.

1. When and where was Milton born? 2. How long before the death of Shakspeare? 3. At what school was he educated? 4. What college of what University did he enter? 5. When did he leave the University? 6. To what place did he retire to study? 7. In what year did he make a tour on the Continent? 8. What great man did he then meet? 9. What put a stop to his journey? 10. What occupation did he take up on his return to England? 11. Who was his first wife? 12. What office under the Commonwealth did Milton fill? 13. How did he lose his eyesight? 14. Who was his colleague latterly in his secretaryship? 15. Who gave Milton an asylum in 1660? 16. What house was his last permanent residence? 17. Who paid him a visit here? 18. To what place did he retire in 1665? 19. When did he die? 20. What was the constant ambition of his whole life? 21. What is the first period of his life? 22. The second? 23. The third? 24. What are the four chief works of the first period? 25. The three best works of the second? 26. The three of the third? 27. What is the meaning of the terms *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*? 28. On what incident is the *Comus* founded? 29. What is the subject of the *Lycidas*? 30. What is the subject of the *Areopagitica*? 31. What of the *Eikonoklastes*? 32. On what part of Scripture is the *Paradise Lost* based? 33. On what event in our Lord's life is the *Paradise Regained* founded? 34. What is the subject of the *Samson Agonistes* (*striving*)? 35. Mention two or three points of contrast between Milton and Butler. 36. Where and when was Butler born? 37. What personage was the model for his *Hudibras*? 38. What office did he obtain at the Restoration? 39. What king of England delighted in *Hudibras*? 40. When did Butler die? 41. What is the subject of the *Hudibras*? 42. What are the three chief qualities of Butler's mind?



INTERCALARY CHAPTER.

THE SONNET.

1. As it was Milton who gave to the sonnet a firm place among the forms of English verse, an account of the sonnet and its laws may be rightly introduced here. Its invention has been ascribed to Guido of Arezzo, in 1024. Petrarch (1304–1374) was the poet who first used it largely and developed its many hidden powers to the highest possible degree. As the Italian language, like most other Romance languages, has an average of twenty-four rhymes to each word, while the English language has only three, it is plain that, in a form which requires so many rhymed words, it is much more easy to write in Italian than in English. It has always been a favourite form with the Italian poets.

2. The Earl of Surrey, who was an ardent student of Dante and Petrarch, introduced the form into England. Shakspeare has written several hundred sonnets; but it has been before shown that the only point in which they resemble the Italian sonnet is that they consist of fourteen lines. Milton's sonnets are all, without exception, in strict accordance with the severe Italian model. He wrote only seventeen in all; and Dr. Johnson thought but little of them. "Three of them are not bad," he said; and he accounted to Hannah More, who too docilely took Dr. Johnson's judgment as final, for the amazing badness of the rest, by saying; "Why, madam, Milton's was a genius that could hew a Colossus out of a rock, but could not carve heads on cherry-stones." In later times, the two writers who have contributed most largely, and with the highest excellence, to our comparatively small stock of English sonnets, are Wordsworth and Mrs. Browning.

3. THE SONNET consists of two parts, an *octave* and a *sextant*. The octave (or *eight* lines) is said to consist of two quatrains; and the sextant (or remaining *six* lines) of two tercets. The subject is supposed to be stated in the first quatrain; is illustrated in the second; is applied in the first tercet; and the whole is summed up or concluded in the second. In the octave there must be only *two* rhymes; and in the sextant there may be *two* or *three*. The rhymes in the two quatrains in the octave should be "extreme and mean" (that is, two outside rhymes and two inside), thus: *a b b a | a b b a*. The rhyme in the sextant may be either *a b c | a b c*, or *a b a b a b*, or *a b a b c c*. The first of these is the most usual.

Put in a tabulated form, the rhymes would appear thus :—

OCTAVE.	SEXTANT.		
	<i>First Form</i> (<i>most usual</i>).	<i>Second.</i>	<i>Third.</i>
<i>a</i>			
<i>b</i>			
<i>b</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>b</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>
<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>c</i>

4. The following sonnet of Wordsworth's exemplifies these rules :—

Scorn not the Sonnet : Critic, you have frowned
 Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso * sound ;
 With it Camoëns † soothed an exile's grief ;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faeryland
 To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

Archbishop Trench remarks :—“ The necessity of condensation has often compressed and rounded a nebulous vapour into a star. The sonnet, like a Grecian temple, may be limited in its scope, but like that, if successful, it is altogether perfect.”

* *Tasso*—the great Italian poet who wrote the *Jerusalem Delivered*.

† The great Portuguese poet—author of *The Lusiad*.





CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONTEMPORARIES OF MILTON.

- T**HE chief prose writers of Milton's age were, THOMAS HOBBS, IZAAK WALTON, EDWARD HYDE (LORD CLAREN-
RENDON), RICHARD BAXTER, ABRAHAM COWLEY,* and JOHN BUNYAN. The minor writers of verse were, EDMUND WALLER, HENRY VAUGHAN, RICHARD CRA-
SHAW, SIR JOHN DENHAM, ANDREW MARVEL, and RICHARD LOVELACE. It cannot be said that they influenced Milton's style of thinking and expression in any way, or that he influenced them; but all of these writers reflect the influences of their own age and of the events of that age, with far more fidelity and vividness than Milton himself, simply because they were more plastic to these influences.

We must deal with each very shortly.

2. THOMAS HOBBS (1588-1679,) often called "the philosopher of Malmesbury," because he was born there, spent his life chiefly in writing political and philosophical treatises, "squaring the circle," quarrelling with mathematicians, and acting as tutor to the younger members of the Devonshire family. He lived most of his life at Chatsworth, the seat of the Cavendishes, in Derbyshire. He lived through three generations; and, when young, was intimate with Lord Bacon and Ben Jonson, in middle life he knew Galileo, while in his old age he might have conversed with Locke and with Defoe. He was twenty-eight years of age when Shakspeare died; Addison was seven years old when Hobbes died; and he lived through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, the two Charleses, and the Commonwealth.

* Cowley will also be considered as a poet.

His greatest work is,—

The Leviathan.

The sub-title is *The Matter, Power, and Form of the Commonwealth*. It is an inquiry into the principles on which human society is based. Hobbes holds that *force* is the foundation of all political and social organization; and that war is the natural state of man. Sir James Mackintosh praises his style for clearness, and says, it is "the very perfection of didactic language." His chief excellence consists in the care he takes to *define his terms*. If a writer uses a word or term sometimes in one sense and sometimes in another, sometimes with a larger content or meaning and sometimes with a smaller, we can never be sure that we understand him rightly. If a shilling were sometimes of the value of ten pence, while at other times it contained thirteen pence, there would be the same confusion in commercial affairs as the want of clear definition of terms produces in philosophy or thought in general. The following passage gives a fair idea of his style:—

THE DEFINITION OF TERMS.

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering¹ of names in our affirmations,² a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled³ in words as a bird in lime-twigs,—the more he struggles, the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, the only science⁴ that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at⁵ settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning. By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge, to examine the definitions of former⁶ authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning⁷ proceeds, and lead men into absurdities which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which beginning lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which⁸ trust to books do as they which cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that entering by the chimney, and finding themselves enclosed in a chamber, flutter at the false light of the glass window, for want of wit⁹ to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names

lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse, from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men, as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science¹⁰ and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity.¹¹ Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness¹² of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters¹³ for any man to become excellently¹⁴ wise, or unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters,—they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas,¹⁵ or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.

Leviathan.

A steady and laborious worker all his life, in his eighty-sixth year he translated the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into English verse. The measure he employed was the iambic quatrain (5 *x a* alternately rhymed) used by Sir John Davies, Dryden, and Gray. His attempt was quite unsuccessful.

The morning now was quite display'd, and Jove,
Upon Olympus' highest top was set;
And all the gods and goddesses above,
By his command, were there together met.

This said, with his black brows to her he nodded,
Wherewith display'd were his locks divine;
Olympus shook at stirring of his godhead,
And Thetis from it jump'd into the brine.

These are not unfair specimens of his powers.

On the other hand, he was not entirely without some poetical sense, Hector's boy, Astyanax, on the bosom of his mother Andromache, is thus described,—

And like a star upon her bosom lay
His beautiful and shining golden head.

On the whole, however, the translation is not Homer, but Hobbes.

3. IZAAK WALTON (1593–1683) is an excellent example of the sweet and kindly nature of the genuine Englishman, of a certain antique

simplicity of character, and of the undying English fondness for the country and a country life. He wrote many books, among others, lives of *Hooker* and *George Herbert*; but his best-known work is,—

The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation.

It is a fine testimony to the healthiness of an angler's life that Walton lived to the age of ninety years. He was a London linen-draper, and had a shop in the Royal Bourse (Exchange), in Cornhill, seven feet and a half long, and five wide. His book is to be seen almost everywhere; and it is unnecessary to give an extract from it.

4. EDWARD HYDE (1609-1674) was born the year after Milton, and died in the same year. He was on the opposite side in politics. He was the son of a country clergyman, was bound to the law, and entered Parliament in 1640. He was at first on the side of Parliament in its dispute with the king; but, when that body came to demand the abolition of episcopacy and the disestablishment of the Church, he joined the Royalist party. He went into exile with Prince Charles, and at the Restoration,—which was mainly brought about by his good sense and care,—he was appointed Lord High Chancellor, with the title of Earl of Clarendon. He soon became unpopular; in 1667 was impeached of high treason; King Charles, with his usual selfishness, did not care to support him, and he was banished the country. His chief work is

The History of the Grand Rebellion.

His daughter married the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; and in this way Clarendon was the grandfather of two queens of England, Mary and Anne. His sentences are generally long and involved, the style somewhat dry and prolix; and he has the faults of looseness and repetition,—faults which come from speaking more than writing. But he weighs with the greatest care considerations on both sides, and has the impartiality of the best type of the English mind. As his history discussed the characters of men who were still busy in his time, he did not allow it to be published till some years after his death; and it accordingly did not appear until 1707. The following is an extract:—

EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

As soon as he had ended his discourse,¹ he was ordered to withdraw; and

after a short space was again brought in, and told by the chancellor "that he was, on the morrow, being the one-and-twentieth of May, 1650, to be carried to Edinburgh Cross,² and there to be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, for the space of three hours, and then to be taken down, and hanged on Edinburgh Tollbooth;³ and his legs and arms to be hanged up in other towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was to be executed, except the kirk should take off his excommunication;⁴ and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial." He desired "that he might say somewhat to them," but was not suffered, and so was carried back to the prison.

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came presently to insult over⁵ him with all the reproaches imaginable; pronounced his damnation, and assured him "that the judgment he was the next day to suffer was but an easy prologue⁶ to that which he was to undergo afterwards." After many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the kirk upon⁷ his repentance, and to pray with him; but he too well understood the form of their common prayers in these cases, to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations upon the persons of those they prayed against, ("Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible⁸ sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to hearken to the voice of Thy kirk," and the like charitable expressions,) and therefore he desired them "to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions." He told them that "they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people," and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to." He told them "he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be, than he could have been to have his picture hang in the king's bedchamber; that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged in four cities of the kingdom, that he heartily wished he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in christendom, as a testimony of⁹ the cause for which he suffered."

The next day they executed every part and circumstance¹⁰ of that barbarous sentence, with all the inhumanity imaginable; and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. He magnified the virtue, courage, and religion of the last king,¹¹ exceedingly commended the justice, and goodness, and understanding of the present king, and prayed "that they might not betray him as they had done his father." When he had ended all he meant to say, and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their tyranny. The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions, whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which

book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck. The marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it, and said "he was pleased that it should be there, and was prouder of wearing it than ever he had been of the garter;"¹² and so, renewing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner.

5. RICHARD BAXTER (1615-1691) is the most eminent of the non-conformist divines of this period. He was ordained in the Church of England; was chaplain to a regiment in the Parliamentary army, and, after the Restoration, declined a bishopric offered him by Lord Clarendon. During a life disturbed by political trouble, and much wasted by sickness, he contrived, by steady diligence, to write an enormous number of books. They form, in fact, a library of themselves, to the number of 168. He says, "I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, or stayed to make any blots or interlining." His best known work is

The Saints' Everlasting Rest,

which has been, and is still, much read. A certain strong native eloquence, and an eminent candour and truthfulness and transparency of mind shine out in all his writings. The following is a specimen:—

FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

I can see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore¹ I did. I see that good men are not as good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial² doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are as bad as either malicious enemies or censorious³ separating⁴ professors imagine. I less admire gifts of utterance,⁵ and bare⁶ profession of religion than once I did; and have much more charity for many, who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession⁷ than they. I once thought that almost all who could pray movingly⁸ and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist⁹ with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness¹⁰ in religion, but only to live¹¹ a quiet blameless life, whom I have often found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident

kept secret from other men's observation. Yet, he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about¹² to lay heaven and hell together.

Saints' Rest.

6. ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667) was the popular poet of his generation; but his prose works are now the only works of his read, and his poetry is only looked at from a historical or curious point of view. He was a very precocious boy, as precocious as Pope, but without his genius. He published a volume of poems at the age of thirteen, and wrote the *Davideis*,—a heroic poem on David, while he was still an undergraduate. He belonged to the Royalist party; went into exile with the queen mother, and acted as her secretary for about twelve years. It is probable that this constant labour as secretary for a court, during which affairs of the highest moment passed through his hand, gave to his style that ease, clearness, and simple grace with which it is generally credited. Dr. Johnson says of his prose, "All is easy without febleness, and familiar without grossness;" and Mr. Minto thinks that no previous writer is "so felicitous as Cowley in the combination of his words." "We are struck," he says in another place, "by his singular care in choosing apt words, and by the freshness and spirit of the combinations." The following is an average specimen of his prose:—

ON MYSELF.

It is a hard and nice¹ subject for a man to write of himself; it grates² his own heart to say anything of disparagement,³ and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind;⁴ neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side.⁵ But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these precedent⁶ discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into⁷ the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or the glories or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from⁸ them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy⁹ imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows,¹⁰ I was wont to steal from them,

and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was, then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me by any persuasions or encouragements to learn without book the common rules of grammar,¹¹ in which matter they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation.¹²

I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there:—for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour¹³ (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion),¹⁴ but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters,¹⁵ and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and the dance of the numbers, so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old.

With these affections¹⁶ of mind, and my heart solely set upon letters,¹⁷ I went to the University (of Cambridge); but was soon turned from thence by that violent public storm¹⁸ which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedar to me the hyssop. Yet, I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged¹⁹ in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant²⁰ (for that was the state of the English and French courts), yet all this was so far from altering²¹ my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life the²² nearer I came to it.—*Essays*.

His poetry has not "lived," that is, it is now seldom or never read; and the reason seems to be, that Cowley's heart and character are not in it, but that all his verses partake more or less of the nature of college exercises or academic prolusions. Archbishop Trench, in his *Household Book of Poetry*, gives three specimens of his poetry. Perhaps Cowley's happiest vein is his Anacreontic poetry. The lines *To a Grasshopper*—

Happy insect!—what can be
In happiness compared to thee?

Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine, etc.—

are probably his best in this style. But he himself thought that the ODE was the form in which he most excelled; and he published a volume of odes called *Pindariques*. But, though much admired by his cotemporaries, they could never have been felt to be *poetry*. The ode entitled *The Muse*, thus begins:

Go, the rich *Chariot*¹ instantly prepare;
The *Queen*, my *Muse*, will take the air;
Unruly *Phansie* with strong *Judgment* brace,
Put in nimble-footed *Wit*,
Smooth-fac'd *Eloquence* joyn with it,
Sound *Memory* with *Invocation* place,
Harness all the *winged race*.
Let the *Postillion Nature* mount, and let
The *Coackman Art* be set, etc., etc.

Dr. Johnson classes him with what he calls the "metaphysical poets," and among these "undoubtedly the best." But, though he is much smoother and more "clever," he has not a tenth part of the thinking power of Dr. Donne. Pope tells us that even in his time he was not read.

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric, art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

This means that his epic poem, *The Davideïs* and his *Pindarique Odes* were quite forgotten, but that his *Essays*, in which he speaks in a frank and good-natured way of himself, were still read. The following is perhaps his best attempt at the sustained style. The lines are from his poem *To the Royal Society*,* and are in praise of Bacon:—

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

From words, which are but Pictures of the Thought
(Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew),
To things, the Minds right object, he it brought,¹
Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He sought and gather'd for our use the True;

* The capitals and italics, etc., are in the original edition, published by H. Herringman, at the sign of the Blue Anchor, in the New Exchange.

And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,
 He presst them wisely the Mechanick² way,
 Till all their Juyce did in one Vessel joyn,
 Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,
 The thirsty Souls refreshing Wine.
 Who to the life an exact Piece would make,
 Must not from others Work a Copy take;
 No, not from *Rubens*³ or *Vandike*⁴;
 Much less content himself to make it like
 Th' Ideas, and the Images which lye
 In his own Fancy, or his Memory.
 No, he before his sight must place
 The Natural and Living Face;
 The real object must command
 Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of the Hand.
 From these and all long Errors⁵ of the way,
 In which our wandering Predecessors went,
 And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray
 In Desarts but of small extent,⁶
Bacon, like *Moses*, led us forth at last,
 The barren Wilderness he past,
 Did on the very border stand
 Of the blest promis'd Land,
 And from the Mountains top of his exalted Wit,⁷
 Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
 But life did never to one man allow
 Time to discover Worlds, and Conquer too
 Nor can so short a Time Sufficient be
 To fathom the vast depths of Natures Sea!
 The work he did we ought t' admire,
 And were unjust, if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Exces
 Of low⁸ Affliction, and high Happiness.
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,
 That's always in a Triumph or a Fight?⁹

6. JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688), "the wicked tinker of Elstow," has perhaps had as great an influence on the character of the English language as Shakspeare or Tyndale. He served, when a lad, in the Parliamentary army; and, after his conversion in 1665, joined the sect of the Baptists, among whom he became a celebrated preacher. At the Restoration, he was convicted of frequenting and

holding conventicles; and was imprisoned for twelve years in Bedford jail. Here he supported himself by making tagged laces; and kept up the vigour of his mind, and delighted and edified countless generations by writing *The Pilgrim's Progress*. After his release, he was chosen pastor of the Baptists at Bedford. He had a wonderful power of reconciling differences; and it was on a journey to bring together an estranged father and a rebellious son, that he caught the severe cold and inflammation of which he died. The astonishing power of imagination, which has given pleasure to so many in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was to himself a source of the greatest pain. "It rendered his youth miserable, by its ungovernable activity in creating images of fear. At times, he was as full of terrible apprehensions as a horse in a forest at midnight. He would turn aside from a house under the strength of a sudden apprehension that it would fall upon him." Bunyan's style is the style of the "old unpolluted English language;" but it is not correct to say, as Macaulay has said, that "his vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people." His vocabulary is, in truth, the vocabulary of the English Bible. The elder D'Israeli styles him "The Spenser of the people;" and Mr. Shaw calls him "the greatest master of allegory that ever existed." The charm of his style is to be looked for in the earnest and real character of the man, in his strong and ardent feeling, and in his thorough-going belief in the truths he was writing about. His style is homely and, earnest, because he felt like a sincere country Englishman; and, though vernacular, it is never vulgar, because the dignity of his subject raised him above mere personality. The description of *Christian and Hopeful* in the hands of *Giant Despair* gives a fair idea of his manner.

GIANT DESPAIR AND THE PILGRIM.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit,¹ that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do² further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither³ they were bound: and he told her. Then she counselled him; that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him⁴ a grievous crabtree cudgel, and goes⁵ down into the dungeon to them; and there first falls to rating⁶ them, as if they were dogs;

although they never gave him a word of distaste⁷: then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done,⁸ he withdraws; and leaves them there to condole⁹ their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talked with her husband about them further;¹⁰ and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly¹¹ manner as before; and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like¹² to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith¹³ to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. "For why," said he, "should you choose life; seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?"¹⁴ But they desired him to let them go; with which he looked ugly¹⁵ upon them; and rushing to them, had¹⁶ doubtless made an end of them himself; but that he fell into one of his fits—for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits—and lost for a time the use of his hands; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do.¹⁷

Pilgrim's Progress.

7. EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687) was perhaps the most polished and "correct" of the minor poets of the seventeenth century. He was a cousin of John Hampden's, and a relation of Oliver Cromwell's. He was apparently on the Parliamentary side; but he was at heart a monarchist, or rather always on the side of—himself. He wrote a Panegyric on Cromwell, in which he says—

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
 You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
 Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
 Make us unite, and make us conquer too.

And he also wrote a poem on King Charles II. The king in conversation, remarked that his verses on Cromwell were much superior to those on himself; "Poets, sire," replied Waller, "succeed better in fiction than in truth." He was so vigorous at the age of eighty, that he sat in Parliament for a borough in Cornwall. He foresaw the madness of James the II.'s career; and prophesied that he would "be left like a whale upon the strand." He died at Beaconsfield; and was buried in the same graveyard where Edmund Burke now lies. The chief characteristic of his verse is its *smoothness*: "Waller was smooth," Pope tells us in his *Essay on Criticism*.

The subjects of most of his poems are trivial and empty. We have, for example, "To a lady who can do anything but sleep when she pleases," "On a Tree cut in Paper," "On a Girdle," and so on. His well-known verses, beginning—

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be—

are in imitation of Herrick, and are not in a style peculiar to Waller himself. Perhaps his most serious and thoughtful verses are those

ON OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er¹;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting² things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection³ from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness⁴ which age descries.⁵

The soul's dark cottage, battered⁶ and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks⁷ that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser⁸ men become,
As they draw near⁹ to their eternal home,
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

But it does not say much for the past life of a man, who, when he is grown old, sees in human things and in human interests nothing but "emptiness." Some verses of his on the state of the English language in his own time, are not without instruction to us.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,¹
Their works shall with the world remain;
Both, bound together, live or die,—
The verses and the prophecy.²

But who can hope his lines should long
Last in a *daily changing tongue*?
While they are new, envy prevails³;
And, when that dies, *our language fails*.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art¹;

Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace⁵ down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek;
We write in sand; *our* language grows,
And, like the tide,⁶ our work o'erflows.

Here is an able and well-read man, expressing a fear, almost at the beginning of the eighteenth century, that his and other poetry would soon become unintelligible from the rapidity of the growth of the language. Bacon, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, expressed the same fear—that “English would bankrupt all our books.”

8. HENRY VAUGHAN (1614–1695) was a Welsh physician, and he may rightly be coupled with Crashaw as one of the few who carried on late into the seventeenth century the sweet and pure rhythms of the Elizabethan time. The following lines seem like an early sketch of Wordsworth's ode on *Intimations of Immortality*; and the expanded and developed ideas may be traced there which here lie only in the germ.

THE RETREAT.

Happy those early days, when I
Shined¹ in my angel infancy²!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second³ race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;⁴
When yet I had not walk'd above⁵
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,⁶
Could see a glimpse⁷ of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,⁸
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense⁹
A several¹⁰ sin to every sense,
But felt thro' all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.¹¹

The following verses are quoted by Mr. Longfellow in his *Hyperion*:

BEYOND THE VEIL.

They are all gone into the world of light,
 And I alone sit lingering¹ here,
 Their² very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth³ cheer.

It glows and glitters⁴ in my cloudy⁵ breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy⁶ grove,—
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
 After the sun's remove.⁷

I see them walking in an air of glory
 Whose light doth trample on my days;
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
 High as the heavens⁸ above!
 There are your walks, and you have showed them me,
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just!
 Shining nowhere but in the dark;
 What mysteries⁹ do lie beyond thy dust.
 Could man outlook¹⁰ that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;
 But what fair dell¹¹ or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

The rhythms of his lines on *Peace* are exquisite; and the air of the whole is perfect, in spite of mixed metaphors and too sudden transitions.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country,
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged sentry
 All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous² files.³

He is thy gracious friend,
 And (O my soul, awake!)
 Did in pure⁴ love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thy ease.⁵

Leave then thy foolish ranges;⁶
 For none can thee secure,
 But One who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

There is something in the above of the flow of George Herbert, when at his best. If we keep Vaughan's rhymes and shorten the poem, making a few alterations (which will perhaps be pardoned), the extraneous military element is excluded, and the poem seems more in unison with the feeling.

PEACE.

There is a peaceful country
 Beyond the farthest sky,
 Where sorrow finds no entry,
 Where God is ever nigh.

There, above strife and danger,
 Sweet peace sits crowned with song;
 And One born in a manger
 Walks with the saintly throng.

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace;
 The rose that cannot wither,
 The love that cannot cease.

9. RICHARD CRASHAW (1615-1652) was a fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge. He joined the Roman Catholic Church, was made secretary to a cardinal, and afterwards canon of the church of the Santa Casa di Loretto. In 1646 he published his

Steps to the Temple.

He was rapturously devout; and his Italian reading made him introduce many of the *concetti* of that literature. But many of his poems are almost perfect, and his style is always pure and sweet. He is not sufficiently known in the present day; and therefore the three following passages from his works are given:

WISHES FOR A LADY.

I wish her¹ beauty
That owes not all its duty²
To gaudy tire, or glistening shoe-tie!

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone³ command the rest:

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.⁴

Sydneian⁵ showers
Of sweet discourse,⁶ whose powers
Can crown old winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright
Or give down⁷ to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,
Open⁸ suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow⁹!

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send
A challenge¹⁰ to his end,
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend.'

I wish her store¹¹
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

AN EPITAPH ON HUSBAND AND WIFE, WHO DIED AND WERE
BURIED TOGETHER.

'Tis these, whom death again did wed;
This grave's their second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,¹
It could not sunder² man and wife
'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep!
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm),
Love made the bed; they'll take no harm.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this³ stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,⁴
And they wake into that light,
Whose day shall never die in night.

TEMPERANCE, OR THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN.

Wilt¹ see a man, all his own² wealth
His own music, his own health;
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile³
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow⁴?
Warm thoughts, free⁵ spirits fluttering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable⁶ ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

10. SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1688) was the son of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and was born in Dublin. He was educated at Oxford, and early took his place as one of the wilder sparks of the cavalier party. He was much engaged in secret services for Charles I.; and, after the restoration, was made surveyor of the royal buildings by Charles II. His chief poem is

Cooper's Hill.

The subject is the landscape seen from that hill near Windsor. The Thames, Windsor Forest, and the field of Runnymede are described. The following is the most frequently quoted passage:—

THE THAMES.

No unexpected inundations¹ spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
 But godlike his unwearied bounty² flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does,
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common, as the sea or wind.³—
 When he to boast⁴ or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes⁵ of his grateful⁶ shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers⁷
 Brings home to us and makes both⁸ Indies ours:
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,⁹
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
 So that to us no thing,¹⁰ no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

11. ANDREW MARVEL (1620-1768) is best known in literature as the friend and colleague of Milton; but he was himself a true poet, a vigorous prose-writer, and one of the most genuine patriots and disinterested public men that ever lived. He was member for Hull, and in 1657, was made Latin secretary with Milton, who was then growing blind. He is supposed to have been the last member of parliament who received a salary from his constituents.* He reported

* A member for a borough received 2s. a day; a knight of the shire (M.P. for a county) 4s.

parliamentary proceedings regularly and with great fulness to his borough; and his letters to his people fill four hundred pages. Charles II. was very fond of him, and wished to advance his interests. He accordingly sent Lord Danby, his treasurer, with an offer of a place and a present of ready-money—one thousand pounds. Marvel rang the bell for his servant. “What had I for dinner to-day, John?” “Cold mutton, sir.” “And what yesterday?” “Cold mutton, sir.” “And what the day before?” “Cold mutton, sir.” Lord Danby and Marvel burst into a roar of laughter; and there was no further mention of the place and the thousand pounds. A few minutes after Lord Danby left, the servant was sent out to borrow a guinea from a friend. Like Milton, during the days of the commonwealth, he “never asked for anything for himself.”

Mr. Palgrave, an able and acute critic, says of his *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*, that “it is one of the finest in our language, and more in Milton's style than has been reached by any other poet.” But the following poem is more specifically characteristic of Marvel; and it is therefore given here.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

Where the remote Bermudas ride¹
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that rowed along,
 The listening winds² received this song.
 “What³ should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder⁴ than our own/
 He gave us this eternal spring,
 Which here enamels⁵ everything;
 And sends the fowls⁶ to us in care
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright
 Like golden lamps in a green night;
 And does in the pomegranate close
 Jewels more rich than Ormuz⁷ shows.
 With cedars, chosen by His hand
 From Lebanon, He stores the land;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar,
 Proclaim the ambergris⁸ on shore.

He cast (of which we rather⁹ boast)
 The Gospel's¹⁰ pearl upon our coast;
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound His name.
 Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault
 Which then, perhaps, rebounding, may
 Echo beyond the Mexique¹¹ bay!"

Thus sang they in the English boat,
 A holy and a cheerful note;
 And all the way, to guide their chime
 With falling oars they kept the time.

In Cromwell's time, Holland was the enemy of England and the protector of the exiled king; and Marvel wrote a *Whimsical Satire on Holland*, from which a few lines are here printed.

HOLLAND.

Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
 Would throw their land away at duck and drake,¹
 Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
 Something like Government among them brings.
 For, as with Pigmies, who best kills the crane,²
 Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
 Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,³
 So rules among the drown'd he that drains.⁴
 Not who first see the rising sun commands;⁵
 But who could first discern⁶ the rising lands.
 Who best could know to pump an earth⁷ so leak,⁸
 Him they their lord and country's father⁹ speak.
 To make a bank¹⁰ was a great plot¹¹ of state;
 Invent a shov'l,—and be a magistrate!¹²

12. RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658) is, with SIR JOHN SUCKLING, and SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, one of the "Cavalier Poets," and perhaps the best. He was chosen by the county of Kent to present to the Barebones Parliament a petition praying that the King might be restored to his rights; and for this boldness he was thrown into prison. To while away his term, he composed several songs and collected others, which were published under the title of

Lucasta.

The term (= *Lux Casta*) indicated the lady to whom he was engaged,

Miss Lucy Sacheverell.* The lady afterwards heard a report that Lovelace had been killed at Dunkirk; and she married another. He "became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places," and at last died, at the age of forty, in an alley near Shoe Lane. A certain noble eloquence and serious sweetness are the marks of his verses; though they hardly rise to the level of the best lyric poetry. The following is well known.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

When love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea¹ brings
 To whisper at the grates;²
 When I lie tangled³ in her hair
 And fettered to her eye,
 The birds that wanton⁴ in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying⁵ Thames,
 Our careless⁶ heads with roses⁷ crown'd
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty⁸ griefs in wine we steep,⁹
 When healths and draughts-go free—
 Fishes that tipple¹⁰ in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confin'd, I
 With shriller¹¹ throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty
 And glories of my King;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlarg'd¹² winds, that curl¹³ the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;¹⁴
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That¹⁵ for a hermitage:
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar¹⁶ above,
 Enjoy such¹⁷ liberty.

* *Lucy* means light. *Fleur de lys* or *luce*—the flower of light.

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER XIII.

Ex. 1. Prepare the passage on p. 263 with the following notes:—

1. *Ordering of names* = management of terms. 2. *Statements*. 3. *Entangled*, from Old English verb *tengan*, to seize. 4. Hobbes means *pure science*. Geometry is a pure science, because its laws and principles are evolved from the mind alone, and not from the induction of external facts or phenomena. 5. We now say *begin with*. 6. *Who have preceded him*. 7. *Calculation*. 8. This is the fashion down to the end of the seventeenth century. So we have *Our Father which art*. 9. *Sense*. 10. *Science* is now used in its older and simpler meaning of *knowledge*. 11. *Absurd* = *ab surdo*, from a deaf man; and an *absurdity* is such a remark or reply as might come from a deaf man. But Hobbes is mistaken when he says that "*natural imagination* (=power of seeing forms) is not subject to absurdity." The oar looks bent in the water; and the ear often makes mistakes in guessing at the quarter from which a sound proceeds. 12. From Latin *copia*, plenty. Hence also *copy*. 13. *Literature*. 14. *Excellently* = *in an excellent degree*. 15. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest and most celebrated philosopher among mediæval schoolmen.

Ex. 2. Prepare the passage from *Clarendon* with the following notes:—

1. *Speech*. 2. The *Cross* was generally erected in the centre of the town, and was the spot from which all proclamations were made, etc. 3. *Toll-booth* = *booth* (a shop, compare German *Bude*) for tolls = taxes. The *Tollbooth* was the *Somerset House* of Edinburgh. 4. *Excommunication* = *expulsion* from the common rights and society of a church or other body. 5. *Insult over*. The preposition accords with the original meaning to *keep jumping on* (Latin, *insultare*). We now simply say *insult*. 6. *Prologue*, a Greek word = preface. 7. *If he should repent*. 8. *Incorrigible* = that cannot be corrected, or led into the right (rect) way. The *rig* in *incorrigible* represents the *rect* in *correct*. 9. We should now say *to*. 10. *Detail*. 11. Charles II. 12. The order of the garter—the highest social honour the queen can bestow.

Ex. 3. Prepare the passage from *R. Baxter* with the following notes:—

1. A modern writer would say *Than I have ever done before*. 2. *Trial* = examination. 3. *Censorious* = constantly finding subject for blame. 4. *Separating* = schismatic and particularist, so that at last the separating individual finds no one in the world right but himself. 5. *Elocution*. 6. *Bare* = without resultant acts and feelings. 7. Profession of religion. 8. *Movingly* = so as to produce more and deeper emotion. 9. *Be connected with*. 10. *Great progress*. 11. *For living*. 12. *Endeavour*.

Ex. 4. Prepare the passage from *Cowley* with the following notes:—

1. *Delicate*. 2. From French *gratter*, to rub. 3. *Disparage* had formerly the sense of *to marry beneath one's rank*, from old French *parage*, equality (from Latin, *par*, equal). 4. *Manner*. 5. *The side of deficiency*. 6. *The preceding*. 7. *Fall under*. 8. We now say *to*, but from the etymological point of view, *from* is the right word. So we say *different from* (as we say *differ from*); but many persons are getting the habit of using *different to*. 9. *Antipathy* = the opposite of *sympathy*. 10. *Companions*. *Fellow* is still used in its old sense when applied to the fellow of a society or college. 11. The grammars of those days were not only ill classified, and illogically constituted, but they were also written in Latin. 12. *Observations* of the

inflections and usages of the Latin language. 13. From *parler*, and still called in Scotland a *speak-a-word room*. 14. *A book of devotion*. 15. From *monstrare*, to *point at*. Hence also *demonstration*, etc. 16. *Disposition*. 17. *Literature*. 18. The civil war of Charles I.'s reign. 19. He was employed as private secretary to the dowager queen, and had to manage the correspondence relating to all the plots and intrigues of the royalists. 20. The French court was the triumphant one; the English court, to which Cowley was attached, was still struggling. 21. From Latin *alter*, *another*. 22. One would have expected *the more plainly*, to correspond with *the nearer*.

Ex. 5. Prepare the verses on p. 270, with the following notes:—

1. He brought *the mind* to things. 2. *Mechanical*=*employing the right means*. 3. *Rubens*, the great Flemish painter. 4. *Vandyke*, the great Dutch painter, who was the favourite at the English Court. 5. In the older sense of *Wanderings*. 6. Rather a prosaic word. 7. Mental power. 8. *Depressing*. 9. The *Fight* was Bacon's contest with his enemies, who accused him of taking bribes. The last six lines are very heavy and dull, compared with the general tone of the whole poem.

Ex. 6. Prepare the passage from *Bunyan* with the following notes:—

1. *To wit*, used like the French *savoir*, and equal to *know*, but here used in the sense of *namely*. 2. We should now omit *the to before do*. 3. The complete set of correspondences: *Here, hither, hence; there, thither, thence; where, whither, whence*, are now becoming lost, and we now use hardly any but the first of each set. 4. The dative. 5. He does not say *goeth*. This shows that the ending in *eth* was falling out of use in Bunyan's time. 6. *Scolding*. 7. *Discourtesy*. 8. An absolute case, now seldom used. 9. A misuse of the word, probably due to Bunyan's ignorance; we should say *bewail*. 10. *Further* is generally applied to progression in thought or speech; *farther*, to progression in space. 11. From *sour*. 12. *Likely*. 13. *At once*. 14. From the verb *bite*. 15. A most expressive phrase. *Ugly*, according to Wedgwood, comes from the interjection *Ugh!* 16. The subjunctive and=*would have*. 17. The introduction of *the fit* as a means of solving the difficulty into which Bunyan had brought himself in the story, is an excellent idea.

Ex. 7. Prepare the verses *On Old Age and Death* with the following notes:—

1. *Over* is the comparative of *ov*=*up*. Therefore the phrase *give over* is simply a stronger form of the expression *give up*. 2. *Fleet*, a form of *float*, from *flow*=*flowing past us*. 3. *Passive*. 4. That is, Waller was of opinion that there was nothing in life but a vacuum—that *Macbeth* was right when he called it

A tale of sound and fury, signifying nothing;

and that over human life may fairly be written the inscription *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. This view of human life is the purely selfish one. 5. *Descries* is very far from the right word here, and seems only to have been used for the rhyme. It is quite out of keeping with the terrible word *emptiness*. The soul, according to Waller, *feels* this emptiness. If a miser lost all his money from the chest he kept it in, we should never say that he *descried* the emptiness of his coffers. This would be the very last word we should use. 6. *Batter*, from *beat*. 7. *Chink*. An older form is *chine*, still used in the Isle of Wight for a split in the rocks on the sea-shore. 8.

Wiser belongs to the predicate. 9. *Near* is a false positive. It is really a comparative from *neah*, the old form of the word. The *r* is a mistake, like the *r* in *idear*, *Mariar*, etc.

Ex. 8. Prepare the second passage from Waller with the following notes:—

1. *Vain with safety*, because, by the hypothesis, no one can ever discover they are wrong. If their books are read, their prophecy of their own eternal reputation has come true; if not, their mistake is not found out. But there is a fallacy in the reasoning; and the reader should work it out. 2. *Prophecy*, from Greek *propheteia*, a foretelling. 3. *Gets the better of them, or prevails over them*. 4. The decay of the *material* (*matter*) in which they have worked may destroy all their artistic efforts. 5. The history of the word *palace* is curious. There was an old pastoral god of the old Latin race called *Pales*; from him a hill in Rome was called *Mons Palatinus*; a house built on it by Augustus was called *Palatinum*, and then *Palatium*. 6. The old meaning of *tide* is simply *time*.

Ex. 9. Prepare the passage on p. 275, with the following notes:—

1. The making this verb regular, instead of "strong" or "irregular," is not a mere caprice on Vaughan's part; he means something different from *shone*. 2. *Infancy*, from the Latin *For, I speak; fans*, speaking; *infans*, not speaking. 3. The notion here is the same as Plato's and Wordsworth's, that the soul had a previous existence.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

4. The sudden breaking into a trochaic measure calls a stronger attention to the sense. 5. To end a line with a preposition, and to throw the rhyme upon it, is very daring, and is seldom, if ever, found after the seventeenth century. 6. *Space = space of time*. This rather absurd phrase has arisen from the fact that we measure (or render visible to the eye) the flow of the internal sense (*time*), by a reference to the external sense (*space*). A "hand" travels round the circular space (or *dial*) of a clock, and so marks off for us the lapse of life. 7. *Glimpse*, connected with *gleam, glimmer; gloom, gloaming*, etc. 8. So Wordsworth could find hours of contemplation in a flower or "weed."

To me the meanest flower that blows can bring
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

On the other hand, he depicts Peter Bell as utterly dead to the beauty and feeling of flowers,—

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

9. *Distribute*. 10. *Separate*. *Several* comes from the verb *sever*. 11. So Wordsworth; but not with such short expressiveness:

(a) Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;
Thou, over whom thy immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by . . .

- (b) —Those first affections
Those shadowy recollections
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing.

Ex. 10. Prepare *Beyond the Veil* with the following notes :—

1. *Linger* from *long*; as *loiter* from *late*. 2. *Their*, a subjective possessive employed, by poetical licence, for the objective possessive with *of*=*the memory of them*. 3. *Doth* is the old southern plural; and it is here only used as an archaism. 4. *Glitter* from *glow*. Hence also *glisten*; and with the same are connected *glass*, *glance*, etc. 5. For *clouded*. 6. An alliteration. 7. *Removal*. 8. Five alliterations in two lines. An alliteration of the letter *h* is very unusual. But the whole poem is full of alliterations. 9. From Greek *musterion*, a *muttering*. 10. *Look beyond*. We have also *outgo*, *outrun*, etc. 11. *Dell*, a dialectic form of *dale*. From the same root comes *dollar* (German, *Thaler*). The first silver coins are said to have been made in a valley in Bohemia—St. Joachim's Thal; and were hence called St. Joachim's Thaler, and more shortly *Thaler*.

Ex. 11. Prepare the poem on *Peace* with the following notes :—

1. *Sentry*, said to be from Latin *sentire*, to *mark*. Another form is *sentinel*. 2. *Beauteous* is now almost out of use; especially since Thackeray spelt it *bewchus*. 3. *Files*=*rows*; a diminutive is *fillet*. 4. *Love* unmixed with any other motive. 5. The word *ease* seems to be very weak here. 6. *Range* has two meanings—*ranks* or *wanderings* (as in *ranger*, etc.). The latter seems to be the meaning.

Ex. 12. Prepare the lines on p. 278 with the following notes :—

1. The dative. 2. *Duty* here means what it is *due* (owing for), or, in one word, *debt*. 3. *Can of itself* compel the rest of the dress to harmonise with it. 4. *Ope*, the right form. *Ope* is merely a dialectic variety of *up*. 5. Such as Sir Philip Sidney would pour forth. 6. *Talk*. 7. *Softness*. 8. *Unclouded*. 9. The past night of sorrow lends by contrast an additional brightness to the day. 10. *Challenge*=I am not afraid to meet you. 11. *Abundance*=such an abundance of worth as may make her further wishing useless.

Ex. 13. Prepare *The Epitaph* with the following notes :—

1. *Divorce*, from *dis*, *apart*, and *verto*, *I turn*. The same root is found in *divert*, which has the same sense as *amuse*=to turn away from serious work; *from the Muses*=*a Musing*. 2. *Sunder*; hence *sundry* and *asunder*. Compare *sever* and *several*. 3. This line can be scanned either as an *iambic*, or as a *trochaic* line. The whole poem is composed of lines of both kinds. 4. The homely simplicity of the line—

Then the curtain will be drawn—

forms a very fine contrast with the solemn beauty of the last two.

Ex. 14. Prepare the poem on *Temperance* with the following notes :—

1. In Old English the second personal pronoun is often omitted as a nominative. 2. *Own*; an old past-participle of the verb *owe*. Hence this

means *his wealth is entirely (all) due to himself*. 3. Cheat age into believing itself to be youth. *Beguile*, from *guile*, a Norman-French form of *wile*. 4. Snow-white hair. 5. *Free*=not oppressed by sorrow or ill-health. 6. *Story*. The root of the word is the Latin *for, I speak*. Hence also *fate* (=the thing spoken and not to be recalled), *affable*, *ineffable*, etc.

Ex. 15. Draw out a table of the measures of the different sets of verses in the preceding chapter, thus :—

AUTHOR.	METRE.	FORMULA.	STANZA.
Hobbes . .	Iambic Pentameter .	5 x a . .	Quatrain.
Cowley . .	Trochaic Tetrameter	4 a x . .	Couplets.

Ex. 16. Prepare the passage from *Denham* with the following notes :—

1. *Inundation*, from Latin *unda*, a wave. Hence also *undulate*, etc. It will be noticed that the genius of the language has always appropriated the more *technical* meaning to the Latin synonym. Thus *session* is more *technical* than *sitting*; *undulating* than *wavy*; *inspect* or *examine* than *look at*; *discuss* than *talk about*,—and so on. 2. *Bounty*. The older meaning is *goodness*; but it has become tinged by the same influences as have marked the word *charity*. 3. The old pronunciation of *wind* is still retained in poetry, but only when the rhyme requires it. Dr. Johnson used to defend the old fashion: "I can find it in my mind to call it wind; but I cannot find it in my mind to call it wind." 4. In prose *boast of* is the phrase. 5. *Tributes*, from Latin *tribuo, I give*. 6. *Grateful* for what the Thames has done for them. 7. *Ships*. 8. The East and the West Indies. The *West Indies* were so called by Columbus, under the mistaken idea that he had reached the western islands of India. The same mistake is found in the name *American Indian*. 9. *Wants*=*is wanting*. *Want* is a relation of *wan*, and *wane*; and its earlier meaning is *to be without*. Its secondary meaning came, by an easy transition, to be *to desire*. 10. The habit of putting the stronger emphasis on the *no* has made of these two words one, with the odd pronunciation of *nūthing*.

Ex. 17. Prepare the first passage from *Marvel* with the following notes :—

1. *Ride*, as it were at anchor. So we have *Yarmouth* and other *Roads*—where ships *ride*. 2. It is not necessary to pronounce it *winds* here. 3. The *what* is emphatic, and thus makes the line begin with a trochee, while the rest of the line is iambic. This gives force to the exclamation. 4. The emigrants were driven from England by the severe enactments passed during the reign of Charles I. 5. *Enamel*—a curious form of the word *melt*. The *en* is a prefix, as in *enlarge*. There is a Low Latin word *smaltum*, which gives Italian *smalto* and French *esmail* and *émail*; and lastly our English *enamel*. But the words *melt* and *smelt* are only other forms. 6. *Fowls*. This use of the word shows that even in the seventeenth century the distinction between *fowls* and *birds* had not been made. *Fowl* is simply a contraction of old English *fogel* (German *Vogel*) by softening the *g* into a

w, as we have done in *sorge* (sorrow) and *morge* (morrow). 7. *Ormuz* = *Persia*. Compare Milton's phrase, *The wealth of Ormuz or of Ind.* 8. *Ambergris* = *gris amber*, i.e., *gray amber*. 9. Rather than of the things previously mentioned. 10. A *subjective* possessive admissible only in poetry = *the pearl of the Gospel*. 11. The Gulf of Mexico.

Ex. 18. Prepare the passage on *Holland* with the following notes:—

1. Compare *with* the phrase *play at ducks and drakes*. 2. An allusion to the battles of the *Pygmies and the Cranes*; the *Pygmies* (from Greek *πυγμα* a *fist*) were said to be a people of Thrace, three inches in height, always at war with the Cranes. 3. "Among the blind the one-eyed is king." 4. *Drain*—from the verb *draw*. 5. An allusion to a Persian custom. 6. The use of the word *discern* instead of *see* is very fine. *Discern* = *see with a great deal of trouble—an enormous amount of looking for*. 7. We should have expected a *land*; but an *earth* makes the statement still more ludicrous. 8. *Leaky*. 9. A title (*Pater Patriæ*) given by the Roman Senate, among others to Cicero, for extraordinary services. 10. *Embankment*. 11. *Plot* had not in Marvel's time the underhand meaning it now has. 12. Compare Sydney Smith's description of a Dutch burgomaster hunting a rat in a dyke.

Ex. 19. Prepare the passage from *Lovelace* with the following notes:—

1. *Althea*—another *nom de plume* for *Miss Sacheverell*. 2. The grates of the prison. 3. *Tangle*—from an old English verb *tengan*, to *seize*. Hence also *tongs*. 4. *Fly about freely*. 5. *Allay*, a form of *alloy*. *Alloy* is from French *aloyer* (Latin *allegare*), to *arrange (or mix) according to law* (*à la loi*). *Allay*, to *mitigate thirst or pain*, seems to be a reduced form of *alleviate*. The cross-shades of meaning add beauty to the epithet. 6. In the old sense = *free from care*. 7. An allusion to the old Roman custom of providing each guest asked to dinner with a garland of roses. 8. There is an old proverb, "Grief makes thirst." 9. *Steep*—probably a strong form of *dip*. The addition of an *s* to a word seems to intensify the meaning. Compare *melt* and *smelt*: *meet* and *smite*; *rub* and *scrub*; *cry* and *scream*; *heave* and *shove*; *hoot* and *shout*; *nose* and *sneeze*; *heat* and *seethe*; *whip* and *sweep*. 10. *Tipple* had not then the low signification it has now. It is a continuative of *tip* = *to slant over*. 11. Shriller than ever, in spite of my confinement. 12. Set at large. 13. Older form found in Chaucer is *crull*. 14. *Cage*—a French form of the Latin *cavea*, a *cave* or *cell*. 15. The emphasis here contradicts the verse-accent, and makes the *that* more emphatic. Scan the line thus:—

Thát—|| for a hém | itáge | .

16. *Soar*, from Latin *aura*, a *breeze*, and then the French *essor*. 17. *Such* = *of this kind and degree*.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XIII.

1. When was Thomas Hobbes born? 2. What is his usual title? 3. With what noble family was he connected? 4. With what great men was he acquainted in his youth? 5. What is his greatest work? 6. What is the subject of this book? 7. What attempt in verse did he make? 8. When did he die? 9. Between what two dates does the life of Izaak Walton lie? 10. What is his best known work? 11. Who was Edward Hyde?

12. What office did he fill? 13. What is his chief work? 14. How is he related to two of our queens? 15. Who was Richard Baxter? 16. In what century did he live? 17. How many works has he written? 18. Which is his best known book? 19. Where was Cowley born? 20. What was his first poem? 21. Is his prose or his verse most read now? 22. How does Dr. Johnson class him? 23. Between what dates does the life of Bunyan lie? 24. What profession did he follow? 25. How does Mr. D'Israeli class him? 26. Who was Edmund Waller? 27. What did he chiefly write? 28. Who is the author of *Beyond the Veil*? 29. When did he live? 30. Who was Crashaw? 31. What book did he write? 32. What literature seems to have made the deepest impression on him? 33. Who wrote *Cooper's Hill*? 34. In what metre is it written? 35. Who was Andrew Marvel? 36. When did he live? 37. Mention one of his poems? 38. Mention three of the "Cavalier Poets"? 39. Who is said to be the best? 40. What is the title of Lovelace's volume of poems? 41. To whom does it refer? 42. Mention the title of one of his poems.



TABLE OF LITERATURE.
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

WRITERS.	WORKS.	DATES.	DECADES.
T. Sackville (Lord Buckhurst) Alexander Hume	Poems. Poems.	d. 1608. d. 1609.	1st.
F. Beaumont Shakspeare Hakluyt Sir Walter Raleigh S. Daniel	Plays Plays Voyages <i>History of World</i> Poems.	d. 1615. d. 1616. d. 1618. d. 1619.	2nd.
G. Chapman J. Fletcher Lord Bacon Sir John Davies	<i>Translation of Homer</i> and Plays Plays <i>Essays, etc.</i> Poems.	d. 1624. d. 1625. d. 1626.	3rd.
Michael Drayton J. Donne G. Herbert Ben Jonson J. Ford T. Carew Sir H. Wotton	Poems. Poems. Poems. Plays Plays Poems. Poems.	d. 1631. d. 1632. d. 1637. d. 1639.	4th.
W. Drummond Giles Fletcher R. Crashaw	Poems. Poems. Poems.	d. 1649. d. 1650.	5th.
Phineas Fletcher	Poems.	?	6th.
T. Fuller A. Cowley G. Wither Jeremy Taylor Davenant Denham	Miscellaneous Poems. Poems. Sermons, etc. Poems. Poems.	d. 1661. d. 1667. d. 1668.	7th.
Milton R. Herrick Lord Clarendon A. Marvell T. Hobbes	<i>Paradise Lost, etc.</i> Poems. History Miscellaneous Metaphysics	d. 1674. d. 1678. d. 1679.	8th.
Sir T. Browne Isaac Walton E. Waller Bunyan Ralph Cudworth	<i>Religio Medici</i> <i>Complete Angler</i> Poems. <i>Pilgrim's Progress.</i> Metaphysics	d. 1682. d. 1683. d. 1687. d. 1688.	9th.
R. Baxter H. Vaughan Sir W. Temple Dryden	Miscellaneous Poems. Essays Poems and Plays	d. 1691. d. 1695. d. 1699. d. 1700.	10th.



CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1. **J**OHAN DRYDEN was born on the 9th of August, 1631 (fifteen years after the death of Shakspeare, and one year before the birth of Locke), at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire. His father, Erasmus Driden (the old people spelt the name with an *i*), was a landowner and justice of the peace for the county. The family were all Puritans and Commonwealthmen.

His mother's name was Mary Pickering, a sister of Sir Gilbert Pickering, chamberlain to Oliver Cromwell. John Dryden was the eldest of a family of fourteen. Nothing is known about his early education except that he entered Westminster School—then under the "great" Dr. Busby—as a king's scholar. He says that "Master Busby used to whip a boy so long till he made him a confirmed blockhead;" and yet he dedicated one of his poems to Dr. Busby, and sent him two of his sons. In 1650 Dryden gained a Cambridge scholarship, and entered Trinity College. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1654. His father died a few months after this, leaving him two-thirds of a small estate, which brought him in about £40 a year.

2. In 1657 he came to London to "seek his fortune," and was employed by Sir E. Pickering as his secretary. On the death of Cromwell in 1658, and on the Restoration in 1660, Dryden took to writing plays as his only likely means of earning a living. There was at that time no "book-buying" public; and the patronage of a nobleman was needed if an author thought of publishing a work. His first play was "The Wild Gallant," a comedy; and it was completely unsuccessful. Dryden was married to Lady Elizabeth Howard Berkshire on the 1st of December, 1663. It was not a happy marriage. The lady had the positive defect of a very violent temper, and the negative defect of being quite unable to feel any sympathy with her husband's literary pursuits. In 1665 the plague appeared in London,

and all who were able fled into the country. In 1666 Dryden wrote his first long poem, the "Annus Mirabilis" (Wonderful Year); and the two historical events described in it are the war with Holland and the Fire of London. From this date his life is "one long literary labour."

3. On his return to London Dryden pursued his work of writing for the theatre, to produce three plays a year, for an annual salary of about £300. In 1668 he was appointed Poet-Laureate and also Royal Historiographer, with a salary of £100 a year for each office, and a butt of canary from the king's cellar. One of Dryden's plays was an opera, called "The State of Innocence," an adaptation of Paradise Lost. It is said that Dryden called upon Milton (in 1674, the year of his death), and asked leave to versify his poem. Milton showed no anger, but drily told him he "might tag his verses if he pleased."* He continued to write plays up to 1681, and produced twenty-eight in all. Most of them are written in rhyming couplets, one of the numerous fashions borrowed in the reign of Charles II. from France. His most successful play was "The Spanish Friar," a satire on the Roman Catholic priesthood. It was produced at a time when public feeling ran very strong on this question, and a powerful attempt was made to exclude the Duke of York from the succession.

4. Dryden now turned to political satire. His celebrated poem "Absalom and Achitophel" was published in November, 1681, a few days before the trial of Shaftesbury for high treason. It went through two editions in a month. Out of this poem grew two other satires of Dryden's. Shaftesbury was acquitted, and a medal was struck to celebrate his triumph. Dryden now attacked him in a new poem—"The Medal." Thomas Shadwell, a poet of the time (who afterwards obtained Dryden's post of Poet-Laureate), attacked Dryden in a poem called "The Medal of John Bayes;" † and Dryden replied in his terrible satire "MacFlecknoe." ‡ Flecknoe was a poor and wordy poet, who died five years before; and Dryden describes Shadwell as his son and heir. Flecknoe is speaking:—

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;

* Put rhymes to the ends of them.

† Bays = laurels: Dryden was Poet-Laureate at the time.

‡ = the son of Flecknoe. *Mac* is the Gaelic patronymic; *O* the Erse; *Fitz* the Norman-French; *ski* (suffix) the Polish; *vitch* the Russian.

Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

In the end of 1682 a second part of "Absalom and Achitophel" appeared, but most of it was the production of Nahum Tate—a future Poet-Laureate, and the writer who, with Brady, wrote a dull version of the Psalms. Dryden's next poem was the "Religio Laici ; or, Layman's Faith ;" an exposition, in verse, of the chief reasons in favour of Protestantism.

5. Charles the Second died in the beginning of 1685 ; and his brother James succeeded. About the same time Dryden became a Roman Catholic. It is asserted that he saw in this the best road to advancement ; but the evidence for this view is insufficient. James II. continued him in his place of Poet-Laureate *before* his conversion ; and the additional pension of £100 a year which was given him, was merely the renewal of an old pension granted him by Charles II. In 1687 Dryden published "The Hind and the Panther"—perhaps the ablest of his poems—and an elaborate apology for and defence of his new religion. In 1688, James II. fled ; and William and Mary were placed upon the throne. Dryden in consequence lost all his places, pensions, and allowances ; and he had the mortification to see the "dull" Shadwell appointed to the Poet-Laureateship. In these misfortunes Dryden took once more to play-writing. He bore up well, and speaks of himself as a man,

Who, not by cares or wants or age deprest,
 Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast.

He was sixty by this time.

6. In 1694 he began his translation of Virgil ; a work which filled his time and thoughts for three years. His publisher, Tonson, wanted to dedicate this work to King William, and to alter the nose of Æneas in the engravings to the likeness of that very prominent feature on the face of the Prince of Orange ; but Dryden's taste and conscience interposed. The translation was published (by subscription) in 1697, and was very well received. Swift, who was a cousin of Dryden's, attacked it in his *Battle of the Books*. It is said that Swift had once sent to Dryden some Pindaric odes, and asked him about publishing them ; and that Dryden's reply was "Cousin Swift,

you will never be a poet." Swift did not forget this. Dryden's Ode, *Alexander's Feast*, was written at the end of the same year. He is said to have written it at one sitting. If this is true, it was a wonderful feat for a man of sixty-six. In November, 1699, appeared his Fables under the title: "Tales, Ancient and Modern, Translated into verse, from Homer, Ovid, Boccaccio, and Chaucer." Dryden's natural powers were vigorous to the last, and he was now meditating the translation of the whole of Homer—both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But to his old enemies, gout and gravel, erysipelas joined itself, and the doctor recommended amputation of the leg. Dryden declined the operation, and died on the 1st of May 1700. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner, between Chaucer and Cowley. His funeral was attended by the most distinguished persons in the country; and, among others, by Samuel Pepys, Congreve the dramatist, Creech the translator of Lucretius, Walsh the friend of Pope, Sir Godfrey Kneller the painter, and Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.

7. Dryden was a stout little man, with a very red face, and long white hair. He had sleepy eyes—far apart. He had a most winning expression; but he was both slow and dull in conversation. His custom was to give his mornings to writing, and, after an early dinner, to walk down to Wills's Coffee-House, in Russell Street, where the waiter placed a bottle of port at his elbow in a corner secured to himself near the fire in winter, and at the window in summer. Pope says that "it was Dryden who made Wills's the great resort for the wits of his time." Pope himself, when a little boy of twelve, shook hands with him there. Dryden was a kindly and good-hearted man, quite free from envy or cherished malice, and always kind to young and struggling authors. Congreve says: "His friendship went much beyond his professions. To the best of my knowledge he was of all the men that ever I knew one of the most modest, and the most easily to be discountenanced in his approaches to his superiors or his equals." Against this may be placed the fact that, when he had his pen in his hand, he was utterly reckless as to praise or blame, and quite unconcerned as to the correctness of what he was writing, provided he could produce a telling couplet or a striking epigram.

8. Dryden does not belong to the highest rank among poets; he cannot take his seat with Milton, or Spenser, or Dante. But he

stands easily first in the second rank. His special power among English poets is that of arguing in verse. He is "unequaled as a reasoner in rhyme." Pope was more "correct," and polished his couplets with more care; but he has not the irresistible sweep of Dryden; he has not his

Long-resounding march and energy divine.

Prof. Craik says that his poetry always had a certain "English force and heartiness." The plays of Dryden are now never read or acted. His best satires are—

- (1) MacFlecknoe.
- (2) The Medal.
- (3) Absalom and Achitophel.

He himself thought the first the best; but critics now generally consider the last to be his finest satire. Mr. Craik declares it to be "the noblest portrait gallery in poetry." His best specimen of versified argumentation is

The Hind and the Panther.

All his poems are written in heroic verse (rhymed iambic pentameter = 5 *x* *a*), with the exception of *Alexander's Feast*, in which he attempts to adapt the length of the line to the kind of feeling he is expressing. His prose also is excellent, full of vigour and point. He keeps his emphatic clauses for the end of the sentence, throws in general statements with a startling abruptness, and always writes clearly as well as idiomatically. "His faculty of placing words is wonderful." Mr. Minto says that "his prose has something of the irregular zigzag lightning vigour and splendour of his verse." "I have endeavoured," Dryden himself says, "to write English as near as I could distinguish it from the tongue of pedants and that of affected travellers." He also tells us that, when he did not know whether what he had written was "good English," he translated it into Latin, and so resolved his doubts. This fact speaks volumes as to the "unsettled state" of the language in the seventeenth century.

9. His poems are full of striking thoughts well expressed. Of Shakspeare he says:

- (a) But Shakspeare's magick could not copied be;
 Within that circle none durst walk but he.

He puts the Latin maxim *Odisse quem laeseris* * into very neat English :

- (b) Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

His view of a life that makes "pleasure its only end," is nobly and vigorously expressed in one of his plays :

- (c) When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat ;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay ;
To-morrow's falser than the former day,—
Lies worse, and, while it says "We shall be blest
With some new joys," cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage ! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,—
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly runnings could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Of the mass of human beings he says :—

- (d) Men are but children of a larger growth.

Of Buckingham he writes these lines :—

- (e) In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.

He had the same views regarding revolution as Burke,—that a constitution is not a machine which can be changed when worn out, but a living growth, which must be repaired and reformed by kindly internal forces, not by external tinkering :—

- (f) All other errors but disturb a state,
But innovation is the blow of fate.

The true criticism, which looks at the best points and qualities in a work of art,—the criticism which weighs and values, and does not care to find fault, is thus indicated :—

- (g) Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
He that would search for pearls must dive below.

* We hate those we have injured.

Dryden is also the author of many phrases that have found their way into common speech :—

- (h) Beware the fury of a patient man.
- (i) Not means, but blunders round about a meaning.*
- (j) He trudged along, not knowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

The following lines are also full of sense, clearly and vigorously expressed :—

- (k) The greatest argument for love is love.
- (l) Few know the use of life before 'tis past.
- (m) Times *gives* himself, and is not valu'd.
- (n) Love either finds equality, or makes it ;
Like Death, he knows no difference in degrees.
- (o) And kind as kings on coronation day.
- (p) The secret pleasure of the generous act,
Is the great mind's great bribe.

10. Dryden is not so much a great poet, as a great rhetorician in verse. The sweet lyrical song of the Shakspearian time could not be heard among the coarse revelries and rivalries of the Stuart court ; the grand style of the old dramatists had disappeared ; the noble strains of Milton's poetry were as much out of time as they were out of place ; and all the verse productions of the latter half of the seventeenth century are poetic in form only ; in fact, they are nothing but more or less brilliant rhetoric. Most of the literature of this period was written for money ; and Dryden's interview with Milton to ask him for leave to turn his *Paradise Lost* into an opera, is a typical one. Perhaps Dryden's most vigorous writing is his satire ; though even here he is at times betrayed into mere abuse, and a kind of cudgelling style. As in the lines :—

And every inch that is not fool is rogue.

Of Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, with whom he had a quarrel, he wrote :—

With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.

* This is a just description of many writers of the present day. They heap phrase upon phrase, and sentence upon sentence, in the hope that their readers will be able to extract what they mean and wish to say from the superincumbent mass.

Dryden is said to have been "the earliest complete type of the purely literary man, in the modern sense." His writings are full of faults, because he generally wrote in a hurry; but they are never without vigour, and a certain grand sweep. He seems always to have thought in prose, and then to have turned that prose into verse. "As I read him," says Mr. Lowell, "I cannot help thinking of an ostrich, to be classed with flying things, and capable, what with leap and flap together, of leaving the earth for a longer or shorter space, but loving the open plain, where wing and foot help each other to something that is both flight and run at once." It must not be forgotten that he wrote in a prosaic time, among the most prosaic influences. He is the poet of the religious and political reactionaries who lived under Charles II. and James II. The movement both in politics and in religion had been downward from the time of Cromwell. It was a movement from strong faith and large hope to scepticism, from piety and devotion to coldness and sneers. Dryden was better than his age: but his age was not fit to receive and to listen to a poet, it was not an age in which a poet could *sing*. Verses could be written, and noble declamatory lines; but no more.

Dryden was the literary dictator of his time; and in this he succeeded Ben Jonson, and was succeeded by Dr. Johnson, in the eighteenth century. His first attempt at verse was extremely poor. In some lines on the death of Lord Hastings, he says:—

Was there no milder way than the small pox?
The very filthiness of Pandora's box!

But by thought and labour he rose from this to be the greatest satirist and pleader in verse among English writers. Milton said of him, that he was a "good rhymist, but no poet"; and Mr. Lowell says, that his verses are "understanding, aerated by imagination." With Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, and others, his title was usually "Glorious John." And even in so early a poem as his *Annus Mirabilis*, he has lines which indicate his claim to this title. In this poem he describes the dream of the Dutch sailors before the engagement:—

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, shipwrecked, labour to some distant shore,
Or in dark churches walk amongst the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

And in the battle, such lines as these,—

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on,
And his loud guns speak thick, like angry men.

Dryden's chief good qualities are ;—

- (1) Vigorous expression.
- (2) Power of reasoning in verse.
- (3) The "gift of the right word."

Cowper said of him: "His faults are numberless, and so are his beauties. His faults are those of a great man, and his beauties are such as Pope, with all his touching and retouching, could never equal." Mr. John Dennis, a critic of the period, speaks of Dryden as his "departed friend, whom I infinitely esteemed when living, for the solidity of his thought, for the spring, and the warmth, and the beautiful tone of it; for the power, and variety, and fulness of his harmony; for the purity, the perspicuity, the energy of his expression; and, whenever these great qualities are required, for the pomp, and solemnity, and majesty of his style."

11. The three following passages will give a fair notion of his different styles. The first is his description of the Earl of Shaftesbury (under the name of Achitophel); the second, his character of Shadwell,* his successor in the Poet Laureateship; and the third, from his translation of the Latin Hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*.†

SHAFTESBURY.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst;
For close¹ designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,²
Restless, unfixed, in principles and place;³
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;⁴
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy⁵ body to decay,
And o'er-informed⁶ the tenement of clay.⁷
A daring pilot in extremity,⁸
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,⁹
He sought the storms! but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.¹⁰

* Shadwell was the first of a series of poet-laureates, who were perfectly respectable men, but miserably poor poets.

† *Come, O Creative Spirit!*

SHADWELL.

All humane¹ things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons,² monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus,³ young
 Was call'd to empire and had govern'd long,
 In prose and verse, was own'd without dispute
 Through all the realms⁴ of Nonsense absolute.⁵
 This aged prince, now, flourishing in peace
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state ;⁶
 And pond'ring⁷ which of all his sons was fit
 To reign and wage immortal⁸ war with wit,⁹
 Cry'd, " 'Tis resolv'd, for Nature pleads that he
 Should onely¹⁰ rule who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness¹¹ from his tender years ;
 Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,¹²
 But Shadwell never deviates¹³ into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may¹⁴ fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid interval :
 But Shadwell's genuine¹⁵ night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail¹⁶ upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabrick¹⁷ fills the eye
 And seems designed for thoughtless¹⁸ majesty,
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely¹⁹ reign.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every pious mind ;
 Come pour Thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make Thy temples¹ worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !
 Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command
 Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence ;³
 Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
 But oh ! inflame and fire our hearts !

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER XIV.

Ex. 1. Prepare the extract on *Shaftesbury* with the following notes:—

1. *Secret*. 2. *Wit*=*mind*. The expression *wit* was as common in the verses of the seventeenth century as Pope's word *sense* was in the eighteenth. The narrowing of the meaning to its present signification is very modern. 3. A good alliteration. 4. *Disgrace*=*out of power*. *Disgrace* seems to our modern feeling hardly the word; but in the seventeenth century a prime minister who was "out" was frequently spoken of as "in disgrace" (with his sovereign, that is), "fallen" and so on. 5. *Pigny*, more properly *pygmy*, is a Greek word, from *pugnē* (πυγμή) *the fist*. The *y* in English generally represents a Greek *v*. This triplet is said to have been suggested by a passage in Fuller's *Profane State*: "He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clay of his body, desired to fret a passage through it." *Fret* is a most appropriate word, both in Dryden and in Fuller. In Old English it means *to eat*; and it is the Low-German form of the High-German *fressen*. 6. *Inform*, in the earlier and philosophical sense, *to give form to*. The old belief of some philosophers was that the soul *created*, or at least *gave shape and form* to the body; and the meaning here is, that the soul was so powerful as to injure the *material*—the body—in its efforts to alter and improve and remodel the form. 7. *Tenement* from Latin *tenere*, *to hold*. From this root we have also—some of them through the French—*tenant*, *lieutenant*, *continent*, etc. 8. *In extremis*. 9. The subordinate sentence, *when the waves went high*, belongs to *He sought the storms*. 10. This is a common but quite erroneous belief. A great genius has enormous capabilities of excitement; and these may seem to ally him with the madman; but he as generally has a steady and clear judgment, which restrains these tendencies. Seneca's opinion would seem to have been in Dryden's mind: "Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ." "No great mind but has some alloy of madness."

Ex. 2. Prepare the passage on *Shadwell* with the following notes:—

1. The accent on the first syllable, as well as the spelling, now distinguishes this word from *humane*. 2. *Summons to death*. 3. Augustus Cæsar

was thirty-three when he overthrew Antony; and he held the mastership of the Roman world for forty-four years. 4. *Realm*—a Norman-French form, from the Latin *regalis*. The hard *g* disappears into a *y* in ordinary French *royal*. 5. Absolute monarch in the realms of Nonsense. The position of the word *absolute* at the end of the line gives a sudden weight to the meaning. 6. *To settle who should succeed him in ruling the state*. This problem had come up twice in Dryden's time—first in the case of Cromwell, and next in the case of Charles II., who had no children. 7. *Ponder* = to weigh, from Latin *pondus*, a weight. The French have refined *pondus* away into *pois*. 8. We should have expected *eternal*; but *immortal* is better here. Dryden's meaning is that Flecknoe's sons were so stupid as not to know when they were killed in the war with wit. Compare Schiller's lines:—

Unsinn, du siegst, und ich muss untergehn!
Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.

9. See p. 302, Ex. 1, note 2. 10. *Onely*—the right spelling. But we should have expected to find *alone*. 11. Even when most immature, always perfectly mature—in dulness (or stupidity). 12. *Claim*. The words *pretend* and *pretence* had in Dryden's time no element of deceit. The term *Pretender* in the next century had simply the meaning of *one who claims*; and it is possible—and indeed probable—that the conduct of the Stuart family between 1715 and 1745 gave to the word its present meaning. It is not improbable, moreover, that the word *claimant* may have a similar history. 13. *Deviates* = goes out of the way. From Latin *de viâ*. Shadwell keeps the broad and well-beaten highway of nonsense, and never loses his way into sense. 14. The emphasis is on *may* and contradicts the verse-accent. The line should be read thus:—

Sóme | beams of wít | on oth-er souls | máy || fáll.

15. *Genuine* = *unmixed*. A blackness of darkness; a darkness that may be felt; an absolute blank. 16. *Prevail over* in prose. 17. *Fabric*, or architectural structure, of nonsense. 18. *Thoughtless majesty*, not in the modern sense of *heedless*, but = *vacant of all thought*. 19. *Lazily*.

Ex. 3. Prepare the *Veni Creator* with the following notes:—

1. Our hearts. 2. *Advocate*. 3. This line might have been omitted; it is an excellent example of Dryden's *too-muchness*.—Scan also the first four lines.

Ex. 4. Copy out the verses on *Shaftesbury*, and mark the cæsuras, thus:—

1 Of these | the false Achitophel was first,
1 A name | to all succeeding ages curst;
2 For close designs | and crooked counsels fit
1½ and 2 Sagacious, | bold, | and turbulent of wit.

Ex. 5. Write notes on the peculiar words and phrases in the short quotations from (a) to (p).

Ex. 6. Comment upon any of the passages from (a) to (p) which have struck you most.

Ex. 7. Compare the treatment of Dryden with that of Chaucer in the following passage from *The Knightes Tale*:—

DRYDEN.

Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
 Caused him to send for Emily in haste;
 With her, at his desire, came Palamon.
 Then, on his pillow raised, he thus begun:
 "No language can express the smallest part
 Of what I feel and suffer in my heart
 For you, whom best I love and value most;
 But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
 Which, from this mortal body when untied,
 Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side,
 Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
 But wait officious, and your steps attend.
 How I have loved! excuse my faltering tongue;
 My spirit's feeble, and my pains are strong.
 This I may say: I only grieve to die,
 Because I lose my charming Emily.
 To die when Heaven had put you in my power,—
 Fate could not choose a more malicious hour
 What greater curse could envious fortune give
 Than just to die when I began to live?
 Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
 Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
 Never, O never more to see the sun;
 Still dark in a damp vault, and still alone!"

Ex. 8. Put into lines the following passage from Dryden's translation of the 29th Ode of the Third Book of Horace.

Happy [is] the man, and he alone [is] happy, he who can call to-day his own: He who, secure within, can say, To-morrow, do thy worst, for to-day I have [already] lived. Be [it] fair or foul, [be it] or rain or shine, the joys I have possessed are mine, in spite of fate. Not [even] heaven itself has power upon the past; but what has been, has been; and I have had my hour. [It will be seen from the above, that when Dryden is at his best, his language is of the most simple kind.]

Ex. 9. Extract from the above passage all the words of Latin origin; and count the number of monosyllables. [It will be seen that the whole passage consists almost entirely of monosyllables, and that all these monosyllables are pure English, or "Saxon."]

Ex. 10. Scan the passage in Ex. 8, placing the name of the verse at the end of each line, thus:—

Happy the man, and happy he alone (5 x a).

CHAUCER.

And certeynly wher nature wil not wirche¹
 Farwel phisik; go bere the man to chirche.
 This al and som,² that Arcyte mostë dye.
 For which he sendeth after Emelye
 And Palamon, that was his cosyn deere.
 Thanne seyð he thus, as ye schul after heere.
 "Naught may the woful spirit in myn herte
 Declare o³ poynt of al my sorwes smerte
 To you, my lady, that I lovë most;
 But I bequethe the service of my gost
 To you aboven every créatúre
 Syn that my lyf ne may no lenger dure.⁴
 Allas, the woo! allas the peynës stronge
 That I for you have suffered, and so longe!
 Allas the deth! allas myn Emelye!
 Allas departing of our companye!
 Allas, myn hertës queen! allas my wyf!
 Myn hertës lady, ender of my lyf!
 What is this world? what axen men to have
 Now with his love, now in his coldë grave
 Allone withouten eny companye.
 Farwel, my swete! farwel, myn Emelye!
 And softë take me in your armës tweye,
 For love of God and herkneth what I seye."

1. *Work.*2. *In fine.*3. *One point.*4. *Endure no longer.*

 QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XIV.

1. When was Dryden born? 2. How long after the death of Shakspeare?
 3. Where was he educated? 4. To what university did he belong? 5.
 What was the first office he held? 6. What is the name of his first long
 poem? 7. To what Government office was he appointed in 1668? 8. How
 many plays did he write? 9. What is the subject of his *MacFlecknoe*?
 10. What of the *Religio Laici*? 11. Why did he write the *Hind and the
 Panther*? 12. When did he begin his translation of Virgil? 13. When did
 he die? 14. Which poem is his most powerful satire? 15. To what does
 Mr. Lowell compare Dryden? 16. Whom did he satirise under the name of
 Achitophel? 17. What does Dryden say about "good English"? 18.
 What is Mr. Minto's opinion of his prose?

TABLE OF CONTEMPORARIES.

FROM THE BIRTH OF MILTON TO THE DEATH OF DRYDEN.

DECADES.	BORN.	DIED.	DECADES.
1st.	Milton } 1608 Fuller } 1609 Clarendon 1609	Lyly } 1600 Hooker } 1600 Sackville 1608	1st.
2nd.	S. Butler 1612 Taylor 1613 Vaughan 1614 Denham } 1615 Baxter } 1618 Cowley } 1618 Lovelace } 1618	Shakspeare 1616 Daniel 1618 Raleigh 1619	2nd.
3rd.	Marvel 1620 Bunyan } 1628 Temple } 1628	Bacon 1626	3rd.
4th.	Barrow } 1630 Tillotson } 1630 Dryden 1631 Locke 1632 South 1633	Drayton } 1631 Donne } 1631	4th.
5th.	Burnet 1643		5th.
6th.		Crashaw 1650 Cowley } 1658 Lovelace } 1658	6th.
7th.	Defoe 1661 Swift 1667 Bolingbroke 1668	Fuller 1661 Taylor } 1667 Cowley } 1667 Denham 1668	7th.
8th.	Addison 1672 Steele 1675	Clarendon } 1674 Milton } 1674 Barrow 1677 Marvel 1678	8th.
9th.	Young 1684 Pope } 1688 Gay } 1688 Richardson 1689	S. Butler 1680 Waller 1687 Bunyan 1688	9th.
10th.	Thomson 1700	Baxter 1691 Tillotson 1694 Vaughan 1695 Temple 1698 Dryden 1700	10th.



CHAPTER XV.

FROM DRYDEN TO POPE.

1. **T**HE great writers of the latter part of the seventeenth century were chiefly prose-writers. They are Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, ISAAC BARROW, TILLOTSON, SOUTH, and LOCKE. Only a short notice of each can be given here.

2. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628—1699) was the son of the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, under Charles I. He spent his life chiefly as a diplomatist; and was our ambassador for several years at the Hague. On his retirement, he was much consulted by Charles II. and by William III.; and it is to him that we owe the foundation of the king's Privy Council. He wrote on political subjects, and also essays on gardening; and his book on *Ancient and Modern Learning* gave rise to the great literary controversy of that age. Temple defended ancient learning, and maintained its superiority at all points over the modern. He was a relative and patron of Swift's, who contributed to this dispute his famous *Battle of the Books*.

His merit with regard to English Literature, is that he paid great attention to the construction of his sentences. They are shorter and more highly finished, and have a finer cadence than most of the English prose-writers of the preceding generations. Dr. Johnson says: "Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose." But this can hardly be considered an accurate judgment, if we remember the beautiful rhythm of Jeremy Taylor. Mr. Thackeray says: "His style is the perfection of practical and easy good-breeding." He places his words well, and is careful to round off the conclusion of his sentences. The following are examples:

LEARNING AND ORIGINALITY.

Who can tell, whether learning may not even weaken invention¹ in a man that has great advantages from nature and birth; whether the weight and

number of so many other men's thoughts and notions may not suppress his own, or hinder the motion and agitation² of them, from which all invention arises; as heaping on wood, or too many sticks, extinguishes a little spark that would otherwise have grown up to a noble flame. The strength of mind, as well as of body, grows more from the warmth of exercise than of clothes; nay, too much of this foreign heat rather makes men faint, and their constitutions tender or weaker than they would be without them. Let it come about how it will, if we are dwarfs, we are still so,³ though we stand upon a giant's shoulders; and even so placed, yet we see less than he, if we are naturally shorter sighted, or if we do not look as much about us, or if we are dazzled with the height, which often happens from weakness either of heart or brain.⁴

HOMER AND VIRGIL.

Homer was, without¹ dispute, the most universal genius that has been known in the world, and Virgil the most accomplished. To the first must be allowed the most fertile invention, the richest vein, the most general knowledge, and the most lively expression; to the last, the noblest ideas, the justest institution,² the wisest conduct,³ and the choicest elocution.⁴ To speak in the painter's terms, we find in the works of Homer, the most spirit, force, and life; in those of Virgil, the best design, the truest proportion, and the greatest grace; the colouring in both seems equal, and indeed is in both admirable. Homer had more fire and rapture, Virgil more light and swiftness; or at least the poetical fire was more raging in one, but clearer in the other, which makes the first more amazing, and the latter more agreeable. The one was richer in one, but in the other more refined and better allayed⁵ to make up excellent work. Upon the whole, I think it must be confessed, that Homer was of the two, and perhaps of all others,⁶ the vastest, the sublimest, and the most wonderful *genius*; and that he has been generally so esteemed, there cannot be a greater testimony given than what has been by some observed, that not only the greatest masters have found in his works the best and truest principles of all their sciences or arts, but that the noblest nations have derived from them the original of their several races, though it be hardly yet agreed whether his story be true or a fiction. In short, these two immortal poets must be allowed to have so much excelled in their kinds,⁷ as to have exceeded all comparison, to have even extinguished emulation, and in a manner confined true poetry, not only to their two languages, but to their very persons.⁸

The latter of these two passages is an excellent specimen of the kind of vague rhetoric which was written about classical poets in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

3. ISAAC BARROW (1630—1677) is one of the great divines of the English Church. He was educated at the Charter House* and at Trinity College, Cambridge, was Professor of Greek in his University, and then Professor of Mathematics. This chair he resigned, in 1667, to his pupil, ISAAC NEWTON; and from that year he devoted himself to theology. His sermons are known for "the extraordinary copiousness and vigour of their language." In that respect he frequently reminds us of Jeremy Taylor. The following is a passage from his writings, and it shows his wonderful wealth, both of words and of ideas:

GOD.

The first excellency peculiar to the Christian doctrine I believe to be this: that it assigneth a true, proper, and complete character or notice¹ of God; complete, I mean, not absolutely,² but in respect to our condition and capacity; such a notion as agreeth thoroughly with what the best reason dictateth, the works of nature declare, ancient tradition³ doth attest, and common experience doth intimate,⁴ concerning God; such a character as is apt to breed highest love and reverence in men's hearts towards Him, to engage them in the strictest practice of duty and obedience to Him. It ascribeth unto Him all conceivable perfections of nature⁵ in the highest degree; it asserteth unto Him all His due rights and prerogatives; it commendeth and justifieth to us all His actions and proceedings. For in His essence⁶ it representeth Him one, eternal, perfectly simple⁷ and pure, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent,⁸ independent, impassible,⁹ immutable; as also, according to His essential disposition of will and natural manner of acting, most absolute¹⁰ and free, most good and benign, most holy and just, most veracious and constant: it acknowledgeth Him the maker and upholder of all beings, of what nature and what degree soever, both material and immaterial, visible and invisible; it attributeth to Him supreme majesty and authority over all.†

4. JOHN TILLOTSON (1630—1694) was the son of Puritan parents, was educated at Cambridge, entered the church, rose to be Dean of St. Paul's, and then Archbishop of Canterbury; but died so poor that the king had to help his widow to pay his debts. His style was praised by Dryden and Addison, and "long held up as a model."

* This word is a corruption of *Chartreuse*—the name given to the houses of the Carthusian monks—a branch of the Benedictines.

† His sentences are sometimes more than a page long.

The chief defect of it is its tautology; and this defect arises from the easy nature of the man. He "gives two or three expressions where one would serve the purpose;" but his diction is said to be "simple and felicitous."

5. ROBERT SOUTH (1633—1716) was educated at Oxford, became a zealous partisan of the Royal cause, was chaplain to the Earl of Clarendon, and declined a bishopric. He is said to be the last of the great divines of the century. His sentences are short and full of spirit and life, he had "a superlative command of homely racy English, and wit of unsurpassed brilliancy," and Mr. Minto places him on a level with Taylor and Barrow. But this seems too high an estimate. The following is a good specimen of his manner :

THE STATE OF INNOCENCE.

Study was not then a duty, night-watchings¹ were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle.² This is the doom³ of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*,⁴ to exhaust his time and impair⁵ his health, and perhaps to spin out his days, and himself, into one pitiful, controverted conclusion.⁶ There was then no poring,⁷ no struggling with memory, no straining for invention; his faculties were quick and expedite;⁸ they answered without knocking; they were ready upon the first summons, there was⁹ freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess, it is difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still¹⁰ bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attend our nature in the time of innocence; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy¹¹ in his mind the unseen splendour of a court. But by rating¹² positives by their privatives,¹³ and other arts of reason, by which discourse¹⁴ supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect¹⁵ the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders¹⁶ of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, vanities,¹⁷ and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced¹⁸ with sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts¹⁹ that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid, surely was very beau-

tiful when he was young. An Aristotle²⁰ was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments²¹ of Paradise.*

6. JOHN LOCKE (1632-1704) is a greater name than all of these. He was an Oxford man; and in the earlier part of his life his chief studies were medicine and the physical sciences. After the Revolution, he held the office of Commissioner of Stamps, and was then appointed a Commissioner of Trade. His great work is his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, which was published in 1690. His other works are a *Letter Concerning Toleration*, *The Reasonableness of Christianity*, and *Thoughts Concerning Education*. This last work is full of true thoughts and good sense. The object of education is, according to him, to maintain "a sound mind in a sound body"; and he gives directions for the formation of every kind of bodily, moral, and mental exercises. The following are a few of his opinions:—

(a) Most children's constitutions are either spoiled, or at least harmed, by *cockering and tenderness*.

(b) Let your son's clothes be *never made strait*, especially about the breast.

(c) It seems plain to me, that the principle of all virtue and excellency lies in a power of denying ourselves the satisfaction of our own desires, when reason does not authorize them. This power is to be got and improved by custom, made easy and familiar by an *early practice*. If, therefore, I might be heard, I would advise, that, contrary to the ordinary way, children should be used to submit their desires, and go without their longings, even *from their very cradles*.

(d) Those children who have been most *chastised*, seldom make the best men.

(e) Never trouble yourself about those faults in children, which you know age will cure.

And thus Locke discourses on every kind of subject that can relate to education—*Diet, Habits, Fruit, Craving, Rewards, Shame, etc.* His style is always simple and manly, and even in his philosophical works thoroughly plain and popular. But authorities complain that he does not define his terms, and that he uses the same word with different meanings. Sir William Hamilton says:—"Locke is of all

* It is plain from the above that South had the genuine *oratorical* style, which says the same thing in three or four different ways, so that different hearers may catch the truth presented at his own angle.

philosophers the most ambiguous, vacillating, various, and even self-contradictory." The following is an extract from his little book on *The Conduct of the Understanding*, which was published after his death:—

Those who have read of everything¹ are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge.² It is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating³ kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections;⁴ unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are indeed in some writers visible⁵ instances of deep thought, close and acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these would give would be of great use, if their reader would observe and imitate them; all the rest at best are but particulars⁶ fit to be turned into knowledge; but that can be done only by our own meditation, and examining the reach,⁷ force, and coherence of what is said; and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connexion of ideas, so far it is ours; without that, it is but so much loose matter floating in our brain. The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better,⁸ and the stock of knowledge not increased, by being able to repeat what others have said, or produce the arguments we have found in them. Such a knowledge as this is but knowledge by hearsay,⁹ and the ostentation¹⁰ of it is at best but talking by rote,¹¹ and very often upon weak and wrong principles. For all that is to be found in books is not found upon true foundations,¹² nor always rightly deduced from the principles it is pretended¹³ to be built on.¹⁴

7. We now approach the *Augustan Age* of English Literature; and it seems necessary to say a few words about this much abused title. The Augustan Age of Latin Literature was the age of Virgil, Horace, and other poets and men of letters, who found in Augustus an appreciative critic and a liberal patron. But there was no such Augustus in the eighteenth century. Queen Anne was a feeble old lady, without either tastes or will of her own; nor was there any real encouragement of literature in and for itself, among either the aristocracy or the middle classes. The age was an age of party-warfare, of political controversy; and authors were exalted or despised, not for their own merits, but as they belonged to the Whigs or to the Tories. It was an age of personalities and of the most vulgar personal abuse. It was an age of clubs and of coteries; and all these clubs indulged in the fiercest abuse of their rivals and antagonists. It was not an age

when truth was pursued for its own sake, nor an age of tranquil cultivation of art or literature, nor an age of a devout religious spirit. It was an age of hatred, sneering, scorn and contempt; and wit consisted in an epigrammatic representation of other people's failings, and an obstinate ignoring of all their excellences. "All the emotions of the Augustans," says Professor Ward, "except their hatred, seem shallow and transitory, and most of all so in their literary expression." Literature was not cultivated for itself, but was fostered as the expression of a restless and insatiable vanity. The age was, above all, self-conceited, it took the most careful note of all its own good points, and it is probable that an age or a person who does this, has a shallow and limited nature, and has no real depth of mental power or character.

8. Professor Masson reckons the Eighteenth Century from 1688, the year of our own Revolution, to 1789, the year of the French Revolution, and says that "Britain then passed into a period in which, to all appearance, it had 'done with the sublilities.'" It was not an age of poetry; or it was, as Southey said, the worst age. If we turn over the leaves of Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, we shall find the names of Smith, Duke, King, Sprat, Hughes, Blackmore, Fenton, Talden, Hammond and others, not one line of whose writings is now ever read by any one. But it has been pointed out by able critics that the eighteenth century was the age when the capacities of the English language for *prose* were most fully developed—the age when the largest number of really great prose-writers flourished. If, therefore—on the negative side—it is fair to call it a prosaic age, we may give to this phrase a positive and laudatory term by translating it into the *Age of Prose*. It was also the age which gave birth to the *modern novel*, in which contemporary life was firmly grasped by great writers like Richardson and Fielding,

9. In this age may also be discerned the obscure beginnings of two popular phenomena, which did not attain their full development until the present century—*newspapers* and *circulating libraries*. DEFOE is the true founder of the modern newspaper; and it was in 1704 that he began his *Examiner Review*. There had been *gazettes*, and what were called *news letters* before his time; but he was the first man who made the newspaper the vehicle of independent criticism. The circulating library had its origin in the fact that books were in the eighteenth century comparatively dear. "Many men never

bought books at all; but, when any work came out, of which they wished to get a sight, they went to the bookseller's shop, day after day, and, for a small subscription, obtained leave to read at the counter. Marking their page where they left off in the afternoon, they came back again and again, until the volume was finished." Another interesting point about this age was that it formed the period of transition from private patronage to public appreciation—when the author no longer looked for help to noblemen, but to the reward of his own merits. DR. JOHNSON was the man who fought out this battle. "The poor author had to wait in a great man's hall, to pluck my lord by the sleeve as he passed to his carriage, and beg a subscription for a forthcoming volume of poetry or prose. Success in such an undertaking depended much upon the number of half-crowns the poor author could afford to invest in buying the good-will of the porter or confidential footman of His Grace, or Sir John. Not even the highest literary man was free from this humiliation of cringing before the great. No book appeared without a fulsome dedication or flattering apostrophe addressed to some person of quality, as the phrase then went, whose footman came smirking to the author's dingy room, a few days after publication, with a present of five, ten, or twenty guineas."

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER XV.

Ex. 1. Prepare the first passage from *Temple* with the following notes:—

1. Original power. 2. *Agitation* = *shaking them about*. We have a similar figure in the word *discuss*—which means *to shake apart*. 3. A modern writer would not have used the pronominal adverb *so*, but would have repeated the word *dwarfs*. 4. Better, *of heart or of brain*.

State also, in four short sentences, the chief points maintained by Temple in this passage.

Ex. 2. Prepare the passage on *Homer and Virgil* with the following notes:—

1. *Without* is not here the opposite of *with*, but of *within*, and is = *beyond*. 2. Arrangement. 3. Management of his ideas. 4. Style. 5. The older form of *alloy*. Compare the lines from *Lovelace* :

When flowing cups go swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.

6. The phrase *of all others* is here correct; the *other* excludes Virgil. As usually employed, *of all others* is a most illogical phrase; it at once includes in a certain category and excludes from it the thing spoken of. 7. In their own kinds, or *genera*, of art. 8. To themselves alone.

Ex. 3. Prepare the passage from *Barrow* with the following notes:—

1. Notice = the Latin *notitia* = the sum of distinguishing *notæ* or marks. 2. Absolutely = apart from all relativity. 3. Tradition, from Latin *tradere*, to hand down. 4. The selection of terms should here be noted: *reason dictates*; *nature declares*; *tradition attests*; *experience intimates*. 5. Nature = original being, or disposition. 6. Essence, from a mediæval Latin word *essentia*—from the Latin word *esse*, to be. *Essence* means therefore *being of being*. 7. Simple, in the old sense of the Latin *simplex* (= *sine plicâ*, without fold), and hence = not complex. 8. Barrow, as a learned divine, seems to prefer Latin terms to English words when writing on theology. He might have said, *All-knowing* and *Almighty* instead of *Omniscient* and *Omnipotent*. But there is no English word for *Omnipresent*. 9. *Impossible* = not to be acted upon, never in a passive state. 10. As in the phrase *absolute monarch* = one whose power is unlimited.

Ex. 4. Prepare the passage from *South* with the following notes:—

1. *Night-watchings*, in the original sense of *waking*. The word *watch* is simply a form of *wake*. The instrument called a *watch* is so called because it remains *awake*. Instances of the changes of a *k* into a *t* are not uncommon in English; compare *bake*, *batch*; *make*, *match*; *thack* (the Scotch form), *thatch*. 2. Reason did not then want the help of the process called *reasoning*. Man knew by *intuition*, not by careful *induction* and comparison. 3. *Doom* = lot adjudged. *Doom* is the noun from the verb *deem*; and a judge in Old English was called a *dempster*. *Doomsday-book* means the book of the day of valuation of land. 4. *In the depth*. 5. *Impair*, from the French *empirer*, to make worse. 6. *Conclusion* has two meanings—one, an ending; another, a summing up or inference from previously examined premises. *South* takes advantage of this double meaning to join *his days* and *himself*—*pitiful* and *controverted*, by an odd kind of *zeugma*. 7. *Pore* seems to be a form of *peer*. 8. *Expedite* = unencumbered. *Expediti equites* were horse-soldiers sent out on a sudden expedition with no, or with the minimum quantity of, baggage. 9. This use of, the singular for the plural is only to be justified by the notion that *South* thought of *freedom* and *firmness* as one idea = a firm freedom. 10. *Still* = always. 11. *Fancy* = imagine. In *Shakespeare's* time the word *fancy* meant either *imagination* or *love*.

Tell me, where is *Fancy* bred?

Or in the heart, or in the head?

The word is simply a compression of *phantasy* (from the Greek *phantasia*). Later on, the language, finding itself in possession of two words for the same thing, detailed the one to mean the higher, and the other the lower and lighter, power. 12. *Estimating*. 13. *Positive*—*privative*—*negative*,—these are the three steps = *existence of something*, *absence of that something*, and *existence of the opposite*. 14. *Discourse*, not of speech, but of reason. *Discourse* means *running to and fro*; and *discourse of reason* (a phrase used by *Milton*) means the *going about of reason* to find out truth. We have a somewhat similar meaning in a word from the same root—*discursiveness*. 15. *Collect* = *infer*. We do not now use the word in this sense, except in the phrase “I collected from the remarks made that,” etc. 16. *Relics*. 17. *Empty* and *useless things*. 18. *With the face rubbed off*. 19. *Draughts* = *traits*. *Draught* is a noun from *draw*. So a cheque drawn is called a *draught*; a person who draws plans a *draughtsman*. 20. The great Greek philosopher, who was the founder of almost all the sciences of the West.

He has dominated European thought for centuries; and is still looked upon as the "Master of those who know." 21. *The rude or unfinished elements.*

Ex. 5. Prepare the passage on p. 312, with the following notes:—

1. *Of*=*about*. We should now say simply *read everything*. 2. *Materials* for would now be the phrase. 3. Belong to the genus *Ruminantia*. 4. *Things collected*. 5. *Visible*. It is difficult to say what Locke means by *visible instances of deep thought*. It is probably only a careless way of saying, *It is plain that there are to be found*, etc. 6. *Particulars*=*facts or data*. 7. *Reach*=*scope*. 8. *Better* is rather a weak word here. 9. *Hearsay* one of the few old idioms still retained in modern English. The *say* is in the *in-finitive*, and governed by *hear*, as in the same phrase in German, *hörensagen*. 10. *Exhibition*. 11. A *rote* was an old stringed instrument. To know a thing by *rote*, was to know it as well as a *tune* should be known. 12. *Sure foundations*. 13. In the old sense of *claimed*. 14. *Deduced from principles* it is *built on*, is a very good example of Locke's loose English.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XV.

1. When was Sir Wm. Temple born? 2. In what profession was he engaged? 3. Mention the subject of one of his books. 4. What is his chief merit in regard to literature? 5. Between what two dates does the life of Barrow lie? 6. What chair did he fill at Cambridge? 7. What is the chief characteristic of his style? 8. When was Tillotson born? 9. What office did he hold in the Church? 10. What is the chief defect of his style? 11. When was South born? 12. What side in politics did he take? 13. What are the characteristics of his style? 14. When was Locke born? 15. When did he die? 16. What office did he hold? 17. What is the name of his great work? 18. What is the chief defect in his philosophic writings? 19. What is the meaning of the term *Augustan Age*? 20. Between what dates does the "eighteenth century" lie, according to Prof. Masson? 21. What is the chief mark of this age? 22. What two modern methods of distributing literature took their rise in this age? 23. Who was the founder of the *newspaper*? 24. How did *circulating libraries* take their origin? 25. Who was the chief leader in the battle of literary independence?



POPE.—HISTORICAL TABLE.

AT HOME.	A.D.	ABROAD.	A.D.
<i>Pope born</i> (May 21)	1688	Fénelon, <i>Sur l'Education des Filles</i>	1688
Prince of Orange invited	„	War declared against England by Louis XIV.	1689
Gay born	„	A French army lands in Ireland	1690
Richardson born	1689	La Fontaine dies	1695
White paper first manufactured	1690	Racine dies	1699
The massacre at Glencoe	1692	Battle of Blenheim, Gibraltar taken	1704
Bank of England established	1694	Battle of Ramillies	1706
Censorship of the press abolished	1695	T. Corneille dies	1709
Fort William (Calcutta) built	1698	Boileau dies	1711
The standing army limited to 10,000 men	1699	Peace of Utrecht	1713
J. Thomson born	1700	Lettres-de-cachet become general	1714
<i>Ode on Solitude</i>	„	Louis XIV dies	1715
Queen Anne ascends the throne	1702		
Union of England and Scotland	1706		
B. Franklin born	„		
<i>Pastorals published</i>	1707		
Fielding born	„		
Johnson born	1709		
<i>Essay on Criticism written</i>	„		
St. Paul's Cathedral finished	1710		
Hume born	1711		
<i>Essay on Criticism published</i>	„		
<i>Rape of the Lock</i>	1712		
Sterne born	1713		
George I. ascends the throne	1714		
Rising in Scotland	1715		
<i>Iliad, Vol. I.</i>	„		
Gray born	1716		
Addison Secretary of State	1717		
Horace Walpole born	1718		
<i>Pope at Twickenham</i>	„		
Collins born	1720		
<i>South Sea Bubble</i>	„		
<i>Iliad, last vol.</i>	„		
Duke of Marlborough born	1722		
<i>Odyssey</i>	„		
Sir Joshua Reynolds born	1723		
<i>Odyssey, Vol I.-III.</i>	„		
George II. ascends the throne	1727	Fahrenheit's thermometer invented	1724

AT HOME.	A.D.	ABROAD.	A.D.
Goldsmith born	1728		
<i>The Dunciad</i> , Books I.-III.	"		
Edmund Burke born	1730		
W. Cowper born	"		
<i>Essay on Man</i>	1732-4	Haydn born	1732
Gibbon born	1737		
<i>Imitation of Horace</i>	"		
Richardson's <i>Pamela</i> , the first modern novel	1741		
<i>The Dunciad</i> with Cibber as hero	1743	Battle of Dettingen	1743
<i>Pope dies</i> (May 30)	1744		
War with France	"		
Rising in Scotland	1745	Battle of Fontenoy	1745

NOTE 1.—The Revenue is in 1689 nearly £4,000,000; and the National Debt in 1697 is £5,000,000; by 1703 had grown to £14,000,000; and by 1714 to £54,000,000. The National Debt is now £800,000,000; and the revenue above £76,000,000.

NOTE 2.—The Battle of Dettingen was the last battle in which an English king led his troops.





CHAPTER XVI.

POPE.

1. **A**LLEXANDER Pope was born in Lombard Street, in the city of London, on the 21st of May, in the year 1688. His father—who was also called Alexander—was engaged in the linen trade, and earned in it a competent fortune before he was fifty. He professed the religion of a Roman Catholic. His wife's name was Edith Turner, the daughter of a Roman Catholic gentleman of Yorkshire. On retiring from business, his father took a house at Binfield, on the edge of Windsor Forest, and about nine miles from the town. He had made £20,000; but he would not entrust it to the keeping of a bank: he had a strong box made, and took out from it whatever money was needed for the week. There they lived till 1716, when they removed to Chiswick. Young Pope was a very weakly boy, deformed and slightly hunchbacked, but with a most expressive face, and dark, bright brown eyes. When grown up, he was only four feet high, with a very short body, and most disproportionately long arms. Hence, at school he went at different times by the nicknames of "The Spider," or "The Windmill." But he had a very sweet voice; and his friends and admirers called him "the little nightingale."

He was a very precocious child. At the age of five he had already shown signs so strong of literary tastes and powers, that an aunt appointed him the legatee of all her books, pictures, and models. When eight years of age, he learned the accidence of Latin and Greek from the family priest, whose name was Banister. He was afterwards sent to a private school at Twyford, near Winchester, where he wrote a lampoon on Mr. Deane, the master. He was flogged in consequence; and his father removed him. Thus his school training stopped at the early age of twelve. About this time he paid a visit

to London, and, in Wills's Coffee-House in St. James Street, he saw Dryden for the first and only time in his life.

2. At the age of eight he had translated into verse a part of the Latin poet Statius, who was one of his favourite Latin poets (the other was Virgil) throughout his life; and at twelve he had written a play in which he introduced Achilles, Hector, Ulysses, and other characters mentioned in the Iliad.

As yet a child and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

It was difficult at that time for Roman Catholics to receive a good education; the public schools and the universities were quite closed to them. "Considering," says Pope himself, "how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin, as well as French and Greek; and in all these my chief way of getting them was by translation." He knew French well, Latin fairly, but not accurately, and his Greek scholarship was meagre and inaccurate. By nature he had a very correct taste in the choice of words and phrases, an exquisite ear for neat and telling rhythms, and a great fund of common sense. When he was fourteen, he went up to London to study French and Italian; but he does not seem to have ever known much of the latter language. After spending a few months in London he returned to Binfield, where he gave five or six years to study and close reading. His reading lay chiefly, almost entirely, among the poets. His literary life may be said to have begun at the age of sixteen.

3. He was first encouraged to publish his verses by the praises of Sir William Trumbull, an old diplomatist, and Mr. Walsh, a landed gentleman in the neighbourhood. "I know no one," wrote Trumbull in 1705, "so likely to equal Milton as yourself;" and Walsh said of his juvenile poems, "It is not flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age." This was very strong praise, but it helped to keep Pope in the special walk he had marked out for himself—that of a "correct" poet.

His first long poem was his *Pastorals*, which he wrote when he was sixteen. His *Ode to Solitude* ("Happy the man whose wish and care," etc.) was written when he was twelve. The *Pastorals* were published by Jacob Tonson, in his Poetic Miscellany, in 1709. They had been handed about in manuscript and very much admired for four years before.

In 1710 he came to London and became intimate with many of the Whig writers of the time. Politics was then the one subject of human interest; and Tory authors were decried by Whigs, and Whig authors abused and calumniated by Tories. No excellence could be admitted or acknowledged by a partisan of the opposite side. In 1711 appeared his *Essay on Criticism*; Addison at once wrote a laudatory paper on it in the *Spectator*; and Sir Richard Steele seems to have, in the beginning of the following year, introduced young Pope to Addison himself. In 1712 was published his *Rape of the Lock*. There is no modern literary parallel to this sudden fame except that of Charles Dickens, who wrote the *Pickwick Papers* at two-and-twenty, and *Oliver Twist* when he was twenty-three.

4. In the year 1713 he published his *Windsor Forest*, and made the acquaintance of Swift. A correspondence began between them, which continued for a quarter of a century, until Swift's mind was darkened by the terrible cloud of insanity. In the same year he was introduced by Swift to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, the Lord Treasurer, to Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, and to Atterbury, the Bishop of Rochester. Among his other friends were Matthew Prior, poet and ambassador to Paris; Dr. Arbuthnot, one of the best physicians and cleverest men of the time; and Gay. This was the age of clubs; and most of these were political. Pope met these men at the October Club, and also at the Scriblerus, Club, which was founded by Swift and Arbuthnot.

5. In 1715 the first four books of Pope's translation of the *Iliad* were published, and their success was so great as to make Pope for the future an independent man. This translation marks the first great stage in Pope's literary career. It established him as the first writer of verse in the century, and brought him a competent fortune and many friends. The other books of the *Iliad* appeared successively in the years 1717, 1718, and 1720. Pope cleared at least £5000 by this book. Thomas Tickell, an Oxford man and a friend of Addison's, published at the same time a translation of the first book; and Addison praised it in the *Spectator*. This gave Pope offence; and now began the bitterest quarrel of his life,—and his life was full of bitter quarrels. The explanation of the difference is very simple: Pope was vain and irritable; Addison was just and catholic-minded. Pope thought he had a private right in the *Iliad*; Addison believed he had the right to recognise ability wherever he saw it.

The *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard* and the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady* were also published in 1720.

6. His father died at Chiswick, in 1717. From him Pope learned to adhere, through persecution and temptation, to his own creed; but he did not learn the other lesson of straightforwardness and uprightness. Soon after, in 1718, he removed with his mother to Twickenham.

Here he bought a house and five acres of ground, devoted himself to his second great passion—landscape gardening, and filled up or laid out “a shell temple, a large mount, a vineyard, two small mounts, a bowling-green, a wilderness, a grove, an orangery, a garden-house, and kitchen-garden.” A little tunnel under the turnpike road he made into a grotto, with shells, and rocks, and spars, a spring, and the *genius loci*.

At Twickenham he completed the *Iliad* and prepared an edition of Shakspeare. This edition was published by Tonson, in 1725; but it proved a failure. One of the most prominent critics of the day—Lewis Theobald—attacked it with the heavy bludgeon of the prevalent criticism. But by this time Pope had accumulated a regiment of enemies; and these he determined to attack in one body. The *Dunciad* was written for this purpose; and L. Theobald was made the hero of the *Dunciad*.

7. The *Dunciad* was published in May, 1728, and dedicated to Swift. Its publication gave rise to a multitude of poems, pamphlets, and protests, which only made Pope still more bitter. Perhaps the weakest was that by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who was at one time a great friend of his; and this she called a *Pop upon Pope*.

The *Essay on Man* was published during the years 1732, 1733, and 1734. His *Moral Essays* and *Imitations of Horace* appeared in the next two years. In one of the *Moral Essays* he had written an attack on the dead Duke of Marlborough, and also upon the Duchess, who was still living. She induced him to withhold the publication of it by the present of £1000, which he is said to have accepted for the purpose of settling it on his old friend Miss Martha Blount. This is one of the darkest blots on Pope's character; and there are several. The blot becomes darker still when we discover that he published these very lines after the death of the Duchess, whom he satirises in the second essay, under the name of *Atossa*.

8. Pope's mother died in 1733, at the age of ninety-two; and his

affection for her and care of her form perhaps the brightest side of his character. The other bright side is his warm and loyal feeling for all his friends.

Pope was now growing old; and a new generation was rising. To these younger men he showed much kindness and sympathy—to Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*, to Young, who wrote the *Night Thoughts*, and to the unhappy Savage. But his old friends were dying fast round him. His last letter to Swift was written in 1740; and Swift himself died in 1745. His great friend in later life was Bishop Warburton, the author of the *Divine Legation*; and he helped Pope to re-arrange and to re-edit his poems, and suggested to him the adding of a fourth book to the *Dunciad*. The last months of his life were spent in the society of Warburton. He occasionally visited his friend Lord Bolingbroke, and was now and then visited by his old friend Martha Blount, for whom he had felt a warm and genuine affection all his life.

He died on the 30th of May, 1744. He was buried in Twickenham Church, at his own request, near his father and mother. His life he describes as "one long disease." He was, in fact, worn out by a complication of diseases; he could not stand upright until he had been "sewn into stays every morning"; and he wore three pairs of stockings to warm his bony legs.

9. His greatest works are—

I. Essay on Criticism (written in 1709, when Pope was twenty-one, published in 1711).

II. Rape of the Lock (1712).

III. Translation of the *Iliad* (1715–1720).

IV. Translation of the *Odyssey* (1720–1725).

V. Essay on Man, and Satires (1734) ✓

VI. The *Dunciad* (in its final form, in 1742).

10. The following is a short account of the contents and style of these poems:—

(i.) The *Essay on Criticism* is not a connected whole, based upon previous reading and examination of the masterpieces of literature, and expounding the first principles of literary taste, but merely a collection of sparkling and clever remarks upon poetry, style, and criticism. Pope has not even in this *Essay* taken the trouble to define his terms;

the word *Wit* is employed in it in seven different senses. Many of his ideas are taken from the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, and from the *Art Poétique* of Boileau. As a literary phenomenon, the poem is one of the most remarkable instances of precocity; and it contains more lines and couplets which are everywhere quoted than any other English poem of its length. For example:—

- (a) A little¹ learning is a dangerous thing
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian² spring.
- (b) And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.³
- (c) True wit⁴ is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.
- (d) In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,⁵
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire
Who haunt Parnassus⁶ but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
- (e) But let a lord once⁷ own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines
- (f) Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
- (g) Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;⁸
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
- (h) All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.
- (i) Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
- (j) The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read¹⁰
With loads of learned lumber¹¹ in his head.
- (k) To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.

FROM THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

But most by numbers¹ judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,²
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;

Who haunt Parnassus³ but to please their ear,
 Not mend⁴ their minds; as some to church repair, }
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels⁵ tire;⁶
 While expletives⁷ their feeble aid do⁸ join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:⁹
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep;"
 Then at the last and only couplet fraught¹⁰
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.¹¹
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.¹²
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest¹³ who have learnt to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:¹⁴
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
 When Ajax¹⁵ strives some rock's vast weight to throw
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so, when swift Camilla¹⁶ scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.¹⁷

(ii.) The *Rape of the Lock* was suggested to Pope by an actual incident. Lord Petre was engaged to a Miss Arabella Fermor; and, one day finding her asleep, he cut off a lock of her hair. This caused a quarrel, and the engagement was broken off; and Pope composed the first sketch of the poem "to laugh them together again." The poem is a serio-comic epic. The action is carried on by sylphs, "whose habitation is in the air," and by gnomes, whose

dwelling is underground. It is the function of these sylphs to attend upon ladies, and to guard the toilet-table.

With varying vanities, from every part
They shift the moving toyshop of the heart. . . .
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's* prais'd for labours not her own.

If any sylph neglects his duties, various appropriate punishments await him. He

Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye.

After a great deal of controversy and adventure—treated by Pope with the most charming brightness and grace—the lock of hair is raised to the skies to form a new constellation.

FROM THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries ¹ crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits ² blaze:
From silver spoons the grateful ³ liquors glide,
While China's earth ⁴ receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their sense ⁵ and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;⁶
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming ⁷ liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious ⁸ of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems ⁹ the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

* The lady's-maid.

(iii.) The *Iliad* must not be regarded as in any way representing the life or manner of Homer's poem, but as a separate and independent work. The criticism of the great classical scholar, Bentley, is perfectly just and accurate: "It is a pretty poem, but not Homer." The mind and feelings and circumstances of Homer were in almost every respect the precise opposite to the mind and feelings and circumstances of Pope. Homer spent his life in the open air; Pope was the denizen of the modern drawing-room. Pope's language is filled with abstractions and abstract terms; Homer was incapable of conceiving such a thing as an abstract term. Homer's language is as simple, direct, and childlike as the language of the New Testament; Pope and his age could not name anything directly, but always indicated it by an abstraction, or alluded to it by a circumlocution. A *boot* in Pope's time was "the shining leather that encased the limb"; and *coffee* could not be mentioned in poetry except as "the fragrant juice of Mocha's berry brown." Where Homer says, "The swine-herd tucked up his coat, and ran out of doors," Pope says:

His vest succinct then girding round his waist,
Forth rushed the swain in hospitable haste.

Where Homer says in the simplest and directest words: "And his father wept with him," Pope writes: "Not less the father poured a social flood." In the highly artificial language of the eighteenth century, a *herd of swine* is a *bristly care*; *weapons* are *steely stores of war*; and *skins* are *furry spoils*. Where Homer's art is the simple and unconscious art that springs from a soul and an eye always open to beauty and true feeling—"the art," as Shakspeare says, "itself is nature"—Pope's art is the self-conscious and involved effort to give a new beauty and a higher value to a narrative by the force of mere phrases and clever turns. It was like an attempt to make the beauty of the Elgin Marbles known to the English people by translating them into the highly coloured neatness of Dresden China. It was therefore a mistake. The eighteenth century was a most unfit time for such a translation; and Pope was the very last man to have made it. The chief canon of translation in those days was utterly false; it was:—"The ancient poets ought to be so translated, as they would have themselves written, if they had been Englishmen of our time." It is plain that such a task is an impossible one. The

old simple-minded Greek patriarch appears in Pope as a modish English dandy, dressed in the newest French fashion; and, instead of the native manner of a healthy and pure-minded Greek, and the native ruddiness of a country face, we have the airs and graces of the *salon*, and the high complexion of the rouge-pot. But, if Pope's poem be read as a production of Pope's own, and with the constant feeling that it is not Greek and not Homer, the reader may have great pleasure from its perusal, as there is everywhere movement—stir—animal spirits—and a never-halting rush of verse.

(iv.) All that has been said above of the *Iliad* can be applied, with even greater force, to Pope's *Odyssey*. But there is a graver charge against this part of his work. The last twelve books were not translated by Pope, but by two scholars—FENTON and BROOME. Leaving out of view the morality of this transaction—which is patent to every one—(what would have been said of Turner if he had engaged two respectable landscape-painters to do half his pictures; and what to-day would be said of Mr. Tennyson if he had had half his *Idylls of the King* written for him?)—the value of this circumstance for our present purpose lies in the fact, that it is of itself a complete proof that Pope's poetic style had become a mere knack, and that his lines were not created but manufactured—a manufacture in which other educated persons could also engage. This will appear if we take a passage from the *Odyssey* and compare it with Pope's version; and let us take the home-coming of Odysseus,* which is told in the 24th Book. Odysseus, after slaying the suitors, goes into the garden and finds his old father at work there, and cannot make up his mind whether to disclose himself at once, or to find out if his father has forgotten him in his twenty years of absence.

POPE.

Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.

HOMER.

Then he turned in his mind whether
he should kiss and embrace his
father, and tell him how he had
travelled and reached his fatherland.

He begins to talk with him, and among other things says:

I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care.

For you are like a man that is a
king.

* *Ulysses*. But it is desirable that the reader should become acquainted with the Greek names, in preference to the Latin ones.

He deceives his father and tells him Odysseus has not returned; and

Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran :
Grief seized at once and wrapped up all the man ;
Deep from his soul he sighed, and sorrow spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.

Thus he spoke: a black cloud of
grief covered him; taking up with
both hands the yellow dust, he threw
it on his white head and groaned.

But, unable to bear the sight of his father's grief,—

He ran, he seized him with a strict embrace ;
With thousand kisses wandered o'er his face.

He fell upon his neck and kissed
him.

Odysseus takes the old man in and has him washed; and he looks quite young again.

Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er :
And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The hoary king his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously arrayed.
His gazing son admires the god-like grace
And air celestial dawning o'er his face.
What god, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves !

Thus having spoken, they went to
the beautiful house. The Sicilian
servant washed him and rubbed him
with oil, and threw on him a beautiful
woollen cloak. His dear son ad-
mired him when he saw him like to
the immortal gods; and thus address-
ing him in winged words, he spoke:
"O Father, certainly one of the never-
dying gods has made thee beautiful
to look upon, both in form and in
stature."

Of two his cutlass* launch'd the spurting blood.
His bright alcove* the obsequious youth ascends.

Two pigs are killed for dinner.
He went to his chamber to bed.

(v.) His *Essay on Man* is a rhymed philosophical discourse on the *Origin of Evil*—a problem which was then agitating men's minds. For most of the ideas he is indebted to his friend Bolingbroke; and Bolingbroke found many of them in the *Théodicée*† of Leibnitz. The pith of the essay lies in the lines :

All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good.

This is not very comforting to the individual sufferer; but the moral of the poem is perfect :

Submit. In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.

* A *knife* and a *bed-room* would have been considered vulgar words in so genteel an age as Pope's.

† *Justification of God*—i.e. of God's action in the world.

The *Satires* consist partly of *Imitations of Horace*, and partly of *Dr. Donne's Satires Versified*, and are full of wit and sparkling description. But, though he keeps close to the sense of Dr. Donne, the *Imitations of Horace* are absolutely original; and it is merely the keynote and the manner that are due to Horace. "Our author," says Warburton, "uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas." The similes are especially apt:

- (a) Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
- (b) A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

(vi.) *The Dunciad* is a satire upon the minor literary men who attacked Pope during his lifetime. The original hero was *Lewis Theobald*, who published a better edition of *Shakspeare* than Pope's, and who further offended him by showing up the errors made by Pope in a pamphlet called *Shakspeare Restored*. In its later form, Colley Cibber, who was Poet-Laureate from 1730 to 1757, became its new hero. The whole poem is a crusade against *Dulness* and dull writers—

From slashing Bentley* down to peddling Tibbalds.

The *form* of the poem was probably suggested by Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*. The goddess *Dulness* is supposed to dwell in poverty and obscurity; and the poem relates how, assisted by her numerous subjects, she regains her throne; and it concludes with the lines—

Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

11. Pope's merits are very salient, and strike almost every reader; and his defects are simply the results of these merits too much overdriven. He was a man of vigorous understanding, and his poetry is "the poetry of good sense." His style is eminently clear, pointed, polished, and sparkling: but it is too full of epigram and antithesis.

* Bentley, the great classical scholar, was called *slashing* from the very large changes he dared to make in his edition of the *Paradise Lost*. "Milton ought to have written this," he would say.

What Pope says* of Lord Hervey's style is not inapplicable to his own:

His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.

No English poet before him gave so much labour to produce *perfect finish*; but it is the finish of the engraver, and not of the painter. It has been very well said: "He did not care to originate. His business was attractive and lucid expression; it was to *set* gems, not to create them." He is also said to have perfected the couplet; but this is doubtful. No doubt the couplet which contains its sense complete in the two lines may be said to be perfect in Pope; but its use for narrative has certainly been diminished by his style of employing it. Pope never used any other metre—except in his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, but this is the only exception. He adhered to one metre, and made that metre his own. "Pope is the poet of society, the delineator of manners;" and "wit infused with fancy" is his special merit.

12. Pope's faults are also on the surface, and lie very open to a nineteenth century reader, who is acquainted with Wordsworth, or Tennyson, or Browning. The age of Pope was overrun with a false classicism borrowed from the French, and fundamentally opposed to the pure and simple spirit of the great classic writers themselves. Pope, following this fashion, perfected a *poetical vocabulary*, which every year separated itself farther and farther from the life and feelings of men, and which, in his followers, rose to a ridiculous height of absurdity. Verse-making became a profession, and then a mere trade; and English poetry was very little better than the mosaics of Latin verses made by boys with the epithets and phrases supplied by the *Gradus ad Parnassum*.† Pope's faults are indeed best seen in his followers. These men changed his manner into a mannerism, his occasional pomp into pompousness, and his art into a mere artifice. The three most prominent faults of his verse are:—

- (a) Too frequent use of antithesis.
- (b) An overloading with epithet.
- (c) A hard monotony in his verse.

* *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 323—5.

† The *Gradus ad Parnassum* (= *Step to Parnassus*) is a dictionary of phrases, epithets, and tags used by Latin poets and versifiers.

(a) Epigram and antithesis—the love of *telling* phrases and striking sayings, and not the love of inquiry and of truth—were the dominant vices of Pope's age. Line after line, and page after page, in his poems, are crowded with antithesis.

(b) This ran to an enormous excess in Pope's followers. Here are four lines with eight epithets from Dr. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes* :

The *encumbered* oar scarce leaves the *dreaded* coast
Thro' *purple* billows and a *floating* host.
The *bold* Bavarian in a *luckless* hour
Tries the *dread* summits of *Cæsarian* power.

(c) Pope's use of the heroic couplet is, except for didactic and epigrammatic purposes, very inferior to Chaucer's. Chaucer often breaks the monotony of the rhyme by placing one rhyme in one paragraph, and its brother rhyme in the next; Pope generally completes the sense in the couplet. Chaucer varies the cæsura; in Pope it is almost always after the second foot. This will be plain from the following lines—which are only a few out of thousands like them :

Admires the jay	the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk	when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all;	to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures,	and to fish his floods;
For some his interest	prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure,	for yet more his pride.

And so it goes on, see-saw, long half up, short half down. Hazlitt says "Pope turned Pegasus into a rocking-horse." The monotony is not so intolerable and eternal as that of Drayton's lines, but it has a fatiguing effect on the reader. There are very few lines of Pope that could not be printed like the verses above. Professor Ward says well: "An entire poem is apt to weary by the regularity of the cadence, resembling the march past of column after column of perfectly-drilled troops." And the monotonous position of the cæsura is the cause of this. In all great poets it is perpetually varied,* and its visible symbol is a freely curved line. Its visible symbol in Pope is a straight line. Mr. Pattison, the editor of the last edition of

* See, for example, the description of the Music and Dancing in *Tennyson's Vision of Sin*.

Pope's *Essay on Man*, points out that, from the beginning of the seventeenth century, a "dissolution of the staff" has been going on. The long sentences of Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, and Milton, have gradually, in the course of two centuries, been broken down into the shorter and more easily understood sentences of Macaulay. In the same way, the long sweep of Spenser's nine-lined stanza gradually gave place to the quatrain of Dryden and Davenant, and then to the couplet,—and the couplet with its sense contained in itself, and never overflowing.

13. Pope's merits and faults are so distinctly marked, that they may easily be tabulated:

MERITS.	FAULTS.
(a) Exquisite finish.	Highly technical vocabulary.
(b) Strong common sense.	Too personal satire.
(c) Wit.	Absence of original thinking.
(d) Art.	Artifice.
(e) Smoothness.	Professional sentiments.*
(f) Epigrammatic power.	Truth sacrificed to point.
(g) Elegance of rhythm.	Absence of native power of song.
(h) Apt description.	Too many epithets,—etc., etc.

His vocabulary is a limited one, not nearly so extensive as Milton's, and amounting to only a fraction of Shakspeare's. In character it is highly abstract; he uses abstract terms in preference to concrete, even in the *Rape of the Lock*. This is the same as saying that his vocabulary is full of Latin and French words, a habit peculiar to the eighteenth century, and which culminated in Dr. Johnson.

14. Pope, to sum up, is the poet of society, and of highly-polished and "elegant" society. It is in this direction, therefore, that his merits are to be looked for. He is not profound, but amazingly

*The feeling in the following lines is as "perfectly professional as the mourning of an undertaker."

Her fate is whispered by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in every plain and wood
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
 Swelled with new passion and o'erflows with tears;

and so on. Compare this with the sincere rhythm of Milton in *Lycidas*:—

But oh, the heavy change now thou art gone!
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!

clever ; he does not care so much for the beautiful as for the neat, the elegant, and the conventionally correct. He does not, like Wordsworth, love

The fields and mountains bare
And grass in the green fields ;

but he is at home in Lady Betty's drawing-room, and equal to the latest gossip there. He does not judge a character fairly ; but he takes every opportunity of uttering a "smart" epigram on any one ; as, in speaking of Bacon, he calls him

The greatest, wisest, meanest, of mankind.

Not one of these epithets is correct, and the last is simply untrue. But it is difficult to over-estimate the extreme neatness of some of his turns. Thus, speaking of a dandy, he says he would

(a) Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

And this is as true as it is epigrammatic :

(b) And not a vanity is given in vain.

Of a stupid person who had made the grand tour :—

(c) Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.

His compliments are perfect. Like all good compliments, they are generally indirect ; and their unexpectedness forms another delightful element. He says of the Duke of Buckingham :—

(d) Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight.

Of another friend :—

(e) Would ye be blest ? despise low joys, low gains,
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains,
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

The unexpectedness of the following must have been very pleasant to the Duchess of Bridgewater :

(f) Hence Beauty, waking all her tints, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Of his friend *Allen* he writes :—

(g) Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

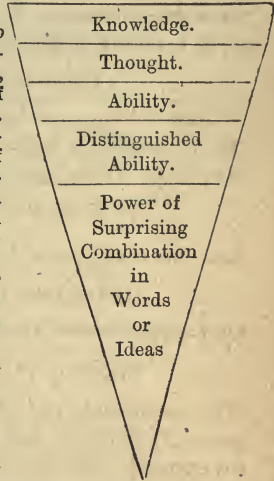
But Pope seems to have been brought to his wits' end by his admiration of Bishop Berkeley, the great philosopher :

(h) Manners with candour are to Benson given,
To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER XVI.

Ex. 1. Prepare the miscellaneous passages on p. 324 with the following notes :—

1. *A little* in the sense of *only a little*, or *too little*. 2. *The Pierian spring*. The spring frequented by the Muses, who were called *Pierides*, because they were born in Pieria, a district of Macedonia. 3. That is, of conscious effort. The art which is the flower and full development of natural powers is itself the creator of *grace*. 4. *Wit* is here equal to *artistic expression*. This is only one of the seven meanings in which it is employed in this essay. The word *wit* is merely the root-form of the old verb *witan*, to *know* (and still found in the phrase *to wit*), and it has been narrowing its meaning for the last five hundred years—or rather it has been limiting the *extent* of its meaning, while it has been enlarging its *content*, thus :
5. *Join together*. 6. The mountain in Phocis, in Greece, frequented by the Muses. 7. *Only or just*. The Germans use *einmal* in the same sense. 8. *Refines, becomes refined*. 9. Used in a *reflective* sense. 10. On the analogy of the phrase *a well-read person*. 11. An excellent example of alliteration.



Ex. 2. Prepare the passage from *The Essay on Criticism* with the following notes :—

1. A Latin use of the term *numeri* ; it here means *scanning*. 2. This is rather an affected use of the word. 3. See note 6 above. 4. A weak word, forced on Pope by his measure. 5. An example of the fault he is blaming—*tho' oft ; the ear ; the open*. 6. *Tire*, pronounced as a dissyllable, as *fire* always is in Old English poetry. 7. *Words to fill up*, like *do*, etc. 8. Used by Pope to exemplify the error. 9. Another example. 10. An old past participle, connected with *freight*. 11. Another example. But in the Spenserian and similar stanzas an Alexandrine is not "needless"; it sums up the sense, and rounds the melody of the whole stanza into a fuller music. Nor is it needless as Dryden employs it,—he makes it give a sonorosity and sweep to his lines. Above all, it breaks the monotony of the couplet, and here and there gives to it

A long resounding march and energy divine.

12. Waller's *smoothness* would have been a more appropriate term. 13. *Most easily*. This is rather a daring poetical licence ; but even Pope would

hardly have written *more easy*. 14. That is, there should be as great a use of *onomatopœia* as possible; those words which *imitate sounds* should be employed, like *shriek, purr, rumble, thunder, glide*. etc. And the following lines exemplify the advice. 15. *Ajax*, one of the Greek leaders at the siege of Troy. 16. *Camilla*, a daughter of a Volscian king, and a servant of Diana; she was a splendid runner. 17. Here Pope himself employs an Alexandrine, and with excellent effect.

Ex. 3. Prepare the passage from *The Rape of the Lock* with the following notes:—

1. The coffee-berries.
2. Spirits of wine.
3. In the older Latin sense of *pleasant*. The word has now been transferred to the person.
4. Porcelain.
5. The sense of smell.
6. Band of sylphs.
7. Smoking. The word *fume* is now only employed in a metaphorical sense—in a *fume* = in a *rage*.
8. *Aware*.
9. The old meaning of the Greek word is *army-leading*.

Ex. 4. Compare the two following translations of a celebrated passage from the eighth book of the *Iliad*, by (a) Pope and (b) Tennyson; state which seems to give the most distinct picture to the mind, and remark on the similarities or dissimilarities in phrase:

(a) POPE.

The troops exulting sat in order round,
 And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head.
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays,
 The long reflections of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky honours gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field;
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
 Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send;
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

(b) TENNYSON.

And these all night upon the bridge * of war
 Sat glorying ; many a fire before them blazed.
 As when in heaven the stars about the moon
 Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
 And every height comes out, and jutting peak
 And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
 Break open to their highest, and all the stars
 Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart :
 So many a fire between the ships and stream
 Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
 A thousand on the plain ; and close by each
 Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;
 And champing golden grain, the horses stood
 Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.

or more literally—

And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds
 Stood by their cars, waiting the thronèd morn.

Ex. 5. Compare in the same way as the above the two translations by (a) Cowper and (b) Sotheby.

(a) COWPER.

Big with great purposes and proud, they sat
 Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed
 Of even ranks, and watch'd their numerous fires.
 As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
 Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd
 The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
 Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
 The boundless blue, and ether open'd wide ;
 All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd ;
 So numerous seem'd those fires between the stream
 Of Xanthus blazing, and the fleet of Greece
 In prospect all of Troy,—a thousand fires,
 Each watch'd by fifty warriors, seated near ;
 The steeds beside the chariot stood, their corn
 Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
 Aurora should restore the light of day.

* Or, ridge.

(b) SOTHEBY.

But Troy elate, in orderly array
 All night around her numerous watch-fires lay.
 As when the stars, at night's illumined noon,
 Beam in their brightness round the full-orb'd moon,
 When sleeps the wind, and every mountain height,
 Rock, and hoar cliff, shine tow'ring up in light
 Then gleam the vales, and ether, widely riven,
 Expands to other stars another heaven ;
 While the lone shepherd, watchful of his fold,
 Looks wondering up, and gladdens to behold.
 Not less the fires, that through the nightly hours
 Spread war's whole scene before Troy's guarded towers
 Flung o'er the distant fleet a shadow gleam,
 And quivering play'd on Xanthus' silver stream.
 A thousand fires, and each, with separate blaze,
 O'er fifty warriors cast the undying rays ;
 Where their proud coursers, saturate with corn,
 Stood at their cars, and sniff'd the coming morn.

Ex. 6. Select from all the four translations (a) those phrases in which they agree; and (b) the passages or phrases in which each seems to be superior.

Ex. 7. Draw out a list of the phrases in the passages given from the *Odyssey* which are quite inadmissible in prose.

Ex. 8. Show the appositeness of the supposed rewards in the following lines from the *Essay on Man* (Ep. iv., 167-172).

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give humility a coach-and-six,
 Justice a cong'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.

Ex. 9. Select from the passages given in p. 328, all the instances of *antithesis*, and point out any that seem to be exaggerated.

Ex. 10. From the same passages select all the instances you can find of *superfluous epithet*.

Ex. 11. In the same passages note the *cæsuras*, and tabulate them thus:

— lines have the *cæsura* after — foot
 — " " " " " " — " etc.

Ex. 12. Comment on the following parallelisms :—

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.

—*Essay on Man*, Ep. ii., 217.

—Abashed the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in shape how lovely.

—*Par. Lost*, iv., 849.

For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be lov'd needs only seen.

—*Dryden's Hind and Panther*, i., 32.

Ex. 13. Comment on the following passage :—

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickl'd with a straw ;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age ;
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he stops, and life's poor play is o'er.

Ex. 14. Compare the above passage (a) in tone, (b) in separate incidents and details, and (c) in phraseology, with Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

Ex. 15. Select passages from Pope's works to illustrate or to prove the truth of the following statements by Mr. Lowell (*My Study Windows*, p. 316) :—

"If to be the greatest satirist of individual men, rather than of human nature ; if to be the highest expression which the life of the court and the ball-room has ever found in verse ; if to have added more phrases to our language than any other but Shakspeare ; if to have charmed four generations, makes a man a great poet,—then Pope is one."

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XVI.

1. When and where was Pope born? 2. What was his father? 3. Where did he retire to? 4. Give an instance of Pope's precocity. 5. What was the chief obstacle in the way of his education? 6. Who first encouraged him to write verses? 7. How old was he when he wrote the *Ode to Solitude*? 8. When was the *Essay on Criticism* published? 9. When the *Rape of the Lock*? 10. When the *Iliad*? 11. What was the origin of the *Dunciad*? 12. When did the *Essay on Man* appear? 13. How should the *Rape of the Lock* be classified? 14. What is the chief characteristic of the language of Pope's *Iliad*? 15. Who assisted Pope in the *Odyssey*? 16. What is the subject of the *Essay on Man*? 17. What of the *Dunciad*? 18. Mention the three chief faults of Pope's verse. 19. What is the chief defect of his versification?





CHAPTER XVII.

DEFOE AND SWIFT.

1. **D**ANIEL FOE, Defoe, or De Foe, was born in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the city of London, in the year 1661. His father was a butcher; and his grandfather a respectable yeoman, who farmed his own estate. At the age of fourteen he was sent to the Rev. Charles Morton's school, at Newington Green, in the north of London, with the view of becoming a Dissenting minister. He remained at school till he was nineteen; and this seems to have been the only formal education he ever received. He had, however, always been a hard reader; and he read all kinds of books, whatever came in his way. Soon after he left school, he appeared as an author; and his first production was a pamphlet against the "Inferior Clergy," with the title of "Speculum Crape-Gowniorum; or, a Looking Glass for the Young Academicks," etc. In 1685, he rode out to help in the great western rising in favour of the Duke of Monmouth; and, on the suppression of that rebellion, he had to go into hiding.

2. Soon after, he established himself in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill, as a wholesale hosier, a business which afterwards grew into that of general merchant. He was a strong political partisan, always on the side of the Whigs; and on the 4th of November, 1688, the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay, and Defoe and other friends of his cause went as far as Henley, in Oxfordshire, to meet him. "On this day," says Defoe, "he was born; on this day, he married the daughter of England; and on this day he rescued the nation from a bondage worse than that of Egypt." In 1692 he failed in business, and had to compound with his creditors; but it is said that he afterwards paid all of them to the last farthing. But, to avoid the then fearful horrors of a debtor's prison, he fled to Bristol, where he used to

appear in the streets on Sundays in a flowing wig, lace ruffles, a fine coat, and a sword by his side; and "he there attained the name of the Sunday Gentleman, because, through fear of the bailiffs, he dare not appear in public on any other day." He is said to have afterwards tried other businesses—those of hatter, printer, brick-and-tile maker, among others. His true mission was that of author; and he soon discovered this. In 1695, he was appointed—as a reward for his pamphlets on the side of the king—accountant to the Commission for managing the duties on glass; but the duty and the office were abolished in 1699.

3. In 1701 appeared his famous satire, in verse—"The True-born Englishman." The Jacobites, Tories, and mal-contents of the period had learned the habit of expressing their enmity to the king by the formula, "I am a true-born Englishman." These were the only verses he ever wrote; and they are very vigorous:

These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much;
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived.

Eighty thousand copies sold; and "William the Deliverer" was highly delighted. His next important pamphlet was, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," in which he ironically proposed, as the best way to convince these people, to cut off their ears, to slit their noses, to put them in the pillory, and to shut them up in prison. The church party of the time was in ecstasies; but when Defoe, seeing his paper misunderstood, issued an explanation, they were as deeply disgusted. He had to flee. An advertisement for his apprehension, in the *London Gazette*, describes him as "a middle-aged, spare man, about forty years old, of a brownish complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, and a large mole near his mouth." But, when the printer and publisher of his pamphlet were arrested, Defoe surrendered himself to save these innocent persons from punishment, and was sentenced to a fine of £200, three exposures in the pillory, and imprisonment during the queen's pleasure. The people, however, made his appearance in the pillory a triumph. The scaffolding was hung with flowers; a vast crowd accompanied him, cheering him with all their might; and glasses were brought out, and his health drunk over and over again. While in Newgate, Defoe was not idle: he brought out his *Examiner*-

Review—the earliest genuine newspaper—two, and latterly three times a week, and wrote the whole of it himself. He continued this paper single-handed for eight years. In 1704, by the intervention of Harley, he was released and presented with a sum of money. In 1706, he was put on the Commission for arranging the Union of England and Scotland; and his great knowledge of commercial affairs enabled him to render excellent service in regard to the trade relations of the two countries.

4. In 1713, at the age of fifty-two, he once more brought himself into trouble, by publishing a pamphlet entitled, "An Answer to the Question that Nobody Thinks of, viz, But what if the Queen should Die? and what if the Pretender should come?" He was arrested and sent to gaol; but was released in a few months and obtained the queen's pardon. He had now been fighting in the arena of politics for thirty years, with very varying fortune and several severe disasters; and he was tired of a life in which he had made ten enemies for one friend. He resolved to write his last pamphlet, and to give a full account of his conduct in public affairs; but, while engaged in this work, he was struck with apoplexy, and lay ill for six months. When he rose from his bed, though he was now fifty-four, he set to work at romance—writing with the vigour and elasticity of a young man of thirty; and within six years produced more than twelve works—such as "The Dumb Philosopher," "The History of the Plague," and "Robinson Crusoe." At the age of sixty, Defoe had spread his fame throughout England by his stories and miscellaneous works (such as "The Family Instructor," and "The Complete English Tradesman"); he had a beautiful house at Stoke Newington, and had made a comfortable fortune. His last days were made bitter by the ingratitude and injustice of his son. He continued writing up to the day of his death—although he suffered from several diseases during the last weeks of his life, gout, cancer in the stomach, debt, and an evil-minded child. He died on the 24th of April, 1731, in the seventieth year of his age.

5. Defoe was, if not the first, one of the first Englishmen who were authors by profession. He was one of the hardest-working literary men who ever lived, and is said to have written two hundred and fifty distinct books; and the titles alone—most of them long—would fill forty pages of this little book. "None of our writers," says Mr. Minto, "not even Shakespeare, shows half such a knowledge of the

circumstances of life among different ranks and conditions of men." The chief characteristic of his style is its extreme *realism*; he narrates the most improbable events with the most serious gravity, and he describes incidents which he could not have seen with the liveliness and interest of an eye-witness. He is the strongest representative of the *familiar and colloquial* style of writing English; and there is no English writer who has a greater wealth of language. Though his style is strong and nervous, his sentences are long, loose and ungrammatical—looser and more ungrammatical even than those of Sir Walter Scott. The use of homely language is one of the secrets of his magic; he writes as a garrulous kindly old sailor would speak. His romances have frequently been mistaken for real history; and Dr. Mead, an eminent physician, quoted as authentic history his *Journal of the Plague*. We cannot open the book without believing that Defoe is telling what he saw himself; his mind seems full to overflowing of the feeling of the time—when the grass was growing in the empty streets, when the infected houses were marked with red chalk, when no sound was to be heard but the tingle of the dead bell, the cry of the bell-men, "Bring out your dead," and the dull rumble of the dead-carts, and when the suburbs of the city were full of open pits into which the corpses of the victims were shot. He possessed a very large vocabulary, and an enormous stock of phrases; and his wealth in words is only to be compared to the wealth of Shakespeare himself. His illustrations are always homely—sometimes even coarse; and his humour is broad and open. Professor Masson says: "No man ever possessed a stronger imagination of that kind which, a situation being once conceived, teems with circumstances in exact keeping with it. When the ghost of Mrs. Veal appears to Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, it is in a 'scoured silk newly made up;' and when, after chatting with Mrs. Bargrave, and recommending to her Drelincourt's book on Death, the ghost takes her leave of the worthy woman, who has been quite unconscious all the time of the disembodied nature of her visitor, it is 'at Mrs. Bargrave's door, in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday, being market-day at Canterbury, at three-quarters after one in the afternoon.'" And he adds: "Defoe's description of London during the Plague leaves an impression of desolation far more death-like and dismal than the similar descriptions in Thucydides, Boccaccio, and Manzoni." The following

passage shows this realistic power of giving the most ample and minute detail, in a high degree:—

FROM "THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON."

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow,¹ for I had a great mind to see how things were managed on the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern² in shipping, I had a notion that it had³ been one of the best ways of securing⁴ one's self from the infection, to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity on that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.⁵

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts? Alas! sir,⁶ says he, almost desolate; all dead or sick! here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar,⁷ where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick. Then pointing to one house, There they are all dead, said he, and the house stands open; nobody dares to go into it. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night. Then he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There, says he, they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door, and so of other houses. Why, said I, what do you do here all alone? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God that I am not yet visited,⁸ tho' my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited? Why, says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little low-boarded house, and there my poor wife and two children live, said he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them. And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did mine too, I assure you.

But, said I, why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? Oh, sir, said he, the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man who was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. Well, said I, honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor! But

how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, says he, and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house: and then, says he, I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it. . . .

Well, said I, and have you given it them yet?

No, said he; but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman! says he, she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord! Here he stopt, and wept very much.

Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned⁹ to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment.

Oh, sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine?¹⁰

6. JONATHAN SWIFT is the greatest prose writer, and also the most original literary man of the eighteenth century. He was born in Dublin, in 1667. His father, also called Jonathan, was a native of Yorkshire, and second cousin to the poet Dryden; and his mother was also of English descent. His father died before he was born; he was early thrown upon the charity of relations, and this soured his temper in the beginning. An uncle sent him to school at Kilkenny, and afterwards, in 1682, to Trinity College, Dublin. His time at Trinity College was spent chiefly in irregular and desultory reading; and he obtained his degree only by special favour. In 1688—the year of the Revolution—he became, at the age of twenty-one, private secretary to Sir William Temple, who had married a relative of his mother. In this post he remained for eleven years, and had frequent opportunities of meeting—at Moor Park, an old house below Richmond Hill, on the banks of the Thames—the great writers and political men of the day. Among others, King William the III. came often, to consult Temple on difficult points of policy, as Charles II. had done before him. King William taught Swift how to dress asparagus in the Dutch fashion, and offered him a commission in a troop of horse. Swift expected something better, and this was the first disappointment in a life full of disappointments, which he endured with rage and mortification and bitter self-tormentings.

7. Swift lived in Moor Park till the death of Sir W. Temple, in 1699; and in that year he went to Ireland as chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Berkeley; from which office he received the appointment to two small country livings in Meath—Laracor and Rathbeggar. He lived at Laracor till 1710, only now and then coming to London to visit his friends, who belonged chiefly to the Whig party. Among these were Godolphin and Halifax, Somers and Addison. His first work, a pamphlet, entitled “Dissensions in Athens and Rome,” was written on the Whig side in defence of the ministers, who had been impeached, and it appeared in 1701. In 1704, he published the first, and probably the greatest, of his three great works—*The Tale of a Tub*. The story is a political allegory, and in this kind of composition Swift stands alone and unrivalled in English literature. The subject is the rise and character of the three Churches—of Rome, of England, and of Scotland. These are typified by Peter, Martin, and Jack—Peter from the name of the apostle, Martin after Martin Luther, and Jack from John Calvin. These three have had left by their father a coat each, without seam or adornment, and with the power of growing with the bodies of the wearers. Full instructions about the wearing and management of the coats are given in the father’s will—the Bible. But, in time, the three brothers begin to follow the fashions, and cover their coats with gold lace, and tags, and braid, and buttons, and top-knots, and other finery, until the original cloth is hid from sight. “I ought in method,” says Swift, “to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together, which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you could possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that, upon the time of their falling out,* there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen; but an infinite quantity of lace, and ribbons, and fringe, and embroidery, and points,—I mean only those tagged with silver,† for the rest fell off.” The brothers quarrel, and Peter turns Martin and Jack out of doors. Both of them now begin to try their best to tear off the trappings and embroideries, and to restore their coats

* Quarrelling.

† An allusion to those rites of the Church for which money was paid.

to their original condition (the purity of the Primitive Church), and this Martin (the Church of England) does discreetly and with care; but Jack is in such a rage that he tears off with the lace great pieces of the coat, and reduces the original garment to rags and tatters.

8. In 1710 Swift left the Whig party, for many reasons, known and unknown, good and bad, and attached himself to the Tories. His zeal on their side was the zeal of a convert and a disappointed man. Squib after squib, pamphlet after pamphlet was hurled against the Whigs, and Swift became the most popular man in London—flattered and feared by the great, the high-born, the witty and the wise. The two chief cabinet ministers were his friends—Harley, Earl of Oxford, and St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke. Swift's great object of ambition was a bishopric; but his friends did not dare to make the author of the Tale of a Tub (which is full of strong language and daring views) a bishop, and Swift was obliged to content himself (1713) with the deanery of the Cathedral of St. Patrick's in Dublin. This was another of the great disappointments of Swift's life, and it made his temper still more savage. From 1710 to 1714 he was the chief support of the Tory party; and his political pamphlets, which are considered to be the ablest ever written, reconciled the public to that administration. But in 1714, Queen Anne died; the Elector of Hanover, George I., succeeded; the Tory party fell; Oxford was lodged in the Tower; Bolingbroke fled to France; and Swift, with all his hopes blasted, retired to Dublin, to eat his heart in moody silence.

9. From 1714 to 1726 Swift resided constantly in Ireland; and in 1724 appeared the next of his three great works—"The Drapier's Letters." A Wolverhampton metal-worker, William Wood, had obtained from the government a patent to coin £180,000 worth of copper for circulation in Ireland. The Irish people objected on patriotic grounds; and Swift published a series of seven letters, said to have been written by M. B., Drapier, which had the effect of compelling the government to revoke the patent. Swift was now the most popular man in Ireland; and "The Dane" was the idol of the Dublin mob. His third and last great work, "Gulliver's Travels," appeared in 1726; and he came over to London for the purpose of publishing it. The book "was received with such avidity that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made," and this although

it was published anonymously. Everybody read it, and everybody praised it. Like Robinson Crusoe, many people in the country believed it to be a narrative of real events and a description of an existing country; and a sea-captain wrote to Swift for the purpose of correcting some of his details. He continued to write until 1736, his temper meanwhile growing more ferocious and his moods more and more sullen. He had a foreboding of insanity. One day, when walking in the deanery garden, he saw a tree which had begun to wither in its highest branches; and he stopped and pointed to it. "I am like that tree; I shall die a-top." He gradually ceased to write to or to see his friends; he shut himself up in his own room; he dwelt more and more on his own feelings; he paced up and down for ten hours a-day, never sitting down even to eat; he read—if he read anything—the chapter in Job beginning "Let the day perish wherein I was born"; and for the last three years of his life he never spoke a word. He had indulged disappointment and hatred of his fellow-men and savage moroseness to such a degree that he became melancholy mad. He died in October, 1745. To people who read, his fame is kept alive by his books; by the poorer classes of Dublin he is remembered in the name of Swift's Hospital—an asylum for idiots and the incurably insane. He left his money for this purpose—with a grim and almost inhuman humour,—

To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

Swift is thus described by Sir Walter Scott: "He was in person tall, strong, and well made, of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably expressed the stern, haughty and dauntless turn of his mind." His strength and his weakness lay in his strong egotism. He was made savage by the slightest contradiction; and dukes and great lords had to flatter and make court to him. He loved power and could not bear control. Even his power of loving others was largely mixed with selfishness.

10. Swift has written a good deal of verse; but he is known only by his prose—and chiefly by *Gulliver's Travels*. This is a satire on humanity, on the Church, the State, human customs, human prejudices, and human weakness. But, as in the case of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the *Fairie Queen*, every one forgets the inner meaning, and reads

it simply as a story. One of the secrets—perhaps the chief secret—of his style, is its *circumstantiality*. His imagination commands the most minute and petty details; and the insertion of these gives a startling look of reality to his narrative.

The trough in which Gulliver sails in the kingdom of Brobdingnag is described with the utmost minuteness: "It was three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep." "It had a tap near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half-an-hour." Very few authors would take the trouble to mention the *two* servants. "When I had done sailing, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry." Every detail of the household is fully thought out. Swift had an enormous mastery over language; and his power of sarcasm is unequalled. He is one of the clearest and most direct of writers. He is very fond of similes; but his similes always degrade—always make the thing compared lower and smaller than it really is in nature. This arose from the sneering, selfish, and unhappy turn of his mind. He aimed at simplicity; and he almost always reached his aim. His irony and humour have no kindness in them, as Shakespeare's always have; they are the playfulness of a mind that delights in hatred and in scorn. He is the best example of one species of the English mind—that which loves direct, plain, and powerful statement; which sees only one side of a question, but sees the whole of that, and makes no compromise and no allowance for the other side. In a country like England, where politics often enlist all the powers and passions of men, such strong characters frequently arise. But Swift's hatred and selfishness were not English; they were an unfortunate peculiarity of his own.

The following extract is from GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. The full title of the book is—

Travels into several Remote Nations of the World, by Captain Lemuel Gulliver.

THE ACADEMY OF PROJECTORS.

I was received very kindly by the Warden,¹ and went for many days to the Academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be ² in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man that I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face,

his hair and beard long, ragged and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers,³ which were to be put in "vials" hermetically⁴ sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially as this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present; for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine⁵ ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability⁶ of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downward to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent⁷ insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices⁸ in the same condition. Their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their masters taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them, at that time, not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.⁹

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs¹⁰ and participles, because, in reality, all things imaginable are but names.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever, and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity; for it is plain that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion,¹¹ and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, "that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on."

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER XVII.

Ex. 1. Prepare the passage from Defoe, with the following notes :—

1. Bow—now a part of London, west of *Stratford-le-Bow*. 2. *Interest* = something to do with. 3. *Would have been*—the old subjunctive, now used only in poetry. The subjunctive mood is now almost entirely out of use; it only survives in such phrases as *I had as lief, I had rather* (compare the German *Ich hätte lieber*, etc.). 4. *Secure* = to make safe. A contraction of the Latin *sine curâ*, without care. Hence we have *sinecure, secure*, etc. 5. *Going to sea*. 6. Defoe adds to the verisimilitude of this story by his constant introduction of *says he*; they come in so often that we cannot at last help believing that all this happened. 7. *Poplar* is now a part of London, which in its enormous growth during the present century has swallowed a score of such villages. 8. *Attacked*. The original phrase is *visited by God*; and coroners' juries still give as a verdict in a case where the cause of death is unknown, "Died by the visitation of God." 9. *Resigned*. The modern use of this word is very curious. One of the older meanings is to put one's mark (*signum*) to a document when giving it back (*re*); and hence it came to mean to give up. 10. *Repine* = to give one's self (the reflective force resides in the *re*) pain or pine.

Ex. 2. Prepare the *Academy of Projectors* with the following notes :—

1. *Warden*, the genuine English form of the word. *Guardian* is a Norman-French form. Compare *William, Guillaume*; *wise, guise*; *wile, guile*; *war, guerre*; *wicket, guichet*; *ward-robe, garde-robe*, etc. 2. Colloquial for *have been*. 3. *Cucumbers*, from Latin *cucumis*. The *b* intrudes between the two liquids *m* and *r*, as in *dissemble, number, nimble*, etc. 4. *Hermetically sealed*, sealed so as to prevent any air from getting in. The old meaning is *sealed with the mystic seal of Hermes Trismegistus* (thrice great), an old Egyptian philosopher, who was regarded in the Middle Ages as the Father of Alchemy. 5. *Calcine* = reduce to a fine chalk or powder. Swift's object is to show that the Royal Society, which he is here believed to be satirizing, attempted the most downright impossibilities. 6. From *malleus*, a hammer. Butler, in *Hudibras*, mentions Pythagoras as having first "made music malleable." What Pythagoras really did was to notice the different notes made by hammers of different sizes upon the anvil. 7. *Prudent* is a compressed form (through the French) of *provident, foreseeing*. 8. *Learners*, from *apprendre, to learn*. 9. *Fraternity* is a more technical word than *brotherhood*, and hence has in it a touch of contempt. 10. Leaving out *verbs*, which are the very life of speech. No sentence can even exist without a verb either expressed or thought. 11. *Corrosion*, again the greatest absurdity possible. The action of the lungs would prevent *corrosion* and everything like it, as "use destroys rust."

Ex. 3. Develop the meaning more fully, or illustrate the following passages from Swift's writings :—

(a) When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad side.

(b) If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

(c) Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it often go out of the crease and disfigure the paper.

(d) The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

(e) The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

(f) The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes, by the tail.

Ex. 4. Write a short paper on the *Table of Contemporaries from Milton to Dryden*, thus:—

1. Milton was eight years old when Shakspeare died.
2. Dryden was born in the year in which Drayton died.
3. Defoe was born in 1661; Fuller died in that year.
4. Pope and Gay were born in the year of the Revolution, and Bunyan died in the same year.
5. The poet Thomson was born in the year in which Dryden died (1700), etc., etc., etc.

Ex. 5. State the distances of time between the births and deaths of the following:—

Steele	was born 5 years before	S. Butler	died.
Pope	„ 12 „ „	Dryden	„
Bunyan	Cowley	
S. Butler	Shakspeare	
Taylor	Bacon	
Addison	Bunyan	
Temple	Fuller	
Swift	Temple	
Baxter	Bunyan	
Dryden	Cowley	
Locke	Taylor	
Defoe	Bunyan	
Swift	Dryden	

Ex. 6. Explain the sense of the following passages from Swift:—

- (a) The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.
- (b) Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.
- (c) No wise man ever wished to be younger.

(d) It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes upon the next. "Future ages shall talk of this; this will be famous to posterity:" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

(e) An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

(f) Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices: so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XVII.

1. When and where was Defoe born? 2. For what profession was he trained? 3. What side of politics did he take? 4. Mention some of the trades in which he was engaged. 5. What is the subject of his *True-born Englishman*? 6. What were the consequences of his pamphlet called *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*? 7. What newspaper did he write in Newgate? 8. How old was he when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe*? 9. When did he die? 10. How many books has he written? 11. When and where was Swift born? 12. Where was he educated? 13. Whom did he serve as secretary? 14. What was his next appointment? 15. When did he publish his *Tale of a Tub*? 16. What is the subject of this book? 17. To what party did Swift belong latterly? 18. What office in the Church did he rise to? 19. What was the origin of the *Drapier's Letters*? 20. When did *Gulliver's Travels* appear? 21. When did Swift die? 22. What is the purpose of the *Gulliver's Travels*?





CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM POPE TO GOLDSMITH.

1. **T**HE first half of the eighteenth century is crowded with the names of literary men, all of whom have left a fame more or less stable. Speaking broadly, it may be said that Prose was more cultivated in this period than Verse; and that the most prominent literary men were all writers of prose. The spirit of the time was prosaic; and there was an absence of enthusiasm—of great hopes and of great aspirations—which is unfavourable to the appearance of a great poet. The chief prose-writers in the first half of this century were the Essayists, ADDISON and STEELE; the Philosophers, BISHOP BERKELEY and BISHOP BUTLER; the Novelists, FIELDING, RICHARDSON, and STERNE; while only second-rate names represent Poetry—such as PRIOR and GAY, YOUNG and THOMSON. Only the shortest notices can be given of these writers.

2. JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719) is a splendid example of the great rewards which the State in his time bestowed upon literary merit. He was educated at the Charterhouse, where his friend Richard Steele also was. He earned some distinction at Oxford by his skill in writing Latin verses; and, not long after leaving college, some verses in honour of the king obtained for him a pension of £300 a year, with travelling expenses to enable him to spend some time on the Continent. His chief piece of good fortune came to him, however, from a poem on the Battle of Blenheim. The Lord Treasurer Godolphin is said to have admired the celebrated simile of the angel*

* So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

The comparison is with the Duke of Marlborough.

so much, that he offered him the post of Commissioner of Appeals. He gradually rose to be one of the principal secretaries of state, married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and lived for some time in Holland House, Kensington. Pope alludes to him as having

Married discord in a noble wife.

He died at the early age of forty-eight.

3. Addison is chiefly known by his *Essays*, which were first published in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. His papers were in the *Spectator* marked with one of the letters in the name *Clio*; and, among these, his *Essays on Milton* are perhaps the best, as they were the first in the eighteenth century to call the attention of Englishmen to the forgotten merits of that poet. He is also known by some hymns, which are distinguished by their exquisite tranquillity and sweetness. Such are the *ode* which begins

The spacious firmament on high

the *hymn* beginning

How are thy servants blest, O Lord;

and his exquisite version of the 23rd Psalm. Nothing can be finer than the gentleness and sweetness—somewhat ceremonious, as was the custom of the time—of these lines:—

The Lord my pasture shall prepare
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply
And guide me with a watchful eye.
My noontide walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

But it is as a prose-writer that Addison takes his highest place in English literature. His tragedy of *Cato* is dull and pompous; his poem on *Blenheim*, most young versifiers of the present day could surpass; but there is a pleasant air of quiet humour in his prose-writings which has never been equalled in its own kind. Every one has read Dr. Johnson's statement: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." And Lord Lytton goes even further: "His style has that nameless urbanity in which we recognise the perfection of manner; courteous, but not courtier-like; so dignified, yet so kindly; so easy, yet high-

bred. It is the most perfect form of English." His most agreeable papers are those in which Sir Roger de Coverley* appears; and these have been collected in one volume by Mr. W. H. Wills. The chief characteristic of his style is ease—which now and then becomes looseness; and he is a master of quiet banter and "polite ridicule." The following passage is a typical example of his manner of treating a subject :

Allegories,¹ when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse,² that make everything about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage,³ casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different manners of similitude, and that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this respect; great scholars are apt to fetch their comparisons and allusions from the sciences in which they are most conversant,⁴ so that a man may see the compass⁵ of their learning in a treatise on the most indifferent subject. I have read a discourse upon love which none but a profound chymist⁶ could understand, and have heard many a sermon that should only have been preached before a congregation of Cartesians.⁷ On the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances as are too mean and familiar.⁸ They are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or tennis,⁹ or for leading them from shop to shop, in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable allusions in both these kinds; but, for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and sciences.

4. RICHARD STEELE (1671-1729), or, as he was much oftener called during his lifetime, Dick Steele, was born in Dublin, but of English parents, and educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford. His friends refusing to buy him a commission in the army, he enlisted as a private in the Horse Guards; but he became a general favourite in the regiment, and his captain soon after obtained a cornetcy for him. His first work was a religious book called *The Christian Hero*; and this was written in the intervals of his carousings and gaieties. On

* The original conception of this character is due to Steele.

the death of King William, he left the army, and gave himself up entirely to literature and politics. By Addison's influence, he was appointed First Gazetteer; and from that post he rose to others under government. He founded a large number of minor periodicals—in addition to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, such as the *Town Talk*, the *Tea Table*, the *Chit Chat*, and others, which did not live long. For a pamphlet called the *Crisis* he was expelled the House of Commons. He was an impulsive man, and wrote and spoke out of the fulness of his heart, without the smallest regard to consequences. He has none of the literary art of Addison, or his felicity in choosing words. What is interesting in him is his warm heart and his generous feelings; and these found the most unlimited expression in his writings.

5. GEORGE BERKELEY (1684–1753) was also an Englishman born in Ireland. He is remarkable in literature as the first English writer who brought an exquisite, clear, and pleasant style to the discussion of philosophical subjects. He was one of the most subtle thinkers who ever lived; but he had the art of presenting these subtleties in language which made them plain. His *Theory of Vision* analyses the act of seeing, and shows how much of what is actually present exists in the act, and what element from our former experience can also be found in it. His most important work is the *Minute Philosopher*, in which he attacks scepticism. JOSEPH BUTLER (1692–1752), Bishop of Bristol and Dean of St. Paul's, is the author of one of the most able works on philosophy and religion which our literature contains. Its title is,—

The Analogy of Religion Natural and Revealed to the Constitution and Course of Nature.

It was written in reply to the deistic theories current in 1736. The book was the result of twenty years' study; and it still keeps a permanent place as one of the best text-books on Natural Theology. The style is extremely difficult; and the book is very hard reading—but this arose from the intensity of Butler's desire to be absolutely just to every objection and every argument that was presented to his mind. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE (1690–1762) deserves mention here, as one of the best letter-writers in the English language, and is usually ranked with Horace Walpole and Cowper. She was the

daughter of the Duke of Kingston, a personal friend of Addison, Pope, and other "wits" of Queen Anne's time. She has the merit of having introduced inoculation for the small-pox from Turkey—tried it on her own child, and braved the outcry both of the learned and of the ignorant public against her.

6. SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689–1761) was the son of a cabinet-maker, born in Derbyshire, and apprenticed to a printer at the age of fifteen. It was in the printing-office chiefly that he received his education; and his steadiness and intelligence gained for him the esteem of his master, who called him "the pillar of his house." He gained the reward of the "good apprentice," the hand of his master's daughter, and was soon himself the head of a printing establishment and bookseller's shop in Fleet Street. His chief literary experience up to the age of fifty-three, was writing letters for persons who could not write themselves, and prefaces for the booksellers. He now brought out his first novel, *Pamela*. It was the age of big books, long letters, slow minuet dancing, tedious journeys, and long titles. The title of the book is,

Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded; in a series of Familiar Letters from a Beautiful Young Damsel to her Parents, published in order to cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds of the Youth of Both Sexes; a Narrative which has its Foundation in Truth, and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety,—and so on for six lines more.

Some of the letters are twenty pages long; and the minuteness of the details is often wearisome. It was enormously successful, was often recommended from the pulpit, and five editions were sold in one year. Richardson was now the novelist of the day; and to *Pamela* succeeded,—

Clarissa Harlowe, and
Sir Charles Grandison.

The former is in sixteen volumes; and every one who could read throughout the length and breadth of England read them.

7. HENRY FIELDING (1707–1754) was the very opposite of Richardson in appearance, character, and temperament. Richardson was a fat little man, carefully dressed, nervous, timid, and vain; Fielding

was a tall, strong-built man, over six foot, red-faced, and overflowing with animal spirits. He was never out of debt and difficulty. When he married, his wife brought him a dowry of £1500. He thought this would last for ever, took a country-house, engaged a company of lackeys in splendid yellow livery, set up a stud and pack of hounds, and kept open house for the country-side. In less than three years all his money was gone. He became a barrister, was appointed a police-magistrate; and, in the courts of that day, saw the most terrible sides of the coarser English nature. After publishing a good many plays, he wrote his novel of *Joseph Andrews* in ridicule of Richardson's *Pamela*. His other novels are *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*. The works of Richardson are now little read, or not read at all, on account of their length, and the tediously fine wire-drawing of motive and feeling in them; those of Fielding are little read because of the coarseness of manners they display.

8. LAWRENCE STERNE (1713-1768) was born in Ireland, but of English parents. He entered the Church, and rose to be Rector of Sutton in Yorkshire, where he gave his time to "books, hunting, fiddling, and shooting." He is known in English literature as the author of

Tristram Shandy, and
The Sentimental Journey.

The novel of *Tristram Shandy* has no plot and almost no incident; its interest is to be found in the humorous characters it describes. The chief among these are an old retired officer, *Uncle Toby*, and his orderly, *Corporal Trim*. Sir Walter Scott says of these characters, that they have "exalted and honoured humanity," and that the description of them is "a lively picture of kindness and benevolence, blended with courage, gallantry, and simplicity." *The Sentimental Journey* is a series of observations on manners and character in France and Italy.

9. MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721) commonly called by his friends Mat Prior, was a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, spent his life chiefly as a diplomat, and was secretary to several embassies. He was a friend of Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, and rose to be our ambassador at Paris. He is best known by his tales and lighter verses; though he wrote a long poem called *Solomon*, which is now

never read. *Alma*, another poem on the "seat of the soul," was also written by him. Cowper speaks of the "charming ease" of his style. JOHN GAY (1688-1732) was in his youth an apprentice to a silk-mercator in London. He gave this up to devote himself to literature, and became also secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. He afterwards accompanied the Earl of Clarendon, as his private secretary, to Hanover. He spent the last years of his life in the family of the Duke of Queensbury, where he died at the early age of forty-four. Pope and Swift were his dear friends; and Pope speaks of him as,

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

Gay, in his fable of *The Hare and Many Friends* alludes to himself in the lines:

A Hare, who in a civil way
Complied with everything like Gay.

He is best known by his *Fables*, many of which are, however, mere dogrel, and the beautiful ballad of *Black-eyed Susan*. His longer poems are,

Trivia; or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London.
The Beggar's Opera.

10. YOUNG and THOMSON belong to a later generation. EDWARD YOUNG (1681-1765), was born at Upham, in Hampshire, where his father was Rector. He studied at Winchester and Oxford; spent most of his life as a courtier; entered the Church after fifty, and obtained the living of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. His best known poem is the

Night Thoughts.

In the last century this was a very popular book, especially with the peasantry of Scotland. Hardly a cottage or farmhouse in that country but contained three books—and most of them only three—The Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Night Thoughts. The serious and even gloomy tone, the strong, if not powerful, style of putting his remarks, and the pompous pulpit eloquence, in sonorous blank verse, pleased these grave persons. The poem is full of sententious remarks and epigrammatic statements, many of which have

11 JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748) was the son of the parish minister of Ednam, in Roxburghshire. After studying at the University of Edinburgh, he declined to enter the Church, and travelled up to London with the MS. of *Winter* in his pocket. He became tutor to several noble families, and received a post in the Court of Chancery. In 1726 *Winter* was published; in 1727 *Summer*: and in 1728 he published by subscription

The Four Seasons.

Pope was one of the subscribers, and he also polished and rewrote some of his lines in the latest edition. His other best poem is

The Castle of Indolence.

The publication of the *Seasons* seems to mark the turning-point in poetical style, and to be the first practical revolt against the school of Pope, even though Thomson's diction is florid, and sometimes even technical. Coleridge says that Cowper is immeasurably superior to Thomson in purity of diction, and in the harmony of blank verse; "yet still I feel the latter to have been the born poet." Professor Craik says: "If Young is all art and effort, Thomson is all negligence and nature. . . . There is no other poet who surrounds us with so much of the truth of nature;"* and he calls the Castle of Indolence "one of the gems of the language." The following passage is from his *Winter* :—

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes ¹
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day ²
 With a continual flow. The cherished ³ fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white :
 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy ⁴ current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar heads; and ere the languid sun
 Faints ⁵ from the west, emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wide dazzling ⁶ waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then ⁷ demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,

* By *nature* is here meant the *natural landscape*.

Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing⁸ store, and claim the little boon⁹
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling¹⁰ sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,¹¹
 And pecks and starts, and wonders where he is:
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
 And more unpitying¹² men, the garden seeks,
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating¹³ kine
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

The next passage is from *The Castle of Indolence*:

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,¹
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate.
 That like an emmet² thou must ever moil,³
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
 And, certës,⁴ there is for it reason great;
 For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,⁵
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come a heavier bale,⁶
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lonely dale,⁷ fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round;
 A most enchanting wizard⁸ did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell⁹ is nowhere found.¹⁰
 It was, I ween,¹¹ a lovely spot of ground!
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked¹² with spring, with summer half-embrown'd,
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, nor carèd e'en for play.

Was naught around but images of rest ;
 Sleep-soothing¹³ groves and quiet lawns between ;
 And flowery beds that slumberous influence¹⁴
 From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was weeping creature seen.
 Meantime, unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And hurl'd everywhere their waters sheen ;¹⁵
 That as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
 Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling¹⁶ murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle¹⁷ of the purling rills
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant¹⁸ shepherds piping in the dale ;
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock doves plain¹⁹ amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustles to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
 Yet still these sounds yblent²⁰ inclin'd all to sleep.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head²¹ it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the halfshut eye :
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky :
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh ;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance²² or unrest,
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

12. ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1757), was the chief Scotch poetical contemporary of Pope and Gay, and is regarded by Professor Craik as "the proper successor of Sir David Lyndsay, after the lapse of more than a century and a half." In 1725 he published a pastoral drama, *The Gentle Shepherd*, which is full of beautiful lines and charming expressions, and which is still read with pleasure in Scotland. It is a genuine pastoral, and not a mere china imitation of Theocritus or of the French writers—as Pope's so-called pastorals are. The men and women are shepherds, and not ladies and gentlemen dressed to "look the characters."

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER XVIII

Ex. 1. Prepare the passage from Addison with the following notes:—

1. An *allegory* carries to its extreme development the natural tendency of the human mind to compare one thing with another. This love of comparison lies at the root of all language. Thus, if we say "He is like a lion," that is a *simile*; if we say "He is a lion," it is a metaphor; and if we describe his actions and character *throughout* on the *supposition* that he really is a lion, it is an *allegory*. An allegory is therefore a *continuous metaphor*. Allegories are seldom now employed by any writers. 2. An *essay* or *article*. 3. *Advantageously placed*. 4. *Most familiar with*. *Conversant* comes from Latin *versari*, to keep going up and down in. 5. *The extent*. 6. The old spelling. *Alchymy* is an Arabic word (though originally from the Greek), as is evident from the prefix *al*=*the*, which we also find in *almanac*, *alcoran*, *alquazil* (a Moorish term in Spain), *alcohol*, *alcove*, etc. The *al* was gradually dropped. 7. The followers of *Des Cartes*, a great French philosopher in the seventeenth century. 8. *Familiar* in the older sense; we should now say *common-place*. *Familiar* comes from *familia*; *vulgar* from *vulgus*, the *common people*; so that, when Polonius in *Hamlet* says

Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar,

he means, "Treat your friends as members of your own family: but do not accept every man as your friend." 9. *Tennis*, a game of ball.

Ex. 2. Prepare the passage from the *Night Thoughts* with the following notes:—

1. *Abject*—a Latin word (*abjectus*) for *cast-down*. 2. *Passing wonder* = *surpassing everything that is wonderful*. 3. *Make*:—a modern writer would have said *frame*. 4. The meaning of the line

Connection exquisite of distant worlds,

seems doubtful. 5. *Absolute* is here used in the sense of *perfect*. 6. *Aghast* is a word connected with *ghost*, *gust*, *geyser*, &c. *Ghostly* in the old sense meant spiritual, as in the phrase, "his ghostly confessor." Compare the German *geistlich*. 7. "How reason reels!" This is carrying his view to a quite rhetorical extreme: and Young is much too fond of doing so.

Ex. 3. Compare, both in matter and in style, the passage from *Young* with the following passage from *Hamlet*:

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Ex. 4. Prepare the passage from *Winter* with the following notes:—

1. *Flake*. Some connect the word with *flock*, as a kindred form; others with German *Fleck*, a *spot*. 2. The three *cæsuras* in this line have a fine and true effect—and give the feeling of the width and steady continuousness of the storm. 3. Cherished by the farmer. 4. *Mazy* comes from an old England word *maze*=*folly*. *Mazle* meant to lose one's way. *Amaze* is to strike into forgetfulness. 5. *Faint* by poetic licence for faintly. 6. *Daze*. *dazzle*, *dizzu*, *dastard* are all from one root. 7. The force of the *then* does not seem clear. 8. *The winnowing store*=*the store* (of corn) *that is being*

winnowed. *Winnow* (old form, *window*) means *exposed to wind*. 9. *Boon*—not from Latin *bonum* (*a good thing*), but from Old English *ben*, a *request*. 10. *Embroid*, from French *embrouiller*. It here means *thickly mixed up with storm-clouds*. 11. The word *askance* is found in three forms—*askance*, *askew*, and *asquint*. It comes to us from an old Norse word *skā*=*oblique*. 12. *More un pitying* is an odd phrase—the comparative of a complete negative. 13. *Bleating* appears in our language also in the form *blatant*, which is an old present participle (in *and*) from *bleate*=*bleat*.

Ex. 5. Prepare the passage from *The Castle of Indolence* with the notes:—

The Castle of Indolence was written in the style of Spenser; but is very far from being a mere imitation. Spenser's stanza, his phraseology, his illustrations, and his archaisms, are all imitated with some closeness; but the tone and feeling are entirely Thomson's own.

1. *Toil* is the pure English ("Saxon") term for the Franco-Latin *labour*. It is only a form of *till*. 2. *Emmet* is the longer and older form of the word *ant*. 3. *Moil*, from Latin *molire*, to *work hard*. 4. *Certainly*. 5. An alliteration. 6. *Bale*, only now found in its compound *baleful*. 7. *Dale*, the English form of the German *Thal*. Compare *door*, *Thüre*; *do*, *thun*; *deep*, *tief*; *drag*, *tragen*, etc. 8. *Wizard*—from the adjective *wise*, which comes from *witan*, to *know*. 9. *Fell*, hence *felon*. 10. An alliteration. 11. *Ween*, connected with German *wahn*. 12. *Prankt*, connected with German *prangen*. 13. *Soothe* is said to be connected with *sooth*, *truth*. The connection in meaning is very remarkable. *To soothe* meant originally *to confirm for truth*; then *to flatter*; then *to compose by flattery*. 14. *Kest*=*cast*—a quite artificial archaism. 15. *Sheen*, an adjective from *shine*. Byron uses it as a noun, "The *sheen* of their spears was like stars on the sea." 16. *Lull*—hence *lullaby*. 17. *Prattle*—a diminutive from *prate*. 18. *Vacant*=*unoccupied*. 19. *Plain* is now only found in its compounds *complain* and *complaint*. 20. *Yblent*, an archaism. The *y* represents the old past participle prefix *ge*. 21. *Drowsy* is connected with *drone*. 22. *Noyance*, a Spenserian word. He has also *noyed* (from French *nuire*) for *annoyed*.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XVIII.

1. When was Addison born? 2. Where was he educated? 3. What Government office did he hold? 4. In what papers did his Essays first appear? 5. What is the "character" he may be said to have created? 6. When did he die? 7. Between what two dates does the life of Steele lie? 8. What periodicals did he found? 9. What is the most important work of Bishop Berkeley? 10. Give the full title of *Bütle's Analogy*. 11. What place does Lady Wortley Montague hold in English literature? 12. Who was Richardson? 13. What business was he engaged in? 14. Give the titles of his three novels. 15. Who wrote in ridicule of his *Pamela*? 16. In what year was Fielding born? 17. Who is the author of *Tristram Shandy*? 18. Who is the author of *Alma*? 19. What poems did Gay write? 20. Who wrote the *Night Thoughts*? 21. When did Young die? 22. When and where was Thomson born? 23. What are his two chief poems? 24. Where did Allan Ramsay live? 25. What is his chief poem?



CHAPTER XIX.

JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH.

1. **S**AMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, in the year 1709. He was the son of a bookseller there. At the age of nineteen, after having been at several schools, he was entered of Pembroke College, Oxford. He had formed a habit in his father's shop of desultory and miscellaneous reading; and he continued this habit at College, and his reading was as curious and out-of-the-way as it was extensive. He was known at Oxford for his power of writing Latin, and making jokes against the authorities. Poverty compelled him to leave Oxford before taking his degree. In 1736 he married a widow, Mrs. Porter, of Birmingham, who brought him a "fortune" of £800; and with this capital he opened a boarding-school at Lichfield. But the boarding-school was a complete failure; and in 1737 he came to London (*Irene*, a tragedy, in his pocket) with one of his pupils—David Garrick, the celebrated actor—and with the purpose of trying to live by his pen.

2. "This was," says Macaulay, "the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived." From this year, 1737, he laboured for a quarter of a century to maintain himself; and his life is a story of obscure misery and daily struggle. He was "tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick." He shared the lot of the poorest literary hacks of his time. "To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to

dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in a hospital and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-cat or the Scriblerus Club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the High Allies; who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternoster Row." Dr. Johnson wrote translations, polished other people's writings, wrote prefaces to them, compiled all kinds of books, wrote abridgments, articles for the magazines, and made himself generally useful. He was chiefly employed by CAVE—the man who founded in 1731 the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a periodical which still exists.

3. In 1737 he published his poem called *London*, a satire, which was praised by Pope. It is full of the bitterness of his own experience. In 1747, his fame was so well established, that a committee of booksellers engaged him to write a Dictionary of the English Language, for which he was to receive £1575. It was completed in 1755; and his university presented him with the honorary degree of M.A. to grace his title-page. In 1749 he published *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. He began *The Rambler* in 1750, and continued it till 1752, twice a week, without any assistance. His wife died in 1752; and his mother in 1759; and he wrote *Rasselas* to raise money to defray the expenses of her funeral. His life was still a struggle; but in 1762 a pension of £300 a-year from George III., who had a great esteem for Dr. Johnson, raised him above the necessity of literary drudgery. In 1779-81 appeared his *Lives of the Poets*. He died in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, in 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of his friend Garrick, with honours "more in number and in quality than were ever paid to any man of literature."

4. Curiously enough, Dr. Johnson is better known to Englishmen by what he has not written, than by what he has written; everybody knows the man himself, few read his books. This kind of immortality—which would have annoyed him greatly could he have foreseen

it—he owes to a Scotch laird, called James Boswell. This gentleman became the humble servant and devoted hanger-on of the great doctor, went with him everywhere, listened with his whole soul to everything he said, and would often sit up for hours after twelve o'clock at night that he might put upon paper his fresh impressions of what he had heard. The result was “The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., by James Boswell, Esq.”—one of the most entertaining books in all literature. In Boswell’s pages, every one may become acquainted at first-hand with the character of Dr. Johnson. Macaulay says:—“Johnson grown old is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus’s dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his moonlight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levitt, and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank,* all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood.”

5. His chief works are:—

- (1.) The Vanity of Human Wishes (a poem).
- (2.) Rasselas.
- (3.) The Dictionary.
- (4.) The Lives of the Poets.

(1.) THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES is a poem in imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal. It is written in the ordinary heroic couplet (5 x a) of the period, and is full of vigorous lines. Like all verses of the kind, it is splendid rhetoric and brilliant declamation, but not poetry in the truest sense. The subject of the poem is the misery of having our desires fulfilled, and the emptiness of mere ambition.

He says of Charles X. of Sweden:—

He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

*“He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets.”

The moral of the poem is the same as that of *Pope's Essay on Man*; and the conclusion is a noble piece of writing.

FROM "THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

Where¹ then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,²
 Roll darkling³ down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies⁴?
 Enquirer, cease; petitions⁵ yet remain
 Which heaven may hear; nor deem⁶ religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to heaven the measure and the choice⁷;
 Safe in His pow'r, whose⁸ eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious⁹ prayer.
 Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.¹⁰
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,¹¹
 Pour forth thy fervour for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
 For love, which scarce collective man¹² can fill;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted¹³ ill;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for men the laws of heav'n ordain;
 These goods He grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

(2.) *RASSELAS* is a kind of romance, with the moral everywhere obtruded. In that respect—in its painfully instructive and "lesson-giving" character—it may be compared with *Télémaque*. The central idea seems to be that no form of life is without its compensations. It was written "in the evenings of a week," and is, perhaps, the best example of Johnson's peculiar style.

(3.) *THE DICTIONARY* is a splendid piece of work. It is not scientific in its method of distinguishing and arranging the meaning of words, and many of its derivations are incorrect, as the true method of philological inquiry was quite unknown in his time.

But it is a work to which very great labour and much acute thinking have been given; and the original edition, with numerous quotations from English authors of different epochs, is very interesting reading.

(4.) THE LIVES OF THE POETS was originally written as a series of prefaces to an edition of the English poets; but it is now always printed in a separate form. In addition to *Milton* and others, it contains the lives of a large number of verse-writers who are never now read, and will never be read again. The style of this work is not so elaborate or rotund as that of *Rasselas* or of the *Rambler*.

6. The three chief peculiarities of his style are (a) its Latinized diction; (b) the pompous and ponderous movement of its rhythm; and (c), its ceaseless antithesis.

(a) One of the most characteristic examples of this is to be found in his criticism on a play mentioned by Boswell. Dr. Johnson said: "The *Rehearsal* has not wit enough to keep it sweet;" and then, pausing for a moment, he translated this simple English into "It has not sufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction." Macaulay says: "as soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. All his books are written in a learned language, in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse, in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love, in a language in which nobody ever thinks."

(b) The rhythm of his phrases, clauses, and sentences is, as all rhythm generally is, the expression in sound of the temperament and disposition of the writer. Johnson was clumsy, rough, and overbearing; and all his rhythms have a magisterial, authoritative, and ponderous movement. He makes a young lady of sixteen write thus (in the *Rambler*) about her aunt: "She had not very elevated sentiments, or extensive views, but her principles were good, and her intentions pure; and though some may practise more virtues, scarce any commit fewer faults." The following is another example of ponderosity: "In cities, and yet more in courts, the minute discriminations which distinguish one from another are for the most part effaced. The peculiarities of temper and opinion are generally worn away by promiscuous converse, as angular bodies and uneven surfaces lose their points and asperities by frequent attrition against one another, and approach by degrees to uniform rotundity."

(c) The constant antithesis of Johnson is the counterpart in prose of Pope's antithesis in poetry. Both proceeded from the disease of the time—the desire to say clever and pointed things, without much caring whether they were true. Point was the first concern; truth was generally a secondary consideration. The fashion of antithesis shows its essential falsity in the treatment of character. Many characters are made up of opposites; but it is dangerous to give one's self up to the temptation of saying striking things about these. It is an excellent means of calling attention to what one is saying; but such balanced phraseology as “too judicious to commit faults, but not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence,” becomes at last very tiresome.

7. The following passage, from the *Preface* to his *Dictionary*, is a good example of his later and better style. It is all the more interesting, as it expresses the same fear about the English language which had been in different ways and at different times expressed by Bacon, Waller, Dryden, and Pope.

FROM THE PREFACE TO THE DICTIONARY.

The great pest¹ of speech is frequency of translation. No book was ever turned from one language into another, without imparting something of its native idiom.² This is the most mischievous and comprehensive innovation; single words may enter by thousands, and the fabric³ of the tongue continue the same, but new phraseology⁴ changes much at once; it alters not the single stones of the building, but the order of the columns. If an academy⁵ should be established for the cultivation of our style,—which, I, who can never wish to see dependence⁶ 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 translators, whose idleness⁷ 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 insurmountable⁸ distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard⁹ what we cannot expel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by care, tho' death cannot be ultimately defeated; tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration;¹⁰ we have long preserved our constitution, let us make some struggles for our language.

8. OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at the village of Pallas, in the county of Longford, in the very heart of Ireland. The family was originally from the South of England, but had long been settled, as clergymen of the Protestant Church, in the sister country. His father's portrait is given in *Dr. Primrose*; and, like the doctor, he was a kind-hearted, pious, and muddle-headed man. Oliver's first school was managed by a dame, who used to say of him, "Never was so dull a boy." His next was under the care of "Paddy Byrne,"—one of Marlborough's old soldiers. Byrne's literary wealth consisted of a large stock of stories, about his own and other adventures, of old Irish ballads, and fairy tales; and he happened also to have a great love of and some turn for versifying. Both of these tastes young Goldsmith seems to have acquired from Byrne. At nine years of age he was attacked by the worst form of what was then a terrible disease—confluent small-pox; and the boy, who was plain enough before, was now, on his recovery, positively ugly. He was sent to another school at a distance; and, by the time he was sixteen, he had attended five schools—from none of which did he receive much profit. Masters and boys generally considered him "little better than a fool." His short, thick, clumsy figure, his scarred and seamed face, his shyness and awkwardness, were not likely to attract people, or to gain favourable opinions at first sight.

9. In 1745, Goldsmith was admitted at Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, or poor scholar. Much to his annoyance, he had to wear a coarse stuff gown and a red cap, and to perform sundry menial offices about the college. While engaged in his "studies," he was idle and despondent, spent too much of his time in "lounging about the college gates, playing the flute, and singing Irish songs," and was so poor he had often to pawn his books to raise half a crown. His greatest good fortune was the discovery that he could write ballads, which he disposed of to a printer at five shillings each; and his highest pleasure was to hear these ballads sung in the street. One evening, he was giving a dance and supper in his rooms, when his tutor, a Mr. Wilder (a violent and tyrannical man) burst open the door, abused Goldsmith in the grossest terms, and finally seized and struck him in the presence of his guests. Next day, Oliver sold all his books, and started to walk to Cork, on his way to America. His last shilling soon came; he had to subsist on this shilling for three days; and he "used afterwards to tell that the

most delicious meal he had ever tasted was a handful of gray pease given him in this wild walk by a girl at a wake, after twenty-four hours of fasting." At last he returned home; and his elder brother, Henry, went back with him to college, where he was re-admitted. In 1749, he took his B.A. degree—the last on the list.

10. After leaving college, he went home, and hung about idly for two years—fishing, otter-hunting, and lounging. At last he got a tutorship with a Mr. Flinn, in Roscommon; but he grew tired of this in a year, and suddenly set out again for America, by way of Cork—this time on a good horse and with thirty pounds in his pocket. In six weeks he once more reappeared at home, but without a penny, and on an aged bony nag, which he called Fiddleback. His relations were now disgusted; and only his uncle Contarine stood by him. From him Goldsmith received £50, for the purpose of going to London to study law. He got no farther than Dublin, where he lost all the money at a gaming table. Still his uncle was not tired. He sent him £50 once more; this time to go to Edinburgh to study medicine. Here he lived and "studied" for eighteen months. One of his professors (of the Practice of Physic) was Dr. John Rutherford, the grandfather of Sir Walter Scott. There is a letter of his to a friend in Ireland, giving an amusing description of the fashionable Edinburgh balls and assemblies: the death-like solemnity of the dancers of both sexes, the leanness and high cheek-bones of the men, and the ravishing effect of the Scottish dialect when spoken by a Scottish belle.

11. In 1754, he started for Leyden to continue his medical studies. He writes to his uncle: "Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here 'tis all a continued plain. There you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close, and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace" He remained ten months at Leyden. A Norwegian, Baron Holberg, had just died there, of whom Goldsmith says: "His thirst for knowledge was not to be satisfied till he had seen the world. Without money, recommendations, or friends, he undertook to set out upon his travels, and make the tour of Europe on foot. A good voice and a trifling skill in music were the only finances he had to support an undertaking so extensive; so he travelled by day, and at night sang at the doors of peasants' houses, to get himself a lodging." Goldsmith, fired by this example, one morning started from Leyden.

with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt, and a flute. He walked through Belgium to Paris,—met there some great men, among them Voltaire and Diderot—walked on through France into Switzerland, across the Alps, and through the North of Italy to Venice and Florence, and then back to Padua. In France his flute had often earned for him a warm welcome, a supper, and a bed; but in Italy he found every peasant a better musician than himself. He accordingly attempted the ancient resource (which still exists in some Italian Universities) of posting on the doors certain philosophical theses, which he defended; and this brought him a dinner, a night's lodging, and a small gratuity. He next fluted his way back through France; and, on the 1st of February, 1756, he landed at Dover, after an absence of two years, without a farthing in his pocket, but with mines of experience in his head. It took him a fortnight to work his way to London; and there he arrived at the age of twenty-seven.

12. It was the end of the reign of George the II. London at that time had a population of only 700,000 souls; and Old London Bridge, with the high houses on each side of it, was still standing. Literature was just becoming—thanks chiefly to Dr. Johnson—an independent profession, and was freeing itself from the patronage of noblemen. Fielding had been dead two years; and Dr. Johnson, now forty-seven, was just beginning to rise into fame. Whitehead was Poet-Laureate—Whitehead, whose poems no one in this generation has ever even seen. Goldsmith had hard work to keep himself from starving. He was usher, druggist, physician (in a second-hand worn-out suit of green and gold), reader for the press, and usher again. A bookseller, Griffiths, of Paternoster Row, next engaged him as a man-of-all-work and hack upon his *Monthly Review*. For board, lodging, and a small sum for pocket-money, he wrote articles and reviews; and his English was corrected by Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths. In about six months he went back to his post of usher at Peckham. At the end of 1758, he applied for an appointment as surgeon's mate in the Navy, and went up for examination at the College of Surgeons. To enable him to do this, Griffiths had become his security for a new suit of clothes. Goldsmith failed. A few days after his landlord was carried off to prison for debt; and Goldsmith, who could not bear to see the distress of the man's wife, rushed out, pawned the new clothes, and handed her the money. Griffiths learned this, called Goldsmith a "villain," and threatened extreme measures. "Sir,"

Goldsmith wrote in reply, "I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by Heaven! request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent something more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable." Griffiths relented.

13. Goldsmith was now established in London as a bookseller's hack. He wrote articles (for the *Bee*, the *Busybody*, the *Lady's Magazine*), reviews, prefaces, polished ill-written MSS., and made himself universally useful. But he was all the while thinking of a literary reputation for himself, and silently taking steps to build it. By slow and painful degrees he got his first book published; and in 1759 appeared "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." He now made the acquaintance of Bishop Percy (of the Ballads), Garrick, Smollett, and, best of all, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. In 1761 he was so prosperous as to get a guinea an article in the *Public Ledger*. In this paper appeared the Chinese Essays, which were afterwards published in a separate form under the title of "The Citizen of the World." Work and money began to pour in upon him. But he had several sources of expense, which kept him constantly in debt. He was fond of giving suppers; he was developing a taste for fine clothes, peach-coloured velvets, magnificent rings; and he was "sponged upon for guineas and half-guineas by rascals who knew his good nature." "A guinea could never remain a day whole in his pocket." He was now chiefly in the employment of Newbery, the bookseller, working hard all day, and spending his evenings with Dr. Johnson, or at Sir Joshua's, or at the "Literary Club." In 1764 he seems to have left Newbery, and to have got into difficulties. The following story is told by Boswell, in his *Life of Dr. Johnson*. "I received one morning," said Dr. Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and—as it was not in his power to come to me—begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to

him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit: told the landlady I would soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." This was the *Vicar of Wakefield*; the younger Newbery was the purchaser; but he did not bring it out for two years.

14. Another chief epoch in Goldsmith's life was the publication of the *Traveller*. There was room for a poem at that time—in 1764. Thomson had been dead for fifteen years; Gray produced little or nothing; and such poets as Akenside and Churchill could not satisfy the English taste for poetry. *The Traveller* met, accordingly, with a warm reception, and went through nine editions in as many years. The best thing said about it was the remark of Miss Reynolds: "I shall never more think Mr. Goldsmith ugly." Goldsmith had now his hands full of work. English Grammars, Histories of Philosophy, Surveys of Experimental Philosophy—subjects about which he knew little, subjects about which he knew nothing—all came alike to his facile powers. He was now living in Garden Court, a pretty row of houses in the Temple; and in 1768 he removed to 2, Brick Court, just above the Middle Temple Hall. Here he often disturbed Blackstone (of the "Commentaries") who lived below him, with "singing and stamping and general hullabaloo overhead." In 1766 his *Vicar of Wakefield* was published; and three editions were brought out in one year. It had also an immense and rapid circulation on the Continent, especially in Germany. Herder read it to Goethe four years after it appeared in London.

15. Goldsmith now, by the advice of Reynolds, began once more to try to get into practice as a physician. He ordered, as his principal apparatus, a splendid suit of clothes from his tailor, "purple silk small clothes [trousers], a handsome scarlet roquelaire [short cloak] buttoned to his chin," a full-dress wig, a sword, and, for the purposes of consultation, a heavy gold-headed cane. He got one patient, a Mrs. Sidebotham. For her he wrote a prescription of so powerful a nature that the apothecary refused to make it up; and, as the lady took the side of the apothecary, Dr. Goldsmith left the house in a passion, and vowed he would practise physic no more. Another means of making money and getting free from the terrible drudgery

of literary hack-work, now presented itself to Goldsmith's mind,—to write a play. He accordingly wrote the *Good-Natured Man*; and, after many difficulties, it was produced at Covent Garden in 1768. It brought him about £400. A *History of Rome* in two volumes, a *History of England* in four volumes, a *History of Greece*, a *History of the Earth and of Animated Nature* in eight volumes, occupied him between 1769 and 1774. He had no real knowledge of any of these subjects; but then he had the art of presenting other people's knowledge in the most interesting and attractive way—and “he touched nothing he did not adorn.” One day Gibbon called on him in Brick Court when he was at work on his *History of Greece*. “Oh!” said Goldsmith, “you are the very man I want to see. What was the name of that Indian king who gave Alexander the Great so much trouble?” “Montezuma, you mean, I suppose,” replied Gibbon, mischievously. Goldsmith quietly wrote it down: but Gibbon, fearing the joke would go too far, good-naturedly corrected himself: “I mistake; it was not Montezuma, it was Porus.”

16. In 1770 appeared *The Deserted Village: A Poem: by Dr. Goldsmith*. Four editions in one year, and passages from the poem in every one's mouth, were clear evidence of its success. Then came the comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which Professor Masson pronounces “the best thing of its kind in the English Literature of the eighteenth century.” His receipts for the last six years had been about £4000; and such a sum at that time was quite equal to £10,000 now. But he was always in debt. He had a “knack of hoping;” he could not say *No*; he was always sending money to his poor relations; the Grub Street hacks sponged on him for guineas, which were to be paid “next week;” and he “left everything” to his man Dennis. He now took a cottage on the Edgware Road—a “Shoemaker's paradise” he called it—where he worked hard at his *Animated Nature*. A visit of six weeks to Paris with some dear friends lightened his labours a little. In March, 1774, he came back from his country lodgings not very well. On the 25th he sent for a physician, Mr. Hawes. He found Goldsmith very ill, and doctoring himself with James's powders. He went on with the medicine against advice. He was also £2000 in debt, and dreadfully depressed at the prospect of not being able to pay it off. On the morning of Monday the 6th of April, 1774, “it was known through town that Goldsmith was dead. He died at half-past four that morning in strong convulsions.”

When Burke was told the news, he burst into tears. When Reynolds heard it, he left his sitting-room, and did no more work that day. How Johnson was affected at the moment we can only guess; but three months afterwards he wrote as follows to Bennet Langton: "Goldsmith died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man."* He died at the age of forty-five, and was buried in the Temple. A monument, with a Latin inscription by Dr. Johnson, was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, in 1776.

17. *His character and personal appearance.* Goldsmith was a mean-looking little man, five feet five inches high, with a big round head, a pale, seamed, and scarred face, a bulging forehead, and large pouting lips. Dr. Johnson was an enormous man, over six feet; and the sight of the two in Fleet Street—Goldsmith probably in bloom-coloured velvet and gold lace—must have been curious. He was beloved and "despised" by everybody. No one but would have thought it ridiculous to call him Dr. Goldsmith; he was generally known as *Noll*, or *Nolly*, or *Goldy*, or *poor little Goldsmith*. "Dr. Goldsmith is this sort of man: when he comes into a room, if you have not seen him before, you look at him with reverence because of his writings; but, before he leaves the room, you may be riding on his back." "When he comes into company," said Dr. Johnson, "he grows confused, and is unable to talk." "We were entertained as usual by Goldsmith's absurdities," writes Beauclerk. "He is a positive idiot except when he has his pen in his hand," says Masson. Garrick writes:—

Here lies Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

18. *His Works.* His best prose work is
The Vicar of Wakefield;

His best poem is the

Retaliation;

* Professor Masson's Memoir of Goldsmith, in the Globe Edition (Macmillan) of his works.

and his best play

She Stoops to Conquer.

The Vicar of Wakefield is "the first genuine novel of domestic life." It is full of original genius, of the feeling of a kindly heart, of the genuine nature of the most human of human beings. Goldsmith is, *par excellence*, the "Professor of Humanity" for the eighteenth century. And, as Professor Craik remarks, "the humour of the book is all good humour." There was no touch of sourness or acidity in Goldsmith; and even in his *Retaliation*, which was written in answer to many attacks, some of them coarse and unfeeling, we find nothing but "the keenest and kindest observation, and the quintessence of happy expression." The special characteristic of his style is the characteristic of the nature of the whole man—that is, kindness and good humour. By dint of long practice, his character came to express itself with complete transparency; and hence he wrote with "ease." He is the favourite of everybody, because he loved everybody; he was not a "good hater," but the opposite. He could not hate. His works consist chiefly of *compilations*; but none of them are without their charm. His original works he took great pains with; and they are all *true*. They are true, because he drew at first hand only, from his own experience of life, as every great writer does; and he understood other people through and through, because his own good heart and sweet blood sympathised completely with the feelings and the troubles of others. The verse of the *Traveller* and *Deserted Village* is the ordinary heroic verse, which Pope taught the English people to believe in as the only verse in which a "great" poet could write. *Retaliation* and *The Haunch of Venison* are written in an irregular anapæstic tetrameter measure (4 x x a).

Here Réy | nolds is láid, | and, to téll | you my mínd, |
He has nótt | left a wís | er or bét | ter behind. |

Mr. Forster says of *The Vicar of Wakefield*: "Good predominant over evil is briefly the purpose and moral of the little story. It is designed to show us that patience in suffering, that persevering reliance on the providence of God, that quiet labour, cheerful endeavour, and an indulgent forgiveness of the faults and infirmities of others, are the easy and certain means of pleasure in this world,

and of turning pain to noble uses." And Sir Walter Scott says: "We bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." The special marks of Goldsmith's style are its consummate ease, charming "naturalness," and constant good humour. The following passage from *The Vicar of Wakefield* is characteristic:—

FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger coming to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had a great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity¹ without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred, for, literally speaking, we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the *same flesh and blood with us*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy, friends, about us; for this remark will hold good thro' life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration on the colour of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house for the first time, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots; or sometimes a horse of small value; and I had always the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them.²

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered³ by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated⁴ courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

The following is a typical passage from *The Deserted Village*;—

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

A man he was to all the country¹ dear,
And passing² rich with forty pounds³ a-year;

Remote from town he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;⁴
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,⁵
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;⁶
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.⁷
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;⁸
 He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift,⁹ now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred here, and had his claims allowed;¹⁰
 The broken¹¹ soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,¹²
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity¹³ began.

 EXERCISES TO CHAPTER XIX.

Ex. 1. Prepare the passage on p. 371, with the following notes:—

1. *Where* = *in what*. 2. *Sedate* is here used in its primitive Latin sense, and is = *settled*. 3. *Darkling* = *in the dark*. The *ing* in this word is an old adverbial ending. So we had *naselings* = *on the nose*, and others. 4. *Skies* was a very common poetic equivalent for *God* or *heaven* in the eighteenth century. So Pope has, in his *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 413,—

And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

5. *Petitions*, a rather clumsy word, forced upon Dr. Johnson by the exigencies of his measure, instead of *prayer*. 6. This *deem* is to be connected with the previous imperative *cease*. 7. Leave to Heaven the *what* and the *how much*. 8. The antecedent to *whose* must be got out of *his*. 9. *Specious* hardly seems the right word here. The word probably had then a better meaning than it has now, and was perhaps equivalent to *with some show of right and truth*. 10. So, in Pope's *Essay on Man*, *Ep. I.*, l. 283:—

Submit;—in this or any other sphere
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear.

11. The sibilant sound in these two lines is excessive. 12. *Collective man* is a clumsy phrase for *all mankind*. 13. Transmuted into good by the power of patience.

Ex. 2. Prepare the two passages from Goldsmith with the following notes:—

PROSE. 1. The word *afinity* finely expresses that extremely distant rela-

tionship, that attenuated connection, which could gain these poor creatures a dinner or a bed for a night. 2. This is just the kindly practical joke that Goldsmith would himself have played upon such persons. The finest element in his writings is the *heart* in them, which is never wrong or out of place. 3. *Plundered* is the wrong word. A city is plundered, or a wine-cellar; but the things taken are *stolen*. 4. *Mutilated*. The Latin element of our language sometimes contributes a grave and ceremonious humour to a phrase. *Cut short* would not have been so fine.

POETRY. 1. *Country*, in the local sense of "the country-side." 2. *Surpassingly*. 3. The usual stipend for a curate in the eighteenth century. 4. *His place = his post* (i.e., for a higher or wealthier). 5. This may be compared with Chaucer's lines about a "porë persoun of a toun" in the *Prologue* :—

He settë not his benefice to huyre,
And left his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seyntë Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for souls.

6. Like the *Vicar of Bray*, in the popular ballad :—

And this is law, that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

7. A neat antithesis, with which no fault can be found. The antithesis is not sought for, but comes naturally to the poet from the nature of the case: he was so eager to help others, that he had no time to help himself. 8. *The vagrant train* is one of those artificial expressions that were considered very poetical in Pope's time. Compare such phrases from Pope as *the quivered deaths* (=arrows), *steely stores of war*, a *friendly form* (=a friend), *the menial train* (=the servants). 9. One who *spends* what others have gained for him by *thrift*. 10. See the passage quoted from the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Goldsmith, throughout his original writings, everywhere uses only his own experience; and this portrait of a country clergyman is said to be taken from his brother. 11. Campbell has the phrase *war-broken*. 12. *Done = done with, or past*. 13. His feelings of pity had helped the poor creatures, and prevented any appeal to principle or to charity.

Ex. 3. Write a short paper comparing the portraits of a country parson, as presented by *Chaucer*, *Dryden*, and *Goldsmith*, in (a) general tone; (b) special characteristics; and (c) self-consistency.

Ex. 4. Prepare the passage on p. 373 with the following notes:—

1. From the Latin *pestis = a plague*. "The plague" was generally, in the sixteenth century, called "the pest." 2. *Idiom*, from the Greek *idioma = something peculiar* (to the language it belongs to). From the same root is *idiot*, which in Greek meant simply *private person*. But it is very doubtful whether any foreign (or French) *idioms* have ever kept their place in the English language. The French, *je ne suis que* is found in Chaucer (for example, *I n'am but dead*), but it very soon died out after him. 3. *The fabric = the main body* of the language. 4. *Phraseology = manner of combining words into phrases*. 5. Like the *Académie Française*. 6. An Academy, by setting up certain writings as "models," makes new writers mere imitators of these, and thus increases "dependence," and kills off originality. 7. In-

dolence would seem to be the more appropriate word here. Coleridge was not an *idle* man when he was writing; but he was sometimes so *indolent* that he would not rise from his chapter to consult a book for the verification of a date or reference. 8. *To surmount a distress* seems hardly the right collocation of words. Johnson was rotund and powerful and eloquent; but he was not careful in the selection of his terms. 9. *Retard* is not quite the right word. 10. A modern writer would have said simply *to degenerate*.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XIX.

1. When and where was Dr. Johnson born? 2. Where was he educated? 3. When and why did he remove to London? 4. What was the social status of the literary man at this time? 5. What bookseller was the chief employer of Johnson? 6. When did *London* appear? 7. In what verse is it written? 8. When did he begin his *Dictionary*? 9. When did his wife die? 10. In what year did he publish his *Lives of the Poets*? 11. When and where did he die? 12. By what book is he best known to us? 13. What are his four chief works? 14. What is the subject of the *Rasselas*? 15. What are the three chief characteristics of his style? 16. When and where was Goldsmith born? 17. Who were his teachers in boyhood? 18. What University did he join? 19. Why did he go to Edinburgh? 20. Why to Leyden? 21. What was his next change? 22. In what year did he come to London? 23. What kind of work did he obtain? 24. What was his first book? 25. What is the story of the publication of the *Vicar of Wakefield*? 26. When was the *Traveller* published? 27. What profession did Goldsmith now resume? 28. When did the *Deserted Village* appear? 29. What does Prof. Masson say of *She Stoops to Conquer*? 30. When did he die? 31. What is his best poem?





CHAPTER XX.

THE CONTEMPORARIES OF JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH.

- D**AVID HUME (1711–1776), is known in literature both as an historian and as a philosopher. He left both law and commerce for literature, and supported himself in his youth chiefly by acting as tutor to several noblemen. In 1763 he was Secretary to the British Embassy in Paris, and on his return was appointed an Under-Secretary of State. His best known book is his

History of England.

The two chief qualities of his style are ease and perspicuity. He attained ease of expression by careful and hard work in his composition; and the perspicuity of his style arises from his exactitude and care in the use of his terms. Though a Scotchman, he avoided *Scotticisms* with the greatest assiduity.

2. ADAM SMITH (1723–1790), was another Scotchman who supported the intellectual claims of his country, and who is the founder of the science of Political Economy. He studied at Glasgow and Oxford. He was Professor of Logic and then of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow; and, by the influence of the Duke of Buccleuch, was appointed Commissioner of Customs in Scotland. His greatest work is an

Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.

This book, which was published about a century ago, in 1776, was the first to advocate the abolition of all commercial restrictions what ever—that is to say *Free Trade*; to prove that enlightened self-interest, by promoting its own ends, promotes the good of all; that

industry and commerce need no guidance from the State ; and that wealth does not consist in gold and silver, but in the abundance of food, clothing, and commodities. His work on Moral Philosophy is called the

Theory of Moral Sentiments ;

and its fundamental doctrine is, that *sympathy* is the basis of all the human virtues.

3. THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771), is one of the most remarkable examples in English Literature of a man who has made for himself a high fame by the very smallest amount of work. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge ; graduated in Civil Law ; and was appointed Professor of Modern History in his University ; but he never delivered any lectures. He spent most of his life at Cambridge, chiefly in reading, and was one of the most learned men in Europe. He was a very shy, very fastidious, and somewhat indolent man. His fastidiousness is seen in the small quantity of poetry he wrote, and the elaborate care with which he polished the lines. Much of his workmanship is absolutely perfect. His works are not to be enumerated by volumes, but by separate short poems, and almost by lines. His best known poems are :

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard ;
Pindaric Odes ;
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College ;
Hymn to Adversity.

He is said to have taken seven years in the writing of his Elegy, which contains only thirty-two stanzas.* Mr. Palgrave, the editor of the *Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrical Poems*, says that they are "perhaps the noblest stanzas in our language." He stands alone with Milton as the most careful workman in English poetry ; and in "finish" he is unrivalled. His reading lay chiefly in the classical and Italian poets ; and this raised the standard of his naturally fastidious taste. His poems are full of classical allusions ; and even the idioms are now and then Greek or Latin. "But," says Professor Craik, "the gorgeous brocade of the verse does not hide the true fire and fancy beneath." His *Letters* have been generally

*They are quatrains in iambic pentameter, alternately rhymed.

admitted to be superior to Pope's, or Swift's, and even to Horace Walpole's. There can be no better study in poetry than the careful and thorough examination of the *Elegy*. The language is absolutely truthful; it is always simple, though never bald, and the finish of the verse is beyond praise.

The following stanzas from his ode on the *Progress of Poesy* describe the feelings of Gray concerning three English poets:

Far from the sun and summer gale,¹
 In thy² green lap was Nature's Darling³ laid,
 What time⁴ where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty Mother⁵ did unveil
 Her awful face: The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 "This pencil⁶ take (she said), whose colours clear⁷
 Richly paint the vernal⁸ year;
 Thine too, these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy,⁹
 Of Horror¹⁰ that, and thrilling Fears,¹¹
 Or open the sacred source of sympathetic Tears."¹²

Nor second He,¹³ that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy¹⁴
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.

He pass'd the flaming¹⁵ bounds of Place¹⁶ and Time:
 The living Throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,¹⁷
 Closed his eyes in endless night.¹⁸
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two Coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long resounding pace.

Two contemporaries and friends of Gray worth mention are THOMAS WARTON (1728-1800), and JOSEPH WARTON. Thomas Warton was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and is the author of a

History of English Poetry,

"which," Professor Craik says, "unfinished as it is, is still perhaps our greatest work in this department of literary history." Dr. Joseph Warton was Head-master of Winchester School, and wrote an able essay on the *Genius and Writings of Pope*.

4. WILLIAM COLLINS (1720-1756), was born at Chichester, and educated at Winchester and Oxford. He left the University with a reputation for "ability and indolence." His ambition was to be a literary man; and he went to London "with many projects in his head, and little money in his pocket." In 1747 he published his *Odes*; but no one bought, or read, or noticed them. He called in the edition, burnt every copy, and left London for Germany, where his uncle was serving with his regiment. He died insane. Mr. Hazlitt says: "He might have done the greatest things. The germ is there." He is generally ranked with the great lyric writers in English literature—Ben Jonson, Milton, and Gray. Mr. Hazlitt thinks his *Ode on the Poetical Character* the best of all his writings. His ode on *The Passions* is full of picturesque writing; but the allegory seems too persistent and artificial. The lines on *Hope* are frequently quoted:

But thou,¹ O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?²
 Still³ it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!⁴
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme⁵ she chose
 A soft responsive voice⁶ was heard at every close;
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

Perhaps, however, his most characteristic poem is a short *Ode* written in the year 1746. It is full of a soft melancholy rhythm which is peculiar to this poet.

ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all⁷ their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd⁸ mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge⁹ is sung:
 There Honour¹⁰ comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

5. WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714-1763) is the author of two poems that were once famous, and which even now are sometimes read. They are—

The Schoolmistress, and
The Pastoral Ballad.

The Schoolmistress is written in the Spenserian stanza, and in the Spenserian style.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And, oftimes on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

The *Pastoral Ballad* is remarkable as the longest poem in the English language that is written in the anapæstic measure.

Ye shep | herds, so cheer | ful and gay |
Whose flocks | never care | lessly roam |

The first foot is usually an iambus; and, as both the iambus and the anapæst belong to the same system (having the accented syllable last), this is quite admissible. There is here and there a fine delicacy of touch, and that ease which comes from long practice, visible in the verses. The "pastoralism" is absurd, and of the mock-melting kind; but the feeling of the lines is often sweet and true. Thus:

She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

But the sentiment becomes ridiculous when the "deserted swain" utters his complaint in the following unnaturally natural style:

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.

6. In the midst of the highly conventional and artificial kinds of poetry which were cultivated in the last half of the eighteenth century, one seed was planted which was to grow splendid fruit in the nineteenth. This was the *Reliques of English Poetry*—a book which consisted chiefly of a collection of old ballads, and which led back the poetical feeling of England to the fresher sources of inspiration which lay behind the poetical vocabulary of the time. Poetry had dwindled into mere rhetoric, and from rhetoric into commonplace. “Little by little,” says Mrs. Browning, “by slow and desolate degrees, thought had perished out of the way of the appointed and most beaten rhythm; and we had the beaten rhythm, without the living footstep—we had the monotony of the military movement, without the heroic impulse.” The *Reliques* were collected by THOMAS PERCY (1728–1811), Bishop of Dromore. Burns drew his inspiration from the old songs of his native country; and the publication of the *SCOTTISH MINSTRELSY* by Sir W. Scott, in 1802, did much also to strip off “the conventionalities of phrase and rhythm.”

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER XX.

Ex. 1. Prepare the passage from *Gray* with the following notes:—

1. Far from the warmer *sun* (of Italy and Greece), and from the zephyr (“summer gale”) of these countries. 2. *Thy*; he is addressing England (“Albion”). 3. Shakspeare. *Darling* is a double diminutive of *dear*, by the addition of *el* and *ing*. 4. *What time* = and at that time—a Latin idiom. 5. Nature. 6. *Pencil*—in the sense of *brush*. 7. *Clear*, as opposed to *muddy*. 8. In spring, when the year is at its best. 9. An allusion to the scene in the *Merchant of Venice*, when Bassanio opens the right casket, and Portia exclaims:

How all the other passions fleet to air, etc.

10. Probably an allusion to the play of *Macbeth*. 11. Perhaps *Hamlet* is the play of which Gray was thinking. 12. *Romeo and Juliet* probably. 13. Milton. 14. *Extasy* (now generally written *ecstasy*) is a Greek word = *standing out (of one's self)*. 15. This is the phrase of the Latin poet Lucretius—*flammania moenia mundi (the flaming walls of the world)*. 16. We should now say *space* and *time*. The difference between *place* and *space* is that *place* is determined or defined *space*; while *space* is indeterminate and infinite place. 17. So Milton—

Dark with excess of light thy skirts appear!

18. But it was Milton's political and, not his poetical labours that brought on his blindness.

Ex. 2. Mr. Palgrave says: “This ode—*The Bard*—is founded on a fable that Edward I., after conquering Wales, put the native poets to death.

After lamenting his comrades, the bard prophesies the fate of Edward II. and the conquests of Edward III. : his death and that of the Black Prince: of Richard II., with the wars of York and Lancaster: the murder of Henry VI., and of Edward V. and his brother! He turns to the glory and prosperity following the accession of the Tudors, through Elizabeth's reign; and concludes with a vision of the poetry of Shakspeare and Milton."

Write out the above in columns, and place opposite each event the stanza in which it is alluded to.

Ex. 3. Write an analysis—similar to the above—of Gray's ode on the *Progress of Poesy*.

Ex. 4. Prepare the two passages from *Collins* with the following notes :

1. The passion described in the stanza before this was *despair*.

With woful measures wan Despair,—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

2. *Measure = tune or air*. The verse here breaks into the gayer and sprightlier *trochaic*. 3. *Still* was generally used in the poetry of the eighteenth century as equivalent to *ever* or *always*. 4. *Bade hail = saluted*. The scenes at *distance* correspond with the feelings of hope, which looks forward to a more or less *distant* time. 5. *Theme = subject set* (a Greek word). 6. It was her own voice; but writers of this period thought they gained something by using the indefinite article *a* in a passage like this instead of *her*. 7. *All* belongs to the noun *wishes*. 8. *Hallow* is the verb from *holy*. A *halwe* in Chaucer's time meant a *saint* (from Latin *sanctus*, *holy*—through the French). *Halwe* became *hallow*; and we still have *hallow* in the sense of *saint* in the name of *All Hallows' Day*. 9. *Dirge* from the Latin *dirige*, which is the beginning of a psalm that used to be read at funerals—*Dirige nos, Domine!* (*Guide us, O Lord!*) 10. Such personifications are very common—too common—in the eighteenth century.

Ex. 5. Compare Collins's description of *Hope*, with the following from Spenser :—

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look and lovely to behold ;
In silken samite she was light arrayed,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold :
She alway smiled, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinkle, dipped in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

[Points of comparison : 1. Personal appearance. 2. Dress. 3. What she does. 4. Character. 5. Agreement with the common ideas regarding *Hope*.]

Ex. 6. Write down the archaisms in form and in words which occur in the stanza from Shenstone's *Schoolmistress* on p. 390.

Ex. 7. Point out the archaisms in the following :—

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
 And liberty unbars her prison door ;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly ;
 And now the grassy cirque have covered o'er
 With boisterous revel rout and wild uproar ;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
 Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore ;
 For well may freedom erst so dearly won
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XX.

1. When was David Hume born? 2. What official position did he fill?
 3. What is his greatest work? 4. When did he die? 5. Who was Adam
 Smith? 6. What important work did he write? 7. What political doctrine
 did the book advocate? 8. What is the title of his work on Moral Philoso-
 phy? 9. When was Thomas Gray born? 10. Of what subject and where
 was he Professor? 11. By what poem is he best known? 12. How long
 did he take to write it? 13. Mention some others of his poems. 14. What
 book did Thomas Warton write? 15. When was Collins born, and when
 did he die? 16. What poem did Mr. Hazlitt think his best? 17. When
 did Shenstone live? 18. What poems did he write? 19. In what stanza is
 the *Schoolmistress* written? 20. What kind of verse is employed in the
Pastoral Ballad? 21. Who published the *Reliques of Ancient English
 Poetry*? 22. When? [1765.]





CHAPTER XXI.

BURKE, GIBBON AND OTHERS.

1. **E**DMUND BURKE (1730-1797), was born in Dublin, where his father was an attorney in good practice. His father was a Protestant; his mother a Roman Catholic; his uncles, with whom he spent several of his earlier years, were Catholics also; and his schoolmaster was a Quaker. Experience thus gave him the best lessons in what was then the new virtue of "toleration." He was a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1747 was entered of the Middle Temple. But neither at college nor in London did he give himself to regular study; miscellaneous reading—especially poetry—filled his time and thoughts.

2. In 1761 he was Private Secretary to the Secretary for Ireland; and in 1765, he obtained the higher appointment of Secretary to the Prime Minister, Lord Buckingham, who was his friend through life. In 1766 he entered Parliament as member for Wendover. In the famous dispute with the American Colonies, which ended in the separation from us of the "United States," he took the side of the colonists, and advocated their cause with eloquence that has never had a parallel. He sat in Parliament for eight-and-twenty years. The event which is perhaps the most memorable one in his life, is his conduct of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The trial began in 1788 and ended in 1794; but judgment was not delivered till 1796. Burke's opening speech lasted four days; and his reply nine. Macaulay, who regards Burke as his model of style, says of this oration: "As he spoke, the scenery of the East—rice-field and jungle, gilded temple and broad-bosomed river, with a sky of heated copper glowing over all—unfolded itself in a brilliant picture before the heated fancy of his audience; and, when the sufferings of the tortured Hindoos, and the desolation of their wasted fields, were

painted as only Burke could paint in words, the effect of the sudden contrast upon those who heard him was like the shock of a Leyden jar. Ladies sobbed and screamed, handkerchiefs and smelling bottles were in constant use, and some were even carried out in fits."

3. In 1794 Burke retired from Parliament. His son, and only child, had just been elected for Malton in his stead; but, before he could take his seat, he died. This broke him utterly down; and he returned to Beaconsfield "a desolate old man," into "obscurity and sorrow." He had been offered a peerage; but, on the death of his son, he declined the honour. He died, and was buried at Beaconsfield, on the 8th of July, 1797. He is described as "tall, and apparently endowed with much vigour of body; his presence was noble, and his appearance prepossessing." Dr. Johnson said of him: "Burke, sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street when you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted, you'd say, 'This is an extraordinary man.'" Goldsmith's lines on him are well known:

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on repining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.

And Macaulay tells us that in "richness of imagination he is superior to every orator ancient and modern."

4. His best known works are:

Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.
Reflections on the Revolution in France.
Letter to a Noble Lord.
Letters on a Regicide Peace.

De Quincey calls Burke "the supreme writer of his century." His whole life was a struggle and a fight; and accordingly his style is combative in the highest degree. He probably could not write, in his later days, without the stimulus of something to attack. He could not, then, be possessed of the patience and impartiality of a thinker; but he was probably the greatest rhetorician in English

literature. One of the most marked features of his style is, that he combines, perhaps to a higher degree than any other writer, "the eloquence and richness of a classical diction (that is, of a Latinized vocabulary) with all the nerve and energy of our Saxon vernacular." Another feature is, the enormous use of *metaphor*. He is "the greatest master of metaphor that the world has ever seen;" and he lays under contribution all kinds of knowledge for the purpose of illustrating the subject he is discussing. For example, of the results of the American war, he says: "We had a limb cut off; but we preserved the body. We lost our colonies; but we kept our constitution." Of his cautious parliamentary conduct: "I heaved the lead every inch I made." Of his struggles: "At every step of my progress in life (for at every step was I traversed and opposed), and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport, and again and again to prove my title to the honour of being useful to my country."

5. The three following passages are from his earlier as well as from his later works.

DESCENT OF HYDER ALI ON THE CARNATIC.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse¹ itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated² criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith³ which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became, at length, so confident of his force, so collected⁴ in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common⁵ detestation against⁶ the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud,⁷ he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor,⁸ which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene

of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately⁹ tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc.¹⁰ A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function—fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept¹¹ into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities, but escaping from the fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine. For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters of their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve¹² themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not¹³ one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

(Speech "On the Nabob of Arcot's Debts.")

HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

I cannot name this gentleman without remarking that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur; not to form a scale of the curiosity¹ of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts,—but to dive into the depths of dungeons;² to plunge³ into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions⁴ of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge⁵ and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken,⁶ and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country: I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realised in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross,⁷ the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so forestalled⁸ and monopolised this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit⁹ by such acts of benevolence hereafter.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

(Burke is said to have admitted that he spent more labour upon this passage than upon any other in his writings.)

As long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and State, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British lion; as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced¹ by the orders² of the State, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dykes of the low flat Bedford level³ will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France.⁴ As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects the lords and commons of this realm, the triple⁵ cord which no man can break; the solemn sworn constitutional frank-pledge⁶ of this nation; the firm guarantees of each other's being, and of each other's rights; the joint and several⁷ securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and dignity,—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe, and we are all safe together: the high from the blights of envy and the spoliation of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

6. The other great prose-writer of the second half of the eighteenth century was EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794). He was the son of a wealthy landowner, and was born at Putney. His mother was a person "who did little and died early." He was the only surviving child of a family of seven; and, being very delicate, he received no regular education. He learned a little Latin at the price of "many tears and some blood." But, from his childhood, he was, like Coleridge, an omnivorous reader. At fifteen, he was sent to Oxford, with—as he says himself in his short autobiography—"a stock of knowledge that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." He astonished the fellows and students there: "a thin little figure, with a large head, disputing and arguing with the greatest ability." His fondness for oriental literature gave rise to a report that he had turned Mahometan. In the course of his miscellaneous reading at Oxford, he lighted upon two works by the great French preacher Bossuet, and by an English Jesuit called Parsons; the perusal of these books converted him to the Roman Catholic faith: and this obliged him to leave the Univer-

sity. Oxford was then probably at its worst and dullest, given up "to port and prejudice;" and it did little for Gibbon except provide a library. "To the University of Oxford," he says, "I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother."

7. His father sent him to Lausanne, and placed him under the care of M. Pavilliard, the Protestant minister there, whose arguments and representations brought him back to Protestantism. While in Lausanne, he gained a complete mastery over French and Latin. He also fell in love with Mdlle. Curchod, who afterwards became the wife of the French finance minister, M. Necker, and the mother of the celebrated Mdme. de Staël. His father objected to the marriage; and the engagement was broken off. It illustrates oddly enough the tendency of the time to pompous and balanced sentences that Gibbon could not describe his feelings in any other way than in the comical antithesis: "I sighed as a lover, but obeyed as a son." He returned to his father's house in Hampshire, in 1758, "a most safe young man, singularly prone to large books, and a little too fond of French phrases and French ideas,"—spent his time chiefly in study—but also acted as captain in the Hampshire Militia; and he says that "the discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave him a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion."* In 1761, he published his first book—it was written in French—*Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature*—a work which excited some little attention in Paris, but none in England. In 1770 he entered Parliament, where he sat for eight years—never speaking, but voting steadily on the Conservative side. About three years before he entered Parliament, he visited Rome; and "it was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decline of the *city* rather than of the empire." All his reading now converged to the accomplishment of this great purpose. The death of his father in 1770 left him in possession of a large fortune; and he could now carry out his designs with more freedom. The first volume of his history ap-

* The phalanx was the Greek, and the legion the Roman, "division" of an army.

peared in 1776; and the first edition of it was brought out in a few days. Two more editions were brought out almost immediately, and were as speedily purchased. "My book," he says, "was on every table, and almost every toilette." In 1781, he retired to Lausanne; and, in a villa on the lake, gave himself up entirely to the composition of his history. "It was on the day, or rather night, of June 27, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene. The silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotion of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." The complete work appeared in 1788. The author died in 1794,—a few months before the birth of Mr. Grote.

8. Gibbon's great work is

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

This history covers a space of more than thirteen centuries, from the reign of Trajan (A.D. 98) to the fall of the Eastern Empire in 1453. It includes the decay and the fall of the Roman Empire, the irruptions of the barbarian tribes and nations, the establishment of the Eastern or Byzantine Empire at Constantinople; the rise and organization of the separate European nations after the supporting bands of the empire had fallen away; the beginnings of Mahometanism, as a religious and as a political power; and the brilliant story of the Crusades. In one word, the work is a description of how the ancient world grew into the modern world—how the old became new; and this is the most difficult and complex problem that an historian could set to himself. The power of Gibbon's mind may be measured by his enormous learning (and in this respect he ranks with the greatest names in the world), but still more by the organization and arrangement of the chaotic mass of materials with which he had to work. In no other history in the world, perhaps, is there so much

matter so skilfully disposed. He was a "prodigy of steady study;" and the number of Greek and Latin folios he read, and of MSS. he examined, is hardly to be exaggerated. Seldom has so much genius been combined with such unparalleled diligence. The blot upon the work is the existence of the celebrated fiftieth and sixteenth chapters, in which he tries to show that Christianity arose from merely secondary or historical causes. Mr. Arnold says: "When a Christian bishop, or doctor, or a religious king, comes before his field of vision, it is not in Gibbon to be just." He sneers solemnly at Christianity, because, like other disciples of Voltaire, he did not understand or sympathize with its spirit.

9. The two most striking features of his style are (*a*) the large proportion of Latin words and (*b*) the pomp of its rhythm. Mr. Marsh gives the percentage of "Anglo-Saxon" words employed by him as 58—which leaves 42 per cent. of Latin or Franco-Latin words; while Shakspeare has 85 per cent. of "Anglo-Saxon" words, the English Bible 97 per cent., and even Dr. Johnson has 75 per cent. The slow pomp—which sometimes becomes pompousness—of the rhythm comes partly from the temperament of the man, partly from the character of his subject, and partly from the stately ceremoniousness of the times. These were the days of George III., who spent three hours every evening in dancing the slow minuet with the princesses his daughters. "You should do everything," said Lord Chesterfield, "in minuet time." "It was in that time that Gibbon wrote his history, and such was the manner of the age. You fancy him in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword, wisely smiling, composedly rounding his periods. You seem to see the grave bows, the formal politeness, the finished deference. The deliberate emphasis, the slow acumen, the steady argument, the impressive narration, bring before us what is now a tradition, the picture of the correct eighteenth century gentleman, who never failed in a measured politeness, partly because it was due in propriety towards others, and partly because from his own dignity it was due most obviously to himself." The same critic adds: "Grave, tranquil, decorous pageantry is a part, as it were, of the essence of the age."—He had a wonderful command of words, and great skill in striking out fresh combinations and new phrases. Mr. Minto says that "he conveys incidentally, by a passing adjective, information that Macaulay would have set forth in a special sentence." When he writes his own life, he writes of him-

self in the same "loaded and luxuriant style, and in the same monotonous and magnetic periods in which he chronicles the fall of kings and the decay of empires; and in all his works, his style soon becomes fatiguing." The artificiality of his style became a "second nature" with him. The great scholar, Porson, said of it that "there could not be a better exercise for a schoolboy than to turn a page of it into English." He wrote the first chapter of his history three times over before he could satisfy himself; and after all, sent the first draft to the printer. He is said to have written most of the *History* with one pen. Gibbon's culture was almost entirely French; and it is worthy of mention that the three great historians of their century, Hume, Robertson,* and Gibbon, owe almost nothing to the traditional learning of England and Englishmen. Mr. Craik says: "Gibbon's style is very impure, abounding in Gallicisms; Hume's is, with all its natural elegance, almost as much infested with Scotticisms; Robertson's is unidiomatic."

THE ROMAN EMPIRE IN THE AGE OF THE ANTONINES.

Under the Roman empire, the labour of an industrious and ingenious people was variously, but incessantly, employed in the service of the rich. In their dress, their table, their houses, and their furniture, the favourites of fortune united every refinement of conveniency, of elegance, and of splendour, whatever¹ could evoke their pride, or gratify their sensuality. Such refinements, under the odious name of luxury, have been severely arraigned by the moralists of every age; and it might, perhaps, be more conducive to the virtue, as well as happiness,² of mankind, if all possessed the necessaries, and even³ the superfluities, of life. But in the present imperfect condition of society, luxury, though it may proceed from vice or folly, seems to be the only means that can correct the unequal distribution of property. The diligent mechanic, and the skilful artist, who have obtained no share in the division of the earth, receive a voluntary tax⁴ from the possessors of land; and the latter are prompted, by a sense of interest, to improve those estates, with whose⁵ produce they may purchase additional pleasures. This operation, the particular effects of which are felt in every society, acted with much more diffusive energy in the Roman world. . . . The most remote countries of the ancient world were ransacked⁶ to supply the pomp and delicacy of Rome. The forests of Scythia afforded some valuable furs. Amber was brought overland from the shores of the Baltic to the Danube;

* William Robertson (1721-1793) the author of "The History of the Reign of Charles V."

and the barbarians were astonished at the price which they received in exchange for so useless a commodity. . . . The objects of Oriental traffic were splendid and trifling; silk, a pound of which was esteemed not inferior in value to a pound of gold; precious stones, among which the pearl claimed the first rank after the diamond; and a variety of aromatics, that were consumed in religious worship and the pomp of funerals.⁷ . . . As the natives of Arabia and India were contented with the productions and manufactures of their own country, silver, on the side of the Romans, was the principal, if not the only, instrument of commerce.

10. THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770),

—the marvellous boy,

The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,

is as remarkable an instance of precocity as Pope or Keats. He was the son of a schoolmaster at Bristol, who died before he was born. Educated at a charity school, where only the three R's were taught in the most mechanical style, apprenticed at fifteen to a solicitor, he went to London at the age of seventeen with his head full of dreams of future greatness. He had acquired great notoriety at Bristol by issuing documents, drawings, and poems which he declared were the productions of "ane gode olde prieste" of the fifteenth century, called *Thomas Rowley*. The papers were written by himself on old stained parchment and in the old black letter. Gray pronounced them forgeries; but men like Horace Walpole were deceived by their apparent genuineness. In London, failure succeeded to failure, hope after hope left him; and in the "unconquerable pride" which he declared his ruling passion, he put an end to his life by taking poison, before he had reached the age of eighteen. Poems written by him at the age of eleven are said to be superior to Pope's, written at the age of twelve; and his satirical verses, published when he was only sixteen, are remarkable for vigour and sense. The following stanza is from one of these, called The Prophecy:

This truth of old was sorrow's friend—
 "Times at the worst will surely mend."
 The difficulty's then to know
 How long oppression's clock can go;
 When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
 And hope that their redemption's nigh.

The prevailing error of the poems ascribed to *Thomas Rowley* are the exaggerated archaism of their spelling, which belongs to no one period of English literature, but is a combination of the peculiarities of different periods, from that of the *Ormulum* down to the time of *Spenser*. Had English scholarship been in any degree usual in the eighteenth century, the existence of the single word *its* (which he spells *yttts*) would have been found sufficient to prove the spurious character of the documents; as this word exists neither in the *Bible* nor in *Shakspeare*, and only came into general use in the end of the seventeenth century. The mere appearance of such a verse as the following from "The Mynstrelle's Songe in Ella" might also have been enough:

O ! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
 O ! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a rennyng ryvere bee ;
 Mie love ys dedde
 Gon to hys deth-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

11. HORACE WALPOLE (1718-1797), one of the celebrated letter-writers of England, was the third son of Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was an indolent and indifferent member of Parliament for twenty-six years, and spent the greatest part of his time at Strawberry Hill, a villa which he had himself built at Twickenham in the Gothic style, collecting *bric-a-brac* and gossip, writing letters, and altering his house and grounds. He is the author of a novel called *The Castle of Otranto*. His best-known book is the

Anecdotes of Painting in England;

but his *Letters* show in the highest degree his special powers of wit, insight into character, and sarcasm.

12. The LETTERS of JUNIUS, which appeared in a London newspaper, called *The Public Advertiser* between the years 1769 and 1772 created great attention among the public and consternation in the Cabinet. They are still referred to as examples of powerful sarcasm and splendid declamation. It is now believed, however, that they owed most of their effect, not to their style, but to the knowledge they showed of State secrets. Some traitor in the Cabinet had informed this writer,

or was himself the writer. This, too, is given as the reason why the author of the letters never revealed himself; for, had the literary ability merely of his essays been the question, he might well have been proud to gather his harvest of open praise. Most of the evidence seems to point to Sir Philip Francis, who was a clerk in the War Office at the time the *Junius Letters* appeared, and who in 1773, the year after they ceased, was made a member of the Supreme Council of Bengal at a salary of £10,000 a year.

13. ROBERT HALL (1764–1831) was probably the most eloquent and fervid preacher of his generation. He was the son of a Baptist minister, and the youngest of a family of fourteen. He is a remarkable instance of precocity which did not come to an end with youth, but which grew into great and self-reliant power in middle age. *Edwards on the Freedom of the Will*, a difficult metaphysical work on the basis of Calvinistic theology, was his favourite book at the age of nine. He studied at Aberdeen, where he was the friend of Sir James Mackintosh, was minister at Cambridge, Leicester, and lastly at Bristol. His works consist chiefly of sermons, some of them worthy of comparison with Jeremy Taylor's. Such are the *Reflections on War*, and the *Funeral Service for the Princess Charlotte*. His style was formed upon Dr. Johnson's: he said that in his youth he "aped Johnson and preached Johnson;" and though he rose clear out of this imitation, yet the habit of using long Latin words remained with him to the last. His eloquence astonishes by the volume of its powerful and adequate phraseology, and by the majestic rhythms of his sentences. The following is an example:

By a series of criminal enterprises,¹ by the success of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the Free Towns of Germany has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed, in the only aperture² where it can be successfully repelled,—in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary

interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine, under God, in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are intrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion³ of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages,⁴ to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our laps opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre⁵ of wonders;—it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom.

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER XXI.

Ex. 1. Prepare the passage on p. 396 with the following notes:—

1. *Intercourse* is the term for *society* considered as a *series of actions*; the term *society* is applied to *intercourse* considered as a *state or condition*. 2. *Predestinated*—the strongest epithet he could have applied:—criminals so thorough-going that they had been fore-ordained to be criminals from all eternity. 3. *Faith*—a modern writer would have said *trust*. 4. We have the phrase *self-collected*. 5. The terms *mutual* and *common* are here rightly used. The phrase *mutual friend* is unintelligible; if A is a friend of B, it is probable that B is also a friend of his. 6. We should now say *of*. 7. The metaphor is taken from a thundercloud overcharged with electricity. 8. The change of the image to a *meteor* is another example of the confusion into which Burke sometimes fell from his enormous embarrassment of wealth. 9. *Adequately* to the circumstances. From the Latin *adequare*, to *equalize*. 10. *Havoc*—a dialectic form of *hawk*—the interchange of *v* with *w* is still common in the South of England. 11. *Swept*—the very word wanted, and not merely chosen for its own sake. 12. *Absolve themselves of*, not *free themselves from*, but *fulfil*. 13. The repetition of the *nots* strengthens the rhetorical effect.

Ex. 2. Prepare the passage on *Howard* with the following notes:—

1. *Curiosity*—the wish (or *carefulness*) to know. That is, to form a scale of the value in *knowledge* of certain objects of art. 2. *Dungeon*—from a middle-age Latin word *domnio*, a *stronghold*. The steps are: L. *domnio*; Provence, *donjô*; Old French, *dongnon*. Another form, found in Sir W. Scott, is *donjon*. 3. *To plunge, to dive*,—Burke always varies his terms with the finest feeling and judgment. 4. *Mansions*—with the feeling that

sorrow and pain confer dignity, and can turn a hovel into a palace. Compare C. Bowles's poem *The Pauper's Death-bed* :

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

5. *Gauge*. Diez derives this word from the Latin *æqualis*. The steps in this case are: Latin, *æqualicare*, to make equal; Old French, *égalter*; French, *egauger, gauger*. 6. The phrases here are admirably varied, and the sub-suggestion in *compare and collate*—that, while others were collating MSS. in comfortable libraries, he was *comparing* diseases at the momentary risk of his life—is very fine. 7. *Gross* is another form, a High-German form, of *great*. Another form is *groat*, which means *great penny*. To sell *by the gross*, meant to sell “by the great hundred of twelve dozen.” Hence our word *grocer*. 8. *Taken previous possession of*. 9. *To gain merit*.

Ex. 3. Prepare the passages on the *English Constitution* with the following notes:—

1. *Fenced*. *Fence* is a short form of *defence*, from Latin *defendere*. From the same root we have *fender*; and the verb *to fence* is the same word. The suggestion that the safety of our monarchy lies in its limitation is finely put in the phrase *not more limited than fenced*. 2. *Orders* = ranks—Peers and Commons, etc. 3. The Bedford Level is a wide tract of flat land on the east coast of England, lying round the Wash, and forming part of six counties. The first successful effort to keep the sea out was made by Francis, Earl of Bedford, in 1634; and this gave the country its name. The passage from Burke occurs in his letter to the Duke of Bedford. 4. This letter was published in 1792, when the horrors of the Revolution were approaching their worst. 5. *Triple*—the Latin word for *threefold*. From *tres* and *plicare*, to fold. Hence we have also *simplex* (= *sine plicâ*, without fold); *duplex*, *twofold*; *triplex*, etc. 6. *Frankpledge* was an Old English (or “Saxon”) law, which existed before the coming of the Normans, and by which the members of each tything (set of ten men) became responsible for the conduct of each other. If any one of these ten men committed an offence, the other nine were liable for his appearance before the court; and, if the offender absconded, or could not pay the penalty, the nine had to make it good. 7. *Joint and several*—a legal phrase. *Several* is here used for *separate*. *Several* is an adjective, from *sever*; as *sundry* from *sunder*.

Ex. 4. Prepare this passage from *Gibbon* with the following notes:—

1. *Whatever* = *all that*. 2. A modern writer would have repeated to *the*. 3. There seems a kind of self-contradiction here. If *all* possessed the *superfluities*, then these *superfluities* would no longer have that name. It has never been discovered on how low and cheap a scale human life can be sustained; and therefore the only *practical* meaning of *superfluity* is that which only some have, and others are compelled to go without. 4. The earlier form of the word *task*; something imposed. 5. This use of the subjective possessive (*whose*) instead of the objective possessive (*of which*) is hardly logical. Even *from which* would not have been too strong. Besides, it seems settled that the subjective possessive shall now never be used of things. We do not say, *the house's roof*, nor *the house whose roof*. 6.

Ransack—from a Danish compound—*rann*, a house, and *sackan*, to search or visit. 7. From the Latin *funus*, through the French *funerailles*.

Ex. 5. Prepare the passage from *Robert Hall* with the following notes:—

1. This passage is from a sermon entitled “Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis,” published in 1803, when Bonaparte was preparing to invade England. 2. *Aperture*—figuratively speaking. Thermopylæ (“hot-springs”) was a pass in Greece, defended by Leonidas and his Spartans; and now England is the Thermopylæ for the whole world. 3. *Colour and complexion* seems a needless repetition; but Mr. Hall probably had in his head the metaphor of the “thick night” in the next sentence—a night in which no “colour” or “complexion” can be visible. 4. He is alluding here to the Reformation. 5. *Theatre*, in the old sense of *something seen—a spectacle*.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XXI.

1. When and where was Burke born? 2. Where did he study? 3. To what profession did he belong? 4. In the dispute with the American Colonies, what side did he take? 5. In what great trial was he engaged? 6. When did he retire from Parliament? 7. When did he die? 8. Mention some of his greatest works. 9. What are the two chief features of his style? 10. When was Gibbon born? 11. Where did he study? 12. After leaving Oxford, where did he settle? 13. What was the title of his first book? 14. When did he conceive the idea of his greatest work? 15. What is the title of that book? 16. What space of time does the history cover? 17. Mention one of the most striking features of his style. 18. When was Chatterton born? 19. When and how did he die? 20. What is the error which runs through all his imitations? 21. Who was Horace Walpole? 22. What books did he write? 23. Who was *Junius*? 24. How did he gain his fame? 25. When was Robert Hall born? 26. What are his best writings? 27. On whose style did he form his own?





CHAPTER XXII.

COWPER, BURNS AND CRABBE.

1. **W**ILLIAM COWPER was born at Great Perkhampstead, in Berkshire, on the 26th of November, 1731. His father was the Rev. John Cowper, Rector of the parish, and Chaplain to George II. He was a descendant of Sir William Cowper, the friend of Hooker, on whom he wrote an epitaph. The lines are much above those usual in such a composition. Among them are:

Though nothing can be spoke worthy his fame,
Or the remembrance of that precious name,
JUDICIOUS HOOKER: though this cost be spent
On him that has a lasting monument
In his own books; yet ought we to express,
If not his worth, yet our respectfulness.

His mother's name was Ann Donne, descended, it is said, by four different lines from Henry III. She died when William was only six years old; and her loss was felt by her son all through his life.

I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, tho' I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

He was a delicate, shy, and sensitive boy; and his father paid more attention to his own studies than to his young family. At the age of seven he was sent to a country school, where he was bullied by some of his schoolfellows from day to day. There was one boy especially who devoted himself to this cruel art with such complete success, that Cowper writes: "I had such a dread of him, that I did not dare lift my eyes to his face. I knew him best by his shoe buckle." This daily torture told upon his health, and probably laid the seeds of the terrible malady—insanity—which afterwards des-

troyed so much of his happiness, and darkened so many years of his life. The cruelty was discovered, and Cowper was removed from the school. Soon after he caught inflammation of the eyes, and was put under the care of an oculist, with whom he lived a very dull and unhealthy life for two years. He was not allowed to read; and he probably acquired a habit of dwelling too much on his own consciousness and mental troubles.

2. At ten years of age he was sent to Westminster School. He worked hard there—was very happy both in and out of school—a favourite both with masters and boys; good at his books, and also at cricket and football. The usher of his form was Vincent Bourne, the author of many charming Latin poems, which Cowper afterwards translated into English verse. Among his schoolfellows were Warren Hastings and Impey (whom Macaulay has branded with eternal dishonour in his famous essay), George Colman the playwright, and Charles Churchill, afterwards a Poet-Laureate. As early as fourteen, Cowper began to write verse. But, more wisely, he read with eagerness the works of the greater English poets—especially Milton and Cowley. He is said to have known Milton nearly by heart.

3. He left Westminster in 1748, with the intention of studying for the bar, and was entered of the Inner Temple in the same year. He was also articled for three years to a solicitor. During this period he spent much of his time at the house of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, in Southampton Row, in the company of his two cousins Harriet and Theodora. He fell in love with Theodora, and they were engaged. At the end of his clerkship in 1752, he went to reside in the Middle Temple; and here he had a pretty severe attack of that form of insanity which is called melancholia. A change of scene was advised; and Cowper went down to Southampton, where he spent some months. In 1754 he returned to London and was called to the bar. Even at this time he complains of his attacks of melancholy. In an epistle to his friend Lloyd, he says that he writes,—

but to divert a fierce banditti
 (Sworn foes to everything that's witty),
 That, with a black infernal train,
 Make cruel inroads in my brain,
 And daily threaten to drive thence
 My little garrison of sense;

The fierce banditti which I mean
Are gloomy thoughts led on by Spleen.

His uncle Ashley Cowper now thought it right, for many reasons, to break off the engagement between the two cousins; and they parted, never to see each other again. Theodora remained true to Cowper and to his memory during the whole of a long life, which extended to ninety years. Another sorrow fell upon Cowper: his father died in 1756. He had always looked upon the rectory at Berkhamstead as his home; he had now to give it up; and the parting was very bitter.

4. Cowper never had a brief; but in 1757 he was appointed, through the influence of his family, Commissioner of Bankrupts, at a salary of £60 a year. He now began to give some time to literature, and wrote a few articles in a magazine called *The Connoisseur*. He also produced, like Goldsmith, "several halfpenny ballads, two or three of which had the honour to become popular." In 1763, his cousin, Major Cowper, offered him the appointment of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords. The new clerk was called upon to give evidence of qualification at the bar of the House. This shy and sensitive man, who said of himself that "doing anything in public was mortal poison" to him, became the prey of hourly terrors, which nothing could dissipate. His fits of melancholy culminated in madness, and he made three attempts upon his own life. His recovery from the last left nothing behind it but the strong internal conviction that he was condemned by God beyond hope. His friends placed him in a lunatic asylum at St. Alban's, under the care of Dr. Cotton. He recovered in about four months; but he stayed longer in the asylum, fearing to face the hard world and its responsibilities. He resigned his Commissionership of Bankruptcy; and from this time, through most of his life, he was almost entirely dependent on the support of his relations and friends, several of whom joined in making him an allowance.

5. Cowper now removed to Huntingdon, to be near his brother John, a tutor at Cambridge. Here he became acquainted with a young man—William Cawthorne Unwin; and soon after he removed (in 1765) into the house of young Unwin's father, where he became a permanent resident. Here he was very happy, and spent perhaps the healthiest years of his whole mental existence. Two years after—in

1767—Mr. Unwin was thrown from his horse, fractured his skull, and died four days after. The household was broken up; but Cowper, to whom Mrs. Unwin had been instead of a mother, resolved to migrate with her. They removed to Olney, in Buckinghamshire. The clergyman of Olney was the Rev. John Newton, a man of the strongest and most passionate feeling, large-hearted but narrow-minded, and totally unfit to exercise a good influence upon a nervous nature like Cowper's. Newton had been a common sailor, of vicious habits; had undergone many miseries and adventures; had been flogged; had worked as a slave in a plantation in Sierra Leone; and had been shipwrecked, escaping only with his life. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin took up their abode in a house called Orchard Side, close to the Vicarage in which Mr. Newton lived; and for twelve years he and Cowper were hardly ever twelve hours apart. Under Newton's influence, Cowper visited the sick, read with them, and prayed with them, and also held public prayer-meetings. But the stimulant of Newton's influence increased Cowper's morbid melancholy; and this produced another severe attack of his malady, in 1773. The best result of the intercourse with Newton was the composition of the *Olney Hymns*, many of which are very beautiful, and have gained a permanent place in the language. This volume was not published till 1779. In the first beginnings of recovery, Cowper took with some eagerness to gardening and carpentering. A friend sent him three hares, which became his daily companions. He soon became surrounded with animals of all sorts, the presents of other friends—pigeons, canaries, goldfinches, a magpie, a jay, a starling, two dogs, two guinea-pigs, and five rabbits.

6. In 1779 Mr. Newton left Olney; and Cowper formed the acquaintance of Mr. Bull (*carissimus Taurorum* he calls him), a much more bright, lively, and healthful friend for him than Mr. Newton. From this year began his true literary life. On Mrs. Unwin's suggestion, he began the poem called *The Progress of Error*, and soon after followed it with *Truth, Table Talk*, and other poems, enough to make a volume, which was published in 1782. These poems were original, both in matter and style; and they bear no traces of the influence of other English poets. In fact, Cowper says in one of his letters about this time, that he had only read one English poet for the last twenty years. His aim was to write upon Religion; to show that Religion was a fit theme for poetry; to occupy the one field

which he believed the poets had left deserted. "All other themes," he says,

"are sped,
Hackneyed and worn to the last flimsy thread."

The thoughts and sentiments of these poems are entirely his own; in fact, he had no library, and had to depend upon loans of books from his friends. The strength and the point of them comes from the fact that Cowper wrote only (or chiefly) of what he had himself seen, observed, and knew; and the portraits of the fox-hunting clergyman in *The Progress of Error*, of the prosy person in *Conversation*, and of "Sir Smug" in *Hope*, are among the most vigorous in literature. The volume was published at the modest price of three shillings; but, in spite of the praise of some of the magazines, and also of Dr. Franklin, it did not sell.

7. In 1781, Lady Austen came to reside at Olney. An acquaintance began between her and Cowper; and they soon came to calling each other "William" and "sister Anne." The lady was lively, charming, full of gaiety and animal spirits, "very sensible and of infinite vivacity," and her society had the best effect upon the mind and nerves of Cowper. The three companions—Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austen, and Cowper, dined, walked, and picnicked together constantly; and at last they dined at each other's house every day. When evil spirits attacked Cowper, the sprightliness and charm of Lady Austen could chase them away. One afternoon, to cheer him during a melancholy fit, she told him the story of *John Gilpin*; he lay awake half the night turning it into verse, amid roars of laughter from himself, and next morning wrote it out, and presented it to the lady. It was sent to London to be printed, and became at once so popular that the press could not supply copies with sufficient speed. The original of the poem was a Mr. Beyer, a linen-draper at the corner of Paternoster Row and Cheapside. But Lady Austen imposed upon him a higher task. She had often begged him to try blank verse. "I will," said he, "if you will give me a subject." "Oh, you can write upon any subject. Write upon this sofa." And so, in 1783, his poem *THE TASK* was begun. In this work Cowper was supremely happy; and the three companions formed what seemed a fast friendship. Cowper says of it himself, in a poem called "*A poetical Epistle to Lady Austen*:"

“ A transient visit intervening,
 And made almost without a meaning,
 Produced a friendship, then begun,
 That has cemented us in one :
 And placed it in our power to prove,
 By long fidelity and love
 That Solomon has wisely spoken,—
 ‘ A threefold cord is not soon broken.’ ”

But the idea of a possible marriage came in to break up this pleasant union ; and the affection of Lady Austen on the one hand, and the jealousy of Mrs. Unwin on the other, obliged Cowper to put an end to the intercourse between the families. This he did with much kindness of manner and firmness of tone, though at very great cost to his own feelings.

8. The loss of Lady Austen was in fact a very severe blow. In the depths of the country, with few friends, and in the constant presence of a possible attack from his ancient and persistent enemy, he needed all the friendship and gaiety he could find. Gloom and despair were never very far away from him.—*The Task* was published in 1785. Its success was triumphant ; and the author was now everywhere spoken of as the first poet of the age. One very pleasant result of his success was that it brought round him again many of his old friends and acquaintances. Besides, Cowper had been very poor ; and Mrs. Unwin had gladly shared her income with him. Now, his friends, especially his uncle and Lady Cowper, and his cousin, Lady Hesketh, settled several small annual sums upon him. The next work he undertook he mentions to Lady Hesketh as “ a great secret, so great that she must not even whisper it to her cat.” It was the translation of HOMER. Cowper was dissatisfied, and justly, with the artificial and tinselled style of Pope’s translation ; and he resolved to undertake the work himself. The book was to be published by subscription ; and Cowper set to work on it with a will. In November, 1786, by the advice of Lady Hesketh, they left Olney, after having lived there for nineteen years, and took a house at Weston Underwood, belonging to a friend of Cowper’s, Sir John Throckmorton. About this time, his dearest friend, William Unwin, died of typhus fever, at Winchester ; and this blow, which struck both him and Mrs. Unwin, very nearly unseated his reason once more. Another attack, in which he again attempted his life, occurred in 1787.

9. The decade from 1780 to 1790 had been the happiest and most fruitful period of Cowper's life. In 1790, he formed the acquaintance of a second cousin, John Johnson—then an undergraduate at Cambridge, afterwards Rector of Dereham, in Norfolk. HOMER was published in 1791. Most people find it dull; but it contains some passages of real beauty and of perfect English. "Where is the man who has ever read it?" was the exclamation of a thoughtful critic not long ago. In the winter of 1788, Mrs. Unwin had had a stroke of paralysis; and the effect upon Cowper's spirits was necessarily severe. His insanity took a new form. He thought he heard voices speaking to him when he woke in the morning; and a schoolmaster at Olney, Samuel Teedon, a conceited and ignorant impostor, affirmed that he could interpret these voices. Whole volumes were filled with the words and gibberish; and nothing whatever was done until Mr. Teedon had given his authoritative interpretation. A diversion was produced by the visit of a friend, Hayley—then esteemed a great poet, but whose works are now never read. Mrs. Unwin had a second attack of paralysis in 1791; and, after her recovery, they visited Hayley at his country-seat at Sussex. On their return to Weston, Mrs. Unwin got worse; and Cowper became more miserable and more under the domination of Teedon, who made more money out of his infirmities than ever. The picture of their domestic life is heart-breaking. Mrs. Unwin sat silent for days, gazing into the fire, unable to work or read; sometimes talking nonsense, sometimes bursting into uncouth laughter; and, if Cowper attempted to do anything, she showed so much irritability that he was obliged to desist. This was for months the only "conversation" that went on in his house. "I seem to myself," he writes to Mr. Newton, "to be scrambling always in the dark, among rocks and precipices, without a guide, but with an enemy ever at my heels, prepared to push me headlong. Thus I have spent twenty years." He thought that God had finally forsaken him, and had cast him off. In the beginning of 1794, he had another attack. He spent his time walking backwards and forwards in his bedroom, believing from hour to hour, that an evil spirit was coming to fetch him away. In the midst of this despair and terror, a letter arrived from Lord Spencer that the king had granted Cowper a pension of £300 a year; but it was too late: he did not even understand the news. Mr. Johnson was sent for, and urged his removal. The two poor creatures were taken to

Dereham Lodge, Swaffham, in Norfolk. They then removed to East Dereham, where Mrs. Unwin died in December, 1796. She was buried by torchlight, so that Cowper might not know the time of her funeral. A deeper gloom than ever settled down upon him. "Nothing was of any use," he said; and, though he could work and write a little, he was never seen to smile again. In February, 1800, he was seized with dropsy; a physician was called in; he asked him how he felt; "I feel unutterable despair," was all that Cowper could reply. Mr. Johnson spoke to him of the love of God; he passionately entreated that such words should never again be spoken in his hearing. He was offered a cordial on his deathbed. "What can it signify?" and he put it aside. These were his last words. His last poem was *The Castaway*. An account in the newspapers of a poor sailor who had spent some days on a piece of wreck in mid-ocean, and had perished just when he was going to be rescued, had struck him; and he found a gloomy pleasure in comparing his own fate with this.

"No voice divine the storm allayed
 No light propitious shone,
 When, far from all effectual aid,
 We perished—each alone—
 But I beneath a rougher sea
 And whelmed in blacker gulfs than he."

So he died, at five o'clock in the evening of the 25th of April, 1800, in the blackest darkness of mind. "From that moment," Mr. Johnson writes, "until the coffin was closed, the expression into which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled with holy surprise." God's mercy is from everlasting unto everlasting; and his truth endures for ever.

10. His greatest work is *THE TASK*; and the best poem in that work is *The Winter Evening*. He is said to be the best letter-writer in the language. His only rival is Horace Walpole; but in true humour and genuine originality he far surpasses him.* His style is

* "The complete letter-writer," says Mr. Bagehot, "is now an unknown animal. In the last century, when communications were difficult, and epistles rare, there were a great many valuable people who devoted a good deal of time to writing elaborate letters. You wrote letters to a man whom you knew nineteen years and a half ago, and told him what you had for dinner, and what your second cousin said, and how the crops got on. Every detail of life was described, and dwelt on, and improved. Sir Walter Scott says he knew a man who remembered that the London post-bag once came to Edinburgh with only one letter in it."

the reflex of his character. He was an honest English gentleman with a true and healthy taste, fine moderation, genuine good-sense, and a good deal of humour; well-bred, pure-minded, sincere, and affectionate. He could attack systems and opinions with sarcastic vigour; but he always felt kindly to persons when he came to know them. He could not hate; it was pain to him to hear of worldly hardness or of harsh words; he was true in his friendships, and ready to forgive a slight or injury in a moment. Mrs. Browning writes:—

O poets! from a maniac's tongue, was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!

But the words *poured* and *singing* give a somewhat erroneous view of Cowper's manner of writing; there was nothing lyrical about him. He was more of a Teacher than a Bard. He took to writing, not because there was a burden upon him, or an eager desire to express his feelings, but from amusement. He states that he always wrote verses when violently moved by any domestic or political incident; and that his prose, in such circumstance, was apt to be "verbose, inflated, and disgusting." Cowper was not "*smit* with the love of sacred song," he was *attracted* by it; he does not stand in the first rank of poets, but he stands high in the second rank. In his poem Retirement he says:—

He that has not usurped the name of man,
Does all, and deems ¹ too little all, he can
To assuage ² the throbbings of the festered part,
And stanch ³ the bleedings of a broken heart.
'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery ⁴ of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp whose chords elude ⁵ the sight,
Each yielding harmony, disposed aright;
The screws reversed (a task which, if He please,
God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose;
Lost, till He tune them, all their power and use.
Then, neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted ⁶ hills,
Nor view of water turning busy mills,

Parks in which Art preceptress⁷ Nature weds,
 Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,
 Nor gales that catch the scent of blooming groves,
 And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
 Can call up life into the faded eye
 That⁸ passes all he sees unfaded by :
 No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels ;⁹
 No care for such, till God, who makes them, heals

The above is a fair specimen of his "earlier manner ;" and it is, like all Cowper's writing, plain sense delivered in clear and manly English. Cowper, in a letter to Mr. John Johnson, says :—"Remember that, in writing, perspicuity is always more than half the battle. The want of it is the ruin of more than half the poetry that is published. A meaning that does not stare you in the face is as bad as no meaning, because nobody will take the pains to grope for it." There can be no doubt that Cowper acted upon his own advice, and that he took as much pains to make his meaning clear, as some modern poets take to make theirs difficult and obscure. "The nice conduct of a clouded" style Cowper could not and would not understand.—Every now and then he drops into common-place or the prosaic. He is best when he is writing about home and the quiet delights of home. He is never vague, or indistinct, or untrue; and he never writes at second-hand. His description of scenery is more like a series of photographs than a landscape by an imaginative artist; but it is always fresh and true. His rhymes are often bad; and he evidently thought it sufficient to rhyme only to the eye. Thus he has *death, beneath; fled, speed; shapes, relapse; and prey, sea.*

11. In the history of English Literature, Cowper marks the reaction against the hitherto universal influence of Pope. He says of Pope,—

But he (his musical finesse was such,
 So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
 Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
 And every warbler has his tune by heart.

Cowper did not make Pope a model, but a beacon. Pope was always more or less artificial; Cowper, in his earnest endeavour to be natural and sincere, is sometimes prosaic. Pope employs a second-hand vocabulary; Cowper, speaking only of what he knows, uses the simplest and aptest words. Pope had taught his readers to

manufacture a poem by recipe. To compose an ode, take a lark or an eagle, add a few flowers, a moss-grown cell, brown forests, reddening Phœbus, and any other stock poetical properties you please. Cowper ridicules this fashion in a mock poem:—

The lark shall soar in every Ode
 With flowers of light description strewed :
 And sweetly, warbling Philomel, shall flow
 Thy soothing sadness in mechanic woe
 Trim epithets shall spread their gloss,
 While every cell's o'ergrown with moss :
 Here oaks shall rise in chains of ivy bound,
 There mouldering stones o'erspread the rugged ground.
 Here forests brown and azure hills,
 There bubbling fonts, and prattling rills.

The virtues of truthfulness and sincerity are never wanting in Cowper. The reaction, begun by Cowper, was completed by Wordsworth. The following is a specimen of Cowper's later manner :

WINTER.

Oh Winter ! ruler of the inverted ¹ year,
 Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age,² thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A siiding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,—
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,³
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy ⁴ west ; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ⁵ ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,

his rent, generally in litigation, with gloom and anxiety as his daily companions, and with no outlook of hope on this side the grave. His sons helped him on the farm; and the "cheerless gloom of the hermit, with the unceasing moil of the galley-slave," was the lot of Robert up to the age of sixteen. But his father was a religious man, with a high sense of duty; and he gave his children as good an education as was possible under the circumstances. On the death of his father, he took a small farm; but the venture proved a failure. He was on the point of embarking for Jamaica, where a situation had been found for him, when the good news of a second edition of a small volume of poems he had published induced him to remain. His friends in Edinburgh found for him a place in the Excise, a position full of temptations to a man of Burns's temperament. He went much into society, soon acquired habits of intemperance which he could not shake off, and died, physically a wreck, in 1796, before reaching the age of thirty-seven.

14. He is one of the first lyrical poets of the world; and it is in his songs that his special power is to be looked for. The essence of the *lyric* is the passion of the moment; and neither Burns's genius nor his culture fitted him for writing dramatic or epic poetry. His songs, therefore, which are his best and truest productions, are the fruit of passing emotions of patriotism, or admiration, or wonder, or love, or pathos. The strongest characteristic of his songs is their truth and genuineness. He sang because he must; he never sought a subject; but beauty here and there found him, and then he was forced to give it expression. His longest poem is *Tam o' Shanter*; and he himself thought it to be his best, but this is not now the general opinion. Most of his poems are written in the South Ayrshire dialect of the English* language. Professor Craik says of his poetry: "It is a poetry of very limited compass, with little variety of modulation, but in its few notes there is as true and melodious a voice of passion as was ever heard. It is all light and fire." And he adds: "One characteristic that belongs to whatever Burns has written is that, of its kind and in its own way, it is a *perfect production*. His poetry is, throughout, real emotion melodiously uttered, instinct with passion, but not less so with power of thought,—full of light, as we have said, as well as of fire." Pathos is one of the strongest qualities of his

* Not *Scottish*. See the warning on page 79.

mind; and this is to be seen in its tenderest mood in his lines *On Turning up a Mouse's Nest with the Plough*, and those addressed *To a Mountain Daisy*, both written when he was a ploughman. The latter thus begins:

Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,
 Thou's¹ met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun² crush amang the stour³
 Thy tender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power,⁴
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor⁵ sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet⁶
 Wi spreckled breast,
 When upward springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble, birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted⁷ forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.*

This stanza is a favourite one with Burns, and is said to have been first used by a Scotch poet called Ferguson. The following may be compared with Tennyson's poem *The Brook*:

Whiles¹ ow'r a linn² the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpled;³
 Whiles round a rocky scar⁴ it strays;
 Whiles in a weil⁵ it dimpled;
 Whiles glittered to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whiles cookit⁶ underneath the braes,⁷
 Below the spreading hazel.

The most elevated of his poems is *The Vision*, in which he relates how the Scottish Muse found him at the plough, and crowned him with a wreath of holly. *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, one of his longest

* Three stanzas (iambic tetrameter) out of nine.

poems, is written in the Spenserian stanza. The songs *Go fetch to me a pint of Wine*, and *O Mary, at thy window* be are the perfection of lyrical expression. Burns had read Pope, Dryden, Shakspeare, and Spenser, and many other English poets; but he found his strongest inspiration in the ballads and unwritten songs of his native country. The following is a good specimen of his more serious mood:

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That loves¹ to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.²
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting³ love!
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear⁴ of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green:
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest;
 The birds sang love on every spray;
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wing'd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,⁵
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channel deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The fire of his lyrics is not less strong than the love or pathos expressed in them; and of this burning and energetic feeling the *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, is a good example.

15. GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the Christmas Eve of 1754. His father had been a Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk, but was now Collector of Salt Duties (or Salt-Master) at that port. His mother was a mild, patient, and affectionate woman; his father was a man "of imperious temper and violent passions," but not without abilities, among others an "extraordinary faculty of calculation." The town—most of which is now washed away—consisted then of two long, straggling, unpaved streets, edged by mean and tumble-down houses below a cliff on the land side. A miserable landscape, poor sandy soil, bleak open commons, rushy herbage, a stunted tree here and there, a heath covered with withered brake, a foreshore of mud and sea-weeds,—these were the wretched surroundings of the wretched town. The people possessed in full measure the worst vices and characteristics of the stern Anglian race. Hard work in the day, dangers at sea, unbridled passions on land, nights of rough and boisterous merriment, filled the lives of men who were alternately fishermen, smugglers, and—when a chance offered—wreckers. Young Crabbe was delicate, and not often taken to sea by his father, who considered him a "fool" in a boat—knew everybody in the place, mixed with the sailors and old women, and heard all the stories both of past and present.

Where crowds assembled I was sure to run,
Hear what was said, and muse on what was done;
No ships were wrecked upon that fatal beach,
But I could give the luckless tale of each.

The people were wretchedly poor, sullen, and intemperate, as Crabbe describes them—

—a wild amphibious race,
With sullen woe displayed in every face.

16. After getting some little knowledge at several schools, it was determined that Crabbe, at the age of eleven, should become a surgeon; but, before a situation as apprentice could be secured for him, he was frequently employed by his father in piling up butter

and cheese on the quay. At last, a situation at a village near Bury St. Edmunds was procured; and Crabbe, then a spare, low-spirited, weakly-looking lad, "in a very ill-made scratch-wig" (his head had been recently shaved in an illness), presented himself at the door of his new home. "His master's daughters, having eyed him for a few moments, burst into a violent fit of laughter, exclaiming, 'La! here's our new 'prentice!'" The new apprentice prepared the medicines, helped on the farm, and slept with the ploughboy. Crabbe had always been a great reader. His father gave him all the "Occasional Poetry" which appeared in a periodical he took in; and most of these—written chiefly in the style of Pope, and in the heroic couplet—the boy got by heart. He now began to write verses,—he was fourteen,—and in this pursuit forgot some of the hardships of his position. His next place was with a surgeon near Aldborough; and here "he filled the drawers with poetry."

17. In 1775 he had completed his apprenticeship; and he returned to Aldborough, with the hope that his father would be able to find means to enable him to establish himself in London. But this was impossible: and Crabbe had to return to the piling of butter and cheese on the quay. He did get to London, however, and lived there for about ten months; but all his efforts were unsuccessful, and he had to return to Aldborough. He now set up for himself, as an apothecary; but his chief patients were his poor relations, old women, daily visitors, to request "something comfortable now, cousin George:" and these paid nothing. On the 31st December, 1779, he "determined to go to London, and venture all." He borrowed five pounds, embarked on board a sloop with a box of clothes, a small case of surgical instruments, and his best poems; and was landed in the city with three pounds in his pocket.

18. His object in returning to London was to try and dispose of his MSS., and to enlist the sympathies of men in office in his position. Bookseller after bookseller declined his poems; and the only one found who would accept and publish one, became bankrupt. He wrote to Lord Shelbourne, to Lord Thurlow, to the Prince of Wales; the result was invariably the same,—"no answer." The time spent in waiting he gave to reading, composing two dramas, and essays in imitation of Addison (the "Town" had long been tired of Addisonian Essays), and botanizing in Hornsey Wood. During this year of expectation he was often reduced to fourpence-halfpenny in his pocket,

sold his instruments, sold his wardrobe, "pawned his watch, was in debt to his landlord, and finally, at some loss how to eat a week longer." He was reduced literally to eightpence, when he resolved to make "one effort more," and to write to Edmund Burke. After delivering the letter, he walked all night up and down Westminster Bridge.

19. Mr. Burke, though then in the thick of the "hottest fight of parliamentary opposition," was struck by Crabbe's poems; sent for him, and offered him shelter in his own house. Of the poems left with him, Mr. Burke selected *The Library* and *The Village* as the best, and induced Dadsby to publish *The Library*. Crabbe was taken down to Beaconsfield, introduced to Dr. Johnson, to Mr. Fox, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other able men; and now, by the advice of Burke, he resolved to enter the Church. Dr. Johnson revised the *Village* for him; Lord Chancellor Thurlow asked him to breakfast, and, at parting, put a sealed letter into Mr. Crabbe's hands. The letter contained £100. Crabbe, whom Thurlow declared to be as "like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen," never told any one, but his son long after found out, that the first use he made of this money was to seek out some poor scholars he had known, and make them sharers in his good fortune. The Chancellor also promised to serve him after he should have taken orders.

20. On entering the Church, he was appointed domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, at Belvoir* Castle. Soon afterwards, in 1783, he married a Miss Sarah Elmy, and went to live in a small cottage in the neighbourhood. From this date till 1807—from his thirty-first year to his fifty-second—though he wrote a good deal, he published nothing, but filled his time with his parish duties, botany, entomology, mathematics, and the education of his children. From time to time he held grand cremations of his accumulated MSS.; and then bonfires were made in a field near the parsonage. One of them included three novels. He tried field sports; but, in coursing, "the cry of the first hare he saw killed, struck him as so like the wail of an infant, that he turned heartsick on the spot." He was so sen-

* Pronounced *Beevor*. The corruption of French names in our language is very great. So *Chateau Vert* becomes *Shotover*; *Beauchamp*, *Beecham*; *Bocage Walk*, *Birdcage Walk*. Even in the case of common nouns, *quelques choses* is changed into *kickshaws*; and *petits gâteaux* (*gâtels*) becomes *petticoat-tails*.

sitive to female influence, that one old lady used to boast that she "could screw Crabbe up and down like a fiddle." But he had plenty of manly courage, and could face an armed man or a mob with perfect equanimity and coolness. His son says, "he had the most complete exemption from fear or solicitude." In 1807, the *Parish Register* was published; and this was the last book that the great Fox read before his death. Sir W. Scott praised it; and the critics; and its success was very great.

21. In 1810 he published *The Borough*. In 1814 his wife died; and he removed to Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. In 1817 he paid a long visit to London; and every one was eager to see and meet the author of *The Parish Register*, and the contemporary of eighteenth century men. The poor author who had associated with Burke and Reynolds and Johnson, now became the friend of Sir W. Scott, and Moore, and Brougham. The "gentleman with the sour name and the sweet countenance" was now everywhere sought after, as the most amiable, quaint, and shrewd companion; and "most people found his conversation irresistibly amusing." In 1819 Mr. Murray published his *Tales of the Hall*, and also bought all his copyrights for the "magnificent sum of £3000." The money was paid in bills, which "he must take there with him," in his waistcoat pocket, "to Trowbridge, and show them to his son John." A visit to Scotland and Sir Walter Scott varied the quiet of his country life. At Edinburgh he was struck by the sternness of the Scotch Sunday; "The silence," he says, "of these well-dressed crowds is grand." For forty years he was a good parish priest, never having omitted duty for a single Sunday; and he continued to officiate till within two Sundays of his death. He suffered agonies from neuralgia; but this never diminished his activity or his kindness, or his readiness to help others. He died on the 3rd of February, 1832. The anthem sung at his funeral literally described his character:

He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none
to help him:

Kindness and meekness and comfort were in his tongue.

He never was in debt; he spent very little of his income on himself, and all that he could save he gave away.

22. Crabbe has been called "Pope in worsted stockings," the "Hogarth of Song," and, by Byron, "Nature's sternest painter, yet

the best." The comparison with Hogarth is a correct one. Like Hogarth, Crabbe was thoroughly English, both in matter and manner; and like him also in the fact that he painted only what he had himself seen and knew. All Crabbe's characters are drawn from life and from personal knowledge. He loved to describe the gloomy, the miserable, and the hard; and he knew the poor and the workhouse through and through. His subjects were thieves, tramps, poachers, smugglers, gipsies, gamblers, and drunkards, hopeless and helpless people; and in his day, village-life and workhouse life—with a non-resident clergy, and the poor laws and game laws of the eighteenth century—were at their worst and darkest. His pictures are too true; and the contrast between the form—which he borrowed from Pope, and which we are accustomed to associate with lighter subjects—and the matter of his poems is often very striking. At the end of last century, we can see

—yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day.

23. Crabbe's style, like the style of every genuine writer and thinker, is not to be dissociated from his matter. Both are hard, stern, and severe. But he had caught from Pope a few mannerisms. He had too great a fondness for the epigrammatic and the antithetic. A housekeeper goes about the house

Heaven in her eye, and in her hand her keys.

A man has reached his forty-seventh year, and in the most round-about way we are told

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks.

Sometimes he falls to the flattest of flat prose:

Something had happened wrong about a bill,
Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill;
So, to amend it, I was told to go
And seek the firm of Clutterbuck & Co.

The most vivid notion of his style will be received from the imitation of it in the "Rejected Addresses," and one that is also not

unjust. He himself said of it: "In their versification they have done me admirably; but it is easier to imitate style than to furnish matter." The following couplets are especially characteristic:

- (a) See, to their desks Apollo's sons repair,
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair!
- (b) And bucks, with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait.
- (c) John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justician Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emmanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.

The extreme matter-of-factness, and the kind of names used by Crabbe, are excellently imitated in the last four lines.

The following is a characteristic example of his manner:

FROM THE TALES OF THE PARISH.

Theirs is yon ¹ house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door; ²
There, where the putrid ³ vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel ⁴ hums doleful through the day; ⁵
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed,
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive, ⁶
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scraps from pride; ⁷
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes, ⁸
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;

Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance,
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;
 Who with sad prayers the weary doctors tease,
 To name the nameless, ever-new disease ;
 Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
 Which real pain, and that alone can cure ;
 How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
 Despised, neglected, left alone to die ?
 How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER XXII.

Ex. 1.—Prepare the passage from Cowper's *Retirement* with the following notes :—

1. *Deem* = *to judge*. *To deem* was the technical word employed of a judge's decisions, before the introduction of the French word *juger* (the *d* in our spelling is intrusive). Hence in Scotland the judge closes his sentence with the words: "This is pronounced for *doom*." The Old English word for *judge* is *dempster* (the *p* being intrusive). 2. *Assuage*, from the Latin *suavis*, *sweet*, through the French. 3. *Stanch*, from the Old French word *estancher*, *to stop*; which itself comes from the Latin *stagnum*. 4. *Forgery*. *Forge* is a French contraction of the Latin *fabrica* (hence English *fabricate*), from *faber*, a *workman*. 5. *Elude* = *escape*. From Latin *ludere*, *to play*. 6. *Tuft* seems to be only another form of *top*. Compare German *Zopf*. 7. *Preceptress* is a word hardly ever found. Gibbon, in his *Autobiography*, uses *preceptrix*. 8. We should have expected *which*. *That* is generally employed as a relative of *description* merely. 9. In this passage, and more especially in this line, Cowper was writing from the saddest experience.

Ex. 2.—Prepare the passage on *Winter* with the following notes :—

1. *Inverted* seems an odd epithet; but it is not without appropriateness. In winter the night is longest, in summer the day; in winter the cold is greatest, etc. 2. It seems out of keeping to remind us that the snows of winter are *not* those of age; the natural comparison of winter is to "eld." So Spenser and other poets, when they personify winter, make him an old man :—

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frieze,
 Chattering his teeth for cold, etc.

3. The sun in winter rises farther south and sets farther south, and has therefore a much smaller arc to traverse. 4. This epithet is also out of keeping; it would have been better in a description of summer. 5. *Instructive* is just a little stiff. 6. The Latin epithet *uninterrupted* has a fine effect; it gives the sense of *continuousness* and *length* with great force.

Ex. 3. Compare Cowper's description of *Winter* with Thomson's. [It will be noticed that Thomson delights in winter, and the sights of winter for themselves; while Cowper mentions them merely to bring out into stronger relief the comforts and quiet beauty of the English fireside.]

Ex. 4. Prepare the lines *To a Mountain Daisy* with the following notes:—

1. *Thou's* = *thou hast*—a dialectic form. 2. *Maun* = *must*. The Old English form was *mun*. 3. *Stour* = *dust*. 4. Pronounce *poor*; and so with the other rhymes. 5. *Neighbour*. The *neigh* is a dialectic form of *nigh*, which is itself another form of *neah*. 6. *Weet* = *wet*, that is, *the wet dew*. 7. *Shone modestly*.

Ex. 5. Prepare the verses on p. 422 with the following notes:—

1. *Whiles* is an old genitive (like *sideways, else, etc.*), and is = *sometimes*. 2. A waterfall. 3. Ran here and there cheerfully. 4. A rock with steep sides. Connected with *sciran*, to cut. Hence also *shire, shore, share, sheer, shears, short, etc.* 5. A whirlpool. 6. Skulked. 7. Slopes.

Ex. 6. Prepare the lines *To Mary in Heaven* with the following notes:—

1. *Loves*—dialectic for *lovest*. 2. *Torn*—perhaps the strongest possible expression. 3. We now use *part* only in poetry, and its compound *depart* has taken its place. 4. The placing of the epithet *after* the noun—a fashion introduced by the Norman-French, and seldom followed in England—gives a slightly artificial effect, which takes away from the strength and feeling of the lines. 5. *Wakes*—an exquisite word to express the absolute sleeplessness of memory upon these events and feelings.

Ex. 7. Prepare the passage from *Crabbe* with the following notes:—

1. *Yon*—the demonstrative adjective which points out the most distant things. The steps are: *This; that; yon*. (*The* includes them all, as a generic). The comparative of *yon* is *yonder*. The *d* is intrusive, and comes in between the two liquids *n* and *r*, as in *thunder, etc.* 2. The door has not only broken from its hinges, but is broken itself. 3. *Putrid* = *utterly rotten*. 4. The spinning-wheel. 5. The alliteration of the *d* adds to the dolefulness of the line. Almost all words beginning with *d* have a sad meaning—as *dull, dead, dolour, dire, dreadful, etc.* Words, on the contrary, beginning with *gl* have a pleasant meaning—as *glow, glad, glitter, glee, etc.* 6. As if they were criminals and deserved their doom; the word *receive* implies this. 7. *Pride*, in the sense of *contemptuous wealth*. 8. Crabbe, who, like Dr. Johnson, had felt hunger and cold and poverty himself, had a great contempt for the “fantastic woes” which arise from luxury, over-eating, want of exercise, and other transgressions against natural law.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XXII.

1. When and where was Cowper born? 2. What school was he sent to? 3. Mention some of his schoolfellows. 4. What profession did he adopt? 5. What office did he fill for a short time? 6. After resigning this, with whom did he live? 7. Who was his chief companion at Olney? 8. What poems did he write there? 9. What poems did he write at the suggestion of Mrs. Unwin? 10. What at the request of Lady Austin? 11. What translation did he execute? 12. When did he die? 13. What poem did he write shortly before his death? 14. What is his greatest work? 15. What reaction do his works mark? 16. Between what two dates does Burns's life lie? 17. What occupation did he follow at first? 18. What latterly?

19. What is his longest poem? 20. In what kind of poetry is his genius strongest? 21. When and where was Crabbe born? 22. What profession did he adopt? 23. With what purpose did he go to London? 24. Who helped him in his extremity? 25. What poem did Burke publish for him? 26. What eminent literary men did he meet at Burke's house? 27. What profession did he now adopt? 28. Which of his poems did Fox admire? 29. When was the *Borough* published? 30. What relation does Crabbe bear to Pope? 31. Mention others of his poems.



TABLE OF CONTEMPORARIES.

FROM THE BIRTH OF THOMSON TO THE DEATH OF COWPER.

1700-1800.

DECADES.	BORN.	DIED.	DECADES.
00	Thomson 1700 Fielding 1707 S. Johnson 1709	Dryden 1700 Locke 1704	00
10	Hume 1711 Sterne 1713 Shenstone 1714 Gray 1716	Burnet. 1715 South 1716 Addison 1719	10
20	Collins 1720 Akenside 1721 Smollett " " Goldsmith 1728	Prior 1721 Steele 1729	20
30	Burke 1730 Cowper 1731 Gibbon 1737	Defoe 1731 Gay 1732	30
40	Junius (Francis) . . 1740 Paley 1743	Pope 1744 Swift 1745 Thomson 1748	40
50	Sheridan 1751 Chatterton 1752 Crabbe 1754 Burns 1759	Berkeley 1753 Bp. Butler 1754 Fielding " " Collins 1759	50
60	Cobbett 1762 S. Rogers 1763 R. Hall 1764	Young 1761 Richardson 1761 Sterne 1768	60
70	Wordsworth. 1770 Sydney Smith . . . 1771 Sir W. Scott. " " Coleridge. 1772 Southey 1774 Lamb 1775 Campbell. " " Moore 1779	Akenside 1770 Chatterton " " Smollett 1771 Gray " " Goldsmith 1774 Hume 1776	70
80	T. Chalmers 1780 Hunt 1784 Wilson. 1785 De Quincey " " Byron 1788	Johnson 1784	80
90	Shelley 1792 Mrs. Hemans 1793 Keats 1795 Carlyle " " Hood 1798 Macauley 1800	Adam Smith 1790 Gibbon 1794 Burns 1796 Burke 1797 Cowper 1800	90

This table, coinciding with the century, will serve also as a *Table of Literature*.



CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

- W**ALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. His birthday was the same as Napoleon's; and he was born one year after Wordsworth. His father was an attorney, Writer to the Signet or Queen's Seal, as it is called in Edinburgh; and his mother, Anne Rutherford, was the daughter of a medical professor in the University. The after-consequences of a fever, when he was only eighteen months old, produced lameness of the left leg, and general delicacy. At the age of five he was sent to his grandfather's farm of Sandyknowe* (on the Scottish Borders) which stood beneath, and was partly built out of, the ruins of an old feudal tower; and here, while still almost an infant, he formed his first love for the Tweed and for the past ages of Scotland—the two strongest passions of his life. In 1778 he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and remained there until 1783. He did not distinguish himself in school, though the Rector mentioned with some praise a short copy of verses he sent in at the age of twelve. He did distinguish himself in the playground—by fighting, by feats of physical daring (to which he was piqued by the feeling of his lameness—a feeling of pique which never quite left him), and by his wonderful powers of story-telling. He was an omnivorous reader of old romance and history; and he says of himself: "I left the High School with a great quantity of general information, ill-arranged indeed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon my mind, readily assorted by my power of connection and memory, and

* Scottish form of *knoll*. The tendency to convert a final *l* into *u*, as in *hall*, *ball*, etc., the Scotch have in common with the French. Compare *beau* and *bel*; *salmon* and *saumon*.

gilded—if I may be permitted to say so—by a vivid and active imagination.”

2. In his twelfth year he paid a visit to his aunt at Kelso; where he read for the first time Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. This marks an epoch in his life. He had already begun to collect ballads from the recitation of old men and women, and to copy them in a small and neat hand into little volumes; but he hardly knew their value for others. In 1783 he entered the University, where he studied Latin, Greek, and Logic. Of Greek he knew so little, that in later life he had forgotten the very alphabet. The Greek Professor said of him, that “dunce he was, and dunce he would remain.” But he acquired the power of reading with ease French, Italian, and Spanish; and, afterwards, he added to these a fair but inaccurate knowledge of German. A severe illness in his fifteenth year, from the bursting of a blood-vessel, gave him several months of unbroken reading in the old romances of chivalry, in poetry, and in history. Shakspeare and Spenser were his strongest passions; and he had read over and over again Froissart and Boccaccio.

3. In July, 1792, he was called to the bar. He had, however, previously served an apprenticeship, under his father, as an attorney. As an advocate (or barrister) his chief occupation was walking up and down the splendid hall of the old House of Parliament in Edinburgh; and here, if he got few briefs, he gained a reputation as a story-teller of high excellence. His first publication was a translation of Bürger's *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*. The bold picturesque style of Bürger was new to him; and his old reading in ballad literature helped him in the task of translation.

Tramp! tramp! across the land they speed!
 Splash! splash! across the sea!
 Hurrah! the dead can ride apace:
 Dost fear to ride with me?

This style pleased him. In the summer of 1797 he met a young lady, a daughter of a French royalist *émigré*, Charlotte Margaret Charpentier; and in December of the same year they were married at Carlisle. They took a cottage at Lasswade, near the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch—a house of which Scott was himself a cadet. He was now quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Horse (a volunteer troop); and this experience gave him some insight into military details. In 1799 he was appointed sheriff-deputy of Selkirkshire;

settled himself on the Tweed at Ashestiel; and from there made his "raids into wild Liddesdale," in search of border lore, old ballads, and traditions. In 1802 he published the first two volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy*, a collection which "contains the elements of a hundred historical romances." At Ashestiel, too, he completed his first poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. This was published in 1805; and the public now talked of "the new poet."

4. In 1806 he was appointed clerk to the Court of Session; and the salary from this office, with his former property, raised his annual income to about £2000. He had entered into a secret partnership with the printing house of James Ballantyne & Co.; and, in 1808, he became partner to the extent of one-third with the publishing firm of John Ballantyne. These partnerships were the source of all his after troubles and struggles. In the same year he published *Marmion*, and his *Life and Works of Dryden*, in eighteen volumes, which had cost him three years' labour. He now began to nurse the dream of being a Scottish laird. His first step in this direction was to purchase a farm on the banks of the Tweed, with the uneuphonious name of Clarty * Hole; and this was the nucleus of Abbotsford. In 1813 he was offered the Poet-Laureateship, which he declined. Some other poems, and his *Life and Works of Swift*, appeared between 1809 and 1814.

5. In 1813 his poetical reputation was on the wane; and he felt that he had been, as he said himself, "beaten by Byron." In the autumn of that year he was rummaging in an old desk for some fishing-tackle, and he came upon a prose manuscript which he had thrown aside in 1805. It was the manuscript of *Waverley*. He resumed his work, and resumed it with such zeal and energy, that the two last volumes were written in the summer afternoons of three weeks. It was published in 1814 with the title of "Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since." The success of *Waverley* was immediate and complete. It was published anonymously; and the only person in the secret was John Ballantyne, who copied the MS. Novel after novel now poured from the press; the public came to look for two every year; and many persons believed that more authors than one were concerned in their production. But Scott rose every morning at five, sat down to his desk at six, had "broken the neck of his

work" by nine, wrote again after nine, and by twelve was completely at leisure to receive company, or to attend to his estate. He was probably the hardest-working man of the century; and yet, by dint of a strong will and good method, no man had more time to give to his friends. His house, Abbotsford, was now the "Gothic romance in stone and lime" which everybody talked about; he kept open house and "did the honours for all Scotland;" and his European fame brought to him the highest in rank or in talent from all countries. In 1820 he was made a baronet.

6. In 1825 the country suffered from a money panic; and in the beginning of 1826 the houses of Ballantyne stopped. Scott found himself, at the age of fifty-five, not only without property, but loaded with a debt of £117,000. He refused to make any arrangement with his creditors; he declined all offers of assistance (a London banker is said to have sent him a blank cheque); and he set to work to pay off every penny of the debt. The task seemed impossible; but he determined to do the work, and he did it. He never complained: "I am already," he said, "a sufficient debtor to the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it." He left Abbotsford,—he had to leave his wife dying there,—and he set to work in lodgings at 39, Castle Street, Edinburgh. In three months he had made eight thousand guineas—the purchase money of *Woodstock*; and in two years he paid his creditors £40,000. In four years he had paid £70,000; but the whole debt was not cleared until after his death; Sir Walter Scott's works have realized for their different publishers more than a million. Every day he wrote what was equal to thirty pages of printing. To this period belong his *Life of Napoleon*, *Tales of a Grandfather*, and several novels.

7. This terrible work, pushed on in haste and without rest, began to tell in 1829; and, on the 15th of February, 1830, he fell down speechless in his sitting-room, struck by paralysis. But soon after he went on with his work again. In 1831 appeared his last two novels—*Count Robert* and *Castle Dangerous*. Another and more severe attack of paralysis happened in April of this year, and it was now seen that his only hope lay in complete rest. The Government of the day placed a frigate at his disposal, and he sailed to Malta, and then to Naples where he resided for six months. In May, 1832, his mind was capable of only one idea—getting home; and he hurried his friends across the Alps to Frankfort, to London, to Edinburgh, and in the

end of June he saw his own house again. "As we rounded the hill, and the outline of the Eildons burst upon him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight." It was thought for a few days that the old place—where he had worked and enjoyed so much—would bring about a cure hardly less than miraculous. He tried to write, but the pen dropped from his fingers. Laidlaw, his old friend, thinking he was asleep, said to an inquirer,—“Sir Walter has had a little rest.” But Scott overheard him; “No,” he said; “no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave.” On the 21st of September ¹⁸³² the end came, in the presence of all his children. The end came “with the gentleness of sleep.” “It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.” On the 26th he was buried, beside his wife, in Dryburgh Abbey.

8. *His personal appearance and character.*—He looked like a stalwart farmer, burly, shrewd, and quiet; of average height, ruddy complexion and heavy features. His forehead was high, and the frontal sinus very large; his eye full of life and fire, and his mouth capable of great expression, though, in ordinary circumstances, a dull inanimate air hung over his face. Mr. Carlyle says of his character: “No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than W. Scott; the good and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him.” He was loved or liked by every one who knew him—one of the most affectionate and thoughtful of men. When on his death-bed he was taking a last farewell of Mr. Lockhart, it was proposed to call his daughters; “No,” he said, “do not disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all.” When at the height of his prosperity, he was the most famous man in Scotland, he never lost his humble kindly manner; when at the opposite extreme of fortune, his courage never gave way. Wordsworth calls him “the whole world’s darling.” He was the most Scotch of Scotchmen; and he was himself the history of Scotland—of every hill and glen and stream—embodied. His most striking mental characteristic was genial common sense; his most remarkable faculties were his memory and his power of combination

He was always in blithe spirits—a “boy for ever,” with the eagerness and enjoyingness of eternal youth. Early in life he conquered a bad and irritable temper, and he conquered also a “determined indolence,” and came to see, as he afterwards said, that “Labour is absolutely the charter by which we hold existence.” Like Chaucer he had an enormous variety of experiences: he was poet, novelist, historian, laird, lawyer, printer, publisher, and reviewer. The two chief elements in his mental existence were—man and the natural landscape. One of the best specimens of his power of painting is the “Edinburgh” in *Marmion*. He had enormous force of feeling, “which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom,” but he had also the force to repress all signs of feeling; he had “a stern habit of repression where he felt most.” The back-bone of his mental life was his love of his home, his country, and his people. The words on his monument in Selkirk express his inmost feelings:—

Down Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 Though none may guide my lonely way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek.

9. *His Poetry.* Scott's best poems are the

Lay of the Last Minstrel; and
Marmion (“the most powerful”).

And his best novels are probably

Guy Mannering.
 The Antiquary.
 Old Mortality.
 Rob Roy, and
 The Heart of Mid-Lothian.

Most of his poems are written in an irregular four-accent (often, but erroneously, called *octosyllabic*) verse. He calls it himself, “a light-horseman sort of stanza.” This measure, with a fixed number of accents, but an indefinite number of syllables, is capable of bending itself with great suppleness to the requirements of the sense; and this adaptability is seen in very many passages of *Marmion* and the *Last Minstrel*. Sometimes every two lines rhyme; sometimes each alternate line; and sometimes the rhyme is separated from its

brother-rhyme by two or three or four lines. A new pleasure comes from this variety. Thus :—

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round ;
 Behind, in close array, and fast,
 The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
 Advancing from the wood were seen.—

Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
 Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
 And sold their blood for foreign pay.—

The wild birds told their warbling tale,
 And wakened every flower that blows ;
And peepèd forth the violet pale,
 And spread her breast the mountain rose.

The feeling in these three passages is quite different.—Sometimes a line contains twelve syllables, and sometimes only six ; but in general, eight syllables and four accents.

The feást | was ó | ver in Bránk | some tower.—*Nine syllables.*
Níne | and twén | ty yéo | men táll.—*Seven syllables.*

Several of the finest rhythms he owed to Coleridge's poem of *Christabel*. Such is the musical line :—

Jesu, Maria, shield us well !

It has been objected to Scott's poetry that it contains fewer quotable lines than that of any other writer ; fewer of those

“ jewels five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever.”

This is true ; but it is owing quite as much to the manly wholeness of Scott's genius ; to his utter absorption in the subject ; to his “ concrete ” habit of thinking ; to his wide knowledge of men as in-

dividuals, and to the complete absence in him of a classifying turn of mind. He was not at all sententious; he was not given to abstract or scientific thinking. He was a poet of the eye; and no line of his is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Mr. Palgrave, an eminent critic, says: "Scott's idea of poetical style errs upon the side of spontaneous impulse. He would rather be unfinished than overfinished, preferred vigour to refinement, and aimed at the qualities he admired in Dryden: 'perpetual animation and elasticity of thought;' did not make the most of his admirable materials; atoned for the random and the reckless by picturesqueness and movement." He has been called the "Ariosto of the North." His most *perfect* poems are the short songs scattered up and down his poems and romances.

10. *His Prose*.—His prose is even more careless, loose, and ungrammatical than his verse. His rate of working accounts for this. He wrote the three volumes of *Guy Mannering* in six weeks. It must also be remembered that he never gave himself a severe course of training in style; that all his life, from his earliest boyhood, he was occupied in collecting facts and knowing men. He had an "infinite gamut of acquaintance, from the prince to the ploughboy; and his strong humanity attracted and retained them all. He was wholly free from the folly of fastidiousness; *had* real dignity, and hence never 'stood upon it;' talked to all he met, and lived as friend with friend among his servants and followers. 'Sir Walter speaks to every man,' one of them said, 'as if they were blood relations.'" He says himself, "I have rarely, if ever, found any one out of whom I could not extract amusement or edification." This catholicity of feeling showed itself on the purely intellectual side of his mind as catholicity of taste; or, rather, he was uncritical,—almost never blotted,—and took the first words that came uppermost. But the chief element in all style—life—is never wanting; it is always there, strong, fervid, and all-pervading. "All is great in the *Waverley* novels," says Goethe; "material, effect, characters, execution." His novels and poems together give us "the most brilliant and diversified spectacle of human life which we have had since Shakspeare." It is more difficult in the case of Sir Walter Scott than in the case of any other writer, to give the smallest idea of his style by any selections. But his songs have a simple and powerful character, which at times rises to the "Homeric style;" and one is given here:

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Pibroch¹ of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.²
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons !
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons !

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky :
 The war-pipe and pennon³
 Are at Inverlochy.
 Come every hill-plaid, and⁴
 True heart that wears one ;
 Come every steel-blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one !

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar.
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges ;
 Come with your fighting gear,⁵
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when⁶
 Forests are rended ;
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded.⁷
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster :
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
 See how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle plume
 Blended with heather.⁸
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set ;
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset !⁹

EXERCISES TO CHAPTER XXIII.

Ex. 1. Prepare the poem from Sir W. Scott with the following notes :

1. A *pibroch* is a Highland name for a bagpipe. The verse is dactylic dimeter (2 a x x) alternated with dactylic dimeter catalectic * (2 a x x —); or the last foot in the second and fourth lines may be considered as trochees.
2. The scanning is :

Wáke thy wild | voice anew |
Súmmon Clan | Cónuil— |

3. *Pennon*—a long flag, like a ribbon.
4. The eagerness which will not let the line end, but continues the sense into the next with a mere *and*, is very well represented thus.
5. *Gear* is a word connected with *garb*, *garnish*, etc., perhaps also with *guard*.
6. The *when* is here finally placed for the reason given above.
7. Driven on shore. The bank of a river is still called in the South of England a *strand* (e.g., the *Strand* in London), a form of which is found in Dover as *Strond*, the form employed by Chaucer—

And palmeres, for to seeken straungë strondës
To fernë halwes, kouthe in sundry londës. *Prologue* (l. 13).

8. *Heather*, the plant which grows on a *heath*; *heathen*, the person who lives on a *heath*. The word is said to be related to *heat*—the dry, sandy ground of a heath having been considered unfit for cultivation.
9. The rhyme here is no rhyme; but that seems quite forgotten in the impetuosity of the verse.

Ex. 2. Give the formulæ for the measures of the following verses from Scott's Miscellaneous Poems :—

- (a) Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure,
Careless casts a parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.
- (b) O young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide border his steed was the best.
- (c) So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddle-bow.
- (d) Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day, they scour earth's caverned space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.
- (e) Rings of iron, bolts of steel,
Fell like ice from hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fold and glen!
Donald Caird's come again.
- (f) O hush thee, my babie!—thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright.

* Defective or wanting. *Acatalectic* is *undefective* or *complete*.

Ex. 3. Compare the following poem with the *Pibroch* in (a) language, (b) tone, and (c) versification:—

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,*
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The fount, reappearing,
 From the raindrops shall borrow;
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory;
 The autumn winds rushing,
 Waft the leaves that are serest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,†
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XXIII.

1. When and where was Walter Scott born? 2. Where was he educated? 3. What book had the greatest influence on his mind in youth? 4. At what University did he study? 5. What were his favourite authors? 6. What profession did he adopt? 7. What office gave him opportunities of collecting old ballads? 8. What was his first poem, and when was it published? 9. What new appointment did he soon after obtain? 10. What great author's works did he edit between 1809 and 1814? 11. When did *Waverley* appear? 12. What induced him to attempt the writing of novels? 13. What disaster happened to him in 1826? 14. What course of conduct did he at once pursue? 15. What was the result of his hard work? 16. What was his last novel? 17. When and where did he die? 18. What are his best poems? 19. Name two of his best novels. 20. What kind of verse does he generally employ? 21. What is the chief fault of his prose?

* The verse is *2 x x a +*, or anapæstic dimeter hypermetrical (with a syllable too much), and is extremely well adapted to the music of a dirge. The verse of the *Pibroch* is dactylic, which starts from an accent, whereas the anapæstic ends and rests in one. † The hollow side of the thill, where game usually lies.

WORDSWORTH.—HISTORICAL TABLE.

AT HOME.		A.D.	ABROAD.		A.D.
<i>Wordsworth born</i>	.	.			1770
James Hogg born	.	.			1771
Walter Scott born	.	.			"
S. T. Coleridge born	.	.	£18,000 worth of tea destroyed by the people of Boston—the first symptom of war . . .		1773
R. Southey born	.	.	Warren Hastings first Govern- or-General of British India .		1774
Turner, the painter, born	.	.	Battle of Bunker's Hill . . .		1775
T. Campbell born	.	.	America declares her indepen- dence		1776
H. Hallam born	.	.	France acknowledges the Ameri- can independence		1777
Watt's steam-engine patented	.		France joins America		1778
William Pitt Premier	.	.			1781
Mail coaches introduced	.	.			1783
Mr. Adams, first American am- bassador			1784
K. White and Wilkie born	.	.			"
National Debt £268,000,000	.	.			1785
Warren Hastings impeached	.	.	Criminals first sent to New South Wales		1786
Byron born	.	.			1787
Coal gas used for lighting	.	.	War begun against Tippoo Saib		1788
P. B. Shelley born	.	.	Monarchy abolished in France		1790
<i>Wordsworth's first book, De- scriptive Sketches</i>			1792
F. Hemans born	.	.	Coalition against France		1793
Warren Hastings acquitted	.	.			"
Vaccination introduced	.	.			1795
<i>Lyrical Ballads</i>	Naval battle off Cape St. Vin- cent		1796
Royal Institution founded	.	.	Nelson destroys the French fleet in Aboukir Bay		1797
T. B. Macaulay born	.	.	Siege of Acre		1798
Pitt resigns	.	.			1799
National Debt £571,000,000	.	.	Battle of Copenhagen		1801
War declared against France	.	.	Treaty of Amiens		1802
Pitt, second time Premier	.	.	Victory of Assaye		1803
B. D'Israeli born	.	.	Napoleon made Emperor		1804
William Pitt died, aged 46	.	.	Battles of Finisterre and Tra- falgar, Nelson killed		1805
Slave trade abolished	.	.			"
W. Gladstone born	.	.	Napoleon proclaims his brother Joseph King of Spain. Cause of the Peninsular War		1807

AT HOME.	A.D.	ABROAD.	A.D.
		Napoleon divorced from Josephine	1809
A. Tennyson born	1810		
Prince George made Regent	1811		
<i>Wordsworth Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland</i>	1813		
Wellington created a Duke	1814	Napoleon abdicates	1814
<i>Excursion</i>	"		
London first lit with gas	"		
Corn Law Riots	1815	Waterloo	1815
National Debt £865,000,000	"		
The Princess Victoria born	1819	Steam-ship <i>Savannah</i> crosses the Atlantic	1819
George IV. succeeds	1820	Napoleon died	1821
Liverpool and Manchester, the first railway opened	1830	Revolution in France. Louis Philippe made King of the French. Charles X. takes refuge in England	1830
<i>Wordsworth made D.C.L.</i>	1831		
Reform Bill passed	1832		
Prisoners permitted Counsel	1836		
Victoria succeeds	1837		
Cooke and Wheatstone's first electric telegraph patent	"		
Penny post established	1840	Louis Napoleon makes a descent on Boulogne	1840
<i>Punch</i> first established	1841		
<i>Wordsworth resigns and is pensioned</i>	1842		
<i>Made Poet-Laureate</i>	1843		
Famine in Ireland	1845		
Speculation mania, followed by panic	"		
Corn Laws repealed	1846		
Chartist riots	1848	Revolutions in nearly all Continental countries, Louis Philippe abdicates, and a Republic is proclaimed	1848
		Punjab annexed	1849
Sir R. Peel died	1850		
<i>Wordsworth died, April 23 (the same day on which Shakespeare was born and died)</i>	1850		



CHAPTER XXIV.

WORDSWORTH.

1. **W**ILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cocker-
mouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770. His father
was a solicitor and law agent to Sir James Lowther,
who was afterwards created Earl of Lonsdale. He
was a solitary, moody child, and of a stiff and violent
temper. He was educated at Hawkshead School, in Lanca-
shire, and then entered at St. John's College, Cambridge.
The University did very little for him; and, instead of engaging in the
studies of the place, he read Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Fielding, and
Swift. After graduating, he went with a friend on a tour on the
Continent. It was the year when the news of the fall of the Bastille
(July 14th, 1789) ran through Europe, and woke all the young to new
and unheard of hopes. The enthusiastic expected everything from
the new era of Liberty.

My heart rebounded,
My melancholy voice the chorus joined—
“Be joyful all ye nations in all lands,
Ye that are capable of joy, be glad!
Henceforth, whate'er is wanting in yourselves
In others ye shall promptly find; and all,
Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
Shall with one heart honour their common kind.”

“We went staff in hand,” he says, “without knapsacks, and carrying
each his needments * tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, with about

* This is an English word, though improperly formed. *Need* is an English root,
and *ment* a Latin ending; and the same is the case with *starv-ation*. In Chaucer
we have *eggement* for “*egging on*” or *inciting*.

Soth is that through womannës eggëment
Mankind was lorn and damnëd ay to die.

£20 a-piece in our pockets." He also spent a year in France in 1791-2. Wherever he went, from Calais to the Alps, he saw in the eyes of the French a new life; and he joined in all their hopes—

A glorious time,
A happy time that was; triumphant looks
Were then the common language of all eyes;
As if awaked from sleep, the nations hailed
Their great expectancy.

This was the period of the French Revolution; and all young and ardent minds looked upon this great political movement as the dawn of a new day for mankind.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be *alive*,
But to be *young* was very heaven.

These hopes were shared by such men as Godwin and Burns, and by the later friends of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey.

2. Wordsworth had on his return to choose a profession; but both the Church and the law were equally distasteful to him. At this juncture, a dear friend of his, Raisley Calvert, died and left him a sum of £900. This lifted him, with his modest wants and wishes, above all necessity of caring for the future; and he and his sister lived on the interest of this sum for nearly eight years! This extreme frugality gave him the leisure to be a poet. It is difficult even to imagine how they accomplished the task; at the present time it would be impossible. Wordsworth had resolved to give up his whole life to poetry; and to this resolution he adhered in poverty and in wealth, through good report and through evil report. His sister, too, kept the fire of his purpose alive; when despondency, which arose chiefly from deficient nourishment,* though sometimes from political sympathies, attacked him,

She whispered still that brightness would return;
She, in the midst of all, *preserved me still*
A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth.

In 1795 they settled in Somersetshire—just a year before Burns died; and in 1797 he met Coleridge for the first time, and the

* For years the two Wordsworths had no regular dinner hour; "when they were hungry they went to the cupboard and took something."

two poets became friends through life. In 1799 he and his sister settled at Grasmere, in Westmoreland, where they remained for eight years, "in solitude and seclusion." In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, the lady whom he describes with such magical felicity in the poem *She was a Phantom of Delight*.

3. In 1813 he removed to Rydal Mount; and here he lived for thirty-seven years. In the same year the Earl of Lonsdale procured for him the post of Distributor of Stamps for the County of Westmoreland, with a salary of £500. In 1843 he was created Poet-Laureate, in succession to Southey. He died at the age of eighty, on the 23rd of April, 1850, "the anniversary of St. George the patron saint of England;" and was buried beside his daughter, Dora Quilinan, in the quiet churchyard of Grasmere. His life was totally uneventful. The even tenor of his days, which was spent in long walks, and in composing poetry while he was walking, was only varied by excursions on the Continent, and into Wales and Scotland; and these excursions gave him everywhere matter for his verse. But, for all that is essential to Wordsworth's view of poetry, he need never have gone over the mountain walls of his own valley, or stirred beyond the gate of his own garden.

4. The chief events in his life are the publication of his books. The principal of these appeared as follows:—

I. *Descriptive Sketches* and the *Evening Walk* were published in 1793, when he was only three-and-twenty. They are written in the ordinary couplet (rhymed 5 x a); but their style reminds one of Goldsmith rather than of Pope. This volume also contains *Guilt and Sorrow*, a poem in plain, vigorous English, and written in the Spenserian stanza (nine lines of 5 x a; the last an Alexandrine=6 x a).

II. In 1795 he published *The Borderers, a Tragedy*. It failed both as a play and as a poem. Wordsworth had no dramatic talent whatever; and this piece is utterly dull.

III. In 1798 appeared the *Lyrical Ballads*, to which Coleridge contributed *The Ancient Mariner*. A too enthusiastic publisher, Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, gave the poets thirty guineas for the copyright of this volume; he printed 500 copies, gave away some, sold a few, and disposed of most to the butterman and the confectioner.

IV. In 1800 he republished the *Lyrical Ballads* in two volumes; and in 1807 two more volumes of miscellaneous verse.

V. In 1814 the *Excursion* appeared. This is part of a greater work

called *The Recluse, or the Growth of a Poet's Mind*, which he had begun in 1798. Another part, called *The Prelude*, did not appear till after his death. Jeffrey began his critique upon the *Excursion* with—"This will never do"; and Byron called it "blowsy, frowsy, and my aversion."

VI. In 1815 he published the *White Doe of Rylstone*, the only long narrative poem he ever wrote. It is the story of the ruin of a north-country family in the "Rising of the North" in 1569.

VII. *Peter Bell* was published in 1819, and was received from one end of England to the other with laughter, ridicule, and sneers. From this time he published, in spite of laughter, and, what is worse, frigid silence, various poems and editions until his death. He did not meet with appreciative readers until he was sixty, that is in 1830; and he did not find a reading public for his books until 1840.

5. Wordsworth wrote in several measures, in many kinds of verse, and in many kinds of stanza. His chief—almost his only—measure is iambic; the more sprightly, tripping and vivacious trochaic was not suited to the quiet and meditative character of his genius. He has written more of blank verse (unrhymed $5 \times a$) than of any other. He is very fond of the short five-line stanza in iambic tetrameters ($4 \times a$); and in this he wrote his *Idiot Boy*, *Peter Bell*, and some others. It goes thus:

A potent wand does Sorrow wield;
 What spell so strong as guilty Fear!
 Repentance is a tender sprite;
 If aught on earth have heavenly might,
 'Tis lodged within her silent tear.

The Egyptian Maid, perhaps the finest of his later poems, is in a six-line stanza of tetrameters, ending with a pentameter and a double rhyme (or $5 \times a +$). It begins thus:—

While Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
 Forth-looking towards the rocks of Scilly,
 The pleased enchanter was aware
 Of a bright ship that seemed to hang in air,
 Yet was the work of mortal hands,
 And took from men her name—THE WATER LILY.

The seven-line stanza of pentameters ending with an alexandrine which Chaucer was so fond of, and which he uses in his *Troilus and*

Cressida, Wordsworth could manage well. Thus, in *Resolution and Independence* :—

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
 The grass is bright with raindrops ; on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth ;
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist, that, glistening in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

In the intricate and elaborate windings of the sonnet, Wordsworth is also at home. *The White Doe of Rylstone* is in iambic pentameter, the same verse employed by Sir W. Scott, but with a slower and calmer movement than his.

6. To understand Wordsworth's style, one thing must be especially remembered. In him culminated the reaction against the artificiality of Pope, which began with the publication of *Percy's Reliques*. The steps of that reaction are *The Reliques* ; *Cowper* ; *Crabbe* ; and *Wordsworth*. The fact that the difference between prose and poetical language had increased so as to amount to a separation, raised Wordsworth's indignation and disgust, both as a man and as an artist. He could not and would not stoop to what he felt to be the degradation of calling *the setting sun, reddening Phæbus ; arrows, quivered deaths ; shining gates, pellucid valves ; or a bird, a plumy form*. He wanted to get back to "Nature," and to fact. He therefore laid down two canons :—

(a) There is no *essential* difference between the language of poetry and the language of prose ; and

(b) Poetry prefers the *spoken* language of men who live in the country, when they speak under excitement.

He says : "My purpose was to imitate and, as far as possible, to adopt the very language of men . . . and I have endeavoured to reject personifications as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language, which writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. . . . There will also be found in these poems little of what is usually called poetic diction ; *as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it*." It is perfectly true that what is called "poetic diction" was becoming very tawdry and worn-out. It had long been second-hand, and quite oblivious of reality ; it had long been careless of truth, it was now utterly false. But Words-

worth carried his practice even farther than his theory, as will be seen from the following passage from *The Idiot Boy*, which reads curiously side by side with a passage from Pope:—

WORDSWORTH,

And Susan's growing worse and worse,
And Betty's in a sad quandary;
And then there's nobody to say
If she must go, or she must stay;
—She's in a sad quandary.

Long time lay Susan lost in thought,
And many dreadful fears beset her
Both for her messenger and nurse;
And, as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body, it grew better.

POPE.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age,
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wondered why they wept.

7. No contrast could well be greater than that between these two passages. Wordsworth is flat and gossiping, almost to drivel; Pope is "elegant," polished, and dignified in manner. Wordsworth is slovenly; Pope is well-dressed. In defence of Wordsworth, it may fairly be said that he avoids phrases like "in conscious virtue bold," or "tyrants" parting on a sudden with their "savage nature," when they see a tragedy: and that Wordsworth's writing is *true* to fact. Now, if a style is true, it is on the right road, however far behind it may be; while the logical and extreme development of Pope's style, beginning in glitter and spangles, is an end in rags and falsity.

8. The contrast between the subjects of Pope and Wordsworth is just as great as the contrast between their styles. Pope was most at home in the gossip of the "town," in describing the petty passions and bickering of "women of fashion," in surrounding with the graces of charming verse the "fashionable" life of people of rank "about town." Wordsworth writes of the permanent and nobler feelings of humanity; of the strong human heart that lives both in the peer and in the peasant; and of the influences of external nature upon the human soul. The key-note to most of Pope's poetry may be found in the lines (*Rape of the Lock*, l., 99):—

The varying vanities, from every part,
That shift the moving toychop of the heart.

The key-note to Wordsworth's poetry exists in four significant

passages. These are to be found in his minor poems. Thus, in the *Hart-Leap Well*, he says :—

- (a) The moving accident is not my trade,
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts ;
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for *thinking hearts*.

Wordsworth demanded both feeling and thought—reflection as well as a heart. In the song *At the Feast of Brougham Castle*, he sings of the shepherd-lord :—

- (b) Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,—
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Of the *Stock-Dove* he says :—

- (c) She sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin but never ending,
Of serious faith and inward glee,—
That was the song, the song for me !

And in his *Ode on Immortality* he says :—

- (d) To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

His poetical creed is contained in the two following passages. The first is from the prologue to *Peter Bell* :—

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.

The dragon's wing,* the magic ring,†
I shall not covet for *my dower*,
If I along that lowly way
With *sympathetic heart* may stray,
And with a *soul of power*.

* That is, the powerful wing of the dragon, to bear me to other lands.

† The magician's ring, to enable me to call spirits from other worlds.

The second is from *Lines on Tintern Abbey* :—

—Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
*Our cheérful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.*

When Wordsworth wrote the lines—

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,

he struck a note new to English poetry,—a deeper note than the English mind had ever before heard; and there were perhaps but three persons at the time (1807) who cared a straw for his verses: two of these three being Coleridge and his own sister. Of the newer generation, perhaps John Wilson (Christopher North) was his first disciple. Pope would have known the last piece of gossip about Lady Montague, or the latest *bon-mot* of Lord Hervey; but his enthusiasm for what he calls the “ Sacred Nine ” would never have led him into the cottages of the poor, or out upon the bare mountains of Westmoreland.

9. Though Wordsworth, in his earlier poems, misled by the extreme and false application of a true theory, now and then sunk into bathos and slipshod, he was, in most of his poems, a great artist,—hard-working and full of pains. “ Some of his smaller pieces are simply perfect.” Among these are :—

1. She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways (1799).
2. Her Eyes are Wild (1798).
3. She was a Phantom of Delight (1804).
4. A Slumber did my Spirit Seal (1799).
5. Resolution and Independence (1807).

6. Hart-Leap Well (1800).
7. Lines composed above Tintern Abbey (1798).
9. Laodamia (1814).
9. Sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802.
10. Thoughts of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.
11. The Egyptian Maid (1830). [land.
12. Mutability (A Sonnet).
13. Ode to Duty (1805).
14. The Happy Warrior (1806).
15. Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge (A Sonnet).

10. But Wordsworth is to be read and studied with the greatest profit and interest when we read him with some reference to the order of time. This can be done with ease, as most of his best poems are dated. Still more striking and instructive is our reading, when we take the poems in pairs,—one from his earlier, and another from his later manner. The following furnish perhaps the most striking contrasts:—

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. <u>The Idiot Boy</u> (1798) | and <u>Laodamia</u> (1814). |
| 2. <u>Alice Fell</u> (1801) | „ <u>A Jewish Family</u> (1828). |
| 3. <u>Goody Blake, &c.</u> (1798) | „ <u>Dion</u> (1816). |
| 4. <u>The Waggoner</u> (1805) | „ <u>The Egyptian Maid</u> (1830). |
| 5. <u>The Oak and the Broom</u> (1800), | „ <u>A Morning Exercise</u> (1828). |
| 6. <u>To the Daisy</u> (1803) | „ <u>Ode Composed on May Morning</u>
(1826). |

11. Wordsworth has done as much or more to mould the thought and feelings of the generation after him, as Pope did to influence the minds of his contemporaries. Pope's success and reward were large and immediate; Wordsworth had to wait nearly sixty years for his, but then he carried all England with him. His creed is more and more becoming a part of the national mind; and his thoughts and phrases have entered into the common stock, and are even now moulding the national speech. This creed of Wordsworth's is suggested or enforced over and over again in different ways

throughout his writings. It may be shortly stated thus: That what is common to humanity is greater and better than what is special and peculiar to the individual; that within us and around us are inexhaustible sources of joy and "pleasure" for us all; and that we have only to cease to be thoughtless and thankless to find the way to these sources; that the external world of nature and the internal world of man are full of curious correspondences, and of ever new and newer wonders; and that "life's daily prospect"—the dusty high-road of common life—is filled with marvels for the open mind, which may find them there, or may create them. His phrases have not become "the circulating coin of the people" so much as Pope's; but there are many which have a vigorous life in the common mind. Such are

- (a) That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
- (b) The child is father of the man.
- (c) Wisdom married to immortal verse.
- (d) Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence. . . .

EXERCISES ON CHAPTER XXIV.

Ex. 1. Give a short account of the writers mentioned in the following verses:—

When first, decending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd * was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer;
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death, upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the shepherd-poet's eyes:

* James Hogg, poet and novelist, died 1835.

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
 From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
 Since every mortal power of Coleridge
 Was frozen at its marvellous source.

The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
 The heaven-eyed creature, sleeps in earth :
 And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
 Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
 Or waves that own no curbing hand,
 How fast has brother followed brother,
 From sunshine to the sunless land !

Ex. 2. Find out passages in *Wordsworth* to illustrate the following :—

“At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the aristocracy of nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste.”

Ex. 3. Compare the following verse by Dr. Johnson with that from *The Babes in the Wood*, and show why the latter is *poetry*, and the former is not :—

I put my hat upon my head,
 And walked into the Strand,
 And there I met another man,
 Whose hat was in his hand.

Those pretty babes with hand in hand
 Went wandering up and down ;
 But never more they saw the man
 Approaching from the town.

Ex. 4. In the following lines from Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, point out the *words* in which the poetic feeling seems more especially to reside :—

—half way down
 Hangs one who gathers samphire. (Shakspeare.)

As when, far off at sea, a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds. (Milton.)

His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze. (Wordsworth.)

Attended by the thousand thousand saints,
He onward came : far off his coming shone. (Milton.)

Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season. (Wordsworth.)

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. (Shakspeare.)

—Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. (Milton.)

Ex. 5. Give examples of the different kinds of poetry mentioned in the following sonnet :—

Not Love, nor War, nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor duty struggling with afflictions strange—
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful skill ;
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,
And sage content, and placid melancholy ;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,—
Diaphanous because it travels slowly ;
Soft is the music that would charm for ever ;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

Ex. 6. Mention several passages in the life of Milton which illustrate the last six lines of this sonnet :

MILTON.

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee ; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
Have forfeited their ancient English flower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
O raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart !
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Ex. 7. Give a short statement of the view in each stanza of the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

Ex. 8. Wordsworth classifies his poems under the heads of *Poems referring to the Period of Childhood*, *Poems of the Fancy*, *Poems of the Imagination*, etc. Criticise his classification.

Ex. 9. Wordsworth strongly condemns these lines from Lord Chesterfield :

The dews of the evening most carefully shun :
 They are tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

Give reasons why they are bad.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XXIV.

1. When and where was Wordsworth born?
2. At what University did he study?
3. What series of great European events filled his youth?
4. What profession did he choose?
5. How was he enabled to give himself up to poetry?
6. What great poet did he meet in Somersetshire?
7. What office did he obtain in 1813?
8. What in 1843?
9. What is the title of his first book?
10. When did the *Lyrical Ballads* appear?
11. What poem did Coleridge contribute to that collection?
12. When was the *Excursion* published?
13. When the *White Doe of Rylston*?
14. When *Peter Bell*?
15. What was Wordsworth's chief measure?
16. What verse is employed in the *Excursion*?
17. What is the stanza of *Peter Bell*?
18. In what verse is the *White Doe of Rylston* written?
19. State shortly Wordsworth's views regarding poetical language.
20. To what great English writer is Wordsworth the most complete antipode?
21. What is the chief subject of all Wordsworth's poetry?
22. How long had Wordsworth to wait for popularity?
23. Mention some poems written in his "earlier manner."
24. Some in his later.





CHAPTER XXV.

THE CONTEMPORARIES OF WORDSWORTH.

1. **S**YDNEY SMITH (1771-1845) was the founder, with Brougham and Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and was a clergyman of the Church of England. He wrote chiefly on political subjects, and was the protagonist on the Whig side. But he was no mere party man; in the cause of humanity and justice he was always to be seen fighting in the front. He is one of the greatest masters of wit and humour in the English language; and, if not to be classed with Swift, he is not far beneath him. But he is superior to Swift in kindness and heartiness of nature; all his humour is good-humour; and, though he attacks his enemies with every kind of weapon—ludicrous burlesque, sarcasm, and the most abundant ridicule—he never hates. In this respect Swift and he are diametrical opposites. His most successful book was

Letters on the Subject of the Catholics to my Brother Abraham, by Peter Plymley.

They are usually called *Peter Plymley's Letters*; and, chiefly because they put every one on both sides in a good humour, they had a large share in the removal of the "Catholic Disabilities," in 1829. He also wrote *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*. The foundation of his mind was sound common sense; his humour and drollery came from his splendid animal spirits. The following are specimens of both veins:—

FROM PETER PLYMLEY'S LETTERS.

As for the spirit of the peasantry¹ in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through plateracks and hencoops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with

panic² as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles around; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in the back; Mrs. Plymley in fits,—all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries³ since an English pig has fallen in fair battle upon English ground, or a farmhouse been rifled.⁴ The old edition of *Plutarch's Lives* which lies in the corner of your parlour window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Coeles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity, and swim across the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand;⁵ and little Mr. Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the meantime I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence.

DIFFICULTY OF GOVERNING A NATION.

It would seem that the science of government is an unappropriated region in the universe of knowledge. Those sciences with which the passions can never interfere, are considered to be attainable only by study and by reflection; while there are not many young men who doubt of their ability to make a constitution, or to govern a kingdom: at the same time there cannot, perhaps, be a more decided proof of a superficial understanding than the depreciation⁶ of those difficulties which are inseparable from the science of government. To know well the local⁷ and the natural man; to track the silent march of human affairs; to seize, with happy intuition, on those great laws which regulate the prosperity of empires; to reconcile principles to⁸ circumstances, and be no wiser than the times will permit; to anticipate the effects of every speculation upon the entangled relations and awkward complexity of real life; and to follow out the theorems of the senate to the daily comforts of the cottage,—is a task which they will fear most who know it best: a task in which the great and the good have often failed, and which it is not only wise, but pious and just, in common men to avoid.

2. CHARLES LAMB, one of the finest prose-writers of the nineteenth century, was born in 1775. He was educated at Christ's Hospital,

where he formed a friendship with Coleridge. He was a nervous, timid child; "while others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a monk." A good scholar,—with a fine sense for elegant turns in Latin prose and verse, he would have obtained an exhibition; but his stammering prevented his entering the Church. In 1792 he was appointed to a clerkship in the India Office in Leadenhall Street, which he held for thirty years; and one of his jokes was, that his real works were to be found on the shelves of the East India Company. There was a taint of insanity in his family; and his sister, Mary Lamb, had stabbed her mother in a fit of maniacal frenzy. Charles gave up his life to her—broke off his marriage—and gave pledges to the Government that he would take her under his care so long as he lived. They lived together in a garret on £100 a year; and Mr. H. C. Robinson, who knew "everybody," says he met there better society than he could find anywhere else in London. Mary Lamb's malady broke out at intervals; the dread of it hung always over them; and now and then they might be seen going together, silent tears streaming down their cheeks, to the asylum.

They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
Through *Holborn* took their solitary way.

'The history of the long association between brother and sister, broken from time to time by a fresh attack of the fatal malady, is one of the most touching things in fact or fiction.'

3. His first book was—

The Tale of Rosamond Gray,

one of the most pathetic stories in our literature. In 1801 he wrote a tragedy called *John Woodvil*, which proved a failure as a drama, and did not add to his fame as a writer. The remarkable feature in it is the successful way in which Lamb has caught the manner and spirit of the Elizabethan writers, of whom he was a constant and enthusiastic student; and the following passage proves this.

Sometimes outstretched, in very¹ idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,²

When Mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
 Filched from the careless Amalthea's³ horn ;
 And how the woods berries and worms provide,
 Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
 To answer their small wants.⁴
 To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
 Then stop and gaze, then turn—they know not why—
 Like bashful⁵ youngers⁶ in society.
 To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
 And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

In 1807 he published *Tales from Shakspeare*, written by Mary Lamb and himself. In 1808 appeared his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*; and this book gave an impetus to the study of the Elizabethan dramatists, just as *Percy's Reliques* recalled the world of readers from the over-cultivated Popian poetry to the fresher sources in our old literature. But his best book—one which places him in the highest rank as a writer of prose—is his

Essays of Elia,

which originally appeared in the *London Magazine*, and which were published in a collected form in 1823. He also published, in 1830, a small volume of poems called *Album Verses*.

4. In 1825 he retired with a pension. "I came home for ever on Tuesday week." He died in 1834; but his sister survived him till 1847. The special characteristic of his mind was humour; and his distinguishing taste was for the old and quaint, in places, books, and men. He detested new books and modern improvements; he loved to hang "for the thousandth time over some passage in old Burton,* or one of his strange contemporaries;" he was fond of "out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—things quaint, irregular, and out of the road of common sympathy." In his own style, he has woven together into one charming whole the quaintness of the Elizabethan manner, and the clearness and common-sense of more modern times. The following passages illustrate the two sides of Lamb's mind—the humorous and the pathetic. Every great humourist has both sides—of tears and of laughter.

* Burton (1576-1640), the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a work full of the oddest thoughts, the strangest opinions, and the most out-of-the-way quotations. It has been a quarry to many English writers.

A QUAKER'S MEETING.

Reader, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge¹ from the noises and clamours of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory² faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate;³ a simple in composite:⁴—come with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that 'before the winds were made,' go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities⁵ of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faithed, self-mistrusting Ulysses:⁶—retire with me into a Quaker's Meeting. . . . Presently it is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius;⁷ or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the *Tongue*, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed in stillness. O when the spirit is sore fretted,⁸ even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench among the gentle Quakers. Their garb and stillness conjoined, present a uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—'forty feeding like one.' The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of the contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.⁹

His lines *On an Infant Dying as soon as Born* are in the genuine sixteenth century style:—

I saw where in the shroud¹ did lurk
 A curious frame of Nature's work;
 A flow'ret crush'd in the bud,
 A nameless piece of babyhood
 Was in her cradle-coffin lying;
 Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying.
 She did but ope an eye, and put
 A clear beam forth, then straight up shut

For the long dark :² ne'er more to see
 Through glasses³ of mortality.
 Riddle⁴ of destiny, who can show
 What thy short visit meant, or know
 What thy errand here below ?
 Shall we say, that Nature blind⁵
 Checked her hand, and changed her mind,
 Just when she had exactly wrought
 A finished pattern⁶ without fault ?
 Limbs so firm, they seemed to assure
 Life of health, and days mature :
 Woman's self in miniature !⁷
 Limbs so fair, they might supply
 (Themselves now but cold imagery)
 The sculptor to make Beauty by.

5. JOHN FOSTER (1770-1843), a friend of Robert Hall's, and also a Baptist clergyman, gained fame for himself by his *Essays on Decision of Character*. There is a certain clear force and weighty purpose in his style which attracted thoughtful readers; and the *Essays* are worthy of a careful study, as showing how much may be made of an unpromising subject by long and careful thought, and diligent working in it. His power of looking at the same idea from different points of view is very remarkable.

6. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834), was a poet, philosopher, and theologian in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Had his diligence been equal to his genius, he might have been the poet of his generation. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he knew and was the friend of Charles Lamb. An omnivorous reader, he was in the habit of spending hours at old bookstalls in the open air; and a gentleman observing him one day at this favourite pursuit, and struck with his air of unconscious preoccupation, made him free of a circulating library. In a short time Coleridge had read all the books contained in it. The weakness of his mind was want of will; the whole desire of his being was abstract thought or dreamy imagination; and he made proposals to a shoemaker to be taken as an apprentice. In 1791 he went to Jesus College, Cambridge, left it without taking his degree, came up to town, and enlisted in a dragoon regiment, under the name of Silas Tomkins Comberbatch. While a

soldier, his comrades cleaned his horse and accoutrements in exchange for his services as a letter-writer. Soon after, he was bought off by some friends; and his next plan was, in conjunction with Southey and some other friends, to found a "State" on the principles of "Pantisocracy," on the banks of the Susquehannah. Everything was arranged—everybody was ready to start—when it was discovered that no one had any money. In 1798 he published, with Wordsworth, the *Lyrical Ballads*. Soon after, by the help of the celebrated potters, the Wedgwoods, he went to Germany to study.

7. From 1800 to 1816 his labours were irregular, his place of abode unsettled, and his plans constantly changing. He started several magazines, but few survived beyond their fifth or sixth number. He wrote for the newspapers, wrote for the booksellers, was secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, one of Nelson's captains, lived at London, Keswick, Malta, and Rome, and, in 1816, returned finally to London. His wife and family were living in the Lake country, supported by his brother-in-law Southey; and he himself was received in 1816, into the house of Mr. Gillman, a surgeon at Highgate, who undertook to cure him of a confirmed habit of eating opium. He remained with the Gillmans for the rest of his life. He was visited in Highgate by all the young and earnest thinkers of his time; and there he uttered monologues for hours to rapt listeners, on poetry, philosophy, and theology. After a long illness, he died on the 25th of July, 1834.

The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth.

On the 9th November, of the year before, he had written his own epitaph:—

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breath. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.
Oh, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!

Mr. Carlyle says of him: "Brow and head were round, and of massive weight; but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep

eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but constantly shifted, corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both."

8. In early manhood he gave himself to poetry; the German transcendental philosophy next filled his mind; and in later years, theology and general reading were his chief pursuits. Almost all he has done is fragmentary; but there are all through his works the germs of fine thoughts and the suggestion of beautiful images. He stimulates rather than instructs; and his conversation during his lifetime had a stronger influence than his writings. An overwhelming profusion of ideas and intellectual interests disturbed his mind, and prevented him from giving himself up to one subject. His best works are:—

- (1) The Poems of S. T. Coleridge;
- (2) Aids to Reflection;
- (3) The Friend.

(1.) Of his poems, the best are *The Ancient Mariner*; *Christabel*; *Hymn before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni*; *France, an Ode* (1797); *Love*; *Youth and Age*; *Love, Hope and Patience in Education*; and *Dejection, an Ode*.

(2.) The *Aids to Reflection* was written for the young, to give them a guide and a method in thinking on their own existence, their relation to God, and to their fellow-men.

(3.) *The Friend* originally appeared as a magazine; but it reached only twenty-seven numbers. It was designed to set forth a consistent body of opinions in theology, philosophy, and politics.

9. Coleridge's prose style came from his habit of long monologues; it has the characteristics of his conversation,—if that can be called conversation, where only one spoke, the other listened, and there was no interlocutor. The sentences are therefore too long, too involved, and too full of parentheses, limitations, and explanations; but he uses words with the finest feeling for their sense and appropriateness, and his vocabulary is copious. There is here and there too a noble rhythm and a soft melody which is very pleasant. His

verse is exquisite. Some of his poems are perfect, such as the short poem called *Love*, and parts of the *Christabel*. The language and the meaning form one indissoluble musical whole; and it would be impossible to alter a word, except for the worse. Shelley declared his *Ode to France* to be the finest of modern times. Both Scott and Byron have acknowledged their debts to his *Christabel*, and Scott speaks of himself as Coleridge's pupil. Taken as a whole, it is probable that Coleridge's writings, both in prose and in verse, are the best introduction which a young reader could have into the field of thought and literature proper. They are full of true and acute reflections, of pregnant suggestions, and of stimulating criticism. He was the first Englishman who taught us to read Shakspeare rightly.

The following passage is from his *Biographia Literaria*, and it contains some very important remarks:—

THE TEST OF TRUE POETRY.

As the result of all my reading and meditation, I abstracted two critical aphorisms,¹ deeming them to comprise the conditions and criteria² of poetic style: first, that not the poem which we have read, but that to which we return with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power, and claims the name of essential³ poetry; secondly, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense or association,⁴ or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction. Be it however observed, that I excluded from the list of worthy feelings, the pleasure derived from mere novelty in the reader, and the desire of exciting wonderment⁵ at his powers in the author. Oftentimes since then, in perusing French tragedies, I have fancied two marks of admiration at the end of each line, as hieroglyphics⁶ of the author's own admiration at his own cleverness. Our genuine admiration of a great poet is a continuous undercurrent of feeling; it is everywhere present, but seldom anywhere as a separate excitement. I was wont boldly to affirm, that it would be scarcely more difficult to push a stone out from the pyramids with the bare hand, than to alter a word, or the position of a word, in Milton or⁷ Shakspeare (in their most important works at least), without making the poet say something else, or something worse, than he does say. One great distinction I appeared to myself to see plainly between even the characteristic faults of our older poets, and the false beauty of the moderns. In the former, from Donne to Cowley, we find the most fantastic⁸ out-of-the-way thoughts, but in the most pure and genuine mother English; in the latter the most obvious thoughts, in language the most fantastic and arbitrary. Our faulty elder poets sacrificed the passion and passionate flow

of poetry to the subtleties of intellect and to the starts of wit; the moderns to the glare and glitter of a perpetual yet broken and heterogeneous⁹ imagery, or rather to an amphibious something, made up half of image and half of abstract meaning. The one sacrificed the heart to the head; the other, both heart and head to point and drapery.

It is not easy to give even a faint suggestion of the varied excellence of Coleridge in his poetry, but the following passage from *Christabel* has many of his characteristics.

CHRISTABEL.

The night is chill;¹ the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl^o
From the lovely lady's cheek²—
There is not wind enough to twirl³
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!⁴
She folded her arms within her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak,
What sees she there?⁵

There⁶ she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,⁷
Her stately neck, and arm were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled⁸ in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

10. ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774–1843) was the contemporary and friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and, with them, was classed, by a popular misappreciation, as one of the *Lake Poets*. The term arose

from the merely superficial fact, that all of them lived in the Lake District of England, and that they protested in common against the dominance of the "conventional" style in poetry. Southey was the youngest of the three. Born in Bristol, educated at Westminster and Balliol College, Oxford, he early made up his mind to a life of literary labour. He published an epic, called *Joan of Arc*, when he was nineteen. Before he was one-and-twenty he had married Edith Fricker, one of three sisters, two of whom later on married Coleridge and Lovell. Southey was so penniless that his friend Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, had to find the money for the wedding-ring; and immediately after the wedding, he started for Lisbon with his uncle. He returned in about six months, a master of Spanish and Portuguese; and from this date began a life of ceaseless literary labour. Probably no literary man ever worked so hard. "Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make any selections and biographies, or what else suits my humour till dinner-time. From dinner-time till tea I read, write letters, see the newspapers, and very often indulge in a siesta. After tea I go to poetry, and correct and rewrite and copy till I am tired; and then turn to anything else till supper. And this is my life." A friend once asked him, "But tell me, Southey, when do you think?" He was appointed Poet-Laureate in 1813. In 1840 he was quite worn-out, and his mind was a mere blank. He died on the 21st of March, 1843.

11. Southey wrote both prose and poetry. The two best of his prose-works are :

The Life of Nelson ; and
The Doctor.

The Life of Nelson is written in clear, strong, masculine, and idiomatic English; and, short as it is, still remains our best life of that great seaman. *The Doctor* is a humorous work, embracing Southey's opinions on men, manners, society, and books; and it is full of odd and interesting quotations from Southey's ubiquitous and omnivorous reading. His poems are now little, if at all, read. The only poems of his that may be said to "live," are his ballads. The others are chiefly on Oriental subjects; and, though they show great knowledge of the Hindoo mythology, readers of poetry always feel that there is no genuine poetic life in them: that, in fact, they have no

raison d'être whatever. *Thalaba the Destroyer* is an "Arabian fiction," written in irregular unrhymed iambic verse. *The Curse of Kehama* is based upon the Hindoo mythology, and is written in irregular iambic verse also, but rhymed. Lord Byron says somewhere that the French phrase, *des longueurs*, cannot be translated,

But though we've not the word, we've got the thing :
An epic from R. Southey every spring.

Leigh Hunt said rightly: "Southey went to his poetry too mechanically, and with too much nonchalance; and the consequence was, a vast many words to little matter. Nor had he the least music in him at all. He wrote prose out into lyrical shapes, and took the appearance of it for verse." But, while his poems are merely long literary exercises, his ballads are full of spirit, force, and genuine narrative pith. Perhaps the following is the most stirring and remarkable example.

BISHOP HATTO.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.¹

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,²
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings³ good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

“ I’ faith, ’tis an excellent bonfire,” quoth he,
 “ And the country is greatly obliged to me
 For ridding⁴ it in these times forlorn⁵
 Of rats, that only consume the corn.”

So then to his palace returnèd he,
 And he sat down to supper merrily,
 And he slept that night like an innocent man,
 But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,
 Where his picture hung against the wall,
 A sweat like death all over him came,
 For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look’d there came a man from the farm,
 He had a countenance white with alarm ;
 “ My lord, I open’d your granaries this morn,
 And the rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,
 And he was pale as pale could be,
 “ Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly !” quoth he.
 “ Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
 The Lord forgive⁶ you for yesterday !”

“ I’ll go to my tower on the Rhine,” replied he ;
 “ ’Tis the safest place in Germany.
 The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
 And the stream is strong, and the water deep.”

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten’d away,
 And he cross’d the Rhine without de’ay,
 And reach’d his tower, and barr’d with care
 All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
 But soon a scream made him arise ;
 He started, and saw two eyes of flame
 On his pillow from whence the screaming⁷ came.

He listen’d and look’d. It was only the cat ;
 But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
 For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
 At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
 And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
 And up the tower their way is bent,
 To do the work for which they were sent.⁸

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
 By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;
 Such numbers had never been heard of before;
 Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.⁹

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
 And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
 As louder and louder, drawing near,
 The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
 And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
 And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
 From the right and the left, from behind and before,
 From within and without, from above and below,
 And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted¹⁰ their teeth against the stones,
 And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
 They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb
 For they were sent to do justice on him.¹¹

12. THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844) was a Scotchman, educated at the University of Glasgow, and not without renown in that university for his clever translations of passages from the Greek poets. He is not a poet of the highest rank; he is rather to be regarded as a *littérateur*, with a fine but not very rich vein of poetry in him. In 1799, while only one-and-twenty, he published his *Pleasures of Hope*, which was received by the public with as much enthusiasm as that awakened by Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* or Byron's *Childe Harold*. Four editions were sold in a year. In 1802 he published the poems entitled *Hohenlinden* and *Ye Mariners of England*; and both raised his fame. In 1803 he settled in London, and adopted literature as a profession. His *Specimens from the British Poets* are full of able and subtle criticism. The *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a narrative poem in the Spenserian stanza, appeared in 1809. He was for some time Lord Rector of his own university. He died in Boulogne

in 1844; and his body was brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey.

13. His best-known, and probably his best, poems are:—

Hohenlinden;
Ye Mariners of England; and
Gertrude of Wyoming.

He distinguished himself most in lyrical poetry. Archbishop Trench says of his *Hohenlinden*, that it “has taken its place among the noblest lyrics, the trumpet-notes in the language.” The two most specific marks of his style are vigour of rhythm and happiness of phrase. His vigour of rhythm is seen in such lines as these from *Gertrude of Wyoming*:—

But hark, the tramp! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!

His poem, *The Last Man*, is also full of a noble eloquence, though the central idea is somewhat absurd. Campbell is usually classed with Gray as a fastidious and careful workman; and yet few poets have taken more liberties with our mother-tongue. In his most polished and deliberate poems are to be found phrases that are either poor English or weak in sense. Thus, in the *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, we have such lines as,—

In danger shall not tarry,

though *tarry* is never used in this sense. The lines,

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,

are both prosaic and unintelligible; while the assertion regarding Britannia, that

With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,

Is true neither in fact nor to the imagination. The difference between the treatment of the same subject by a great and by an inferior lyricist, is to be well seen in the comparison of Shelley's *Fugitives** with Campbell's *Lord Ullin's Daughter*. But oftenest Campbell's language is pure and simple, as in the verses from his *Rainbow*:—

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

14. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822) was one of the greatest poets of the earlier half of this century. He was born in Sussex, educated at Eton and Oxford (as far as so original a mind can be said to be educated, in any strict sense, in any given place), and, after many miseries and misfortunes, settled in Italy. He was a friend of Lord Byron's, and did much to guide his life and actions in the right way. He was drowned in a squall off Via Reggia, in the gulf of Leghorn; and, according to the Italian law, his body was burnt, and the ashes conveyed to the Protestant cemetery in Rome, where they lie near the remains of his friend, John Keats. His greatest works are

Prometheus Unbound (a drama);
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty;
Adonais;
To a Skylark;
Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples;
The Cloud.

His genius was essentially lyrical, and that of the purest kind. Nowhere in his poems do we meet with the smallest trace of personal

* This comparison is suggested by Archbishop Trench in his "Household Book of English Poetry" (an admirable selection), p. 412.

experience. It would be impossible to tell, from his writings, to what nation or time he belonged, or what his work or profession in life had been. The overmastering passion of his mind was for justice and for intellectual beauty; and, without striving to understand the slow growth of human society, he separated himself from England and Englishmen during the larger part of his life. He had an eager belief that the "world" and society could be regenerated by eloquence and reason; and his contempt and scorn for those who did not agree with him were much too ready. In the preface to *Prometheus Unbound* he states that he had "a passion for reforming the world;" and this play is a lyrical prophecy of a "better time." The *dramatis personæ* of the *Prometheus* are as dreamy and unreal as the thoughts. They are *the Earth, the Moon, Panthea, Demigorgon*, and others. This burning hope, this passionate desire for a new state of things shows itself in another play, written on the occasion of the uprising of Greece against the Turks—the *Hellas*. Just as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and other young men saw in the French Revolution the dawn of a day of perfect wisdom and happiness for Europe, so Byron and Shelley believed that Greece would lead the nations to new culture and new civilization.

The world's great¹ age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds² outworn:
 Heaven smiles, and crowns and empires gleam
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.³

A brighter Hellas⁴ rears its mountains
 From waves serener far;
 A new Peneus⁵ rolls its fountains
 Against the morning star.⁶
 Where fairer Tempes⁷ bloom, there sleep
 Young Cyclads⁸ on a sunnier deep.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
 If earth death's scroll⁹ must be;
 Nor mix with Laian¹⁰ rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free:
 Although a nobler sphinx renew
 Riddles of death Thebes¹¹ never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
 Bequeathe,¹² like sunset to the skies,
 The splendour of its prime :
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,
 All earth can take or heaven can give.

Oh, cease ! must hate and death return ?
 Cease ! must men kill and die ?
 Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy.
 The world ¹³ is weary of the past,
 Oh, might it die or rest at last !

The *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* gives the key-note to his poetry.
 He says :

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
 Man were immortal and omnipotent
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart ?

The *Adonais* is an elegy,—but in the Spenserian stanza—on his friend John Keats, whom in one year he followed to the same grave. It is full of beautiful lines, and of the noblest eloquence and poetic fire.

I weep for Adonais—he is dead !
 Oh, weep for Adonais ! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !
 And thou, sad Hour ! selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow ; say : With me
 Died Adonais ; till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity !

The whole poem may be compared with Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, though the latter is full of an assured Christian faith. The splendour of individual lines in *Adonais* is wonderful :

- (a) —the moving pomp might seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.
- (b) Morning sought
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
 Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day.

- (c) And the green lizard and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.
- (d) *He has outsoared the shadow of our night.*

His poem *To a Skylark* is perhaps the most characteristic of his keen and sweet lyrical power; and a few verses are here given. Macaulay says: "His poetry seems not to have been an art, but an inspiration."

All the earth and air ¹
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.²

What thou art we know not; ³
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,⁴
 Till the world is wrought ⁵
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,⁶
 Scattering unbeholden ⁷
 Its aërial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which screen ⁸ it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers ⁹
 On the tinkling ¹⁰ grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

15. THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852), was a contemporary and friend of Lord Byron's, and wrote his life. He is best known as a lyrical poet, and the songs he wrote for old Irish melodies were sung everywhere in the three kingdoms in the beginning of the present century. He has often been compared with Burns; but the poetry of the two men is as unlike as their experiences and their lives. Moore's poetry has generally a drawing-room air, and a literary polish, which sometimes suggests weakness and falsity. Burns's poetry is of the open air, and contains the solidest elements. Moore's best known works are

The Irish Melodies;
Lallah Rookh.

Lallah Rookh (*tulip-cheek*) is an Eastern tale, essentially artificial, very clever, very fascinating for the time, and very unreal. The following song, from his *Irish Melodies*, is written, Mr. Palgrave says, "in a sweet and genuinely national style."

TO MY DEAD WIFE.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear;
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my Love, 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that were once so dear.

16. JOHN KEATS (1795-1821), was a genuine "Cockney," born in Moorfields, educated privately, and apprenticed to a surgeon at fifteen. He was a boy of a consumptive habit of body, of a dreamy temperament, and an eager reader of poetry. But he had no ambition to write poetry himself, until he met with Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. This he read through; and from that date he knew that he too was a poet. "A new world of delight seemed revealed to him. He revelled in the gorgeousness of the imagery, as in the pleasures of a sense fresh-found; the force and felicity of an epithet (such for example as 'the sea-shouldering whale') would light up his countenance with

ecstasy." In 1815 he came up to London "to walk the hospitals;" but he soon felt that surgery was not his proper sphere. In 1817 he published a small volume of poems, which attracted no notice, except from an indignant literary gentleman, who called at the bookseller's, and requested to have his money returned. The *Endymion* appeared in 1818; and the reviewers, with the coarse and prompt superficiality of their time, told Keats that a "starved apothecary was better than a starved poet." In *Hyperion*, which was published in 1820, he gave clearest proof that a new master of song was now living in England. The consumptive tendency, which was hereditary in him, and of which his brother had died in 1818, began to show itself in a positive form; and in September, 1820, he sailed for Naples, from whence he went on to Rome. But only to die. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery there on the 1st of March, 1821.

His chief poems are—

Endymion: a Poetic Romance;
Hyperion;
 The Eve of St. Agnes;
 Ode on a Grecian Urn;
 Ode to a Nightingale.

Endymion relates the old classical story of the sleeping youth who was kissed by *Selené* (the Moon), upon mount Latmos in Caria. There is a very fine statue of a *Sleeping Endymion* in the British Museum; and it is possible that Keats, who was fond of studying the Elgin marbles and other fragments of Greek antiquity there, had the subject of the poem suggested to him by this statue. The poem is the production of a very young man, and is full of the most luxuriant phraseology and exuberant fancy, which needed and afterwards received much pruning. The *Hyperion* relates the story of the deposing of "the elder gods" by Jupiter, Neptune, and Apollo. It is only a fragment; but Lord Byron said of it that "it seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as *Æschylus*." *The Eve of St. Agnes* is based upon the popular superstition that, if certain rites are performed on the vigil of that saint (Jan. 21st), maidens are vouchsafed a sight of their future husbands. The *Ode to a Grecian Urn* is a poetic theme, inspired by the sight of the bas-reliefs of dancing figures upon a vase he had seen in the British Museum.

His earlier style is loose and verbose ; his later style showed that he might, had he lived, have taken his place with Milton. The *Quarterly Review* spoke of his *Endymion* as "calm, settled, imperturbable, drivelling idiotcy ;" Lord Houghton says of his minor poems, that "these pages often remain open when the clamorous sublimities of Byron and Shelley are unwelcome intruders." In one of his letters Keats says : "If poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all." It would not be an exaggerated estimate of him to compare him with Spenser, and to call him "the poet's poet ;" for he has the richest imagination and the noblest and truest feeling for beauty. His *Hyperion* has been pronounced equal to *Lycidas* ; and Shelley said of him that he was "a Greek himself." It is difficult to give an idea of his wealth, but the following passages may help towards this :

THE ALL-PERVADING INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing :
 Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways¹
 Made for our searching !² Yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple³ sheep ; and such are daffodils,⁴
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms⁵
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read ;
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.⁶

From the Endymion.

FROM THE ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;¹
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :²
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien³ corn ;⁴
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.⁵

AUTUMNAL MUSIC.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them ; thou⁶ hast thy music too,
 While barrèd clouds bloom⁷ the soft dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
 Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;⁸
 Hedge crickets sing, and now, with treble soft,
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft ;
 And gathering swallows twitter⁹ in the skies.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER."

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western¹ islands have I been,
 Which bards in fealty² to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :³
 Yet never did I breathe its pure serene⁴
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold ;
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;⁵
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent,⁶ upon a peak in Darien.

SATURN AND THEA, FROM "HYPERION."

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one⁸ star,
 Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence⁹ round about his lair ;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud.¹⁰ No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not¹¹ one light seed from the feathered grass ;
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade :¹² the Naiad¹³ 'mid her reeds
 Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips. . . .
 It seemed no force could wake him from his place ;
 But there came one, who with a kindred¹⁴ hand
 Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a goddess of the infant¹⁵ world ;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's¹⁶ height ; she would have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck ;
 Or with a finger stayed Ixion's¹⁷ wheel.
 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,¹⁸
 Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
 When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh, how unlike marble was that face !
 How beautiful if Sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self !
 There was a listening fear in her regard,¹⁹
 As if calamity had but begun ;
 As if the vanward²⁰ clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was, with its stor'd thunder, labouring up.²¹
 One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain ;
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake

In solemn tenor and deep organ-tone;²²
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
 Would come in these like accents²³—Oh, how frail,
 Is that large utterance of the early gods!

17. JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859), commonly called Leigh Hunt, was a literary man and journalist in the first half of the present century. He was a friend of Shelley, Byron, and Keats, and had a large share in the political contests of his time. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and "I had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason, as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was that I hesitated in my speech." With his brother he established the *Examiner*; and, for an article in that newspaper on the personal appearance of George IV. (an "Adonis of fifty") he underwent two years' imprisonment. His earlier individual works were poems; his later, prose works or articles in magazines. His culture was derived chiefly from the Italian and older English poets, such as Chaucer and Spenser. Professor Craik thinks his *Story of Rimini* "indisputably the finest inspiration of Italian song that has yet been heard in our modern English literature." In poetry he belonged to what was then called the "Cockney School"; but this designation is of no critical value whatever, as it was given by political opponents. It is curious, however, that the chief members of that so-called school, Keats and Leigh Hunt, were among the most diligent students of our oldest and best literature. They knew and valued Pope; but they cultivated and studied Chaucer. His best works are:—

The Story of Rimini;
 The Legend of Florence (*in verse*);
 Men, Women, and Books (*a collection from his articles*);
 The Old Court Suburb (*Kensington*); and
 Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.

Mr. Carlyle says of the *Autobiography* that it is "by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language." He also published excellent books of extracts, such as *Wit and Humour*, *Imagination and Fancy*, and *Stories from the Italian Poets* ("infinite riches in a little room"). The two first of

these consist chiefly of extracts from the English poets, with charming commentaries upon them by Leigh Hunt himself. "To use a homely image," says Mr. Hannay, "he was an admirable *taster*." Of the *Story of Rimini* two versions exist; and it is one of the best exercises in critical appréciation to compare the two. In some of his poems he rises to a noble height of thought and feeling; as in his *Jaffar*, *Abou Ben Adhem*, and the *Sultan Mahmoud*. His central belief was in good, and in its power to overcome evil.

Good is as hundreds, evil as one;
Round about goeth the golden sun.

Mr. Ireland says: "Hunt teaches better than any other English writer, 'how to neutralise the disagreeable, and make the best of what is before us.'" Some of his translations from the Italian are almost perfect; for example, his version of Petrarch's *clear, fresh, and dulcet strains*. The following passages are the openings of the two versions of the *Story of Rimini*;—

MORNING AT RAVENNA (*Earlier Version*).

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay.
A morn the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve and gentle rain at night
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light
And there's a crystal clearness all about.
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil,
And all the scene, in short, sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing!
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white,
Like joyful hands, come up with scattering light,

Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
 And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.
 Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
 Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
 With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
 The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;
 Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
 And shouts from mere exuberance of delight;
 And arm'd bands, making important way,
 Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
 And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
 And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

MORNING AT RAVENNA.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day
 Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay :
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
 And April, with his white hands wet with flowers,
 Dazzles the bride-maids looking from the towers :
 Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and near,
 Glitter with drops, and heaven is sapphire clear,
 And the lark rings it, and the pine-trees glow,
 And odours from the citrons come and go,
 And all the landscape—earth, and sky, and sea,—
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.

* * * * *

The seats with boughs are shaded from above
 Of bays and roses—trees of wit and love ;
 And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
 The lightsome fountain starts out from the green,
 Clear and compact, till, at its height o'errun,
 It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

18. THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845) is the great modern Professor and Poet of Humanity for the nineteenth century. His poems have been a social and a political power. He was a literary man by profession, and at the early age of twenty was sub-editor of the *London Magazine*. He was involved in debt by the ruin of a business house with which he was connected: and, like Scott in similar circumstances, he set to work to pay every farthing he owed. Like Scott once

more, he died under the effort. He published several volumes of poetry; and his humorous poems especially are in a new and daring style. But his two serious poems, *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs* (both of which first appeared in *Punch*), went straight to the heart of the British nation, and took root and bore good fruit in the shape of noble private charities and well-considered acts of parliament for the relief of working women. His poetic imagination, strong and full-blooded, came from his noble and sympathetic heart; but he has also subtle turns of expression and quaint fancies, which place him high in the second rank of the British Classics. "The various pen of Hood," said Mr. Douglas Jerrold, "touched alike the springs of laughter and the sources of tears." His rhythms are subtle and peculiar to himself, and many of them recall the finest of Herrick, Vaughan, and other writers of the seventeenth century. Such are those to be found in the poem called *Ruth* :—

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn.

More especially in the verse—

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim :—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

There is perhaps not to be found in the whole range of English literature so perfect an expression of a true feeling as the following short poem :—

THE DEATH BED.

We watched her breathing¹ through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.²

Our very hopes belied³ our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,⁴
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours.

19. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762–1850) was a clergyman in the Church of England, and long held the rectory of Bremhill in Wiltshire, of which George Herbert had been an incumbent. He gained some fame by his sonnets, which had great influence upon Coleridge's taste, and by his opening the controversy *Was Pope a poet?* a controversy in which Byron, Campbell, and others joined. As, however, the combatants had not agreed upon a definition of poetry, the discussion was futile, and served only as an occasion for the expression of mere individual opinion.

20. SAMUEL ROGERS (1763–1855) was a banker, a poet, and a literary man. His first volume appeared in 1786, the same year in which Burns first published his minor poems. He wrote the *Pleasures of Memory*, on which he spent nine years; *Human Life*, to which he gave nearly the same; and *Italy*, which cost him sixteen years' labour. His poetry belongs to what is called "the poetry of taste"; that is, infinite care is taken with the refinement of phraseology, and diligent workmanship stands in the place of inspiration. He lived to be more than ninety, to know all the most distinguished political and literary men of his day, to collect round him the finest and rarest pictures, books, and "articles of vertu;" and died without pain in the end of the year 1855.

21. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775–1864) deserves a high place in our literature, as one of the few Englishmen who have consciously cultivated style in prose. He was born on the 30th of January, 1775, the anniversary of the execution of Charles I. He was a separatist and an Ishmaelite from his boyhood; he had to leave Rugby, and later on, Oxford, in consequence of his defiance of authority. He quarrelled with his relations, friends, and acquaintances; and the authorities of almost every town he ever lived in, have been glad to see him depart. In 1808 he set out for Spain to help in the war of liberation, equipped a body of troops at his own expense, and presented the Spaniards with 20,000 reals towards the expenses of the

war. He quarrelled with his associates, and returned. He lived in Bath, Wales, and other places, and generally left under stress of storm. For nearly thirty years he resided, not without quarrels, in Florence, where he wrote his chief works. "His most intimate friendships were states of unstable equilibrium." Shortly before his death, he promulgated the statement that of his formerly large fortune there was but a small sum left; but that with this sum he was ready to endow the widow of any man who would undertake to assassinate the Emperor of the French. But he was wiser and nobler in his writings than in his conduct; and English literature is indebted to him for many true and fine thoughts, expressed in the most vigorous and nervous English. The two special characteristics of his style are (a) compression, and (b) happy illustrations.

The following are his greatest works:—

Count Julian (a tragedy), 1812.

Gebir (a poem in blank verse), 1831.

Imaginary Conversations (1824–9.)

De Quincey ranks the character of *Count Julian* with the *Satan* of Milton and the *Prometheus* of Æschylus. His *Gebir* is written in beautiful verse, and contains one image which, in Wordsworth's hands (he expanded it in the *Excursion*), attained wide admiration.

And I have sinuous shells of pearly hue;
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abode,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

Everywhere, throughout his *Imaginary Conversations*, we find striking and beautiful thoughts:

(a) As the needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frost and deserts of the north, so Milton and some few others, in politics, philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, waive aside the importunate trader, and, after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the pole-star of immutable truth.

(b) It appears to me that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still;

enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire, and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance.

(c) A solitude is the audience-chamber of God.

(d) Goodness does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity, for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over; the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

But there is throughout his prose a certain stiffness, and at times almost pedantry, which arose from the isolation of the man, and from the fact that he did not care to write upon subjects that were interesting to a large number of readers. His prose is among the very best of "scholarly prose," and that is the best that can be said of it.

22. WILLIAM COBBETT (1762-1835) has been called "the Last of the Saxons," because of his homely style and his preference for English instead of Latin or French words. He was a farm-labourer, a common soldier, a bookseller, a political writer, and a member of Parliament, and went through all kinds of experience. He was a born Ishmael, and attacked abuses wherever he found them. The violence of his objurgation, in his attacks under the *nom de plume* of Peter Porcupine, compelled him to leave the United States; and he was frequently prosecuted for libel in this country. He was a master of idiomatic English; and he had the power of intensely interesting his readers in whatever he wrote, from the price of potatoes up to the highest affairs of state. He wrote a large number of books and pamphlets, most of which are now forgotten. Perhaps the two best are his

Rural Rides; and his
English Grammar.

His *English Grammar* contains a large number of sensible remarks on the writing of English, and a series of most amusing criticisms on the style of the "King's Speech" of his day.

23. GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in London, in the year 1788. He was the son of a captain in the guards, a reckless spendthrift and drunkard, who squandered his wife's fortune, and neglected his

family. His mother was also a woman of a passionate and ill-regulated mind; and his childhood was passed amidst vituperation and caresses—over-indulgence and correction with the boot-jack. The child, too, was passionate, proud, and self-conscious; he was also lame, and his mother in her rages taunted him with the physical defect. Mrs. Byron had retired to Aberdeen to live on £130 a year, the remnant of her fortune; but Byron's grand-uncle dying in 1798, he came into the possession of Newstead Abbey and the title at the early age of ten. The house stands in the midst of Sherwood Forest, and was built out of the ruins of an ancient priory. Soon after, he was sent to Harrow. He did not work steadily at the school subjects; but he was a voracious and omnivorous reader, and before he was fifteen, had read several hundreds of books on history, philosophy, biography, and poetry. From Harrow he went up, in 1805, to Trinity College, Cambridge.

His *Hours of Idleness* appeared in 1807, when he was hardly nineteen; and thus he was one of the youngest of authors. The *Edinburgh Review* criticised these poems with undue severity; and Byron replied in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Soon after he left England for two years, and travelled in Portugal, Spain, Albania, and Greece, and the result was the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. This poem excited the attention of the public in an utterly unprecedented degree; beat Scott out of the field; made people think that a new world of poetry was revealed to them; and Byron "awoke one morning and found himself famous." Then followed a series of tales—such as *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Siege of Corinth*, and several others. In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke. The lady left him in a year, and Byron left England, filled with disappointment, hatred, disgust, and desolation, never to return. The populace took his wife's side against him; and he—the most sensitive and passionate of men, who had been the lion and the favoured of society—was hissed in the streets of London. At Geneva he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold* and the *Prisoner of Chillon*. In Italy he wrote *Beppo* and other poems, and several plays. The Greeks were now, in 1823, beginning to try for freedom—to throw off the yoke of the Turks. Byron's enthusiasm was aroused, and he resolved to help them with his time, his money, and his thought. In the spring of 1824 he caught cold and inflammation, and died on the 19th of April.

His chief works are—

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

The Siege of Corinth.

The Prisoner of Chillon.

Sardanapalus.

Manfred.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Childe Harold is written in the Spenserian stanza. His other poems are chiefly in the measure employed by Scott in his poems. *Sardanapalus* and *Manfred* are plays. His *Miscellaneous Poems* are even more characteristic of his nature and temperament than his longer poems. He had never gained control over himself and his fierce passions, nor had he gained control over his enormous powers of rhetorical expression. Hence his diction is not always well chosen. His own feelings, his own self, had grown to be the chief centre of interest in the world to his mind; and hence he never seized the truly poetic element of human life. He was too much occupied with his own private griefs and hatreds to enter with free sympathy into the feelings of others; and thus the heroes in his dramas are simply reproductions of himself, and, as Sir Henry Taylor says, "creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially, therefore, weak of mind." He introduced the fashion of being miserable into England; and many young men thought it a sign of genius to hate the "world," to despise their fellow-men, and to be of a sad countenance. This gnawing and impatient hatred intrudes itself even into his description of outward objects. Let us take his picture of London, and contrast it with Wordsworth's:—

BYRON.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusty, but as wide as eye
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight—then lost amidst a forestry
 Of masts;—a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tip-toe thro' their sea-coal canopy;
 A huge, dim cupola, like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head—and this is London to-*vn*.

WORDSWORTH.

(Composed upon Westminster Bridge in early morning.)

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty.
 The city now doth like a garland wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples, lie
 Open unto the field and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Byron, wrapped up entirely in himself and in his own feelings, could not be a dramatic, nor could he be an epic, poet ; and hence his verse is essentially lyrical. For this reason, too, his larger poems fail in construction ; they are merely heterogeneous masses of lyrical expressions of various feelings. But, in his shorter pieces, he now and then reaches to a beauty, an intensity, such as few poets have ever attained. There is one respect in which Byron stands before all other English poets, and that is, the wealth of rhetorical expression. If poetry is the power which shows to mankind what is beautiful and what is good in our own nature and in the world, Byron was not much of a poet ; but there is no poetical writer, not even Shakspeare, who can equal him in brilliant rhetoric and varied phraseology. He had, after all, very little to say ; but what little he had to say, he has put into a hundred different shapes, some beautiful and all striking. He was "the prince of egotists" ; and hence his poetry is essentially limited, undramatic, and unepic. The following passages are fair specimens of his best manner.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

Clear, placid Leman,¹ thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved,
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reprov'd,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so mov'd.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose capt² heights appear
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ;³ on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more !

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;⁴
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love distil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

ELEGY ON THYRZA.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
 As aught of mortal birth ;⁵
 And forms so soft and charms so rare
 Too soon returned to earth !
 Though earth received them in her bed,
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
 In carelessness or mirth,
 There is an eye which could not brook
 A moment on that grave to look. . . .

The better days of life were ours ;
 The worst can be but⁶ mine ;
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,⁷
 Shall never more be thine.

The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep ;
 Nor need I to repine
 That all those charms have passed away,
 I might have watched through long decay. . . .

Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain
 Than thus remember thee !⁸
 The all of thine that cannot die
 Through dark and dread eternity
 Returns again to me,
 And more thy buried love endears
 Than aught except its living years.*

 EXERCISES TO CHAPTER XXV.

Ex. 1. Prepare the two passages from *Sydney Smith* with the following notes:—

1. *Peasantry*. The *ry*, which makes the word into a collective noun, is a modern form of an old plural in *rie*. So we have *rookery*, *heronry*, *almonry*, etc. The word *peasant* is itself French; so that *peasantry* is a hybrid. *Paysan* comes from the Latin *pagus*, a *country district*; so that *pagan* and *paysan* are the same word, only that the former comes direct from the Latin.
 2. *Panic*, from the name of the old Greek god of nature (*Pan*=*all*). The awe felt in woods and lonely places was said to be inspired by him. 3. It is very much more. 4. *Rifle*, a continuative (or diminutive) from *reave* (which we still have in *bereave*), a form of *rob*. 5. An allusion to the story of Mutius Scævola, and his interview with Lars Porsena. 6. Perhaps to *depreciate* would have been simpler and clearer. From *de*, *down*, and *pretum*, *the price*. 7. *The local man*=the character produced by the circumstances and habits of each small locality. 8. A more modern writer would have said *with*.

Ex. 2. Prepare the passage from *John Woodvil* with the following notes:—

1. *Very*, from Latin *verus*, *true* or *real*. 2. *Fare*, from Old English *faran*, *to go*. Hence also *thoroughfare*, *field-fare*, *far*, *farewell*, etc. 3. *Amalthea*, the nurse of the infant Zeus (Jupiter), in the island of Crete. 4. A defective line, with only three accents. The sense seems to pause naturally here, and to rest before a new part of the subject is entered upon. Shakspeare often employs this device, a very natural one. 5. *Bashful*, from the verb *abash*, which comes from an old French verb, *esbahir*, *to confound*. 6. *Youngster*=*youngster*. The *g* seems to have thickened into a *k*.

* Three stanzas out of eight.

Ex. 3. Prepare the *Quaker's Meeting* with the following notes:—

1. *Refuge*, found in Chaucer in the form of *refute*. 2. *Consolatory* = bringing solace. 3. *Aggregate*, from *grex* (= *gregs*), a flock. 4. *Composite*, from Latin *compono*, I place together. 5. By the use of the Latin word *profundities*, instead of the English *depths*, Lamb means to give a kind of humorous solemnity to the passage. 6. An allusion to the story of Ulysses stopping the ears of his sailors with wax to prevent their hearing the songs of the Sirens, when he sailed along the west coast of Italy. 7. *Trophonius*, one of the builders of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, who, after his death, had a celebrated oracle in a cave at Lebadea in Bœotia. 8. *Fret* = to eat; the Low German form of the High German *fressen*. 9. An allusion to the *Shining Ones* in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, who received the pilgrims after they had passed the Jordan.

Ex. 4. Prepare the lines *On an Infant* with the following notes:—

1. *Shroud* in Old English meant *clothes*, and still has that meaning in the *shrouds of a ship*. Compare *weeds*, which also meant *dress*. 2. *Dark* is here used as a noun. The pause is admirable. 3. *Glasses* = *spectacles* or *medium*. 4. *Riddle*, a diminutive from *raedan*, to read, or guess. 5. *Blind* has the weight of emphasis as well as the verse accent, and is = *in her blindness*. 6. *Pattern* seems to be a corruption of *patron*, one whom we follow as a *patroness*, from Latin *pater*, father. 7. *Miniature*, not from Latin *minutus*, but from *minium*, vermilion.

Ex. 5. Prepare the passage from *Coleridge*, on p. 468, with the following notes:—

1. *Aphorism*—a Greek word meaning a *defining sentence or definition*; it is now generally used in the sense of a *pithy statement*. 2. *Criteria*, the plural of *criterion* (Greek), a test. 3. *Essential*,—from the Latin verb *esse*, to be = *that which really is*. 4. A more modern writer would have repeated the *in*. 5. *Wonderment*, like *oddment*, *needment*, *eggement*, is a hybrid—an English word with a Latin ending. The more correct word is *astonishment*. 6. *Hieroglyphics*—a Greek word meaning “a sacred carved figure;” now, any *symbolic sign*. 7. A more modern writer would have repeated the *in*. 8. *Fantastic* originally meant simply *imaginative*; but it now has in it the additional element of *oddity*. 9. *Heterogeneous* = *of different (and inconsistent) kinds*.

Ex. 6. Prepare the passage from *Christabel* with the following notes:—

[Coleridge says of the metre of this poem: “It is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless, this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion.”]

1. *Chill*, a kindred and probably Southern form of *cool* and *cold*. 2. This is a trochaic line; and its introduction has a fine effect. 3. *Twirl*. Words with the signification of two motions, as *twine*, *twist*, *twiddle*; etc., always begin with *tw*. 4. *Jesu, Maria, shield her well!* This line has been adopted bodily by Sir Walter Scott in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. 5. The

line *What sees she there?* is intended to consist of four equally accented words. The space of the additional unaccented syllable is intended to be filled up by the natural pause of astonishment and fear.

Whát— | seés— | shé— | theré—?

6. The *there* in this line forms a foot by itself, to correspond with the feeling and rhythm of the previous line.

Thére— | she seés | a dám | sel bríght.

7. *The neck that made that white robe wan.* This looks like a very strong exaggeration. Compare Pope, in *Rape of the Lock* (14 and 15 lines):

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;

and the line of a modern poet—

Hope waits with eyes that dim the coming morn.

8. *Entangled*—excellent, instead of *set* or *placed*.

Ex. 7. Prepare *Bishop Hatto* with the following notes:—

1. This line is quite regular—*4 x a*, or iambic tetrameter. But, in accordance with the custom in ballad poetry, Southey makes the measure suit the feeling, and introduces the quicker anapæstic, or the slower iambic, as necessity prompts. The use of the iambic here marks the sad feeling connected with the utter failure of the harvest. 2. There are two words in the language with this spelling; the one directly from the Latin *reparo*, I restore; the other from the Latin through the French, from *re*, back, and *patria*, one's own country. These two were combined by the French into *reparier*. The proper spelling for the former verb would be *repare*. 3. *Tiding* (now only found in the plural *tidings*) is the English or Low-German form of the High-German *Zeitung*. The word *tide* in O. E. meant *time*; it is now confined to the regular flow of the water of the ocean. 4. *Rid*—connected with German *retten*. 5. *Forlorn*—the old past participle of *to forlose*. The *for* is intensive. Another old past participle is *r* in *frore*, from *freeze*. Milton uses it:—

The parching air

Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.

Paradise Lost, ii., 595.

6. *Forgive*. The *for* here is negative, as in *forget*, *forbid*, etc. 7. *Scream* is probably an old, and therefore a stronger, form of the word *cry*; just as *scramble* is of *ramble*, *scrape* or *scrub* of *rub*, etc. 8. The deliberate slowness of the versification of the last two lines indicates the fellness of the purpose—the inevitableness of the destiny. 9. *Yore*—a word connected with *year*. 10. *Whet*—the later form of the O. English *hwettan*, to sharpen. 11. The scanning of the words *For théy | were sént |* again brings out the feeling.

Ex. 8. Prepare the passage on p. 487 with the following notes:—

1. *Great age*, that is “the golden age.” 2. *Weeds*—in the old sense of *clothes*. 3. Shelley believed that “the golden age” would only return after the overthrow of all monarchies and empires. 4. *Hellas*—the Greek name for Greece. It was the Romans who gave to the country the name of *Græcia*, and to the people the name of *Græci*. The people called themselves *Hellenes*. Many countries in Europe go generally by a name given to

them from without, by foreigners. Thus, *Deutschland* is called by the French *l'Allemagne*, and by us *Germany*. 5. *Peneus* (a trissyllable) was the chief river of Thessaly, flowed through the lovely vale of Tempe, between Mts. Ossa and Olympus, into the sea. 6. That is *eastward*. 7. Fairer valleys than Tempe, the beauty of which has been so celebrated by Greek and Latin poets. 8. *Cyclads*, or *Cyclades*—the cluster of islands which lie in a circular form (in a *kuklos*; hence our word *cycle*—*circle*) round Delos, off the coast of Attica. The other islands in the Ægean Sea were called *Sporades*, the *scattered* ones, from *speiro*, *I scatter*. 9. If earth must be nothing more than the *record* of the story of death. 10. *Laiian rage*—an allusion to the story of Laius, the father of Œdipus. 11. An allusion to the story of the sphinx, which appeared near Thebes, and was defeated by Œdipus answering her questions. 12. *Bequeathe*—an active form of *quoth*, as *bespeak* is of *speak*. 13. Of course Shelley here means the western world of Europe.

Ex. 9. Prepare the lines *To a Skylark* with the following notes:—

1. The measure of the first four lines is $3ax$ minus, or trochaic trimeter, catalectic. 2. That of the last line is iambic hexameter, or $6xa$. 3. Here the line is complete, $3ax$. 4. *Unbidden*—that is, from without; singing under the pressure and stress of internal inspiration. 5. *Work* is one of the words in English which alter the position of the *r*; *work*, *wrought*. So in the noun from *work*—*wright*. 6. The alliteration of the *g* and the *d* should be noticed. 7. *Unseen*. But *unbeholden* in its traditional sense means *not obliged to*. 8. *Screen*; probably a form of the High-German *schirm*, and perhaps connected with *shrine*. 9. *Showers*—to be read as a dissyllable. 10. *Tinkling* seems hardly the right epithet here.

Ex. 10. Prepare the lines on p. 481 with the following notes:—

1. *Ways* = "ways of the world." 2. *Made for our searching* seems an imperfect way of saying that we are *compelled to walk* in these paths. 3. The epithet in the older poetry is generally *silly*. 4. *Daffodils* is a corruption of the Greek *asphodelos*, through the French [*fleur*] d'asphodèle. 5. *Dooms* = *destinies*. *Doom* comes from the verb *deem*. 6. *Brink* seems to have been forced upon Keats by the necessity of the rhyme.

Ex. 11. Prepare the first two passages on p. 482 with the following notes:—

1. A "generation" is here regarded as a *hungry* destroyer, ever ready to "tread down" new life. 2. *Emperor and clown*—the two extremes. *Clown* is said to come from the Latin *colonus*, a *husbandman*; others connect it with the German *Klotz*, our *clod*. The title of Spenser's poem, "Colip Clout's come home again" seems to favour this latter view. 3. *Alien*—from Latin *alienus*, *foreign*—from *alius*, *another*. 4. The corn-field of Boaz. 5. *Forlorn*—see note on p. 497. 6. *Thou*—here the emphasis becomes stronger from contradicting the accent. So with the *thy*. 7. *Bloom*—a most daring use of the word. It is generally a neuter verb. 8. *Bourn*—the O. E. name for *brook*, still in Scotland in the form *burn*. *Holborn* means *old bourn*; *Tyburn* was a brook which flowed into the *Westbourne*, and both now form the Serpentine. Its secondary meaning in the sense of a *boundary*; and its tertiary meaning in the sense of a *country* is very plain. So Shakspeare—

Gone to that boarn whence no traveller retu ns.

9. Any word expressing the combination of *two* things begins with *tw*. Here *twitter* expresses the repeated utterance of *two* notes. Compare *twist*, *twig*, *twine*.

Ex. 12. Prepare the passages on pp. 482 and 483 with the following notes:—

1. *Western Isles*. The ancients placed all their poetical hopes and imaginations of happier countries *in the west*. The *Islands of the Blessed* were in the Atlantic; and *Elysium* was said to be there. And Keats falls in with the prevailing poetical fashion. 2. *Fealty*—a short, and probably Norman, form of *fidelity*. *Fidelity* comes to us direct from the Latin. We have many other pairs of the same kind: *Regal* and *royal*; *legal* and *loyal*; *blaspheme* (*Greek*) and *blame*; *tradition* and *treason*; *ration* and *reason*, etc. 3. *Demesne*—also spelled *demain*—from Latin *domus*, a *house*. It means a *manor-house with the lands attached to it*. 4. An adjective used as a noun, in the Greek and Latin manner. 5. *Ken*—a form of the word *know*. 6. The cæsure after *silent* is exquisitely placed. 7. *Darien*—now called the Isthmus of Panama. The two names, however, at one time indicated different tracts of land. 8. *Hesperus*. 9. The alliteration of the *s* should be noted: it expresses the feeling of the place—*hush!* 10. The forests too were as silent as the clouds. 11. *Robs not*—the introduction of the *not* is exquisitely quaint. We should have, in a literal mood, expected *but*. 12. The alliteration and the pause here are both very fine. 13. *Naiads* were the deities of the streams and fountains. 14. The hand of a relation. 15. The *infant* world—these were the gods of the old regime. 16. *Pigmy*—from the Greek *pugmê*, a *fight*. 17. *Ixion*—see the story in Smith's Dictionary. 18. The temple of Serapis, near Memphis, the second city of Egypt in ancient times, had an avenue of Sphinxes leading up to it. 19. Look. 20. The clouds in the van. 21. The abrupt ending of the line in *up* adds to the strength of the expression. 22. The sonorous grandeur of this line should be noticed. 23. In *accents like these*: the analogy is with the phrase *such-like*.

Ex. 13. Prepare the lines from *Hood* with the following notes:—

1. *Breathing* is here a noun. 2. *To eke out*. *Eke* is an old adverb (here used as a verb) generally found along with *and*. 3. *Belie* = *to give the lie to*. So *bemoan*, *bedim*, etc. 4. The circumstances of the death are exquisitely fitting.

Mr. Palgrave gives this poem in his *Golden Treasury*, but omits the two middle verses. He says: "They are very ingenious; but, of all poetical qualities, ingenuity is least in accordance with pathos." It appears to the present editor that this decision is, or may be, applicable to the second verse; but is not at all so to the third. That verse expresses the perpetual struggle in the breasts of the poor girl's friends—a struggle which has its temporary suspension in the state of sleep from which they fear to wake her—from which they fear she may not awake. There is nothing ingenious, nothing but what is exquisitely true, simple, and direct, in the lines,—

We thought her dying when she slept
And sleeping when she died.

Besides, the third verse has a vital connection with the fourth, and cannot be sundered from it without harm. The *But*, which Mr. Palgrave introduces to connect the last verse with the first, is a harsh connection—a patch which is almost a break. *And* would have been better. Perhaps, moreover, a

stronger and more genuine trust in the power and insight of Hood's genius would lead us to feel that the whole poem is better left as he wrote it.

Ex. 14. Compare the following poem on the same subject, by Mr. Aldrich, an American writer, with Hood's :—

Her suffering ended with the day ;
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away,
 In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through glory's morning-gate,
 And walked in Paradise.

It is plain that the above is a mere imitation—and a base imitation—of Hood's; and that the feeling is false throughout. Compare both poems, phrase for phrase, incident for incident; and then state the feeling produced by each.

Ex. 15.—Prepare the passages on pp. 493–495 with the following notes :—

1. The *Lacus Lemanus* was the Roman name for the lake of Geneva. 2. Capt with clouds. 3. The cæsura is well varied here. 4. This hardly seems a phrase fit for poetry. 5. *Mortal*, probably used here by Byron in the sense of *human*. 6. The *but* is here singularly out of place. It modifies *the worst*. *Only the worst* can be *my* lot. 7. Another spelling of *lowers*. 8. A poetical version of Cicero's exclamation: "Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!" (Alas! how much sweeter is the mere memory of you than the society of all the rest!)

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER XXV.

1. Between what two dates does Sydney Smith's life lie? 2. What *Review* did he found? 3. Who were his coadjutors? 4. What was his most successful book? 5. What political movement did this book help on? 6. With what great English humourist may he be classed? 7. When was Charles Lamb born? 8. Where was he educated? 9. To what profession did he belong? 10. What tragedy altered the current of his whole life? 11. What was his first book? 12. What is the title of his first play? 13. What book of his gave a new impulse to the study of the older dramatists? 14. What is his greatest work? 15. When did he retire from the India House? 16. When did he die? 17. How long did Mary Lamb survive him? 18. When was John Foster born? 19. What is the title of his chief work? 20. When was Coleridge born? 21. Where was he educated? 22. At what University did he study? 23. In what country did he study in 1799? 24. What were his chief occupations? 25. At whose house did he settle in 1816? 26. When did he die? 27. Mention some of his best poems. 28. What are his chief prose works? 29. What is his most remarkable poem? 30. When was Southey born? 31. With what poets is he usually

classed? 32. Is this classification based upon real resemblances? 33. How did Southey spend his life? 34. When was he made poet-laureate? 35. What are his best works? 36. What kind of poetry did he chiefly write? 37. What are his best poems? 38. When was Campbell born? 39. Where did he study? 40. What was his first poem? 41. Mention some of his most popular poems. 42. Of what University was he Lord Rector? 43. When and where was Shelley born? 44. When and how did he die? 45. Mention some of his greatest works. 46. What was the nature of his poetical genius? 47. Between what dates does Moore's life lie? 48. What are his best known works? 49. When was Keats born? When and where did he die? 50. What was his profession? 51. Mention some of his greatest poems. 52. What national literature and art had the strongest influence upon his mind? 53. What are the two inclusive dates of Leigh Hunt's life? 54. What is his best poem? 55. Mention his chief prose works. 56. What are the chief poems of Thomas Hood? 57. When did he die? 58. What kind of poems did Bowles chiefly write? 59. Who was Rogers, and what did he write? 60. When was Landor born? 61. What is his greatest work? 62. What special title did Cobbet earn? 63. Mention some of his writings. 64. When and where was Byron born? 65. Where was he educated? 66. What was his first poem? 67. What was the poem by which he made his first fame? 68. In what political enterprise did he lose his life? 69. Mention some of his chief works? 70. What is the standing objection to his dramas?





CHAPTER XXVI.

DE QUINCEY AND MACAULAY.

1. **I**N the generation that succeeded Coleridge and Lamb, the two greatest prose-writers are probably Thomas De Quincey and T. B. Macaulay. Both belong to the first half of the century.

2. THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born in a suburb of Manchester, in 1785. He was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, and also at Worcester College, Oxford. At Oxford he led a solitary life, speaking to no one, and reading the most out-of-the-way books in Greek and in English literature. "For the first two years of my residence in Oxford," he says, "I compute that I did not utter one hundred words." He had previously learned the hardest experiences of life during a stay in London for a year—hiding from his friends, sleeping where he could, and eating when he had anything to eat. In 1808 he took a cottage in Grasmere. In 1804 he had been obliged to take laudanum for a severe attack of neuralgia; and, when residing in the Lake Country, he became a confirmed opium-eater. This habit determined his mode of living, and destroyed in him all power of regular and settled work. He began hundreds of books and essays; he finished almost nothing. His allowance rose to 8000 drops of laudanum a day—a quantity sufficient to kill forty men. Latterly he lived chiefly in Edinburgh, and died there in 1859.

3. His literary works consist chiefly of articles contributed to magazines—such as the *London Magazine*, *Tait's Edinburgh*, and *Blackwood*. These were afterwards collected by an American firm, and published as "The Collected Works of Thomas De Quincey." Among the most important of them are:—

The Confessions of an Opium-Eater;

Dialogues of Three Templars on Political Economy;

Suspiria De Profundis,* and
The Vision of Sudden Death.

He also wrote the articles on *Shakspeare* and *Pope* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. There is probably nowhere in our literature such a union of imaginative power with eloquence and skill in phrasing. Jeremy Taylor is as eloquent, but he had not De Quincey's wide culture and marvellous imagination; Coleridge may be as imaginative, but he has not the power of sustained eloquence shown by the younger writer. He transcends all other modern prose-writers, too, in the majesty and beauty of his rhythm. There is a high proportion of Latin words in his style. He is also very fond of the inverted sentence, in which the verb precedes its nominative, and the usual arrangement of the other words is changed. Thus he says:—

“Never in any equal number of months had my understanding so much expanded as during this visit to Laxton.”

The following is a typical example of his style:—

A DREAM.

The dream commenced with a music which I now often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I know not where,—somehow, I know not how,—by some beings, I know not whom,—a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting—was evolving like a great drama or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams—where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement—had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet, again, had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantes was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came

* Sighs from the depths.

sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or from the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells; and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud: "I will sleep no more!"

4. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859) is the most popular prose-writer of the first half of the nineteenth century, and also the most brilliant. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was one of the earliest advocates for the abolition of slavery in our colonies. Young Macaulay was educated privately, and at the age of eighteen was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was an excellent classical scholar (he gained the Craven scholarship), won two medals for English verse, graduated with honours in 1822, and was Fellow of his College in 1824.

5. The ambition of his life was to be a literary man; and, while still at college, he began to write for the press. His aim was to be an historian; and his chief object in that department was to study and to realise for himself and his readers the *private life* of the common people—the wants and the ways of thinking and feeling of the masses. His first great *coup* was an article on *Milton* in the *Edinburgh Review*, in August, 1825, which took the literary public by storm. Nothing so brilliant had been seen from the pen of so young a man. In 1830 he sat in Parliament for Calne; in 1834 was president of a law commission for India; and in 1835 was member of the Supreme Council in Calcutta. He returned from India in 1838. In 1839 he sat for *Edinburgh*, was unseated in 1847; but in 1852 the *Edinburgh* electors returned him at their own expense, unasked, to the House. In 1857 he was called to the House of Peers. He died at Kensington on the 28th of December, 1859.

6. His literary labour is synchronous with his work as a statesman and administrator. Much of the earlier results of his historical investigations appeared in the form of articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, and of biographies in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; in 1842 appeared his *Lays of Ancient Rome*; and in 1849 the first two

volumes of his *History of England*. The second two volumes were published in 1855; and to the eagerness with which they were received "the annals of Paternoster Row hardly furnish any parallel." His strongest faculty was his memory; and he had the largest power, among all our English writers, of marshalling crowds of details into one brilliant and impressive whole. For his history, he read thousands of books, hundreds of thousands of occasional pamphlets, tracts, sermons, and loose sheets, all the old street-ballads he could lay hands on, Acts of Parliament, and, in short, every printed thing that could throw light upon the events he was writing on. His greatest works are his—

Essays;
History of England;
Lays of Ancient Rome.

The *Essays* are chiefly on historical subjects, and are mostly biographies of celebrated persons, such as Bacon, Pitt, Frederick the Great, Warren Hastings, and Clive. The essay on *Warren Hastings* is generally considered his best. The *History* begins with the accession of James II., and is brought down only to the death of William III. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* are an attempt to give a poetical and practical form to Niebuhr's theory that the earlier "history" of Rome is formed simply from the legends found in old ballads, which sing of mythical personages and events. Macaulay therefore puts these old stories into a ballad form. These *Lays* are perhaps not poetry; but they are stirring and vigorous rhetoric of the highest kind, embodied in bold and sonorous verse. Sydney Smith said of him: "There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches."

7. The peculiarities of his style come from the enormous stock of facts that lay in his memory, and from his eagerness to marshal these facts so as to produce a brilliant and never-to-be-forgotten picture. He is fond of three things: (1) details; (2) comparison of persons with persons, of events with events, and of policies with policies; and (3) of antithesis.

Thus (1), in describing the genius of Burke, he enters into details as minute as an orator could, without destroying the perspective of his statements

BURKE.

He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa-tree; the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble; the thatched roof of the peasant's hut; the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca; the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols; the devotee swinging in the air; the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river side; the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes; the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the lady,—all those things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James's Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind,—from the halls where suitors lay gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns, to the wild moor where the gipsy camp was pitched; from the bazaar, humming like a beehive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle, where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London.

In the following passage, he leads us, by a long series of minor comparisons (2), up to an intense feeling of the deceit ingrained in the character of Nuncomar:—

NUNCOMAR.

Of his moral character it is difficult to give a notion to those who are acquainted with human nature only as it appears in our island. What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindoo is to the Italian, what the Bengalee is to other Hindoos, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalees. The physical organization of the Bengalee is feeble even to effeminacy. He lives in a constant vapour bath. His pursuits are sedentary, his limbs delicate, his movements languid. During many ages he has been trampled upon by men of bolder and more hardy breeds. Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavourable. His mind bears a singular analogy to his body. It is weak, even to helplessness.

ness, for purposes of manly resistance ; but its suppleness and its tact move the children of sterner climates to admiration not unmingled with contempt. All those arts which are the natural defences of the weak are more familiar to this subtle race than to the Ionian of the time of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the dark ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges. All those millions do not furnish one sepoy to the armies of the Company. But as usurers, as money-changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear a comparison with them.

His habit of antithesis (3) is to be found everywhere in his writings ; and it frequently results in the sharpest epigram. Thus, he says of Charles I :—

“ One thing, and one thing only, could make Charles dangerous—a violent death. . . . His subjects began to love his memory as heartily as they had hated his person ; and posterity has estimated his character from his death rather than from his life.”

The character of his mind was, like Burke's, essentially oratorical ; and he always writes best, and with most animation and vigour, when he is attacking a person, a policy, or an opinion. He is the most pictorial prose-writer in our literature. Mr. Minto thus contrasts him with De Quincey : “ In the quality of strength, Macaulay offers a great and obvious contrast to De Quincey—the contrast between brilliant animation and stately pomp. His movement is more rapid and less dignified. He does not slowly evolve his periods, ‘as under some genial instinct of circulation’ : he never remits his efforts to dazzle ; and, in his most swelling cadences, he always seems to be perorating against an imaginary antagonist.”



TABLE OF CONTEMPORARIES.

IN THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

DECADES.	BORN.	DIED.	DECADES.
00	D. Jerrold 1803 Lytton 1805 E. B. Browning . . . 1809	W. Cowper 1800 W. Paley 1805	00
10	A. Tennyson 1810 W. M. Thackeray . . . 1811 R. Browning 1812 C. Dickens " " C. Brontë 1815 A. Helps 1817 J. Ruskin 1819 C. Kingsley "	R. Sheridan 1816 Jane Austen 1817	10
20		J. Keats 1821 P. B. Shelley 1822 Byron 1824	20
30		W. Hazlitt 1830 G. Crabbe 1832 W. Scott " " S. T. Coleridge 1834 W. Cobbett 1835 J. Hogg " " F. D. Hemans " " C. Lamb " "	30
40		T. Arnold 1842 R. Southey 1843 J. Foster " " T. Campbell 1844 S. Smith 1845 T. Hood " " T. Chalmers 1847	40
50		W. Wordsworth 1850 T. Moore 1852 J. Wilson 1854 C. Brontë 1855 S. Rogers " " T. B. Macaulay 1859 H. Hallam " " L. Hunt " " T. De Quincey "	50
60		Mrs. Jameson 1860 E. B. Browning 1861 R. Whateley 1863 W. M. Thackeray " " J. Keble 1866	60
70		C. Dickens 1870 W. S. Landor " " G. Grote 1871 Lytton 1873	70



CHAPTER XXVII.

WOMEN WRITERS.

1. **I**T is not till a time that seems late in the civilization of a country, that women begin to give their time and thought to literature. A country must be safe against foreign attack; society in that country must be safe against revolution and disturbance, and must have learnt to grow and to enlarge its powers and change its laws in peaceful ways; and, above all, the HOME must be sacred to quiet and peaceful thought and to literary culture,—before women can find the atmosphere in which alone their powers can tranquilly develop themselves, and find true and adequate expression. Hence it happens that it is not till the end of the eighteenth century that any women appear who are worthy to be mentioned among the notable writers in our literature. Before that time, one or two frivolous novelists and two or three mediocre playwrights gained some slight reputation; but it quickly passed away. The long and comparatively settled reign of George III. gave time for better minds to ripen; but the best prose and poetry contributed to our literature by women did not appear till the latter half of the nineteenth century.

2. We must take the ladies in chronological order. HANNAH MORE (1745–1833) was a friend of Garrick's, of Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Edmund Burke. She wrote several plays, one of which, called *Percy*, Garrick acted in, and it was very successful. She also wrote essays, poems, and novels, in which the moral was the chief point. The most popular was *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*, ten editions of which sold in one year. She and her sisters were practical philanthropists, and did much to improve the moral and physical condition of several villages in their neighbourhood. She

earned more than £30,000 by her writings, and died at the age of eighty-eight.

3. JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851) was the daughter of a Scotch minister, was born at Bothwell, in Lanarkshire, and made her fame by writing plays. The title of her book was—

A Series of Plays, in which it is attempted to Delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the Subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy.

It does not take much reflection to see that this theory of writing was essentially false—that it was beginning at the wrong end,—and that the dramatic result could not be successful. Hence it happened that only one of them ever was acted, and that none of them are now much read. What a dramatist requires is a central incident which produces complex and terrible results upon the persons around it, while these results lead up to another and more tragical incident, which closes the play. This, for example, is the case in *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and other plays. Sir W. Scott, who had a real esteem for Miss Baillie, thought her best play that on *Fear*. She also wrote *Fugitive Verses*.

4. MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767-1849) was an Irish woman, born at Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, and was the author of an *Essay on Irish Bulls*, and several novels. Her Irish characters are drawn with great power, vividness, and sympathy; and her stories had a wide popularity. Scott, whose friend she was, praised her Irish portraits for their “rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact.” She herself, when on a visit to Abbotsford, said of Scott one of the truest and most profound things: “You see how it is: Dean Swift said he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do.”

5. JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817) was born at Steventon, in Hampshire, a parish of which her father was rector. She wrote novels; and they are still strongly admired for the exquisite truth, the

absolute fidelity, and the careful skill of the portrait-painting in them. Her best works are—

Sense and Sensibility,
Pride and Prejudice, and
Mansfield Park.

She works out the picture of a character by an infinite series of minute touches; and “her works, like well-proportioned rooms, are rendered less apparently grand and imposing by the very excellence of their adjustment.”

6. CAROLINE BOWLES (1787–1854), afterwards SOUTHEY, is a poet of no mean type. She married Robert Southey that she might tend him in his last terrible illness—“with a sure prevision of the awful condition of mind [insanity] to which he would shortly be reduced.” She published several volumes of poems. Among them the following lines are well known, and have in them noble and true thought and solemn music:—

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

Tread softly, bow the head,
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo, Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,
 An infant wail alone;
 A sob suppressed—again
 That short deep gasp—and then
 The parting groan.

Oh, change—oh, wondrous change!
 Burst are the prison bars;
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonised, and now
 Beyond the stars!

Oh, change—stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod:
 The sun eternal breaks,
 The new immortal wakes,—
 Wakes with his God!

7. FELICIA BROWNE (1793–1835), better known as MRS. HEMANS, was the most popular poetess of the early part of the present century. Her father was a Liverpool merchant. She published a volume of verses at the age of fifteen, which, happily, was not successful. In 1812, she published another, called *The Domestic Affections*. Her best known volumes are—

The Forest Sanctuary, and
 Songs of the Affections.

But, at present, she is really best known by single poems, such as *The Treasures of the Deep*, *The Homes of England*, *The Hour of Death*, *The Better Land*, and *The Graves of a Household*. Her poetry is “intensely and entirely feminine;” and there are always present in it sweetness, beauty of phrase, and a certain mournful tenderness peculiar to this poet.

Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
 Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
 They have one * season : all are ours to die.

* It is worthy of notice here what an enormous addition to the weight of meaning is gained by the contradiction and clashing of the verse accent with the emphasis. The lines are *iambic*; but the, They have | óne sea | son—the sudden introduction of the two trochees—is most telling and impressive.

That is the key-note of much of her poetry. Dr. Moir says that "in her poetry, religious truth, moral purity, and intellectual beauty ever meet together." The following examples of her style are not so much known as the poems mentioned above; and the first is a specimen of her middle, and the second of her later, style.

THE TRUMPET.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land;
 Light up the beacon pyre!
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,
 And waved the sign of fire.
 A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast;
 And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
 A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth;
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth.
 The mother on her first-born son
 Looks with a boding eye:
 They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts beat so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
 The falchion to his side:
 E'en for the marriage-altar crowned,
 The lover quits his bride.
 And all this change, and haste, and fear,
 By earthly clarion spread!
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 The blast that wakes the dead?

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS.

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!
 Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
 By the touch of the mountain sod.
 Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
 Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee.
 Our God, our fathers' God.

We are watchers of a beacon
 Whose light must never die ;
 We are guardians of an altar
 Midst the silence of the sky.
 The rocks yield founts of courage,
 Struck forth as by Thy rod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark, resounding caverns,
 Where Thy still small voice is heard ;
 For the strong pines of the forests,
 That by Thy breath are stirred ;
 For the storms, on whose free pinions
 Thy Spirit walks abroad ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth
 On his quarry from the heights,
 And the stag, that knows no master,
 Seeks there his wild delights ;
 But we, for Thy communion,
 Have sought the mountain sod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

8. ANNA JAMESON (1796-1860)—her maiden name was Murphy, and she was born in Dublin—was an able and subtle writer upon art. Her best known works are—

Characteristics of Women.

*Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art, and
 Sacred and Legendary Art.*

Her *Characteristics of Women* contains estimates of Shakspeare's heroines. She had the first endowment of a true critic—enthusiasm and an intense love of the beautiful ; and to these she added careful and loving study of the best products of art. The following is a typical specimen of her writing :—

VENICE.

It is this all-pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour

glowing through the deepest shadows, which makes the very life and soul of Venice; but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences; it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal, which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice! Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerreotype, or by some bad conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance: we cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies, the transparent gleaming waters, the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Traghetto*, the freshness and the glory, the dreamy, ærial, fantastic splendour, of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures: all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal—even his skies and water; and is *that* Venice? “But,” says my friend, “if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner's pictures.” True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream—but this dream upon the canvas, do you call *this* Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms, without the colour or light. Turner, the colour and light without the forms. But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian.

9. LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON (1802-1839), better known as L. E. L., was a poetess of the Mrs. Hemans type. She published several volumes of poetry, among other *The Improvisatrice*. She married a Mr. Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast in Africa, and died there of an over-dose of prussic acid.

10. But by far the greatest of the poetesses which English literature has yet seen is ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT, later and better known as Mrs. BROWNING (1810-1861). She early distinguished herself by her admirable and eloquent translations from the Greek poets, especially one of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. Illness and disaster in her family early drove her mind and feelings in upon themselves, and for many years she “was confined to a darkened chamber, to which only her own family and a few devoted friends were admitted; reading meanwhile almost every book worth reading, in almost every language; studying with ever fresh delight the great classic authors

in the original, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess." In 1844 she published two volumes of *Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett*, and in the preface she says, "Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing." Among her minor poems, perhaps the following are best known:—

Bertha in the Lane ;
 The Swan's Nest ;
 The Cry of the Children ;
 Cowper's Grave ; and
 Sonnets from the Portuguese.

She took the most vivid interest in all questions of politics, and especially in Italian questions. In 1846 she married Robert Browning, and removed with him to Florence. While there in 1848, she was a witness of the revolution in Italy; and, with the intuitive prescience of a poet,* she foresaw the unity of Italy twelve years before it could be accomplished. "The future of Italy," she said, "shall not be disinherited."

11. The chief characteristic of her style is a magnificent and eloquent sweep of words. The defect is that she does not select—does not exercise the rigid self-denial which is demanded of the highest art, and sometimes allows herself to be carried away by her own power. Silence is often more eloquent than words; and reticence is sometimes more expressive than the most florid eloquence. The following verses are typical of her more usual style:—

THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward into souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is
 For gift or grace surpassing this—
 "He giveth His belovèd sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,

* The Latin word *vates* means both poet and prophet.

The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
 The monarch's crown to light the brows ?
 He giveth His belovèd sleep.

What do we give to our beloved ?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep,
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake :
 He giveth His belovèd sleep.

“ Sleep soft, beloved ! ” we sometimes say,
 Who have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep :
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber, when
 He giveth His belovèd sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
 O men, with wailing in your voices !
 O delvèd gold, the wailers heap !
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And giveth His belovèd sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap :
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth His belovèd sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man,
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say, and through the word
 I think their happy smile is heard,—
 “ He giveth His belovèd sleep.”

For me, my heart, that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on His love repose
 Who giveth His belovèd sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
 He giveth His belovèd sleep."

12. But her *Aurora Leigh* is her best long poem; and she herself says of it that it is "the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions of life and art have entered." The poem, besides being a narrative and a medium for the expression of lyrical beauty and song, discusses all kinds of questions—among others, the "woman's question," education, the doctrine of work (stated also by Mr. Carlyle), art, and, in general, the misery and disjointedness of the present time. The poem closes with a belief in the omnipotent power and all-subduing nature of love.

I swear
 That when all's done, all tried, all counted here,
 All great arts, and all good philosophies,
 This Love just puts its hand out in a dream,
 And straight outstretches all things.

Over and over again she explains and impresses her doctrine of work in many different ways:—

Get leave to work

In this world—'tis the best you get at all;
 For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
 Than men in benediction. God says, "Sweat
 For foreheads," men say "crowns," and so we are crowned,—
 Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
 Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work, get work;
 Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

Oh, cousin, let us be content, in work,
 To do the thing we can, and not presume
 To fret because it's little.

Better far
 Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means,
 Than a sublime art frivolously.

She takes every opportunity of throwing sarcastic glances at what is called the "education" of girls:—

I learnt the royal genealogies
Of Oviedo; the internal laws
Of the Burmese empire; by how many feet
Mount Chimborazo outsoars Teneriffe;
What navigable river joins itself
To Lara; and what census of the year five
Was taken at Klagenfurt.

And, in the following passage, she strikes the true key-note to all "reading":—

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits,—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,*
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

She utterly abjures the patronage of women, the "inequality" of the sexes, and all other vague and inaccurate ways of thinking and speaking about women. Romney, speaking of Aurora Leigh, says:

You never can be satisfied with praise
Which men give women when they judge a book,
Not as mere work, but as mere woman's work,
Expressing the comparative respect
Which means the absolute scorn.

And, speaking for all women, she cries:—

And, in that we have nobly striven at least,
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honour us with truth and not with praise.

The following lines sum up her belief regarding Art:—

Art's the witness of what Is
Behind this show. If this world's show were all,

* Mrs. Browning was fond of the Greek and Latin habit (found also in Milton) of using adjectives as nouns:—

Lo! from the depths of God's *divine*
The Son adjures the Father.

Then imitation would be all in Art ;
 There, Jove's hand gripes us ! For we stand here, we,
 If genuine artists, witnessing for God's
 Complete, consummate, undivided work.

Everywhere in the poem she strikes out profound truths in very few, and these the directest, words :—

I worked with patience, which means almost power.

—a mother never is afraid
 Of speaking angerly,¹ to any child,
 Since love, she knows, is justified of love.

But it would be a mistake to judge, from the extracts given above, that the tone and manner of the poem are didactic. The poetic eye is active throughout, and the poetic imagination rules over all. She is very happy in her comparisons—as, speaking of a woman washing, she describes :—

Round, glittering arms, plunged elbow-deep in suds,
 Like wild swans hid in lilies all a-shake.

It is a special mark of a “modern” style to find a poet comparing what is seen to what is unseen.

—headlong leaps
 Of waters, that cry out for joy or fear
 In leaping through the palpitating pines,
 Like a white soul tossed out to eternity
 With thrills of time upon it.

¹ For *angrily*—a mere affectation, in which Mrs. Browning followed Keats and others.





CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PERIODS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1. **A**LTHOUGH for us the central interest of English Literature connects itself with the life and character of the men who produced it, we can see that a certain unity of purpose and idea runs through the character of that Literature, and that this character was modified at different times by influences from other European nations. Before the railway and the telegraph existed, there was always a strong and eager desire—stronger perhaps and more eager than it is now, to learn what was being written by the great authors of Italy, or of France, or of Germany.

2. The period of which Chaucer is the central figure is generally called the *Period of Italian Influence*. This does not mean that Chaucer and his cotemporaries were in the habit of directly imitating Italian writers; but that the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were much read by them, and exercised considerable influence upon their thoughts and modes of expression. *Dante*, or *Durante Alighieri* (1265–1321), is the greatest poet of Italy, and wrote the *Divine Comedy*, which consists of three parts, the *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio*, and the *Paradiso*. It is probable that Chaucer knew him also by his sonnets and songs in his *Vita Nuova* (*New Life*), a poem written on *Beatrice*, a young lady with whom Dante was in love. *Petrarch*, or *Francesco Petrarca* (1304–1374), is best known, not by his Latin works, as he expected, but by his *Rhymes and Canzonets** (*Rime e Canzoniere*) which he wrote in honour of a lady called *Laura*.

Boccaccio (*Giovanni*, or *John*, 1313–1375) was the author of the *Decamerone*, or *Book of Ten Days*, a collection of one hundred stories told by ten ladies and gentlemen who had fled from Florence to a country-house from the plague of 1348. The *form* of the book is

* One of the best of these has been translated by Leigh Hunt. It begins: "Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams."

said to have suggested to Chaucer the framework of his *Canterbury Tales*. Petrarch and Boccaccio were cotemporaries of Chaucer, though Dante had been dead seven years before Chaucer was born. Italian influence is also strongly visible in the poems of Surrey and Wyatt in the sixteenth century, and also in Shakspeare, Carew, and other writers of the seventeenth.

3. *The Period of French Influence* belongs to the reign of Charles II. The Royalists who had fled from England after the execution of Charles I. and the defeat of his cause, naturally betook themselves to France, and there became acquainted with French modes of thinking and with French literature. *Molière* (1622-1673), the great writer of comedies, *Corneille* (1606-1684) and *Racine* (1639-1699), the two great French tragic authors, were the chief influences in English literature in the end of the seventeenth century. But it was *Boileau* (1636-1711), the intimate friend of Molière, Racine, and La Fontaine, and the admirer and defender of Pascal, who gave critical and conscious direction and regulation to the dramatic and poetic literature of our country at this time, by his *L'Art Poétique*. Most of the best remarks and precepts in Pope's *Essay on Criticism* are drawn from this book. The chief external marks of this influence on our poetry are, that it discouraged and banished the use of blank verse, and even plays (such as Dryden's) were written in rhymed couplets, and that it demanded great clearness and high polish. These tendencies grew, in Pope's time into what is sometimes called "The Artificial School of English Poetry." "The condition of the English mind at the close of the seventeenth century was such as to make it particularly sensitive to the magnetism which streamed to it from Paris. . . . The effect on English literature appeared chiefly in neatness and facility of turn, and in point and epigrammatic compactness of phrase . . . Hence a decline from imagination to fancy, from passion to wit, and from metaphor to simile."

4. Our modern literature may be said to belong to the period of *English Influence*. This is of two kinds. In the first place, the poets of modern times have gone back to the Old English writers of the fourteenth and the seventeenth centuries, and have looked to them for form and for inspiration. In the second place, the prose-writers, and especially the novelists, have written for the people, and have found their matter and their form in the ordinary events of English life, which are daily happening in every stratum of society.



MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

Ex. 1. Write a short paper comparing the style of the following:—

- (a) How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

SHAKSPEARE (*Merchant of Venice*).

- (b) With what a charm the moon, serene and bright,
Lends on the bank its soft reflected light!
Sit we, I pray; and let us sweetly hear
The strains melodious with a raptured ear;
For soft retreats, and night's impressive hour,
To harmony impart divinest power.

[The second passage (b) was written by Leigh Hunt, in ridicule of bad translation.]

Ex. 2. Compare the style of the following:—

- (a) Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.—*Proverbs*, chap. vi.

- (b) Turn on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes;
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise;
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of a p'enteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?

While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
 And soft solicitation courts repose,
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
 Year chases year with unremitted flight,
 Till want, now following, fraudulent and slow,
 Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambush'd foe.

DR. JOHNSON.

Ex. 3. Compare the following :—

(a) Then a spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up : it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof ; an image was before mine eyes ; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying,

Shall mortal man be more just than God ? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker ? Behold, He put no trust in His servants, and His angels He charged with folly : how much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth ?—*Book of Job*, chap. iv.

(b) A spirit passed before me : I beheld
 The face of immortality unveiled—
 Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
 And there it stood—all formless—but divine :
 Along my bones the creeping flesh *did* quake ;
 And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake :
 Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
 Than He who deems even seraphs *insecure* ?
 Creatures of clay, *vain* dwellers in the dust !
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
 Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
Headless and *blind* to wisdom's wasted light !

BYRON (*Hebrew Melodies*).

[Comment on the false nature of the connectives and the weakness of the expressions in italics.]

Ex. 4. Compare the following :—

(a) By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down ; yea, we wept when we remembered Ziön. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song ; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not

remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

- (b) We sat down and wept by the waters
 Of Babel, and thought of the day
 When our foe, *in the hue of his slaughters,*
 Made Salem's high places his prey;
 And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
 Were *scatter'd all weeping away.*

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which rolled on in freedom below,
 They demanded the song; but oh, never
 That triumph the stranger shall know!
 May this right hand be wither'd for ever
 Ere it string our *high* harp for the foe.

On the willow that harp is *suspended,*
 Oh, Salem! its sound should be free;
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee:
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be *blended*
 With the voice of the spoiler by me!

BYRON (*Hebrew Melodies*).

[Comment on the false English or weak expression of the words in italics.]

Ex. 5. Wordsworth ends his *Laodamia* differently in the earlier and later versions of that poem. Compare the two concluding stanzas, and decide upon their merits:—

- (a) Ah judge her gently, who so deeply loved!
 Her, who in reason's spite, yet without crime,
 Was in a trance of passion thus removed;
 Delivered from the galling yoke of time,
 And these frail elements—to gather flowers
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.
- (b) By no weak pity might the gods be moved.
 She who thus perished, not without the crime
 Of lovers who in reason's spite have loved,
 Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime,
 Apart from happy ghosts—that gather flowers
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Ex. 6. Compare the following passages from *Pope* and *Wordsworth*, in (a) thought, (b) tone, and (c) language:—

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite;
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
 Till, tired, he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.

Essay on Man, ii., 275-282.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art.

Ode on Intimations.

Ex. 7. Compare with both of the above passages the celebrated lines from *Shakspeare*, beginning *All the world's a stage*.

Ex. 8. "Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos." Select a few examples from his poems of this style.

Ex. 9. Compare the following passages from *Pope* and *Jeremy Taylor* in respect of (a) thought, (b) tone, and (c) language:—

Oh, blest in temper! whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day,
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
 Lets fops or fortune fly which way they will,
 Disdains all loss of tickets or codille,
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, though china fall.

Pope.

The religion of this excellent lady was of another constitution ; it took root downward in humility, and brought forth fruit upward in the substantial graces of a Christian, in charity and justice, in chastity and modesty, in fair friendships and sweetness of society. . . . And though she had the greatest judgment, and the greatest experience of things and persons I ever yet knew in a person of her youth, and sex, and circumstances, yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she had the meanest opinion of herself, and, like a fair taper, when she shined to all the room, yet round about her station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to everybody but herself.

J. Taylor.

Ex. 10. Coleridge says :—

“Style is nothing but the art of conveying the meaning appropriately and with perspicuity, whatever that meaning may be ; and one criterion of style is that it shall not be translated without injury to the meaning.”

Apply this doctrine to any passage in the book ; substitute other words and phrases where you can, and observe whether these substitutes in any one case render the meaning with sufficient adequacy. In prose, it is the *meaning* chiefly that will be operated on ; in poetry it will be the *tone*.

Ex. 11. Compare the style and feeling of the following poems :—

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ?”
—“When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly ?”
—“The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

“The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady ;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady.”

Scott.

Gane were but the cauld,
 And gane were but the snaw,
 I could sleep in the wild woods,
 Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,
 And cauld at my feet,
 And the finger o' death's at my e'en,
 Faulding them to sleep.

Let nane tell my faither
 Or my mither sae dear;
 I'll meet them baith in heaven,
 At the spring o' the year.

Allan Cunningham.

Ex. 12. Dryden, in the preface to his translation of *Virgil*, says: "All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor, perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse which they commonly call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace." Quote four lines of any English author to which the above description applies.

Ex. 13. Find parallel passages to the following from Spenser:—

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
 Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
 And to be lord of all the works of Nature?
 To reigne in th' aire from th' earth to highest skie,
 To feed on flowers and weedes of glorious nature?
 To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
 Who rests not pleasèd with such happiness,
 Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

Ex. 14. Comment upon the following lines by Dryden:—

Three poets in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
 The next in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go;
 To make a third she joined the former two.

[Mr. Augustus Hare, in the *Guesses at Truth*, says of this epigram: "It seems to me nearly impossible to pack a greater number of blundering thoughts into so small a space than are crowded into its last four lines."

The points against the epigram are: 1st. *Majesty* and *loftiness of thought* are hardly to be distinguished; 2nd. If they can be distinguished, neither seems a sufficiently specific or characteristic mark of Homer or of Virgil; 3rd. The combination of the two elements surely does not exhaust the powers of nature.]

Ex. 15. Compare the following by Milton with the epigram by Dryden:—

What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
 The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
 Under a star-y-pointing* pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument;
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

[Express clearly the central thought; and then explain and comment upon the accessories. Observe the distinct meanings and force of the three comparatives, *so*, *such*, and *such*, in the last two lines.]

Ex. 16. Explain the allusions and comment on the false criticism of the following lines from Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:—

Next comes the dull disciple of the school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule.
 The simple Wordsworth, framer of a Jay
 As soft as evening in his favourite May,
 Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books for fear of growing double."
 Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
 Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane.

Ex. 17. Scan the following irregular lines, translated by Coleridge from Stolberg:

TO A CATARACT.

Unperishing youth!
 Thou leap'st from forth
 The cell of thy hidden nativity:

* This is a false archaism. The *y* is a paring-down of the old *ge*, which was the constant prefix in Old English to all past participles. But there is no instance of a present participle with it.

Never mortal saw
 The cradle of the strong one ;
 Never mortal heard
 The gathering of his voices ;
 The deep-murmured charm of the son of the rock,
 That is lisped evermore at his slumberless fountain.
 There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
 At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing ;
 It embosoms the roses of dawn,
 It entangles the shafts of the noon,
 And into the bed of its stillness
 The moonshine sinks down as in slumber,
 That the son of the rock, that the nursling of heaven
 May be born in a holy twilight !

Ex. 18. Leigh Hunt speaks of the "ready and easy variety of pause in the works of Crabbe." Mark the cæsura in any twenty lines, and report the number of varieties.

Ex. 19. Explain and comment upon the following from *Guesses at Truth* :—

- (a) The intellect of the wise is like glass : it admits the light of heaven, and reflects it.
 (b) Poetry is to philosophy what the sabbath is to the rest of the week.
 (c) Children always turn towards the light.

Ex. 20. The following lines from Dryden's *Indian Emperor*—a play—were considered in the seventeenth century to be the finest description of Night ever composed ; and Dr. Johnson says that in his days they were repeated oftener than any others of Dryden's. Select the false points.

All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead ;
 The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head.
 The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat ;
 Even lust and envy sleep : yet love denies
 Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes.

Ex. 21. Illustrate by examples the following passage from *Guesses at Truth* :—

It has been one of the misfortunes of our poetry for the last hundred and fifty years, that it has been much more picturesque than poetical. Everything that our poets had to mention was described and reflected upon. The

power of infusing life and exhibiting action is wanting. No word was supposed to be capable of standing alone; all must have a crutch to lean on: every object must be attended by an epithet or two, or by a phrase, pickt out much as schoolboys pick theirs out of the Gradus, with little regard to aught except its fitting the verse. The grand repository for all such phraseology was that translation of Homer, which has perhaps done more harm than any other work ever did to the literature of its country; thus exactly reversing the fate of its original. . . . Pope's translation has been a sort of poetic stage-wardrobe, to which anybody might resort for as much tinsel and tawdry lace, and as many Bristol diamonds, as he wanted, and where everybody might learn the welcome lesson, that the last thing to be thought of in verses is the meaning.

Ex. 22.—Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesie* (1589), says of Surrey and Wyatt:—

“Their conceits were lofty, their style stately, their conveyance cleanly, their termes proper, their metre sweet and well-proportioned: in all imitating very naturally and studiously their master, Francis Petrarch.”

Explain and illustrate these remarks.

Ex. 23.—Illustrate more fully the following from Mr. T. Arnold:—

“Never was a circle of more richly-gifted spirits congregated in one city than the company of poets and playwrights gathered round the Court of London between 1590 and 1610. From Kent came Chapman, the translator of Homer; from Somersetshire the gentle and high-thoughted Daniel; Warwickshire sent Michael Drayton and William Shakspeare; Raleigh, who shone in poetry as in everything else he attempted, came from Devonshire; London itself was the birthplace of Donne, Spenser, and Jonson.”

Ex. 24. Bring proofs of the following statement:—

“The materials for the *Paradise Lost* consist of the first three chapters in the book of Genesis, and a few verses in the Apocalypse.”

Ex. 25. Comment upon the following, and give the names of the chief authors which illustrate the truth of (c):—

(a) There is as much difference between good poetry and fine verses, as between the smell of a flower-garden and of a perfumer's shop.

(b) Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar.

(c) Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose; our prose in the seventeenth, poetry.

Ex. 26. Illustrate the following by a comparison between *Chaucer* and *Pope* :—

Every age has a language of its own ; and the difference in the words is often far greater than in the thoughts. The main employment of authors, in their collective capacity, is to translate the thoughts of other ages into the language of their own.

Ex. 27. Mention any extracts in this book which confirm the following :—

The walk of prose is a walk of business, along a road, with an end to reach, and without leisure to do more than take a glance at the prospect. Poetry's on the other hand is a walk of pleasure, among fields and groves, where she may loiter and gaze her fill, and even stoop now and then to cull a flower.

Ex. 28. Try the experiment suggested in the following, with any twenty lines from *Pope's Iliad* or *Odyssey* :—

It has been urged on behalf of our octosyllabic metre, of which modern writers are so fond, that much of our heroic verse would be improved, if you were to leave out a couple of syllables in each line. You will get rid of many of the epithets, with which he was wont to eke out his couplets.

Ex. 29. Comment upon the following, either to confirm or to oppose it :—

Most people seem to think the coat makes the gentleman ; almost all fancy the diction makes the poet. This is one of the reasons why *Paradise Regained* has been so generally slighted. In like manner many readers are unable to discover that there is any poetry in *Samson Agonistes* ; and very few have any notion that there is more, and of a higher kind, than in *Comus*.

Ex. 30. Contrast the two kinds of simplicity in the following :—

(a) And Dora took the child, and went her way
 Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
 That was unsown, where many poppies grew.

TENNYSON.

(b) I put my hat upon my head,
 And walked into the Strand ;
 And there I met another man
 With his hat in his hand.

Ex. 31. Select six examples of such hackneyed expressions as are alluded to in Wordsworth's statement:—

“I have abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad poets till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.”

Ex. 32. Prove (or refute) the following from Wordsworth:—

“The affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible, even to this day.”

Ex. 33. Find twelve parallel instances to those mentioned in the following extract from Leigh Hunt:—

“The first quality of a poet is imagination, or that faculty by which the subtlest idea is given us of the nature and condition of any one thing, by illustration from another, or by the inclusion of remote affinities; as when Shakspeare speaks of moonlight *sleeping* on a bank; or of nice customs *curtseying* to great kings; or when Milton speaks of towers *bosomed* in trees, or of notes that *people* the sun-beams, or compares Satan on the wing at a distance, to a fleet of ships *hanging* in the clouds; or when Shelley puts that stately, superior, and comprehensive image, into the mouth of a speaker who is at once firm of soul and yet anticipates a dreadful necessity,—

I see, as from a tower, the end of all;

or lastly, when Keats tells us of the *realmless eyes* of old Saturn, as he sits musing after his dethronement.”

Ex. 34. Select from Dryden's poems six instances of triplets ending with an alexandrine, and state in each case the reason or feeling which dictated the use of the triplet. (Leigh Hunt classifies the reasons under, 1st, the impatience of stopping; 2nd, the sense of triumphant power; 3rd, the prolongation of delight.)

Ex. 35. Select passages from Pope to illustrate the following remarks:—

“It cannot be denied that his chief excellence lay more in diminishing than in aggrandising objects; in checking, not in encouraging, over-enthusiasm; in sneering at the extravagance of fancy or passion, instead of giving a loose to them; in describing a row of pins and needles rather than the embattled spears of Greeks and Trojans; in penning a lampoon or a compliment, and in praising Martha Blount.”

Ex. 36. Explain, with sufficient fulness, how literature (or *consciously repeated speech*) gives permanence to the forms of a language. The following are the steps:—1st, committing to memory; 2nd, writing; 3rd, printing; 4th, stereotyping.

Ex. 37. Classify Shakspeare's plays under the head of (a) *Tragedies*, *Comedies*, and *Tragi-comedies*; and (b) under the head of *Historical*, *Legendary*, and plays of *Fiction*.

Ex. 38. Classify the poems mentioned in this book under the heads of *Epic*, *Dramatic*, *Lyric*, *Elegiac*, and *Didactic*.

Ex. 39. Comment, with illustrations, on Wordsworth's remark:—

“Vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste.”

Ex. 40. Explain Ben Jonson's line:—

Man may securely sin, but safely never;

and give other instances of a word like *secure* being used in its primary sense. [The primary sense, for example, of *insolent* is *unusual*; of *impertinent* is *not pertinent to the matter*; of *insult*, to *jump upon*, etc.]

Ex. 41. Illustrate, from Shakspeare or from Milton, the famous saying of Dante:—

“No word has ever forced me to say what I would not, though I have forced many a word to say what *it* would not.”

Ex. 42. Select, from any poet, six sentences in which the meaning is brought out more clearly by the use of “light-footed polysyllables that trip singing to the music of verse.”

Ex. 43. Mention any two passages in this book which most nearly come up to the standard in the following:—

“Style, like the grace of perfect breeding, is everywhere pervasive and nowhere emphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indescribable completeness.”

Ex. 44. Mention any two passages which are fitly described in the following:—

“The secondary intellect seeks for excitement in expression, and stimulates itself into mannerism, which is the wilful obtrusion of self, as style is its unconscious abnegation.”

Ex. 45. In the following lines (P. L., IX, 1002) Milton has been praised for not saying too much—for his “parsimony”:—

Sky low'rd: and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.

Quote four passages of a similar character from any writer.

Ex. 46. Coleridge says :—

“Whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in verse, or in association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction.”

Try the experiment suggested here with two passages from Pope, and two from Shakspeare.

Ex. 47. Select from *Crabbe*, *Wordsworth*, and *Tennyson*, examples of the falsely and the genuinely simple.

Ex. 48. The language of poetry is of necessity one step further from, and higher above, the ordinary language of men, than that of prose. Hence we may use *sojourn* for *lodge*, *marge* for *margin*, *melting charity* for *kindly sympathy*, *chalice* for *cup*, and so on. Select from *Wordsworth* twenty instances of such special phraseology.

Ex. 49. Select twenty such instances from *Coleridge*.

Ex. 50. Select twenty from *Tennyson*.

Ex. 51. Select twenty from *Shakspeare*.

Ex. 52. Select twenty from *Dryden*, with a false ring in them.

Ex. 53. Select twenty from *Pope*, which are unnecessary and false.

Ex. 54. Milton says, “Poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate.”

Select (a) some one passage which fulfils all these conditions ; or (b) three which seem most to fulfil each.

Ex. 55. The genuine poet always *specializes*, or employs specific terms. Select ten instances of this from the extracts given in this book—like that in Milton,—

Every shepherd tells his tale*
Under the *hawthorn* in the dale.

Ex. 56. Poets often use adjectives for nouns—as in Milton, “the dead *vast* of night.” Select twelve instances from the passages in this book.

Ex. 57. Epithets in poetry may be divided into (a) *necessary*, (b) *ornamental*, and (c) *superfluous* (to fill up a line). Take any passage in Chaucer,

* Tells over the *tale* or *number* of his flock.

Shakspeare, Pope, or any other poet, and mark the epithets (a), (b), and (c). Thus :—

When *flowing* (b) cups go swiftly round
 With no *allaying* (a) Thames,
 Our *careless* (a) heads with roses crowned
 Our hearts with *loyal* (a) flames.—LOVELACE.

Celestial (c) Venus hover'd o'er his head,
 And *roseate* (b) unguents *heavenly* (c) fragrance shed.

POPE.

Ex. 58. Epithets, again, are often a condensed part of the reasoning, or an addition to the description which throws out the rest of it into fuller relief. Thus, Cowper :—

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
 The *cheerful* haunts of men.

Here *cheerful* is = “*cheerful though they are,*” and it adds a new strength to *unconcerned*. Select six such instances.

Ex. 59. Poetry has been divided into *the* (a) *elevated*, (b) *the graceful*, (c) *the forcible*, and (d) *the simple*.* Select four instances in which each of these qualities is predominant.

Ex. 60. The *elevated* may degenerate into the *bombastic* or *stilted*; the *graceful* into the *namby-pamby* or into the *conventional*; the *forcible* into the *coarse* or *overstrained*; and the *simple* into the *childish*. Give four examples of these faults from any book of poems.

Ex. 61. Explain, and, if possible, illustrate the following by examples :—

“Actual life is represented by Chaucer, imaginative life by Spenser, ideal life by Shakspeare, and the interior life by Milton. Conventional life found or made a most fitting poet in Pope.”

Ex. 62. Select from the different poetical passages in the book, ten instances of inappropriate epithets.

Ex. 63. Select ten instances of superfluous epithets.

Ex. 64. Comment, with illustrations, on the following :—

“No English poet can write English poetry except in English, that is, in that compound of Teutonic and Romanic which derives its heartiness and strength from the one, and its canorous elegance from the other.”

* “English Lessons for English People,” by Messrs. Abbott and Seeley, p. 69.

Ex. 65. Select, from Dryden, a few couplets to show that his poetry was the product of "understanding aërated by imagination."

Ex. 66. Select, from Shakspeare or from Milton, two or three passages to illustrate this:—

"To open vistas for the imagination through the blind wall of the senses is the supreme function of poetry."

Ex. 67. Select, from Pope or other writers of the eighteenth century, six phrases like, "he with steel invades the life" (for "he stabs"), or like

In front, a parlour meets my entering view,
Opposed a room to sweet reflection due.

Ex. 68. Prove, or refute, the truth of the following:—

"Wordsworth, in his early theory, or, at any rate, practice, confounded plebeian modes of thoughts with rustic forms * of phrase, and then atoned for his blunder by absconding into a diction more Latinized than that of any poet of his century."

Ex. 69. Compare the tone and language of the following lines on the *Battle of Killiecrankie*, by Wordsworth, and by Prof. Aytoun.

BATTLE SKETCH OF KILLIECRANKIE.

Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,—
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Thro' the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the field beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert,—
Judge how looked the Saxon then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!

* See p. 452, or the whole of his poem of "The Idiot Boy."

Like a tempest down the ridges
 Swept the hurricane of steel,
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
 Vainly sped the withering volley
 'Mongst the foremost of our band—
 On we poured until we met them
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
 Horse and man went down like driftwood
 When the floods are black at Yule,
 And their carcasses are whirling
 In the Garry's deepest pool:
 Horse and man went down before us—
 Living foe there tarried none
 On the field of Killiecrankie,
 When that stubborn fight was done!

Aytoun.

PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

Six thousand veterans, practised in war's game,
 Tried men, at Killiecrankie were arrayed
 Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
 Shepherds and herdsmen. Like a whirlwind came
 The Highlanders—the slaughter spread like flame;
 And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road
 Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
 Of the dead bodies. 'Twas a day of shame
 For them whom precept and the pedantry
 Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
 Oh, for a single hour of that Dundee,
 Who, on that day, the word of onset gave!
 Like conquest would the men of England see,
 And her foes find a like inglorious grave.

Wordsworth.

Ex. 70. State of whom the following lines are written:—

Brother of Homer, and of him
 On Avon's banks, by twilight dim
 Who dreamt immortal dreams, and took
 From Nature's hand her storied book:
 Earth hath not seen, Time may not see,
 Till ends his march, such other three.

Ex. 71. Work out the fallacy in this epigram of *Prior's*, and quote examples to show that genius is generally found allied with sound common-sense.

Yes ; every poet is a fool ;
 By demonstration Ned can show it.
 Happy could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove every fool to be a poet.

Ex. 72. Poetry connects the ordinary with the wonderful, and the everyday commonplace of life with the larger processions of the whole world. Thus :—

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland,
 The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman ;
 From where, upon the rocky Caithness strand,
 Breaks the long wave that at the pole began.

Quote two or three similar instances.

Ex. 73. Work out the reasons for the following opinion of *Burke's* :—

An inordinate thirst for variety, whenever it prevails, is sure to have very little true taste.

Ex. 74. The following verses are imitations of well-known poets, most of them from the *Rejected Addresses*. State in each case the name of the poet imitated ; and, if possible, quote a verse similar in style from each poet.

(a) Well, after many a sad reproach,
 They got into a hackney coach
 And trotted down the street.

I saw them go : one horse was blind
 The tails of both hung down behind,
 Their shoes were on their feet.

(b) Sons of Parnassus, whom I view above,
 Not laurel-crowned, but clad in rusty black ;
 Not spurring Pegasus through Temple's grove,
 But pacing Grub Street on a jaded hack ;
 What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,
 Ye mar to make again ! for sure, ere long,
 Condemned to tread the bard's time-sanctioned track,
 Ye all shall join the bailiff-painted throng,
 And reproduce, in rags, the rags ye blot in song.

(c) For dear is the Emerald Isle of the ocean,
 Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
 Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion
 Though joyous, are sober ; though peaceful, are brave.

- (d) Oh ! 'twas a goodly sound, to hear the people
 Who watched the work, express their various thoughts !
 While some believed it never would be finished,
 Some, on the contrary, believed it would.
- (e) See to their decks Apollo's sons repair,
 Swift rides the rosin o'er the horses' hair !
 In unison their various notes to tune,
 Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon !
- (f) At length the mist awhile was cleared,
 When lo ! amid the wreck upreared,
 Gradual a moving head appeared,
 And Eagle firemen knew
 'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
 The foreman of their crew.
- Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
 " A Muggins to the rescue ! ho !"
 And poured the hissing tide :
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
 And strove and struggled all in vain,
 For, rallying but to fall again,
 He tottered, sank, and died !
- (g) Oh, bright and gay hath dawned the day on lordly Spitalfields !
 How flash the rays with ardent blaze from polished helms and shields !
 On either side the chivalry of England throng the green,
 And in the middle balcony appears our gracious Queen.
- (h) But stranger and more awful far
 Is that new heaven ; for there no hum
 Of life is heard ; no trade nor war
 Disturb the silence ; all is dumb.
 Over the vast and voiceless star
 No momentary motions come,
 No wind, nor fire, nor snow, nor rain,
 Shall ever beat its face again.

[It is a very interesting and somewhat useful exercise, to trace back the quotations which are in current use to the authors from whom they were taken. First, a guess should be made ; secondly, a search for the original writer ; thirdly, some parallel passage should be looked for. It is also very interesting to note whether these passages which have been quoted are uttered by the author himself, as the expressions of his own belief, or whether

they are—as in dramas—put into the mouth of another person. There are many current quotations from *Shakspeare* and *Milton* which these writers never meant to be the expression of their own convictions; and passages from the speeches of *Satan* or of *Iago* go to form the opinions and feelings of ordinary Englishmen. But Shakspeare is not responsible for such utterances; his task was a twofold one—to see that the sentiments placed in the mouth of a character were consistent with that character,—and with that character in a given set of circumstances, and under the dominion of a given set of feelings. Only very few quotations need be given here: there are many books full of them.]

Ex. 75. State in what authors the following passages occur, and in what circumstances:—

- (a) How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
- (b) The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.
- (c) But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

Ex. 76. So with the following:—

- (a) And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
- (b) ——— His glistening armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade.
- (c) As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeôus as the sun at midsummer.

Ex. 77. And with the following:—

- (a) Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote.
- (b) Northward he turneth thro' a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
- (c) See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of folly, an old age of cards.

Ex. 78. And with the following:—

- (a) Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
- (b) Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

- (c) My critic Stokes objects to abstract thoughts;
 "Call a man John, a woman Joan," says he,
 "And do not prate so of *humanities*:"
 Whereat I call my critic simply, *Stokes*.

Ex. 79. And so with the following :—

- (a) To all apparent beauties blind,
 Each blemish strikes an envious mind.
- (b) Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
- (c) And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.

Ex. 80. And with the following :—

- (a) ——— Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt.
- (b) Power hath been given to please for higher ends
 Than pleasure only ; gladdening to prepare
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
 Calming to raise.
- (c) They also serve who only stand and wait.

Ex. 81. And with the following :—

- (a) The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of thee,
 And sound thy praises everlastingly.
- (b) The soul uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
- (c) Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find.

Ex. 82. Write a short paper to describe the course of the thought in Milton's *Lycidas*.

Ex. 83. The same with *Il Penseroso*.

Ex. 84. The same with *L' Allegro*.

Ex. 85. The same with Gray's *Elegy*.

[The same exercise can be given with other short and well-known poems such as Johnson's *London*, Goldsmith's *Traveller*, Tennyson's *Ulysses*, etc.]

Ex. 86. Contrast the movement of the poems, *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro*, in each paragraph.

Ex. 87. Mr. Browne, the last editor of Milton's poems, says :—

"*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are the two pleadings, the summing up and decision on which are to be found in the *Comus*." Prove this.

Ex. 88. Mr. Palgrave says :—

"Great excellence, in human art, as in human character, has from the beginning of things been even more uniform than mediocrity, by virtue of the closeness of its approach to Nature."

Apply this doctrine to any one fine poem, and point out its simplicity of style, and the absence of highly-coloured phrases.

Ex. 89. From the Table for the Seventeenth Century, write out the names of those who were alive twenty years after the death of *Spenser*.

Ex. 90. From the same table write out the names of those who were co-temporary for thirty years.

Ex. 91. From the same table give the age of Milton on the death of *Shakspeare*, *Bacon*, and *Drayton*.

Ex. 92. Select the words and phrases which seem too prosaic in the following lines from Cowper :

- (a) Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of ocean on his winding shore.
- (b) The earth was made so various, that the mind
 Of desultory man, studious of change
 And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
- (c) Hush! 'tis the twanging horn from yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the flood.

- (d) Sleep seems their only refuge; for, alas!
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!

Ex. 93. Dr. Woleot ("Peter Pindar") describes Dr. Johnson's prose style in the following lines. Find out a paragraph in some one of Dr. Johnson's works to which they may be fairly applied.

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth to draw
A goose's feather, or exalt a straw;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

Ex. 94. Write, in prose, the story of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

Ex. 95. Archbishop Trench says of the following sonnet, by the Rev. Blanco White:—

"It is not a little remarkable that one to whom English was an acquired language, who can have had little or no experience in the mechanism of English verse, should yet have left us what Coleridge does not hesitate to call 'the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language'—words, it is true, which he slightly modifies by adding, 'at least it is only in Milton and in Wordsworth that I remember any rival.'"

NIGHT AND DEATH.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

State the argument, shortly and clearly, in prose.

Ex. 96. Compare the two following stanzas—the one (a) by Keble (the author of the *Christian Year*), the other (b) by Coleridge:—

- (a) Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
 Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart;
 Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow—
 Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.
- (b) O Lady, we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live:
 Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
 And would we aught behold of higher worth
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor, loveless, ever anxious crowd,
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth;
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

Ex. 97. Comment upon the following lines by Leigh Hunt:—

But all the four great masters of our song,
 Stars that shine out amidst a starry throng,
 Have turned to Italy for added light,
 As earth is kissed by the sweet moon at night:—
 Milton for half his style, Chaucer for tales,
 Spenser for flowers to fill his isles and vales,
 And Shakspeare's self for frames already done
 To build his everlasting piles upon.

Ex. 98. Dryden admitted that sometimes a rhyme helped him to a thought. It is not improbable that this was the case in the following stanza of Mrs. Hemans:—

Is it when Spring's first *gale*
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
 Is it when roses in our path grow *pale*?
 They have one season—all are ours—to die.

Find out other verses in this book in which the rhyme seems to have suggested either a thought, or a turn of thought, or an expression. Mr. Coventry Patmore says:—

They live by law, not like the fool,
 But like the bard who freely sings
 In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
 And finds in them not bonds but wings.

Ex. 99. Contrast the following passages, and show the superiority of the perfectly simple and direct lines of Coleridge, to the more elaborate and "eloquent" passage from Scott. Take the two passages as texts to illustrate the difference between *Poetry* and *Rhetoric*.

(a) Coleridge, in the *Ancient Mariner*, describes a tropical sunset in two lines:—

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark.

(b) Scott, in *Rokeby*, gives us the following description:—

No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight glooms his wrath allay:
With disk like battle target red
He rushes to his burning bed,—
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light—
Then sinks at once, and all is night!

Ex. 100. From the *Table of Contemporaries* on p. 433, write out the list of those writers whose births occurred in the year when other great writers died, thus:—

Thomson	was born	1700,	the year	Dryden	died.
Burke	" "	1730	" "	before Defoe	died.
Crabbe	" "	1754	" "	Fielding	died.

Ex. 101. Look through the tables generally, and write sentences on the model of the following, on the greatest authors: "Milton, a London boy, was in his eighth, seventeenth, and twenty-ninth years respectively, when Shakspeare (1616), Fletcher (1625), and B. Jonson (1637) died."

Ex. 102. Write down the contemporaries of Dr. Johnson for twenty years before his death.

[There are very many more kinds of exercises to be given on these tables—the chief purpose of them being, of course, to fix the periods and dates in the mind.]

COMPARISONS.

Archbishop Trench, speaking in his *Household Book of English Poetry* of Shelley's poem *The Fugitives*, says: "Campbell's *Lord Ullin's Daughter* is a poem of considerable merit, but a comparison of it with this of Shelley (the motive of the two compositions is identical) at once reveals the distinction between a poet of first-rate eminence, of 'imagination all compact,' and one of the second order. Both poems are narrative; but the imagination in one has fused and absorbed the whole action of the story into itself in a way which is not so much as attempted in the other."—This hint of Dr. Trench's may be carried out to a fuller development, and may be made in the hands of a good teacher an important instrument for training the taste and the power of appreciation. The perpetual contrast and comparison of two different treatments of the same subject give the teacher a large number of opportunities for asking the most pertinent questions, and for illustrating the styles of different writers. This is probably the best introduction for a young pupil to the higher criticism. The following are the chief points to which the attention of the pupil may be called:

- 1st. General treatment of the story—in (a) its evolution by separate incidents, more or less appropriate; and (b) its denouement in each version.
- 2nd. The appropriateness of the measure employed to the feeling.
- 3rd. The separate phrases employed (a) for the same incident, (b) for the same feeling.

The following is a list* of this kind:—

	PAGE
I. The Fugitives (Shelley)	<i>Trench</i> 241
Lord Ullin's Daughter (Campbell)	<i>Dana</i> 481
II. Dejection (Coleridge)	" 686
Stanzas written in Dejection at Naples (Shelley)	<i>G. T.</i> 223
III. Ode to Duty (Wordsworth)	<i>Dana</i> 695
IV. The Maid of Neidpath (Scott)	<i>G. T.</i> 193
" " " (Campbell)	" 194
V. The Grasshopper (Cowley)	<i>Dana</i> 68
" " (Cowper)	" 69
VI. Autumn (Keats)	" 96
" (Shelley)	" 96

* *G. T.* means *Golden Treasury* (Macmillan); *Dana* means *Dana's Household Book of Poetry* (Appleton); *Trench*, his *Household Book of English Poetry*; *Prose Gems* (edited by Dr. Mackay); and *Poetical Gems* (Routledge) by the same.

	PAGE
VII. To the Nightingale (Milton)	Dana 51
" " (Keats)	" 52
" " (M. Arnold)	" 53
VIII. The Skylark (Shelley)	" 18
" " (Hogg)	" 19
" " (Wordsworth)	Gems 318
IX. Under the Greenwood Tree (Shakspeare)	Dana 58
Inscription in a Hermitage (Warton)	" 62
X. Dirge for the Year (Shelley)	" 113
Death of the Old Year (Tennyson).	
XI. Melancholy (in Collins's <i>Ode on the Passions</i>)	Dana 626
Melancholy (in Milton's <i>Il Penseroso</i> , "Come, pensive nun, devout and pure")	" 663
XII. Ode on Intimations of Immortality (Wordsworth)	" 713
The Retreat (Vaughan)	G. T. 63
XIII. The Death of the Virtuous (Barbauld)	Dana 731
The Evening Cloud (John Wilson)	Trench 326
XIV. Ulysses (Tennyson).	
The Home-coming of Ulysses (in the 24th Book of the <i>Odyssey</i> *).	
XV. "She walks in Beauty" (Byron)	Dana 631
"She was a Phantom of Delight" (Wordsworth)	" 634
XVI. The Means to attain Happy Life (Surrey)	" 661
Song (William Byrd)	" 666
XVII. Song of the Fairy (Shakspeare)	" 535
The Fairies (Allingham)	" 550
XVIII. Ruth (Hood)	" 269
The Solitary Reaper (Wordsworth)	" 633
XIX. To the Cuckoo (Logan)	" 23
To the Cuckoo (Wordsworth)	" 23
XX. To Daffodils (Herrick)	" 35
Daffodils (Wordsworth)	" 35
XXI. The Sea (Barry Cornwall)	" 81
A wet Sheet and a flowing Sea (Allan Cunningham)	" 82
XXII. The Gipsy's Malison (C. Lamb)	" 125
Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament.	" 151
XXIII. Hymn to Adversity (Gray)	G. T. 158
Ode to Duty (Wordsworth)	" 204

* By far the best translation of the *Odyssey* is that by the late *Mr. Worsley*; but *Pope's* may be consulted.

	PAGE
XXIV. A Dirge (Tennyson)	Dana 510
The Dirge of Imogen	,, 510
Dirge in "Cymbeline"	,, 512
XXV. Iphigeneia and Agamemnon (Landor)	,, 472
Jephthah's Daughter (Herrick)	,, 511
XXVI. Astrophel (Spenser). Adonaïs (Shelley).	
XXVII. Lycidas (Milton). Thyrsis (M. Arnold).	

Another excellent set of examples, for comparison and contrast, is to be found in translations from other languages. These translations are more especially useful in contrasting the words and phrases. Thus we may take passages from *Chapman's*, *Pope's*, and *Lord Derby's* versions of the Iliad; from *Pope's* and *Mr. Worsley's* versions of the Odyssey; from some of the numerous translations of Dante and Goethe; from the numerous translations of Goethe and Schiller. For example, Schiller's poem of *The Glove* has been translated by L. Hunt and by Lord Lytton; and there is a poem on the same subject by Mr. Browning.



EXCURSUS I.

THE MORE USUAL KINDS OF VERSE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1. The two chief points in which the Old English, or "Anglo-Saxon," verse differed from prose was, (a) regular recurrence of accents, and (b) alliteration. The verse, for example, of *Piers the Plowman* contains three accents in the first line, and two in the second; or, as the two are sometimes * printed in one line—five accents altogether. Thus,

Bote Salamon þe Sagö
A Sarmoun he madë.

The first line had also two alliterative words; and the second one. In the above lines there are evidently three alliterations of s.

2. Both of these habits have remained in English verse, the first consciously, and the second unconsciously. That is, verse is still numbered by accents, and this according to conscious rule; while the habit of writing alliterative poetry, which prevailed from the ninth down to the fourteenth century—from the period of *Beowulf* to that of the *Canterbury Tales*—has so worked itself into the blood and marrow of the language, that no writer can escape using alliterations without knowing it. Thousands of passages in Shakspeare, Milton, and Tennyson (in addition to those given in p. 10) prove this.

3. The *number* of accents now give the *measure* of the verse; and this has been already discussed on p. 9. The *position* of the accented, with reference to the *unaccented* syllable or syllables, give the *kind* of the verse; and it is this question which remains to be discussed here.

(a) One accented and one or two unaccented syllables joined together in utterance is called a *foot*.

(b) These *feet* take their names, for the sake of convenience, from the Greek language.

(c) An unaccented syllable, *followed* by one accented, is called an Iambus.
 " " *preceded* " " " Trochee.
 Two unaccented syllables, *followed* " " " Anapæst.
 " " *preceded* " " " Dactyl.
 An accented syllable *between* two unaccented " " Amphibrach.

(d) These five kinds of feet are not necessarily included in single words, but may be made up of separate words or of parts of words. Thus:—

With his báck | to the fiéld, | and his féét | to the f6e |

is an example of an anapæstic line. But these feet can also be shown in words, thus :

- (1) Imménse is an Iambus ;
- (2) C6ming " Trochee ;
- (3) Cavalíer " Anapaest ;
- (4) Mérrily " Dactyl ; and
- (5) Rest6ring " Amphibrach.

* See *Specimens of Early English*, by Messrs. Morris and Skeat (Macmillan), p. 176.

Iambuses and Anapæsts, having the accented syllable last, belong to the same system; Trochees and Dactyls belong also to the same system, but one of a different kind.

4. By far the most usual kind of verse is that called *iambic pentameter*, which consists of five sets of two syllables, the last syllable of each set being accented. This, when rhymed, is called *heroic verse*; when unrhymed, *blank verse*. Heroic verse has been largely used by Chaucer, and is almost the only verse employed by Dryden and Pope. Blank verse is that most generally used by Shakspeare and Milton. The formula for this verse is $5 x a$; x standing for an unaccented, and a for an accented syllable.

5. The following is a METRICAL KEY to most of the poetical passages given in this book:—

- P. 31. Awáy | is áll | thy wéal, | ywís | $4 x a$, or Iambic Tetrameter.*
- P. 34. I sháll | you téll | as 'I | have héard | " "
- P. 52. For góld | in ph'ys | ic ís | a córd | iál | $5 x a$, or Iambic Pentameter.
- P. 77. This ólde | Esón | brought fóρθ | was thó | $4 x a$, or Iambic Tetrameter.
- P. 87. Now thére | was máde | fast b'y | the Toú | rës wáll | $5 x a$.
- P. 109. Most háp | py lét | ters! frámed | by skíl | ful tráde | $5 x a$.
- P. 128. Oh griéf | that líést | upón | my sóule | $4 x a$.
- P. 139. Queén and | húntress | cháste and | fáir— | $4 a x$, or Trochaic Tetrameter (minus *one* syllable).
- P. 180. This sáid | he réached | to táke | his són | who óf | his ármes | afráid | $7 x a$, or Iambic Heptameter.
- P. 183. Now Sáb | rine ás | a quéen, | mirác | ulóús | ly fáir | $6 x a$, or Iambic Hexameter.
- P. 196. A'nd though | fór her | sáke I'm | cróst— | $4 a x$ minus.
- P. 198. Hé that | lóves a | rósy | chéek— | $4 a x$ minus.
- P. 203. O dáy | most cálm | most bríght | $3 x a$.
- P. 244. He név | er áte | nor dránk | nor slépt | $4 x a$.
- P. 442. Píbroch of | Dónuil Dhu | $2 a x x$, Dactylic Dimeter.
- P. 450. A pó | tent wánd | does sór | row wíeld | $4 x a$.
- P. 453. She sáng | of lóve | with quá | et blénd | ing, $4 x a +$, or Iambic Tetrameter Hypermetrical.
- P. 478. A'll the | éarth and | áir— | $3 a x$, Trochaic Trimeter minus.
- P. 478. Thé móon | rains óut | her béams | and héaven | is ó | verflówed | $6 x a$, or Iambic Hexameter.
- P. 479. At the míd | hour of níght | when stárs | are wéep | ing, I fly' | $5 x x a$, or Anapæstic Pentameter (with a few Iambuses).

* See p. 9.

EXCURSUS II.

ON COURSES OF READING.

There can be no doubt that a first-hand acquaintance (or, still better, a friendship) with three or four of the best English writers is worth a great deal more than a mere general survey of the whole range of our literature. But, in learning the geography of a country, a map is useful—nay, indispensable; and after that comes the practical question of a journey through the country. What towns shall be visited? What districts fully explored and thoroughly known? This question in practical geography is of the same nature as the question in literature. What books shall be read thoroughly? What books shall we only look into?

The answer to these questions is limited by two practical considerations—(1) The age of the pupil; and (2) The other subjects studied. And these practical considerations have different weight in each individual case. It seems to the present editor, therefore, desirable to draw up three Courses of Reading, which may suit different ages, and from which the teacher may select such as suit the requirements, tastes, and abilities of his class. Course A is for the youngest class of pupils; Course B for those somewhat more advanced; and Course C for the oldest and best read pupils.

It may be asked why, in Course A, an author so difficult as Chaucer has been placed. The reply to this objection is: (1) Chaucer is not difficult; (2) It seems desirable that, the younger a pupil is, the more necessary is it to give him passages in which there is some resistance—something to “get up”—something that will arrest his attention, and set him thinking about the difference between Old English and the English of the present day. Besides, many hundred questions may be asked upon one page of Chaucer, while only a few could be put upon a page of Scott. Again, the mental power and the free play of reflection upon words and phrases which an older pupil has, does not exist in younger persons. And, in the last place, a learner will get more knowledge of the English language, its grammar and its history, out of a careful examination of Chaucer or Mandeville, than he will find in nine-tenths of the so-called grammars now used in schools. The thought of Chaucer is never difficult; and the meaning seldom.

It would be well if in all our schools which make any reasonable claim to giving some culture to their pupils through the English language and its literature, there were some manuals which might serve as standards of thought, feeling, and expression, and to which the pupils were in the habit of making constant reference, when any discussion arose on an English phrase or the meaning of a word. One manual should contain a selection of prose passages, and another of poems. Such manuals already exist in *Typical Selections from the Best English Authors*,* or in Mr. Payne's *Studies in English Prose*, and in the *Golden Treasury*,† by Mr. Palgrave, or in Dr. Trench's *Household Book of English Poetry*.‡

In using these books, the method of comparison or contrast should be

* Published by Messrs. Macmillan in the Clarendon Press Series.

† Published by Virtue & Co., and very well edited, with a valuable introduction on the History of the English Language.

‡ Published by Macmillan & Co.

always followed; and two passages from different authors always read together. Many motives may determine these selections, such as,—

- (a) Similarity of subject and difference of treatment.
- (b) Similarity of character in the two authors.
- (c) Strong dissimilarity of character.
- (d) The differing length of sentences at different periods.
- (e) The difference of tone in two authors.

The following are a few examples of such pairs, coupled according to the above classification:—

- (a) { Sir W. Raleigh.
Macaulay.
- (b) { Hugh Latimer.
Dr. Arnold.
- (c) { Richard Hooker.
Sydney Smith.
- (d) { John Milton.
David Hume.
- (e) { Dr. Johnson.
W. Cobbett.
- (e) { Sir Philip Sidney.
Sir Walter Scott.
- (c) { Bacon.
Swift.
- (e) { Jeremy Taylor.
Edmund Burke.
- (d) { Bacon.
W. S. Landor.

Other grounds of contrast or comparison may easily be discovered; and hundreds of other pairs can be collected.

In the following lists of books, it will be seen that those published by the *Clarendon Press* are predominant. They are by far the best series we as yet have for the study of English; in fact, without them the accurate and thorough study of our language and literature would have been almost impossible. Most of these are well edited, and are supplied with an apparatus of notes which solve every difficulty that can occur to the pupil. A series of *English School Classics* is also about to be edited by Mr. Storr, and published by Messrs. Rivington; and there is a set of very cheap reprints by the Messrs. Chambers.

When a pupil reads a book privately—or for the purpose of an examination, he should enter in an Alphabetical Note-Book :—

- (a) All special words and phrases ;
- (b) All difficulties and their solution ;
- (c) References to passages in other books ;

and he should also write a short abstract of each paragraph ; an abridgment of the arguments of the book ; and the conclusions, with the chief reasons for them.

EXCURSUS III.

Mr. Furnivall, in an article in the *Athenæum* of 22nd March, 1873, proposes the following periodic divisions of the English language :—

Anglo-Saxon	to	1150
Transition English	„	1250
Early English	„	1526
Middle English	„	1674*
Modern English	„	

* The date of Milton's death.



COURSE A.

POETRY.

- Chaucer's *Prologue*.¹
 Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.¹
 Milton's *Hymn on the Na-*
tivity.⁴ Book I.
 Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*.
 „ *MacFlecknoe*.⁴

- Goldsmith's *Traveller* ² and ¹
 Thomson's *Seasons*.²
 Cowper's *Task, Book I*.²
 Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.²
 Southey's *Ballads*.
 Macaulay's *Lays*.

PROSE.

- Maundeville. *Introduction*.¹
 Wyclif's *Gospel of St. Mark*.¹
 Swift's *Gulliver*.
 Addison's *Sir Roger de*
Coverley.²
 Johnson's *Rasselas*.¹
 Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wake-*
field.²
 Washington Irving's *Essays*.
 Southey's *Life of Nelson*.
 Macaulay's *Clive and Hus-*
tings.

1. Those marked (1) are all published in the *Clarendon Press Series*.

2. Those marked (2) are published by Chambers.

4. In Hales's *Longer English Poems* (Macmillan), a most useful book for schools and very well and carefully edited.

COURSE B.

POETRY.

- John Barbour's *Bruce*.¹
 Chaucer's *Knichtes Tale*.¹
 „ *Nonne Prestes Tale*.¹
 Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale*.¹
 Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*.
 Milton's *Lycidas*.^{1 and 4}
 „ *L'Allegro*.¹
 „ *Il Penseroso*.¹
 Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*.¹
 Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.²
 Shelley's *Adonaïs*.⁴

PROSE.

- Dan Michel's *Sermon*.¹
 John Wyclif's *Euangelie of Ioon*.³
 John de Trévise's *Description of Great Britain*.¹
 Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*.
Chapter I.
 Swift's *Drapier's Letters*.
 Addison on *Paradise Lost*.²
 Johnson's *Lives of Pope and Dryden*.¹
 Burke's *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*.¹
 Lamb's *Essays of Elia*
 (some).
 Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*.²

3. Those marked (3) are in the "Five Centuries of the English Language and Literature," published by Tauchnitz, a good and useful selection of longer pieces.

COURSE C.

POETRY.

- Robert of Gloucester—*Reign of William the Conqueror*.1^a
- Robert Manning—*The Tale of Pers the Usurer*.1^a
- Laurence Minot—*Political Songs*.1^a
- Alliterative Poems—*The Deluge*.1^a
- William Langlande—*The Vision concerning Piers the Plowman*.1^a
- Chaucer's *Tale of the Patient Griselde*.³
- Shakspeare's *Hamlet*¹ (or other play).
- Spenser's *Sonnets and Hymns of Heavenly Love and Beauty*.⁵
- Milton's *Comus*.¹
- „ *Samson Agonistes*.¹

PROSE.

- Hereford's *Version of the Psalms*.1^a
- Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*.⁵
- Sir T. More's *Description of Richard the Thirde*.³
- Ascham's *Toxophilus*.
- Bacon's *Essays*.¹
- „ *Advancement of Learning*.¹
- Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity Book I*.¹
- Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*.
- Browne's *Hydriotaphia*.¹

POETRY.

Dryden's *Hind and Panther*.¹,, *Religio Laici*.¹Pope's *Essay on Man*.¹,, *Epistles and Satires*.¹,, *Rape of the Lock*.⁴Gray's *Poems*.Johnson's *Vanity of Human
Wishes*.⁴Wordsworth's *Excursion*.²,, *Longer Poems*.Coleridge's *Ancient Mari-
nere*.² and ⁴Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*.⁴

PROSE.

Dryden's *Prefaces*.Locke's *Thoughts on Educa-
tion*.³Addison *On the Imagina-
tion*.²Burke's *Reflections on the
French Revolution*.

1^a. Those marked (1^a) are in Morris & Skeat's *Specimens of Early English* (Clarendon Press). Second volume, 1298-1393.

5. Those marked (5) are in the *Globe Series* (Macmillan & Co.)



LIST OF POETS-LAUREATE.

THE Poet-Laureate is an officer of the Royal Household. The first seems to have been John Key, in the reign of Edward IV. The office became a patent office in 1630, and a salary of £100 a year and a tierce of canary was attached to it. In Charles II.'s time the office of Poet-Laureate and Royal Historiographer were generally united in one person.

Edmund Spenser	1591-1599
Samuel Daniel	1599-1619
Ben Jonson	1619-1637
(Civil War.)	
Sir William Davenant	1660-1668
John Dryden	1668-1689
Thomas Shadwell*	1689-1692
Nahum Tate	1692-1715
Nicholas Rowe	1715-1718
Lawrence Eusden	1718-1730
Colley Cibber	1730-1757
William Whitehead	1757-1785
Thomas Warton	1785-1790
Henry James Pye	1790-1813
Robert Southey	1813-1843
William Wordsworth	1843-1850
Alfred Tennyson	1850-

* "The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But *Shadwell* never deviates into sense."

So Dryden. From Shadwell down to Pye, there is no "poet" of even a respectable standing, except Cibber, who had natural vigour, and Warton, who had cultivated taste. The rest are below critical appreciation and are now never heard of.

OMISSIONS.

1. THOMAS SACKVILLE (afterwards Lord Buckhurst, 1536-1608), was a contributor to the *Mirroure for Magistrates*—a work which was to consist of stories in verse from English history. The moral of the work was: "Who reckless rules, right soon may hap to rue." For the second edition, which appeared in 1563, Sackville wrote the *Induction and Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*. The poem is in the seven-line stanza which was so great a favourite with Chaucer. He is also the author, with Thomas Norton, a barrister, of the first tragedy in English Literature—*Gorboduc; or, Ferrex and Porrex*. The blank verse in this tragedy is of the most rudimentary kind; it is rather prose cut into lengths of ten syllables. In 1604 he was created Earl of Dorset.

2. WILLIAM DAVENANT (1605-1668) was the son of a vintner at Oxford. In 1628 he began to write for the stage. The Civil War interrupted his labours, and he took the royalist side. He worked so hard in the king's cause that he received the title of knight. In 1660 he was made Poet-Laureate. His best known poem is *Goudibert*—which is written in the quatrain (of 5 *a a*) employed by Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis*. He also wrote some plays; but the style of them is much below par.

3. JOHN CLEVELAND (1613-1658) was another strong royalist, and the best satiric poet upon that side. He was a Cambridge man. He had a bitter hatred of the Scotch, and is the author of the celebrated epigram—

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him wander, but confined him home.

His chief poems were satires, which have not outlived their contemporaneous popularity. Dr. Trench quotes, in his *Household Book of Poetry*, his lines on Ben Jonson.

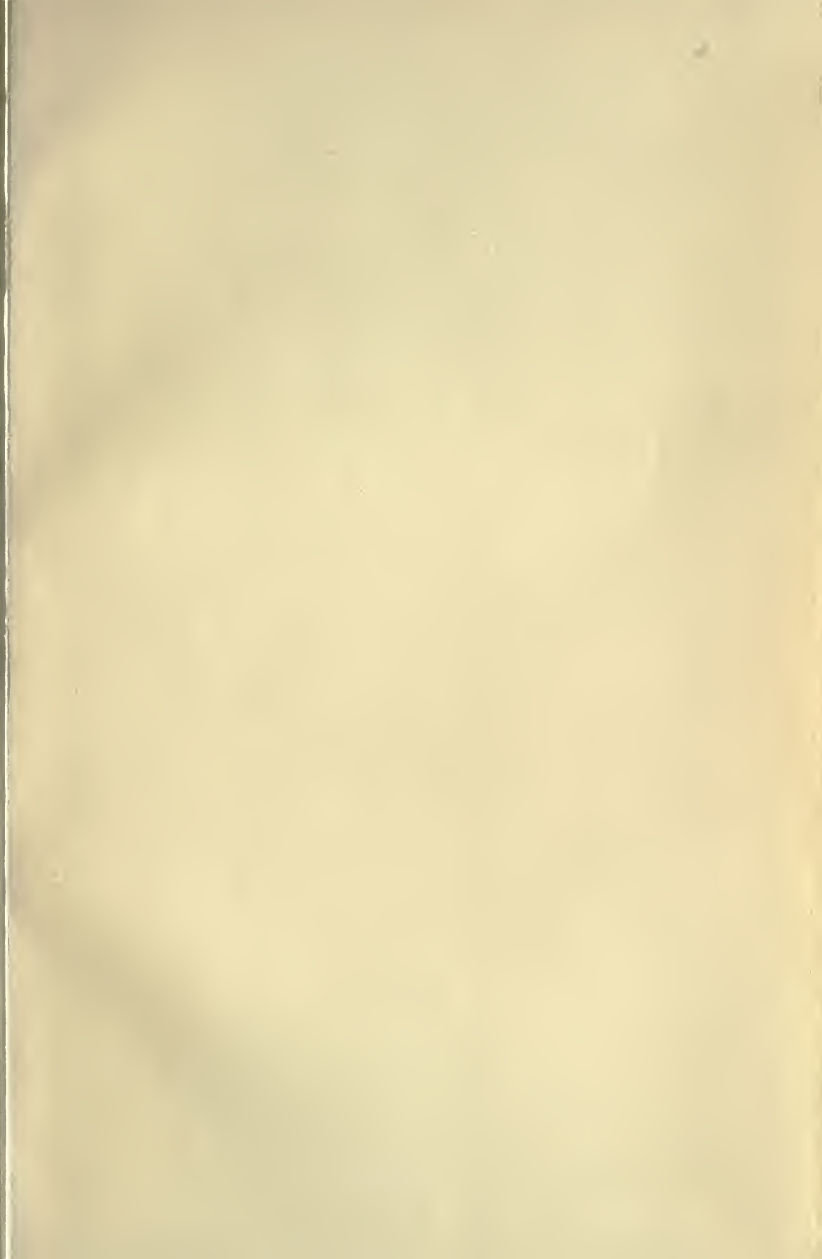
TABLE OF LITERATURE.
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

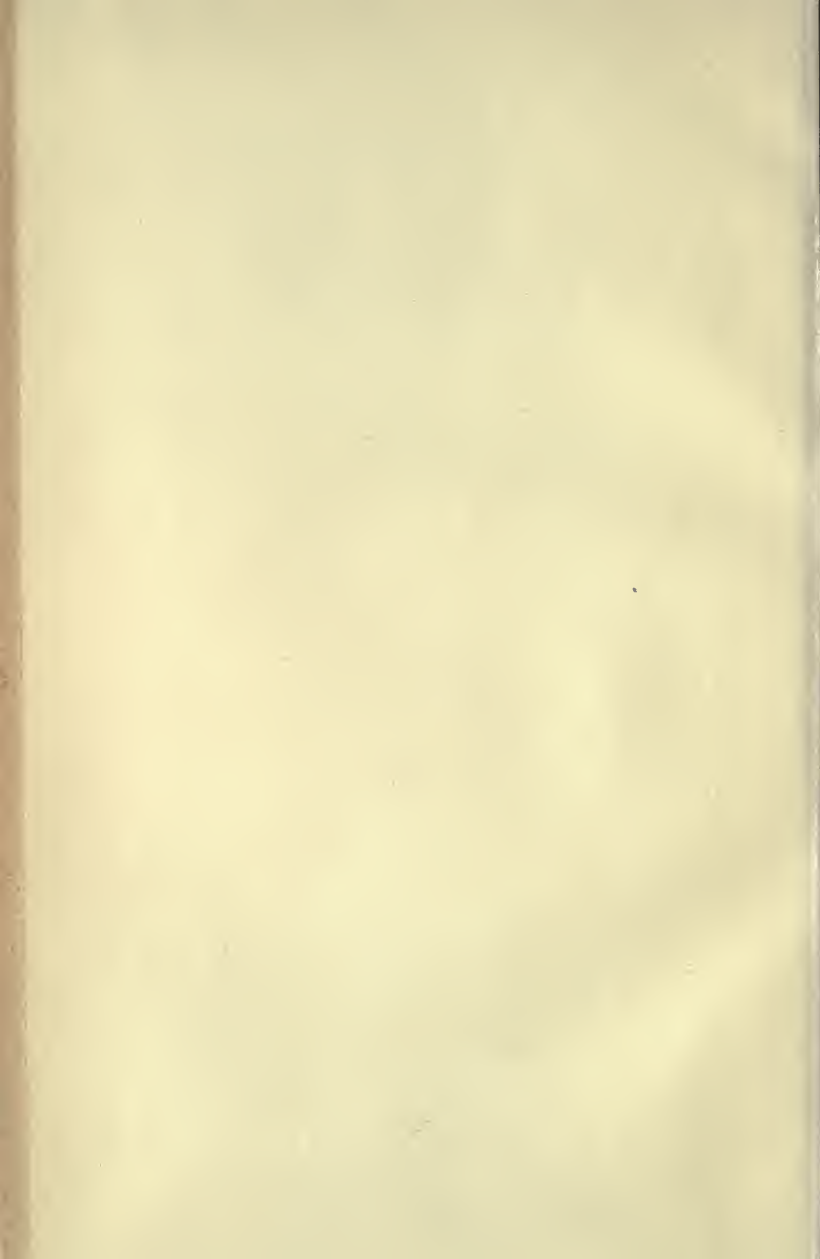
WRITERS.	WORKS.	DATES.	DECADES.
			1st.
			2nd.
G. Dunbar	Poems	d. 1520.	3rd.
G. Douglas	Translation of <i>Virgil</i>	d. 1522.	
J. Skelton	Poems	1529.	
Sir T. More	<i>Utopia</i>	d. 1535.	4th.
W. Tyndale	Translation of <i>The Bible</i>	d. 1536.	
Sir T. Wyat. . . .	Poems	d. 1541.	5th.
H. Howard	Poems	d. 1547.	
H. Latimer	Sermons	d. 1555.	6th.
S. Ridley.	"	"	
Sir D. Lyndsay . .	Poems	d. 1557.	
R. Ascham	Prose Essays	1568.	7th.
M. Coverdale . . .	Translation of parts of Holy Scripture.		
			8th.
Sir P. Sidney . . .	<i>Arcadia</i> and Poems	d. 1586.	9th.
R. Greene	Plays	d. 1592.	10th.
R. Marlowe	Plays	d. 1593.	
R. Southwell . . .	Plays	d. 1595.	
E. Spenser	<i>Faerie Queene</i>	d. 1599.	
R. Hooker	<i>Ecclesiastical Polity</i>	d. 1600.	
J. Lyly	<i>Euphues</i>		

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

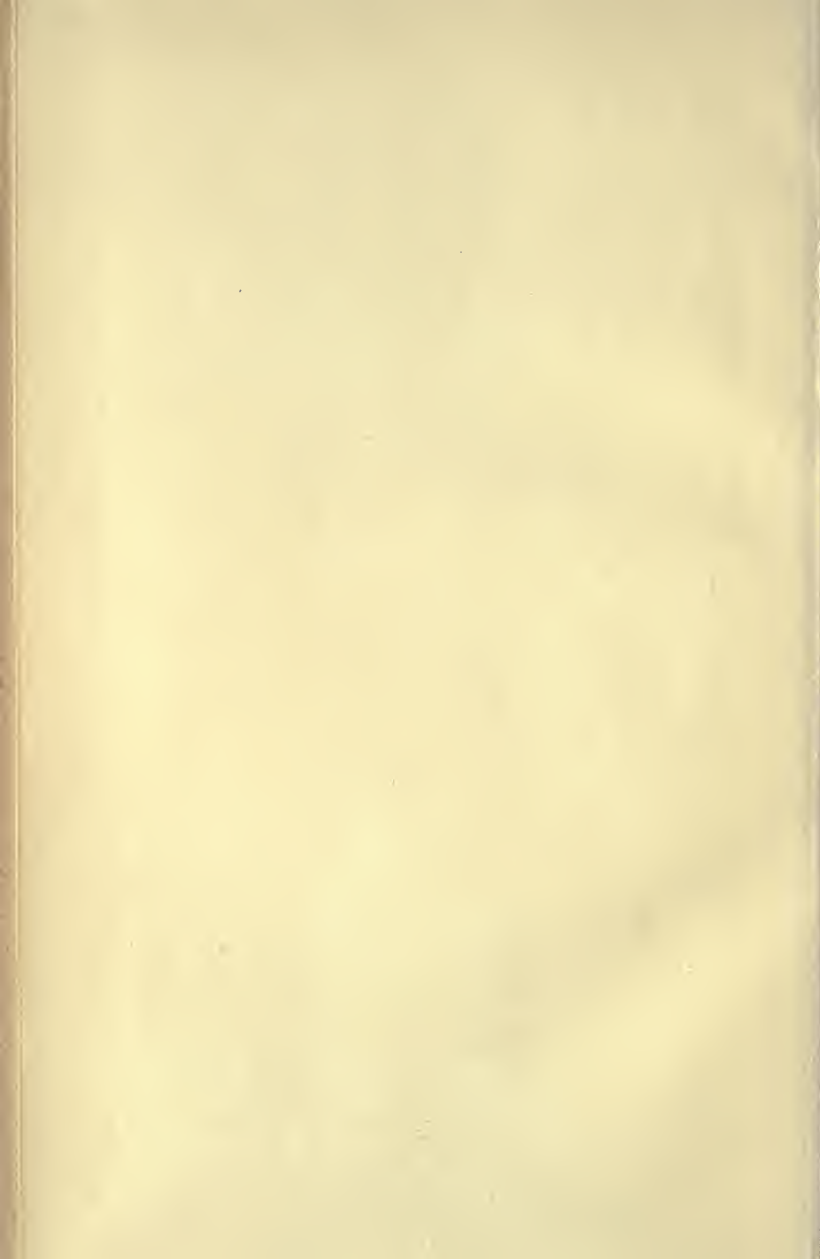
A.		PAGE	D.	
Addison, Joseph	355		Daniel, Samuel	181
Aelfred	19		Davenant	560
Ascham, Roger	95		Davies, Sir John	184
Asser	19		Defoe, Daniel	341
Austen, Jane	510		Dekker	138
B.			Denham, Sir John	230
Bacon, Francis	171		De Quincey, Thomas	502
Baeda	20		Donne, John	186
Baillie, Joanna	510		Douglas, Gawaine	100
Barbour, John	78		Drayton, Michael	183
Baxter, Richard	267		Drummond, William	188
Beaumont and Fletcher	137		Dryden, John	292
Beowulf	15		Dunbar, William	99
Berkeley	358		E.	
Berners, Lord	95		Edgeworth, Maria	510
Bible	210		F.	
Bowles, Caroline	511		Fielding, Henry	359
Bowles, William Lisle	488		Fletcher, Phineas and Giles	187
Browne, Sir Thomas	205		Ford, John	138
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett	515		Foster, John	465
Bunyan, John	271		Fuller, Thomas	207
Burke, Edmund	394		G.	
Burns, Robert	420		Gay, John	361
Butler, Samuel	243		Gibbon, Edward	398
Butler, Joseph	358		Goldsmith, Oliver	374
Byron, George Gordon	490		Gower, John	77
C.			Gray, Thomas	387
Caedmon	17		Greene	138
Campbell, Thomas	473		H.	
Carew, Thomas	198		Hakluyt	145
Caxton, William	88		Hall, Robert	405
Chapman, George	138, 179		Hemans, Felicia	512
Chatterton, Thomas	403		Herbert, George	201
Chaucer	42		Herrick, Robert	199
Clarendon (see Hyde).			Heywood	138
Cleveland, John	560		Hobbes, Thomas	262
Cobbett, William	490		Hood, Thomas	486
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor	465		Hooker, Richard	166
Collins, William	389		Hume, Alexander	189
Coverdale, Miles	99		Hume, David	386
Cowley, Abraham	268		Hunt, James Henry Leigh	484
Cowper, William	409		Hyde, Edward	265
Crabbe, George	424		J.	
Cranmer	145		James I. of Scotland	87
Crashaw, Richard	277			
Cudworth, Ralph	291			

	PAGE		PAGE
Jameson, Anna	514		
Johnson, Samuel	368		
Jonson, Ben	136		
Junius, Letters of	404		
		K.	
Keats, John	479		
Kyd	138		
		L.	
Lamb, Charles	461		
Landon, Letitia Elizabeth	515		
Landon, Walter Savage	488		
Langlande, Robert or William	80		
Layamon	26		
Locke, John	311		
Lovelace, Richard	282		
Lydgate, John	87		
Lyly, John	169		
		M.	
Macaulay, Thomas Babington	504		
Malory, Sir Thomas	89		
Mandeville, Sir John	74		
Mannyng, Robert	30		
Marlowe, Christopher	137		
Marston	138		
Marvel, Andrew	280		
Massinger, Philip	137		
Michel, Dan	30		
Middleton	138		
Milton, John	227		
Minot, Laurence	30		
Montague, Lady Mary Wortley	358		
Moore, Thomas	479		
More, Sir Thomas	91		
More, Hannah	509		
		O.	
Ocleve, Thomas	86		
Orm	27		
		P.	
Peele	138		
Percy, Thomas	391		
Poer, Richard	28		
Pope, Alexander	319		
Prior, Matthew	360		
		Q.	
Quarles, Francis	222		
		R.	
Raleigh, Sir Walter	161		
Ramsay, Allan	365		
Richardson, Samuel	359		
Robert of Gloucester	28		
Rogers, Samuel	488		
		S.	
Sackville	560		
Saxon Chronicle	19		
Scott, Sir Walter	434		
Shakspeare	147		
Shelley, Percy Bysshe	475		
Shenstone, William	390		
Shirley	138		
Sidney, Sir Philip	164		
Skelton, John	90		
Smith, Adam	386		
Smith, Sydney	460		
South, Robert	310		
Southey, Robert	469		
Southwell, Robert	180		
Spenser, Edmund	107		
Steele, Richard	357		
Sterne, Lawrence	360		
Surrey, Earl of	89		
Swift, Jonathan	346		
		T.	
Taylor, Jeremy	212		
Temple, Sir William	307		
Thomson, James	363		
Tillotson, John	309		
Trevisa, John de	73		
Tyndale, William	97		
		V.	
Vaughan, Henry	275		
		W.	
Waller, Edmund	273		
Walton, Izaak	264		
Walpole, Horace	404		
Warton, Thomas and Joseph	388		
Webster, John	138		
Wiclif, John de	72		
Wither, George	195		
Wordsworth, William	447		
Wotton, Sir Henry	204		
Wyatt, Sir Thomas	89		
		Y.	
Young, Edward	361		









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