




3 1761 03929 4210



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. I.

LIFE OF SPENSER. BY THE EDITOR,
WITH APPENDIX.

ESSAYS:

1. CHARACTERISTICS OF SPENSER'S POETRY.
By Aubrey de Vere, Esq.
2. SPENSER THE POET AND TEACHER.
By Prof. Edward Dowden, LL.D.
3. CERTAIN ASPECTS OF THE POETRY OF SPENSER.
By the Rev. W. B. Philpot, M.A.
4. THE INTROSPECTION AND OUTLOOK OF SPENSER.
By the Rev. William Hubbard.

LE
5748Gro

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

EDITED, WITH A NEW LIFE, BASED ON ORIGINAL RESEARCHES,
AND A GLOSSARY EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDIN.), F.S.A.,
St George's, Blackburn, Lancashire;

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

- | | |
|--|--|
| PROFESSOR ANGUS, LL.D., LONDON. | DR. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON,
LONDON. |
| THE REV. THOMAS ASHE, M.A.,
CREWE. | GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Esq.,
LONDON. |
| PROFESSOR CHILD, LL.D., HARVARD
UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A. | FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE,
Esq., LL.D., LONDON. |
| THE RIGHT HONBLE. THE LORD
CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND. | AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., CARRAGH
CHASE, ADARE. |
| PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN,
LL.D., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. | PROFESSOR WARD, M.A., OWENS COL-
LEGE, MANCHESTER. |
| EDMUND W. GOSSE, Esq., LONDON. | THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.,
LONDESBOURGH RECTORY. |
| THE REV. WILLIAM HUBBARD,
MANCHESTER. | WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, Esq.,
M.A., LL.D., TRINITY COLL., CAMB. |
| PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.,
LONDON. | |

ETC. ETC. ETC.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LIFE OF SPENSER. BY THE EDITOR, WITH APPENDIX.

ESSAYS:

1. CHARACTERISTICS OF SPENSER'S POETRY.
By Aubrey de Vere, Esq.
2. SPENSER THE POET AND TEACHER.
By Prof. Edward Dowden, LL.D.
3. CERTAIN ASPECTS OF THE POETRY OF SPENSER.
By the Rev. W. B. Philpot, M.A.
4. THE INTROSPECTION AND OUTLOOK OF SPENSER.
By the Rev. William Hubbard.

5465
30 | 7 | 02

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

1882 4.

100 copies only.]

TO
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,

Poet Laureate.

THE WORKS OF SPENSER IN THY HANDS I PLACE,
AS FROM HIS HANDS THEY CAME; AT LAST SET FREE
FROM TOUCH PROFANE—WORTHY OF HIM AND THEE,—
THEE TENNYSON, TRUE CHILD OF THAT HIGH RACE,
A SINGER BORN!—METHINKS 'TIS MEET TO GRACE
THIS LOVING LABOUR SO; THAT MEN MAY SEE
THRO' WHAT A LUMINOUS CONTINUITY
OUR ENGLISH MUSE STILL LIFTS HER AWFUL FACE.
HIS THE RICH VISION OF THE 'FAERIE QUEENE,'
'ECLOGUES,' AND MARRIAGE-LAY; *THINE*, MATCHLESS
SONGS,
'ARTHUR,' 'THE BOOK OF MEMORY'; AND I WEEN
THE LATER VOICE THE FIRST FULL NOTE PROLONGS:—
HAPPY OUR ENGLAND THAT FROM AGE TO AGE
KEEPS BRIGHT HER GRAND POETIC HERITAGE.

With gracious-ordred permission.

ALANWYLL B. GOSWELL.

Printed by Hasell, Watson, and Viney, Limited, London and Aylesbury.

PREFACE.

IT was promised from the outset that this monumental edition of the complete Works of Spenser in Verse and Prose, in integrity of reproduction, should be accompanied with "A New Life based on Original Researches," by the Editor. The present volume is respectfully offered as the fulfilment of this onerous pledge. In so doing, I venture to say that my experience has satisfied me right pleasantly, that genuine work and honest and conscientious labour receive generous recognition from those whose recognition one cares for ; and this without any blowing of trumpets, or depreciation of others. I have no wish to blow my own trumpet (even supposing I owned the article), and as for my numerous predecessors—whether Editors or Biographers—it has been a pleasure to me to acknowledge my obligations to them in the successive places. If—as was inevitable—criticism and difference in opinion and conclusion occur, I trust that such criticism and difference have been expressed in a worthy spirit, albeit in dealing with hereditary mistakes and mendacities, I have not shunned to call a spade a spade. No criticism or difference is advanced without a statement of its ground.

Over a goodly number of years now it has been a rarely intermitted labour of love, to explore every likely source toward a more matterful and adequate

PREFACE.

Life of the "Poet of Poets" than any hitherto—from Todd to Professors Craik and Hales, and from Collier to Dean Church. That I have succeeded up to my own idea or ideal may not be affirmed; but a comparison with predecessors will show—and it is stated unboastfully—that on almost every point of the Biography new light is thrown in this Life of Spenser and related Essays: *e.g.*, Things hitherto unknown—as his first love's (probable) name—his being in Ireland so early as 1577—his wife's certain name first disclosed; other things imperfectly known—as ancestry, family and parentage—use of Lancashire words, phrases, and idioms abundantly—friendship with Vander Noodt, and Young, Bishop of Rochester; others erroneous—as his merely poetical love for Rosalind—the chronology of his poems before and contemporary with the *Shepherd's Calendar*—his relations to Sidney—his attitude towards Burleigh; others inadequate—as his services in Ireland and his vindications of Lord Grey of Wilton *in re* Smerwick and the Forfeitures; others, to be deplored—as his alleged dying of a broken heart and in beggary; others, vital MSS. unutilized until now—as the Letters to and from Gabriel Harvey, and the State-Papers written within a few weeks of his death; others corrective of misreadings of his poems—as the *Hymns of Love and Beauty* and the *Amoretti*, and throughout; and many minor yet in the aggregate considerable and important determinations of allusions and meanings—belong to and are the fruit of the promised "Original Researches," and are all dealt with critically and thoroughly.

It is now my very grateful duty to thank my friends Professor Gosse, F. T. Palgrave, Esq., LL.D., Professor Dowden, Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Rev. W. B. Philpot, M.A., and Rev. William Hubbard, for their several Essays. It is scarcely my part to praise these Essays, but I must be permitted to commend them to every lover of Spenser. In various footnotes will be found acknowledgment of specific service rendered. I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of accentuating my sense of obligation to three literary friends and bookmates—viz., Mr. Harrold Littledale, now of Baroda, India; Mr. W. A. Abram, Blackburn; and the Rev. Prebendary Hayman, of Douglas Rectory, Cork. My new Life would have lacked a good deal had not these good friends helped me from their full stores. My gratitude in their case takes the form of “a lively expectation of favours to come”; for along with the other co-workers of my title-page, the closing volume (Vol. X., Glossary, with Notes and Illustrations) will largely benefit from their unflagging interest and practical aid. I must also name His Grace the Right Reverend (present) Archbishop of Canterbury; the Master of Pembroke College, and Mr. R. A. Neil, M.A., Cambridge; Mr. A. H. Bullen, London; Professor Child, Boston; Dr. Caulfield, Cork, and the present Bishop of Cork; the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., Londesborough Rectory, and Mr. Palgrave (as before),—the last for most painstaking suggestions whilst my Life was still in MS. For book-rarities I have been laid under special obligations by Mr. Alfred H. Huth, Mr. Henry Pyne, the Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; W. Aldis Wright, Esq., LL.D.,

PREFACE.

Trinity College; Henry Bradshaw, Esq., M.A., University Library, Cambridge; the British Museum, London, specially Mr. George Bullen and Dr. Richard Garnett, and the erudite librarian of the Bodleian, Oxford. I would further wish to express my indebtedness to the *Kerry Magazine* (1852-54) for priceless historical papers and guidance on the Irish problems; and to many critical papers in home and foreign high-class periodicals—by which Vol. X. will be still more enriched. Finally—I must reiterate my thanks to Lord Fitzhardinge (through the Royal Librarian, Mr. R. H. Holmes), and Lord Derby, and the Rev. Samuel Baring-Gould, M.A., and the eminent art-critic and artist Mr. Philip G. Hamerton, and Mr. John Lindsay, Youghal, for enabling me to illustrate the LARGE-PAPER copies of these volumes so authentically and effectively. For the first time the handwriting, with characteristic autograph of Spenser, is faithfully given, by the kind permission of Sir William Hardy.

Reserving anything else needful to be said for Vol. X. (as above), on which many like-minded workers are co-operating to make it a success as a permanent contribution to our knowledge of the Life and Works of Spenser, I end with words from “gentle Shakespeare”:

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were filled with your most high deserts?
If such yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, BLACKBURN,
110 N. 3RD ST., 1884.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

LIFE OF SPENSER. BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. INTRODUCTION—The Ancestry and Family of Spenser	xi—lxiv
. <i>Separately paged from the Life proper, though an integral part of it.</i>	
II. Birth, and Birthplace, and Boyhood	1—15
III. Jean Vander Noodt, and Blank Verse and Rhymed Sonnets in <i>The Theatre of Worldlings</i> , 1569	15—23
IV. At the University, 1569—1576	23—42
V. In North-East Lancashire, and "Rosalind," 1576-7	43—61
VI. In the South. — How occupied. — Letters of Spenser and Harvey, 1577-8—1580	61—76
VII. Early and "Lost" Poems, and Publication of the <i>Shepherd's Calendar</i>	77—121
VIII. Love-Experiences.—Shine and Shadow	121—129
IX. In London, and Appointment to Ireland.—Capture of Fort- del-Ore.—Vindication of Grey and Spenser	130—139
X. In Ireland.—Dublin and Kilcolman, 1580-90	140—171
XI. "Home Again" in Ireland	172—190
XII. Wooing and Marriage.—Wife's Name for the first time dis- closed	190—202
XIII. After Marriage at Kilcolman, and again in London	203—217
XIV. Back again at Kilcolman.—Rebellion of Tyrone.—State- Papers.—Death	217—256

APPENDIX TO THE LIFE.

. *Placed as Appendix, but of equal importance with the Text.*

A (p. xxxviii). Entries concerning Spenser from the Burnley Church Register	403—407
B (p. xlvi). Lancashire Dialect—Words and Phrases from the Work of Spenser	408—418
(p. 105). North-East Lancashire Words Common to the <i>Towneley Mysteries</i> and the <i>Shepherd's Calendar</i>	418—421
Points of Theology talked of all over Lancashire con- temporarily	421—422
C (p. lxii). Descent of the Traverses	423—426
D (p. 23). Jean Vander Noodt or Noot	426—431

CONTENTS.

	PAGES
E (p. 69). Translation of Spenser's Latin Verse-Letter to Harvey	431—435
F (p. 73). Harvey's Letters to Spenser	435—440
G (p. 93). Doni's <i>Moral Philosophy</i>	440—442
H (p. 102). The Identification of "Cuddie"	442—443
I (p. 121). Spenser's Friendship with Sir Philip Sidney	443—456
J (p. 122). Artificial Ethics	456—457
K (p. 139). Documents and State-Papers on Lord Grey's Administration—Smerwick	458—479
L (p. 139). The Forfeiture of Desmond's Lands—Justification	479—500
M (p. 149). On Bryskett's <i>Discourse of Civill Life</i>	500—508
N (p. 161). Mr. Sebastian Evans on a "Lost Poem" by Spenser	508—510
O (p. 196). Critical Analysis of the <i>Amoretti</i>	511—528
P (p. 199). Dr. G. Macdonald on Spenser's Poetry	529
Q (p. 203). After Marriage at Kilcolman, by Dean Church	529—530
R (p. 204). Lord Roche and Spenser Again	530—532
S (p. 208). Literature of the year 1596	533
T (p. 220). Dean Church on the State of Ireland in 1596	534—535
U (p. 221). Dean Church on Spenser's Indebtedness to Ireland	535—536
V (p. 231). Spenser's State-Paper—"A Briefe Note of Ireland," etc.	537—555
W (p. 239). Widow and Family of Spenser, and Descendants	555—571

ESSAYS.

- I. CHARACTERISTICS OF SPENSER'S POETRY. By Aubrey de Vere, Esq. 257—303
- II. SPENSER, THE POET AND TEACHER. By Professor Edward Dowden, LL.D. 304—339
- III. CERTAIN ASPECTS OF THE *FÆRY QUEEN*, AND SOME OF THE OTHER POETRY OF SPENSER. By Rev. W. B. Philpot, M.A. 340—372
- IV. THE INTROSPECTION AND OUTLOOK OF SPENSER. By Rev. William Hubbard, Manchester 373—400

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Fac-simile of Spenser's Handwriting and Autograph, from the Original in H.M. Public Record Office *To face Title-page*
2. Hamerton's Woodcuts :
 "The Brun," and "A Winter Scene on the Brun," *between lvi and lvii*
 "Halsted Hall, Worsthorn" *facing page 1*
3. Map of the Land of Spenser " 140
4. Ralegh's House at Youghal " 171

Nos. 1 and 2 in large paper only; Nos. 3 and 4 in all the sizes.

LIFE OF SPENSER.

BY THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION: THE ANCESTRY AND FAMILY OF SPENSER.

"The nobility of the Spensers, has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet."—GIBBON: Memoirs of his own Life.

IT is a somewhat noticeable fact that whilst the surname SPENCER—spelled with a *c*, not an *s*—is found in most of the counties of England, that of SPENSER—spelled with an *s*, not a *c*—is practically limited—earliest and latest—to a small district in the north-east angle of Lancashire. The bearing of the latter on the family of Spenser will be seen in the sequel.

With respect to the former, the present Writer—greatly helped by the late lamented Colonel Chester, *facile princeps* of English genealogists*—has met with the surname Spencer in Inquisitions and Visitations, Wills and Parish Registers, University and School Records, all over Middlesex and Kent, Surrey and Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk, Warwick and Yorkshire and Lancashire, to an aggregate of eleven hundred and upwards.

It is much to be wished that some capable and

* His *Westminster Abbey Register* was only one example of his laborious, conscientious and admirable work. A more unselfish generous worker has never lived.

sympathetic inheritor of the illustrious name would address himself to give us the annals of his House, "gentle and simple." Gibbon's counsel (as above) to the nobles of Althorp and Blenheim still holds; for though Spencers are luminous in nearly every field of achievement, the supreme and only immortal Spenser of them all is the Poet—Edmund Spenser. Nevertheless an authentic and painstaking account of the widely-distributed representatives of this surname could scarcely fail to be of permanent interest and value. This is not the place to pursue such an inquiry. But claiming as the Poet did to have descended from

"an House of auncient fame,"*

it seems an inevitable duty laid upon a Biographer to authenticate this by tracing in detail—and much more fully and exactly and critically than hitherto—his ancestry and family.

In limine, a just-published Letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser (as "Immerito") expressly designates "Pendle Hill" as lying in his shire ("your shier").† Thus incidentally but authoritatively is confirmed that localization of Spenser's family which has been somewhat vaguely and uncertainly stated by previous Biographers, but which, in the light of the facts now to be submitted, will be finally accepted (it is believed). This being so, I restrict myself (except collaterally) to Lancashire Spencers and Spencers, working my way forward to the conclusion that

* Vol. IV., p. 206.

† *Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey*, 1573-80. By E. J. Long Scott, M.A. Camden Society, 1884, pp. xi, 63.

Edmund Spenser's Family was of the "Pendle Forest" district Spensers.*

We have now to blow the dust off a good many old parchments, and I fear that by some Readers I shall be dubbed a Dr. Dryasdust for my pains; but there must be some intelligently antiquarian enough to agree with me that it is due to place on record such a mass of hitherto scattered and in many instances unknown or unused genealogical Spenseriana.

The first Lancashire Spensers—known to have settled at an extremely remote period in the vale of Cliviger, south of the town of Burnley and of Townley Park—have left scarcely anything behind them until we reach the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. The ordinary sources of pedigrees—such as Inquisitions *post mortem*, Visitations, and the Duchy Records—fail us in our genealogical searches, because earlier the Spensers were not of sufficient importance as landholders to be "diligently inquired" for either by the King's officers who directed the military taxation and levies, or those who saw after the assessments for subsidies. Besides this, the Parish Registers and the Collections of Lancashire Wills do not commence before the middle of the sixteenth century.

All the more precious, therefore, are the few scanty items that a somewhat disproportionate search has yielded. A charter of Roger de Laci, Constable of Chester, undated, but *temp.* Richard I. (A.D. 1157-99),

* With reference to the local spelling with *s*, it is to be noted that away from the district Spensers became Spencers: e.g., the Poet himself and his children are almost invariably spelled with *c* in Irish documents.

confirming to the monks of Kirkstall a carucate of land in Clivicher [Cliviger] is witnessed among others by Thomas Dispensatore.* Here probably we must look for the origin of the Surname—as in so many cases—for “dispensator,” = a steward or household manager, doubtless points back to the original function of the Spensers or *dis-spensers*, in relation to more or fewer noble Houses. The truncating of the name would gradually obliterate its primary humble meaning, and thus be more acceptable to its owners.

About a century later, in a deed dated the 7th of April, 20th Edward I. (A.D. 1292), by which Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, granted the lordship of Wors-thorne to his Receiver of the Castle of Pontefract—Oliver de Stansfield,—the grant is declared to include the “homage and service” of a number of local “freeholding tenants,” one of whom was an Adam le Spenser. This Spenser freehold consisted of a single farm and messuage in the hamlet of Hurstwood.†

In course of time individuals of this latter Spenser Family acquired several other (relatively) small properties in the neighbourhood: *e.g.*, Mr. William Waddington, of Burnley, in recently transcribing titles of deeds belonging to the Townley Family in one of the Townley MSS., has noted the short title of a conveyance of half the messuage of Collinghouse in Hapton by Peter Spenser, son of Robert Spenser of Boteden (now Bottin) to John Townley, Esq., A.D. 1459. Boteden (or Bottin) is situated not far from Hurstwood. Thus we have in this ‘note’ the names of Robert Spenser

* Whitaker's *History*, edn. 1876, vol. ii., p. 197. † *Ibid.*, p. 229.

of Boteden and of Peter his son in 1459, in addition to that of the chief member of the family, who then held Hurstwood.

Onward, in the first part of the reign of Henry VIII., in the Roll of a King's Subsidy granted in the 14th Henry VIII. (A.D. 1522) which is now preserved in H. M. Public Record Office, is the following entry:—"Jamys Spenser in goodes £11, (paid) 2s." This shows that James Spenser paid two shillings to that Subsidy; but not for lands, but for "goodes." Curiously and semi-unaccountably, in the same Subsidy under Worsthorne-cum-Hurstwood occur the names of three Halsteds, a Jackson, and a Whitham—all more or less mixed up with the Hurstwood Spensers—but no Spenser.

In the burial-register of Burnley—which commences in 1562—the earliest entries of the burial of adult male members of the local families of Spenser are as follows: Thomas Spenser buried the 1st December, 1572, and Edmund Spenser buried the 9th November, 1577.* It is improbable that either of these was father of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, who will be introduced immediately.

We have now reached the Hurstwood Spensers *proper*; and it is a satisfaction to be able to furnish a connected and well-evidenced genealogy of this Family.

Edmund Spenser, of Hurstwood, gent.,† appears first

* Once for all I wish to state (1) that in no case are Parish-register entries taken at second-hand, and (2) that both Mr. Abram and myself invariably found their custodians earnest in facilitating research.

† *Not* to be confounded with Hurstwood Hall, seat of a branch of the Townleys—a mistake that has misled many.

in the second year of Elizabeth (A.D. 1559-60) in a category of the freeholders of Cliviger of that date. In 1564 Edmund Spenser and Robert Spenser were parties in a suit in the Chancery Court of the Duchy of Lancaster respecting a tenement called Whyteside. Twenty years later, in a list of Freeholding Tenants in Blackburn Hundred, occurs the name of "Edmund Spenser de Hurstwood, gent." (Corry's *Lancashire*, ii., 269). This Edmund Spenser was twice married; but the name of his first wife has not been transmitted. He had issue by her, a son and heir, John Spenser. He married, secondly, Margaret (either Halsted or Nutter), and by her had issue, a second son, who singularly (though not unexampled) was baptized by the same Christian name as the first—namely, John Spenser. This latter John must have been born before 1565, for he was of age and capable of acting as executor to his father in 1586. Any other issue whom Edmund Spenser had were apparently dead when he made his Will, for these two Johns are the only children named in it. Edmund Spenser was an old man at the time of his own death. His Will bears date the 21st December, 1586. I deem it expedient to give here a "true and faithful" transcript of this Will from the MS. in the Probate Court of Chester. It suggests a good deal—as will appear. Especially does it certify to the Protestantism, not Roman Catholicism, of the Spensers—a preposterous claim recently made (as will be noted onward).

"In the name of God, amen: the xxjth of December in the yeare of our Lord God a thousand five hundrethe fowre schore and 1586. I Edmunde Spenser of Hurstwoode in the countie of

Lancaster youn, knowinge my bodie mortall and death to be to everie p'sone at God's will and pleasure, most comyn and certayne, and the howre of death most uncertayne; consideringe also that manie dep'te this transitorie lyfe suddanlie withoute anie Will or dysposicion of there landes and goodes by them maide and declared, by occacone whereof manie tymes there wyfes and childrene be unholpyne and there debtes unpayde, and manie tymes greate stryfe and varience for the goodes and chattells of suche as dye untestyd [intestate] doithe growe and aryse amongst there frendes. Therefore I the sayde Edmunde Spenser the day and yere above sayde my testamente conteininge therein my laste Will, do constitute, ordayne and make in forme and maner followinge: firste and moste especiallie I bequethe my soule unto Almightye God my maker, who haith redimed me and all mankynde, by whome and throwhe whome I trust I shalbe one of those that shalbe saved. And my bodie I bequethe to christen buriall. Allso I will that immediatlie after my decease my debtes beinge payde, all my goodes and chattells shalbe devyded into three euen partes, the first p'te for my selfe, the seconde for Margret my wyfe for and in the name of her canonicall parte and porcion, accordinge to the custome of the cuntrie, and the laste and thirde p'te to John Spenser my yonger sone for and in the name of his filiall or chyldes p'te. Allso I will that my funerall expencis and legacies dischargd, I give and bequethe unto Johon [sic] Spenser, my eldeste sone, all my stone troughes and one olde Arke standinge in the over parler and allso one Bill, one Jake, one Sallet and one payre of malt wyynes [irons], for and during the terme of his naturall life, and after his decease unto Edmonde Spenser sone of the aforesayde John Spenser for and duringe the tearme of his naturall life, and so to remayne as hearelomes from one to another. Allso I will that all my waynes, plowes, harrowes, pokes, teames, and all other thinges belonginge unto oxen shall remayne and be indyseverablie occupied betwixt my wyfe and John Spenser my eldeste sone for and duringe the tearmes of there naturall lyves and for and during the tearmes of the naturall lyffe of the longer liver of them, and after there decease unto Edmonde Spenser sone of the sayde John Spenser, and so to remayne as hearelomes as aforesayde. Allso I give and bequethe unto Margret Nutter, Marie Nutter and Ellene Nutter, daughters of Henry Nutter, iijs iiijd a peece. Allso I give and bequethe unto Roberte Hallsted, Henrie Hallsted, Thomas Hallsted and Labelle Hallsted, sones and daughter of John Hallsted, ijs vjd a peece. Allso I give and bequethe unto Marie Spenser ijs iiijd, and the residue of my p'te and porcion I give and bequethe unto John Spenser my yonger sone, and the sayde John I doe consti-

late, or dayne and make my executor of this my laste Will and testamente, the same to execute and fulfill as my speciall trust is in hime and as he will answer at the most dreadfull day of judgment. These beinge witnesses, Barnard Townleye, John Townleye, John Spenser of Habermeeves.

“ Debtes owinge by me the sayd testatore :—
 Imprimis unto John Spenser my yonger sone vjli xiijs iiijd
 It'm unto William Cowper of Hallifax xs
 It'm unto John Woodroffe iiijjs
 It'm unto the executors of Richard Bontane iiijjs

“ Debtes owinge unto the sayde testatore :—
 Imprimis of John Greenwoode of Searinges as appeareth
 by an obligacion iiijli
 It'm of Edwarde Shakeldene of Monkhall xxiijs viijd
 It'm of James Robert for bylles xxxs * ”

The Edmund Spenser of this quaint Will, and—as seen—head of the Hurstwood Spensers, died at Hurstwood in the beginning of April, 1587. The burial register of Burnley Church simply enters — “ 1587. Edmund Spenser sepult. the iiij day of Aprill.” His Will was proved by John Spenser, the younger son and executor, on the 2nd of May, 1587. The Marie Spenser named in the Will may have been a sister or other near kinswoman of the testator.

Margaret Spenser, Edmund's second wife and his widow, named in the Will, survived her husband about eighteen years, and continued to dwell at Hurstwood. Her Will—which is also in the Probate Court of Chester—is dated the 11th of April, 1602. It contains numerous oddly trivial bequests. I shall here annex an abstract of the items, as serving
 TO SUPPLY PARTICULARS OF THE FAMILY CON-

* The Will in the Probate Court of Chester are all contemporary official transcripts lodged there; and are unsigned. The originals, doubtless, were kept by the executors.

NEXIONS OF THE HURSTWOOD SPENSERS, and so touching many personal allusions and circumstances :—

“ 16th April 1602. Margaret Spenser of Hurstwood, widow, makes this her last Will and testament—her body to Christian burial within the church of Brunley [Burnley]. Wills that immediately after her death so much money as remains of £10 after the funeral expenses are discharged, be bestowed and given unto the poor people in Brunley parish at the discretion of her executors, the first Good Friday which shall fall next after her death. Gives unto Isabell Hallsted, daughter of John Hallsted of Higher Hallsted deceased, one feather-bed, etc., worset coat and 13s. 4d.; to John Hallsted of Higher Hallsted one great Ark, one coverlet, one blanket, one pair sheets and £4, whereof he owed unto testatrix 40s.; to Alice, wife of the said John Hallsted, her best red petticoat; to John, Isabell, Anne, and Elizabeth Hallsted, children of the said John, 12d. a piece; to Robert, Henry and Thomas Hallsted, sons of John Hallsted deceased, 3s. 4d.; also to Alice Nutter, wife of Henry Nutter, one blanket, testatrix's best black gown, and 13s. 4d. in money; also to Mary, Margaret and Frances Nutter, daughters of the said Henry, 3s. 4d. a piece; also to Edmund Spenser, son and heir of John Spenser deceased, one cupboard, one pair of bedstocks standing in the lower parlour, one great chest, one sideboard standing in the houseside and one stone or milk-board, all which she gives to the said Edmund during his life: after his death to remain as heirlooms, he paying to Henry Spenser, base son of John Spenser, 4s.; also to the said Edmund, 4s. 4d.; to Nicholas Towne, 3s. 4d.; to Grace Towne, his wife, one churn, etc., and 6s. 8d. in money; also to Mary Spenser, daughter of John Spenser, deceased, 26s. 8d.; also to Richard Carcroft [or query Barecroft?], whom she was aunt unto, £4; also to Henry Barecroft [or Carcroft], of Birchecliff, 5s.; also to John Spenser of Hurstwood £12, in consideration of his service done unto her and the good will she owes unto him, of which said sum he owed her £4; also to Elinor, wife of the said John Spenser, one great pan and one coverlet; also to Edmund Spenser, son of the said John Spenser, 10s; also to John Hurstwood and Alice Hurstwood 12d. a-piece; also to Ellen Ryley, her maid servant, 33s. 4d.; to Thomas Clayton 12d.; to William Barecroft of Mayroid 3s. 4d.; to Easter Mitchell one chafing-dish; to Grace Townley, wife of John Townley, her greatest brass pot; to John, Barnard, Mary, Agnes, and Jane Townley, sons and daughters of the said John, 12d. a-piece; to Anne Banister, widow, one candlestick and

218. in money; to Ellen Banester, daughter of Henry Banester deceased, 12d.; also to John, Christopher, William, Ellen, Margaret, Anne and Elizabeth Botheman, sons and daughters of John Botheman, 12d. a-piece; also to John Barecroft of Burlees one silver spoon; also to Ellen, wife of Richard Smith, 12s.; also to Margaret Nutter, wife of Henry, one 'guyshing rase'; to James Tattersall, Robert Hallsted and Elizabeth, wife of Oliver Ryley, whom she is godmother unto, 12d. a-piece. Other legacies to Henry Farrer, Alice Barecroft widow, and Ambrose Barecroft; also to John Townley, in regard of his pains taken, 20s.; to Agnes and Henry Wilkinson, Isabell Hallsted, daughter of John deceased; and Isabell Spenser, base daughter of John Spenser; also to Robert Harrebank, 6s. 8d. The rest and residue of all her goods, testatrix bequeaths to John Townley and John Spenser, whom she makes her executors. Witnesses John Ingham, John Botheman, Henry Wilkinson, Nicholas Towne."

At the end is written—

"Commission to be granted to Thomas Ryley, curate of Burnley."

Margaret Spenser of the above Will lived three years after its execution, viz., to 1605, as the Burnley burial entry tells us—"Uxor Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood sepult. the xj day of June 1605."

John Spenser of Hurstwood, gent., "son and heir" of Edmund Spenser (who died in 1587), survived his father hardly three months. By Grace his wife (maiden name probably Horsfall) he had issue a son Edmund; and a daughter, Mary, who was baptized at Burnley, 24th April, 1584. John Spenser made his Will on the 28th of June, 1587, and was buried at Burnley Church next day, 29th June, 1587.

An abstract of his Will will complete our documentary materials—also taken from the Probate Court at Chester:—

John Spenser the Elder, of Hurstwood, yeoman, by his Will bequeaths his body to Christian burial within the Church of [Burnley] and proceeds: "Allso I will that after my

decease my debtes being payde, my goods shalbe devyded into three equall partes or porçons: the first p'te for Grace my wife for and in the name of her canonicall p'te or porçon; the seconde p'te for Marie Spenser my daughter; the thirde and laste p'te for my selfe. Also I will that after my funerall expencis discharged, the said thirde and laste p'te shalbe divided into three equall partes or porçons, whereof the first p'te I give and bequethe unto Grace my wife, and the other two partes or porçons, residue of my said thirde p'te, I give and bequethe unto Marie Spenser my saide daughter. Also I will that Grace my wife have the governinge and gardenshippe of Edmunde Spenser my sone until such tyme as he accomplish the age of xiiij yeares, if she the said Grace keape herselfe so long unmarried, and if she marrie, then I will that Richard Horsfalle my brother-in-lawe have the governinge and gardenshippe of Edmunde my saide sone during the time aforesaide. Also I will that Edmunde Spenser my said sone shall paye unto Marie Spenser my daughter so much lafull English moneye as shall make her p'te of goodes amounte to the full value of one hundreth markes (when he the saide Edmunde shall accomplish the age of twentie and one yeares), and if he the saide Edmunde doe refuse and will not paye so much moneye as aforesaide, then I will that all my landes remayne and be unto the use and behoofe of Marie Spenser my saide daughter, untill such tyme as it maketh her p'te of goodes one hundreth markes as aforesaide, or ells he the saide Edmunde paye so much moneye as aforesaide. Also I will that Marie my saide daughter and her p'te of goodes shall remayne and be with Grace my saide wife so longe as she keapes herself unmarried, etc. Also I do constitute, etc., Grace my saide wife my sole executor of this my last Will, etc.; and also I do nominate and appointe John Townley of Hurstwood supervisor of this my last Will and testament. These being witnesses, Barnarde Townley, John Townley, John Spenser younger, Samuell Barecroft, with others."

At the foot of the Will is written :

"Debt owing by me the saide testator unto Margaret my mother-in-lawe [=step-mother or mother-by-law, as second wife of his father Edmund] and John Spenser my yonger brother, ix."

An Inventory of goods accompanies the Will.

After the death of John Spenser of Hurstwood, Grace Spenser his widow continued to reside at

Hurstwood. Some three years subsequently, in the 33rd of Elizabeth (A.D. 1590), she was plaintiff and John Spenser, her late husband's half-brother, defendant, in a suit in the Chancery Court of Lancaster respecting the title to certain messuages and lands at Hurstwood. Then, about the time her "guardianship" of Edmund—as in the Will of his father—ceased, she appears to have re-married; for on the 20th of November, 1593, Nicholas Towne and Grace Spenser were married at Burnley Church. That this Grace Spenser was of the household of Hurstwood is attested by the legacies in the Will of Mistress Margaret Spenser already given, in 1602, of 3*s.* 4*d.* to Nicholas Towne and to Grace Towne, his wife, of 6*s.* 8*d.*

John Spenser the Younger, second son of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, and brother of John the Elder, likewise resided at Hurstwood for some years after his brother's death. Most likely he farmed the freehold for the benefit of his deceased brother's family in the nonage of his nephew Edmund—his mother, Margaret Spenser, being still domiciled there until her death in 1605. I find his name—"John Spenser of Hurstwood, gent."—in a List of Free Tenants of Blackburn Hundred, in A.D. 1600.* He married at Burnley, the 16th of May, 1594, Ellen (or Ellinor) Hurstwood, sister most probably of John Hurstwood and Alice Hurstwood named in his mother's Will. By her he had issue, a son, Edmund Spenser, who was baptized at Burnley the 20th of October, 1595. Before his marriage John Spenser had no fewer than

* *Harleian MS.* 2042.

four illegitimate or "base" children: *ie.*, "Henry Spenser, base son of John Spenser, bapt. the 7th of May, 1587"; "Robert Spenser, base son of John Spenser, bapt. the 21st of December, 1589"; "Jennet Spenser, base daughter of John Spenser, bapt. the 11th of December, 1586"; and "Isabell Spenser, base daughter of John Spenser," so named in Mrs. Margaret Spenser's Will as a small legatee; who also gave money to Henry, "natural son" of her son John Spenser. The elder Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood was gone before the first of these blots on his family escutcheon. Judging by the Puritanic opening of his Will, we may assume that the sin and sorrow would have been keenly felt by him.

Finally—John Spenser the Younger appears to have yielded up Hurstwood to the possession of his brother's heir, when the latter attained his majority. He seems to have resided afterwards at Redlees in Cliviger, where he died in 1618-19, as in the Burnley Register: "1618-19. John Spenser of Redlees sepultus the xix. day [of] Januarie."

Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, yeoman or gent., son of John Spenser the elder, was born about 1580. He is mentioned in his grandfather Edmund's Will in 1586; in his father John Spenser's Will in 1587; and in his step-mother's Will (Mrs. Margaret Spenser's) in 1602. He married and had issue sons: John ("John Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, bapt. the 21st July, 1613"—Burnley Reg.) and Edmund ("Edmund Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, bapt. the 23rd Jan., 1621"—*ibid.*); a daughter Alice ("Alice Spenser, daughter of Edmund

Spenser of Hurstwood, bapt. 5th May, 1637"), and it may be other children (e.g., "Marie Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser, was buried 13th May, 1621").

Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood was a warden of Burnley Church in 1617 and again in 1649. He occurs in 1641 in a List of Local Freeholders as "Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, gent" (MS.) His Will, dated 1653, was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, and is preserved in Somerset House, London. He died in September 1654, and was buried at Burnley ("Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, yeoman, sepult. 28th Sept. [1654]").

John Spenser of Hurstwood, yeoman, son of Edmund, entered upon his possession of the freehold on his father's death in 1654, and held it for about thirty-three years. He was born—as already stated—in 1613. From a "Note" in *Notes and Queries* (1st Series, vii. 410) we obtain several items respecting this Spenser of Hurstwood and his son John, and their disposition of their long-transmitted little property. His eldest son was named John. In 1677 there was an Indenture of Covenants for a fine between John Spenser the elder and Oliver Ormerod of Cliviger, gent. The Will of John Spenser the elder, "late" of Hurstwood, yeoman, contains a reference to the Hurstwood tenement as the inheritance of his great-grandfather Edinund Spenser—who, as we have shown, had died about a century earlier. John Spenser the father died soon after the execution of his Will.

John Spenser the son completed the alienation of the freehold. A document dated 1689 sets forth certain family arrangements made by him as to the

Hurstwood tenement, then "in the occupation of Oliver Ormeroyde." In 1690 a deed of conveyance was executed of the Hurstwood tenement from John Spenser, then of Marsden, to Oliver Ormerod of Hurstwood and his son Lawrence.

And so ended the connection of the SPENSERS with the ancient estate and house of the family at Hurstwood.

We shall by-and-by find that these were "the friends in the North of England" with whom Edmund Spenser resided on leaving the University of Cambridge; and hence it is a satisfaction to be able to place opposite the commencement of this chapter a vignette of one of the residences of the Halsteds—kinsmen of the Spensers—under whose hospitable roof doubtless the Poet was no infrequent visitor. It is at Worsthorn, near Burnley.*

Having thus traced out the Spensers of Hurstwood *proper*, it now falls to do the like for the branches from this "house of *ancient fame*"—as has been sufficiently made good.

These were likewise located in the Burnley district of North-East Lancashire. The first is known as of Filley Close, and this family in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries occupied the tenement which is called to this day "Spensers"—according to an old custom very general in former times on this side of Lancashire of naming farmsteads after the families which lived in them, whether as owners or leaseholders.

We have little except the entries of the Church

* In large-paper copies only. See preface on Mr. Hamerton's kindness in supplying this and other North-East Lancashire illustrations.

Registers—and these, alas! imperfect—of Newchurch in Pendle and of Burnley, to fall back on in elucidating this branch of the Spensers. Their items will appear in their places. But at this point I am pleased to produce an independent authority—viz., “The Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell, of Reade Hall, Lancashire, Brother of Dean Alexander Nowell, 1568-80” (1 vol. 4to, 1877). This priceless manuscript—formerly among the Townley MSS., now in the Chetham Library, Manchester—among many other entries that must hereafter be adduced, contains an interesting fact respecting the (then) head of the Filley Close Spensers. In the long roll of recipients of the gifts of money and cloth bestowed by Dean Nowell, as trustee of his brother’s bounty, upon Robert Nowell’s “poore kynsfolkes” in Lancashire, in the months of June and July 1569, were these:—

“ To Lyttis Nowell wiefte to Lawrance Spensere of Castell
 piſhe ij yeardes di. Lynen & in moneye ijs.
 “ To her ſonne Ellis Spensere of the ſame piſhe ij yeardes
 wollen
 “ Letis Nowell one yearde di. wollen.”
 (pp. 308-9, 334-5.)

It is to be noted that in the first entry the wife of Lawrence Spenser is mentioned by her maiden name to show that she was a Nowell. What her actual kinship was to Robert Nowell and his brother the illustrious Dean, I cannot tell. It might not be very near; but it anyhow establishes a relationship betwixt the Nowells of Reade Hall and the Spensers of this branch. The husband, Lawrence Spenser, is described as of “Castell parische.” The “Castell” is that of

Clitheroe certainly ; but the "Castle parish" embraced demesnes of the Castle in Pendle Forest, Clitheroe Castle being extra-parochial.

In a note to Whitaker's *History of Whalley*, under "Pendle Forest" (vol. i., p. 299) it is stated—"Besides the booths which constitute the chapelry of Newchurch, some parts of Pendle Forest to the West, as Heyhouses, are within the chapelry of Padiham, and some to the East, as Barrowford, within that of Colne. But Reedly Hallows, *Filley Close*, New Laund and Wheatley Carr, together with Ightenhill Park, having been allotted to no chapelry, are considered as still belonging to the Castle Parish ; in consequence of which their inhabitants marry at Clitheroe."

Filley Close being reckoned a part of the Castle Parish of Clitheroe, though several miles distant, the Lawrence Spenser of the Nowell MS. was doubtless Lawrence Spenser of the ancient booth or vaccary of Filley Close, within the Forest of Pendle.

En passant it may be mentioned that Filley Close received its name from the circumstance of an enclosure having been made in the Forest there upon good land on the western bank of the Calder, for the keeping of the "fillies" which were bred in the royal stables of Ightenhill manor on the other side of the river, in the Plantagenet times, when a large stud of the King's horses, for use in the hunts through the royal chases of the district, was maintained there.

Lawrence Spenser of Filley Close in 1569 had a son Ellis Spenser—who also had a gift of cloth. It would seem that he was up-grown, and not living with his father: for why else the words "of the same parislke" ?

Mr. F. C. SPENCER, in his paper "Locality of the Family of Edmund Spenser," in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1842, vol. xviii., pp. 138-43)—for which he must ever be held in honour by all lovers of Spenser—considered it most likely that this Lawrence Spenser of Filley Close was grandfather of the Poet, whose own (second) son was named Lawrence. If that conjecture were correct, Lettice Nowell was grandmother of Spenser, and Ellis Spenser—named in 1569—his uncle. More of this ultimately:

A Lawrence Spenser was buried at Newchurch in Pendle in 1584—not improbably the same as he of Filley Close in 1569. He was an old man at his death if this were he. But there was another Lawrence Spenser who had a number of children born between 1564 and 1575. He might be another son of Lawrence the elder, settled somewhere betwixt Filley Close and Burnley—two miles to the south—perhaps in Ightenhill, or Habergham Eaves, on the west side of Burnley. His family were "christened" at Burnley Church. He had issue sons: John, "baptized the 12th December, 1567"; Barnard, "baptized the 29th July, 1571"; and Richard, "baptized the 20th October, 1575"; and a daughter Elizabeth, "baptized the 13th May, 1564." This Lawrence Spenser was buried at Burnley the 3rd September, 1593, and his wife on the 3rd November, 1597.

John Spenser, son of this Lawrence, married and had issue: *eg.*, twins, "Lawrence and Lucy Spenser, son and daughter of John, baptized the 22nd February, 1593-4," etc. Barnard, another son of Lawrence, had a son Lawrence, baptized the 5th November,

1598, and a child buried 26th April, 1598. Later members of the Filley Close and Pendle Forest branch were John Spenser, who had twins—son and daughter, Lawrence and Mary—born in 1631, baptized at Newchurch; Lawrence Spenser of Pendle, who had a son born in 1651; George Spenser of Filley Close, who had a son Edmund, born in 1666; and John Spenser of Pendle, who had a son Lawrence born in 1666.

Another member of the Spenser clan, most likely of the Filley Close and Pendle Forest branch, emigrated to Downham, on the other side of the mountain of Pendle, about three miles north-east of Clitheroe in Ribblesdale. This was John Spenser of Downham, yeoman. He had a son Richard Spenser, and three daughters—Margaret (who married one Beaver), Alice, and Dorothy. His wife apparently was a Hartley—Lawrence Hartley being described as “brother-in-law.” He had a brother Henry Spenser.

These items I glean from his Will, preserved—like the others—in the Probate Court of Chester (dated 26th February, 8 James I., 1610-11).

There were two or three other branches of the Spensers located in townships and hamlets about Burnley, which must now have brief notice.

One Robert Spenser, who resided in Habergham Eaves or Ightenhill Park, must have been a near kinsman, if not a brother, of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, the head of the House. I find he was associated with him first as co-defendant, and then as co-plaintiff, in two suits heard in the Chancery Court of the Duchy of Lancaster in the 6th of Elizabeth

(A.D. 1563-4). In the former, Anne Townley, widow of Nicholas Townley, claiming by lease from Henry VIII., was against Edmund and Robert Spenser, Miles Aspenden and Christopher Ryley, who claimed by conveyance from plaintiff, in an action respecting certain messuages, lands, and tenements in Burnley and in the manor of Ightenhill. In the second, Edmund Spenser and Robert Spenser were plaintiffs, and Anne Townley, widow, Christopher Whitacre and others were defendants, in a dispute as to title to a tenement called Whiteside in Ightenhill lordship. This was about the year 1564.* In 1569, when Dean Nowell came into East Lancashire to distribute the "gifts" of his brother (as before), amongst the beneficiaries in Habergham Eaves, Ightenhill Park, and Filley Close, were gifts of woollen or linen cloth to each of five members of one family of Spensers: namely, to the wife of Robert Spenser, to Edward, Philip, and Alice Spenser—her sons and daughter—and to Robert Spenser—either husband or son. I think he must have been the husband and father, because he had a gift distinct from those of the three children, receiving a larger quantity of linen cloth, whilst they had—with their mother—woollen cloth only. †

In 1586 John Spenser of Habergham Eaves was a witness to the Will of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood. Several baptisms at Burnley between 1583 and 1590 appear to have been of children of this John Spenser of Habergham Eaves. They included Ambrose, son of John, "baptized 13th August, 1583"; Robert,

* Cal. to Pleading, Duchy of Lancaster, *s. n.*

† "Spending," *s. n.*

"baptized 21st July, 1588"; and John, son of John, "baptized 17th June, 1590-1."

It would seem that the following entry records the marriage of the parents of the above:—"1582. John Spenser and Anne Whitehead, married the 24th of October 1582." Edmund Spenser of Habbergham Eaves (son of Robert in 1569?) was buried "13th March, 1607," and Alice Spenser of Habbergham Eaves was "buried the 16th May, 1608." Nearly a century later, George Spenser of Ightenhill Park had a son Lawrence born in December 1703.

As to Spensers living in the town or township of Burnley, in the Nowell MS. occur three cases of "gifts" to persons of this surname who were inhabitants of Burnley. One entry stands by itself:—

"To Edmund Spenser iij yeardes wollen" (p. 352).

Onward appears

"Isabell Spensere iij yeardes wollen" (p. 356);

And next

"Agnes Spensere iij yeardes wollen" (p. 358).

Amongst so many Edmund Spensers I have not enough courage to seek to identify this Edmund of Burnley. He was not a son, but might be cousin, of his namesake Edmund of Hurstwood, chief of the House. He may have been an Edmund Spenser who was buried at Burnley the 9th November, 1577: and so the Isabell Spenser an Isabell Spenser buried 14th August, 1572.

And now having presented, once for all, the entire *data* resulting from our genealogical investigations in every likely place in Lancashire—especially North-East

Lancashire—the question is at once started, Who of all these Spensers were progenitors of the Poet? and next, What was the connection of his father with other members of the Spensers thus found settled in the borderland of North-East Lancashire, about Cliviger, Burnley, and Pendle Forest? I fear that whilst there can no longer be any doubt that Edmund Spenser was sprung of these Spensers, or that Lancashire in Gabriel Harvey's phrase was his shire ("your shier"), and equally as little doubt that it was to this district the Poet came as a visitor-resident among relatives when he completed his course at the University, we must rest content with an approximation to certainty. The difficulties in the way of absolute certainty are tantalizingly multiplied. From the birth-date of the Poet (1552) his father must have been born somewhere about 1520 to 1525. But Parish-registers of baptisms, burials, and marriages date in England only from 1538, whilst the oldest at Burnley does not begin until 1562. Unless, therefore, in some (presently) unknown title-deed or family-document of these Spensers of the first quarter of the sixteenth century, no mention of Edmund Spenser's grandfather and father establishing their relation can exist. Further, the "Great Fire," by its destruction of the city churches of London, has robbed us of the baptismal entry of the Poet himself, which doubtless should have supplied both father and mother's name. Still more trying, the Merchant Taylors' School has no record of its proudest name; and even at Pembroke Hall in Cambridge his name alone appears without paternity or birthplace. We are thus baffled on all hands. A careful, long-pondered, semi-conjectural conclusion is all I can submit.

As anticipatively announced, Edmund Spenser was educated at Merchant Taylors' School—proofs from the Nowell MS. onward—in almost its commencement (September 1560-1). His admission among the first of its pupils suggests that his father was in some way associated with the City Company of the Merchant Taylors; and in the Records of the Company between 1560 and 1570 three persons of the name of Spenser occur:—

1. Robert Spenser, gentleman, Lincoln's Inn, "not a member of the Company," but who had pecuniary relations with it. 2. Nicholas Spenser, a "wealthy and able" member of the Company, who was elected Warden 12th July, 1568. 3. John Spenser, who in October 1566 is designated "a free journeyman" in the "arte or mysterie of clothmakyng," and then in the service of Nicholas Peele, sheerman of Bow Lane.

Which of these is most likely to have been the father of the Poet? The first—Robert Spenser—could not possibly have been. That is, a "gentleman" in his circumstances never would have had a son "entered" as a "poor scholar" of Merchant Taylors' School! The second—Nicholas Spenser—is for similar reasons to be put out of the reckoning. As "wealthy and able," he cannot be supposed to have sent his son to be a beneficiary of a "charitable" school, or of a "dole" on proceeding to the University. But Edmund Spenser was thus admitted, and did thus receive a "dole," in the very year (1568-9) of Nicholas Spenser's wardenship.

There remains the third—John Spenser, "free journeyman" cloth-worker. In my judgment he was the father

of the Poet. We cannot pronounce positively; but the whole circumstances and chronology fit in. Thus he was just the sort of comparatively poor, though "free" citizen, engaged in the craft, for whose sons the Merchant Taylors' School was designed. As Mr. R. B. Knowles in his account of the Townley MS. in the Fourth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Documents (pp. 406-8) puts it—"Edmund's position as a 'poor scholar' is in striking harmony with the supposition that his father was a journeyman cloth-worker—a 'free journeyman' of the Company in whose School his son was receiving gratuitous education. The supposition acquires weight from the inference that the Masters and Wardens of Merchant Taylors', in their selection of free scholars, would give a preference to the poor members of their own mystery, and by the fact that they did."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Knowles, in a Supplementary Note to his description of the Townley Manuscript, created an imaginary objection to his previous surmise that John Spenser was the father of the Poet. He thus presents it: "Since writing my report I have gone through the whole of Colonel Townley's Spenser Manuscript, and I have found reason to doubt the conjecture that John Spenser, the 'free journeyman' of Merchant Taylors', was the father of Edmund Spenser. That conjecture is subject to the drawback that John Spenser, afterwards President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and of whose birth nothing seems to be known, except that he was a 'Suffolk man born' (Wood's *Athene* by Bliss, ii. 45), was at Merchant Taylors' at the same time as Edmund.

His Christian name would give him a stronger claim to be the son of the 'free journeyman' than the poet's."

Mr. Knowles was strangely hasty in his withdrawal, and in "putting in abeyance a theory, which he had entertained with no little pleasure." For John Spenser the scholar of Merchant Taylors' School, described as son of John, must have been quite another person from the John Spenser whom Anthony à-Wood speaks of as a "Suffolk man," and who became eventually President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, as this very Townley MS. demonstrates. In the *Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell* two John Spensers occur as recipients of gifts, contemporaries and undergraduates at the same time, but one of them at Cambridge and the other at Oxford. On the 29th April, 1578, amongst gifts to students at Cambridge, Dean Nowell gave vs. to "one John Spenser of Pembroke Hall in *Cambridge*" (*s.n.*). Over two years earlier, on the 7th of November, 1575, he had given, amongst gifts to *Oxford* students, xs. "to Mr. Doctor Coole [Cole] to the use of John Spenser of Corpus Christi College in Oxforde." These could not be the same person. The Oxford John Spenser, born in Suffolk "about 1560," was at Corpus Christi in 1575 (*ut supra*), became first Clerk of the College, then B.A., then Greek Reader in 1578, Fellow in 1579, afterwards D.D., and finally President of Corpus Christi 9th June, 1607, and died 3rd April, 1614.

The John Spenser of Cambridge I identify with the John Spenser admitted a "scholar" of Merchant Taylors' School on the 3rd August, 1571, and described in the School Register as "John Spenser, son of John Spenser, gent." He proceeded to Pembroke Hall,

Cambridge, before 1577-8, for he commenced B.A. in that year.

Here, then, is a John Spenser educated at the same school as Edmund Spenser, and then passed on to the same college ("Pembroke Hall") at Cambridge. What more likely than that he was son of the same John Spenser "free journeyman," and so a younger brother of Edmund? By 1571 the "free journeyman" might easily have become a "Master" Merchant Taylor. But if this John Spenser was son of the "free journeyman" of 1566, it is equally probable that Edmund was an elder son—which brings us back to our former conclusion.

Is it objected that the designation "gent." could not be accorded to one in the circumstances of a "free journeyman"? But I accentuate that while a "free journeyman" in 1566, he might well be something very different before 1571. Besides, had he been of plebeian family, the objection might have been valid. But as having been almost certainly of the Hurstwood Spensers—a younger brother or near kinsman of a real and recognized "gentleman," the owner of a freehold estate—he was entitled to add or have added "gent." Every one knows with what pathetic insistence decayed Elizabethans placed "gent." after their names, as witness the many title-pages of Nicholas Breton, Robert Greene, Thomas Churchyard, George Whetstone, and many others.

As a younger son I conceive John Spenser had pushed his way to London,—originally it might be as "gentleman-servant" (as William Basse sang finely) with some North-East Lancashire "gentleman,"—and

that ultimately,—as having no chance of succession to lands,—in order to earn an honourable living, he became a “craftsman.” This was not at all uncommon at the period and later. It is a modern and degenerate idea (or ideal) that is ashamed of “trade” or “handicraft.” As many an entry in Guild Books and “Mysteries” goes to show, “younger sons” thus gave themselves, and as the same authorities testify, the “gent.” was never withheld after their names.

More specifically—Reverting to our previous genealogical details, as Edmund Spenser who held the freehold of Hurstwood in Cliviger at this time was invariably recorded as “gent.,” I ask, Was John Spenser a younger brother who had—as I have conjectured—gone up to London to make his way? If so—and I for one believe it—he was both son and brother of a landed gentleman of the lesser gentry, descended of “a house of auncient fame,” and thus entitled to the “gent.” or “yeoman.”

Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood—as our many entries show—had succeeded to his estate before 1559. He had two sons, the eldest of whom was probably born about 1550 or earlier—for he died leaving a young son the same year as his father (1587). The other data seem to fix Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood's own birth soon after 1520. John Spenser—if he were father of the Poet—would be born about 1525, and thus might go to the metropolis betwixt 1545 and 1550. Edmund Spenser we know was born in London in 1552. John the son of John Spenser, who followed Edmund at Merchant Taylors' School, may have been born between 1555

and 1560. All this would hold whether John Spenser of London—the assumed father of Edmund as well as the ascertained father of the younger John—were brother or cousin of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood. That he was one of the two is surely pretty certain: for the Hurstwood and North-East Lancashire Spensers were indubitably the “friends” in the North of England with whom the Poet sojourned. It is congruous, too, with his “gentle” blood that John Spenser should have sought academic training for two sons. Then, the genealogical details of the Hurstwood Spensers reveal how the name John alternates continuously with Edmund, there being two Edmunds and three Johns in the chief descent in the five generations. Again, in the Pendle Forest branch, Lawrences and Edmunds appear and reappear—as afterwards in the Poet’s own family.*

Only other two questions of primary interest strike me in this connection. 1. Was the Poet’s father living in 1577-8 when Spenser went down to North-East Lancashire? 2. Was his mother then living?

To the former I answer ‘No.’ I conclude that he had died whilst his son the Poet was at Cambridge. This would break up his ‘home,’ and so make it more inevitable that he should have gone North to Hurstwood and Pendle Forest. I regard it as unlikely that the father in his latter years had wandered back to his native place in Lancashire. Nor among the many burial entries is there one of a John Spenser answering to him. It was to ‘relatives’ there, not to his own

* To Appendix A to this Life are given extracts concerning Spensers from the Burial Registers.

paternal home, the Poet retreated from the bickerings and exacerbations of the University. To the latter question—I must again answer ‘No,’ on the same grounds; for I cannot accept “Isabell” as a synonym of “Elizabeth,” as Mr. Knowles has done.* No Elizabeth Spenser is anywhere found corresponding to

* It is due to Mr. Knowles to reproduce his second theory in substitution for his original and accurate one:—“I can now substitute for the other another, which has the advantage of making an approach to certainty, and of disclosing, if it is sound, a fact in Spenser’s life hardly less interesting than the discovery of his Grammar School. In a list of gifts made, July 1569, to the poor of several Lancashire parishes, the name of Spenser occurs frequently. Under the heading ‘Habergham Eaves, Ightnell Parke, and Fillye Close,’ there are these items (fol. 136):—

Ux ^r Robte. Spensere	iiij yardes wollen.
Edmund Spencere	one yeard wollen.
Philippe Spencere	one yeard one qtr. wollen.
Ales Spencere	one yeard di wollen.
Robte. Spencere	ij yeards linen.

At folio 137, under the same heading:—

Jenet Spensore	ij yeards di wollen.
------------------------	----------------------

And at folio 139:—

Ales Spensere	ij yeards di linen.
John Spensore	ij yeards linen.

There is here one Edmund Spenser from whom the poet might have taken his name. But at folios 132-3, under the heading Bromley [Burnley], there are three entries, two of which are very remarkable:—

Edmunde Spenser	iiij yeards wollen.
Isabell Spenser	iiij yeards wollen.
Agnes Spensore	iiij yeards wollen.

The date of these entries is ‘the vijth of Julii A^o 1569.’ shortly after the poet went to Cambridge. ‘Isabell’ and ‘Elizabeth’ are substantially the same name. In Moreri’s *Dictionnaire Historique* they are repeatedly used synonymously, and at all events their identity is sufficient to have justified Spenser in linking his mother, supposing that her name was Isabel, with his

one who could have been "widow" of John Spenser of London.

The "conclusion of the whole matter," then, in the light of all the Facts and Illustrations given, is summarily this:—That Edmund Spenser's father was John Spenser of London, a "free journeyman" cloth-maker in 1566, but described as "gent." in 1571—That John Spenser, scholar of Merchant Taylors' School and of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, who was son of the same John Spenser, was a younger brother of the Poet—That their father was younger brother or cousin of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood—That he was dead before the Poet went thither, about 1577-8.

There would thus be "open welcome" to their kinsman from the University of Cambridge in North-East Lancashire. There would be community of religious

wife and the Queen in the Sonnet (lxxiv.) in which he praises the 'most happy letters' that compose that 'happy name':—

'The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind,
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mother's womb deriv'd by dew descent;
The second is my sovereigne queene, most kind,
That honour and large riches to me lent;
The third, my Love, my lives last ornament.'

Were the Edmund and Isabel Spenser of Burnley the poet's father and mother? Apart from the coincidence of their Christian names, the supposition that they were, derives an air of probability from the fact that after leaving Cambridge he is believed to have gone to reside with his relations in the North of England. If his parents, for one of whom at least he cherished a tender affection, were alive, they were most likely the relatives with whom he took up his abode on quitting the University. Spenser would therefore have passed some portion of the interval between his leaving Cambridge and his coming to London at Burnley; and, if so, it is a happy circumstance that from the venerable Hall, at whose gate Burnley lies, a manuscript should come into the hands of

opinion and sentiment between Edmund Spenser and his "relations." The Spensers of Hurstwood were Protestant, and Edmund Spenser Puritan—as was the Poet—and he accordingly in a sense a protégé of the brothers Nowell, who were Puritans, whilst the Townleys of Townley (the great family by Hurstwood) were always Roman Catholics.

But the evidence for the North-East Lancashire origin of our Poet's ancestry and family is by no means exhausted.

With a word of cordial admiration and gratitude to Mr. R. B. Knowles for his inestimable "Find" of the Townley MS. of the "Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell," and for his open-eyed study of it, and first revelation of the Spenser entries—not one iota the less cordial that I have been constrained to criticise

the Commission to reveal, after the lapse of three centuries, facts so interesting in his life as the later residence of his parents, his father's Christian name, and the grammar school in which he was taught the elements of learning." (4th Report, as before.) To all this gossamer web in "Pleasures of Imagination" I answer summarily (1) That whereas Mr. Knowles places "Edmund Spenser" and "Isabell Spenser" together, they are separated in the MS. by two full pages and a half. Surely it is most improbable that a husband and wife would have been thus separated? The widely severed entries suggest different households. (2) Whatever Moreri may say or do, it is not the fact that in North-East Lancashire "Elizabeth" and "Isabell" were regarded "as substantially the same." On the contrary, there are families by the score with both names for their children. (3) The other two Elizabeths of the Sonnet were unquestionably Elizabeths, and nothing but the stress or distress of a theory would have transmogrified "Isabell" into "Elizabeth." (4) Not a shred of evidence is adduced that this Edmund and Isabell Spenser had "flitted" from London to Lancashire. (5) Who in all the world would have described the parents of the Poet as "relations"? (6) More likely Isabell and Agnes were two "old maids."

and reject his (mis)use of some of the entries, and emphatically his withdrawal from John Spenser of London—I have now to go forward along other lines of perhaps equal interest and satisfactoriness. For strikingly ancillary to these genealogical localizations and recognitions of the Spensers is a twofold simple matter of fact.

(a) That in agreement therewith the entire Poetry of Spenser has worked into it a relatively large number of Lancashire, and notably of North-East Lancashire, words and idiomatic phrases.

(b) That North-East Lancashire scenery, as distinguished from Southern (*e.g.*, Kent and its dales and downs), and the historically-known character of the people of the district, are similarly reflected in the Poems; whilst the places in the “Glosse,” etc., can only be understood as applied to North-East Lancashire.

It is now my pleasant duty to give illustrative evidence of these two inter-related points, under the advantage of a long residence in North-East Lancashire, familiarity with its people, “gentle and simple,” and its racy dialect and ancient-dated usages, and the well-informed helpfulness of my good friend—the Historian of Blackburn—Mr. W. A. Abram (as before). I have to prove—

(A) *That in agreement with the North-East Lancashire localization of the Family of Spenser, the entire Poetry of Spenser has worked into it a relatively large number of Lancashire, and specifically North-East Lancashire, words and idiomatic phrases.*

It is the more obligatory to enter on and complete this inquiry, in that Editors and Commentators have

too readily satisfied themselves with classing all (to them) archaic and obscure words as "Chaucerisms"—much as your perfunctory Exegete finds it convenient to generalize peculiarities of New Testament and Septuagint Greek under "Hebraisms."

Spenser's use of North-East Lancashire dialect-words puzzled Edward Kirke. He in a manner apologizes in his "Glosse" for the introduction of so many "uncouth and obsolete words," though prepared to defend their employment in such a set of poems as the *Shepherd's Calendar*. Dryden, in a later day, in the dedication of his translation of Vergil's *Pastorals* to Lord Clifford, notices the mastery of "our northern dialect" shown by Spenser. There have been also vague and incidental mentionings of the fact of the occurrence of such dialect-words: e.g., the Rev. William Gaskell, in his two *Lectures on the Lancashire Dialect*, thus writes: "It is interesting to read this poem (*Shepherd's Calendar*) with the knowledge gained a few years ago, that the Author spent the earlier part of his life in the northern part of this county, and this may account for the introduction of some words that are strongly Lancashire." The expression "some words" shows how superficial was the Lecturer's study of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. It was reserved to the late Mr. T. T. Wilkinson, of Burnley, to go more thoroughly into the investigation. His "Edmund Spenser and the East Lancashire Dialect," read before the "Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire" on the 10th January, 1867, and published in its *Transactions* (New Series, vol. vii., 1867, pp. 87-102) deserves full recognition. But how inadequate it is will appear when it is stated that the

sum-total of its dialect-words is —45, and some of these doubtful, and which might have been fetched from books. It will be seen that our investigations have resulted in an aggregate of upwards of 200 North-East Lancashire words in the *Shepherd's Calendar* alone, and a good many beyond 300 in the other Poems, or a sum-total of fully 550 distinctly dialectal words and phrases. It must be carefully and critically noted that only a very few of these North-East Lancashire words and phrases are met with in the South Lancashire dialect as given by Tim Bobbin (Collier), Bamford, Gaskell, Heywood, Picton, and later Glossaries. Both contain an admixture of words from across the Scottish Border, as exemplified by Chambers in his *Book of Days* (vol. i., 57); and also from the Danes and Northmen who settled in the county, and numbers belong or belonged to Derbyshire and other counties, but then and now each word enumerated is strictly North-East Lancashire. The peculiar 'blend' of form and pronunciation pervades Spenser. I do not think that any one who is at all familiar with the North-East Lancashire dialect and people will hesitate in pronouncing that none but a NATIVE (for the accident of birth in London does not touch the origin) could have so idiomatically, and in nicest closeness to what was meant to be expressed, employed these North-East Lancashire words and turns of phrase. His North-East Lancashire phrases, even where "learned men" have set them down for archaic, or Chaucerisms, are the "living speech" of to-day.*

* Hence a criticism of Mr. Thomas Bayne (*St. James's Magazine*, 1879, 4th Series, vol. vi., pp. 105-118) must be read

I cannot find space—even if it were desirable—to give references to the occurrence of the words and phrases—a large number frequently repeated, or to examine critically the alphabetically-arranged list which I am about to present. Each separate word will be found referred to its place or places, and amply explained and illustrated, in the Glossary (in Vol. X.). But *ad interim* I give after each word its present-day meanings and applications. The critic-student who would really master this other line of proof of Spenser's North-East Lancashire origin, will not grudge to take pains (I feel assured) to study the successive words in their places. Only thus will their spontaneity, their naturalness, their flexibility, their melody, their innerness, be felt.

I have not exhausted the roll of North-East Lancashire dialect-words in Spenser,—as the Glossary will abundantly evidence,—but unless I egregiously mistake, these carefully gleaned examples will convince every judicial and capable student of our Poet that Edmund Spenser was “a Lancashire man,” and patriotic and penetrative enough to discern the unutilized capabilities of his “native tongue,” and courageous enough—with all his scholarly culture—to emulate Bion, Moschus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Vergil in their cunning adoption and adaptation and transfiguration of “rustic” or dialect forms.

cum grano salis: “It would have shown greater strength of character in Spenser, perhaps, had he boldly used the language of his own time; but then his strength of character might have been apparent at the expense of his poetic excellence” (p. 106). But he did “boldly use the language of his own time” substantively.

With these prefatory observations, I ask genuine Spenserians to read and re-read reflectively our alphabetically-arranged table of North-East Lancashire words, (mainly) from the *Shepherd's Calendar*. I place under some of the examples actual usings of the words heard by myself in intercourse with the people. My verdict is none is 'uncouth,' and that 'obsolete' is incorrect. It is indeed surprising how little of Spenser is found even at this late day 'obsolete,' when one goes out among the people of North and South Lancashire, and elsewhere.

I would fain have placed this remarkable List here in the *Life in extenso*, because it is all-important that it should be before every reader of Spenser, but perchance it would too much interrupt the biographic narrative.*

Assuming that this surely very memorable collection of dialect-words in Spenser has been turned to and pondered, these notes at this point may be acceptable:—

(α) Whilst every word enumerated belongs to North-East Lancashire, there is this peculiarity, that a number of them were, and still are, found in use in neighbouring Yorkshire and even remoter. This, instead of diminishing, strengthens the Spenser localization, seeing that the Hurstwood or Pendle district abuts on Yorkshire, etc., and that to-day towns, and even hamlets and farms, separated by a few miles only, yield the same blend and the same variants. Personally I

* See Appendix B, after the Essays in this volume, for it. I must be allowed to state that the matter in the Appendix will all be found vital to the comprehension of the *Life*, not mere dry documents.

have found it hard to understand "the people" in their differing speech at startlingly short distances: *e.g.*, "Lig" is now much more common in Yorkshire than in East Lancashire, but most common there on the border next to East Lancashire.

(*b*) The North-East Lancashire addition of -en (also found elsewhere), as "broughten" for "brought"—"butten" for "butt"—"caren" for "care"—"chatten" for "chat," and a multitude of others, establishes that Spenser's frequent use of "en" was no mere *fantastique* of prolongation of the given words to tide over a difficult rhyme or rhythm, but the adoption of existent words that approved themselves to his subtly judging ear. His prefixed "y" is dealt with by Professor Angus (in Vol. X., on Spenser's English); but I deem it expedient to accentuate the then and still quick use of -en in North-East Lancashire, and elsewhere.

(*c*) These dialect-words also ought to mitigate the alleged 'uncouthness' of Spenser's vocabulary. It is found that the most *outré* and manufactured-like rhyme-words were genuine and still living words: *e.g.*, in *Fairy Queen*, Book I., c. x., ll. 515-17, we find—

. . . that vnspotted *Lam*
That for the sinnes of all the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that citie *sam*
More deare unto their God, then yōnglings to their dam.

So, too, in the *Shepherd's Calendar* (Ecl. v. 176-7):—

For what concord han light and darke *sam*?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?

In the former the Poet, after his custom, reduced the spelling to the eye uniformly and so arbitrarily, but "sam" = together, he found in regular and familiar use

in East Lancashire; and to-day it is an every-day phrase amongst boon-companions, "I will stand *sam*," *i.e.* pay for the drinks altogether. So with "rine" in the *Shepherd's Calendar* (Ecl. v. 121) we read—

But now the gray mosse marred his *rine*;

a very suspicious-looking rhyme with "swine": but once more, "rine" was a livingly used word in East Lancashire, as it still is.

Some of the most seeming-artificial rhymes represent the North-East Lancashire pronunciation to-day, *e.g.*—

Seest how brag yon bullock beares,
So swinck, so smoothe, his pricked eares (Vol. II., p. 61).

I notice here (1) That "beares," pronounced invariably as though spelled "beers," rhymes at once with "eares"; (2) That "seest" is a special Lancashire phrase=seest thou, as Lanc. "secs ta'." Similarly "wark" is no mere spelling to rhyme with "ark" or "dark," but the actual North-East Lancashire pronunciation.

It will doubtless interest to bring together from the full List (in Appendix B), representative examples of Spenser's thoroughly idiomatic use of the local words and turns of expression. There is this peculiarity about them likewise, that while Tennyson has composed a few dialect (Lincolnshire) poems—ineestimable poems—he drops dialect in his other poems. Not so with Spenser. In the *Shepherd's Calendar*, which he mainly wrote in the Pendle district, he of course is strongest in his use of Lancashire words and phrases. Still, throughout, local dialect words are worked in. And if they fade away in his later poems, this is only what might have been looked for,

after he had long mingled with the 'gentle' society of the South. Be it understood that I note only some of his idiomatic and racy words and turns, still in every-day use among the farmers :—

1. From the *Shepherd's Calendar*.

My ragged ronts all shiver and shake
As doen high towers in an earthquake (Vol. II., p. 57).

Lewdly emplainest thou, laesie ladde,
Of winter's wracke, for making thee sadde (p. 55)—

not "lazy," but "laesie," as now.

So loytring live you little heard-groomes,
Keeping your beasts in the budded broomes (p. 59).

Hard by his side grew a bragging breere,
Which proudly thrust into th'element (p. 64)—

quite common as "th'," not apostrophe or contraction, but the present-day pronunciation, as in "t'one" for "the one," etc., etc.

. . . like for desperate dole to die (p. 66).

With painted wordes tho gan this proude weede,
(As most usen ambitious folke) (p. 67).

Seest not thilke same hawthorne studde,
How bragly it begins to budde (p. 81).

The while thilke same unhappie ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shew (p. 83).

He was so wimble, and so wight
From bough to bough he leaped light (p. 86).

Soone as my yonglings cryen for the dam (p. 100).

... How finely the graces can it foote
To the instrument.

They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
In their meriment (p. 101).

Leave to live hard and learne to ligge soft (p. 126)

=on a soft bed.

THE ANCESTRY AND

Sparre the yate fast (p. 132).

His hinder heel was wrapt in a clout (p. 133).

Ah, goud yong maister (then gan he crie)
Jesus blesse that sweet face (p. 134)—

quite common, "God blesse thy bonnie face."

The false Foxe, as he were starke lame,
His tail he clapt betwixt his legs twain (p. 135).

. . . For time in passing weares,
As garments doen, which wexen old above (p. 153).

Tel the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede (p. 157).

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
And rekes much of thy swinke (p. 167)

= lord of the manor, who in to-day's phrase "toil not,
neither do they spin."

Hereto the hilles bene nigher heaven (p. 170)

To kirke the narre, to God more farre (*ib.*)—

in familiar use.

They raigne and rulen over all,
And lord it as they list (p. 175).

For shepheards (said he) there doen lead,
As lords doen otherwhere;
Their sheepe han crastes, and they the bread,
The chippes, and they the cheere (*ib.*)

They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a mart of their good name,
The shepheards there robben one another (p. 207).

They looken bigge as bulles that bene bate,
And beaen the cragge so stiffe and so state
A cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranke (*ib.*)—

* "ate" = steat = stout ?

2. From *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*.

So of a river, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought,
And do t among those rocks into him rold (Vol. IV., p. 42).

Ah Cuddy (then quoth Colin) thous a son
 That hast not seene least part of nature's wark,
 Much more there is unkend, then thou doest kon (p. 46).
 There is a new shepheard late up sprong, etc. (p. 50).
 . . . like bladders blowen up with wynd,
 That being prickt do vanish into nought (p. 59).
 Like mouldwarps nousling still they lurke (p. 61).

3. From the *Faery Queen*.

With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face
 (Vol. V., p. 99).

Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile (p. 115).

As when that divelish yron engin wrought
 In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bullet round . . . (p. 117).

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thornes together pind and patched was (p. 163).

Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies
 (Vol. VII., p. 198)

Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew (p. 200).

= rambling, *not* rumbling.

To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes (p. 201).

Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare, etc. (p. 226).

As doth a steare in heat of sommers day,
 With his long taile the bryzes brush away (Vol. VIII., p. 93).

. . . He was fierce and whot,
 Ne time would give, nor any termes aby.
 But at him flew, and with his speare him smot (p. 107).

(d) One of these special North-East Lancashire words or phrases makes erudite Dr. Richard Morris's guessing at it somewhat grotesque. In the *Shepherd's Calendar* (Ecl. ix., ll. 229-32) we thus read:—

Marry *Diggon*, what should him affray,
 To take his owne where ever it lay?

THE ANCESTRY AND

For hid his venand béne a little widdor,
He would have devoured both hidder and shidder.

Dr. Morris annotates—"Hidder (if not an error for *hider*—hither) = he-deer, animals of the male kind" (Globe edition, Glossary), and "*Shidder* (generally explained as *she*), but if not a corruption of *thider* (thither) must mean *she*-deer, she animals" (*ibid.*). "Must mean." "Must" is a strong word; but as "Hidder and shidder" then and to-day is = he and she, or him and her, Spenser must not be held responsible for such guesses, nor the text to be corrupt. Local knowledge would have saved our learned Editors from many and many kindred blunders.

I wish to recall that as with the spelling of Spenser—an *s* not a *c*—the most characteristic North-East Lancashire words used by the Poet are still found chiefly, if not entirely, within the district of which Hurstwood and Pendle are the centre of a not wide circumference. Of a sunny summer afternoon it has been my delight to peregrinate among the thinly-scattered "hill country" of Pendle, and to get into field and fireside talk with the people—most bearing the names to be read by the hundred in the "Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell" (as before), and I have never once gone away without actually hearing spontaneously some Spenser dialect-word. This caps the whole evidence.

I have to prove

(B) *That North-East Lancashire scenery as distinguished from Southern (e.g., Kent and its dales and downs), and the historically-known character of the people of the district, are similarly reflected in the Poems;*

whilst the places in the "Glosse," etc., can only be understood as applied to North-East Lancashire.

I can afford to be less full on this, inasmuch as I have already so far put it in answering the question, "Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?" (Vol. III., pp. civ-v, *et alibi*).

In the outset let it be recalled that when Gabriel Harvey (as "Hobbinol") in "June" of the *Shepherd's Calendar* addresses Spenser while he was in the throes of his love-despondency, to "leave" his then residence, he thus remonstrates:—

. . . if by me thou list advised be
 Forsake thy soyl, that so doth thee bewitch :
 Leave me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
 Nor holly bush, nor breere, nor winding witch.
 And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritche,
 And fruitful flocks bene every where to see :
 Here no night Ravenes lodge, more black then pitch,
 Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly Owles do flee.

There follow like reference to the "wasteful hills" wherein he ("Colin") had been wont to "sing," and to "these woods" where he "wayled his woe."

On all this Edward Kirke thus writes in his "Glosse," as must again be quoted:—

"*Forsake the soyl.* This is no Poeticall fiction, but unfeynedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for speciall occasion of private affaires (as I have been partly of himself informed), and for his more preferment, removing out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed advised him privately.

"*Those hilles,* that is in the North cuntry, where he dwelt.

"*The dales.* The South parts, where he now

abideth, which though they be full of hilles and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called: for *Kautsch* in the Saxons toong, signifieth woody), yet in respect of the North parts they be called dales. For, indeed, the North is counted the higher country" (Vol. II., pp. 158-9).

I would call attention to several things in the text and comment here:—

(a) It is specially to be noted that "Hobbinol" (= Harvey) advises—

Forsake ^v*thy* soyl.

"E. K." misreads "Forsake *the* soyl"; but, as will appear immediately, "*thy*"—Spenser's own word—is vital in evidence.

(b) The description of "the hilles"—

where harbrough nis to see
Nor holly bush, nor breere, nor winding witch,*

and of "the woods" and "wasteful hills," is just Pendle to the life and its renowned forest; whilst the vast "moreland" ["moor"] and "the glen" for ever associated with Rosalind are just what the visitor sees to-day in this district. So much is this the case that, standing at Downham and surveying the scene, there flashes up before one that picture in the *Faery Queen*—

a litle lowly Hermitage it was,
Dwene in a *dale*, hard by a *forests* side;
Far from resort of people that did pas
To travell to and froe. . . . (B. I., ll. 303-6.)

"Down in-a-dale" is just Downham; and in the

* "Witch"—from A.S. *wic*, a winding, sinuous bank, not "a witch,"—Dr. Morris, *l.c.*

Dineley and Aspinall country right and left "glennes" and the "Forest" district in perpetual view.

(c) Belief in the omen of "Night-ravens"—"more black then pitch," and in "elvish ghosts" of every type and form, and in the *diablerie* of witches and "gastly owls," and the entire brood of spirits o' the air and of darkness, interwoven with legend and ballad and folk-lore, is historically notorious in this very region—as Richard James onward celebrated in his *Iter Lancastrense*, and as is fully set forth in Potts's *Wonderful Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster* (1613). So that, whether with reference to the visible landscape or the superstitions of "the people," the June Eclogue vividly portrays this *bit* of North-East Lancashire.

(d) I have now to reproduce the just-recovered confirmation of all this in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser as "Immerito." He is bantering his friend for having printed (if not published) without his privity certain of his Verse and Prose, and he thus objuratively closes—"To be shorte, I woulde to God that all the ill-favorid copyes of my nowe prostituted devises were buried a greate deale deeper in the centre of the erthe then the height and altitude of the middle region of the veye English Alpes amountes unto in your shier" (p. 63, as before).* It will be observed that

* By one of those irritating oversights or mishaps into which the most conscientious editor may at any moment lapse, or be the victim of—and few editors have done their work more painstakingly than Mr. Scott—in the Introduction (p. xi) the passage is made to run "in the aier." I for one am thankful that the grotesque mistake did not occur in the text (p. 63); for else the most precious *bit* of modern-found evidence as to Spenser's origin might have been missed.

"*your shier*" exactly re-echoes "*thy soyl*" of the Eclogue. Then everybody knows that the Pendle Hill and neighbouring ranges were exactly thus exaggerated at that period. I take this "Note" from my edition of James's *Iter Lancastrense*—

Penigent, Pendle hill, Ingleborough,
Three such hills be not all England thorough.

This is an old local proverb, or sort of proverbial rhyme, and may be found in Grose's *Provincial Glossary*, amongst the Yorkshire Proverbs, p. 94, ed. 1841, 4to. Ray gives it thus :—

Ingleborough, Pendle, and Penigent,
Are the highest hills between Scotland and Trent.

This distich had its origin at a time when the people knew little of English geography beyond their own district, and in hilly districts considered their own principal hills the "highest and grandest in the country" (*Poems* of Richard James, B.D., 1880, pp. 62-3). Whitaker, *s.n.*, in his *History of Whalley*, designates these "hilles" as "the English Apennines"; and as to Harvey's phrase, "middle region," they have long been proverbially termed the "*backbone* of England." There can be no question once more that Harvey had Pendle and the Spenser district in his eye, and it must be noted and re-noted he writes of it as the Poet's own shire ("your shier").

Looking in another direction, under the dialect-word "Brere" Wilkinson furnishes another and unexpected example of Spenser's local realism and colouring.

"It is significant, as to locality," he observes, "that the Poet should select this shrub ('Brier') to hold converse

with the oak. The reason may probably be that he was then residing at Hurstwood, and the township of Extwistle-cum-Briercliffe, as they are now spelt, were not far distant. Extwistle has been defined by Dr. Whitaker as 'the boundary of oaks'; and Briercliffe as 'a steep overgrown with briars'; for both the oak and the briar were most abundant in the district when Spenser wrote. The Parker family then resided at Extwistle Hall, and the whole country abounded with timber. The 'oak' and the 'briar' would therefore naturally suggest themselves, and hence, probably, the selection." (Pp. 93-4, as before.)

The scenes thus introduced into the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and in sunny memories elsewhere, remain very much to-day as they were when the poet "wandered" love-smit and his eye "in a fine frenzy rolling" among them. Nature is inviolate. The "Brun" still runs glitteringly where

the undeveloped ferns
Rear up their crozier heads of silvery white
Or powdred with a bloom of frosted gold
Amongst their delicate scroll-works.*

The "daffadillies" and "gilliflowers," the "yellow primrose" and azure "forget-me-not," and fragrant "violets," are still *the* flowers of the district, whether in humble rustic garden or by green lane. The "Night-raven" and "Owl" still haunt hollowed boles and shattered ruins. The "Larks"—seraphim of our lower earthly skies—still soar and sing, as "Hobbinol" thought of when he would pay highest tribute to

* Hamerton's *A Dream of Nature*. In large-paper copies two exquisite woodcut views of respectively the "Brun" and "A Winter Scene on the Brun" are furnished for this chapter.

“Colin’s” verse. I met a “Lettice” bearing her milk-pail, and two Cuddies (Cuthberts) at the plough. Even man’s handiwork abides. Manor-house and freehold tenement and sequestered hamlet are scarcely touched in their quaintness. Elizabethan times are easily actualized in this old-world district. I found the “sacred acres” to be indeed “the *unchanging* East,” but even in England and Scotland and Ireland in this nineteenth century there are nooks and crannies and heath-purpled “morelands” and hill-lands that know scarce a change. The student-reader of the *Shepherd’s Calendar* will find this out if he betake him with it to Hurstwood and Pendle, Worsthorn and Filley Close, and the Land of Spenser.

Subsidiary to these cumulative proofs of the Spenser North-East localization are one poetic and one biographic fact, which severally advance us to the same conclusion.

It is remarkable how many allusions to actual historical and real persons and events are interwoven in the Poetry of Spenser. Apart from the Statesmen and other men of rank and genius of the great time who inevitably traverse the vast stage of his Epic, there are hidden yet easily-seen introductions of more private individuals and very slight personal circumstances. This will be found critically brought out in the Glossary and related Notes and Illustrations (in Vol. X.). I take a single example as typical of others, whereby it is seen that even where on the surface it seems otherwise, Spenser painted from the life in North-East Lancashire. Wilkinson once more must speak for me. He thus seemingly writes:—

“All the allusions to changes in Religion, with the

opinions of the shepherds on such matters, very closely agree with what was transpiring at the time *in this locality*; and even the decorating of the 'Kirk' accords well with the annual Rush-bearings and May-day festivities as formerly practised at Burnley. In the third Eclogue the name 'Lettice' is introduced as that of 'some country lass'; and it is worthy of remark that this is a common Christian name in the district at the present time.

"There is also a very significant passage in the fifth Eclogue, which, I think, modern editors have failed sufficiently to annotate. 'Algrind' has been identified with Archbishop Grindal; and 'Morell' with Aylmer, sometime Bishop of London; but with regard to the expression 'Sir John,' nothing better has been advanced than that it is 'the common name for a Romish priest.' Most of the characters introduced into the *Calendar* are undoubtedly sketched from life; and I am inclined to think that 'Sir John,' in the following passage, is no exception:—

Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sir John, to say to morrow,
At the Kirke, when it is holiday:
For wel he meanes, but little can say (ll. 319-22).

"E. K., in his annotations, has pointed out that in this Eclogue, 'under the persons of the two shepherds, *Piers* and *Palinode*, be represented two forms of Pastors or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholic;' and hence the 'Sir John' may be presumed to point to some clergyman well known to Spenser in his youth. On referring to the list of Incumbents of Burnley, I find that Sir John Aspdene was chantry priest and also the *first* Protestant curate, that he had £4 8s. 11d.

allowed him as stipend, 2 Edward VI., A.D. 1548, and that he died A.D. 1567. He had lived in troublous times, so far as regards Church matters; but had managed to retain his preferment throughout all changes (as before, pp. 101-2)." Judging by Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood's preamble to his Will, his arm-chair talk would be not infrequent of the Church, with many stories (perchance scandals) reaching back to "bluff Hal." We may be sure Master Edmund Spenser would listen a-gog.

The biographic fact is yet more interesting and suggestive. Turning to the *Shepherd's Calendar* in the first priceless quarto of 1579, this is the imprint at bottom of its title-page:—

AT LONDON.

Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane, neere vnto Ludgate at the
signe of the gylden Tunne, and
are there to be solde,

1579.

It is surely of the deepest interest to know that this "Hugh Singleton" was a Lancashire man. Yet such is the case, as I have now to show. He was a member of a family which derived its surname from the Lancashire townships of Great and Little Singleton in the Fylde, near Preston. There were several branches of the Singletons in the sixteenth century. One of these was the Singletons of Staining—a hamlet in the parish of Poulton-in-the-Fylde. In the Guild Roll of Preston for the Guild Merchant—a well-known local celebration—of 1542, amongst the burgesses appear "George Syngleton, gent.," "William Syngleton, his son," and "Hugh Syngleton, his [William's] brother." Hugh Singleton

was the second son of George Singleton, gent., of Staining, and was only a youth in 1542; for he had younger brothers—Richard and Lawrence—born after that date. His elder brother, William Singleton, who succeeded his father George Singleton in 1552, died when a young man, in 1556, leaving four sons and two daughters. At the Preston Guild Merchant of 1562 Hugh Singleton has disappeared from the Roll of Burgesses, though his two surviving brothers and his four nephews, sons of William deceased, were then enrolled. This disappearance of Hugh Singleton is explained by the fact that he had left Lancashire and 'settled' in London. He speedily made his way. We find him established in the city of London as a "Stationer" by 1557, where, in the Register of the Stationers' Company, it is recorded that "Hugh Syngleton standeth bounde with William Seres in xx nobiles for payment of iij^{li} x^s." Hugh Singleton paid the fee for the license of his first book in 1562:—"Recevyd of Heugh Shyngleton for his lycense for pryntinge of a book intituled *An Instruction full of Heavenly Consolation*." Six other licenses were obtained by him for printing small books or tractates—now readily fetching their weight in gold ten times over and more—in the same year. In 1563 we find him betraying his fervid and outspoken Lancashire temperament—to wit, paying a fine of 4*d*. "for speakinge unseemly wordes before the Masters" of his Company. Entries occur of several apprentices taken by him, the first "John Scotte, sonne of Edwarde Scotte of London armorer," on 2nd February 1564-5. One of his apprentices who was taken in the same year (A.D. 1579) in which

"Hugh Singleton" printed the *Shepherd's Calendar*, was characteristically a lad from Preston, in Lancashire, his own "calf-country" (in Northern phrase): "1579, 25 June. Thomas Dason [Dawson], sonne of Evan Dason, of Preston, in the county of Lancaster, grocer, hath putt him selfe apprentice to Hugh Singleton for 7 yeares from the date hereof." In other entries Hugh Singleton is described as "Cityzen and Stationer of London." In the year 1567-8 the Company "lente to Heugh Shingleton, upon a lease of his house, xl^s."; and in 1570 we read, "Payd to Shingleton for taken up of bokes at the Watersyde ij^s." All this being so, it is easily to be inferred that as in common Lancashire men the paternal Spenser and Hugh Singleton grew acquainted. In Elizabethan times, in then comparatively small London, there could not fail to be that clannish feeling by which even to-day in vast London "brother Scots" and Northern Englishmen find themselves thrown across each other's paths and brought into 'fellowship' with each other.

Still another subsidiary confirmation of the Lancashire origin of the Spensers presents itself in the fact that Sarah Spenser, sister of Edmund Spenser, married a Travers of Lancashire, who migrated to Ireland, and whose representative in 1842 informed Mr. F. C. Spenser that their ancestress "Sarah Spenser," as well as her husband, were "of Lancashire." Full genealogical details are given in *The Patrician* (vol. v., p. 54); but as those relative to the Traverses are not accurate, it seems right to review them.*

* See Appendix C, after the Essays in this volume, for such review.

Thus, then, starting with the incidentally furnished but absolute FACT that his bosom-friend Gabriel Harvey expressly designates Pendle and Hurstwood in Lancashire "in your shier" when writing to Spenser as "Immerito," we have found the Spensers of this limited district to have been to the letter "a House of ancient fame," and specifically, the family of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood and branches thence to yield Lawrences and Edmunds and John Spensers in almost endless recurrence, and all fulfilling the requirement that the "relatives" visited by the Poet were "in the North" of England; and that it is all but certain that John Spenser, "free journeyman" of Merchant Taylors' in 1566, and "gent." in 1571, was younger brother or other near kinsman of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood and FATHER of the Poet. Further—We have found that in accord with his Lancashire origin and long visits the *Shepherd's Calendar* and other poems, throughout, have interworked into them a large number of North-East Lancashire words and phrases and allusions, only explainable by one "to the manner born" using his home-speech. Collaterally—We have found that the scenes of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, in so far as they are personal, are only to be understood as localized in and around Pendle. Then subsidiarily—We have found that Sarah Spenser, sister of the Poet, married a Travers of Lancashire, and that the Traverses' present-day genealogy points back in like manner to their ancestor "Sarah Spenser" having come from the very district which we have ascertained to have been that of Edmund Spenser; and further, that the first publisher of the *Shepherd's Calendar* was a Lancashire man

“Hugh Singleton.” Finally—We have incidentally to remark that the Spensers of Althorp had in all probability a common origin with the North-East Lancashire Spensers, and were in no way “superior” in blood to the “freeholders” of Hurstwood.

The Writer will be amply recompensed for the toil of this long inquiry, if it be conceded that irreversibly it has been made out, that North-East Lancashire has the proud distinction of entering on its records that thence sprang EDMUND SPENSER, so establishing his own words—

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of auncient fame. (*Prothalamion.*)

This express reference to his origin and family, even if it stood alone—which we have abundantly seen it does not—would disprove the *Westminster Review* writer when he asks—“But why does Spenser, who not only repeatedly mentions his relationship to Sir John Spenser, but even dedicates a separate poem to three of his six daughters, *never hint at his relations in Lancashire?* Was he ashamed of them? Had he quarrelled with them? Or was he ignorant of them? Most likely the branch of the family in London to which the poet belonged had been separated so long from the branch in Lancashire, the relationship was forgotten.” All idlest misstatement. Surely the writer might have recalled, in addition to the *Prothalamion* allusion, his proud ranging of his ‘mother,’ Elizabeth, with his Queen and wife!

II. BIRTH AND BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD.

"*The boy is father of the man.*"—WORDSWORTH.

EDMUND SPENSER—first of all Spensers—was most probably—a probability next door to certainty in the light of genealogical FACTS already given (in Introduction: *Ancestry and Family*)—eldest son of John Spenser, who is described as "free journeyman" of Merchant Taylors' Company in 1566, and "gent." in 1571, by Elizabeth (unknown) his wife. As also shown, the Spensers were of North-East Lancashire. Edmund was born "*about 1552.*" It is impossible to fix the birth-date exactly. Incidentally in one of his Sonnets of the *Amoretti*, the Poet has given a kind of clue by which his Biographers have been guided to the year named. It thus runs:—

. . . since the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to move, one yeare is spent :
the which doth longer unto me appeare,
then all those forty which my life outwent.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
the speare of Cupid forty yeares containes :
which I have wasted in long languishment,
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.
(Sonnet lx., Vol. IV., p. 107.)

There are several disturbing elements that prevent our reaching anything like (absolute) certainty from these seeming-definite, but really indefinite datings of his

love's 'languishment.' It has been usually assumed that the *Amoretti* was written in 1593 or 1594.* With reference to the larger number, and this Sonnet in particular, such date (1593-4) may be conceded, albeit—as the sequel will prove—some of the Sonnets belong to "Rosalind," not "Elizabeth," and hence date very much earlier. But having regard to the *Amoretti* broadly, and the lxth Sonnet specifically, and reckoning backward, the "one year" and the "fourty" preceding taken from 1593-4 yields 1552-3 (*id est*, forty-one deducted). It is, however, to be noted, what the mutilated quotation of the Sonnet hitherto has hidden, that whereas in one line of it he defines the "fourty years" as his LIFE ("my life outwent"), in another line, ep-exegetical of the other, he characterizes the "fourty years" as having been "wasted in long languishment" of love and loving. If we are to attach precision to the former, equal precision must be attached to the latter; and this being so, it seems needful to allow some limited term of years to have gone before "the fourty." He could hardly have begun to "languish" until he had passed into his early teens at soonest. Yet if "fourty yeares" are to be taken strictly, we have him inaugurating his "languishment" while still—

Muling and puking in the nurse's arms.

Other things being equal, we should at earliest have thought of Shakespeare's second stage—

. . . the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

* So Professor Hales (Life in *Globe Spenser*, p. 16) and Dean Church in his monograph on Spenser in Morley's *English Men of Letters*, pp. 3-4.

In such case we should readily accept—

And THEN the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.*

It would thus appear that unless the Poet meant his "life,"—as he first puts it,—the "languishment" in the Sonnet must be extended imaginatively and far antedated. In my judgment, he meant his "life," and simply suffused the whole "fourty yeares" with the "purple light" of his love (as we shall see) for Rosalind. And so 1552-3 may stand, but with a query.

Another line of approximation is found in the title-page of the original edition of the *Amoretti* (1595) in these words, "Written not long since." This falls to be interpreted—though I am not aware that it has been—by other two dates. First, there is the entry of the *Amoretti* in the Stationers' Register, as follows:—

xix° die Novembris [1594]

William Ponsonby. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of the Wardens, A booke entituled *Amoretti and Epithalamion* written not longe since by Edmund Spencer. . . . vjd.†

Second—there is the actual marriage to Elizabeth of the Sonnet and *Amoretti* on 11th June, 1594 (as will be found in its place). Both of these within a year, less or more, once more take us back to 1552-3. Hence "about 1552" must be near the truth. It is possible that the "fourty yeares" was a round number for forty and odd; so that "about 1552" may be made to cover 1550 or

* *As You Like It*, ii. 7 (all three). † Arber, as before, ii. 665.

1551.* "The cycles of Mars and Cupid," says an able writer, "seem surprisingly round, and perhaps little violence would be done to the lover's dates by stretching 'fourty' to forty-three or four."†

The BIRTHPLACE was East Smithfield, London. London is pleasantly named by our Poet himself as his birthplace. I say 'pleasantly,' because the epithet "merry" sets the line in which it occurs to the music of "merry England" and the "merry greenwood" of many an old ballad. In the *Prothalamion* the birthplace is thus given:—

At length they all to mery *London* came,
To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
That to me gave, this Lifes first native sourse.

(St. 8, Vol. IV., p. 206.)

In agreement with this, is CAMDEN, who amongst the "Reges, Reginæ, Nobiles, et alij in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii sepulti usque ad annum 1606," enrolls Spenser as "Edmundus Spenser *Londinensis*." Similarly, in his *Annales rerum Anglicarum et Hibernicarum regnante Elizabethâ* (1628), we read—"Ed. Spenserus, patriâ *Londinensis*." So all. The authority for the locality ("East Smithfield") of his birth has hitherto been limited to William Oldys, the famous—and justly famous—bibliographic-biographic antiquary, who in one of his overflowing MS. notes, which Isaac Reed copied from the Antiquary's copy of Winstanley's *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, writes

* Mr. Thomas Keightley in his brilliant paper "On the Life of Edmund Spenser" (*Fraser's Magazine*, vol. lx., pp. 410-22), is strangely dogmatic in his (so-called) "settling" of 1551 as the birth-year. Facts are scarcely to be "settled" by intuition.

† *Westminster Review*, vol. xxxi., N. Series, 1867, p. 138. So also on p. 1.

over against the date "in East Smithfield." Oldys was so painstaking and chary in writing down his notes, that the thing might well have been accepted on his (trustworthy) authority. But another is forthcoming—to wit, George Vertue, the Engraver and Antiquary, in whose considerable "Notes" on the *Life and Poems of Spenser*, among the Additional MSS. in the British Museum, it is stated that in a Map, or rather perspective view, of London, engraved by Hollar in 1647, there was placed "at the bottom" a memorandum to the effect that the "famous poet Spenser" was born in "East Smithfield," near to the Tower. Both Oldys and Vertue were early enough to have learned such a fact from those whose grandfathers or even fathers might have ascertained it.* By a side-light confirming this birthplace is Gabriel Harvey's serio-comic "obligation" entry—of which more in its place—as follows: "E[dmund] S[penser] de London in comitatu *Middlesex*."† East Smithfield is in Middlesex.

It was a covetable birthplace. "Near the Tower"

* The following is the exact note:—"East Smithfield near the Tower: the birth-place of Edmund Spenser that Famous Poet and our Second Chaucer. This printed in Latin and English at the bottom of a Large Map of London graved by Hollar, published 1647: or rather, Perspective View of London." (Addl. MSS., 23,089, p. 134, dated 1731.) On turning up a copy of Hollar's *Perspective View* of 1647, in the British Museum, I certainly found no "printed" or "engraved" memorandum to the above effect, either "at bottom" or anywhere else. Nor was such an exceptional inscription to be looked for. I understand of course that the "printing" or "engraving" was a slip of memory, and that the words were in MS., by some one who knew. Oldys gives no authority, but as he does not adduce Vertue, it may be assumed that each antiquary got at the fact independently. Vertue born 1684; died 1756: Oldys born 1687; died 1761.

† *Letter-Book*, as before.

there was a pleasant open space, and "East Smithfield" altogether then looked to the towers of St. Katherine's and across the fair, broad, bright river to the Kent and Surrey hills. It was ringed round, too,—like Damascus of even to-day,—with spacious "green" fields and sunny gardens and fragrant lanes, edged here with May and there with elms, to the east and north. Only on the west rose the picturesque old city, with its stately buildings standing in ample spaces, and not without tower and spire against the sky-line, or tree-lined close. Beside East Smithfield were the green slopes of Tower-hill and of the tower—palace and stronghold in one, like those others Byron has immortalized of Venice—with the huge Tudor standard on the loftiest keep, flinging abroad its proud blazonry of rose and portcullis and lion of England and lilies of France, supported by the dragon of Cadwallader; and from whence at nightfall might be heard the blare of the trumpets and the roll of the kettledrums and the tread of the "watch and ward" as the mighty portcullis clanged down, and all access to the stern fortress was forbidden until dawn. The breath of the country air was then over all East Smithfield.*

It is satisfying to thus find "East Smithfield" the

* For many of the details worked into the text I am indebted to a very valuable paper in the *British Quarterly Review*, vol. xxii., pp. 368-412—by far the most matterful and critically-careful examination of the Life and Writings of Spenser known to me; also to Henry Machyn's *Diary*—"Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London 1550-63" (Camden Society), by J. G. Nichols, Esq., 1848; and Strype and other historical authorities. I must also name a noticeable paper entitled "England in the Age of Spenser," by Alexander Kerr, in *The Western*, published at St. Louis, U.S.A., vol. v., pp. 535-41.

birthplace of our Poet, seeing that it accords with his family's "gentle blood." Being beyond the city-walls, those who dwelt there were held (or held themselves) far higher than the "tradesmen" of the city, the manifold handicraftsmen of the numerous guilds. East Smithfield was the place of elect residence of "the gentlemen" of England. I have an idea (be it mere "Pleasure of Imagination") that mayhap John Spenser migrated to London from North-East Lancashire as a 'retainer' of one or other of the Lancashire families—e.g., of the Nowells—who spent "the season" in the metropolis. *Certes* it is a coincidence to be noted, that the time of the "flight" of Dean Nowell (and many others) to the Continent, dovetails in with such loss of place and position as would have enforced John Spenser, "gent."—but a younger son and brother—to give himself to some handicraft such as that of "free journeyman" to Merchant Taylors' Company.

It was a singularly 'fitting' time—if the word may be allowed—at which Spenser was born. In the light of his supreme poem, the *Faery Queen*, we can discern how there went into the times from his birth to its composition, those very elements that were demanded to enrich and shape and colour his peculiar poetic genius. If ever there has been Poet of England whose whole make was permeated by imagination and transfigured by ethical-spiritual sentiment, it was Edmund Spenser. And when we come to study "the form and pressure" of his age, we are struck with the fecundity and variety of nutriment provided for such a nature and temperament, in the life around him. The man was made for the time and the time was ripe for

the man. As I understand the classical words in the *Prothalamion*, they tell us that he was not only London born but London bred, and that to him the mighty mother had been "a kyndly nurse" * ("mery London, my most kyndly nurse"). So that it is of vital importance in seeking to master the up-building of Spenser's character and genius, to have as distinct an impression as may be of his surroundings and circumstances.

Let us try to vivify and actualize these, even under our dim lights. When the Poet was born—if in 1552-3—poor Edward VI. was sinking fast (he died July 6th, 1553), and contemporaneously the astute and self-aggrandizing Northumberland, flushed by his triumph over Somerset, was completing the triple alliance which was to place for "fifteen days" a crown on the head of the Lady Jane Grey—most pathetic of our historical figures. As the summer drew on men's minds were perplexed and disturbed. There were portents in the heavens. There were rumours i' the air. There were wild prophecies born of wilder hopes. There were "threatenings" that did not suit Northumberland. Stocks and pillory and gallows were put under levy. But force, then as to-day, was found to be no remedy

* Professor Hales (as before) writes: "Perhaps the lines already extracted from the *Prothalamion* tend to show that, though London born, Spenser was not London bred" (p. xviii). I must reject this. My friend forgets, in his anxiety to locate Spenser early in North-East Lancashire, two things: (1) That "nurse" has its ordinary meaning, and (2) That Lancashire words and phrases and ways would of necessity be the "daily speech" of his North-East Lancashire father and mother and their habitual associates and visitors. By the way, Harvey's phrase "*your shier*" goes to show that the paternal Spenser was the migrant, and so that the connection with North-East Lancashire was immediate, not remote.

for such oppositions. Visions were multiplied. Prophecies were multiplied. Even the Thames contributed to the half-superstition, half-terror, for "dyvers grete fyshe"—sure sign of evil to London—not only approached below the bridge, but one was actually seen over-against Paris Garden. No wonder that when it could be no longer concealed that the King was dead, Henry Machyn wrote in his Diary—"And that he was poysoned everie bodie says." Then, swift as the change of scene in a play, followed 'proclamation' of Queen Jane, "and all maner of ordnance carried to the Tower," and THEN the triumphant entry of Mary, and the fell attainders and beheadings of the opening months of her "bloody" reign. As a child Master Edmund could not fail to hear of these, from Northumberland (August 22, 1553) downward. Nor could he fail to hear of the "stately procession" of Queen Mary in her chariot of cloth of gold, followed by her sister Elizabeth in her chariot of cloth of silver, which issued from "the Tower" on the coronation-day.

The next five years were dismal and dread. Through it—even reckoning from 1550-1—little Edmund was merely a child. So that possibly he saw, without seeing more than the spectacular of them, the processions of the Host with tapers a-flame in the sunshine, and incense fuming into the air, and long lines of shaven and cowed and sandalled priests and "holy women" in white; while he must have learned later the meaning of ghastly rows of squalid prisoners led by javelin-men to the stake at Smithfield. His own home—judging from his ancestry and family—would not be without the muttered curse of Spaniard and

hate of Popery with which we know in his manhood he sympathized.*

At length 17th November, 1558, arrived, when all the bells of London and all (again) "merry England" rang out, and the streets blazed perilously with bonfires, and gladness filled the whole city and land, for "men dyd etc and drynke, and made merrie for the new quene Elizabeth." Two months after, Elizabeth re-entered "the Tower" which three years before she had quitted as a prisoner on leave, but now a beloved and mighty Queen.

"Is it too great a stretch of Fancy," asks a master-student of Spenser, "that on the proud day when the fair young queen—for Elizabeth at twenty-five was fair—rode forth from the Tower to her coronation, preceded by knights and nobles and heralds in splendid array, and followed by a bevy of 'goodly and beautiful ladies' on milk-white palfreys, with foot-cloths of crimson velvet sweeping the ground, and took her way through the tapestried and pageant-decked streets, one bright-eyed boy stood gazing at the gorgeous procession, which was to him a vision of Fairy Land; that among those crowds which lined the three miles of that triumphant

* Thomas Arnold, M.A., in a paper (of which more hereafter) in the *Dublin Review*, boldly says—"Spenser was born a Catholic, like Southwell." He adduces and could adduce no authority for this. He waters it down to—"Nothing is known of his parents, but since no tendency to Calvinistic or Lutheran doctrine is found in Spenser himself, it is reasonable to suppose that, till the accession of Elizabeth, *id est* till he was five or six years old, he was brought up in the old Catholic ways, to which, under Mary, the mass of the people had eagerly returned" (p. 320). Utterly wrong. The Spensers were all Protestant, and our Poet was the *prolégé*, not of the neighbouring Roman Catholic Townleys, but of the Protestant Nowells.

way, there *he* stood, who thirty years after was to make the same *Gloriana* famous to all ages?"

"There was much," continues this writer, "that was suggestive to the mind of the boy-poet in the pageants of that high festival—'the seat of worthy governance'—with pure Religion treading upon Superstition and Ignorance, and Wisdom trampling Folly and Vain-glory under foot; and the eight Beatitudes, each with appropriate emblems and appropriate verse; and that most elaborate erection at the little Conduit in Cheapside, where a craggy stony mountain, with a withered tree and a squalid figure in 'rude apparel,' represented *ruinosa respublica*, while close beside, a hill, filled with flowers, and a fair spreading tree with bright foliage, and one 'fresh personage well apparelled,' showed forth the prosperous state of the *respublica bene instituta*; and more emphatic still, Time emerging from a cave beneath, with his daughter Truth bearing a copy of the English Bible, which, unlike the other gifts, was placed in the Queen's own hand."*

It is worth while to take a glance of these quaint pageants, revealing as they do how Allegory, leaving the palaces and other "stately homes" of England, and "Inns of Court," and the "Masques" of "great ones," came out to the streets and stooped to entertain the 'commonalty.'

Nor was this all. The Lord Mayor's 'show,' wherein "salvage men" with "clubbes" in strange guises of green serge and ivy leaves, made way for the far procession; and others wherein the "Giants" and the

* *British Quarterly Review* (as before), pp. 371-2.

"Seven Champions of Christendom" and "King Arthur and his Knights," severally incarnating the ballads of the people—were introduced; and at Christmas the "Lord of Misrule" rode in jocund state with drums and banners, and "a great company" on horseback and a-foot. Then there was the Morris Dance, "daunsynge with a taket, and my lorde with gowne of golde furred with fur of the goodliest, and halfe-an-hundred in red and whyte, tall men of his garde," and made proclamation of Christmas at the fair crosse at Cheap, and staved in the head of a hogshead of wine and broached full many a barrel of nut-brown ale and scattered with open hand of largess silver pennies.

Nor must we forget May-day, and the tall pole set up in "Leade hall street," and the green and white in Fenchurch Street, and the Queen of the May riding through the city accompanied by *the* elephant with a castle on his back. Then came Midsummer Eve, when the Midsummer Watch, with pageantry and blazing cressets, passed from Aldgate to Paul's gate, and onward the "stately gatherings" when "Arthur's show" moved in glittering array to witness the shooting with the long-bow at Mile-end.

There was thus everywhere much to quicken Imagination. Then—perhaps deeper still—while the gorgeous and 'awful' ceremonial of the old Church was for ever dead, there nevertheless lingered many of the pleasant and bright usages of the mediæval times. A marriage, even among the 'simple,' was not infrequently an open festival. We read in comparatively humble ranks of a "goodly banquet of spice-bread, cherries and strawberries," and all comers welcome.

The 'Exchange' and places of news had, for "common talk," tidings of far lands—arctic and antarctic—with many a strange story of daring-do and discovery. So that Edmund Spenser was 'born' into the very world—half-real, half-unreal—that he was destined to pass, like light sifting through the clouds, through his creative Imagination. True, myriads saw and heard all he saw and heard, and went unmoved so far as Literature knows. But none the less does it remain a FACT that our Poet had but to look around him to find materials for his "lofty song," and a public taste and a public sentiment ripe-ready to welcome just such a great allegorical poem as it was his life-work to give England. Camden (1551) and Raleigh (1552) and Sidney (1554) and Richard Hooker (1553?) and Andrewes (1555) were contemporary. Bacon (1561) and Shakespeare (1564) and Marlowe (1564) and Samuel Daniel (1562) and Michael Drayton (1563) came later.

We get our first positive glimpse of "Master Spenser" through the *Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell*.^{*} This acquaints us with a long unknown landmark in his life—his School, viz., Merchant Taylors' School, London. In a crowd of unnoticeable names of "poor relations" and dependants, and "strangers" as well, who shared the money-aims of Nowell—somewhat thriftily administered—there appears among the many "poore scholers" of the "scholls aboute London," in "numbr xxxjth" who were assisted, the name of

* See pp. 28-9 and 160-1: in large-paper copies of the *Spending*, is prefixed fac-simile of the Spenser entries in this MS.

“Edmunde Spenser,” along with those of Richard Hooker, Launcelot Andrewes and Richard Hackluyt—to specify no more. As the entry is simply “Edmunde Spenser,” with not another word added, it had been impossible by this first entry to have identified this “poore scholler” as our Spenser. But fortunately the first record is succeeded by another onward, wherein—as will appear—in going to the University (“Pembroke Hall”) of Cambridge, he is described not only as “gowinge [going] to penbrocke hall in chambridge,” but as “scholler of the m’chante tayler scholl.” The first entry belongs to 1568, the latter to 28th April, 1569. Curiously enough, the Merchant Taylors’ Company’s own records have nothing concerning these their most illustrious names. Their latest historian (Rev. C. J. Robinson, M.A.) is indebted to the *Spending* for all the early names of the School.* But it is to be inferred that Spenser was one of the first boys received into the Foundation. The great School was commenced in 1560, under a man of mark—Dr. Mulcaster—and it may, we think, be assumed, that Master Edmund “entered” in that year or 1560-1. He was then (probably)—reckoning from 1552—in his 8th or 9th year. So that he left when he was in his 17th or 18th year (1569). His school-mates were in no way distinguished.

It may be taken for granted that with such a head-master as Mulcaster, and such a Visitor as Grindal (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Spenser would be well furnished at this School. The “Schole-bokes” of

* *Register of the Scholars admitted at Merchant Taylors’ School from 1562 to 1874*: vol. i., 1882.

the time look meagre and 'hard' enough ; but scholars ripe and good were built up on them. Aubrey informs us that Bp. Andrewes "went to schoole at Merchant Taylors' School," and that "Mr. Mulcaster was his schoolemaster, whose picture he hung in his studie" (as before, p. 205). Mayhap Master Spenser held him in the same honour.

III. JEAN VAN DER NOODT AND BLANK-VERSE AND RHYMED SONNETS IN "THE THEATRE OF WORLD-LINGS," 1569.

"Where more is meant than meets the ear."—Il Penseroso.

BIOGRAPHERS of Spenser—early and latest—have passed him from his School (only recently known) to the University. This must no longer be done ; for in a literary point of view, in the last year of his attendance at Merchant Taylors' School, he had so profited by the teaching of Dr. Mulcaster—more than likely had so distinguished himself as his top pupil—that he was called upon to take a (temporarily) silent or anonymous but prominent part in a translated book published in 1569, and which was "in the press" when he left for "Pembroke Hall." As it thus preceded his academic course at Cambridge, it demands statement and critical examination here—that is, before entering on his University period.

The facts are few and simple, and still a shadow of uncertainty must remain over them in the absence of positive authentication. I feel that before submitting my own conclusions I cannot do better than allow the

later of my two most capable and authoritative predecessors to put the thing—viz., Dean Church.

“And in this year, apparently in the transition time between school and college, Spenser’s literary ventures began. The evidence is curious, but it seems to be clear. In 1569, a refugee Flemish physician from Antwerp, who had fled to England from ‘the abominations of the Roman Antichrist’ and the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, John Vander Noodt, published one of those odd miscellanies, fashionable at the time, half moral and poetical, half fiercely polemical, which he called a *‘Theatre, wherein he represented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the Voluptuous Worldlings, as also the great Joyes and Plesures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely love the Word of God.’* This ‘little treatise’ was a mixture of verse and prose, setting forth in general, the vanity of the world, and, in particular, predictions of the ruin of Rome and Antichrist; and it enforced its lessons by illustrative woodcuts. In this strange jumble are preserved, we can scarcely doubt, the first compositions which we know of Spenser’s. Among the pieces are some Sonnets of Petrarch, and some Visions of the French poet Joachim du Bellay, whose poems were published in 1568. In the collection itself, these pieces are said by the compiler to have been translated by him ‘out of the Brabants speech,’ and ‘out of Dutch into English.’* But in a volume of *Poems of the World’s Vanity*, and published

* One asks what is the difference between “Brabants speech” and “Dutch”? It has a look of mystification.

years afterwards (in 1591) ascribed to Spenser, and put together, apparently with his consent, by his publisher, are found these very pieces from Petrarch and Du Bellay. The translations from Petrarch are almost literally the same, and are said to have been 'formerly translated.' In the *Visions of Du Bellay* there is this difference—that the earlier translations are in blank verse, and the later ones are rhymed as sonnets; but the change does not destroy the manifest identity of the two translations. So that unless Spenser's publisher, to whom the poet had certainly given some of his genuine pieces for the volume, is not to be trusted, —which, of course, is possible, but not probable; or unless—what is in the last degree inconceivable—Spenser had afterwards been willing to take the trouble of turning the blank verse of Du Bellay's unknown translator into rhyme, the Dutchman who dates his *Theatre of Worldlings* on the 25th May, 1569, must have employed the promising and fluent schoolboy to furnish him with an English versified form, of which he himself took the credit, for compositions which he professes to have known only in the Brabants or Dutch translations. The sonnets from Petrarch are translated with much command of language; there occurs in them, what was afterwards a favourite thought of Spenser's:—

The Nymphs,
That sweetly in accord did *tune their voice*
*To the soft sounding of the waters' fall.**

It is scarcely credible that the translator of the

* Cf. *Shep. Cal.*, April, l. 36, June, l. 8; *F. Q.* VI. x. 7.

sonnets could have caught so much as he has done of the spirit of Petrarch without having been able to read the Italian original; and if Spenser was the translator, it is a curious illustration of the fashionableness of Italian literature in the days of Elizabeth, that a school-boy just leaving Merchant Taylors' should have been so much interested in it. Dr. Mulcaster, his master, is said by Warton to have given special attention to the teaching of the English language."*

Such are the main outward facts; but besides these, there are a number of lesser things that go to strengthen the Spenser authorship of both the "blank verse" and the rhymed Sonnets of the *Theatre*, which it is expedient to present.

(a) It is to be noted that the assertions of Vander Noodt, "I have out of the Brabants speech turned them into the English tongue," and "I have translated them out of Dutch into English," reach us through the translation of the prose part of the *Theatre* into English by Roest, not directly from Vander Noodt.

(b) It seems most improbable that Vander Noodt should have commanded English enough to translate Bellay into "blank verse"—and such blank verse as we shall see it to be—and have allowed or employed Roest to translate the prose. I must express further my doubts of the long epistle-dedicatory to Elizabeth in English being Vander Noodt's. It appears (substantially) in the French of 1568, and the English most probably equally belongs to Roest as the body of the book. I am the more confirmed in this by a

* "Spenser," Morley's *English Men of Letters*, pp. 12, 13.

peculiarity in the title-page of another work by Vander Noodt which was published in English in the same year with the *Theatre* (1569)—viz., “Governance and preservation of them that feare the Plage. Set forth by John Vandernoote, Physician and Surgion, admitted by the Kynge his highnesse. Now newly set forth at the request of William Barnard, of London, Draper, 1569. Imprinted at London, by Willyam How for Abraham Veale in Paules churchyard at the Signe of the Lambe.” “Set forth” cannot be taken for ‘translated’ or ‘composed in English,’ seeing it is repeated below as = published. So that there really is no evidence whatever to show that Vander Noodt commanded enough of English to write it idiomatically. Besides, even were there proof—which there is not—that he had himself written the epistle-dedicatory of the *Theatre* in English, and himself translated or composed in English the *Governance*, to write English prose is one thing and English ‘blank’ and rhymed verse another. And not only so, but for a foreigner to so translate into ‘blank verse’ superior to Surrey’s blank verse rendering of the second and third books of the *Aeneid* (1557), and to Gascoigne’s *Steele Glaske* (1575), would have been a literary phenomenon without precedent known to me.*

(c) It has not been observed, or at least accentuated, that the Petrarch Visions of 1569 are already in rhyme, and substantially the same as those published in 1591.

* A copy of the *Governance* is in the British Museum Library. The English is much like that of Roest’s translation of the *Theatre*. Professor Craik first noticed the *Governance* in his *Spenser and his Poetry*, i. 18-19.

Yet both (Vol. III., p. 231) are equally claimed by Vander Noodt. Any argument, therefore, that rests upon Vander Noodt's 'claim' must make him the author of the rhymed series as well.

(d) Looking closely into the Petrarch series, it will be felt that their style is decisively that of Spenser in his early manner. I open *ad aperturam libri*, and read this:—

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
 An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
 With side long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
 Sterne free, and front full of Saturnlike awe;
 Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
 Powrd forth a water, whose out gushing flood
 R in bathing all the creakie shore allot,
 Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood;
 And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
 To two young babes: his left the Palme tree stout,
 His right hand did the peicefull Olive wield,
 And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.
 Sudden both *Palme* and *Olive* fell away,
 And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay

(Vol. III., pp. 210-11.)

Character and cadence are pre-eminently Spenserian here and throughout. That a Fleming, who employed a translator for his prose, could have written this Sonnet, or one line of any of them, is such a stretch of fantastic criticism as may take rank with Tübingen or Berlin or Paris in Biblical or Homeric regions.

(e) While aware that we have no *evidence* that Spenser authenticated Ponsonby's volume, it would surely be a great rashness to suppose that he admitted into the *Complaints* a series written by Vander Noodt. Besides, the other immortal poems of the 1591

volume—the Spenser-authorship of which nobody has ever impugned—have no more authentication than the Sonnets of 1569 transferred to it; whilst there is this further consideration, that not only are there epistles-dedicatory furnished for the several pieces—among the most precious of these—but the whole series of sonnets—independent of the rhyme in what previously were ‘blank verse’—reveal an author’s revision.

(f) The Spenserian authorship is by far the most natural solution of the problem. The blank verse, as well as the rhymed series of 1569, with all their notableness and promise, bear traces of youth and inexperience. They are what a precocious and fluent boy might fling off, especially when one considers how soon Spenser must have begun to compose in order to produce the long series of poems lost and published, produced by 1579. Further: that he should turn his own blank verse into rhyme—no doubt soon after 1569-71—is a more natural thing than that he should do so with another’s blank verse, even had Vander Noodt by some miracle been able to write blank verse transmutable into Spenserian rhyme with such singular economy of alteration, and with the result that no one could (*meo iudicio*) ever discover that the whole texture of the rhymed form was not by the author of the *Visions of the World’s Vanitie* published with them.

(g) Hence also the words “formerly translated,” before the Petrarch series, assume their natural sense—which I did not perceive before (in Vol. III., p. 229). These Sonnets were republished from the book of 1569, the Bellay set were not. It was inevitable that Spenser

any time after 1569 should feel—what we to-day feel—that his blank verse was rather monotonous and crude; and this being so, neither he nor Ponsonby would hardly care to draw attention—other than in this slight re-claiming way—to the primary form, when presenting these *Visions* with whatever attraction rhyme could confer. Let it also be kept in firm recollection that the 1591 volume not only went bodily into the collected Works of Spenser—probably supervised by his friend Gabriel Harvey—but that the same publisher published *Colin Clout* in 1595, the *Amoretti and Epithalamum* in 1595, the *Four Hymnes* in 1596, and the *Prothalamion* in 1596; and yet with this fourfold opportunity of disavowing the “Sonnets,” there was not the slightest hint of such disavowal. This is decisive to me as to the authenticity of the entire volume of 1591.

(h) It is surely allowable to give Vander Noodt the benefit of meaning by “I have turned” and “I have translated” no more than that he had got translations made, or at most that he had prepared translations into English prose of the Bellay and Petrarch pieces, to be dealt with by an Englishman, and which were dealt with by Edmund Spenser.⁵ This being so, I must hold the Westminster Reviewer (vol. xxxi., New Series, 1869, pp. 133-50) as needlessly harsh in his verdict when he writes—“Few would infer from this title that the best part of the book—the translations from

⁵ It may be noted here that for the words *ut supra* the French *Le Théâtre* of 1768 thus runs—“Or les autres dix visions ou hymnes, sont décrites par Joachin du Bellay, Gentilhomme François, lesquelles faisant à nostre propos n’ay icy inseré . . .” (Sign E. viij).

Petrarch and Bellay—consists of the unacknowledged production of another author; and that this unknown pharisee, whilst preaching the most austere piety, was practising the basest literary dishonesty. There can, however, be no reasonable doubt that such was the case" (p. 139).

Before passing to another and wholly new aspect of the John Vander Noodt problem, it may interest Spenserians to have these details in the *Theatre* and other books of the somewhat eminent Fleming.*

First, no "Brabant" or "Dutch" translation of Petrarch or Bellay is known to have existed in 1569, and the earliest of the *Theatre* containing these Sonnets is Cologne 1572. So that Roest Vander Noodt's statement is misleading. If it did exist, it must have been singularly faithful to allow Vander Noodt (in such case) to reproduce the Canzone with so much fidelity to the Italian.†

The first French translation of the *Theatre* now extant is the following, which appears to have been Roest's text—"Le Theatre avquel sont exposés & monstrés les inconveniens & miserés qui suiuent les mondains & vicieux par Jean Vander Noodt." At end—"Imprimé en la ville de Londres chez Jean Day 1568." The Epistle-dedicatory to Queen Elizabeth is dated from "Londres, le 28 d'Octobre, l'An 1568. De V. M. Tres-humble serf Jean Vander Noot." Comparing the French with the English translation, it is found that there are a number

* See Appendix D to this Life for more on Vander Noodt from various sources, foreign and home.

† I take the opportunity of preserving here a Spanish version

of singular interpolations in the English against the Papists, as well as Sonnets and other slighter bits of the original left untranslated.

The following books are also by Vander Noodt—
 (a) “Cort Begryp der XII. Boeken Olympiados beschreven deyr J. Jan Vander Noot, Patritivs van Antwerpen. Abregé des dooze livres Olympiades composez par le S. Jehan Vander Noot, Patrice d’Anvers. En Anvers, Giles Vanden Rade, 1579 (4to)” — in Flemish and French. Sonnets prefixed celebrate the author as “O diuin Vander Noot, de ta Dame tant chere.” (b) “Hymne de Braband, 1580” (folio—with his portrait in wood). (c) “Divers œuvres poetiques” 1581 (folio—with portrait in wood). (d) “Verscheyden Poetische Werken Van J. Jan Vander Noot, Patri. Van Antwerpen. Diuers Œuvres poetiques du Sr. J. Vander Noot, patrice d’Anvers. En Anvers, Giles

of Sonnet 3 of *The Ruines of Rome*, by Bellay, made by Quevedo, and which runs very closely, in parts, with Spenser’s:—

A Roma Sepultada en sui Ruinas.
 Bucas en Roma à Roma, o peregrino,
 Y. en Roma misma à Roma no las trallas :
 Cadáver son las que ostentó murallas,
 Y. tumba de si propio el Aventino.
 Yace donde reinaba el Palatino ;
 Y limadas del tiempo las medallas,
 Mas se muestran destrozo á las batallas
 De las edades, que blason latino.
 Solo el Tiber quedó, cuya corriente,
 Si ciudad la regó, ya sepultura
 La llora con funesto son doliente.
 O Roma ! en tu grandeza en tu hermosura
 Huyó lo que era firme, y solamente
 Lo fugitivo permanece y dura.

(Poesias Escogidas de O. Francisco de Quevedo
 y de D. Luis de Góngora. Madrid, 1821.)

vanden Rade, 1581" [altered in Bodleian copy to 1583].

I will now take it for granted that to Edmund Spenser and not to Vander Noodt or Theodore Roest belong the "blank verse" afterwards rhymed and the rhymed-revised Sonnets of 1569 and 1591. But this is more than a "Curiosity of Literature." It is a central fact in the story of our national Literature, and specifically in the story of the origin and progress of that "blank verse" which was predestined soon to grow so mighty and marvellous an instrument in the hands of Christopher Marlowe and Shakespeare, and onward of Milton, Cowper, and Wordsworth. By the achievement of these "blank verse" Sonnets and the rhymed Petrarch Sonnets, young Spenser gave promise of that supremacy which he ultimately asserted over Surrey and other early Singers.

Is it conceivable that thus quickened and fired by John Vander Noodt, there should be no note of their 'acquaintance' or friendship in later writings of Spenser? I trow not. The mystery to myself is that none should ever have sought for such 'note,' or so much as approached the discovery of it. When I was passing the *Shepherd's Calendar* through the press (Vol. II.)—necessarily studying every line and word critically and vigilantly—it struck me that surely Biographers and Editors and Commentators had missed a very manifest thing—viz., that in the Eclogue for "September" we have John Vander Noodt introduced as one of the interlocutors, "Diggon Davie" (with "Hobbinol" or Gabriel Harvey). To begin with, this Eclogue—like "May"—is more archaic than the others. This I

believe was not by mere reminiscence of the *Vision of William concerning Piers the Ploughman*, though Spenser's avowed love for Langland here and elsewhere has led him to use some of his words ; but the very palpable provincialism of the speaker must be set down as intended to represent Vander Noodt's broken or imperfect or book-learned English. Let Kirke's "Glosse" on this be pondered : "The Dialect and phrase of speech in this Dialogue seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the partie herein ment, who beeing verie friend to the Authour hereof, had bene long in forrain countreys, and there scene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinol" (Vol. II., p. 220). Edward Kirke in this, as in other instances, was only half-informed ; but the phrase "the partie herein ment, who beeing verie friend to the Authour hereof, *had bene long in forrain countreys,*" most aptly describes John Vander Noodt, who, in his Preface to his *Governance* boasts that he had "bene in Italy, Lombardy, Poelles [Apulia] and Low Countries *by the space of many years.*" It is important to adduce his account of himself here—"To the honour of Almighty God, and profit of all Christen people, and to maintain health in the hole bodies, and to remedy them that are corrupt and infest with the infection of the pestilence, I John Vandernote, Phisician and Surgin, admitted by the King his Highness, and sworn unto my Lord of Suffolk his Grace, now abiding at the late Grey Friars in London, do think it meet to wright certain things concerning the pestilence, as well drawn out of divers autentic doctors and experimentes as of mine own

experience, being conversant and a minister (under God) in the said infection in Rome, Italy, Lombardy, Poelles [Apulia], and Low Countries, by the space of many years." Then, more important still, what is his *Theatre of Worldlings* but a detailed account of just such "many disorders" as are verse-described by him in this Eclogue? the burden of which, as set forth in the "Argument," is to tell of a "faire country" whence "Diggon Davie" had returned, and "the abuses whereof, and loose living of popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinol's demaund, he discovereth at large." The critical student will turn and read and re-read the entire Eclogue; but one quotation will here suffice:—

DIGGON.

In forreine costes, men said, was plentic :
 And so there is, but all of miserie.
 I dempt there much to have éeked my store,
 But such eeking hath made my heart sore.
 In tho countries, where I have bene,
 No béeing for those, that truely mene,
 But for such, as of guile maken gaine,
 No such countrey, as there to remaine.
 They setten to sale their shops of shame,
 And maken a Mart of their good name.
 The shepheardes there robben one another,
 And layen baytes to beguile her brother.
 Or they will buye his sheepe forth of the cote,
 Or they will caruen the sheapheards throte.
 The shepheardes swaine you cannot well ken,
 But it be by his pride, from other men :
 They looken bigge as Bulles, that béne bate,
 And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
 As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

So throughout, the whole is a passionate indictment of Popery, exactly reflecting the *Theatre*. Surely all

this goes still more to confirm the Spenserian authorship of the 1569 "Sonnets"?* It need hardly be notified that "Diggon Davie" is described as a "shepherd" in common with all in the *Calendar*, and that, as invariably, there are disguising touches. But in my judgment the "verie friend" was unquestionably Vander Noodt. One thinks all the more of Spenser that he thus warmly celebrated his early patron-friend. It must be added, finally, that the Flemish biographers of Vander Noodt all state that he formed an intimate friendship with Spenser. (See *Biografisch Woordenboek*, door Huberts et Elberts, p. 384.)

IV. AT THE UNIVERSITY, 1569—1576.

"The aims and ends of burning youth."—*Measure for Measure* i. 4.

THE *Theatre of Worldlings* has its preface or epistle-dedicatory dated "23rd May," 1569; but it must have passed slowly through the press of Henry Bynneman, for it was not 'entered' at Stationers' Hall until fully a couple of months later, as thus:—

22^d July 1569
Receyvd of henry bynnyman for his lycense for pryntinge of
a boke intituled *theatric or mirror* vjd†

An entry in the *Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell* (as before) thus runs (p. 160):—

28 Aprill [1569] To Edmond spensore scholler of the m'chante
tayler school^s at his gowinge to penbrocke hall in cham-
bridge x^s

In agreement with this he is found to have 'matri-

* "Roffy" of this Eclogue has been as strangely misunderstood. This I shall show onward.

† Arber, as before, i. 398.

culated' as "sizar" at Pembroke Hall on 20th May, 1569.

En passant, attention to these dates of leaving School and entering Pembroke Hall will convince that it is quite impossible that our Poet could be either of the two contemporary Spencers named in these two places.

(a) In the books of the treasurer of the Queen's chamber—"Payde upon a bill signed by Mr. Secretarye, dated at Wyndsor xviiij^o Octobris 1569, to Edmonde Spencer that brought lres to the Queenes Ma^{tie} from Sir Henrye Norrys, knighte, her Mat^s Embassador in Fraunce, being then at Towars in the sayd Realme, for his charges, the some of vj^{li} xiiij^s iiij^d over and besides ix^{li} prēs'ted to hym by Sir Henrye Norrys."

(b) In verse-letters or addresses by George Turberville from Russia "about the same period" to "Mr. Spencer." These plainly imply that the recipient was in some way or other engaged in merchandise and interested in business-news from the land of the Czar. With so many Spencers then living—literally scores on scores in London alone—it is absurd to fix these rubbishy rhymes as addressed to our Spenser.*

George Vertue (as before) writes after "Sizar"—"Quadrantarius," meaning thereby (I suppose) that this class of undergraduate had very little coin. The biography of England—both *Athenææ*, of Anthony à

* In the Calendar of State Papers various Spencers appear engaged in the public service: *e.g.*, from 1560 to 1577 one "Mr. Spencer" is found coming and going along the coasts, and to and from France. His name turns out to be "Richard," and a "James Spencer" was Master of the Ordnance. A John and William followed, up to 1591.

Wood and the Coopers—give abundant evidence that the foremost University names were enrolled as “sizars.” Richard Hooker, Launcelot Andrewes, Thomas Cartwright, Richard Sibbes, Jeremy Taylor, meet my eye in a hasty glance. It simply meant that this class of student was without “patrimony.” In not a few cases they were younger sons and brothers with as “gentle blood” as their elders. There can be no doubt that Spenser was “poor,” and that the often-recurring word in the Nowell MS. was literally true. For so early as 7th November, 1570, we have this pathetic entry (p. 172):—

To Richard Laughner and Edmond Spenser towe poor scholars
of Pembrock haule vj^s a peace, in the whole xij^s, by the
handes of Mr. Thomas Newce fellow of the same howse . xij^s

In retrospect of our argumentative evidence for the Spenserian authorship of the Sonnets in the *Theatre of Worldlings*, it is clear that, however humble his circumstances, Master Edmund went to Cambridge as no common youth. “He must have gone,” observes Dean Church, “with a faculty of verse, which for his time may be compared to that with which winners of prize poems go to the universities now. But there was this difference, that the schoolboy versifiers of our days are rich with the accumulated experience and practice of the most varied and magnificent poetical literature in the world; while Spenser had but one really great English model behind him; and Chaucer, honoured as he was, had become in Elizabeth’s time, if not obsolete, yet in his diction very far removed from the living language of the day. Even Milton, in his boyish compositions, wrote after Spenser and Shakespeare,

with their contemporaries, had created modern English poetry. Whatever there was in Spenser's early verses of grace and music was of his own finding: no one of his own time, except in occasional and fitful snatches, like stanzas of Sackville's, had shown him the way" (p. 14).

We may be sure that when, a few months after his 'matriculation,' the *Theatre of Worldlings* was published, Henry Bynneman or John Vander Noodt saw to a gift-copy being sent to Pembroke Hall for the young verse 'Translator'; and equally that the choice spirits of his college and of other colleges would partake of his bookish enjoyment, not without relish of the quaint woodcuts by which the 'Sonnets' were illustrated, or which the 'Sonnets' interpreted. John Vander Noodt and Theodore Roest were then in London, and one sighs in vain for "letters commendatory."

It was a curious world into which, half-way on in 1569 ("in the merry month of May"), Edmund Spenser was introduced. By no means a world on whose stage moved "great men" such as earlier and later the University of Cambridge had. The *Athenæ Cantabrigienses* has no outstanding names of the period. Some of the martyr-bishops were still living and lustrous memories. 'Pembroke,' in particular, remembered proudly as of her sons JOHN BRADFORD and EDMUND GRINDAL (Archbishop of Canterbury), JAMES PILKINGTON (Bishop of Durham), and NICHOLAS RIDLEY (Bishop of London), and JOHN ROGERS (*alias* Thomas Matthews); and a few—very few—other still quick names of other colleges were traditions. But regarded broadly, there were no dominant intellects, no sovran spirits, no pre-eminent scholars, no "golden tongues."

One statesmanly man—venerable in this nineteenth century as in the sixteenth and seventeenth—THOMAS CARTWRIGHT—the largest and most strenuous soul, and most learned of his time—elected “Lady Margaret Professor” contemporaneous with Spenser’s ‘matriculation,’ was insanely “deprived” and sent a fugitive to Geneva, albeit he returned ere very long, as Whitgift found to his cost. One instinctively pauses over a name so august and a manhood so colossal and a life so uncompromising and consecrate. He stands “for all time” *the* representative of Puritanism at its grandest and purest. The University seethed with theological-ecclesiastical controversies, as the Nation outside with political. Elizabeth and her ministers were disturbed, if we may not say ‘perplexed,’ by the thick-coming rumours of audacious speaking by the “younger men” on points that were forbidden and striking at the powers that were of God (so the phrasing ran). Whitgift—afterwards Archbishop—Master first of “Pembroke” and then of “Trinity,” was Vice-Chancellor of the University; but he had no governing faculty. Timorous and obsequious, he generalized all slightest claim of ‘reform’ into ‘innovation.’ Practically he was at one with Cartwright in opinion and sentiment; but he dared not side with “Calvinists” and Puritans. He in his heart hated Rome as he hated Spain, but he became a Mr. Facing Bothways, until he lost caste, even common respect—as in History still.

Thus the “newe poete” was born into a heated atmosphere. But judging from his associates—GABRIEL HARVEY and EDWARD KIRKE, RICHARD LANGHERNE (not Laugher, as mis-spelled in Nowell MS.) and THOMAS

DRANT, JOHN STILL, THOMAS PRESTON, and JOHN VANDER NOODT,—and from his after-utterances, EDMUND SPENSER was not so much æsthetic or Platonic or dreamy as to be unconcerned about the duel that was being fought out between Puritanism and Anglo-Popery. He was a "beautiful spirit," naturally tranquil, meditative, contemplative, but after the type of St. John intensely human, and liable to tempestuous self-assertion when principle or friend was at hazard. He has been styled an adherent of "conforming puritanism in the Church, as opposed to the extreme and thorough-going puritanism of Cartwright."* I can find no sign of this anywhere, in either his Verse or Prose. Contrariwise, wherever he pronounces on matters that divided Conformist and Nonconformist, he is sharp and vehement against Popery and against mere official Churchism: *e.g.*, no one has spoken more drastically of the "Church Established" in Ireland, as no portraits of 'prelates' and other dignitaries are less flattering than those taken by him and woven into the imperishable tapestry of his poetry. I grant that, as with many contemporaries, it was mainly practical abuses—church-laziness, church-torpor, church-deadness, church-earthlymindedness—that stung him, as it was church-fidelity, church-integrity, church-laboriousness, church "beauty of holiness" that won his heart. Again it has been said, "For the stern austerities of Calvinism, its fierce and eager scholasticism, its isolation from human history, human enjoyment, and all the manifold play and variety of human character, there *could not be* much sympathy in a man like Spenser, with his easy

* Dean Church (as before), p. 15.

and flexible nature, keenly alive to all beauty, an admirer even when he was not a lover of the alluring pleasures of which the world is full, with a perpetual struggle going on in him, between his strong instincts of purity and right, and his passionate appreciation of every charm and grace;" . . . "and from their narrow view of life, and the contempt, dislike, and fear, with which they regarded the whole field of human interest, he certainly was parted by the widest gulf."* But all this is the familiar bogey-portrait of Calvinism—not the Calvinism of John Calvin or of the great Puritans. Anything may be spun out of a "could not be." The simple matter-of-fact is, that by origin and kinship Spenser was born and nurtured a Puritan of the grave and 'sober,' an' you will, 'solemn' sort; but this type of Puritan was "keenly alive to all beauty," only preferring a tincture of holiness in all, and held the Lord's Day as no bondage but "perfect freedom," and could laugh right well, and bandy "quip and crank," and jest pleasantly. Even John Calvin and John Knox played a game of bowls of a Sunday afternoon. These misconceptions of Puritanism as it was lived out on such freeholds as Hurstwood and "The Spensers," and by some of the supremest of Englishmen and Englishwomen, are mere caricatures—false historically, false ethically, false humanly. The sunniest, blithest, heavenliest homes of England were the homes of the godly Puritans. Historically, England's and the world's strongest, truest, bravest souls have been Calvinists and Puritans. I find your (so-called) broad views of the narrowest, and so-called narrow

Dean Church, as before, pp. 16—17.

views wide as God's love and God's Bible and universal man's need. When such an one as Dean Church so misjudges and misestimates the Puritanism of the sixteenth century, one feels bound to protest—with reasons given—though abating no "jot or tittle" of regard for a Churchman otherwise so catholic and open-eyed and lovable. Ben Jonson's absurd gossip-statement that by the "Blatant Beast" Spenser meant Puritanism, is not for a moment to be credited. Everywhere it is seen to be the "Beast" of the Apocalypse, or Popery; and that Roman Catholics have discerned wrathfully down to our own day. Moreover his semi-neutral attitude in "Maye," "Julye," and "September," while characteristic of his naturally Erasmian rather than Lutheran temperament, must be looked at in the light and warmth of the "Glosses," which he indubitably sanctioned.* I am the more importunate on this because I hold that it is fundamentally to misunderstand Edmund Spenser not to discern that beneath all his equability or serenity there beat a singularly passionate heart, a nature bristling as a porcupine with sharpest quills for any who dared to attack or neglect or misunderstand him. There are manifold proofs that he could love intensely and permanently and tenderly. There are as manifold proofs that he was a good hater as well. More of this hereafter.

The Master of Pembroke Hall, whilst Spenser was in residence, was John Young, afterwards Bishop of Rochester—"and thereby hangs a tale"—as will be seen onward, with new details. Master Spenser pro-

* Cf. Mr. Palgrave's Essay in Vol. IV., p. xlviij, etc.; though, as above, I respectfully differ.

ceeded B.A. 1572-3, and commenced M.A. 1576. He gained no Fellowship, and there is no shred of memorial to show how he occupied himself academically. I fear he was valetudinarian. I am favoured with the following hitherto overlooked entries in the Books of Pembroke College in the years of Spenser's residence. They are all of "allowances to the men when ill." I give them *in extenso*, as they reveal to us his (undistinguished) fellow-students.*

1570	Jackon Tendall dale	1571	Langherne Spenser Andrewes	1574	Nevil Farr Andrewes
	<i>It. Spenser agrot. u sept. c. di. ii. v. l.</i>		<i>[= per Spenser ill for 2½ weeks, 2s. 6d.]</i>		
Fellow	Harvey Osborne Hoult		Hales Nevil Tendall		Dove Bousfield (Plague year)
<i>It. Langherne c.</i>	<i>Spenser p. iii. sept. vi. viii^l</i>	1572	Tendall		
<i>It. " "</i>	<i>" p. iv. sept. iii. iv^l</i>				<i>[= Langherne and Spenser ill for 4 weeks, 6s. 8d.; 2 weeks, 3s. 4d.]</i>
	Newell Goter Simpson Freak		Newell Andrewes [ill several times] Wylford (pupil)	1575	Harvey Newell Downe (pupil)
<i>3d quarter: It. Spenser agrotanti p. vii. sept. v. x^l.</i>					
	Browne Newell Tendall Hales	1573	Osborne Harvie Crane Robinson Alexander		
Chevallier Fellow	Langherne Lindley		Jackson Tendall Flower Lawhern Hoult Nive	1576	Farr Flower Pratt Hardy Lomax Smith Locking, or Lavinger Halle Bearham
			<i>[= Langherne ?]</i>		<i>[pupil]</i>
<i>3d quarter: It. D. Spenser pro vi sept. v. [D = Dominus or B.A.]</i>			Browne Far		

* I owe hearty thanks to the present Master of Pembroke and to Mr. R. A. Neil, M.A., for their kindness in this and other related matters.

The allowances average about 'x^d' per week, and Spenser was thus several times 'ægrot.' for a number of weeks at a time.

It will be seen that GABRIEL HARVEY and ANDREWES and his associate at Merchant-Tailors'—RICHARD LANGHERNE*—were among those who shared the "allowances" in sickness with Spenser.

From the *Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey*, A.D. 1573—1580 (Camden Society, 1884) we get glimpses into a singular and discreditable 'warfare' that was waged in Pembroke Hall whilst Spenser was there and subsequently. Gabriel Harvey was dead-set against when he sought to 'commence' M.A. In extraordinarily voluble and minatory Letters—addressed to the Master (Dr. John Young) this oddest personality of his University—immortally and inexorably gibbeted by Thomas Nashe spite of his friendship with Sidney and Spenser—recounts such ingenuity and perversity and malignancy of opposition as were incredible if the evidence were not irresistible. I do not know that it would profit anybody to reopen the musty controversy in this place. Suffice it that Gabriel Harvey won against his opponents, and thenceforward dated his

* I take the following from my note in the *Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell* on this name—"Rychard Laughner, vicar of Edmunton": "This name is mis-written, even by Dean Nowell. As is proved by his Will (preserved in the Consistory Court of the Bishop of London), his name was Richard Langherne (spelled by Newcourt, 'Langhorne'). His Will is dated 10th August, 1570, and proved 7th October in the same year. He calls himself vicar of Edmunton. He left sons, Thomas, Richard, and John; and a daughter Katherine, wife of William Hayward. His wife Edith was his executrix. He directed that he was to be buried in the Chancel of Edmunton Church. His son 'Richard' is the Richard of our MS." (p. 95).

letters from his "victorie." It is to be suspected that the same 'set' of Harvey's opponents were in antagonism to Spenser, and that he withdrew in half-chagrin, half-disgust from the University and the ignoble strife. This, and not a legendary failure in competition with (afterwards) Bishop Lancelot Andrewes—whose competitor was Dove, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough—explains the non-fellowship and withdrawal.*

Besides the side-light thrown on Spenser's academic experience, the *Letter-Book* yields other facts for subsequent use. Then, in Harvey's Letter of the "Earthquake" (1580) there is such a vivid picture of the occupations and oppositions—multiplied tempests in smallest of teapots—as sheds back light on the University-life of Spenser, and explains how there would be no great reluctance to snap the ties that bound him to Cambridge, even supposing he could have continued. I do not know that I can more memorably than by quoting this Letter, set the academic 'life' of the University, before present-day Readers; the more readily because while snippets have been taken from Harvey's Letters by Biographers, they have been strangely overlooked substantively. They are by no means 'beautiful' letters; but one is bound to receive them as they are, and *certes* from no other source is such a shaft of light opened on the every-day ongoings and occupations of the University of the period. With a kind of half-reluctance to reproduce such a long and ungainly and repellent quotation, yet feeling that I have no choice, it follows here. Addressing Spenser as "Im-

* See Harvey's *Letter-Book*, as before, pp. 1—54.

merito," after recounting his own literary studies and intentions, he thus breaks forth:—

"But I beseech you what newes al this while at Cambridge? That was wont to be ever one great Question. What? *Det mihi*, etc. . . . May Alma Mater herself grant to me the kind favour that it may be lawful to me to reveal some of her secrets to some one person, a most dutiful son from her own lap; and thus have it in a few words. For elsewhere perhaps I might put it in more words. Now it does not please me, there is no time, it would be troublesome. . . . Tully and Demosthenes nothing so much studied, as they were wonte: Livie and Salust possiblye rather more than lesse: Lucian never so much: Aristotle muche named, but little read: Xenophon and Plato, reckned amongst Discourers, and conceited Superficiall fellowes: much verball and sophisticall iangling: little subtile and effectuall disputing: noble and royall Eloquence, the best and persuasiblest Eloquence: No such Orators againe, as red-headed Angelles: An exceeding greate difference, betweene the countenances, and portes of those, that are brave and gallaunt, and of those, that are basely, or meanly apparelled: betwene the learned and unlearned, Tully, and Tom Tooly, in effect none at all.

"Machiavell a great man: Castilio of no small reputation: Petrarch, and Boccace in every mans mouth: Galateo and Guazzo never so happy: over many acquainted with Unico Aretino: The French and Italian when so highly regarded of Schollers? The Latine and Greeke, when so lightly? The Queene Mother at the beginning, or ende of everye conference: many bargaines of Mounsieur: Shymeirs a noble gallant fellowe: all inquisitive after Newes, newe Bookes, newe Fashions, newe Lawes, newe Officers, and some after newe Elementes, and some after newe Heavens, and Helles to. Turkishe affaires familiarly known: Castels buried in the Ayre: muche adoe, and little helpe: Iacke would fain be a Gentlemanne: in no age so little so muche made of, every one highly in his owne favour, thinking no mans penny so good silver as his own: Something made of Nothing, in spite of Nature: Numbers made of Ciphars, in spite of Arte: Geometricall Proportion seldome, or never used, Arithmetically overmuch abused: Oxen and Asses (notwithstanding the absurditie it seemed to Plautus) draw both together in one, and the same Yoke: *Conclusio, ferè sequitur deteriorem partem*. The Gospell taughte, not learned: Charitie key colde: nothing good, but by Imputation: the Ceremoniall Lawe, in worde abrogated: the Iudiciall in effecte disannulled: the Morall indeede abandoned: the Lighte, the Lighte in every

mans Lippes, but marke me their eyes, and tell me, if they looke not liker Howlets, or Battes, than Egles : as of olde Bookes, so of auntient Vertue, Honestie, Fidelitie, Equitie, newe Abridgements : every day freshe, span newe Opinions : Heresie in Divinitie, in Philosophie, in Humanitie, in Manners, grounded muche upon heresay : Doctors contemned : the Text knowen of moste, understood of fewe : magnified of all, practised of none : the Divell not so hated, as the Pope : many Invectives, small amendment : Skill they Say controlled of Will : and Goodnesse mastered of Goods : but Agent, and Patient muche alike, neither Parrell greatly better Herring : No more adoe aboute Cappes and Surplesses : Maister Cartwright nighe forgotten : The man you wot of, conformable, with his square Cappe on his rounde heade : and Non resident at pleasure : and yet Non-residents never better bayted, but not one the fewer, either I beleeve in Acte, or I beleeve in Purpose. A nūber of our Preachers sibbe to French Souldiors : at the first, more than Men, in the end lesse than Women. Some of our pregnantest and soonest ripe Wits, of Hermogenes mettall for al the world : Olde men and Counsailours amongst Children : Children amongst Counsailours, and olde men : Not a fewe dubble sacred Tani, and changeable Camelions : over-manye Claw-backes and Pickethanks : Reedes shaken of everie Wind : lackes of bothe sides : Aspen leaves : painted Sheathes, and Sepulchres : Asses in Lions skins : Dunglecockes : slipperye Eles : Dormise : I blush to thinke of some, that weene themselves as fledge as the reste, being God wot, as kallowe as the rest : every yonker to speake of as politique, and as great a Commonwealths man as Bishoppe Gardner, or Doctor Wutton at the least : as if everie man nowe adayes having the framing of his own Horoscope, were borne in *decimo caeli domicilio*, and had at the Wit, Wisedome, and Worshippe in the world at commaundement. *Sed hens in aurem : Meministi quod ait Varro? Omnes videntur nobis esse belli, festivi saperde, cum sumus Canopi* : Dauid, Ulisses, and Solon, fayned themselves fooles and madmen : our fooles and madmen faine themselves Davids, Ulisses, and Solons : and would goe nigh to deceive the cunningest, and best experienced Metaposcopus in a country : It is pity faire weather should ever do hurt, but I know what peace and quietnes hath done with some melancholy pickstrawes in the world : as good unspoken as unameded."

In 1576 our Poet finally left his University. He "turns aside" in the *Faery Queen* to laud it, though no tribute is paid to his College anywhere. Singing

of the "plenteous Ouse," he tells how "by Huntingdon and Cambridge" it "doth flit"; and then we have this wistful recollection:—

My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
 He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
 With many a gentle Muse and many a learned Wit.
 (B. IV. c. xi., st. 26, 34, 35.)

Most noticeable is it that Spenser and Milton were alike in their general admiration for their University united with specific grudge against their College. Dr. Perne, Vice-Chancellor of the University, in the case of Spenser was the 'adversary.' Gabriel Harvey writes as follows of him, with characteristic vituperativeness, and perhaps colouring his tirade with his own personal grievances, at the close of his *Short but Sharpe and Learned Iudgment of Earthquakes*—addressed to Spenser as "Immerito"—on 7th April, 1580—

"And wil you needes have my Testimoniall of your olde Controllers new behavior? A busy and dizzy heade, a brazen forehead: a ledden braine: a wooden wit: a copper face: a stony breast: a factious and elvish heart: a founder of novelties: a confounder of his owne, and his friends good gifts: a morning booke-worm, an after-none maltworm: a right luggler, as Ful of his sleights, wyles, fetches, casts of Legerdemaine, toyes to mocke Apes withal, odde shiftes, and knavish practizes, as his skin can holde. He often telleth me, he looveth me as himselfe; but out lyar out, thou lyst abhominably in thy throate."

The term 'Controller' suggests some violation of University rules by Spenser and consequent 'discipline,' which he resented; or perhaps it came of overstringency in dictating adherence to a given line of study. I suspect the latter from Harvey's further allusions in the same Letter. He disguises his 'gossip' or 'news' in Latin; but here is the English of it, revealing a sorry

condition of the University only a short time after Spenser's departure. He thus writes first in English:—

“ Jesu, I had nigh hand forgotten one thing that ywis, sometime I think often enough upon: Many Pupils, Jacke-mates and Hayle Fellowes wel met, with their Tutors, and by your leave, some too, because forsooth they be Gentlemen, or great heires, or a little neater or gayer than their fellowes (shall I say it for shame? beleeve me tis too true) their very Tutors.”

Then he passes into Latin—“ Ah mala Licentia, ab initio,” etc.* Referring elsewhere for the Latin, it thus runs, with a few words intercalated:—

“ Ah evil license! from the beginning it was not so. Foolish is all yonkerly learning, without a certain manly discipline. As if indeed for the poor *boys* only; [Spenser was a ‘poor boy,’ a sizar—and now Harvey and he were men] and not much more for well-born and noble youth, were suited *the strictness of that old system of teaching and training*, both ingenuous and wise and learned and thoroughly fitted as well to the person of the Tutor as to the pupil also himself. *Always all things it behoves us to understand*; this will be the sharpest weapon: *Other things [are] mostly as of old. War uninterrupted between the Heads and the members.* An appearance of wisdom defended in the public Schools, established in private Colleges [Houses], exhibited in all places. To know your own is nothing unless another knows that you know it. Everywhere money becomes of very great importance. Modesty is of little weight. Letters are nothing accounted of. Believe me, it is to be believed by no one. O friend, friend have I none. You will say—What do you do meanwhile? how do you bear yourself? How? The best thing is to enjoy the folly of other people. I see. I hold my tongue. I laugh. I have spoken. And yet I will add what the Satirist says—You must live correctly as well for very many reasons as chiefly for these causes, that you may despise the tongues of slaves.”†

* See Harvey's Works in HUTH LIBRARY, for the complete text of all the Letters. Lowell, in his fine paper on Spenser, supposes that it was his own wrongs only Harvey had in mind, and that in his self-absorption he associated the poet with himself in all his grudges (*N. Am. Rev.*, April 1875, p. 348): but ‘*your olde Controller*’ (p. 41) cannot be thus explained away.

V. IN NORTH-EAST LANCASHIRE, AND "ROSALIND."
1576-7.

"... the lunatic, the lover, and the poet."—*Midsummer Night's Dream* v. 1.

OUR localization of the Spensers whence Edmund Spenser sprang (in the Introduction), gives the key to his place of retirement on leaving the University. In his "Glosse" on the sixth Eclogue ("June"), Edward Kirke on Hobbinol's (*i.e.* Gabriel Harvey's) summons to "forsake the soyle" (or as in his Letter he put it "*your shier*," as we saw) unmistakably annotates: *—

"*Forsake the soyle.* This is no Poeticall fiction, but unfeynedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for speciall occasion of private affaires (as I have bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, *removing out of the North partes*, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed advised him privately" (Vol. II., pp. 158-9).

There were many Spensers of his House in North-East Lancashire. There were large households, a fecund supply of growing lads and girls, and abundant opportunity for the scholarly student from Cambridge to act as tutor and otherwise make himself of use. Nor was his going North in 1576 a first visit among his relations. His vivid word-picture of his youth-time in the country—reminding of Wordsworth in his *Prelude*—to my eye and ear preserves reminiscences of 'escapes' thither in vacation-time at Merchant Taylors' and at Pembroke Hall. Let us read:—

Whilom in youth, when flowrd my ioyfull spring,
Like swallow swift, I wandred here and there:
For heate of heedelesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.

I went the wastfull woods and forrest wide,
Withouten dread of Woolves to béne espide.

* Introduction, p. xii, and Appendix B.

I woot to raunge amid the mazië thicket,
 And gather nuts to make me Christmas game :
 And joyed oft to chase the trembling Pricket,
 Or hunt the heartlesse hare till she were tame.
 What wreaked I of wintrie ages wast,
 Though deemed I, my spring would ever last.

How often have I scaled the craggie Oke,
 All to dislodge the Raven of her nest ?
 How have I wearied with manie a stroke
 The statelie Walnut tree, the while the rest
 Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife ?
 For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

(Vol. II., pp. 274-5.)

Even a present-day Visitor in the district identifies at once the landscape. At Hurstwood and "The Spensers" and around are still to be seen "the *wastful* woods" — no epithet more electly realistic—and beyond the "Forrest wide" (Pendle forest), even later haunted of "Woolves" and made a "place of dread" by many a legend of encounter with that "fell beaste"; whilst the "craggie oke" lodging "the raven's nest," and specially the "stately walnuts," were (and largely are) *the* trees of the country side. Equally true to the facts is the "hunting" of the "heartlesse hare" and the buck ("pricket"); which again were *the* sports of the gentry of North-East Lancashire. Whatever there is of conventionality (noticed by Mr. Palgrave, as before, p. lix) is derived from Marot; and that only the more accentuates the distinct local touches in the Eclogue.

It could not fail to be a contenting change to the (probably) somewhat ailing and over-worn Student, to return to these scenes of his boyhood in his young-manhood (in 1576 he was in his twenty-fourth year).

We cannot err in assigning to this North-East Lancashire 'abiding,' much of his lost as well as

after-published Poetry. More than likely he had re-worked on the Sonnets of the *Theatre of Worldlings* at the University, and on others that were 'finished' in 1579. But the substance of the *Shepherd's Calendar* and the preparation-flights for the *Faery Queen* ("Masque of Cupid") belong unquestionably to these sequestered summer months in the "North partes."

The primitive simplicities and sanctities of faith and practice, the unique 'characters' for analytic study of "gentle and simple," the long-lingering old-world manners and customs ("superstitions," too), the delicious quietude, and the racy-healthful air and ever open access to nature in greenwood and mountain, scarred by 'glens,' by river-side and along fragrant lanes, on heather-coloured "moorland," and in sunny gardens behind ancient manors and granges, united to educate, discipline and nurture such a temperament as our Poet's. The out-of-door pre-occupation (by God's grace) I doubt not prolonged a fragile life beyond what had else been its still more "immature" term.

Though thus secluded in the "North partes," there is evidence that neither did he cut himself off from academic friends nor cease to be remembered of them. His most-honoured and beloved Gabriel Harvey must have kept up a regular correspondence; for those Letters that have survived—and which in the near sequel will be drawn upon—self-evidently form only fragments of a large whole. I think, too, that he must have been visited by Harvey, if not also by Edward Kirke.

But the "old, old story" came in to give shape and colour to this residence in the "North partes." It was

here and now he met and was taken captive by his "Rosalind."

It is needful to look at this potential episode more closely than has yet been done. Fortunately the same twelfth Eclogue, from which we have fetched his reminiscences of his boy visits to these scenes, is once more our guide. He tells us there—to begin with—that after those sunny days he gave himself up to Poetry—exactly as we have found he did. With mingled modesty and self-consciousness he thus skilfully prepares us for the disturbance that came upon him—like "levin" from a blue sky. I ask the student-Reader who would grasp the whole Facts to turn and read in Vol. II., pp. 275-6, "And for" to "Colin ran."* Into all this rapture and sense of 'growing' faculty of the poet-seer, there broke the passion ("evil passion") of Love. He thus describes the small-staged tragedy, not without gleam of white tears :—

But ah such pride at length was ill repaide,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide,
My frédome lorne, my life he left to mone.
Love they him called, that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

* On "Wrenock," see Note *s.n.* in Glossarial Index. Meanwhile one queries:—Could it be a personification of his college "Pembroke," spelled "Penbrock," which compared with the greater colleges was "Wrenock," = a little wren? At "Pembroke" he cultured his poetical powers, following up the Sonnets of the *Theatre of Worldlings*; and so in a sense his College, in the personification of a shepherd named Wrenock, may be credited as in these lines, and especially l. 6—"Made me by art more cunning in the same."

Tho gan my lovely spring bid me farewell,
 And summer season sped him to display
 (For love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
 The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.
 A comet stird vp that unkindly heate,
 That rained (as men said) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
 When choise I had to choose my wandering way :
 But whither lucke and loves unbridled lore
 Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.
 The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
 The Woods can witnes manie a wofull stoure.

I intercalate—That again here are local touches. Once more, to-day “the Woods” and “the bramble” abound in these parts. The last Summer I sat as “in a bower” beneath a bramble that in these very woods had so clomb up an oak and festooned trunk and branches, as to form a delightful shelter from the almost tropical heat of July. He proceeds :—

Where I was wont to séeke the hony Bée,
 Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame :
 The grieslie Todestoole growne there mought I sée,
 And loathing Paddockes lording on the same.
 And where the chaunting birds luld me a sléepe,
 The gastly Owle her gréevous ynne doth keepe.

These are common to almost every district of England, no doubt ; but as simple matter-of-fact the whole region around Hurstwood and the Pendle district is a bee-country—rows of hives showing in lowliest peasant gardens—and the “grieslie Todestoole,” and the “loathing Paddockes,” and the “chaunting birds,” and the “gastly Owle,” are still everywhere to be observed, save that the “Owle” is more rare than oncc. Now, exactly fitting in with the chronology he continues :—

Then as the spring gives place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruit of summers pride :
 Also my age now passed youthly prime,
 To things of riper reason selfe applide.
 And learned of lighter timber, cotes to frame,
 Such as might save my shéepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
 And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont :
 Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,
 Was better scene, or hurtfull beastes to hont ?
 I learned als the signes of heaven to ken,
 How *Phuibe* failes, where *Venus* sits, and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
 The sodaine rising of the raging seas :
 The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
 The powre of hearbes, both which can hurt and ease :
 And which be wont t'enrage the restlesse shéepe,
 And which be wont to worke eternall sléepe.

I fear that the steam-whistle has frightened away the "Nightingale" from these "North partes,"* if she were not a poetical invention ; but disciples of Isaac Walton can pursue their craft by many trout-streams and pools, and my own lads joined a bevy of village children in "weaving" just such "baskets" of "bulrushes." Faith in "hearbes" ("yarbs" pronounced) is still the creed of to-day, and not for "restlesse sheepe" alone. By the way, I suspect Gabriel Harvey's appeal not only that "Colin" should leave "the soyle," but that it had "bewitched" him, was literally true. It is curious—as our Glossarial Index shows—how frequently Spenser expresses a semi-faith in the 'power' of these very "hearbes" and "spells" and usages and superstitions that prevailed in his family-district. Now comes the full love-story and its effects :—

* The nightingale was very recently heard in Ribblesdale, not far from Blackburn.

But ah unwise and witlesse *Colin Clout*,
 That kydst the hidden kindes of many a weede :
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore heart root,
 Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifely bleede.
 Why livest thou stil, and yet hast thy deaths woude ?
 Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found ?

Thus is my summer worne away and wasted :
 Thus is my harvest hastened all to rathe :
 The eare that budded faire, is burnt and blasted,
 And all my hoped gaine is turned to scathe.
 Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
 Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughs with blossoms that crowned were at first,
 And promised of timely fruit such store :
 Are left both bare and barrein now at erst,
 The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
 And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe :
 My harvest wast, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers, that in my garden grew,
 Béne withered as they had béne gathered long :
 Their rootes béene dried vp for lacke of dewe,
 Yet dewed with teares they han be ever among.
 Ah, who has wrought my *Rosalinde* this spight,
 To spill the flowres, that should her girlond dight ?

And I, that whilome woont to frame my pipe,
 Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote ;
 Sike follies now have gathered as too ripe,
 And cast hem out, as rotten and unsoote.
 The loser Lasse, I cast to please no more,
 One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I have
 Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care ;
 Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
 Cockle for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
 Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be finde,
 All was blowne away of the wavering winde.

By "loser Lasse" I understand his "Muse," his
 Poetry, which henceforward, he thinks in his misery and
 desolateness, he will "cast to please no more." More

pathetic, more passionate—subdued and “held in,” yet humanly real—is the close of this priceless autobiographic Eclogue (Vol. II., pp. 280-1, ll. 127-44).

Onward I meet possible objections to the truthfulness of the Eclogue, from these “old age” traits worked into the portrait. Meanwhile I pursue our reading. The final stanza seeks that “Hobbinol” (Gabriel Harvey) will communicate the rejected Lover’s “farewell”; and this absence of “Rosalind” from Lancashire harmonizes exactly with Michael Drayton’s incidental celebration of her as “among the Cotswold hills” near Harvey, with other ‘beauties’—as elsewhere shown: *—

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,
 Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare;
 Adieu my little lambes and loued shéepe,
 Adieu ye woods, that oft my witness were:
 Adieu good *Hobbinoll*, that was so true,
 Tell *Rosalinde*, her Colin bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

Vivitur ingenio: cætera mortis erunt.

In my Essay “Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?” (Vol. III., pp. lxxii—cvii) I have brought together all the references to “Rosalinde” in the minor Poems—excluding as uncertain the *Faery Queen* portraiture of “Melissa”—and I have nothing to add to my identification of either, except this: that the more I have studied the problem, the more I am satisfied that in a yet untraced Rose or Elisa or Alice Dineley or Dynley or Dinlei, and an Aspinall of these “North partes,” we shall find—if ever we get nearer—the “parties,” as E. K. calls them—of this love-story. To my Essay (as above)

* Vol. III., pp. cii-iii.

I must respectfully refer the student-Reader : and here would now fulfil my promise of furnishing entries of Aspinalls, and specifically one spelled "Asmenall," from the Whalley Registers. Had the Downham Parish Registers similarly existed (alas! they are of the late Commonwealth only), it is morally certain a Rose and other Dyneleys would have been entered :—

Names of persons baptized, married, or buried at Whalley Church, from A.D. 1538 to A.D. 1600, bearing the surname of ASPINALL—variously spelled Aspinalle, Aspmall (contraction over m = Aspmenall) Asmenall, Aspmoughe.

A.D. *Baptisms.*

- 1540 Jacobus Aspmall filius Xpofferi [Christopher] Aspmall 1 die Augusti.
 1545 Lyonellius Aspinalle 5 die Martij.
 1587 Alice Aspinalle 2 die Octobris.

Marriages!

- 1539 C'offerus [Christopher] Aspmanyle et Elizabetha Braddyll
 14 die Sept.
 1576 Xpofferus [Christopher] Asiesmall et Margreta Dugdall
 21 die Junij.
 1578 Joh'es ASMENALL et Elizabetha Pollard 5 die Novembris.
 1590 Mylo Aspmall et Jeneta Wilkinyson 1 die Junij.
 1590 Ric'us Estwood et Margreta Aspmall 23 die Octobris.

Burials.

- 1540 Agnes ux' Rici Aspmall 19 die Maij.
 1540 Jacobus filius Xpoferi [Christopher] Aspmall 29 die Octobris.
 1551 Elena Aspmall 29 die Julij.
 1557 Edmundus Aspmall 14 die Junij.
 1569 Ri'cus Aspmall 27 die Octobris.
 1572 Elizabetha ux' Xpoferi [Christopher] Aspmall 30 die Martij.
 1586 Mauda Aspmall ux' Johis Aspmall 2 die Octobris.
 1587 Ri'cus Aspmall 10 die Maij.
 1590 Lyuellus Aspmall 14 die Augusti.
 1591 Willmus Aspmall 21 die Augusti.

The entry of a DYNELEY.

- Baptism 1568 Henricus Dyneley filius Henr' 28 die Decembris.

Spencers at Whalley.

Baptism 1504 Thomas Spenser filius Nicoli [Nicholas] 22 die
Septembris.
Burial 1586 Janeta Spencei filia Thome Spencer 21 die Martij.

But whilst I do not return upon the identification of "Rosalinde," it seems due to Spenser to vindicate the reality and sincerity of his passion for her. I perceive a recent tendency to hold a theory that Poets' 'love' must in nearly every case be put down very much to "fancy," and any wounds in the charming encounter as only skin-deep and nearly bloodless. It is astonishing how this natty little theory has been made to do duty in explaining away manifest FACTS of the most tragic sort. *Prima facie* it strikes one that Edmund Spenser was so utterly human, and so impressionable and sensitive of temperament, as to have been the very type of man to love "at first sight," and to love with his whole being, from eyes and burning lips to innermost aspirations. There was solidity in his make, but of the fluent sea, not of the immobile "stony mountain." So that he was exposed to sudden and fathomless passion.

Congruous with this is his transparent truthfulness of statement. He must be a stone-eyed Reader who does not see, under all pastoral guises and disguises and framework, that the very truth of fact, in thought and emotion and circumstance, is communicated, and that with nicest adherence to the reality. Whoso can read the twelfth Eclogue and be unconvinced of this, I for one would not spend another minute on him. Granted that describing, as this Eclogue does, a whole life from boyhood to wrinkles and old age, it is impossible, by the fact that the Poet-lover was only in his twenty-fourth

or twenty-fifth year, that the look beyond these years could be (strictly) autobiographical. But it was autobiographical to inward feeling if not to outward fact. He had that sense of life-weariness and premature ageing that steals over a passionate nature thwarted and disappointed in its pursuit of a given object. (How old-manish was later Thomas Chatterton's estimate of human life and of his own life!—and there are abundant parallels.) Besides, there is discernible a touch of grim humour—a decided element in Spenser, if we look closely—in his self-portraiture as a prematurely-aged man through his blighted affection. And such humour is perfectly consistent with genuine feeling. The fount of tears lies near to the fount of laughter, as does the honey-bag to the sting. I dismiss, therefore, as inept, all objections to the realism of this Eclogue from mere reckoning of years and dates. The life touched of love knows nothing of chronology.

Then if it be objected that a "real lover" would scarcely have published his woes and disappointments, as in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, I answer:—(1) That this is to import nineteenth-century sentiment into the sixteenth. Granted that we should not do so, it is yet historical fact that Surrey for his "Geraldine," Sidney for his "Stella," Daniel for his "Delia," Drayton for his "Idea," and many others did it, until their personal misery and joys, hopes and fears, were the common talk. (2) That the *Shepherd's Calendar* was published ANONYMOUSLY; and that even after several editions had been issued, the authorship was so little known—except in the inner circle of friends—that Dove, who translated it into Latin (in a MS. now in Caius College, Cam-

bridge), did it as by "an unknown author." To one so hungry after 'fame,' it cost something to suppress his name and take "Immerito." (3) That his friends knew that it was on this account alone the Poet thus hid himself in "Immerito": e.g., in Harvey's *Letter-book*, where he quotes a well-known passage from one of Spenser's letters—of which more anon—he thus prefaces it: "And heare will I take occasion to shewe you a peece of a letter that I lately receyved from the Courte written by a frende of mine, that since *a certayne chaunce befallen unto him, a secrett not to be revealid, calleth himself Immerito*" (p. 101). (4) That I can readily conceive that the Poet had a forlorn hope that after all what his speech in 'wooing' and letters had failed to do, his volume as the "newe poet" might peradventure do—*id est*, persuade "Rosalinde" to look more favourably on him and less favourably on that "Aspinall" who had filched her from him—in combination with his prospects "at Court."

When we come to read sympathetically the successive 'laments' and "Rosalinde" references, a note of manly sincerity is caught by the flattest ear. He looks across from Hurstwood to the "Castell" of Clitheroc, the "neighbour towne" and market of the Downham district, where "Rosalinde" (a "Dyneley") resided, and there is written down faithful as any photograph:—

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull houre, (= times)
Wheruin I longd the neighbour towne to see:

and it is a cry, not a phrase, that darts out of this very first *Éclogue* ("Januarie"):—

Ah God, that love should breed both ioy and paine.

Nor is it a mere Poet's, but a Lover's, sense of injury that breaks out on the despite shown his "rurall musicke" :—

[Shee]. . . of my rurall musicke holdeth scorne.
Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake :
And laughes the songs that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Of these despised Songs, I think we have some at least in the *Amoretti* ; for they were not all inspired by "Elizabeth." Again, in "Aprill," one cannot question for a moment that "Hobbinoll" [Harvey] had complained of his "friend," now turned "fren," surceasing his "melody," and that characteristically, Spenser worked these complaints into the Eclogue :—

He plunged in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare,
Shepheards delights he doth them all forswear.
His pleasant pipe, which made us meriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His woonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Nor are "pinching paine," "deadly dart," "madding mind," simple word-turns, but once more *the* truth of fact as he "wooded the widdowes daughter of the *glenn*"—under one's eyes to-day at Downham. Once more in "Iune" the call of "Hobbinoll" that his dejected "friend" would "forsake" his "soyle" ("thy soyle"), was recognition of an actual need of change of scene and circumstance. A "spell" had been "laid" upon him. He was "bewitcht." He must leave "those hilles where harbrough nis to see." Unless there had been genuine and real "trouble" and heart-sorrow, this strain would have been impossible. But the "North partes" had still attractions that made it hard to lift his anchor and sail away elsewhere. "Hobbinoll"

expatiates on the "Graces and lightfoote Nymphs" and the "peerlesse pleasures" of the South, where the "sisters nyne which dwel on Parnasse hight" do "make musick": but "Colin" had more than all he boasted of in the home-woods and mountains. It is poetry of the finest, but a page too out of the red-leaved book of a human heart, which answers thus:—

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres,
 Did let me walke withouten lincks of love,
 In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
 But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove
 My fansie eke from former follies moove
 To stayed steps, for time in passing weares
 (As garments doen, which wexen old above)
 And draweth new delights with hoarie haieres.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
 Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made:
 Tho would I seeke for Quéene apples unrype,
 To give my *Rosalinde*, and in Sommer shade
 Dight gaudie Girmonds, was my common trade,
 To crowne her golden locks: but yéeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose love as life I wayde,
 Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

(P. 153, ll. 37—52.)

Surely in that "would I seeke for Queene apples *unrype*" we have one of those unstudied touches that nothing but its reality would have suggested. It points to me the eager premature searching in the Hurstwood orchard for a "brave apple," and snatching at one that betrayed slightest bloom of ruddy or golden-ruddy, that *she* might have it. How quiet, how unclamorous, how restrained, the italicized line "*And losse of her, whose love as life I wayde*"! If that is not again a true note, how could a true love speak true?

The ring is equally genuine when he proceeds to denounce the "trecherie" of "Menalcas." None but

one conscious of "faultlesse faith" could so have protested "faultlesse faith." Self-authenticating by its very simpleness is the message that he would have the "gentle shepherds" bear to her—with something of the pathos of the old ballads:—

That she the truest shepherds heart made bléede,
That lives on earth, *and loved her most deere.*

In the "August" Eclogue there is the light lilt of the early Makers, which Nicholas Breton wrought to perfection; but the more noticeable because of this is the sudden interjection of heart-ache and sorrow. His "Rosalinde" has given him one "glaunce," and here is the issue:—

The glaunce into my heart did glide,
hey ho the glyder:
Therewith my soule was sharply gride,
such woundes soone wexen wider.
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
hey ho Perigot,
I left the head in my heart root:
it was a desperate shot.
There it rancleth aye more and more,
hey ho the arrow,
Ne can I finde salue for my sore:
LOVE IS A CURELESSE SORROW.

A deeper vein of melancholy runs through the "Hymne in Honour of Love." He would fain sing worthily of "Love," and it is not merely the Poet but the "suffering" Lover, ay, *the* human heart in its anguish asserting itself plaintively and low, that thus plains:—

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,
Should faint.

It was self-portraiture, not "fancie," that dictated this:—

So hast thou often done (ay me the more)
 To me thy vassall, *whose yet bleeding hart*
 With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore
 That whole remaines scarce any little part,
 Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainfull brest,
 That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
 Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
 Since thou doest shew no favour unto mee,
 Ne once move ruth in that rebellious Dame,
 Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
 Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

(P. 154, ll. 145-57.)

The last line has been grotesquely misinterpreted. It is not that because he is to "dy" he would have the lady "slain"; but what he complains is that she is allowed to "live thus free," meaning thereby that whilst he was "bound" in "the lincks of love," she was "free" in so far as "love" to him was concerned—"free," not "freed" by him. This dates the Hymn as prior to "Rosalind's" marriage to "Menalcas." Equally passionate as equally real is the "Hymne in Honour of Beautie," with its glowing homage to her "conquering beautie," and his heart's "breaking and longing and panting," like the hart for the water-brooks, for "one drop of gracc." Then there is the ultimate 'defence' of his "Rosalind," even when the skies were purpling overhead with hopes of his "Elizabeth" being won for wife, than which there is not in the language a nobler testimony to the permanence of Spenser's love for her to whom so long before in his golden prime he had surrendered himself body and soul. In *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (1595) "Rosalind" is blamed, but

“Colin” will not have her blamed. With finest, subtlest, purest allegiance he vindicates her against all accusers. We must read, and shall do well to re-read, this great declaration :—

Indeed (said *Lucid*) I have often heard
 Faire *Rosalind* of divers fowly blamed :
 For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
 That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
To use him so that used her so well :
Or who with blame can iustly her vphrayd,
For loving not ? for who can love compell.
 And sooth to say, *it is foolhardie thing,*
Rashly to wyten creatures so divine
 Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
 How rashly blame of *Rosalind* ye raise.

Ah shepheards (then said *Colin*) ye ne weet
 How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw :
 To make so bold a doome with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never sawe.
 For SHE is not like as the other crew
 Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly new,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
 Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie :
 So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
 And loath each lowly thing with loftie cie.
 Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swaine, *sith her I may not love :*
 Yet that I may her honour paravant,
 And praise her worth, though far my wit above,
 Such grace shall be *some guerdon for the grieffe,*
And long affliction which I have endured :
 Such grace sometimes shall *give me some relieffe,*
And ease of paine, which cannot be recured.
 And ye my fellow shepheards which do see
 And hear the languours of my too long dying,
 Unto the world for ever witness bee,
 THAT HERS I DIE, nought to the world denying,
 This simple trophie of her great conquest.

(Vol. IV., pp. 65-7, ll. 897—953.)

In the face of such multiplied testimonies it is the sheerest *fantastique* of criticism to argue that "Rosalind" was only his "Muse," a bodiless creation of fancy, and never had a personality: and yet THOMAS KEIGHTLEY gravely argues for this.* The man must have a kind of colour-blindness affecting something deeper and more inner than the eyes, who denies the reality and the permanence of Edmund Spenser's love for "Rose Dineley," "Rosalind."

One is thankful that over-and-above such internal evidence as has thus been adduced, Gabriel Harvey incidentally gives us a glimpse of "Rosalind" as cultured (in Italian), and quite aware of her lover's great qualities. He thus writes:—

"Imagin me to come into a goodly Kentish *Garden* [Penshurst—doubtless] of your old Lords, or some other Noble man, and spying a flourishing Bay Tree there, to demaunde *ex tempore*, as followeth:—Thinke upon Petrarches

Arbor vittoriosa, tironfale,
Onor d' Imperadori, e di Poete :

and perhappes it will advaunce the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher: at the least if any thing can be added to the loftinesse of his conceite, who gentle Mistresse Rosalinde, once reported to haue all the Intelligences at commaundement, and an other time, Christened her Signior Pegaso" (*Letters of Earthquake*, etc., as before).

I will concede, whilst I hold to the reality and the permanence of Spenser's love for "Rosalind," that beside Sidney's for "Stella," his passion is not comparable with that which throbs and burns and makes molten the great *Astrophel and Stella* Sonnets. I distinguish between a first love (apparently at first sight) such as "Colin Clout's" for "Rosalind," and the

* *Fraser's Magazine*, as before, pp. 410-22.

tragedy of passion that had in its development an insurmountable barrier placed between it and its object. There were no such awful elements in Spenser's wooing and hopes. Besides, no one can doubt of the sincerity of his after-love for his Elizabeth; and yet equally must the *Amoretti* Sonnets be sundered from the *Astrophel and Stella* Sonnets.* The men were separated wide as the poles in character and in circumstances alike. But I must hold that the pure white light of Spenser's love for "Rosalind" can stand being placed against the smoke-streaked flames of Sidney.

VI. IN THE SOUTH—HOW OCCUPIED.—LETTERS OF SPENSER AND HARVEY (1577-8—1580).

" . . . *Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm.*"—ALL'S WELL, iii. 3.

By the Facts of Spenser's departure from Cambridge in 1576 and retirement to North-East Lancashire in 1576 we are brought to 1577 as the probable year of his acceptance of the invitation of "Hobbinol" (Gabriel Harvey) to "forsake" his "shier" ("thy soil") and come South. But neither the exact chronology, nor the new residence, has been accurately determined. It has been over-hastily assumed that he proceeded direct to London, and was at once introduced to Leicester and Sidney and other courtly-friends by Harvey—who certainly had access to the innermost circles. I think

* Onward will be found detailed notices of the *Amoretti* Sonnets. In the *Glossarial Index* also will be found recorded and annotated, the *Faery Queen* allusions disguised and semi-avowed to Rosalind and Elizabeth.

that I shall establish a little onward that Spenser was much sooner known by Leicester and Sidney than has been hitherto supposed. But preceding his appearance in the metropolis, it seems clear that he tarried on the way with another University friend. An examination of one of the Eclogues that has already yielded us new light on the Poet's circumstances—viz., "September"—will confirm this. Turning to it we thus read:—

DIGGON.

But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to *Roffin* not long ygo.

HOBBINOL.

Say it *Diggon*, what ever it light,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wise and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout I weene be his selfe boy,
(Ah for *Colin* he whilome my ioy)
Shepherds sich, God mought us many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

(Vol. II., p. 215.)

On this Edward Kirke, in his "Glosse," annotates on 'Roffin'—"Roffy, the name of a shepherd in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin and the King. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wise governance of his flocke." This does not enlighten us as to who "Roffin" was. *In limine*, I note that "Roffin" is not the same as "Roffy," so that E. K.'s "glosse" reference to Marot is beside the mark. I observe next that plainly in this instance "Roffin" represents an actual "pastor" in England as over-against the unworthy "prelates" sarcastically portrayed by Diggon in the earlier portion of the Eclogue. This being so, I take "Roffin" in its direct

sense as the usual abridged-form for the Bishop of *Rochester*. And when we inquire, we discover that the Bishop of *Rochester*—newly appointed at this very time (1577-8)—was John Young, D.D., MASTER OF PEMBROKE HALL while Spenser was of the College, and the certain friend of Gabriel Harvey. So that coinciding as does the date of the Poet's return South with this appointment of Dr. Young to the see of Rochester, I understand by "Hobbinol's" (Harvey's) words, "Colin Clout, I weene be his selfe boy," that the past Master of his College continued his friendship toward Spenser, and in some temporary way utilized his services.

By the records of the Diocese, it must be added—that reflecting the language of the September eclogue, the good Bishop (Young) must have been 'worried' by his chancellor. In 1578 he was Hugh Lloyd (who became a prebendary of St. Paul's in 1584). This name Lloyd might well be nicknamed 'Lowder'; and 'Lowder' was then, as to-day, a common name for a shepherd's dog in the Pendle district. Bishop Young held two parishes (benefices), and two prebends in commendam with his See. Envious persons caused him much trouble by their complaints to Queen Elizabeth's ministers of State respecting his (alleged) niggardly administration of their cures. Such persons, desiring to rob ('deprive') him of one or both of these flocks of which he was pastor or shepherd in commendam, might possibly be denounced as "wolves." It seems pretty certain that the chancellor Lloyd (the strongly distinctive 'd' being a convenient handle) had made himself obnoxious to his bishop by taking sides

with the 'wolves' or complainants. The reference is too realistic not to have had a basis of fact.*

In the *Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey* nearly all his Letters are addressed to Dr. Young, and it is thereby shown how warm-heartedly and with what strenuous personal interest the ex-Master took the part of Harvey under the insulting wrong of the denial of his grace for his M.A. Only to one known by the Writer to be generously favourable to him could any man have adventured such enormous and eke to say preposterous Letters—the first filling twenty closely-printed quarto pages! Nor did the 'Master' on his departure cease to advocate his protégé's cause. On the contrary, he commended it to and secured the support of his successor—Dr. William Fulke (p. 88, *Letter-Book*). So that there were ties all round by which to attract Spenser to the new Bishop of Rochester and to attract the new Bishop of Rochester to Spenser. Most characteristic of the 'newe poet' is this aside-opportunity created for paying homage to a genuine bishop, meet follower of Him,

The first true Gentleman that ever breathed. (DEKKER.)

It is surely extremely interesting thus to find Spenser

* I am indebted to Canon W. A. Scott-Robertson, per Canon Burrows of Rochester, for above curiously confirmatory information. A few days ago, at Hurstwood, a shepherd's dog having come into the parlour of 'Spenser's house' there, whilst I was seated at the table by the poet's wide fireside, I asked its name. It was 'Snap'; but on asking the fine old 'body,' who is the present tenant, the common names of such dogs, she enumerated several, and one of these was 'Lowder.' She and her 'forbears' back to great-grandfathers have been resident in Hurstwood. It is satisfying everywhere to find how close to his scenes and circumstances is Spenser's use of things, names, etc., etc.

the honoured and honouring guest—and something more—of so eminent, so learned, so good a man as the Puritan-bishop of Rochester.* *Nota bene*—I have somewhere seen the line in April Eclogue—“Colin thou kenst, the Southerne Shepheard’s boy,” and related Glosse, connected with the preceding tribute to “Roffin,” and hence Roffin made out to be Sir Philip Sidney. But it is very manifest that the description of the “shepheard” in “September” is of a “pastor,” and has nothing answerable in Sidney.

Our lights are again far-off and dim, but if the “forsaking” of North-East Lancashire—“the North partes”—took place, as is probable, in 1577, the visit to “Roffin” must have been in the same year. Probably it was a visit rather than a prolonged ‘stay.’ Indeed, a Fact which I am about to introduce makes it plain that he must have been in London and introduced to the Sidneys in 1577. The fact is this—that in his *Veue of Ireland* he distinctly tells us that he himself was witness of a famous (or infamous) historical incident in Ireland. Here is the narrative:—

“The Gaules used to drincke their enymyes blood, and to paynte themselves therewith; soe alsoe they wright, that the ould Irish were wonte, *and soe have I sene* some of the Irish doe, but not their enymes but frendes bloode. As namely at the execution of a notable traytor at Lymbrieke [Limerick], called Murrough Obrien, I SAW an ould woman, which was his foster mother, tooke up his heade, whilst he was quartered, and sucked up all the blood running thereout, saying that the earth was not worthy to drincke it, and therewith also steeped her face and

* For a full memoir of Dr. John Young, see *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, vol. ii., p. 405. He was elected Master of Pembroke Hall on 12th July, 1567, resigned in 1578, having been in 1577 made Bishop of Rochester. He died at Bromley 10th April, 1605.

hrest, and tare her heare, crying and shriking out most terribly” (Vol. IX., p. 101).

Now this “execution” took place at the close of 1577, as is thus proved. Sir William Drury, President of Munster, writing to Leicester on 8th July, 1577, states:—

“The first day of this month I adjourned the Sessions for this county of Limerick until a new warning, and caused one Murrough O’Byran, a second pillar of James Fitz Moruch’s late rebellion, and a practiser of this new combination, a man of no lesse fame than James himself, being orderly indicted, arraigned, condemned, and judged for late offences within these four months (because I would not seem to unrip old matters) *to be there executed . . .*” (*Carew Papers*, vol. ii., p. 104).

How is Spenser’s presence to be explained? Phillips, *s.n.*, in his *Theatrum Poctarum Anglicanorum*, expressly states that through Sir Philip Sidney—“whose noblest attribute,” he says, “consisted in his being the common rendezvous of worth in his time”—Spenser procured the appointment of secretary to his father, then Lord-Deputy in Ireland. On the first blush of it, it looks as though Phillips had confused the later secretaryship to Lord Grey; but it is certainly singular that such earlier appointment dovetails with our Poet’s personal references to persons and places and things which he himself “saw” years prior to his secretaryship under Lord Grey.

This first Irish residence and office—assuming the witness of the beheading of “Murrough O’Brien” to have come about by his official position—must have been brief. Sir Henry Sidney—spite of his splendid and impartial governing of Ireland—was, like Lord Grey, recalled. He returned to England in 1578; and in

1579 Spenser is found at Leicester House (*i.e.* under the roof of Sidney's brother-in-law).

And now having reached 1578-9 (especially 1579), our materials,—and most of them virgin to the Biography of Spenser,—for illustration of this period, are ample. I shall by-and-by examine critically the 'friendship' between Sir Philip Sidney and Spenser. Here and now I have to present a succession of personal glimpses of Spenser. There is his letter of "5th October, 1579," from "Leycester House," addressed "To the Worshipfull his very singular good friend, Maister G[abriel] H[arvey]." It is reproduced *in extenso* with his prose (Vol. IX., pp. 261-71). Thither I refer the Reader. In common with all their correspondence it testifies to the warmth of regard cherished by the Poet toward his "Hobbinoll." It further reveals how much the "newe Poet" relied on his friend's counsel, and how much we owe to that friend's persuasive influence. It is soon made clear that Harvey had been urging "Colin" to publish his poetry. The modest reply was—"I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writings; leaste by overmuch cloying their noble eares, I should gather a contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for some sweetnesse that I have already tasted." I gather from the next "doubt" that the centre of interest of the *Shepherd's Calendar* being "Rosalinde," was another "let" (in antique phrase). "Then also, meseemeth, the work too base for his excellent Lordship, *being made in honour of a private Personage unknowne*, which of some yll-willers might be upbraided not to be so worthie, *as you knowe she is*,

or the matter not so weightie, that it should be offered to so weightie a Personage." "Lordship" may have been applied to Sidney, to whom the *Shepherd's Calendar* was dedicated; but it may also have meant Leicester, as having been originally intended to receive the dedication.

One sentence is somewhat enigmatical—"Your desire to heare of my late being with her Majestie muste dye in it selfe." This at least informs us that Spenser had been introduced to Elizabeth long before Sir Walter Raleigh took him to Court. Literary gossip that follows is pleasant reading. Hardly so much so that on Harvey and Sidney's craze of "Englishe Versifying"—fully illustrated in Harvey's extraordinary letters to Spenser as "Immerito." * Peculiarly noticeable is his classing of "Maister Preston," author of that *Cambyses* that gave a quip to Shakespeare "of Cambyses vein" (*Henry IV.*, II. iv., l. 425) and "Maister Still," author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, as "verie entire friendes." Perhaps the less said the better on his *Iambicum Trimetrum*. Nothing but Thomas Nashe's profound reverence for Spenser saved this "Unhappie Verse" from his castigation. But most important of all he announces that he was about to travel for "my lord" (Leicester); and for the first time his verse-letter "Ad ornatissimum verum, multis jam diu nominibus clarissimum G. H. Immerito sui, mox in Gallias navigaturi ἐδὲνχεν" must here be made to "speak English"—done by the "sweet Singer" of *Wood Notes and Church Bells*, the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., of Londes-

* See Gabriel Harvey's Works in HUTH LIBRARY, where the entire correspondence appears.

borough Rectory. It is too long for giving here ; but the true Spenserian student will not fail to turn to it in its place.*

Harvey in acknowledging this Letter bluntly told Spenser that he did not credit his announced "journeying," and whilst the interval between his next appearance makes it not actually impossible that he might at least have crossed the Channel, it would rather seem that the intended "travel" was somehow stayed. Very amusing is "Hobbinoll's" response, as thus:—

"As for your speedy and hasty travell, methinks I dare still wager al the Books and writings in my study, which you know I esteeme of greater value than al the golde and silver in my purse or chest, that you wil not (and yet I muste take heede how I make my bargaine with so subtile and intricate a Sophister) that

* See Appendix E, after the Essays, in this volume. With reference to this very felicitous translation, it may be as well to note here certain errors in all the texts of the original Latin—all of which have been attended to by the Translator.

- l. 176. 'Diffessa' should be 'diffissa.'
- l. 193. Put full-stop after 'idem.'
- l. 203. After 'nummos' place , instead of .
- l. 213. After 'plena' place . for , 'Quod' should be 'quos.'
- l. 220. 'Ipsa' should be 'ipse.'
- l. 225. For 'quod' read 'quos.'
- l. 231. For . after 'aurum' place ,
- l. 232. For 'ablatum' read 'oblatum.'
- l. 239. 'Altra' = altera—final 'a' elided before 'E' in next line—hence printed 'alter'a.'
- l. 244. 'Æquivalia' should be 'æqualia.'
- l. 249. For , after 'turpem' place :
- l. 250. 'Quæsitum' should be 'quæsitam.' 'Invenërimus'—a false quantity, *e* being short, whereas the position requires it to be long.
- l. 254. For 'qui' read 'cui'—agreeing with 'quærenti.'
- l. 257. 'Non nimis,' etc.—query corrupt?
- l. 261. 'Clivosas' misprinted 'Clibosas.'

Collier, Dr. Morris and all of us have left these hitherto uncorrected.

you shall not, I saye, bee gone over sea for all your saying, neither the nexte, nor the nexte weeke. And then peradventure I may personally performe your request, and bestowe the sweetest Farewell upon your sweet-mouthed Ma'shippe."

Most characteristic, too, was Harvey's "Reply" to Spenser's letter of 5th, on 23rd October, 1579. It shows us the "double double toil and trouble" of the Harvey-Sidney "English Versifying," and throughout luminous points interpretative of Spenser's position, and others. This is taken from the "Two other very commendable Letters of the same Mens Writing: both teaching the foresaid Artificiall Versifying, and certain other Particulars—more lately deliuered unto the Printers" (1580).*

A second Letter of Spenser to Harvey (Vol. IX., pp. 271-5), of 14th April, 1580, is still full of the "Hexameter" folly, but bewrays Spenser's sense of its grotesquerie, and ripples of humour. Except Nashe's classic words on "Hexameter," nothing could be rarer than this:—

"The only or chiefest hardnesse, whych seemeth, is in the Accente: whyche sometime gapeth, and as it were yawneeth illfavouredly, comming shorte of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the Number, as in *Carpenter*, the

*In a sense the "English Versifying" or Hexameter and classical quantities for heroic and other English verse, marks a chapter in the story of our Literature. An experiment, strenuously persisted in not by the "learned fool" Harvey merely, but by Sidney and Dyer, could not be otherwise than potential. But it seems to me, *ut supra*, (1) that Spenser only played with it, (2) that he never would have perfected the Hexameter verse. More execrable "tuff" than his specimens is scarcely conceivable. I do not therefore make space for any critical notice of the "English Versifying" mal-interlude. I refer the Reader to the complete letters in the collection of Harvey's works in the HUTH LIBRARY, as before.

middle sillable being used shorte in speache, when it shall be read long in Verse, seemeth *like a lame Gosling that draweth one legge after her*: and *Heaven* being used shorte as one sillable, when it is in verse stretched out with a Diastole, is like *a lame dogge that holdes up one legge.*"

He sovrantly adds—

"But it is to be wonne with Custome, and rough words must be subdued with Use. For, why a God's name, may not we, or else the Greekes, have the kingdome of our owne Language, and measure our Accentes by the sounde, reserving the Quantitie to the Verse?"

In this Letter he announces his *Epithalamium Thamesis*, and that his *Dreames* and *Dying Pellicane* were "fully finished," and that he was "forthwith" to be "in hande" with his *Faerie Queene*. He has like delectable "news" of his *Dreames* to come forth with a "Glosse"—"running continually in maner of a Paraphrase, full as great" as on the *Calendar* by the same E. K., and so of his *Stemmata Dudleiana*. In Harvey's "Reply" again it emerges that Spenser's *Nine Comedies* were also "ready."

In the interval between these two Letters the *Shepherd's Calendar* was "at press"; for we find it "entered" at Stationers' Hall on 5th December, 1579 (Vol. II., p. 6).

But 1579-80 brings Spenser before us at a new and unexpected task—to wit, semi-surreptitiously printing certain MSS. of Gabriell Harvey that had come into his possession. Here is the semi-title, semi-dedication of the volume:—

To the right worshipfull gentleman
And famous courtier
Master Edwarde Diar,
In a manner oure onlye Inglish poet.
In honour of his rare qualities
And noble vertues,

Benevolo
Commendith the
Edition of his frendes
Verlayes, together with certayne other
Of his poetically devises ;
And, in steade of a Dedicatorye Epistle,
Presenteth himself, and the uttermost
Of his habilitye and value,
To his good worshippes
Curtuous and favorable likinge,
This first of August, 1580.

1	2.
The Verlayes.	The Millers Letter.
3.	4.
The Dialogue.	My Epistle to Imerito.
The Verlayes ; My Letter to Benevolo ; The Schollers Looove ; The Millers Letter ; The Dialogue. (p. 89.)	

From a serio-comic Letter to "Benevolo" (that and "Immerito" being the "new Poet's" names in this Correspondence), sent by Harvey on receiving a copy of the book, it most certainly was 'printed.' But every copy seems to have irrecoverably perished. No Bibliographer has ever set eye on a solitary exemplar. There might have been weightier losses to our national literature, even had more of the same Writer's productions gone the same road ; but the new fact is noteworthy. And now presenting, as the Letter and related papers do, Edmund Spenser at full length, bearded and moustached and quite "a courtier," I am advantaged over my predecessors again in being able to reproduce these. They are taken from the Camden Society *Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey*. I call attention to certain bio-

graphic *bits* by italicizing. In themselves these papers are pedantic and (in a way) absurd, yet are they acceptable windows through which to behold these two celebrities in undress. As matter of course the indignation is simulated, and the offence horseplay.*

The last Letter of Harvey is of rare biographic value, as it reveals Spenser's attitude toward the "unintelligible world." Self-evidently he was not at ease in the "great times of Elizabeth," and reverted to the Golden Age of the vanished Past, of chivalry and romance. With all his strength he had this weakness. I cannot withhold one passage :—

"As many and as few salutations as you liste. Will you beleeeve me? Your lastweekes letter, or rather bill of complaynte was deliverid me at myne hostisses by the fyersyde, beinge fasteheggid in rownde abowte on every side with a company of honest good fellowes, and at that tyme reasnable honeste quaffers. I first runned it over cursorilye to my selfe, and spyng the argument so generall (savage in on pointe onlye, where I layed a strawe), and withall so fittinge the humor of that crewe, after a shorte preface to make attention, began to pronounce it openly in the audience of the whole assemblye in sutch sorte as the brave orator Aeschines is reportid on a tyme to have redd owte with a wonderfull greate grace (in the hearinge of y^e Rodians, amongst whome he then sojornid,) that noble oration of Demosthenes in defence of Ctesiphon.

"Shall I be playne with you? It was solemely agreed upon, that the letter for the manner of the enditinge was very hanssomly penid and full of many proper conceiptes, but y^e argumentes whereuppon y^e libell of complaynte studd, were definitively condemnid, as insufficient. To be shorte, ower finall resolution was, that an answer should incontinentlye be contrived amongst us all, savinge that on was to be dispensid withall, to playe the secretarye. The matter most specially concerninge me, I toulde them I was contente to beare twoe partes, and to playe bothe a quarter answerer and whole secretarye. My service being accepted of, y^e first began, as followith :—

"Sir, yower newe complaynte of y^e newe worlde is nye as owlde

* See Appendix F for these Letters of Harvey.

as Adam and Eve, and full as stale as y^e stalist fasshion that hath bene in fasshion since Noes fludd. You crie owte of a false and trecherous worlde, and therein ar passinge eloquent and patheticall in a degree above the highest. Nowe I beseeche you, Syr, did not Abell live in a false and trecherous worlde, that was so villanously and cruelly murtherid of his owne very brother? Na, did not ould Grandsier himselve live in a false and trecherous worlde, that was so sutteltye and fraudulentlye putt beside so incomparably ritche and goodlye possession as Paradise was?"

Again:—

"You make a wonderfull greate matter of it, that reason, contrarye to all reason and y^e custom of former ages is forcibely constraynid to yeelde her obedience, and to be in a manner vassal unto appetite. See, I beseech you, howe you overshootte yourselve and mistake the matter, in beinge over credulous to beleve whatsoever is unadvisedly committid to writinge. Here is righte a newe comedye for him that were delightid with overthwarte and contrary Supposes. You suppose the first age was the goulde age. It is nothinge soe. Bodin defendith the goulde age to flourishe nowe, and owr first grandfathers to have rubbid thoroughlye in the iron and brasen age at the beginnunge when all thinges were rude and unperfitt in comparison of the exquisite finesse and delicacye, that we ar growen unto at these dayes. You suppose it a foolish madd worlde, wherein all thinges ar overrulid by fansye. What greater error? All thinges else ar but troble of minde and vexation of spiritt. Untill a mans fansye be satisfied, he wantith his most soveraigne contentement, and cannot never be at quiet in himselve. You suppose most of these bodily and sensual pleasures ar to be abandonid as unlawfull and the inwarde contemplative delightes of the minde more zelously to be imbraeid as most commendable. Good Lord, you a gentleman, a courtier, an yuthe, and go aboute to revive so owlde and stale a bookishe opinion, deade and buried many hundrid yeares before you or I knewe whether there were any worlde or noe! You are suer the sensible and ticklinge pleasures of the tastinge, feelinge, smellinge, seinge, and bearinge ar very recreative and delectable indeede. Your other delightes proceedinge of sum strange mellancholy conceites and speculative imaginations discoursid at large in your fansye and brayne ar but imaginanye and fantasticall delightes, and but for names sake might as well and more trulye be callid the extremist labours and miserabeliste torments under the sunne. You suppose us students happye, and thinke the aire præferrid that breathithe on thes same greate

lernid philosophers and profonde clarkes. Would to God you were on of there men but a sennighte. I dowbte not but you would swaere ere Sundaye nexte, that there were not the like wofull and miserable creaturs to be fownde within y^e cumpas of the whole worlde agayne. None so injurious to themselves, so tyranous to there servantes, so niggardlye to ther kinsfolkes, soe rigorous to ther acquayntance, soe unprofitable to all, so unto-ward for the common welthe, and so unfitt for the worlde, meere bookeworms and veye idolles, the most intolerable creatures to cum in any good sociable cumpanye that ever God creatid. Looke them in the face: you will straytewayes affirme they are the dryest, leanist, ill-favoriddist, abiectist, base-minddist carrions and wretcheckes that ever you sett your eie on. To be shorte, and to kutt off a number of sutch bye supposes, your greatist and most erronious suppose is that Reason should be mistrisse and Appetite attend on her ladships person as a pore servante and handmayden of hers. Nowe that had bene a probable defence and plausible speache a thousande yeares since. There is a variable course and revolution of all thinges. Summer gettith the upperhande of wynter, and wynter agayne of summer. Nature herselfe is changeable, and most of all delightid with vanitye; and arte, after a sorte her ape, conformith herselfe to the like mutabilitye. The moone waxith and wanithe; the sea ebbith and flowith; and as flowers so ceremonyes, lawes, fasshions, customs, trades of livinge, sciences, devises, and all things else in a manner floorishe there tyme and then fade to nothinge. Nothing to speake of ether so restorative and comfortable for delighte or beneficiall and profitable for use, but beinge longe together enjoyed and continued at laste ingenderith a certayne satietye, and then it soone becumeth odious and lothsum. So it standith with mens opinions and iudgmentes in matters of doctrine and religion. On fortye yeares the knowledge in the tunges and eloquence karrieth the credдите and flauntith it owte in her sattin dobletts and velvet hoses. Then exspirith the date of her bravery, and everye man havinge enoughe of her, philosophy and knowledge in divers naturall morall matters, must give her the Camisade and beare y^e swaye an other while. Every man seith what she can doe. At last cumith bravery and iointith them bothe.

“Anemographia. Not the greatist clarke and profundist philosopher that ever was in the worlde can tell the certayne cause of the windes? What can they be but huge legions and millions of invisible tumultuous and tempestuous spirittes? What cause can there be in the erthe of such blowinge and blusteringe in everye place, be the qualities and dispositions otherwise never

so repugnant and contrarye? What matter so everlastinge and endles?

“Melancholye sprites ingender melancholye passions in men, affections colericke, colericke passions, etc. Mens bodyes ar disposed and qualified accordinge to the spiritts that have the predominant regiment over them, and all philosophye saith that the temperature and disposition [and] inclination of the mindes followythe the temperature and composition of the bodye.”

Having thus, at length, utilized materials unknown to or inexplicably neglected by previous Biographers of Spenser, compunctious visitings of conscience that, whether from my wicked relish of that free lance Thomas Nashe, or from direct prejudice, I am hardly one to do justice to Gabriel Harvey, prompt me to compound my contempt for him by counselling the Reader to turn to Dean Church's well-balanced estimate and verdict on the man and his “Hexameter” heresy (pp. 18—21). Who will have more—and still more favourable—let him turn to Professor Henry Morley's chivalrous vindication entitled “Hobbinol,” in the *Fortnightly Review* (vol. v., 1869, pp. 274-83.)*

* Whilst appreciating my good friend's *motif*, and acquiescing in a good deal of his statement and argument, I am bound to protest against his minimizing of Harvey's almost insane vanity in publishing sonnets and verse-tributes that he had received.

VII. EARLY AND "LOST" POEMS, AND PUBLICATION OF THE "SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR." 1579.

"The friends, Kirke and Harvey, were not wrong in their estimate of the importance of Spenser's work. The 'new poet,' as he came to be customarily called, had really made one of those distinct steps in his art, which answer to discoveries and inventions in other spheres of human interest—steps which make all behind them seem obsolete and mistaken. There was much in the new poetry which was immature and imperfect, not a little that was fantastic and affected. But it was the first adequate effort of reviving English poetry" (p. 39). . . . "Spenser's force, and sustained poetical power, and singularly musical ear, are conspicuous in this first essay of his genius. In the poets before him of this century, fragments and stanzas, and perhaps single pieces, might be found which might be compared with his work. . . . But in the 'Shepherd's Calendar' we have for the first time in the century, the swing, the command, the varied resources of the real poet, who is not driven by failing language or thought into frigid or tumid absurdities. Spenser is master over himself and his instrument, even when he uses it in a way which offends our taste. There are passages in the 'Shepherd's Calendar' of poetical eloquence, of refined vigour, and of musical and imaginative sweetness, such as the English language had never attained to since the days of him who was to the age of Spenser what Shakespeare and Milton are to ours, the pattern and fount of poetry, Chaucer. Dryden is not afraid to class Spenser with Theocritus and Virgil, and to write that the 'Shepherd's Calendar' is not to be matched in any language. And this was at once recognized" (p. 46).—DEAN CHURCH.

WHEN Spenser was persuaded by "Hobbinol" (as we have seen in Chap. VI., p. 67) to publish the *Shepherd's Calendar*, it was as a selection out of what must have been a considerable amount of Verse that had occupied him while at the University and in his "shier" in the "North partes." So that before dealing with the epoch-marking event of the publication of the *Calendar*, it is incumbent upon us to examine—so far as we may—this earlier and in part contemporary body of Poetry.

I take first those that we fortunately possess, and which, though published long after the *Shepherd's Calendar*, reveal themselves as composed (substantially)

long before its publication. I say 'substantially' because in revision lines here and there, and even new sections, must have been worked in later.

On the threshold we are met by the *Two Hymnes in Honour of Love and Beautie*. These were not published until 1591. They formed one moiety of the *Foure Hymnes*. But in the epistle-dedicatory of these *Foure Hymnes* to the "Ladie Margaret Countesse of Cumberland and the Ladie Marie Countesse of Warwicke," the Poet distinctly assigns the two of Love and Beauty to "the greener times" of his "youth"—which true of 1576-7 would be positively untrue of 1582 (thirtieth year). Then the celebration of "Rosalind" dates it equally in 1576-7, or while he was in his Lancashire home. Nor must one omit to note that whilst the inspiration of his love has given to the *Two Hymnes* a higher note than anything in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and whilst the workmanship is more finished, there is nevertheless callow imitiveness. I would accentuate the last observation. These "Hymnes" are of special literary interest, echoing as they do throughout, with the young Singer's recollections, if we may not call them imitations, of his "dere maister, Tityrus," *id est*, Chaucer. The *Compleynt to Pite* must have been carried from Cambridge to Hurstwood and the Pendle district, or mayhap was found in one or other of the cultured Spenser households there. The "Compleynt" is "of Love," and it was inevitable that one who sought to write a "Hymne of Love" should turn to or return on so perfect, so melodious verse. Like Chaucer's, the metre of the new "Hymnes" is rhyme-royal. It may be suggestive to the Reader to

note certain distinct things reflective of the elder poet in both the "Hymnes" now before us: e.g., "Beautie" (l. 257)—

Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night.

So in the "Prologue" (l. 269)—

His eyghen twinkled in his hede aright
As don the sterres in the frostie night.

But it is not mere verbal resemblances that we find. The thought and emotion run in the same channels. Love is addressed as—

Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart,

and charged accusingly of his lady-love—

Thou hast enfrosen her disdainfull brest
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest;

and so in "Beautie" again of her—

. whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost;

and then follows this appeal to Love that he will so influence the "faire ladye"—

. that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace into my withered hart
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

Once more at close of "Beautie," similarly—

. . . she whose conquering beautie doth captive
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live . . .

Finally—

Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe
That may recure my hart's long pyning grieffe.

Place beside these, others from the *Compleynt to Pite*—

Love, that for my trouth doth me to dye.

* * * * *

I fonde hir dede and buried in an herte.

* * * * *

Have mercy on me, thow hevenes Quene,
That you haue sought so tenderly and yore,
Let some streme of lyght on me be sene,
That love and drede you ever lenger the more

* * * * *

Pité, that I have sought so long agoo
With herte soore, and ful of besy peyne.

A still more obvious imitation is this—

And yet not best, for to be lov'd alone,
For Love cannot endure a Paragone.

Cf. Chaucer—

But either (algates) would be Lord alone,
For Love and Lordship bide no Paragone.

It were easy to multiply proofs of the truth of Spenser's own grateful acknowledgment in *Colin Clout*—

The shepheard's boy (best known by that name)
That after Tityrus first sung his lay.

= in imitation of, or as disciple of Chaucer, much as we use the phrase of a painter "after Raphael." There seems little doubt that these *Two Hymnes of Love and of Beautie* were among the earliest of the "newe poet's" verse-attempts, though, delayed as they were in publication, they were doubtless worked on tenderly by him, and given their ultimate perfected form by later touches. In my judgment, even more positively and unmistakably than in the *Shepherd's Calendar* would the publication of these "Hymnes" have proclaimed the advent of Chaucer's lineal heir.

There is a brilliance, a charm, an exquisiteness of phrasing, a delicacy and daintiness of wording, and a pervading melodiousness in them, that simply render meagre anything of their kind between the *Complaynt to Pite* and them. I attribute no little of this—as already indicated—to the fusing and inspiring force of his love for "Rosalind." Besides, the *Two Hymnes* were doubtless written in large measure contemporarily with much of the *Calendar*. Higher moods, not later date, explain the higher quality of the *Two Hymnes*. That the allusions in these "Hymnes" are to "Rosalind" I must hold to be self-demonstrated. Very different are these allusions from the later and paler in *Colin Clout*. They throb with a first love's passion.

No one will surely be so uncritical as to find in this writing "*after Tityrus*" ground for doubting of the reality or sincerity of his love and despair toward his "Rosalind." In my thinking the very imitativeness attests the depth and ardour of his passion and of his desire to celebrate it in such way as should be immortal. Love is by the necessities of it inarticulate at its highest as at its deepest. Emotion, much more than Wordsworth's "thoughts," often and often "lies too deep" for either "tears" or words. It is declarative of Lover's resolve to be at his best while he strove to utter out his "wooing," and "losing," that he spurred himself to lofty achievement by mating himself with Dan Chaucer. I suspect these "Hymnes" were of the love-songs that his "Rosalind" spurned or at least undervalued. Their personal element, exactly as in the *Shepherd's Calendar*—and which delayed its publication, as noticed before—doubtless explains the long

delay of giving these immortal "Hymnes" to the world. Chronologically they should follow the Sonnets of the *Theatre* of John Vander Noodt. I think Shakespeare's Sonnets show that he had seen and read and admired these *Two Hymnes*. He might easily have done so, for as the Author himself tells us, "many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad." The student of Spenser will be also rewarded by comparing the "Complaint" of "Erato" (in *Tears of the Muses*) with the "Hymn to Love."

We shall not, probably, err if we rank next to these *Two Hymnes*, and at only a short interval, *Prosopopoia*, or *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (heroic couplets). I do not think it can be placed later than 1578-9, and maybe in 1578, if Spenser in 1577 was in the service of the State in Ireland. For, judging by the vehemence of the references to Burleigh—here and elsewhere—it would appear that the great Secretary, as was his *mode*, opposed young Spenser as being one of the "forward" if "able" youths, that he sought to "keep down" (his conduct toward Bacon the most conspicuous example).

It is to be noted, chronologically, that in the epistle-dedicatory of *Mother Hubbard's Tale* he describes it, very much as he did the *Two Hymnes*, as "a simple present" of his "idle labours" which "long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon." There is also in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* the same writing "after Tityrus," the same imitateness of Chaucer, with traces of *Piers Ploughman*, that belonged to his first period. Then one striking allusion to Leicester leads us still to 1578 ;

for such an allusion must have offered itself on its occurrence. It thus runs, in answer to the Ape's question, "Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway?"—

Marie (said he) the highest now in grace,
 Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
 For in their speedie course and nimble flight
 The Lyon now doth take the most delight:
 But chieflie, ioyes on foote them to beholde,
 Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde:
 So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
 And buxome to his bands, is ioy to see.
 So well his golden Circlet him beseemeth:
But his late chayne his Liege unmeete esteemeth;
 For bravest beasts she loveth best to see,
 In the wilde forest raunging fresh and free.

(Vol. III., pp. 120-1, ll. 619-30.)

The "Lyon" being the Dudley arms, would naturally suggest Leicester, albeit the present "Lyon" must not be confounded with the "Lyon King" in the concluding episode. But the italicized line, "But his late chayne his Liege unmeete esteemeth," settles the reference, seeing that it self-evidencingly points to his marriage in 1578 to Lettice Knollys, widow of the Earl of Essex (Walter Devereux), which drew down upon him the tempestuous wrath of Elizabeth. Camden informs us in his *Annals* (*s.n.*) that when the Duke of Anjou pressed the match between himself and the Queen, his agent, believing Lord Leicester to be the greatest obstacle to the Duke, informed Elizabeth of his marriage with the Lady Essex, and as he counted on, thereby stung the Queen into rage. He further tells us that her Majesty commanded Leicester not to stir from the castle-palace at Greenwich, and that she would have sent him to the Tower had not the Earl of

Sussex dissuaded her. This was—be it accentuated—in 1578.

Whether composed in Ireland (while with Sir Henry Sidney), or in London on his return with that illustrious recalled Lord-Deputy, or in North-East Lancashire on another visit thither—and all the likelihoods are that he came and went repeatedly—*Mother Hubbard's Tale* must have been dashed off in a white heat of rage. Conscious of what he was and could do—given the opportunity—Master Spenser inevitably chafed against barriers put in the way of his ascent toward the service of the State. Burleigh was thus as inevitably the object of his exacerbated feeling. Few men who have risen to so lofty a position presented so broad a surface for attack. Primarily of no intellectual strength, and never possessed of learning or culture, he throughout dreaded, or shall I say held for suspect? the brained and scholarly men of the time. Without living convictions or principles, he was himself a mere chameleon, ready with swiftest dexterity to adapt himself to the requirements of the hour, and sceptical of any other having "the courage of their opinions" or not to be bought. Throughout rapacious, self-seeking, a shameless plunderer, he began as an impoverished and struggling country squire—if squire be not too large—and he died possessed of "three hundred distinct estates." It is historically certain that through church-lands and church-exactions, as on the appointments of bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, he kept "the treasury" of the Queen "full," and so won the confidence, the over-confidence of Elizabeth, whilst he so manipulated the revenues as to aggrandize and enrich himself after

such sort as it was difficult to be detected. One who held himself "loyal" to "bloody Mary" and conformed abjectly to his royal mistress's Roman Catholicism—without, as Macaulay has shown scathingly, the plea of being an Adiaphorist, and as readily and as abjectly conformed to the Protestantism of Elizabeth, is a despicable man, a merely titularly "great man"—especially in the lurid light of his multiplied, prolonged and ingeniously cruel persecution of the Catholics. His was not statesmanship, but hand-to-mouth shrewd dealing with persons and circumstances as they arose. He was a mere political Jesuit—without the Jesuit's religious *motif*. It is a libel on government to exalt his prying, spying vigilance to statesmanship. He had his venal instruments everywhere, but by his own small eyes saw nothing, much less fore-saw anything. Oxenstiern's memorable saying never has been more amazingly illustrated than in the long rule of this poorest-natured and largest-advantaged Minister of the Elizabethan age. He is not to be thought of blamably for his crooked and ugly person; but the meagre and creeping body was emblematic of the more crooked and creeping soul that animated it. I for one cannot hold it either in Raleigh or Essex or Bacon or Spenser for malignancy that they called a spade a spade in their conflicts with and allusions to this Burleigh. Neither can I divide the condemnation of Burleigh with Walsingham, much less with Elizabeth. He was *the* controlling force by one of those accidents that sometimes in actual life give a relatively inferior and small man extraordinary influence.

Phillips in his *Theatrum Poctarum Anglicanorum*

only caught up the long tradition when he stated that Cecil owed Spenser "a grudge for some reflections in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*." These "reflections" are not far to seek, either in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* or elsewhere: e.g., ll. 487—520:—

First therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
 Your selfe attyred, as you can devise,
 Then to some Noble man your selfe applye,
 Or other great one in the worldes eye,
 That hath a zealous disposition
 To God, and so to his religion:
 There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
 Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale:
 For each thing fained, ought more warie bee.
 There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
 And seeme as saintlike as Saint *Radegund*:
 Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
 And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke:
 These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke,
 And be thou sure one not to lacke or long.
 But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
 And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
 Then must thou thee dispose another way:
 For there thou needs must learne, to laugh, to lie,
 To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
 To crouche to please, to be a beetle stock
 Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock:
 So maist thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
 Unlesse thou canst one coniure by device,
 Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick:
 And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
 These be the wayes, by which without reward
 Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard.
 For nothing there is done without a fee:
 The Courtier needes must recompenced bee
 With a Benevolence, or have in gage
 The *Primitiæ* of your Parsonage:
 Scarse can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
 But that it must be gelt in privitie.

Two observations confirmatory of the Burleigh references here must at this point be made. (a) The corre-

spondence of Bishop Barnes (Bishop of Durham), father of Barnaby Barnes, the sweet-singer of *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, shows with what audacious insistence Cecil claimed "grants" and "fines"—sheer extortions—from an incoming "bishop,"*—and it were easy to multiply examples. (b) Camden wrote—Cecil "succeeded in raising a vast estate, great part of it, as was too usual with the later Tudors, wrung by way of inequitable exchange from the Church" (*Annals*, p. 336). Spenser's recently-made bishop friend, Dr. John Young, Bishop of Rochester, would assuredly have the same pressure put on him, and 'talk' of it when "Colin Clout" was on his (probable) visit to "Roffy" (in 1577).

Burleigh would be the more 'vexed' by his portraiture being made a foil for the magnificent delineation of the "rightful courtier,"—a delineation the more significant and the more precious that Sidney was then alive by our dating of the composition of *Mother Hubberd's Tale*" (see ll. 711—792). One admires the deftness with which touches are worked into this great verse-portrait so as to smite the "great Minister"; and so onward, e.g. :—

And whenso love of letters did inspire
 Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,
 That chieffie doth each noble minde adorne,
 Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
 The Sectaries thereof, as people base
 And simple men, *which never came in place*
Of world's affaires, but in darke corners mewd,
 Muttred of matters. . . . (ll. 829—836).

And so of his "cleanly knaverie." Let the Reader study also ll. 877—914:—

* See Memoir of Bishop Barnes in Stephen's *National Biography*, s.n., by the present Writer.

Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
 Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some while :
 For he would learne their busines secretly,
 And then informe his Master hastely,
 That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,
 And beg the sute, the which the other ment.
 Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
 The simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
 His Master, being one of great regard
 In Court, to compas anie sute not hard,
 In case his paines were recompenst with reason :
 So would he worke the silly man by treason
 To buy his Masters frivolous good will,
 That had noe power to doo him good or ill.
 So pitifull a thing is Suters state.
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
 That few have found, and manie one hath mist
 Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
 What hell it is, in suing long to bide :
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent ;
 To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed to day, to be put back to morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow ;
 To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peere's ;
 To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres ;
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
 Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend !
 Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
 Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke ;
 And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
 Or hope to gaine, himselfe will one daie crie :
 That curse God send unto mineemie.

Thus the "pitiful case" of "poore Suitors" reflects passionately on Burleigh. One line throbs with personal indignation—

To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peere's (l. 901).

But there are strokes *bitten in* to this great word portrait—beside which Pope's keenest satires are child's play—that came later when publication was resolved on. To be placed side by side with this is the scarcely less recognizable and characteristic hitting-off of Burleigh's diplomacies of self-assertion and self-aggrandizement:—

He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
 And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let;
 No statute so established might bee,
 Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee
 Would violate, *though not with violence,*
 Yet under colour of the confidence
 The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdome's corner stone.
 And ever when he ought would bring to pas
His long experience the platforme was:
 And when he ought not pleasing would put by,
 The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
 For to encrease the common treasure's store,
But his owne treasure he encreased more.
 And lifted vp his loftie towres thereby,
 That they began to threat the neighbour sky. (ll. 1159-74.)

And so onward with superb strength, culminating thus:—

For men of learning little he esteemed;
 His wisdom he above their learning deemed. . . .
 So did he good to none, to manie ill,
 So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
 Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine;
 So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
 Ne would he anie let to have accesse
 Unto the Prince, but by his owne addresse:
 For all that els did come, were sure to faile.
 (ll. 1191-2, 1197—1204.)

Looking now into the *Teares of the Muses*, the same well-grounded historically truthful censure of Burleigh is found. Thus in "Clio" (st. vii.) we read—

And onely boast of Armes and Ancestrie (l. 94).

This must have been felt as a specially hard hit at the Cecils, whose ancestry was by "many that are not well-affected our house" doubted. Burleigh, according to Sandford (*Great Families, s.n.*), "was *greatly distressed* because, believing himself to be a gentleman in the English sense, he could not quite prove it. His enemies would have it that his grandfather 'kept the best inn in Stamford'; and this being so—and it has been established—the touch in st. vii. is peculiarly neat and keen :

. . . which did those Armes first give,
To their *Grandsyres*, they care not to atchieve" (ll. 95-6).

The first Earl of Salisbury was taunted by his peers as grandson of a sieve-maker; but the Cecils themselves are doubtful. Cecil's grandfather wrote his name Sysself, which he connected with the Welsh Sitsell (or Sitsylt) family. But, says Sandford again, "the connection is entirely hypothetical."

The 'mighty' Secretary claimed to be a scholar. Could a scholar have entered in his Diary this—"Anno 1541, Aug. viii. *nupsi* Mariæ Cheke, Cantabridgiæ"? More correctly in a MS. book among the Lansdowne MSS. he writes "duxi in uxorem Mariæ Cheke" (Sandford, ii. 66).

Cecil was raised to the Peerage as Baron de Burghley in Feb. 1571; made K.G. 1572 (June); Lord High Treasurer in 1572 (September).

At his death he left £4,000 a year in land, £111,000 in money, and in valuable effects about £14,000 (Sandford). These represent a million sterling at least to-day.

Finally—There can be no doubt that though Burleigh

is by no means the only neglecter of learning referred to in these poems of Spenser, he most unquestionably must be regarded as the central figure. Let us further compare st. iv. of *Tears of the Muses*—

The *Sectaries* of my celestial skill,
That wont to be the world's chief ornament, etc.
(Vol. III., p. 46.)

The Reader will go on to close of st. viii., and recall *Mother Hubbard's Tale*—

Then he would scoff at Learning, and eke scorne
The *Sectaries* thereof, as people base.

That the "newe poete" was deeply hurt by Burleigh's obstructiveness is constantly flashing out—*e.g.*,

The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
They not contented us themselves to scorne
Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne (ll. 65-6);

and—

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine (ll. 331-2);

and again—

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare
(ll. 469-70).

All this reminds us that Edmund Spenser in far deeper and truer sense than either were Bishop Hall or Dean Donne, was—a Satirist.

But by far the most interesting (extrinsic) thing about the *Tears of the Muses* is Shakespeare's reference to it in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (V. i.). Theseus reads—

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

By the 'thrice three Muses mourning' it seems pretty clear the *Teares of the Muses* ('thrice three') was intended to be designated. For only in the *Teares of the Muses* is there that combination of 'mourning' with satire, that leads to the commentary on the proposal to have such a 'device' for entertainment of the joyous marriage-company—

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

But a peculiarity of this Shakespearean reference is that within the thought of the *Teares of the Muses* is a sub-thought of application of his own suggested mourning-satirical poem on Spenser himself as "Learning, late deceas'd in beggary." By 'beggary' here is to be understood the inevitable impoverishment through the Poet's sudden deprivation of Kilcolman by the rebels, but not more than Camden's "inops" (as we shall see onward). Mr. J. P. Collier (*Spenser*, Life, vol. i., p. xi.) applied the lines to Spenser, and annotated—

"Spenser had died only the year before *Midsummer Night's Dream* was printed, though it had been acted several seasons earlier. We are fully persuaded that the couplet in Act V. sc. i. had reference to the death of Spenser, in grief and poverty, in the January preceding. On the revival of plays, it was very common to make insertions of new matter, especially adapted to the time; and this, we apprehend, was one of the additions made by Shakespeare shortly before his drama was published in 1600."

Elze follows suit (*Essays*, p. 59). But neither Collier nor Elze saw beyond the phrase "the thrice three Muses" as the identification. By itself it might only have designated the nine Muses. 'Learned' was frequently applied to Spenser contemporarily.*

* My friend, Mr. Harrold Littledale, of Baroda, holds to the

One wishes the suggested 'device' of showing the "thrice three Muses mourning for the death of Learning late deceas'd in beggary" had approved itself to Theseus as it had to Philostrate. For then, instead of the fooling of Pyramus and Thisbe that was accepted and carried out, we might have had William Shakespeare's estimate of Edmund Spenser. A thousand times must the preference be grudged and lamented.

It has not been adequately realized how marked and absolute was the advent of the "newe poete," who could write and "put by" carelessly for more than a decade of years, verse of the masterful type of *Mother Hubberd's Tale*, as similarly the dulcet music and, as Mr. Palgrave phrases it, "the magnificently sustained power and perfection in style" (Vol. IV., p. xcvi) of the *Two Hymnes of Love and Beauty*. I am far from underrating the *Shepherd's Calendar*, but it is as hodden gray to imperial purple, or water to wine, beside the *Two Hymnes* and *Mother Hubberd's Tale*. A measure of the breadth of distinction between Spenser's genius and Dryden's and Pope's is this,—that in *Mother Hubberd's Tale* the Poet is never sunk in the Satirist. He wields a rod weightier than even "glorious John's," and as stinging as Pope's; but it buds and blossoms, and bears better than almond fruit, of the Maker's imaginativeness.*

Virgil's Gnat comes next to, if it did not precede,

reference to the *Teares of the Muses*, but does not admit the reference to Spenser's death. But the two must stand or fall together. It is like Shakespeare's penetrativeness to see the satire underlying the *Teares of the Muses*.

* See G in Appendix for a book read by Spenser and used in *Mother Hubberd's Tale*.

Mother Hubbard's Tale. It was intended to be dedicated, and actually was dedicated, "to the Earl of Leicester, late deceased" (1588). In the dedication (verse) the Poet addresses him as "causer of my care," as though Spenser had been the "gnat," and Dudley the "heedless shepherd," of the incident made immortal in this transfusion of the pseudo-Virgil's *Culex*. It is idle at this late day to conjecture the occasion of this poem. Spenser may have given Leicester some useful hint, and have got himself into trouble through it. It must have been serious 'trouble,' for it is to be recalled that "care" and "careful" had a much stronger meaning then than now they have. 'I may not speak of this matter openly,' the poet says in effect; but

Whatso by my selfe may not be shoven,
May by this gnatt's complaint be easily knowen.

One thing is very plain,—that if Spenser was the "gnat," and Leicester the "shepherd," Burleigh was the "snake."

We have now to look at the 'lost' and semi-lost poems that belong to the first period of his poetic inspiration and achievement, and the existence of all of which contemporaneous with the publication of the *Shepherd's Calendar* is attested by Spenser's own letters to "Hobbinol," and "Hobbinol's" to Spenser as "Immerito." These summarily wére—the *Dreames*, and *Slomber*, and *Nine Comedies*, and *Dulciana Stemnata*, and minor things.

With respect to the *Dreames*, Professor Hales thinks that the *Dreames* and the *Slomber* were probably one and the same, and perhaps identical with the *Visions* published in 1591, which were revised from the earlier

version in the *Theatre of Voluptuous Worldlings* (Life in *Globe Spenser*, p. xvii). I cannot accept this. The hypothesis breaks down when we read Spenser's post-script to his second Letter to Harvey—"I take best my *Dreames* should come forth alone, being grown by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in manner of a paraphrase) full as great as my *Calendar*" (Vol. IX., p. 275).

There is nothing in the *Visions* requiring so elaborate a paraphrase; nor may Spenser reasonably be supposed to have gone to the trouble ("pains") of expounding a translation at such length. Besides, the size of the new intended book must have been far greater than the *Visions* would have made, even with a "Glosse" equal to that in the *Shepherd's Calendar*.

Dean Church (as before, p. 52), on the other hand, and at an opposite pole, and as mistakenly as Professor Hales, says that of the *Dreames* "not a trace can be found." Let the student-Reader study the *Ruines of Time*, and methinks he will find that into it the *Dreames* has been if not wholly yet largely incorporated.

I am indebted to Mr. Harrold Littledale for a confirmation of this. He thus specifically puts it:—"E. K., in his Glosse to the *Shepherd's Calendar*, November (Vol. II., p. 270), may give some clue to the point. He says, 'Nectar and Ambrosia bee fained to be the drinke and foode of the gods; ambrosia they liken to Manna in Scripture, and nectar to be white like creame, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already discoursed that at large

in my commentary upon the *dreames of the same author*. This passage alone would dispose of Professor Hales's conjecture, as not a word of Hebe, galaxy, nectar, or ambrosia is to be found in the *Visions of Bellay*, etc., etc., so E. K. could not have 'discoursed at large' on those topics in a commentary on those poems. But if we suppose the *Dreames* to have been incorporated in the (hastily put together) *Ruines of Time*, we do get the necessary texts for E. K. to 'discourse upon at large.' In the *Ruines of Time*, st. lv., we have Hebe mentioned—'all happinesse in Hebe's silver bower,' and in st. lvii. we have this :

But with the gods, for former virtues meede
On Nectar and Ambrosia do feede.

It is true that these lines do not occur in the 'Vision' part of the *Ruines of Time*, but that would not matter, as seemingly Spenser has only adapted parts of the *Dreames* to the needs of the *Ruines*. This suggestion seems to receive further confirmation from the *Shepherd's Calendar* in E. K.'s Glosse in October (Vol. II., p. 246), 'as soote as swanne. The comparison seemeth to be straunge : for the swan hath ever woonne small commendation for her sweete singing : but it is said of the learned that the swanne a litle before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecyng by a secrete instinct her neere destinie, as well saith the poet elsewhere in one of his Sonnets :

The silver swan doth sing before her dying day,
As she that feelles the deepe delight that is in death,' etc.

These lines are not to be found in any extant poem, but they may be traced possibly in the *Ruines of Time*, ll. 589—600 (Vol. III., p. 33)."

It is probable that the original *Dreames* was of the same type as the *Visions*, and this probability is strengthened by the fact that in the *Ruines of Time* may be noted some imitations of the early translated *Visions*, which Spenser would hardly have been guilty of in 1590-1 if he wrote the *Ruines of Time* without reference to some earlier works of his. Cf. for instance the *Ruines of Time*, l. 411 (Vol. III., p. 25), "the mettall most desired," with the *Visions of Bellay*, l. 34, "the mettall which we most do honour" (Vol. III., p. 204). And compare closely the *Ruines of Time*, ll. 659-72 (Vol. III., p. 36), with the *Visions of Bellay*, ll. 29—56 (Vol. III., p. 204).

Lastly, note that the *Ruines of Time* is a "Vision" of Verlame, and that (ll. 489-90)—

Before mine eies strange sights presented were,
Like tragike Pageants seeming to appear.

Hence if any trace of the *Dreames* exists, it is to be found in the *Ruines of Time*.

The *Slumber*, called in the Printer's preface (Vol. III., p. 7) *A Senight's Slumber*, has apparently perished along with the *Nine Comedies*.

With respect again to the *Stemmata Dudleiana*, an overlooked couplet in the *Tears of the Muses* ("Erato," ii.)—

Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turn into Elegies—

seems just a description of his transformation of his *Stemmata*, which is also incorporated in the *Ruines of Time*. This, as Professor Hales (p. xvii., *Life in Globe Spenser*, and Dean Church, p. 52 as before)

note, relieves us of one pang over the long-supposed utter loss of the *Stemmata Dudleiana*. Spenser wrote self-admiringly of it—"Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especiallie of the sundrie Apostrophes therein, addressed to you know whom, must some advisement be had, than so lightly to send them abroade; howbeit trust me (though I doe never very well) yet, in my owne fancie, I never did better" (Vol. IX., p. 275). This was written in 1579 to Harvey. In 1590 the great house of Dudley had nearly passed away. Its glorification in the original *Stemmata* (= pedigrees) would have been a too too cruel exemplification of the epicure's *Vanitas Vanitatum*. And so the Poet having been asked to write an Elegy (see epistle-dedicatory) took the original *Stemmata* and part of the *Dreames* (as we have seen), and recast them into the form of the *Ruines of Time*. Instead of 'glorification,' the saddened Singer has to lament the 'ruins' which in a brief ten years Time had wrought. Like the original *Stemmata*, the *Ruines of Time* reveals itself as "specially intended to the renowning of that noble race [the Dudleys] from which both you [Lady Mary Sidney] and he ['that most brave knight, your noble brother deceased,' Sir Philip Sidney] sprang, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them lately deceased" [*i.e.* Robert Dudley, d. 1588; Ambrose Dudley, d. 1589; Mary Dudley, d. 1586; Sidney, d. 1586; Francis, Earl of Bedford, d. 1585].

In connection with Spenser's remarks to Harvey quoted, about "the sundrie Apostrophes," let the Reader note the "Apostrophe" in xxxv.-xl. of the *Ruines of Time* to the widow of Ambrose Dudley,

"O dearest Dame"—*i.e.* Anne, third wife of Ambrose Dudley, and daughter of Francis, Earl of Bedford (d. 1855).

I shall necessarily revert to the *Ruines of Time* hereafter—and to Spenser's relations to the Dudleys. There are other 'lost' Writings of Spenser—as the *Nine Comedies* and the *Dying Pelican* and *Legends*, and versification of *Ecclesiastes*, *Canticum Canticorum* and certain *Psalmes*, and *The hell of Lovers* and "his *Purgatorie*" and *The howers of the Lord* and *The Sacrifice of a Sinner* and *The Englishe Poet*. The first two, the fourth and fifth, and seventh to tenth, appear inexplicably to have perished, or all too successfully to have been hidden away from the time of Ponsonbie's appeal for those "Pamphlets loosely scattered abroad." ("To the Reader" before *Ruines of Time*, Vol. III., pp. 7, 8). The *Legends* I conceive were portions of the *Faery Queen*, as also was certainly the *Court of Cupid* glorified into the "Masque of Cupid." As to the *Psalmes*, I should not at all wonder if it emerge some day that they were given to Mary, Countess of Pembroke, as a contribution to her own and Sir Philip Sidney's versification. It is to be remembered she did not herself publish the *Psalmes*. Similarly, if not bodily, yet largely, I like to think that we have *The Englishe Poet* utilized at least in Sidney's *Apology* or *Defence of Poetry*. It is also to be remembered it was posthumously published.

These observations on the body of Poetry from which Spenser—urged by Harvey—selected for publication the *Shepherd's Calendar* have (I trust) prepared the way for our critical examination of certain aspects

and details of the *Shepherd's Calendar* in its publication and in itself.⁴

In the beginning of the present chapter we saw how Spenser hesitated to publish the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and why it was that it was published anonymously—not as by Edmund Spenser, or even "Ed. Sp." (as in later volumes), but simply as by "Immerito." The "Immerito" had a twofold reference—primarily to his success or unworthiness with his "Rosalind," and secondarily as a modest intimation of his humble estimate of the Poem (a little insincerity here perhaps).

The 'advizement' of Gabriel Harvey to publish was not long of being operative. Spenser's Letter of 16th October, 1579, was followed up by assigning the "boke" to his Lancashire neighbour, now in London, Hugh Singleton (as in Introduction); and the 'entry' by him at Stationers' Hall on 5th December, 1579. The original title-page is dated 1579; but it is probable that the dainty little quarto, with its quaint woodcuts after the type of Vander Noodt's *Theatre of Voluptuous Worldlings* (1569), did not appear until 1580. Bibliographically full details will be found in the place (Vol. II., pp. 6—8) of the five editions of the *Calendar* of 1579, 1581, 1586, 1591, and 1597—with fac-simile of the last. Thither I refer the Reader. Critically and for insight into the characteristics or notes of the successive poems combined in the *Calendar*, I similarly refer the Reader to Mr. Palgrave's Essay (Vol. IV.)

⁴ The Reader will, of course, turn to, and I trust return on, Mr. Palgrave's Essay in Vol. IV., and Mr. Gosse's, with my "Rider" on it, in Vol. III. These Essays (which it is not for me to characterize) do not release me from a Biographer's duty of considering each fact and word.

and Mr. Gosse's Essay (Vol. III.) along with my own "Rider" to the latter. Nor, if he is wise, will he fail to ponder Dean Church's eloquent if discursive and somewhat irrelevant dissertation on *The New Poet—the Shepherd's Calendar*.

In limine, the dissertation of Dean Church suggests my first criticism—broadly—of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. I do not know that personally I should erase a single word; but it strikes me that the sweep is much too wide as an introduction to the *Shepherd's Calendar*. As we have found, far higher and *qua* poetry, far subtler, finer, more imperishable poems were composed by Spenser previous to his composition of the *Calendar*. So that unless we are to substitute the mere accidental chronology of publication for the chronology of fact, the "newe Poete" had arrived and in private and within a certain circle announced his advent with greater sanction than ever the *Shepherd's Calendar* showed. Then intrinsically with all its noticeable—most noticeable merits and enduring value—it had no such potentiality, at the time or subsequently, to entitle it to such a supreme place in declaring its writer to be the "newe poete." To look on such a relatively lowly set of poems—regarded as a whole—as the *Calendar* with "the tendencies of the time" and with the events of the preceding half-century, "with the convulsions which accompanied them, their uprootings and terrors" and the "shock of transition" and the "great break up," is unquestionably eloquent, but it is eulogy, not criticism. One might as reasonably have connoted the daisies that grew in the meadows or the nightingales that sang in the bosky greenwood

contemporaneously with the Armada. Or to put it in another way, more could scarcely have been said of the *Faery Queen*, or the *Epithalamium*, or of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Hence my unwilling impertinence of 'irrelevant.' But very thorough and admirable is the dissertatory criticism that follows the blare of trumpets (pp. 38—50).*

But passing from the Poem generally, I have now to invite attention to prevalent criticism of the *Shepherd's Calendar* that in my judgment is misdirected and even perverse. To begin with, Campbell's (in his *Specimens*),—which provokingly meets one everywhere in criticisms (so-called) of Spenser,—is strangely inept, as thus—"Pope, Dryden, and Warton have extolled these eclogues, and Sir William Jones has placed Spenser and Gay as the only genuine descendants of Theocritus and Vergil in pastoral poetry. This decision may be questioned. Favourable as are the circumstances of England's genius in all the higher walks of poetry, they have not been propitious to the humbler pastoral muse. Her trades and manufactures, the very blessings of her wealth and industry, threw the indolent shepherd's life to a distance from her cities and capital, where poets, with all their love of the country, are generally found; and impressed on the face of the country, and on its rustic manners, a gladsome but not romantic appearance." He then gives deserved praise to Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, and continues—"The shepherds of Spenser's *Calendar* are parsons in disguise, who converse about heathen divinities and points of Christian theology. Palinode

* See Appendix H for correction of a slight mistake.

defends the luxuries of the Catholic clergy, and Piers extols the purity of Archbishop Grindal, concluding with the story of a fox who came to the house of a goat, in the character of a pedlar, and obtained admittance by pretending to be a sheep. This may be burlesquing Æsop, but certainly is not imitating Theocritus. There are fine thoughts and images in the *Calendar*, but on the whole the obscurity of these pastorals is rather the covering than their principal defect."

The criticism of Campbell in his *Specimens* is generally so admirable, and his final estimate of Spenser so great and adequate, that it is with a sense of semi-ingratitude, semi-irreverence, I take it upon me to traverse this verdict on the *Shepherd's Calendar*. It is vitiated by a twofold ignorance—ignorance of shepherd-life and ignorance of contemporary life. To those who have the slightest knowledge of a shepherd's life—whether in the downs and dales of the South or on the mountains of the North, the characterization of it as "the *indolent* shepherd's life" is about the most untrue to the actual facts imaginable. For ceaseless, anxious, vigilant, intensely active toil, there is no occupation that less admits of being "indolent" than that of the shepherd. His task begins with the break of day, and does not end with sunset, but in the season is prolonged far into the night, whilst sudden storms of rain and snow, sudden floods, sudden epidemics, sudden dangers, demand that the "faithful shepherd" shall be ever on the alert, and be (so-to-say) all ear and all eye. It is all very well to conjure up a fancy-picture of a shepherd like Sidney's boy with his oaten pipes piping

as he would never grow old. But that is in Arcadia, not in this real earth of ours. The shepherd's life everywhere—and scarcely with an interval—is laborious and responsible in the extreme. Not less is the ignorance shown of contemporary life. It is forgotten that "The Reformation" was then a recent thing. It is forgotten that the relapse to Popery of the most superstitious and mechanical type under Mary, had left blood-red memories over all England. It is forgotten that the re-enthronement of Protestantism by Elizabeth,—combined with patriotic hatred of Spain and detestation of the monk who called himself "the Pope,"—stirred the nation to its depths. It is forgotten that in the lack of newspapers men 'talked' by their roaring fires in the "great Halls" of the "stately homes of England," and in the servants' halls, and in "huts where poor men lie," and at markets and fairs and everywhere. It is forgotten that by the necessities of the time wherein the political was the ecclesiastical and the ecclesiastical was the political, the 'burden' of men's thought and feeling was preponderatingly 'theological.' It is forgotten that the 'simple' and the 'gentle' were not so divided from each other in daily intercourse as later, travelling being limited and contact "at home" necessitated. Fundamentally, therefore, the 'commonalty' did in actual life so "chatten" of "points of Christian theology," and had for their ordinary reading—as the books of the period prove incontestably—romances and translated folios that familiarized them with "heathen divinities." I question if to-day the "heathen divinities" are so well known as in Spenser's time by the ordinary run of ordinary folks, and I do not question that

"points of Christian theology" formed the staple of their conversation then, as indeed it does even now. The more the 'talk' of the *Shepherd's Calendar* is studied, the more will it be realized how close to the realities of North-East Lancashire life—rural and urban—it all is.

The words and the 'talk' of the *Calendar* were the "common speech" of the time. They were the "common speech" of Spenser's time. They are the "common speech" of this year of our Lord 1884. Their occurrences in the *Townley Mysteries* (see in Appendix B), precisely as in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, are in keeping with those in whose mouths they are put. And in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, except accidentally, when the covert meaning asserts itself—as the "dolphin's back" rises and gleams above the element it moves in—and when the shepherds are avowedly = pastors, there is no warrant for Campbell's "parsons in disguise." Specifically it is simply untrue that Palinode "defends the luxuries of the Catholic clergy."*

But still further—Campbell questions the soundness of Pope and Dryden and Sir William Jones's ranking of the *Shepherd's Calendar* with Theocritus and Vergil; and not only so, but he so far dissents as to put comparison with Theocritus and Vergil out of court. All this—and others have followed suit—betrays slender acquaintance with Theocritus and Vergil. For apart from positive translations or transfusions and imitations of both in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, when

* See in Appendix B, proof of how keen was the 'talk' of North-East Lancashire contemporarily with the *Shepherd's Calendar* on just such 'points of theology' as Campbell objects to.

the *Eclogues* of Vergil and the *Idylls* of Theocritus are nearly looked into, it is discovered that neither are the mere bucolic or rural word-photographs that this bastard criticism chooses to set up for Pastoral. Take Vergil's ten "Eclogues"—for the *Georgics* are distinct from the *Shepherd's Calendar* as is the *Æneid*,—turning to the first, it tells the story of an event in the Poet's own life, precisely as the first of the *Calendar* (January) does in Spenser's. In the one is "Tityrus," in the other "Colin Clout," and "Amaryllis" over-against "Rosalind." In each case the thing was real, and the Mantuan's gratitude for his farm 'continued' to him by the influence of Octavianus [= Augustus] is true as the young Englishman's love-anguish for his failure with "Rosalind." It is sheer folly to argue for 'conventionalism' and 'artificiality' as appertaining to either. The second and third *Eclogues* of Vergil are written "after Theocritus," but with the note of the Latin poet throughout; and once more Corydon's hopeless love and warnings of Alexis not to presume over-much on his beauty, and the quarrelling conversation of the two shepherds—Menalcas and Damœtas—and the challenge to a singing-match, are genuine and to the life, not 'conventional' nor 'artificial.' And this holds of Spenser's second and third, February and March. The whole four are transcripts from Nature and the every-day life that were beneath the eyes of the two Poets. The fourth *Eclogue* is *unique*, and one gladly accepts the idea that Vergil had read Isaiah in the Septuagint. Spenser's fourth *Eclogue*, for Octavianus, lately married to Scribonia, and whose child was destined to be the world's wonder, exalts Elizabeth.

I am at a loss to know on what ground the glorification of even Augustus is to be deemed congruous and that of Elizabeth incongruous. They who so think, over-exalt the Roman and miss the hold that the great Queen had on the nation at its greatest—a hold that made it (historically) true to put the highest laudation of Elizabeth into the lips of Hobbinol and Thenot as shepherds, and peculiarly fitting that Hobbinol should sing the "laye" which Colin Clout had made of "fayre Eliza." Courthope (*The Genius of Spenser*, 1868, pp. 29, 30) says of it, "The song indeed is so graceful that we almost forget the absurdity of the associations." The "absurdity of the associations" is in the critic's imagination. How was it 'absurd' that one of her shepherd-subjects (supposed), having got possession of this admittedly "graceful song," should have "sung" it to his first listener? From earliest ages the Shepherd has been the Singer. The fifth Eclogue is the apotheosis of Julius Cæsar; and whilst for exquisiteness of rhythm and pervading melody and subtlety of workmanship there is nothing in all the *Shepherd's Calendar* for one moment to be put in comparison, the fact that it is an apotheosis of Julius Cæsar warrants the "newe Poete" in his high praise of his heroes and heroines, and traverses the objection of unsuitability to "pastoral poetry." The sixth Eclogue,—in so far as it could be in celebrating Varus,—is theological or theological-philosophical, and again gives sanction to Spenser's sixth Eclogue ("June"). I must reiterate that "points in Christian theology" were *the* points then of the common talk of "gentle and simple," and that not neutrally or lukewarmly, but vehemently. It was therefore once

more in keeping to make Piers and Palinode converse as representatives of Protestant and Catholic; and so again in July and September. No one in sympathy with the 'Reformation,' no one in sympathy with freedom as against bondage and conscience as against unintelligent and grovelling superstition, will be 'weary' of these Eclogues, or fail to love Spenser for his balanced attitude (not 'coldness') toward the old religion, spite of his own strenuous revolt from it. I am not here to justify the Paganish intermixtures of "Pan" and others; but I remember *Lycidas*, and am silent. Nay more, I am taken captive by the magnificence of the conception that adumbrates "great god Pan" in God manifest in the flesh, Jesus Christ. The seventh Eclogue corresponds to the third, as the *Calendar* song-matching Eclogues speak back and forward one to another. The eighth Eclogue once more has Theocritus in reminiscence, as Spenser had Marot and Sanazzaro, and Damon and Alphesibœus sanction the *Calendar's* love-stratagems and 'bewitched' opinions. The ninth Eclogue is again personal, as the first; and so the personal elements of Spenser's "Rosalind" and other disappointment Eclogues are justified and natural. The tenth Eclogue is in honour of Vergil's friend Cornelius Gallus—after Theocritus' first Idyll—and the *Shepherd's Calendar's* celebration of Grindal and Aylmer answer exactly. We thus perceive that if the Eclogues of Vergil are to be accepted as the model of "Pastoral Poetry," then the Eclogues of Spenser violate none of the laws of the great Mantuan's Eclogues. I am aware that 'conventional' and "artificial" are bandied by the critics against Vergil as a pastoral poet; but it is all mere assertion.

Equally is it mere assertion—bating *bits*—of the *Shepherd's Calendar*.

A similar examination of the *Idylls* of Theocritus would yield the same results. No more than the Eclogues of Vergil are these purely rustic "pastoral" after, *e.g.*, the type of John Clare's *Shepherd's Calendar*, or the poetry of Charles Kent, and too much of Dante G. Rossetti. In these you have words taking the place of colours, the brush of the pen. You have delicate and nice observation and fixing of the look of Nature in the cunningest way: but it is not poetry. But in Theocritus as in Vergil, and in Spenser as in both, we have the humanities and the mysteries of this "unintelligible world." Emphatically in Spenser we have Wordsworth's great "Evening Ode" couplet fulfilled,—

An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread.

Theocritus is *par excellence* the pastoral poet of all literature. Nowhere are to be found such vivid pictures, such child-like naturalnesses, such child-like breaks of humour (as in the description of Galatea's dog), such child-like pure-white tears. I do not dream of mating the *Shepherd's Calendar* with the *Idylls*. But as to their congruity and the *Calendar's* incongruity, as to their being "in keeping," and Spenser's Eclogues not, I must deny it all. No more than as compared with Vergil does the *Shepherd's Calendar* violate the law of the Pastoral. If Spenser is himself "Colin Clout," equally is Theocritus 'Simichidas,' and if the English poet works in his own experiences, in shine and shadow, the Greek does the same. Still more in agreement

with Spenser, if he has introduced his own personal friends and contemporary events, so does the Syracusan. One needs but to name Nicias of Miletus and his wife Theugenis, Aratus the astronomer-poet, the Jews under Ptolemy Philadelphus, King Hiero the Second, and the repartees of the Lydiastæ and Bucolistæ. These soar far beyond the simple 'pastoral.' Then, as in Spenser, the *Idylls* classify themselves as bucolic (1st to 11th—2nd only partially, as 14th, 15th, and 21st), erotic (12th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 27th and 29th), laudatory (16th and 17th), epical (22nd, 24th, 25th and 26th), epistolary (28th), and bacchic (30th). The tempestuous passion of Simætha (2nd Idyll) ranges itself with "Colin Clout's" for "Rosalind," and after-eclogues with the hopeless love of the Cyclops in the Song of Damætas. I must therefore pronounce it misdirected criticism that finds fault with the *Shepherd's Calendar* as pastoral because of the introduction into its Eclogues of the "higher strain." Spenser but walked in the foot-prints of his Mantuan and Syracusan predecessors, and what is stronger, gathered into his *Calendar* the persons and places, the talk and experiences of the period. It cannot be necessary at this time of day to argue that not only did Spenser follow the classical law of the Pastoral in introducing "points of Christian theology" and personal experiences, but that he has poetized them. I affirm he has done so beyond Theocritus and Vergil, whose extra-pastoral *bits* do not show them at their best. The final words of Campbell on "burlesquing Æsop" is unadulterated nonsense. Just such fable-tales or tale-fables—as in Doni's *Moral Philosophy* (1570)—were the chosen medium by which to convey

moral and religious truths and apologies.* Besides, he might have remembered the New Testament representation of the "wolves in sheep's clothing," who sought to destroy the Good Shepherd's flock.

Looking in another direction—It has been asserted that the *Shepherd's Calendar* is without rural framework or local colouring—by 'local colouring' not meaning distinction of a particular place or district (except in certain touches), but that the 'country' is not depicted in the light and shadow of the several months. That is to say, that the successive months are filled in without relation to the particular month. But such criticism is at once blind and deaf. I will not claim for the *Shepherd's Calendar* any such delicacies of Watteau-like picturings of pastoral scenery and movement as in the Hylas of Theocritus (13th Idyll), or such charm of vivid painting as in the 7th Idyll (at close), or in the 25th (ll. 34—50). The description of the capture of the youth by the love-thrilled Naiads is incomparable. And so with his Gossips, and Honey-thief, and Fisherman.

* Campbell was lazy and second-hand in his reading. In all likelihood he simply appropriated a stupid criticism in the *Retrospective Review*, vol. xii., pp. 142—165, on "Spenser's Minor Poems." Elsewhere I quote a superb specimen of this Critic's valuation of the *Amoretti*. Take this of the *Shepherd's Calendar*—"The Poet's object being to approximate his pastorals to what might be considered the language and station of the interlocutors, it is strange that he should have so departed from nature and common sense, as to introduce them discussing questions of theology, and reasoning upon the relative merits of the Catholic and Protestant faiths. Such disquisitions are totally out of character, they are alien from the simplicity of pastoral life; they presuppose a state of civilization wholly inconsistent with the ignorance of 'shepherd swains'" (p. 143). All mere ignorance—as superabundantly proved in the text and our Appendix B.

I will not even assert for Spenser the nature-depiction in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, of Chaucer, in such delicious bursts as these—

There sprang the violete alle newe
 And freshe periwinke riche of hewe
 And flowres yelow, white and rede ;
 Sic plenty grewe there never in mede.
 Ful gay was alle the ground, and queynt
 And powdred, as men had it peynt
 With many a fresh and sondry flour
 That casten up ful good savour.

* * * * *
 The grounde was greene ypowdred with daisie

* * * * *
 And the river that I sat upon
 It made such a noise as it ron
 Accordant with the birdes harmony ;
 Methought it was the best melody
 That might been yherd of any man.

And deeper still, in asserting love of Nature in a man's heart as a protection from 'evil desires'—

And those that wore chaplets on their heads
 Of fresh woodbine, be such *as never were*
To love untrue, in word, thought or deed.

Nor may I claim for him the unexpectednesses of George Wither's *Shepherd's Hunting*, with its glorious enthusiasm within prison-walls in asserting inspiration—

By the murmur of a spring
 Or the least bough's rustling ;
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed
 Or a shady bush or tree.

Much less can I mate the *Shepherd's Calendar* with the dainty realism of the *Shepherd's Calendar* of John Clare. But if we read sympathetically, the *Shepherd's Calendar* proves itself to be true to itself within its

limits. There is not the Landscape as a Landscape-painter puts it on his canvas; but there is the background of greenwood and sky and sea of the supreme portrait-painters, earlier and later. I take the Eclogues in order. "January" is appropriately and suggestively heralded by note of "Winter's wastful spight," and one of those "sunneshine days" on its departure, and the "flock" that had "bene long ypent" is "led forth"; and how life-like is their condition!—

So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unethes their feete could them uphold.

Be it remembered, too, that contemporary with Spenser the whole of this wide 'North-East Lancashire' district was a sheep-farming, wool-growing, and wool-manufacturing centre. The *Spending of Robert Nowell* certifies to hundreds of gifts of "woollen cloth"—all home-made. Hence shepherds and shepherd-life were beneath the 'newe poet's' eyes every day. The whole is shut up "by the frosty Night" flinging her "mantle black" over the dim shadowy sky. "February" is too near to "January" to be differentiated; but with finest insight it is allied to "January." It is still a-cold, and spite of the chance "sunneshine day" Cuddie has to ask:—

Ah for pittie, such rancke Winter's rage
These bitter blastes never ginne t'asswage?

and one's teeth chatter as we read on:—

The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde.

What a new thing in English poetry was an imaginative-fanciful metaphor like this:—

. [the] faded Oake
Whose bodie is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked armes stretch unto the fire.

"March" is near to "February" as "February" to "January," but "Willie," addressing Thomalin, tells us that it is unseasonable to be "syttten" so "overwent with woe"

. . . Upon so fayre a morrow,

which prophesies by its fairness and shining that—

The joyous time nowe nighes fast
That shall alegge this bitter blast
And slake the Winter's sorrowe.

And what a sweet March picture is this!—

The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The swallow peepes out of her nest,

and the hawthorn "begins to budde," and Flora calls "eche flower" to make ready for May. Beneath the great protecting shelter of Pendle Spenser doubtless drew all these from what he saw. Only this "merry month of May" it has been my delight to foot it along (literally) miles of 'hawthorn,' and to find the air fragrant with 'briar' (woodbine), in this very district—from Hurstwood to Worsthorn, and round by 'Spenser's farm.' "April" is an encomium of Elizabeth, and she—not the scene in which Thenot and Hobbinol converse—is the main end of this Eclogue; but even here "the gasping furious thirst" for "rayne" and the "April shoure" are used to tell of the sorrow of Hobbinol, while the "twincing starres" take them "homeward." "Maye" is so pre-eminently Chaucer's

month that "Colin Clout" could not dare to rival him—
as how could he? Witness this—

Hard is his hert that loveth nought
In May, when al this mirth is wrought;
When he may on these branches hear
The smale birddes syngen clere,
Her blessful sweete song pitous
And in this season delytous
When Love appeareth. . . .

"May" did indeed make our grand old Singer

. . . . pipe so merrily as never none.

But this Eclogue starts with the old refrain of "the merry moneth of May," when "all is yclad with pleasaunce." Let the reader frame in his memory this single picture:

. . . . the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
Youghthes folk now flocken in every where
To gather May buskets and smelling brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light
With Hawthorne buds, and sweete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses, and Soppes in wine.

"June" is sunnier than "Maye," and Hobbinol and Colin Clout are couched in a "pleasaunt syte" removed from "other shades"—the word "shades" suggesting the glow of heat peculiar to the month—and then comes this delicious and realistic description:—

Tell me, what wants me here to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calm, so coole
The grassye grounde with daintye Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

This is a *bit* from Hurstwood in its secluded loveliness. The incontaminate 'ayre,' the 'gentle warbling wynde' through the 'greenwood,' the calmness, the coolness even with roads adust outside, the 'grassye grounde with daintye daysies dight,' the 'bramble bush' in every nook and corner, and the 'byrds' attempering right their 'tunes' to the never absent 'waters' fall' for miles on miles, the visitor of to-day sees. It is the 'waters' fall'—no level, languid, canal-like Southern stream, but our Northern, rock-bedded, rushing, tinkling, musical 'waters.' No one who has eyes and ears open in the Lancashire 'Land of Spenser' but must be struck with the universality of the 'waters' fall,' and the Poet's inevitable introduction of it, from the Sonnets of the *Theatre of Worldlings* to the *Shepherd's Calendar* and *Fairy Queen*, and everywhere.

"Julye" is again an encomium of 'pastors' by 'shepherds,' and the figures, not the landscape, are prominent. But "yonder bancke" holds the "goteherde," who has allowed his "goats and kids" themselves "to shrowd among the bushes rancke," and by a touch here and there, "hyll" and "dale" are etched for us, and above in the molten sky

The Sonne hath reared up
His fyrie-footed teeme.

A peculiarity of Hurstwood and the Pendle district is also here to be noted—to wit, that the 'banckes' are 'winding' witches' accommodating themselves to the 'winding' of the streams, and having a character quite distinct from the straight-lined 'banckes' ordinarily. Just below the house of 'Edmund Spenser' in the

village, there is to-day a long 'winding witch' of the very type the Poet missed in the 'moorland.'

"August" reflects Theocritus and Vergil, and the "delectable controversie" even verbally resembles Idyll and Eclogue; but even in "August" the "prizes" are drawn from things belonging to the month, as "yonder spotted lamb" and "sweete violets," while "Bonibell" is suitably dressed "in a frocke of gray" and in "a kirtle of greene saye," and the Nightingale is heard—

That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe,
In songs and plaintive pleas.

"September" — as seen earlier — is in broken English, to represent Jean Vander Noodt; and it is in keeping that "Diggon Davie" should pay small heed to scenery. But Summer is past and "dirke night doth hast," and the "foule wagmoires" are getting rain-swollen. "October" is only "September" elongated; but it has been milder than wont. And so the 'peacocks' are seen unfolding their "spotted trane" full of "Argus' eyes," such as the Poet might well have seen at Hurstwood or Worsthorn Hall. Naturally "October" is sung of within-doors. "November" is elegiac, and is a heart-song in honour of a patron-friend's "little daughter," and it, too, is sung within-doors. But within doors is reminiscence of the "time of Merimake," under "the cocked hay," as foil to "sadde Winter" that "welked hath the day." Finally, "December" brings before us "Colin," taking advantage of a "sunneshine day," as in "Januarie," to seclude himself in the Pendle Forest, whose

perpetual greenery would early furnish "a secrette shade" for his "piteous mone" over "Rosalind." But he speedily retreats home : for

Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste.

It is thus seen that each month has its own characteristics, and that those who write otherwise have simply not read the poems they find fault with. Throughout, Spenser is faithful in his local colouring in parallelism with his fidelity to the subjects that he makes his 'shepherds' talk of. It was not at random he said—

THUS chatten the people in theyr steads ("September," l. 132).

The *Shepherd's Calendar*, as everybody knows, was accompanied by a "Glosse" about as large as the Poems themselves. This—as well as the epistle-dedictory to Harvey and the general preface—was furnished by the Poet's fellow-student at Pembroke, Edward Kirke. I have elsewhere said all needful or all I know of him (Vol. III., pp. cviii-cxiv.) But it is necessary to take notice of the relation of Spenser to the "Glosse" and other apparatus of the volume. There cannot be a question, surely, that the Poet entrusted his *Calendar* to Edward Kirke, with the express understanding that he was to prepare such "Glosse." Nor can there be any more doubt of Kirke's having received direct help from Spenser himself, as far as he thought well to do so. In some of the notes on the "Glosse" there are blunders of etymology (classical), and even in English, that we cannot imagine Spenser would have let pass : *e.g.*, the meaning of Aeclogue, the origin of elfs, goblins (as words), and the like. There

are others in which Kirke avows candidly that he does not know the references, and can only guess, and guesses wrongly. There are still others that he plainly blunders over. For example, in annotating "the widowe's daughter of the glenn," he explains that by "glen" is meant "a country hamlet or borough," which it never did or could mean. Spenser uses it again (*F. Q.*, B. III., c. vii., st. 6), where Florimell finds the witch's cottage in a "gloomy glen," certainly not (as Professor Dowden has well said in his "Heroines of Spenser") in "a country hamlet or borough."* Nevertheless, Spenser's sanction to the "Glosse" must have been definite, and if not so direct as Johnson's to Boswell, sufficient to give weight to all personal explanations. Gabriel Harvey, in one of the many overlooked passages in his Letters to Spenser (as "Immerito"), writing of a versifier encouraged by him, says: "His afternoon's Theame was borrowed out of him, who one *in your Coate*, they say is as much beholding unto, as any Planet or Starre in Heaven is unto the Sunne: and is quoted as your self best remember in the Glosse of your October:—

Giunto Alessandro ala famosa tomba
 Del fero Achille, sospirando disio,
 O fortunato che si chiara tromba
 Trouvasti" [Vol. II., p. 244]

* *Cornhill*, as before. Of course E. K. may either not have known accurately where Rosalind lived, or may have wished to throw an indefiniteness over the *locale*. It does seem scarcely possible he could think 'glen' = hamlet. But in any case it goes to prove that, though largely informed by Spenser, he was kept in the dark on certain points. Dr. A. H. Murray has been good enough to favour me with examples of the use of 'glen' before and contemporary with Spenser. See Glossary, *s.v.* (Vol. X.).

(*Gallant Letter* . . . as before). This is intentionally mystified, but the least it can mean is that E. K. wore the "coate" or livery of Spenser, and wrote his "Glosse" as the Poet's "servitor." This gives the highest sanction to the "Glosse." It is to be recalled also that Kirke himself puts it modestly yet unmistakably—"I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather that by meanes of some familiar acquaintaunce I was made privie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his." Among the "sundry other works" was the *Dreames*; and unless as a whole Spenser had been satisfied with E. K.'s "Glosse" in the *Calendar* he never would have confided the *Dreames* to him for like commenting; or if the *Dreames* preceded—as is possible—he must have been satisfied with its "Glosse," or he would not have similarly given him the *Calendar*.

The "newe poete," notwithstanding the anonymity of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, became famous at a bound. Long before the *Faery Queene* placed him at the head of English poetry, without rival, the most edged tongues were mute, or if they spoke, like Nashe, it was with "bated breath" and profoundest homage. It was something for a young man, in his twenty-sixth year, thus to awake famous of a morning, and that fame never to pale of its lustre—a sunrise without sunset. When he passed from Rochester to London—as we have seen was most probably his course—he bore his passports with him. As he was in Ireland in 1577, he had before entered the highest circles, of the Leicesters and Sidneys. And it now

falls to us to examine the most illustrious of all these friendships (unless Raleigh's is to be excepted, or at least paralleled)—viz., with Sir Philip Sidney.*

VIII. LOVE-EXPERIENCES—SHINE AND SHADOW.

*In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green ;
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above ;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN some years ago it was my good fortune to reveal for the first time in their several 'Lives,' that in the case of PHINEAS FLETCHER—poet of the *Locusts* and *Purple Island*,—JOHN DONNE—subtle Singer and great Preacher,—and JOHN HOWE—most illustrious of Nonconformist Divines,—a strenuous conflict of "flesh and spirit" preceded their ultimately beautiful, meek and holy lives, it came as a surprise upon most. For the ideal of them all was of flawless un-passioned men. It ought not to have been a surprise. One finds that with large and sensitive natures the tranquillity and "beauty of holiness" of the regenerate life are rarely if ever attained without strivings, stumblings, fallings. Nor is this other than we might wish. It humanizes the "great ones" to thus discover that they were of "like passions" with ourselves, and no 'perfect monsters' or monsters of perfection. St. John, the apostle

* As this, though of profoundest importance, is in a sense ancillary, its statement and discussion I transfer to Appendix I. The genuine Spenserian will not fail to turn to this, of his grace

of Love, is none the less but all the more near and dear to us that by the inflexible integrity of Holy Scripture we ascertain how fiery, fierce, rash-spoken, ambitious he was originally; so that only the conquering grace and strength of the God of grace mastered, subdued, "changed," sanctified him. That high-placed lake in the "far East" land, which fills the crater of an extinct volcano thus becomes the very symbol of St. John as he was primarily, and as he grew to be under the supreme touch. For the same reason, it is a relief to discover the seeming-perfect Daniel making penitent confession of his sins in common with his people.

The accepted ideal of Edmund Spenser is of one pure to stainlessness. The inviolate sanctity of his song—for only a morbid and unwholesome and artificial *morale* sniffs out dirty passages to bring him in *scabreux* in the *Fairy Queen**—has been transferred to the Singer. He himself gives hints of "envies" and "jealousies" and "ylwillers" among contemporaries; but of the scarcely numerable notices of him from 1578-9 onward—and I have gleaned many in all manner of places—none has sprung to the light with "evil word" or "evil deed" against him—apart from political differences, as in Ireland. Even the irrepressible THOMAS NASHE draws in his scorpion tongue, and never names the "new poete" without hush of reverence. He flouts and jests with GABRIEL HARVEY about his boasted friendship with Spenser, but only to set-off his homage to Spenser. BISHOP HALL, in his *Satires*, for a moment has his laugh at the Ages of Faith and their imaginary knights

* See Appendix J.

pricking over the plain to rescue imaginary-distressed damsels ; but he abruptly arrests himself with an awful sense of his temerity. SAMUEL DANIEL, not without quiet quip and crank of "odious comparison," refuses to use antique words, but equally with Hall affirms his profoundest regard for Spenser. If I cannot (with Professor Hales—p. xlvi, as before) accept alleged Shakespearean allusion, in Spenser, it is the deepest satisfaction to a Spenserian to recognise the influence of Spenser in the SONNETS of Shakespeare, and elsewhere. But withal, when one gets near enough, it turns out that our "sage and serious Spenser" had a good deal of human nature in him,—more especially it turns out that his Love-experiences in brightness and gloom were not limited to "Rosalind" and "Elizabeth." In other words, it is historically certain that he was predisposed to passionate captivities to woman, and was peculiarly impressionable and intense in pursuit. I by no means seek to aggravate the evidence, but I cannot consent to ignore or slur over the evidence. That evidence, and co-related evidence along other lines, demands that it should be accentuated that the summing-up observation "he never threw himself frankly on human life ; he always viewed it through a veil of mist, which greatly altered its true colours and often distorted its proportions" (p. 36), while true (in a modified sense) of the "human life" in the imaginative world of the *Faery Queen*, does not hold at all of Spenser's actual daily life, to which indeed Dean Church did not perhaps point. As a man in office and employment of the State, every memorial of that service shows him as practical, sagacious, businesslike,

thorough, strong, and in energetic contact with, and clear-eyed in the presence of the seething "human life" before him. As a Courtier he did more than wear court-clothes. He entered into "the ways of the Court." He liked high-born society. He is at his best when he is addressing "fair women and brave men." Fair women—as to him beauty incarnate—were moons to his billowy heart. Fair women—saucy as fair—were to him an attraction and a snare. I cannot say he was ensnared. I cannot say he was not. He relished breaking away o' times from his heritage of staid Puritanism—or shall I say? he showed that 'gentle' Puritanism was not the gruff and grim thing of the pseudo-historic portraiture, but that it could smile as well as scowl, enjoy as well as denounce, take as well as refuse the good of this present life. All his portraits present him richly dressed. All his associations bring him before us as moving among the highest. All his incidentally out-gleaming habits place him in accord with the gaieties of the time. "*Divine* tobacco" is his epithet for his friend Raleigh's famous "weed"; and we may be sure he smoked a pipe by Mulla and at Youghall. He toys with and returns on the gorgeous and splendid. He thrills and throbs under the spell of "the Passions" (realistic, not the thin abstractions of Collins). Everywhere he is a human being, and no Platonic dreamer or misanthropic ascetic.

Is it asked whence I fetch my warrant for these conclusions on Spenser's love-experiences? My answer is that, shrouded hitherto in his ungainly Latin, Gabriel Harvey in certain Letters warns and counsels—being

his elder—his gay young pleasure-seeking friend in such sort as leaves no doubt on the matter. It had been reported to him not unfriendlily, or unfriendlily repeated, that his "Immerito" (Spenser) was sporting a great beard and moustachios in hazardous associations and in a still more hazardous temperament. The reader will perhaps turn to the vivid picture (Appendix F). These Latin 'secrets' must now yield themselves to the light of day—not to gratify love of gossip, not as being in any way kin with suppressed passages in Pepys or Clarendon, not certainly with the thought of lessening our reverence for Spenser, but because they enable us to see the actual man as distinguished from the idealized, and so the truth as against fiction.

Turning then to "A Gallant familiar Letter containing an Answer to that of Immerito" (as before *frequenter*), we have first of all this "Postscript":

"God helpe us, you and I are wisely employed (are wee not?) when our Pen and Inke and Time and Wit and all runneth away in this goodly yonkerly veine, as if the world had nothing else for Nihilagents of the world. Cuiusmodi tu nugis, atq. mænis, nisi unâ mecum (qui solemnî quidam cur eiurando, atq. voto obstringor, relicto isto amoris Poculo, iuris Poculum primo quoq. tempore exhaurire) iam tandem aliquando valedicas (quod tamen, vnum tibi credo τῶν ἀδυνάτων videbitur) nihil dicam amplius. Valeas. E meo municipio. Nono Calendas Maias."

The close thus speaks in English:

"And now I pray at length may you bid farewell to trifles and idle songs of this sort, except along with me (who am bound by a certain solemn oath and vow, having abandoned that cup of Love to drain the cup of Law at the first opportunity)—do you (I say at long-last bid farewell to such things); and yet this will appear to you, I fancy, one of the impossibles [ἀδυνάτων]. Nothing more will I say. Farewell. From my lodging. The 9th day before the calends of May."

That is general, though quite unmistakable, of his “yonkerly veine”—a frequent phrase in these and other letters of Harvey. The next is specific. After criticisms on his hexameters and discursive observations on the “artificial rules and precepts” of the new Versifying, he suddenly concludes with this, “And this forsooth is all you are like to borrowe of one man at this time.” But he turns the page and breaks forth, as will appear immediately, alarmed—the word is not too strong—by Spenser’s own Latin postscript to his letter to Harvey of 13th April, 1580 :

“Sed, amabo te, meum Corculum tibi se ex animo commendat plurimum : jamdiu mirata, te nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse. Vide quæso, ne id tibi Capitale sit : Mihi certè quidem merit, neque tibi hercle impunè, ut opinor, Iterum vale, et quam voles sæpe” (Vol. IX., p. 275).

“Sed amâbo te, ad Corculi tui delicatissimas Literas, prope diem qui Potero, accuratissime : tot interim illam exquisitissimis salutibus, atq. salutationibus impertiens, quot habet in Capitulo, capillos seminureos, semiargenteos, semigemmeos. Quid quæris ? Per tuam Venerem altera Rosalindula est : eamq. non alter, sed item ille (tua, ut ante, bona cum gratia), copiose amat Hobbinolus. O mea Domina Immerito, mea bellissima Collina Clouta, multo plus plurimum salve atq. vale.”

The latter again thus speaks in English :—

“But bless you ! I will answer your sweetheart’s charming letters at as early a day as I can, with the greatest care ; in the meanwhile handing her over to as many most exquisite healths and salutations as she has hairs half-golden, half-silvern, half-gemmy on her little head. What do you ask ? By your own Venus she is another Rosalind, and her, not another, but that same Hobbinol (with thy good leave, as before) loves abundantly. O my Lady Immerito, my most lovely Mistress Colin Clout, a thousand salutations to you, and so farewell.”

This other *Rosalind*, thus chance-happed on, does indeed make “sunshine” in the “shady place” of these

dry, dull old letters. It is a radiant vision that is evoked of that head with hair "half-golden, half-silvern, half-gemmy" (excusing the three "semi's" as we do "the larger and lesser half"). It would seem that Spenser was fortunèd to light on such splendour of hair. The quaint "Domina Immerito, mea bellissima" recalls to mind another who was called "the lady" of his college—John Milton in his comely young manhood. It is manifest that whatever came of it, Spenser was "in love" with (a now unknown) some one. It was no deposition of his "Rosalind." She ("Rose Dyneley") had given herself to her Menalcas (Aspinall) and was beyond reach, and his "Elizabeth" was yet to be found across the Irish Channel.

His susceptibilities and proneness to this "yonkerly veine" of love, is further glanced at onward, with—unless I err not—more incisive and earnest fear of his entanglement:—

"But to let Titles and Tittles passe, and come to the very pointe indeed, which so neare toucheth my lusty Travayler to the quicke, and is one of the predominant humors y^t raigne in our coñon Youths: Heus mi tu, bone proce, magne muliercularum amator, egregie Pamphile, cum aliquando tandem, qui te manet, qui mulierosos omnes, qui universum Fæministarum sectam, Respice finem. And I shal then be content to appeale to your own learned experience, whether it be, or be not, too true: quod dici solet à me sæpe: à te ipso nonunq̄. ab expertis omnibus quotidie: Amare amarum. Nec deus, ut perhibent, Amor est, sed amaror et error et quicquid in eandem solet sententiam Empiricus aggregari. Ac scite mihi quidē Agrippa Ovideanam illam, de Arte Amandi, *επιγραφῆ* videtur correxisse, meritoq̄., de Arte Meritricandi, inscripsisse. Nec vero ineptè, alius, Amatores Alchumistis comparavit, aureos, argenteosq̄. montes, atq̄. fontes lepidè somniantibus, sed interim misere suffocatis: præterq̄. celebratum illum Adami Paradisum, alium esse quendam prædicavit, stultorum quoq̄. Amatorumq̄. mirabilem Paradisum: illum vere, hunc phantastice, fanaticèq̄. beatorum. Sed hæc

alias, fortassis uberius. Credite me I will never linne [= cease] baityng at you, til I have rid you quite of this yonkerly and womanly humor."

These words speak in English thus :

"Ah me, thou good suitor, thou great lover of girls, thou noble Pamphilus [= all-lover], consider the end at some time at length which awaits thee and all who are fond of women, and the whole set of the women-followers [effeminate]. What is wont to be said by me often; by thee thyself sometimes; by all experienced persons daily—To love is a bitter thing. Nor is love as good as they say, but bitterness and folly, and whatever can be piled up empirically to that same interest. And be it known to you (let me tell you) Agrippa appears to have corrected that Ovidian title (*ἐπιγραφὴ = ἐπιγραφὴν*) 'Concerning the Art of Loving,' and deservedly to have inscribed it 'Concerning the Art of Playing Harlot.' Nor has some one else inaptly compared lovers to alchemists, dreaming pleasantly of golden and silvern mountains and fountains, but in the meanwhile almost blinded and even choked with the enormous fumes of coals; and besides that famous Paradise of Adam, he declared that there was a certain other one [Paradise], a wonderful Paradise also of Fools and Lovers; the former of these who were truly happy, the latter of those who were phantastically and fanatically so. But of these things elsewhere perchance more fully."

I give the conclusion of the letter (23rd Oct., 1579) without the Latin :

"Concerning which very things and all other accompaniments of the gentleman on his travels, and especially that Homeric and divine herbe (the gods call it Moly) with which Mercury fortified beforehand his own Ulysses against Circean cups and charms and poison-potions and all diseases (I shall speak) both publicly as I hope shortly; and far more fully as I am wont; and perchance also as well a little more exactly than I am wont as also more in accordance with the requirements of the state and public business. In the meanwhile you will be content with three syllables, and fare¹-thee²-well³."

There is nothing in all these Harveian semi-remonstrances and grandfatherly counsels to stain the

white name of Spenser. But in their light it is no longer possible to think of him ideally or Platonically as—

A creature all too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.

So far from that, he was a man most certainly impressionable, impulsive, sensuous (not sensual), and apt as ever was Robert Burns to fall in love with every beautiful face. The whole tone and phrasing of Harvey's letters and allusions leave the impression that Spenser was extremely susceptible to woman. Even his halting *Iambicum Trimetrum* pulsates with "raging love" (his own words). Dean Church thus glances at this aspect of the "newe poete":

"As regards Spenser himself, it is clear from the Letters that Harvey was not without uneasiness lest his friend, from his gay and pleasure-loving nature and the temptations round him, should be carried away into the vices of an age, which though very brilliant and high-tempered, was also a very dissolute one. He couches his counsels mainly in Latin; but they point to real danger" (p. 26).

Sooth to say, Edmund Spenser the Poet is more to one a man, and none the less poetical, that he is found walking in our earth's miry or dusty ways, not winging overhead.

IX. IN LONDON, AND APPOINTMENT TO IRELAND.
 —CAPTURE OF FORT-DEL-ORE.—VINDICATION OF
 LORD GREY AND SPENSER.

*"Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe
 Our gold and ripe-car'd hopes."*—KEATS' *Endymion*.

"Done to death by slanderous tongues."—*Much Ado*, v. 3.

FROM the things suffered to pass "the pikes of the press" in the "Glosse" of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, it is to be inferred that the "newe poete" did not himself superintend its printing. It may hence be further inferred that Spenser was not in the metropolis at the close of 1579. In 1577 we have found him in Ireland associated with Sir Henry Sidney, the great Lord Deputy. In 1578 we have found Sir Henry recalled. We can scarcely be wrong in assuming that Spenser returned with him. In 1579 he writes from "Leycester House this 5 of October." This was not far off "merry Christmas," and what more natural than that he should accompany the Leicesters to Penshurst "in Kente"? The "boke" (as we saw) was "lycenced" at Stationers' Hall "5 December." Whether carried out or no, he in the same "5th of October" letter, bids Harvey farewell, as being about "to travell" in my "lord's service." So that thus bound up with Leicester and in "familiar acquaintance" with Master Philip Sidney, we are free to think of him as coming and going between Leicester House and Penshurst. By gossipy John Aubrey, he is also reported as being a visitor in the neighbourhood of Sidney's own Wilton residence and properties. Unfortunately no date is given. He thus writes in his

notice of Spenser in *Lives of Eminent Men* (1813— from Ashmolean Museum)—“Mr. Samuel Woodford (the poet who paraphrased the Psalmes) lives in Hampshire, near Alton, and he told me that Mr. Spenser lived sometime in those parts. In this delicate sweet ayre, he enjoyed his muse, and writt good part of his verses” (pp. 541-3). Woodford was the confidant of Sidney and his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, one proof of which is that the best MS. of their metrical ‘Psalmes’ is in his holograph (Fuller Worthies’ Library edition of Sir Philip Sidney’s Poems, *s.n.*).

In April 1580 Spenser wrote another Letter to Harvey. This time he dates from Westminster; and I interpret ‘Westminster’ as the official residence then as still of those in the employment of the State. But he is full of literary projects based on performance. The *Shepherd’s Calendar* has been ‘published.’ He calls it “*my* Calendar.” Its success was great and instantaneous. And so he informs Harvey:—

“To tell you trueth, I minde shortly at convenient leysure, to sette forth a Booke in this kinde [*Englishe Versifying*] which I entitle *Epithalamium Thamesis*, wyche Booke, I dare undertake wil be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the Invention and manner of handling. For in setting forth the mariage of the Thames, I shewe his first beginning, and offspring, and all the Countrey that he passeth thorough, and also describe all the Rivers throughout Englande, whyche came to this Wedding, and their righte names, and right passage, etc. A worke, beleeve me, of much labour, wherein, notwithstanding Master *Holinshed* hath mucche furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines in searching into their first heades and sources: and also in tracing and dogging oute all their Course, till they fall into the Sea.

O Tite, siquid, ego,
Ecquid erit pretij.

But of that more hereafter” (Vol. IX., p. 274).

Nor was this "Booke" all. He continues :—

"Nowe my *Dreames* and *Dying Pellicane*, being fully finished (as I partelye signified in my laste Letters) and presentlye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whiche I praye you hartily send me with al expedition; and your frendly Letters, and long expected Judgement wythal, whyche let not be shorte but in all pointes suche, as you ordinarily use and I extraordinarily desire."

Nor is even this all, so fecund and conscious of literary power is he. In a Postscript after another reference to his *Dreames* as to "come forth alone" with a "Glosse" as "great" as his *Calendar*, by E. K., and with "pictures purtrayed as if *Michael Angelo* were there," he goes on :—

"Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry Apostrophes therein, addressed you knowe to whome, must more advisement be had, then so lightly to sende them abroad; howbeit, trust me (though I doe never very well), yet in my own fancie, I never dyd better" (*Ibid.*, p. 275).*

Besides all these there were his *Nine Comedies*. But these schemes were for the time swept aside. Alas! alas! as it proved—save in incorporations and adaptations, as shown in Chap. VII.—permanently. Dean Church well describes his circumstances :—

"But no one in these days could live by poetry. Even scholars, in spite of university endowments, did not hope to live by their scholarship; and the poet or man of letters only trusted that his work, by attracting the favour of the great, might open to him the door of advancement. Spenser was probably expecting to push his fortunes in some public employment under the patronage of two such powerful favorites as Sidney and his uncle Leicester. Spenser's heart was set on poetry; but what leisure he might have for it would depend on the course his life might take. To have hung on Sidney's protection, or gone with him as his secretary to the wars, to have been employed at home or abroad

* See Harvey's *Answer*, Vol. IX., pp. 276-8. Of his 'judgment' on the *Faery Queen* onward in its place.

in Leicester's intrigues, to have stayed in London filling by Leicester's favour some government office, to have had his habits moulded and his thoughts affected by the brilliant and unscrupulous society of the court, or by the powerful and daring minds which were fast thronging the political and literary scene—any of these contingencies might have given his poetical faculty a different direction; nay, might have even abridged its exercise or suppressed it. [I intercalate, thus was it with Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, whose "Induction" was declarative of almost any height of poetic attainment he chose.] But his life was otherwise ordered. A new opening presented itself. He had, and he accepted, the chance of making his fortune another way. And to his new manner of life, with its peculiar conditions, may be ascribed, not indeed the original idea of that which was to be his great work, but the circumstances under which the work was carried out, and which not merely coloured it, but gave it some of its special and characteristic features" (pp. 52-3).

The "new opening" was an invitation to accompany Arthur, Lord Grey, newly appointed Lord-Deputy of Ireland, as his 'secretary,' and as such a Secretary of State. Essex and Sir Henry Sidney—like many before and since—had found the "green isle" a prodigious charge. Turbulent, poor, terribly ignorant and almost heathenishly superstitious in their Catholicism, the Irish of the time were hardly administrable. There were wild rumours of 'invasion' by the Spaniards and Italians under warrant of the Pope. A man, every inch of him, was needed for the crisis. Leicester and Elizabeth turned to Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton. He was a man of the most unsullied character. He was a soldier of distinction. He was naturally "gentle," but of "iron will." He was emphatically a man of resource. The invitation was not at first accepted. He was dissatisfied with the policy of the Government in England. His dissatisfaction had impelled him so far that, Protestant though he were, he "held intercourse" with Norfolk and the partizans of Mary of Scotland.

His was one of the forty names of Englishmen on whom the Scottish Queen counted (Froude, x. 158). Elizabeth had a sleepless memory. He was not sent to the Tower, but he was distrusted. The distrust showed itself in non-employment. I know not that he sought employment; we do know he was not employed for a decade of years at least. It must have been gall and wormwood to Elizabeth to need to stoop to ask him. But no sovereign ever was so wise in stooping while she might without compulsion. The Tudor pride was wary. Elizabeth ruled herself as sovereignly as she did England. The necessity and capability made good to her piercing intellect and patriotic heart, she authorised the appointment of Lord Grey. "At length," says Dean Church, "in the summer of 1580, he was appointed to fill that great place which had wrecked the reputation and broken the hearts of a succession of able and high-spirited servants of the English Crown, the place of Lord-Deputy in Ireland" (p. 54). The new Lord-Deputy, who had before befriended poor GEORGE GASCOIGNE, selected Edmund Spenser as the friend of Philip Sidney for 'Secretary.' They landed in Dublin on 12th August, 1580—superseding Sir William Pelham and his Secretary. It was a day of bewilderment and peril, demanding cool heads and courage. In July 1579 Sir William Drury had written to Burleigh to stand firmly to the helm, for "that a great storm was at hand." The storm had filled the air with portents. On the very day of Lord Deputy Grey's arrival he was greeted by tidings which he communicated to the Queen in a letter, dated the day of his arrival, 12th August, 1580 (Cotton MSS.,

Tit. xiii. 305). Fortunately the State Papers of Ireland furnish ample materials for this period, and in the sequel I shall avail myself of them.* The following is the first Letter:—

“The rebels in Munster hold out still, yet this day, on landing, I found it advertised hither, that James of Desmond, with Sanders, their honest Apostle, making into these parts to have joined with the rebels here, were encountered by one Sir Cormoc Mac Teige, Lord of Muskerrie, in the county of Cork; the said James was taken and a man of Saunders hys, the master escaping very hardly, unhappily. An exploit surely of great avayle, and worthilie to be considered; it may therefore please your Majestie to bestowe some thanks on the gentleman, with some reward.”

The Lord Deputy was not more than a month in Ireland when the ‘aid’ so vehemently invoked from Spain by Dr. Sanders arrived. The Earl of Clancarre communicated the fact in a brief letter dated from Kilorglen, September 17th, 1580, in which he enclosed the following:—

“Dingle, y^e 12th of September, 1580.

“Right Honourable, and my singular good Lord,—It may please your Honour to understand that there came a Sunday last past over, foure shippes of the Pope’s army, in which the Pope’s nuncio is. There was in their company other foure shippes and a galley, which they suppose will be with them or it be long; therefore I thought good to advertise your Honour, so that your Lordship may provide and act as it shall seem best to your Honour. No more unto your Honour at this present, but beseeching God to send your Honour long life, with prosperous helthe, this Thursday, 1580.

“Your Sl. loving friende,

“GARRAT TRANTE.

“To the Right Honourable, and my singular good Lord, Donyl Erle of Clancarre, goe these with increase of commoditie.”

* See Preface for my abundant indebtedness to the *Kerry Magazine* for most important documents before unutilized. Frequently I have not hesitated to adopt the connecting narrative and commentary of these valuable papers where it had been vain to try to better it. (Appendix K and L.)

On this letter the Earl of Clancarre wrote the following note :—

“This Garret Trante ys a merchante of the town of Dyngell, and one that is of the best reckoning among them, and hath always used him to the Admiral very dutifullie.”

A similar communication was made by “Andrew Marten, the Constable of Castle-Mayne,” to the Lord President of Munster thus :—

“Captain Andrew Marten to Sir Warham St. Leger.

“Right Worshipful, My dutie premised, please your Worship to be advertised that I have received intelligence this day from the *Knight of Kerrie* that there are four sail of Spaniards landed at Smerwick, also that a grete fleete is to descende on the weste, which newes I am bold to write to your Worship, hoping that the Admiral [Sir William Wynter] is with your Worship, whereupon the intelligence will shortlie, with the grace of God, disappoint them. This in haste for amount of pay as it requireth, I have to trouble you with the messenger.

“From Castle-Mayne, the 13th of September, 1580.

“ANDR. MARTEN.”

We are thus plunged *in medias res* on the instant. The ‘foreigners’ were actually in Ireland, and so on English territory. There followed the siege and “taking” of Smerwicke or the Fort-del-Ore, and the “putting to the sword” of its garrison and inhabitants. In itself of no great military or historical importance, certain fictitious specialties about it have given the capture of this little fortified neck of land in an obscure corner of Kerry, a pre-eminent place in the History of the Time.

As the Biographer of Spenser,—who was present and out-and-out stood by Lord Grey in all he did, and bore pathetic testimony to the cost to the Lord Deputy’s gentle nature of his stern and terrible yet

righteous decision,—I feel called upon to vindicate the good name alike of Lord Deputy and Secretary and England, against impudent mendacities. Sir John Pope Hennessy, in his *Raleigh in Ireland* (1883), and Irishmen generally, have turned this incident on the very threshold of Lord Grey's government of Ireland to shameless account against the Lord Deputy and Spenser, in their passionate resolve to defame our England.

Various elements have contributed to all this. It was, to begin with, the "only actual landing ever made on English territory" in virtue of and as executing the Papal Bull "depriving Elizabeth of England of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever." The Armada of 1588 came subsequently; but even the shattering of the "Invincible" array of Spain did not diminish either the importance or the significance of the taking of Fort-del-Ore, or its consequences. But, as one must iterate, that which has given the siege and 'capture' of this small Fort its miserable notoriety is the admitted fact that almost the entire garrison was put to the sword after its being taken possession of. Sir John Pope Hennessy has exerted his utmost ability and dexterity to aggrandize and aggravate this not at all uncommon military necessity. It has been called a 'massacre.' O'Sullivan preceded Hennessy in representing the act as done in breach of promised "conditions" of mercy, as done with exacerbations of cruelty, as making *Graia fides* (the faith of Grey) a phrase for the superlative of treachery and cruelty, throughout Europe. Others, earlier and later, have described it as "done without orders," as having

happened through the plundering soldiers and reckless sailors meeting together in the Fort from opposite sides, and then breaking into that frightful license which all Wars have shown.

Edmund Spenser deliberately, and on permanent record in his *View of Ireland*, told the TRUTH; and it is more than time that the Vindication were "stabilished, strengthened, settled." I would now proceed to do this on a historical basis—*i.e.*, on State Documents that are open to all, and not to be challenged. Before these the sentimental perversions and artful pathos of Sir John Pope Hennessy will be seen in their true light, and this other "Irish grievance" be disproved, like so many. We have simply to get at the FACTS to achieve this.

Chronology is of vital moment in an inquiry of this kind. Be it noted, therefore, that the capture of Fort-del-Ore did not take place until eighteen months after the first landing of James Fitz-Morris (Geraldyn) with Sanders the Papal Nuncio. Within this period James Geraldyn had been slain by the Bourkes, John and James of Desmond had both perished, and a second force of Spaniards and Italians despatched in support of the first, had arrived at Fort-del-Ore, and unitedly formed the force which made the garrison there, and which was ultimately taken. So that if ever lives were forfeited, these were. And it is historical fact that Lord Grey refused absolutely "conditions of mercy." I trust every lover of Spenser, and every lover of England in her great names, will "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the evidence upon evidence now brought together. Let this be done, and I have no

fear of the verdict either on the Lord Deputy or his Secretary—Edmund Spenser.*

It belongs to History (when we get a true History of Ireland), not to a biography of Spenser, to tell the great story—great though sad—of Lord Grey's firm-handed grappling with the Rebellion in Ireland. The *Veue of Ireland* yields numerous personal narratives and experiences. Almost every leading incident of the campaigns and administration will be found in this masterly book. I shall limit myself to one other central thing, in which, as with Fort-del-Ore, the reputation of Grey and his Secretary and of England are equally bound up. I mean the Forfeitures of the Lands of the Rebels as represented by the Earl of Desmond. Unless these forfeitures can be demonstrated to have been righteous and necessary, the entire government of Ireland by Lord Grey, and the character of Edmund Spenser along with him—for he gave his sanction to all the Lord Deputy did, and himself 'partook' of the forfeitures—stand lowered and even attainted. But equally with the vindication of the procedure at Fort-del-Ore is the vindication of the Forfeitures absolute.†

* See Appendix K, after the Essays in the present volume, for the whole of these State-papers and connecting narrative. No one who does not master these can appreciate the arduous and delicate responsibilities of equally Grey and Spenser; whilst the charges against them are so heinous and, undisproved, so damning all round, that it is imperative to meet them, as is now done conclusively.

† See Appendix L for similar State-papers and authentic documents as over-against partizan and fictitious statements and rhetoric; and so a complete vindication of Spenser's acquisition of Kilcolman, etc.

shape for record or transmission. Beyond this, there was a prodigious correspondence with all manner of persons, on all manner of conflicting subjects, and as mediating between all manner of interests. The *Veue of Ireland* (in Vol. IX.) remains to attest Spenser's personal presence in all the prominent scenes of strife. He is constantly recalling what he himself 'saw' and observed. A more penetrative pair of eyes have never probably so 'observed' ongoing in Ireland. From the most delicate negotiation and most diplomatic interview down to the ballad that he had picked up, or the quaint folk-lore and folk-speech studiously noted down among the mountains, he was interested in all. His post was no sinecure.

It were scarcely in place here to follow the crossing and intercrossing movements of the Lord Deputy and his Secretary, or to unfold and estimate the perpetually shifting currents of event and circumstance, or to chronicle the ebbing and flowing of rebellion and conquest, failure and success. It is a weary, a pathetic, a tragical, a bewildering story. If ever good men and true meant well for Ireland, they were the Lord Deputy and Edmund Spenser. It is an outrage on historic truth and an offence to literary decency to have Prendergast in his *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland* (1865) writing: "In Queen Elizabeth's reign there was no more deadly enemy to Ireland than Edmund Spenser" (pp. 94-5).

The capture of Smerwick or Fort-del-Ore deepened into the Rebellion of Desmond. But the Lord Deputy and Secretary are found in 1580 in Dublin. There were frequent departures to Munster and elsewhere;

for there were almost ceaseless occasions for personal interviews and negotiations, collecting and sifting of evidences, and pronouncing swift decisions. But these absences were relatively brief; and the Irish capital was equally the 'home' of Lord Grey and of Spenser. In 1581, upon the Memoranda Roll of the 21 to 24 Elizabeth (memb. 108) is an enrolment which thus begins—"Memorandum quod Edmondus Spencer generosus, serviens prenobilis viri Arthuri Greie domini baronis de Wiltonia præclari ordinis garterii militis et domini deputati generalis regni Hibernie, venit coram barones hujus scaccarij vj^{to} die Maii hoc termino [*i.e.* Trinity Term 23^o Eliz.] in propria persona litteras patentes sub magno sigillo Anglie," etc. This record shows that the Poet described as "Edmond Spencer, gentleman, a servant of Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton the Lord Deputy," appeared *in propria personâ* in the Court of Exchequer at Dublin on the 6th of May, 1581.

Though in Dublin there was not the society of London or England—except now and again when great visitors came over—the "newe poete" would not be without sympathetic minds there. His after-friend LODOWICK BRYSKETT—the "Thestylis" of the Lament for Sidney—was already in office, and was to play an important part in the employments of Spenser. BARNABY GOOGE'S name also emerges. Then there was GEORGE FENTON (later Sir George), the translator of *Tragical Tales*, and Guevara and Guicciardini—albeit he proved traitor to Grey. More 'inwardly,' later, there were the illustrious Archbishop USSHER—of whom it is pleasantly told by Aubrey (from Sir John

Denham) that when Sir William Davenant's *Gondibert* came forth, Sir John asked him if he had seen it, when the Lord Primate answered tartly—"Out upon him, with his vaunting preface; he speaks against my old friend Edmund Spenser" (as before, pp. 541-3)—the reference being to his faulting of the "old words"; and Sir Robert Dillon, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and M. Dormer, the Queen's Solicitor, and Captains Christopher Carleil—son-in-law of Walsingham, and a famous sea-king of the type of Drake—and Thomas Norreys (later Sir Thomas), Vice-President of Munster, and Captains Warham St. Leger (later Sir Warham)—who fell in the Desmond Rebellion—and Nicholas Dawtrey—Seneschal of Clandeboy and a 'brave captain' in Hampshire in 1588—and Thomas Smith, apothecary—all men of genuine literary tastes and scholars—as will appear hereafter. So that while indubitably the change from "merry England" to doleful Ireland was a great one, behind the turbulence and savagery, the lawlessness and vulgarities, the race-hatreds and Pope-nurtured irreconciliations, the blood-feuds and treacherous rivalries and insurrections ("informers" against their own flesh and blood being then, as still, no rarity), the despairs and antagonisms—the last not least from Englishmen more Irish than the Irish—there were breathing-places and breathing-times. Just as one is struck in reading the Correspondence of even so signal a year as 1588, with the commonplace and ordinary and quite unremarkable occupations of the great body of the Nation, so when one gets close to the Correspondence from Ireland, it is made clear that the disturbance and agitation were

local and narrow, though subject to spurts and spasms of outbreak all over the island.

We have, therefore, to think of Edmund Spenser not as always in the shadow of danger, or always in the whirl of conflict, or always crushed by the pressure of official responsibilities. Ordinarily he must have had "large leisure" for his poetical and other literary employments. The administration of Lord Grey was short-lived. As the burning words of the *Vene* have shown us, 'enemies' and players on Elizabeth's first dislike of him, obtained the recall of the brave, chivalrous, "gentle," yet iron-willed Lord Deputy. Burleigh acted with characteristic baseness and unscrupulousness. Needed 'Severity,' forsooth, was pronounced blood-guiltiness—a mere pretence. Self-sacrificing 'expenditure' was written of as "waste." Backbiters and partizans who deftly put on the mask of loyalty were listened to, and the noble accused left even uninformed. Burleigh encouraged 'secret' reports and correspondence against him: 'spied' on him, as he did on everybody who stood in his way. It was slanderously and eagerly circulated that "my lord Grey" was lavishing the "forfeited estates" upon his favourites. The self-aggrandizing Secretary could see no nobleness in the fact, or seeing it held it only for accusation of himself, that of all the vast "forfeitures" Lord Grey never appropriated or sought one inch for himself or his own. But Edmund Spenser knew the man; and whilst the English tongue endures the Puritan Lord Deputy will live as "Arthegal," the great Knight of Justice, met on his return home from his triumphs by the hags Envy and Detraction, and the blare of the

hundred tongues of the Blatant Beast. I set over-against the malignant as false accusations of long-forgotten ignobilities the heart-homage and life-long love of the Poet of the *Faery Queen*. All the foul-mouthed vituperation and impotent wrathfulness of partizans do not touch the fact that by the witness of a foremost agent of his administration,—our “sage and serious Spenser,”—he was like Sidney—

the President
Of noblesse and of chevalrie

—a great Englishman called upon to do bloody yet righteous work, and doing it strongly, unswervingly, single-heartedly. One cannot marvel that in the retrospect of the achievement and the ingrate recompense, the Secretary should have written with indignation when he recalled how “most untruly and maliciously doe theis evill tongues backbite and slander the sacred ashes of that most just and honourable personage, whose leaste vertue, of many most excellent, which abounded in his heroicke spirit, they were nere able to aspire unto” (Vol. IX., p. 168).*

Lord Grey left Ireland in August 1582, but Spenser

* It may be allowed me to refer the reader to Dean Church's vigorous and eloquent chapter, *Spenser in Ireland* (pp. 51—80); also to Froude's *English in Ireland*. Both are to be read *cum grano salis*, but both are powerful in statement and argument. One lacks a little more of human sympathy with Englishmen placed in such trying and responsible posts. This is not the place to enter on detailed criticisms. The capable reader will readily draw a line of distinction between fact and inference, and note how semi-unconsciously now disproved allegations colour and give edge to verdicts on actions and actings of this tremendous period. More credibility to Spenser and less to partizans against the English at all hazards, would have mitigated not a few vaguely-denunciatory passages in Dean Church and in Froude.

did not return with him to England. He had entered the public service over and above being Secretary to the Lord Deputy, and he was content with the modest competence he had attained and had in prospect. On March 22nd, 1581, he had been appointed "Clerk of the Court of Chancery or Registrar of Chancery for the Faculties." This he 'purchased' from Lodowick Bryskett, who had resigned it in order to "withdraw to the quietness of study."

This office is said by Thomas Fuller to have been a "lucrative one"; but lucrative is a relative and uncertain term. In the same year [1581] he received a Lease of "the Abbey and Castle and Manor of Enniscorthy," in the county of Wexford. He probably never saw it. He sold it to one Richard Synot, who later disposed of it to the Treasurer, Sir Henry Wallop (*Cal. of the Patent Rolls, Ireland*, vol. ccxiv., p. 319).^{*} This put "some money in his purse," which he speedily invested by purchasing another "Abbey" in New Ross. This also he parted with ere very long. Early in January 1582, in the list of persons furnished by Lord Grey showing his distribution of certain of the "forfeited

* It has been erroneously stated that Synot made the purchase as the mere agent of Wallop. But this was not the case. The re-sale was not made until 2nd September, 1592. This is certified by a book which contains a list of the "revenues of the Queen's lands and possessions," etc., in the Exchequer Record Office, Dublin. This book was prepared by Nicholas Kenney, Esq., as the deputy of Christopher Peyton, Esq., auditor-general; and in this MS. occurs the following entry—"From Sir Henry Wallop, Knt. (assignee of Richard Synot, gent., assignee of Edmond Spencer, gent.), now farmer of all the lands to the late manor of Enniscorthie, per annum . . . 11*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xlv., 1855, p. 606 *seq.*: also same for other entries *ut supra*).

estates" sent to meet the behind-back mendacities of Wallop and Fenton, we come upon these two entries—"the lease of a house in Dublin belonging to [Viscount] Baltinglas for six yeares to come unto Edmund Spenser, one of the Lord-Deputy's Secretaries, valued at 5*l.*," and "of a custodiam of John Eustace's [of the Baltinglases] land of the Newland to Edmund Spenser, one of the Lord Deputy's Secretaries." Again—By an Exchequer Inquisition it appears that on the 24th of August (anno 24 Eliz.) 1582, letters patent were passed to "Edmond Spencer, gentleman, of the dissolved House of Friars Minors of the New Abbey, in the county of Kildare, with its possessions, for a term of twenty-one years, at a rent of 60*s.* a year; but such rent not having been paid for seven years and a-half, the lease became forfeited, and was annulled. In the *Book of Concordatums* of 1582 there is an entry of £162 (= £1,600 to-day at least) assigned to Spenser for 'rewards' paid by him as Secretary. With their usual inflamed *animus* Irish historians call this "blood-money"!* The State-Papers also reveal how part of his work was to transcribe and collate confidential correspondence: *e.g.*, in 1581, March 11th, is a long Latin letter of the Abp. of Cashel to Sir Lucas Dillon concerning the rebels. It is wholly in the handwriting of Spenser, and has his certification below,

* There is an entry in the Compotus Roll for Hilary Term 1579-80 of a delivery of stationery to "Maister Spenser." It consisted of three quires of paper, "one pottel of ynke," and two canvas bagges. This may have been our Spenser, while in employment under Leicester; but more likely it was one of several Spensers contemporaneously employed. In 1580 we have seen he was certainly in Ireland.

"Vera copia, Edm. Spēser."* Another of March 18th, 1581, is similarly certified by Spenser. A third of April 29th, 1581, at Cork, is a copy under the hand of Spenser, together with a Petition similarly certified relative to the Countess of Desmond. A fifth is a letter from a Thomas Meagh, certified by Spenser on June 29th, 1582. A sixth is a "certificate" in favour of one "John Bird," August 29th, 1582, signed by Spenser as "Copia vera." So a decade of years later (viz., 29th August, 1592, "Ex^d. Ed. Spenser") is another document (*Calendar of Irish Papers*, vols. lxxxix. *ad* lxxxviii. *et alibi*).

But by far the most interesting glimpse of Spenser that we get belongs to this period—viz., between 1581-2 and 1584—in a now well-known book. Biographers of Spenser have hitherto spoken vaguely and uncertainly of the date of these conversations, varyingly assigning them to 1584 and even onward to 1589. Two clues determine the date: (*a*) That Bryskett expressly informs us that the 'occasion' was immediately following on his erection of his 'little cottage' near Dublin

* This very fine specimen of Spenser's handwriting enables us to give (in our large-paper copies) a facsimile of it, together with his autograph. This is the more precious because the solitary (supposed) exemplar of his writing in the British Museum is not only faint and poor; but on comparison with the certain handwriting and signatures of Spenser in H. M. Public Record Office, proves *not* to be the genuine handwriting of Spenser. See Mr. J. Payne Collier's suspiciously detailed account of it in his *Spenser* (Life, vol. i., pp. ciii-iv). All the likelihoods are that this MS. was one of Collier's own forgeries. *Certes* externally and intrinsically it has no sign of genuineness, and ought to be withdrawn from the British Museum as an exemplar of Spenser's handwriting. I have to thank Sir William Hardy, Deputy Keeper, for allowing the loan of the MS. for facsimile by Mr. C. Prætorius, of South Kensington.

(‘newely built’ is his own phrase). But this was on his retirement, and his retirement was in 1581-2. A ‘little cottage’ would not take long to build, and hence 1582-3 at farthest. (*b*) One of the interlocutors was Captain Warham St. Leger (afterwards Sir Warham). But he was absent from Dublin during the whole of the Desmond Rebellion, on active service. So that again we are led to 1582-3 at latest—most probably 1582 (in ‘the spring of the year,’ as he incidentally says). Besides, after 1583 the various ‘interlocutors’ had far different concerns to occupy themselves about than any “Discourse of Civill Life.”*

It is manifest from the invaluable picture of “three days” in Spenser’s Irish life, in this priceless book, that he was held in the highest estimation for his learning and genius. His announced working on the *Faery Queen* comes like a ray of golden light into a thunder-cloud, and the entire narrative and interlocation confirms our conception of his circumstances in Dublin, spite of the surging of the rebellion beyond.

In 1586 we come to know that he was still in fast friendship with his ancient friend Dr. Gabriel Harvey. His Sonnet “To the right worshipfull my singular good frend M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes,”† is such tribute as any man might well have been proud of, whilst it is a firm-wrought piece of literary workmanship. (Vol. IV., p. 253.)

In this year 1586 the first of two great sorrows fell

* See Appendix Note M for full quotations from this memorable book.

† Not published until 1592, in *Four Letters and Certain Sonnets* 1592 (4to), by Harvey.

upon him. In this year Sir Philip Sidney was wounded at Zutphen (d. Oct. 17th). In 1588 the Earl of Leicester died (4th Sept.). In 1587 Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded. In 1588 came the 'scattering' of the Armada. In all likelihood Spenser was resident in Dublin throughout these years—*i.e.*, from 1580 to 1588. He resigned on 22nd June, 1588, his office of "Clerk of Decrees and Recognizances, or Registership" (*Liber Hiberniæ*), and it is to be noted that, reckoning from 1582, his lease of his house in Dublin "for sixe years" would expire at this time. Both may date for us his removal to Kilcolman. There is some uncertainty in the chronology of his 'getting' of Kilcolman, as of his going thither to reside. Birch (in his *Life of Spenser*) states that the 'grant' was given on 27th June, 1586. Investigation proves that this 'grant' was to 'one Reade' (from whom Spenser bought his 'title'); but *certainly* in the "Articles" for the "Undertakers," which received the royal assent on 27th June, 1586, Spenser is set down for 3028 acres. Not until 1589 is it certain that our Poet was at Kilcolman. We know from two sources that he had then 'possession.' First, in that he reported that at that date he had so far fulfilled the conditions of colonizing, that there were "sixe householders" (English) 'settled' under him to cultivate the land. These 'conditions' were rigid, and rigidly exacted,—so much so that whereas Kilcolman originally extended to 4000 acres, they were on partial non-fulfilment diminished to 3028. Second, *Colin Clout's Come Home Againe* tells us that in 1589 Sir Walter Raleigh visited him at his Castle "by Mulla." The visit is idealized and poetized so as to

make it look as though this were their first meeting, whereas at Smerwick or Fort-del-Ore "Captain Raleigh" was a foremost executor of Lord Grey's decision to "put to the sword" these "forrain invaders," mongrel Spaniards and Italians, and creatures of the "shaveling Pope." We are thus brought to a central event in Spenser's life—his settlement at Kilcolman. The final 'patent' was not passed until 26th October, 1591; but from 1588-9 he was assuredly removed from Dublin and resident in "my castel of Kilcolman." But he was no mere 'undertaker' or 'colonizer'; for on the resignation of his "Register-ship" at Dublin, he obtained by 'purchase' from Bryskett (as before) the succession to the office of Clerk of the Government Council of Munster.* This post modifies our sense of exile at Kilcolman. We are free to think of him as riding over to the fair city of Cork and mingling with its "fair women and brave men."

The 'grant'—with rental of £8 13s. 9d. for the first three years, and from Michaelmas 1594, £17 7s. 6d.; chief rents, 33s. 4d. (*Carew Papers*, iii. 61)—of Kilcolman, was equitably obtained, as were the vaster obtained by Sir Walter Raleigh and other Englishmen. The Desmonds and their associates had inevitably 'forfeited' their 'estates,' and it was statesmanship of a prescient order to thus devise English colonisation. Had it only been carried out, the South of Ireland by

* The 'patent' of this office Bryskett held after Spenser's death, when it was re-bought from him. Half a century later it was sold for £1500, and its income declared to be £400 a year. (*Local Records at Cork*.)

the English "Undertakers" would have anticipated the Ulster of the North of James I. And what a different Ireland to-day we should have had all round—physically, intellectually, morally, religiously! A Roman Catholicism as ignorant and blind as is that of Spain never would or could have grown up, and the native capacity and alertness of the Irish intellect would have devised channels of employment that must have overcome their serene acquiescence in mere keeping of "flocks and herds" and pasturages and crops. With English 'colonies' so placed and sustained in Ireland, the central government would have had no *motif* to hamper and suspect the national development. I grant that it had been a blessing if Ireland had had her Bannockburn; but even without it, had only the Undertakers been given time and quiet to carry out the splendidly-conceived scheme, Ireland might have been as England. That Scheme needs only to be studied to commend itself. The lands were divided into what were called "seigniories," and were granted to English "knights," "esquires," and "gentlemen," who were designated "Undertakers." Nor was the 'undertaking' formal. They were obliged under penalties, and even deprivation, to perform certain conditions agreeably to the Queen's 'Articles' for the Plantation of the Province. "All forfeited lands," says the MS. of Lismore, "were divided into manors and seigniories containing 12 and 8 and 6000 or 4000 acres, according to a plan laid down, with freedom from taxes," and the Queen bound herself "to protect and defend the seigniories." There was to be "cultivation" and "planting," and gradual winning of the moorland and bog.

Kilcolman Castle—now an ivied ruin—stands about three English miles from Doneraile. Sooth to say, Smith's description that it "commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland" * is such a grotesque exaggeration as to show that he never ascended it. To-day the 'fields' and hills are commonplace and unpicturesque. The 'Mulla' is five miles distant (at Buttevant). The 'rushy Lake' has degenerated into a marsh. The 'woods' are all stripped. We must reclothe plain and mountain, and be willing to look on aldered Mulla and its neighbour rivers under the glamour of his poetry to get an idea of the 'home' of Edmund Spenser.† But with all aids and imaginative light we cannot avoid a suspicion that it was a semi-banishment, comparable with Tennyson to-day being given an estate in Manitoba, conditioned on removal thither. I have seen it somewhere stated that Sarah Spenser, sister of the poet, "kept house" for him at Kilcolman. One is glad to believe this. The date of her marriage with John Travers of Lancashire, who had settled in Ireland, is unknown.

Many allusions in the minor poems and in the *Faery Queen* bear witness that neither political cares and responsibilities nor perfunctory drudgeries were allowed to over-bear the exercise of his poetical genius. Such poetical genius was indeed irrepressible. More-

* *The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork*. . . . By Charles Smith, M.D.; 2nd ed., 1774; 2 vols. See i., pp. 51-2, 291-2, 333-4, 335 *et alibi*. Cf. *Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery*. . . . By T. Crofton Croker; 1824, 4to, *frequentur*.

† By the kindness of the Rev. James Graves, M.A., views of Kilcolman showing Spenserian relics are given in large-paper copies of Vol. X. See in Glossarial Index (Vol. X.) for full details.

over, from his University days he had a "high purpose" of immortal song before him, an unpaling vision of the Ages of Faith, and a conception of the poem that was to mate with Ariosto and justify his self-enrolment next to Chaucer—like Dante's ranging of himself next to Virgil, overleaping the long interval—that nothing could subordinate. Except John Milton, fallen on still more "evil days," and his *Paradise Lost*, we have nothing like the allegiance of the "newe poete" to a great achievement. His Letters to Harvey have revealed how in 1579-80 a goodly portion of the Manuscript was in his hands and eagerly re-called. That it was returned by "Hobbinol" with a 'judgment' that obtusely saw "nothing in it" as compared with the Author's *English Versifying*, is of the "Curiosities of Literature," if it also warrants a very humble estimate of the "Doctor of Laws'" literary insight. Semi-legendary anecdotes involve that the "Cave of Despair" was sculptured and submitted to Sir Philip Sidney—to his ecstasy. The "Three Days" in the cottage of Lodowick Bryskett—it will be remembered—show us Spenser pleading that his having "well entered into" the *Faery Queen*, must excuse his undertaking that other poetic-philosophic task that was sought to be imposed upon him. Thus we are safe in assuming that once fairly 'settled' at Kilcolman, the *Faery Queen* was taken in hand. Its "scattered leaves" from "many hands" were then brought together, and the whole 'perfected.' This having been done, it is just possible that the Singer—as he had earlier—might have been content to "put aside" his great poem and wait more auspicious

times and circumstances. But it was destined to be otherwise. Sir Walter Raleigh, leaving the worries behind him of his immense 'grants' at Youghal and around, came to Kilcolman. Inevitably *the Poem* was spoken of and read, and ample compensation for the frigid pedantry of Dr. Gabriel Harvey, came the instant and passionate admiration of this illustrious Englishman; than whom none then living (and I do not forget Shakespeare was then living) was so swiftly sure to be glowingly sympathetic, as a listener to a Poem of the kind and quality of the *Faery Queen*. We have the visit and its memorables of result made immortal in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. It needeth not that we quote one of the classic passages of our supremest literature. It has "for all time" ranged itself in the world's memory (may I not say the universal heart?) with the picture-incidents whereof our Immortals are the centre—as Dante's first sight of Beatrice; Petrarch among the olives at Vacluse; Shakespeare in his deer-pranks at Charlecote; Ben Jonson and the Wits at the "Mermaid"; George Herbert in the church at Bemerton on the eve of his ordination; Milton dictating to his daughter; Dryden in his arm-chair at Wills; Addison giving his "little senate laws"; Robert Burns gazing at the Evening Star at Ellisland; Scott and the "one book" in the dying-chamber at Abbotsford.

How profoundly the *Faery Queen* moved and lifted up Raleigh, his great Sonnet *A Vision upon this Conceit of the Faery Queene* reveals—perhaps the greatest of tributes ever paid by one great man to another great man. Whoso reads it finds a hush of

awe as in a cathedral come over him. It needs no setting of it to music. It sets itself to stateliest, divinest, most searching music.

With characteristic strength Raleigh persuaded Spenser to go to London, and to Court. Elizabeth must hear of the immortal poem. The immortal poem must be given to the world. The two friends proceeded together. This journey must have been taken in 1589.

Besides the impulse by Raleigh's admiration and (doubtless) stimulating hopes, private affairs that must have been of a troublesome nature—to wit, a dispute with Lord Roche about "certain lands"—rendered it expedient that Spenser should make a personal appearance in the Law-courts in London. Lord Roche had alleged 'encroachment' on his property by parties supported by Spenser. Spenser had obtained a "special order" against this English-born or Anglo-Irish Viscount—Maurice, Viscount Roche of Fermoy—who to say the least had played at treason by secretly manufacturing gunpowder and holding suspicious intercourse with avowed rebels; and threatened with attainder and the ruin he richly deserved, the Viscount resolved to "appeal against the RULE," and hurried to London to lay his case before the Queen. In a Petition which is dated 12th October, 1589, he designates Spenser "one Edmonde Spenser, Clearke of the Counsell in Mounster," and goes on to declare that the afore-said Spenser had "by colour of his office and by making of corrupt bargains with certain persons pretending falselie title to parcels of the Lord Roche's lands, dispossessed the said lord of certain castles and 16 ploughlands." The 'plaintiff' adds—"so violent

and unlawful is the course taken to dispossess me of my ancient inheritance, and so tedious, uncertain, and chargeable are the ways and means thought available to help me, as doubtless despair of redress had almost attached my senses and driven me to confusion." This was only a development of an earlier grudge and self-interested opposition. He had frantically set himself to hinder the progress of the new settlements by the English Undertakers—himself, be it remembered, a metamorphosed Englishman, and the worst, perhaps, of a base type. He had carried his wild opposition and hatred so far as to have made 'proclamation' that "none of his people should have any trade or conference with Mr. Spenser or Mr. Piers, or any of their tenants, being English"—the last being characteristic of the un-English partizans. He used all manner of kindred devices to give force to his hostility to the "Settlers." One astounding evidence of his personal ill-will to Spenser is on record: to wit, he obtained the "fineing" of one of his tenants, by name Teige O'Lyne, "for that he received Mr. Spenser in his house one night as he came from the Session at Limerick." In doing and achieving this "heavy fine," Lord Roche availed himself of a recent statute against "free quarters," though it never contemplated such a misapplication of it. The impolicy of this law is complained of in the *View of Ireland*. "Who among us," asks a present-day writer in reference to this, "would not willingly have been mulcted for the honour of receiving Edmund Spenser?"*

* British Museum, Addl. MSS. 4790, f. 146; *Archæologia*, vol. XXI.; *Dublin University Magazine*, August 1861, vol. LVIII., pp. 129-44.

This Dispute — which it were mistaken pains to trace out—even Hardiman, who has few good words for Spenser, or any Englishman, thus summarily pronounces on : “ But as it appears from Lord Roche’s petition that Spenser was in these matters a supporter and maintainer of one Joan McCallaghan, an opponent of his lordship, *it seems not unlikely that in reality he had out of generosity espoused the cause of a poor Irish-woman, WHOM LORD ROCHE WAS TRYING TO ROB OF HER LAND* ” (p. 421).

Thus doubly drawn to London by the spell of Raleigh’s confidence in the success of the *Faery Queen* when published, and by “ private affairs,” we have to think of these two brilliant men as fellow-travellers across the “ narrow seas ” wherein King was ‘ drowned ’ to live for ever in *Lycidas*. *Colin Clout’s Come Home Again*—as we shall see—gives us glimpses of their converse at Kilcolman and on the way. Most important of all, this poem makes it certain that Raleigh took Spenser to Court, obtained audience for him with Elizabeth, and won her “ favorable ear ” for the first three books of the great poem. That Poem so filled the entire horizon of his vision and hopes that he tells us—

Nought took I with me but mine oaten quill—

that is, the MS. of the *Faery Queen* (Books I. to III.). It would have been a terrible disappointment had he not gained the patronage of “ Gloriana,” or, as his friend first called her, “ Cynthia.” But there is no shadow of doubt on this. We thus read :—

Foordh on our voyage we by land did passe,
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still us guded,

Untill that we to Cynthiae's presence came :
 Whose glorie greater then my simple thought,
 I found much greater then the former fame ;
 Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought :
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,
 I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
 Upon a virgin bryde's adorned head,
 With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffadillies ;
 Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
 In which all colours of the rainbow bee ;
 Or like faire Phebe's garlond shining new,
 In which all pure perfection one may see.
 But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
 Of earthly things, to judge of things divine :
 Her power, her mercy, her wisdom, none
 Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
 Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?
 More fit it is t'adore, with humble mind,
 The image of the heavens in shape humane.

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
 Saying : By wondring at thy Cynthiae's praise,
 Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
 And her upraising, doest thy selfe upraise.
*But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that shepheard strange thy cause advanced ?*

The Shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that Goddess grace me first enhanced,
 AND TO MINE OATEN PIPE ENCLIN'D HER EARE,
 THAT SHE THENCEFORTH THEREIN GAN TAKE DELIGHT,
 AND IT DESIR'D AT TIMELY HOURES TO HEARE,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight ;
 For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
 And wondrous worth, she mott my simple song,
 But joyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
 Worth harkening to, emongst the learned throng.

(Vol. IV., pp. 47-8.)

We must return on and vindicate the "grateful praise" of Elizabeth here and elsewhere. But at this point it is to be specifically recalled that Spenser found a willing listener in his Queen, and so gained the main end of his "voyage." There were other subsidiary

ends ; for the "Shepherd of the Ocean" had lamented the "new poete's" exile. He

. . . gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I WAS QUITE FORGOT.

Very characteristic of the unresting, scheming, magnificently-forecasting Raleigh was this. Self-poised, self-reliant, conscious of resource, he doubtless felt confident—as well he might—that Spenser had only to appear "with him," to be assured of far worthier recognition and wider scope for his powers, as well as more adequate reward for his deserts. We are left to think of him over-seeing his *Faery Queen*, so far as it then went, through the press. The following entry informs us that he must have speedily after arrival 'entered' it at Stationers' Hall :—

Primo Die Decembris [1589]

Master Ponsonbye Entered for his Cotype, a book intituled the *fayre Queene dysposed* into xij bookes, etc. Authourysed vnder thandes of the Archbishop of Canterbury and bothe the wardens . . . vj^d [Arber ii. 536.]

It is to be noted how, by his title-page of the "First Three Books" he gives hostage to Fortune that the other "Nine" should follow. And so when the next "Three" books were given it was still to be "dysposed into xij bookes." Than this splendid audacity I know nothing comparable, unless it be Lord Macaulay's opening of his *History of England*, wherein—without any saving clause, as Thomas Fuller would have said of "if the Lord will"—he pledges himself to write

his great Story down to 'memories' of men "still living."*

As was the mode of Poets and others, when the dainty beautifully-printed quarto of 1590 was published by 'Master Ponsonby,' it was furnished with an apparatus of "Laudatory Sonnets" to Spenser and with the great series of Sonnets by Spenser addressed to the foremost names of the time. I suppose that gift-copies of the volume would be sent to these noblemen and gentlemen and "faire ladies," with perchance the several sonnets marked, or even re-written, on the fly-leaf. Eheu! cheu! no letters of thanks, no interchanges of opinion, have come down to us. We can only indulge the 'Pleasures of Imagination' as we recognise "Hobynoll" [Harvey]—at his very best in his gracious recantation—and "R. S." (one asks could it possibly have been Robert Southwell?) and W. L. and Ignoto following Raleigh's pair of Sonnets among the "Verses addressed to the Author," and as we pass from Hatton and the "most honourable and excellent Lord the Earle of Essex" to Oxford, Northumberland, Ormond and Ossory, Lord Charles Howard, Lord Grey of Wilton, Raleigh, Burleigh, Cumberland, Hunsdon, Buckhurst, Walsingham, Sir John Norris, the Countess of Pembroke, the Lady Carew, on and on to "all the gracious and beautiful Ladies in the Court."

I do not forget that John Davies of Hereford and Henry Lok have long sets of Sonnets after the same fashion. But there is this differentiation between

* Opening of the *History*, pp. 1-2. See N in Appendix after Essays in this volume, for a critical notice of Mr. Sebastian Evans' theory of a 'Lost Poem' by Spenser.

theirs and Spenser's—viz., that avowedly they were 'strangers' to the most, whereas in these Sonnets appended to the "first three books,"—and increased in the two volumes of 1596—there are found in almost every separate Sonnet touches declarative of some personal intercourse, or as the phrase ran, "familiar intimacy." Supreme above all was the grandly-simple Dedication to Elizabeth:—

"TO THE MOST MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT EMPRESSE ELIZABETH; BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, &c.

Her most humble

Servant:

Ed. Spenser."*

It will have been observed that among the Sonnets was one to "the right honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England." That Spenser thus included Burleigh was surely creditable to him. More creditable that it is self-respecting, restrained, and only in one epithet ("mightie shoulders") praiseful.

* Dean Church inadvertently gives the second and enlarged dedication to Elizabeth as belonging to that of 1590. He pronounces it (in this second form) "one of the boldest dedications perhaps ever penned," the reference being to the words "To live with the eternitie of her fame," but adds—"the claim was a proud one, but it has proved a prophecy" (p. 101). It may be as well to rectify another little inadvertence of the same writer—viz., that it is incorrect to state that Sidney "had published his *Defence of Poesie*" (p. 104). It was posthumous, and did not appear until 1595, so not "between the appearance of the *Shepherd's Calendar* and the *Faery Queen* of 1590."

I may be wrong, but the "*Perhaps* not vaine they may appeare to you" has the pathos of "hope deferred" in it, poignant recollection of earlier un-sympathy. This most significant Sonnet must here find place, if it were only to disprove Sir Walter Scott's strange charge against it as "distinguished by the most flattering strain of adulation" (*Edin. Review*, vii. 207-8).

To you right noble Lord, whose carefull brest
 To menage of most grave affaires is bent,
 And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
 The burdein of this kingedomes governement,
 As the wide compasse of the firmament,
 On *Atlas* mighty shoulders is upstayd ;
 Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
 The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd ;
 Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
 And the dim vele, with which from comunc vew
 Their fairer partes are hid, aside be layd,
 Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
 Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receave,
 And wipe their faults out of your censure grave.

E. S.

By this Sonnet, or rather the occasion of it, "hangs a tale." In Manningham's *Diary* (Camden Society, 1868) one Touse or Towse—on whose authority a number of the gossip anecdotes of this singular Manuscript are given—tells us this :—

"When her Majestie had given order that Spenser should have a reward for his poems, but Spenser could have nothing, he presented her with these verses :—

It pleased your Grace upon a tyme
 To graunt me reason for my ryme,
 But from that tyme without this reason
 I heard of neither ryme nor reason" (p. 43).

Poor enough Epigram certainly, though on a par with lines ascribed to Shakespeare in the same "*Diary*";

but probably holding in them a seed of fact.* Her Majesty—so the tradition runs—‘ordered’ a goodly sum to be awarded the “newe poete.” The penurious Lord Treasurer—wherever others and not himself or kin were concerned—demurred, dropping *sotto voce* the question, “What? all this for a song?” Elizabeth—tainted o’ times by her chief Adviser’s usuriousness—gave way, and said, “Well, let him have what *is reason*.” Ultimately—as the State-patent proves—a pension of £50 was granted, far beyond the living Laureate’s now of £100—in February 1591. But Burleigh’s tardiness must have taken the whole grace out of the kindness. Few—and least of all natures so hard and grasping as Burleigh’s—realize how much “*loving-kindness*” or kindness in manner and look and promptitude, adds to it, and how much ungracious, dilatory, reluctant bestowment takes from a kindness.

The after-account in *Colin Clout’s Come Home Again* goes to demonstrate, along with other allusions, that whilst the publication of the *Faery Queen* brought the Poet renown, and prophesied immortality among “gentle and simple” and the pension and virtual laureateship, any rainbow of hope of high State Employment vanished into greyest, most drizzling rain. He had left Ireland on the spur of Raleigh—with the subsidiary “Dispute” rendering the visit to London expedient as well—heart-sore in his exile in a country

With brutish barbarism overspread.

* Mr. J. Payne Collier, in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, s.n., quotes an authority which ascribes the lines to Churchyard, but this is not at all likely.

To him it was a "salvage soil." He had contrasted his own native England with it:—

No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
 No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
 No grisly famine, nor no raging swerd,
 No nightly bordrags, nor no lue and cries:
 The shepheards there abroad may safelie lie,
 On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger;
 No ravenous wolves the good man's hope destroy,
 Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.

(Vol. IV., p. 47.)

and again—

There learned arts do flourish in great honor
 And poets' wits are had in peerlesse price. (*Ibid.*)

But the ideal was in harsh contrast with the real. We have a touching record of this in these most notable lines—

I whom sullein care
 Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
 In Prince's Court, and expectation vayne
 Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
 Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,
 Walkt forth to ease my payne
 Along the shoare of silver-streaming Themmes.

(Vol. IV., p. 199.)

Later came these memorial-words from Ireland—

Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
 Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke,
 And will to Court, for shadowes vaine to seeke,
 Or hope to gaine, himselfe will one daie crie:
 That curse God send unto mine enemye.

(Vol. III., p. 130.)

The immortal wrath of the 'hell' of Court suitors' delay, belongs to this period. That "purple patch" was added to *Mother Hubbard's Tale* now unquestionably. And so early in 1591 he once more turned his back on England and returned to Kilcolman and

Ireland. I say *early* in 1591. For the last memorial of his presence in London is the dating of his *Daphnoida*—"London this first day of Januarie 1591." This *was* 1591, not 1592, according to our new style, as is shown (a) By the death-date of the subject of this poem, viz., late in 1590. She was Lady Douglas Howard, wife of Arthur Gorges. She is not to be confounded with Douglas Howard, countess of Sheffield, the supposed second wife of Leicester (Camden's *Annals*, p. 357). *En passant* the name Douglas possibly came into the Howard family through the marriage of Lord Thomas Howard (younger brother of Lord William Howard of Effingham) to Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of King Henry VIII.'s eldest sister Margaret, Queen of Scotland, by her marriage with the Earl of Angus (Sandford ii. 323). (b) By the already-seen dating of *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* from Kilcolman at the close of the same year, "27 December 1591." He could hardly have been at Kilcolman on 27th December 1591, and in London on 1st January 1592, *i.e.*, reckoning 1st January 1591 as = 1592. He thus began the year in London with *Daphnoida*, and closed with the *Complaints*. *Daphnoida* was probably privately printed for the family. It was not 'entered' at Stationers' Hall—unlike the *Complaints*—and its original title-page (indeed, both title-pages of 1591 and 1596) bear simply to be 'Printed' for William Ponsonby. *Daphnoida* is dedicated to Helena, Marquess of Northampton. By the epistle we learn that the Poet had not personally known the deceased Lady Gorges. His Lament was out of "good will" to her widowed husband, a "lover of learning and vertue."

Daphnida is what few elegies are—simple, direct, and unaffected. There is no forced or strained sentiment in it. The grief is sincere, for (through the Poet) it is the grief of a bereaved husband that is expressed, not the woe of a fictitious shepherd. Our Anthologies ought to appropriate this minor but memorable poem.

Spenser gained his cause against Viscount Roche (it is believed); so that dispute on his returning was out of the way. And he left with better than crown of gold clasping his forehead. He could not but be conscious of his illustrious succession as Dan Chaucer's recognised heir. Dean Church has with fine sympathy and concinnity summed up his position by the publication of the volume of 1590, as follows:—

“The publication of the *Faery Queen* placed him at once and for his lifetime at the head of all living English poets. The world of his day immediately acknowledged the charm and perfection of the new work of art, which had taken it by surprise. As far as appears, it was welcomed heartily and generously. Spenser speaks in places of envy and detraction, and he, like others, had, no doubt, his rivals and enemies. But little trace of censure appears, except in the stories about Burghley's dislike of him, as an idle rhymer, and perhaps as a friend of his opponent's. But his brother poets, men like Lodge and Drayton, paid honour, though in quaint phrases, to the learned Colin, the reverend Colin, the excellent and cunning Colin. . . . Even the fierce pamphleteer, Thomas Nash, the scourge and torment of poor Gabriel Harvey, addresses Harvey's friend as heavenly Spenser, and extols ‘the *Faery Queen's* stately tuned verse.’ Spenser's title to be the ‘Poet of poets’ was at once acknowledged as by acclamation; and he himself has no difficulty in accepting his position. In some lines on the death of a friend's wife, whom he laments and praises, the idea presents itself that the great Queen may not approve of her Shepherd wasting his lays on meaner persons; and he puts into his friend's mouth a deprecation of her possible jealousy. The lines are characteristic, both in their beauty and

music, and in the strangeness, in our eyes, of the excuse made for the poet" (pp. 102-3).*

With one's pulses stirred by these admirable words—and there are many others akin—it is anything but a pleasant duty to find fault. But the duty is inexorable to return at this point (as promised) on Spenser's homage to Queen Elizabeth. The Dean pronounces his celebrations of Elizabeth to be part and parcel of "the gross, shameless, lying flattery paid to the Queen" (p. 137). Following this up, he specifically applies it to our Poet. Here is his portraiture and its application :

"It was no worship of a secluded and distant object of loyalty : the men who thus flattered knew perfectly well, often from painful experience, what Elizabeth was : able, indeed, high-spirited, successful, but ungrateful to her servants, capricious, vain, ill-tempered, unjust, and in her old age ugly. And yet the 'Gloriana' of the *Faery Queen*, the empress of all nobleness,—Belphæbe, the princess of all sweetness and beauty,—Britomart, the armed votaress of all purity,—Mercilla, the lady of all compassion and grace,—were but the reflections of the language in which it was then agreed upon by some of the greatest of Englishmen to speak, and to be supposed to think, of the Queen" (p. 138).

Recognition and pondering of the closing words might have modified this passionate indictment of "the greatest of Englishmen." Like recognition of the fact that Elizabeth in her golden prime was a splendid woman, and only in her harassed and troubled old age "ugly," might have also suppressed the harsh recollection of only what was

* See Vol. IV., pp. 17—18, ll. 225—245. I have not quoted Richard Barnfield's sonnet reprinted in the *Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599, because nobody now assigns it to Shakespeare. See my edition of *Barnfield's Complete Poems* for the Roxburghe Club, s.v.

"frailty" in the great Queen. Recognition and pondering of Spenser's standpoint and sentiment, above all, might have spared us so wooden a missing of his and his fellows' sincerity of laudation. I would accentuate the last. To Edmund Spenser and the supremest Englishmen contemporary — from Sidney and Raleigh to Shakespeare and Daniel and Drayton, the deliverance from "bloody Mary" (irreversible epithet) was a divine gift and ordering of God. To them Elizabeth was England incarnate. Beyond that, she was the ideal of sovereignty. Never had these islands had a ruler of the brain, of the statesmanly prescience, of the high-hearted patriotism, of the magnificent courage—a Tudor heritage—or of the swift responsiveness to the people's declared will. With every abatement, she was a great woman—one to be looked up to, and, as matter-of-fact, who was looked up to by the greatest every way, even by foreigners. Granted that the 'scandals' of the Court do not bear close investigation. Admitted that she was over-intimate with Seymour, with Leicester, with Essex, with many, an' it please you. Accept what have been called her "manly indelicacies," through that streak of coarseness drawn from "bluff Hal." Even against the witness of the lock of her hair gleaming like sheen of gold or golden sunshine at Wilton, insist that it was carrotty red. Grope in the gutters of literature after gossip of her "terrible swearing" and "black teeth" and "foul breath" (the latter in her "old age"). Deny, while looking at unquestioned genuine portraits showing a grand face—breadth of brow, piercing eyes, commanding nose, mobile lips, sovran presence—

that she ever was beautiful or noble. Find only the poor selection of "capricious," "vain," "ill-tempered," "unjust," "ugly," to sum up her personality. After all has been said, and said as bitterly as you will, Elizabeth remains an exceptionally great Woman and Sovereign. Says judicially an able Writer:—

"If she was not so well fitted for a convent as her sister, or for a ball-room as her cousin [Mary of Scotland], she was infinitely better fitted than either for a throne. Her intellect was masculine and statesmanlike—strong and comprehensive, inquisitive and suspicious. Her ministers were not narrow-minded and infuriated priests, but able, active, and moderate laymen. Seldom or never has a government been beset with so zealous, relentless, and unscrupulous enemies. Never have such enemies been more dexterously and completely baffled. And while the hostile and disaffected were over-matched, the skilful and enterprising were encouraged. For the first time the Mongol fishermen on the island of Fuego were startled by the skill and daring of English seamen. For the first time the British traders might be seen simultaneously at Gambia and at Bengal, at Moscow and at Bagdad" (*Westminster Review*, vol. xxxi., N.S., 1867, p. 136).

The seizing on the infirmities and physical decays of her "old age" revolts me by its indecency as by its thanklessness. Her scars and wrinkles came as Time's exactions for her life-long devotion to "this England," and call for veneration, not slander, for pitifulness, not rhetorical malignancy. The great Englishmen of her time did not wish to think of her as growing old. They willingly forgot dates and facts, for after must come James VI. One admires most of all, perhaps, that Spenser's recognition of the divineness of Monarchy and the divineness of Elizabeth's inheritance should be an offence to those whom they offend. "Shameless, lying flattery" is a marvellous accusation in historic retrospect of the actual homage paid to "our most religious kings" as exemplified

in Charles I. the false, Charles II. the bestial James I. "learned fool," 4th George ———. There was that in Elizabeth one could bend the knee to with self-respect. Even in her "old age" the very largeness of the ruin was declarative of the primary grandeur. In those—it is to worship the man, however base, as it is to caricature "the divinity that doth hedge a king," to hold the sentiment noble when cherished toward them and the like, and blasphemy when held towards Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, William III.—the more that the solitary excuse for the Stuarts is the incense of adulation that bishops and ministers of State ceaselessly offered them. I protest with all my soul against any charge of "shameless, lying flattery" as applied to the heart-felt homage and reverence and pride in a great woman and queen of Edmund Spenser and his associates.



SALEIGH'S HOUSE, VOUGHAL.

XI. "HOME AGAIN" IN IRELAND.

"Bound sadly home for Naples."—TEMPEST i. 2.

ONCE more returned to Kilcolman Castle, it is pleasant to-day to think that spite of disappointments and sickness of heart through "hope long deferred" and even quenched, Spenser felt in his heart that he could call his residence in Ireland "Home." By *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* is to be understood (*meo iudicio*) not 'home' in the sense in which Englishmen in India and Australia and New Zealand and the colonies generally think and speak of England: but rather that he was again by his beloved Mulla, and under the shadow of the wooded Galtee mountains. This is made certain by the epistle-dedicatory of this charming poem. For addressing Raleigh, who in his ever restless activities—whether at home or abroad,—had told Spenser plainly that his was an "idle life," the Poet replies:—

"That you may see that I am not *alwaies ydle as yee thinke*, though not greatly well occupied: [a reminiscence again of his Lancashire 'gradely well'], nor altogether undutiful, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple pastorall" (Vol. IV., p. 35).

This is dated "From my house of Kilcolman, the 27 of December 1591," and though this date has been debated, another reference in the epistle-dedicatory proves its accuracy, while still more importantly it assures us that whatever of unsuccess in State employment there had been in London, Spenser was satisfied it had not been from any lack of effort on his great friend's part, and that he still relied on his

influence to shield him from the parasites of Burleigh. The epistle thus continues:—

"The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you, for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes showed to me *at my late being in England*, and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning" (pp. 35-6).

Those who (*e.g.*, Todd, Craik, and their successors) would substitute 1594 or 1594-5 for "1591" overlook these words "*at my late being in England*," and "thy late voyage" of the poem. It is no objection to 1591 that the Earl of Derby is lamented as "dead" who did not die until 1594, because (*a*) *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, though thus composed in 1591, was not published until 1594, and there are abundant proofs that the Poet was wont to work in new lines, and more, when he drew out from his MSS. and revised for the press; and because (*b*) It must be an open question whether Lord Derby were intended by "Amyntas"—probably, yet not absolutely sure. Mr. Palgrave is inclined to hope it signalled Thomas Watson (Vol. IV., p. lxxxii). Full of his "late being in England," it would appear that the "new poete," indulging the Pleasures and Pains of Memory, was speedily at work on this verse-diary of his visit to London. But contemporaneously he must have been occupied in bringing together other of his unpublished Manuscripts. What has apparently been overlooked by Biographers is this fact: that before re-crossing to Ireland Spenser was under engagement to furnish the publisher of the *Faery*

Queen with a new volume of verse, as witness this entry :—

29 Decembris [1590]

William Pon- Entred for his Coppie vnder the handes of Doctor
sonbye. STALLER and bothe the wardens, A booke en-
tytled Complaintes conteyninge sondrye smalle
Poemes of the worldes vanity vj^d.*

In various ways this is an extremely noticeable biographic point ; for it informs us that in the close of the year 1590 the glowing hopes of the "coming" over to England had been chilled, and that a distinct purpose had shaped itself of "Complaintes." Apart, therefore, from its priceless poetical value, the *Complaints* opens a shaft of light on the Poet's mood. I hold the Epistle of "The Printer to the Gentle Reader" as really Spenser himself speaking, with that kind of blind or mystification found later in Pope and Swift. Only the Author himself could have supplied this information concerning those "smale Poemes of the same Author's" that "disperst abroad in sundrie hands," had proved "not easie to bee come by, *by himselfe*," and "some of them bene diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure over Sea" (Vol. III., p. 7). By "over Sea" could only be meant his return to Ireland. There had evidently been a tacit understanding between Poet and Publisher that certain known scattered pieces were by hook or crook to be recovered. The volume of *Complaints* did not appear until 1591, but the title-page of *Muio-potmos* in it has "1590," as though printed and issued separately, as it is still met with, and as indeed are several of the "smale poemes."

* Arber ii. 570.

These *Complaints* will reward the closest study, alike as autobiography and as poetry. As was his wont, he has in these plain-spoken poems “flung himself frankly on human life” and placed in naked, not coloured or misted light, his innermost thought and emotion. One has to keep a vigilant eye on ingeniously contrived touches that will mislead the unwatchful, but only the more verify to the vigilant the Facts and Sentiments being “married to immortal verse.”*

There is a somewhat perplexing mixture of earlier and later work and workmanship in the volume of *Complaints*, as though they had been put to press fragmentarily as they were recovered or transmitted. We shall take them in their approximative chronological order. Having already so-far ‘intermeddled’ with the *Ruines of Time* in demonstrating that therein is incorporated more or less of the (supposed) lost *Dreames*, and also examined *Mother Hubberd’s Tale* and others as belonging to the period of his “raw and greene youthe,” it is only passingly that we require to recur to them.† The same holds of the *Visions* of Bellay and of Petrarch. Our examination of the young Poet’s relations to John Vander Noodt (Chap. III.) has discounted criticism of them at any length. Nevertheless some things remain to be put concerning all of these.

Chronologically the *Visions* of Bellay and of Petrarch come necessarily first. And here it is to be re-noted that the entry of the *Complaints* at Stationers’ Hall while Spenser was still in London

* See Mr. Palgrave’s “Essays on the Minor Poems of Spenser,” Vol. IV., pp. lx—lxxvi.

† See Chapter VII., pp. 82 *et seq.*

authenticates from another line of approach the blank verse and rhymed Sonnets of the *Theatre of Worldlings*, as published in it and now re-published and (in part) re-written in the new volume of 1591. In the *Complaints* there are changes that further confirm our Author's supervision—e.g., four of the 1569 *Visions*—"out of the Revelations of St. John" are dropped, and another four are substituted, viz., 6, 8, 13, 15. Of these the 6th has power united with finish not found in any of 1569. Second, if second to it, is the 12th; but it was in the *Theatre*. As we shall see immediately, the withdrawal of the four Sonnets of 1569 is not to be taken as absolutely declarative of non-Spenserian authorship, though they are doubtfully Spenserian. The *Visions of Petrarch* follows suit with the *Visions of Bellay*. Had these come later, the exquisiteness of the original had been finelier, subtlier emulated. But even as they are, the verdict is a just and not merely a generous one—"yet this is, on the whole, an exquisite work for so young a writer."* But another element of interest and of authentication must now be glanced at,—the presence of his North-East Lancashire words and pronunciations in these *Visions* in accord with his origin there and home-speech in East Smithfield. Were there no more than one instance this should be decisive, so striking is it. This occurs in Sonnet 9 of the *Visions of Bellay*, as printed in the *Complaints*. It thus opens:—

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
 An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
 With side long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
 Sterne face, and front full of Saturn-like awe.

* Mr. Palgrave, as before, p. lxxvi.

As then, so to-day, if you go to the Pendle district you will never hear "ghost" pronounced "gost," but "gho-ast"; and never "loosed" pronounced "loosd," but "lo-ast." This is the still quick North-East and indeed general Lancashire pronunciation. In this same Sonnet there are other idiomatic-dialectal terms and words, as "belly of a pot," and "*pourd foorth*," not "poured forth," and "*creakie shore*." As eye and ear are directed to the whole of these *Visions*, like certifications of a native using local and familiar words and idioms come to any Lancashire man or student acquainted with the dialect and the people. This is sometimes scarcely communicable to another, but is none the less convincing. I would simply notify a few typical examples, as these are annotated in the Glossarial Index (Vol. X.). We have in the very first Sonnet of *Visions of the World's Vanitie* (Vol. III., p. 193) not only "geason," but rhyming with "season," pronounced "seeson." Then we have "Brize," "a scorned little creature," "cleepe" = name, "forkhed," not "forked," and "peare," pronounced "pee-are," to rhyme with "speare," still dialectally pronounced "spee-are," and so "neare" pronounced invariably not as "neer," but "nee-are," and "brust," not "burst," which I heard only the other day near Pendle Hill. Next, in the *Visions of Bellay* we have similarly these—"reare my lookes to heaven," "vanitee" rhyming with "hee," "hundreth" for "hundred," "beare," pronounced "bee-are," and rhyming with "weare," pronounced "wee-are," "warke," not "work," which is never heard of in Lancashire pronunciation, and rhyming with "arke," "fone" = foolish ones, "raught" = reached, "coure" = cover, "mazde"

= astonished, in every-day use, "stie" = fly, ascend, "yeallow" for "yellow," pronounced "yallow." So too in the *Visions of Petrarch*—"mote" spelled "mought," in 1569 = might, "tumbled up the sea," "brast" = burst, and as here used, "out brast," quite common still, "rumbling down" in 1569 dialectally pronounced "romblyng." In connection with this I would note that in the four Sonnets "out of the Revelations of St John" there is not a solitary North-East Lancashire word or pronunciation; and not only so but the North-East Lancashire pronunciation of "beare," as "bee-arc," is here found "beare," rhyming with "faire." Be it conceded that some of these words occur in Yorkshire and Derbyshire and elsewhere. This does not touch the fact that they were all the current speech of North-East Lancashire, as they are at this hour.

The *Ruines of Rome*, after the French of Du Bellay, is interesting, as showing that whilst working on the *Visions* the young Poet had practised—before or simultaneously—in other translations.

Chronologically *Prosopopœia* or *Mother Hubbard's Tale* and *Virgil's Gnat* come next, and class themselves together. The former—as Gabriel Harvey's Letters reveal—must have "got out" in MS. circulation; for it was in some way "called in" or prohibited. All the more significant of Spenser's attitude toward Burleigh is its inclusion in the volume of *Complaints*. Though without doubt, as he tells us, it had been "long sithens composed in the raw conceipt" of his youth—viz., when in London in 1577, seeking—and as we have seen finding—State employment, through Leicester

and Sidney (in Ireland), and manifestly even so early ‘opposed’ by the Lord Treasurer, there can be as little doubt that when in 1591 he made up his mind to publish it, he re-worked cunningly upon it, and specifically superadded the trenchant satire on Court delays and obstructions.

Alike in narrative swiftness and colour and passion of invective this *Mother Hubberd’s Tale* would alone have ranged the “new poete” with Chaucer, and constituted him the inspirer of Dryden and Pope. The marvel is that if—as seems certain—Burleigh read the great Satire in manuscript, he did not bear himself differently toward Spenser. That though angry, he only “nursed his wrath,” and took no step to win to his side tongue and pen so formidable, is another attestation of how intellectually obtuse and unprescient this contemptibly-great man was. Pope’s sending of *Atticus* to Addison was a mere nothing to a portraiture bitten in as that of the “great peer” to whom “learning was nought” and “wit” of poetry “ydliness.” It is impossible to think otherwise than that the publication of *Mother Hubberd’s Tale*—with its remarkable epistle-dedicatory to his early lady-friend “Ladie Compton and Mountcagle” (*née* Spenser) under the general caption of *Complaints*, was a flinging down of the gage. It marks the fibre of Edmund Spenser so to have done this. Never was the Lord Treasurer more firmly-seated or more powerful. So be it, none the less was he a “poor creature,” and the Poet did not hesitate to proclaim it. Blame him for this who may, his Biographer cannot. Nor can it for one instant be accepted that the solution of his inflexible pronounce-

ment is to be found in the alleged "baleful friendship" of Leicester. Proof of 'balefulness' is lacking. Equally is proof lacking—unless one suffer oneself to be gulled and hoodwinked by the earlier libels of *Leicester's Commonwealth*, and the brilliant misconceptions of Scott in *Kenilworth*—that Dudley was not the equal of Burleigh in all but 'craft,' and otherwise a "better man." When I take up the *Ruines of Time*, and with dimmed eyes brood over the Poet's lament for Leicester (ll. 216-17, 441-54) I cannot take less out of the lament than strong personal sorrow for a man he knew and honoured; and a man known and honoured and cherished, when dead, by Spenser, is not readily to be thought of as some would have us do; not to recall, or only to recall, that Sir Philip Sidney stood by his uncle against all comers. It must likewise be remembered to the honour of Spenser, that whereas Sir Walter Raleigh acted in opposition to Leicester,—and if the 'Epitaph' be his, wrote villainously of him,—he abated not by an epithet of his praise or gratitude. We have in this a noble feature of our Poet. He similarly held by Archbishop Grindal, when if he had wished to 'curry favour' he would at least have been silent; and when Lord Grey of Wilton was no more, he vindicated and immortalized him in the teeth of the Burleighs as of 'Empresse' Elizabeth herself. He was a true man who so acted. He is a man to be held in reverence and not maligned, who thus gave his judgment on the smallest of men elevated to the loftiest place. Such 'rashness' is the fine daring of your leader of a forlorn hope. It was characteristic of Dr. Gabriel Harvey's meaner nature and more supple temperament that he wrote, "*Mother*

Hubberd in the heat of choler . . . wilfully overshot her malcontented selfe" (*Collier's Life of Spenser*, p. lxxxii). Of kindred integrity is the attitude of Spenser in *Mother Hubberd's Tale* toward 'both sides.' He acts on the axiom—too often admired as an axiom but neglected as a rule—that "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" is to be spoken. Hence his keen satire of the begging impostors,—against whom there were so many legal enactments in the reign of Elizabeth,—is not toned down when he exposes the lazy, ignorant, and dissipated among the 'reformed' clergy. The latter was inevitable in a disciple of Grindal ("Algrind" of the *Shepherd's Calendar*). It is only, therefore, homogeneous to find the same moral indignation pulsating through his pictures of the trickiness and disappointments and "greed in high places" of the Court and State. Nor is it to be wondered at that another element of Spenser's rich nature—his humour—breaks out in sly hits at certain "great ones," and jets of raillery, anon deepening into wrath—like light concentrating into the spear of lightning. Lowell has piercingly said—"In his *Colin Clout*, written just after his return to Ireland, he speaks of the Court in a tone of contemptuous bitterness, in which, as it seems to me, there is more of the sorrow of disillusion than of the gall of personal disappointment" (*N. Am. Review*, vol. cxx., 1875, p. 350).

It is not possible to determine priority as between the three remaining poems of the *Complaints*. The *Ruines of Time*, and *Muiopotmos or Fate of the Butterflie*, and *Tears of the Muses*, bear traces of after-revision.

Taking the *Ruines of Time*, its incorporation of the

Dreames—as seen in Chap. VII.—is not only hardly so artistically done as one might have looked for, but involves that much of it was in existence prior to 1578-9, when the *Stemmata Dudleiana* and *Dreames* were ready for publication. The joinings of the marble are somewhat plain. The veining does not run on. And yet it is indeed, taken all in all, "a lovely piece of melody in his most pregnant and finished manner."* Its glory is that it gives an earthly immortality to Sidney and Leicester. I discern all through the aching of a peculiarly loving and sensitive nature over these two illustrious friends. The sorrow, the sense of loss, were too real not to make subordinate the mere art of the Poet. It must also be kept in recollection that the form which the *Ruines of Time* (or, as he names it, *The World's Ruines*) took, was given it whilst he was in the stir of London. His words to Sidney's sister are unmistakable—"sithens my late cumming into England," though palpably he had taken it over again with him to Ireland.

It is of profound interest to trace Shakespeare as a reader of Spenser. Let us, therefore, look at these memorabilia :—

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give.
(Vol. III., p. 24.)

and of

Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthie praise, and virtues dying never.
(*Ib.*, p. 20.)

* Mr. Palgrave, as before, Vol. IV., p. 61.

and again—

For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne,
 And thoughts of men doe as themselves decay ;
 But wise wordes, taught in numbers for to runne,
 Recorded by the Muses, live for ay :
 Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
 Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast ;
 Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

* * * * *
 . . . Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
 Above the reach of ruinous decay,
 And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
 Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away :
 Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay
 To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
 And with sweet Poet's verse be glorifide.

(Vol. III., pp. 25, 26.)

The reader who is in sympathy will compare with these Shakespeare's 18th, 55th, 63rd, and 81st Sonnets. Other reminiscences will occur to others. Only one other thing calls for notice here in the *Ruines of Time*,—viz., the changes made in 1611 in the vehement reprobation of Burleigh. As noted in the place (Vol. III., p. 27) they are as follows. For ll. 446-7 of the original of 1591—

For he that now welds all things at his will
 Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill,

it reads—

For such as now have most the world at will.

Again, in l. 451, for "Of him, that first was raisde" it reads "such as." In ll. 454-5 for the Juvenalian power of—

O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
 Nor alive, nor dead, be of the Muse adorned,

it reads "O let not those," and

Alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned.

There is not an atom of sanction for these miserable 'improvements,' as there is none for the modernizations and tinkering of the entire text of 1611. If the vague tradition be true that Dr. Gabriel Harvey was the editor of this folio, it is in keeping with him so to modify the Poet's scornful rage. Robert Cecil, son of *the* Cecil, was in power, and to be placated; and the astute Gabriel was just the man to compromise. But it would be unjust to saddle him with the responsibility. It might simply be the Publisher. Whoever did the thing, it was cowardly and yet audacious. No one at least will accept the 1611 text as against Spenser's own, without actual proof of his sanction.

Muiopotmos (ottava rima) is goldenly written of elsewhere.* I pause to reaccentuate the exquisiteness of the miniature description in this delicatest-wrought of all Spenser's minor poems. It seems from the outset to have 'taken' with Poets. We have Shakespeare misled by its "Hyperion" into "Hyperion to a Satyr" and "Hyperion's curls" in *Hamlet* (i. 2, iii. 4)—and elsewhere. So, too, Keats in his *Hyperion*. Classically, of course, Hyperion. Then we have Wordsworth interweaving "weeds of glorious feature." Lowell misdates, but otherwise finely characterizes *Muiopotmos*—"He first shows his mature hand in the *Muiopotmos*, the most airily fanciful of his poems, a marvel for delicate conception and treatment, whose breezy verse seems to float between a blue sky and golden earth in imperishable sunshine. No other English poet has found the

* Mr. Palgrave's Essay, as before, Vol. IV., p. lxx-lxxii.

variety and compass which enlivened the octave stanza under his sensitive touch." (As before, p. 365.)

The *Teares of the Muses* (six-line heroics) is in my estimate the most consummately precious poem of the *Complaints*, though relatively poorly done and worked in saddest colours, and only evanescently transfigured. We get nearer to Edmund Spenser in his strength and weakness, to the man just as he was, by these "Teares" than by any other. Harvey's Letters satisfy us that there was a life-long vein of melancholy in the "newe poete"; that he looked back, not forward, for the "Golden Age"; that he took a dark and almost tragical view of his age; that like Carlyle of our own generation he did not reckon men high, whatever he did man as represented by himself and Sidney and Grey and Essex and Raleigh; that the grand Elizabethan times of our retrospect and pride wore small grandeur to him as they were being lived through; and that his exile in Ireland cut him off from personal observation of the 'mighties' led by Marlowe and Shakespeare; who were the "coming men" destined to bear forward and upward the "English tongue" that he had so revived after Chaucer. It is centrally vital never to lose a grasp of the Irish exile, of the practical placing of Edmund Spenser outside of the "charmed circle." It is fundamentally to misread him, as it is to deal uncritically and unphilosophically with the "Teares" of this infinitely pathetic poem, to either regard it as phantasmal, *i.e.* conventional or stone-eyed to men and things that are before us, but were not (emphatically be it said) before him. Then it must be further kept in recollection that, as with all the poems of the *Com-*

plaints, the *Tears of the Muses* is a youthful poem worked on after the Poet's manner. I think a close student of this poem will discern very youthful things in the *Tears*, things going back to 1578-9 or 1579-80; and this being so, the 'complaint' so dated—

I nothing noble have to sing,

is historically vindicated. The great deeds of the heroes were then mostly unachieved, and Marlowe and Shakespeare were then only rising into their teens—the former born "about 1564," the latter "23rd April, 1564." JOHN LYLLEY was the one radiant name at the time, and to Spenser's enraptured memories of the advent of *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit* (1580), and *Euphues and his England* (1581), is to be attributed that exaggerated tribute to "Willy" (anagram for Lilly)—

. . . the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mocke her selfe, and Truth to imitate,

which has led some Shakespeareans to find the one "Willy" who truly answers to the portrait—an utter impossibility chronologically and bibliographically. Of course this *bit* on "Willy" (= Lilly) was one of the "purple patches" interwoven later—but not so late as 1590-1, seeing that it was half a decade of years or thereby earlier that Lilly was sequestered in "silent Cell"; and which again leads us a good deal back from 1590-1.

It harmonizes with the early date which I feel constrained to assign to the *Tears of the Muses* that even in this title he copies from Gabriel Harvey's 1578 volume "Gabrielis Harveii Valdianatis, Smithus; vel *Musarum Lachrymæ*"

Further—When we read thoughtfully, there are things in these *Teares of the Muses* that suggest contemporaneous working on the *Shepherd's Calendar*: e.g., *ad aperturam libri* we find this:—

The joyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faeries
Which hither came to hear their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete.
(Vol. III., p. 44).

Cf. the *Shepherd's Calendar* in June:—

. . . friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphs can chase the lingring night
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst sisters nyne, which dwel on *Parnasse* hight,
Do make them musick for their more delight.
(Vol. II., p. 152).

So repeatedly; and similar echoes of the *Ruines of Time* are audible*—all pointing not to 1591, when the 'booke' was published, but substantially—as I have stated—to 1579-80.

I must ask that not only shall the "Muse of History" ("Clio") be read in her "Teares" in the light of this chronological correction, but that the whole be thus read. It is a paradox else, *i.e.*, to have "Melpomene" lamenting the low state of the stage if you date her lament in 1590-1; for *Tamburlane* had been 'acted' in 1587, and some of Shakespeare's earlier workmanship may have been "on the stage" shortly after that. But the paradox lies in assuming that Spenser, writing in 1579-80, could foresee these. Thus too with "Thalia" contemporaneously, you have

* *E.g.*, in "Erato" we read:—

Ye gentle spirits, breathing from above (l. 362);
and so in "Ruines" of Sidney:—
Most gentle spirite, breathed from above (l. 281).

Webbe and Puttenham, Stephen Gosson and Sidney lamenting in identically the same strain the abject condition of literature in England. As matter-of-fact, it has been thus historically,—despair over the prospects of literature preceding an epoch of noblest expansion.

"Calliope" and "Urania" are perchance over-lugubrious; yet when one asks oneself what of lyric melody or exquisiteness of verse-work these Muses had to show, one has little to answer. The delightful collections of Lyrics came years later. As for the decay of "Pastoral Poetry," it is mere antiquarianism to plead for anything of *quickness* prior to the *Shepherd's Calendar* and between Chaucer and it.

"Terpsichore" is of special literary interest, for in the opening stanza—

Whoso hath in the lap of soft delight
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,
Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes spight
To tumble into sorrow and regret,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Findes greater burden of his miserie,

we have a reminiscence of Dante outside of the *Faery Queen* (*Inferno* v., st. 121),—

Nessum maggior dolore
Che recordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

For of Fortune's sharpe adversitye
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that has been in prosperitie
And it remembers, when it passed is

(CHAUCER, *Troil.* iii. 1625).

We recall inevitably Wordsworth (*Misc. Sonnets*, Pt. II., s. xxvii.), "Captivity": Mary Queen of Scots:—

So joys, remembered without wish or will,
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill—
On the crushed heart a heavier burden lay;

and Tennyson in *Locksley Hall*—

a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

"Terpsichore" is also biographically valuable from its distinctive sympathy with Puritanism. "Polyhymnia" praises Queen Elizabeth's poetry. It were very easy to multiply parallels. It is mere stupidity or prejudice to deny her accomplishments and culture. It were well if a collection were made of her fugitive Verses and Speeches and Letters. The "newe Poete," writing at far distance from Court, naturally believed the "common bruit," and willingly endowed the sovereign of all hearts with every virtue and grace.

The opening of *Epithalamium* refers to *Tears of the Muses* specifically and the *Complaints* in aggregate, e.g.:

. . . when ye list your owne mishap to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wrack did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment :
Nor lay those sorrowfull COMPLAINTS aside.

Our examination of the *Complaints* has brought Spenser before us in pensive aspect,—the shadow of disappointment "at Court" through Burleigh and his semi-enforced return to Ireland: for who can doubt that if opening had been made for him he would eagerly have embraced it, had it been only to enable him to remain in "this England." But it was not all loss either to himself or our literature that he "forewent" political service under such conditions as service under the Lord Treasurer meant. Neither must we

think of the *Complaints* as representing a permanent element in the Poet. The putting into these melodious words his sorrows and indignation combined (like the lightnings that sheathe themselves in the dissolving cloud) would relieve the tension of emotion ; whilst the Poet's love of his art and perception of the fineness of his workmanship could scarcely fail to brighten darkest hours. Then in near perspective there was the "going forward" with at least other three books of the *Faery Queen*.

More prosaically, as an "Undertaker," of 3028 acres, and as Clerk of the Council of Munster, he would have other things to occupy him than "tears, idle tears." There would be radiance in the face when William Ponsonbie sent across to Kilcolman gift-copies of the nattily-printed volume of 1591.

XII. WOOLING AND MARRIAGE—WIFE'S NAME FOR THE FIRST TIME DISCLOSED.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."—ANON.

SPENSER continued to discharge the duties of his office of Clerk to the Council of the Province of Munster. It would be a pleasant 'escape' (as Cowley or Cowper would have called it) from the worries and monotones of overseeing the cultivation of the "salvage soil" and dealing with the still more "salvage" natives—albeit from chance-occurring names it is certified that the Master of Kilcolman employed Irish, and not merely English. This was contrary to the conditions of the "Undertakers'" patents ; but failing, if failing it were,

“that leaned to virtue’s side.” His ‘Dispute’ through an Irish widow (O’Callaghan) with the notorious Lord Roche must not be suffered to bulk too largely. There is no tittle of evidence that the Poet’s relations with the natives were other than neighbourly and kindly. Your pseudo-patriotic Irishmen who malign his lustrous name fetch their mendacities from their vivid imaginations and their permanent-traditionary brief against all Englishmen. If on the one hand it be to exaggerate to accept fully Sir Walter Scott’s description of Spenser’s Irish residence at Kilcolman as “a tranquil retreat and halcyon days” (*Edin. Rev.*, vol. vii., and *Prose Works*, s. n.), on the other hand it is equally to exaggerate, to conceive of him as eating his own heart in gloom and sadness. The Poet was self-evidencingly a man-of moods, and given to swift change and impassioned utterance of the most changeful mood. But on the whole he was probably as happy at Kilcolman as he would have been anywhere. With Sidney dead—Leicester dead—Raleigh far away—Essex “at Cales”—and the all-potent Burleigh at the helm of affairs, there would and could have been nothing for so proud and sensitive and eke exacting a temperament but provocation and offence. Excellent man of business—methodical, diligent, laborious, as his State-Papers attest—he was scarcely the man to shoulder it with rivals whom he despised, or to fall in with the small talk and poisoned gossip of courtiers. I fear—though the ‘crooked’ and unwholesome personality of Burleigh makes one pause—he had not the brilliant presence of a Raleigh or an Essex to lay a spell on Elizabeth. John Aubrey was told by one who knew him (“Mr.

Christopher Beeston") that he was "a little man, who wore short haire, little band and little cuffes" (as before, *s. n.*) Better, therefore, with all its elements of irk and depression, was Kilcolman for the "newe poete" than Westminster. He himself came to recognize this. His friends (as they imagined themselves) marvelled at his returning unto

This barren soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell
Here to keepe sheepe with hunger and with toyle.

The 'hunger' and 'toyle' were as metaphorical as the being a 'shepherd' was metaphorical. But he made answer—

Whose former dayes
Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of Fortune's blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then having learnd repentance late to mourne
Amongst those wretches which I then descryde.

Susceptible, impulsive, with a young heart to the last, it does not surprise us that the next outstanding fact in Spenser's life is his falling passionately in love with a "fair face." At the close of *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* it is to be recalled he had paid a last splendid as pathetic tribute to his "Rosalind" of the (relatively) far-off sunny days in North-East Lancashire and perchance beneath the classic Cotswold Hills (re-meeting her there as celebrated by Drayton). The vision of her loveliness had never paled of its lustre, and as with Sidney for "Stella," she was probably his ideal of woman to the close, though unlike Sidney her marriage to her Menalcas (= Aspinall) arrested his

love-homage. To my ear there comes a sigh, almost a sob, out of these most touching farewell words to those who had dared to blame his "Rosalind"—

Ah shepherds (then said *Colin*) ye ne weet
 How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw :
 To make so bold a doome with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw.
 For she is not like as the other crew
 Of shepherds daughters which emongst you bee,
 But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
 Excelling all that ever ye did see.
 Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie :

Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swaine, *sith her I may not love :*
 Yet that I may her honour paravant,
 And praise her worth, though far my wit above.

(Vol. IV., pp. 66-7.)

What Beatrice was to Dante even when he had married his Gemma Donati—and such a marriage! and even wooed and sung of the beautiful Luchese Gentucca; or "Stella" to Sidney when he too had married the widow of Essex; or what 'Highland Mary' was to Burns, though Jean Armour was his loving and beloved wife, "Rosalind" until he died, was to Edmund Spenser. A "first love" (often at first sight) is ineradicable, and when unattained becomes transfigured and holy without despite done to another who has been wooed and won. How exquisitely is this put by "the sad Florentine" when he describes the fore-feeling of the approaching Beatrice in her flame-chariot—

At whose touch
 The power of ancient love was strong within him.*

* It may be noted that Aubrey (as above) informs us as follows of Rosalind—"Spenser was an acquaintance of Sir Erasmus

I ventured to pronounce the *Teares of the Muses* the most precious of all the *Complaints*, and of all his minor poems, from the near view it gives us of the Poet in his attitude toward contemporaneous persons and circumstances. Of kindred values are the *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium* for the light and shadow, the hopes and fears, the yearnings and aspirations, the passion of sadness and gladness alternated, and finally the triumph and its inestimable apotheosis. Mr. Palgrave (Vol. IV., pp. lxxxvii-xcii) has pronounced on and illustrated the literary quality of the Sonnets of the *Amoretti*, and his fully-justified verdict is in noticeable contrast with prior criticisms and estimates—e.g., in the *Retrospective Review* (vol. xii., pp. 142-65),

Dreyden. His mistress Rosalind was a kinswoman of Sir Erasmus's Lady. The chamber there at Sir Erasmus's is still called Mr. Spencer's chamber." Fheu! the present baronet has sought in vain to verify these statements. Finally—in relation to 'Rosalind,' it is a curious circumstance that during Spenser's own lifetime he was introduced on the stage by George Peele in his *Araygment of Paris, A Pastoral!* . . . (1584), and his dolorous 'dying' and even 'death' of his laments for Rosalind in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, poked fun at, to the extent of Venus, Paris and a company of shepherds joining in bewailing "Colin's corpse," love-slain by "Hard heart, fair face, fraught with disdain." Peele, whilst using Spenser's own name of 'Colin,' substitutes Thestis or Thestylis for Rosalind; but the references—first pointed out by Malone (*Shakespeare* by Boswell, ii. 248 *sqq.*)—seem unmistakable. (See Dyce's *Peele*, 1874, pp. 333-4, 361-3.) Spenser took it good-naturedly, contenting himself with this couplet in *Colin Clout*—

' There eke is Palin, worthie of great praise,
Albe he envie at my rustick quill.'

'Palin' (like 'Lowder' = Lloyd) catches up the name 'Peele,' and besides 'Palm' and 'Palinode' are interlocutors in Peele's *Pastoral* and *Eclogue Gratulatorie*.

we have this enormity, paralleled only by Isaac Reed's immortal judgment of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* :—

“A bad sonnet is one of the dullest things in creation, and a series of them absolutely intolerable. Those in question (*Amoretti*) are for the most part cold, passionless and conceited; indeed, we actually feel it a task to get through them” (p. 158).

In this instance the “we” might well have been changed into “I” and that “I” writing himself down ass. Our present concern is mainly with their biographic characteristics. And in the words of a Charles Lamb-like paper in *The Penn Monthly* (October 1875, pp. 739-48) yclept “An Elizabethan Courtship” :—

“From these Sonnets we gather what few facts survive to tell of his outward life, and in these same sonnets we have what makes the outward life of comparatively the slightest interest,—a picture, to wit, of his inner life, a true limning of the deep feelings of a noble man of perhaps the noblest of ages” (p. 740).*

In limine,—more especially in the light of their after-publication by Spenser himself,—we are met with the suspicion that the *Amoretti* is fiction and not reality, was the exercise of the Maker's art and even artifice, not the expression of his heart's emotion. I cannot but regard criticism of this type as bewraying ignorance of two things of which to be ignorant is to be proved incompetent. (a) Ignorance of how through all time Poetry has been the subtlest and most searchingly exhaustive utterance of human feeling. On this Mrs. Jameson has said penetratively—

“The most real and most fervent passion that ever fell under my knowledge was revealed in verse, and very exquisite verse too, and has inspired many an effusion full of beauty, fancy and

* This Paper in a provincial American periodical is by far the most thoughtful study of the *Amoretti* known to me.

poetry ; but it has not therefore been counted less sincere ; and Heaven forbid it should prove less lasting than if it had been told us in the homelier prose, and had never inspired one beautiful idea or one rapturous verse" (*Loves of the Poets*—Petrarch and Laura).

(*b*) Ignorance of the *mode* of the Elizabethan times, when men far more than now "wore their hearts upon their sleeves"—the reference being, I suppose, to their lady-loves' favours or colours being exposed to all—and when, 'a God's truth,' daws did peck at them. Professor John Wilson (*Blackwood's Mag.*, vol. xxxiv., pp. 824-54) has forcefully decided this in relation to the *Epithalamium*, and it holds equally of the *Amoretti* :—

"No poet of our refined—our delicate age—could write his own marriage-hymn of thanksgiving. He could be more easily pardoned for his epitaph or his epicedia. But Spenser lived in a strong age. And had he been silent, he would have felt that he wronged Hymen as well as the Muses" (p. 849).

No less frivolous is the suspicion of unreality because of evidences here and there of Sonnets in the *Amoretti* having been (in a sense) modelled after Petrarch and Sanazzaro and others. It was inevitable that a Poet so habitually in emulation with the highest of all accessible literatures, would turn to the highest or the most "musical, most melancholy," that he might come up to them, and so the reader win the admiration of his lettered and cultured lady-love. We have had this objection before in respect of the *Shepherd's Calendar* and other love-verse for Rosalind, because forsooth of echoes of Chaucer's *Pite*. All such criticisms are to be dismissed, and the *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium* believed in as substantially a Love-Diary to be placed beside *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. Analysis shows this.*

* See Appendix O for a critical examination of the whole series.

But now a question is started—Who was the Elizabeth of the *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium*? Only one attempt has been made to answer the question. Halpine, who so ingeniously but mistakenly identified Rosalind with a non-existent Rose Daniel—sister imagined of Samuel Daniel and wife-imagined of John Florio—Daniel having no sister ‘Rose’ and Florio’s wife having been a Rose Spicer—in the other moiety of his paper, brings together the various passages in Spenser wherein he speaks of his love as an ‘Angel,’ and from thence argues that she was an Elizabeth Nagle or Nangle—a well-known Irish family still represented.* It is not to be gainsaid that the Poet’s use of ‘Angel’ is peculiar and in a way enigmatical, and *cæteris paribus* might have suggested double meanings or anagram, as with ‘Rosalind’—*e.g.*, in the *Amoretti*—

When ye behold that Angel’s blessed looke (Sonnet 1),
 The glorious pourtraict of that Angel’s face (Sonnet 17),
 And of the brood of Angels hevenly borne (Sonnet 61),

each printed with a capital A, not ‘angels.’ But it is all a “Love’s Labour Lost.” A son of the Poet and descendants married Nagles or Nangles; but there is not a particle of evidence that the Poet himself had an Elizabeth Nagle or Nangle for wife. Besides, in Petrarch of his Laura, you have “La bella bocca *angelica*,” and repeated a thousand times in the love-poetry of Italy. One little unexpected entry in a provincial Irish town’s Records, gives us fact for

* See *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* (1847-50), and the *Atlantic Monthly* for November 1858, and our Vol. III., pp. lxxxvi-cii.

conjecture and speculation. Strange to say, not only has this for all these long generations existed, but an erudite Irish scholar—Dr. Richard Caulfield, Librarian of Queen's College, Cork, published in 1878 "The Council Book of the Corporation of Youghal: Guildford, Surrey," and duly (though not very accurately) printed the 'instrument' about to be given, without, however, seeing anything of interest in it, much less the priceless secret it held. Another Irish antiquary and scholar of mark, in casually transmitting the 'instrument' to me, did so because once in reading it, he had at first made out the surname to be 'Nagle,' and the place 'Kilcolman,' but had to confess that they were 'Boyle' and 'Kilcoran,' to his sad disappointment—not perceiving that either would have vitiated the relationship. Turning, then, to the Corporate Records of Youghal, under 3rd May, 1606, we find this:—

"SECKERSTONE.

"This Indenture, made iij May 1606, betweene Sir Richard Boyle, ffermore [farmer], of the New Colledge of Our Ladie of Yoghull on th'one parte and Elizabeth Boyle als Seckerstone of Kilcoran, in the countie of Corcke, widow, on th'other parte, Witnesseth that y^e saide Sir Richard Boyle hath sett to y^e saide Elizabeth Boyle, als Seckerstone, from the ffeast of Saint Michell next ensuing, for lxj yeares, the capitall messuage, etc., of Kilcoran. Yieldinge and payinge for the same to y^e said Sir Richard Boyle, in the hall of the New Colledge, &c., of Yoghull, the sum of ij^s. 6^d. yearlie.

"In witness, &c., Richard Boyle.

"Present, Robert Calvert.

"*Recordatur ad instantiam Henrici Tynte arm. et Ricardi Smith arm. 6 Maij 1648.*"

["Council Book of Corporation of Youghal"—Liber A, p. 600.]

Now with reference to this 'Indenture,' in its place—onward—it will be found that Spenser's widow married

in 1603 a Roger Seckerstone. So that it seems certain that in this Elizabeth Boyle *alias* Seckerstone, again a widow (in 1606), we have to recognize the wife of the Poet. That there should be two Elizabeth Seckerstones and both widows, and both in the same narrow district, and both resident under conditions and dates dovetailing with the chronology of Spenser's life and death, is most improbable. Not only so; but the student of Spenser will at once perceive that 'Kilcoran' being thus shown to have been the residence of Elizabeth Seckerstone (*née* Boyle) explains hitherto unexplained references in the great *Epithalamium*: e.g., the Poet sings of "the sea that neighbours to her neare." This is a perfect description of a dwelling at Kilcoran, which overlooks the bay of Youghal. Again—in the *Amoretti* (Sonnet 75) we read:—

One day I wrote her name upon *the strand*. . . .

Everybody knows that Youghal is noted for its 'strand,' which stretches unbroken for about three miles. Horse-races have been often held on it (see 'Youghal Guide,' 1879, p. 19). DR. GEORGE MACDONALD, though wrong as to Kilcolman being so near to the sea (even Mulla itself five miles off), was not much out fundamentally in his fine *bit* in *Malcolm* (c. xv.) on Spenser—one of many illustrations of how truly still he is the 'Poet of Poets.'* Finally—the 'indenture' leasing 'Kilcoran' at the nominal rent of 2*s.* 6*d.* per annum—practically a gift—would seem to warrant the conclusion that through friendship and family affection Sir Richard Boyle gave the second-time a widow

* See Appendix P for it.

possession in her own right of what before had been her 'home.' Sir Richard Boyle being the granter of the 'lease,' also explains the giving of her maiden name 'Boyle' and her widowed name 'Seckerstone,'—not choosing or caring to introduce the intermediate—glorious as it was—title of viduity. Hence I must pronounce the 'Elizabeth' of the *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium* to have been ELIZABETH BOYLE, kinswoman of Sir Richard Boyle. I shall hope to discover more of all concerned.*

The Boyles—it need hardly be stated—were of good lineage and in prosperous circumstances. This Sir Richard became first Earl of Cork. So that ELIZABETH BOYLE must have been actually all that she is made out glorifyingly in the *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium*—'gentle,' cultured, engaged in leisure-hours on lady's work ('embroidery' and the like), (in a sense) justifiably 'proud' of her position and equally justified in not too eagerly snapping at the great offer made her by the Poet. The "country lasse" of the *Faery Queen* (B. VI.) is of the pastoral framework, and meant no more than it did of Rosalind—who was a gentlewoman—than that she lived in the 'country.' It is singular how many have been misled to think of her as of "low degree," a nameless humble "rural beauty," in the face of so many witnesses to the contrary in the *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamium*. The hastiest reader of these ought to discern that the haughty beauty was no commonplace or plebeian maiden, but one toward whom even Edmund Spenser felt called on to put forth his utmost strength and graciousness of courtesy in 'wooing' her.

* See Glossarial Index, under 'Elizabeth Boyle.'

The Registers of Cork of the period have all perished—as nearly all over Ireland is the case—and thus we have no ‘entry’ of the marriage of EDMUND SPENSER and ELIZABETH BOYLE. But two references in the *Epithalamium* give us its date and scene. Its date was 11th June [1594], as thus.—

This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight
With Barnaby the bright (ll. 265-6).

The scene was the cathedral of Cork—and (it is believed) Bishop William Lyon was the chief officiating clergyman* :—

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in . . .
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim (ll. 204-7).

—with after-mention of the “high altar” and “roring organ” and ‘choristers.’

The splendour of the ceremonial, the “many gazers,” the stir and concourse of the gentlest and richest, and the whole tone of the *Epithalamium*, harmonize with the bride having been a ‘Lady,’ such as by kinship at least Elizabeth Boyle doubtless was. The question of the enraptured bridegroom—

Tell me ye merchants daughters did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before ? (ll. 167-8)

whilst informing us that they were of the crowding spectators, does not involve that the ‘bride’ was a merchant’s daughter. Such a marriage-procession of minstrels with ‘pipe’ and ‘tabor’ and “trembling crowd,” and damzels with ‘tymbrels’ and dance and running page-boys, and herself “Clad all in white,”—

* He was bishop of Cork from 1583 until 1617.

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres a tweene
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
 And being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seem lyke some mayden Queene (ll. 154-8),

once more render preposterous any thought of such a bride having been a peasant.

Was ever marriage so "married to immortal verse"? Even when we think of "Comus" and the "Arcades" Dean Church's eloquent verdict is unimpeachable:—

"His bride was immortalized as a fourth among the three Graces, in a richly-painted passage in the last book of the *Faery Queen*. But the most magnificent tribute to her is the great Wedding Ode, the *Epithalamium*, the finest composition of its kind, probably, in any language: so impetuous and unflagging, so orderly and yet so rapid in the onward march of its stately and varied stanzas; so passionate, so flashing with imaginative wealth, yet so refined and self-restrained. It was always easy for Spenser to open the flood-gates of his inexhaustible fancy. With him—

The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

But here he has thrown into his composition all his power of concentration, of arrangement, of strong and harmonious government over thought and image, over language and measure and rhythm; and the result is unquestionably one of the grandest lyrics in English poetry. We have learned to think the subject unfit for such free poetical treatment; Spenser's age did not" (pp. 168-9).

Professor John Wilson may supplement this:—

"We are not unread in Catullus. But the pride of Verona must bow his head in humility before this bounteous and lovelier lay. Joy, Love, Desire, Passion, Gratitude, Religion, rejoice in presence of Heaven, to take possession of Affection, Beauty, Innocence. Faith and Hope are bridesmaids, and holiest incense is burning on the altar" (*Blackwood's Mag.*, as before, p. 849).

XIII. AFTER MARRIAGE AT KILCOLMAN,* AND AGAIN
IN LONDON.

"A deep story of a deeper love."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1.

I MUST hold it for his own seal and testimony that ELIZABETH BOYLE proved all that the *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamium* paint her—and our Rubens of the Poets—Campbell's fine designation—has nowhere used such glowing colours—that there was no dis-illusion on either side, and that her presence in Kilcolman made "sunshine in a shady place,"—that a good year after their marriage, he published these imperishable poems. It is legitimate to infer that had there been any touch of incompatibility or disappointment, the "lofty praise" would never have been given to the world. And so having after his manner fetched out early Manuscripts and re-worked on them, and composed new—*Colin Clout's Come Home Again* had doubtless been forwarded in 1591 to Ralegh—he took advantage of his friend Sir Robert Needham, Knt., going over to England to send to Ponsonby his MS. of "*Amoretti and Epithalamium*. Written not long since by Edmunde Spenser." In recompense for the little service, the Publisher—instructed most likely by the Author—dedicated the pretty little volume (18mo) to the Knight in dainty and well turned phrasing (Vol. IV., pp. 73-4). Prefixed are two laudatory sonnets by G. W. senior and G. W. I[unior]—whom it is impossible to identify, though George Whetstone has been conjectured as the 'senior.' The motto on the title-page is suggestive of the Poet's consciousness of sincerity and truthfulness throughout

* For quotation from Dean Church see Appendix Q.

his most passionate verse—"Veritas tua et usque ad nubes." "So the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land" (*Song of Solomon*, ii. 11-12). This was in 1595.*

Mrs. Spenser actualized the 'blessings' of the old Hebrew psalm—"Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table" (Psalm cxxviii. 3). Married—as we have found—on 11th June, 1594, between this and 1599 there were no fewer than four children—viz., Sylvanus, Lawrence, Peregrine, Catherine. (I do not accept a fifth, an infant who is alleged to have perished in the firing of Kilcolman.) This gives a birth for each separate year.

We probably get a glimpse of the Father's feeling in the Christian names chosen for his first-born and his second and third sons. 'Sylvanus,' the eldest, having been born at Kilcolman, which was then environed with indigenous forests, made it poetically as well as really, descriptive. 'Lawrence' recalled his (most likely) progenitor in North-East Lancashire—Lawrence Spenser of Castell parish (Introduction, p. xxvi). 'Peregrine' had pathos in it, signifying as it did "a Stranger"—thus reminding of Exodus ii. 22, "And Zipporah bare Moses a son, and he called his name Gershom [= a stranger here]; for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land." 'Catherine' appears to have been drawn from the mother's side of the house.

There are no surviving facts to illustrate the years

* For renewal of Lord Roche's suit in 1593 see Appendix R.

between 1594 and 1598—other than the preparation and publication of the *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium* in 1595 (as already noted)—to which must also be added his collection entitled *Astrophel*, in honour of Sidney, whose imprint is “Printed by T. C. for William Ponsonbie, 1595.” Alas! no single scrap of letter or other memorial of or from Elizabeth Spenser (*née* Boyle); nothing to reveal the emotion of the Poet over his first-born or as a father. One aches for light on these. How we should have rejoiced over so much as a single Sonnet to place beside John Milton’s of his “sainted wife” and child!

In 1595—being no longer Clerk of the Council of the Province of Munster, which as Lord Roche’s ‘plaint’ shows he had resigned in 1594—he is once more in England. The fact—and it is a fact—that he ‘resigned’ this office to that Sir Richard Boyle who onward in 1606 leased to the poet’s widow—a second time a widow—the lands of Kilcoran, may have been a family arrangement through Mrs. Spenser. He had again seemingly a twofold reason for making a considerably prolonged stay in his own native Land. Foremost was his decision now to publish a second volume containing other three books of his supreme work of the *Faery Queen*. The *Amoretti* (Sonnet 80) showed that the three new books were completed in 1593-4. The precious MS. (unlike the slighter *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium*) he could entrust to no one. He must himself carry it. He must have left Ireland toward the close of 1595; for the new ‘boke’ was entered at Stationers’ Hall in the first month of 1596 (January), thus:—

20^o die Januarij [1596].

Master Ponsonby. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of the Wardens, *The second parte of the ffaery Quene* conteining the 4. 5. and 6. bookes . . . vj^d (Arber iii. 57).*

This "second parte" appeared in 1596. But there was also a more private reason for the Poet's presence in England. His two lady friends, "the two Honorable and vertuous Ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth and the Ladie Katherine Somerset, daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of Worcester," were in this Spring "espoused [*i.e.* married] to the two worthie Gentlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter Esquyers." And their poet-friend having been evidently invited to the double wedding, had prepared a *Prothalamion, or a Sponsal Verse*. It, too, was "printed for William Ponsonby," but as it was not entered at Stationers' Hall, was not improbably simply printed for the noble families. This, too, was in 1596. He had still further brought over with him *Foure Hymnes*—viz., "An Hymne in Honour of Love," "An Hymne in Honour of Beautie," "An Hymne of Heavenly Love," and "An Hymne of Heavenly Beautie." The former two—as we gather from the epistle-dedicatory to the Ladies Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and Mary, Countess of Warwick—Althorp Spensers—had for many years been in circulation. As we also saw (Chap. VII., pp. 78, 80), they were of his earliest poetical efforts ("composed . . .

* Professor Hales (*Memoir in Globe edition of Spenser*, p. li.) inadvertently but unfortunately dates this 1595, and mis-states that the volume was published in 1595. It was not published until 1596.

in the greener times of my youth " is his own phrase). The latter two were added for a reason that has been oddly misconstrued. It is thus put:—

" Finding that the same [the two hymns of Love and Beauty] too much pleased those of like age and dispositiō, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being unable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retractation to reforme them, making in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestiall" (Vol. IV., p. 147).

On this Mr. Palgrave writes:—

" I hold it as, for the most part, a poetical device, a trick of fine art, by which Spenser in the prefatory letter to his fair and noble friends, sets forth these two latter Hymns as a sort of retractation or palinode in regard of the two earlier" (Vol. IV., pp. xcix-c).

And again—

" This Ode [on Heavenly Beautie] however, as it seems to me, although written also, in general, with Spenser's full mastery, falls below its predecessor, which in truth, so far from being any way tainted with the grossness of the lower nature, or the corruptness of the Renaissance, anticipates all that is heavenly in the beauty of earth" (*Ibid.*, p. c).

But as I read Spenser's words there is a double statement—one that he had "resolved at least to amend, and by way of retractation to reforme them," and the other, to accompany them with "two others of heavenly and celestiall love." To my mind the former is quite distinct from the latter, and by his 'amending' and 'reforming' of the "Two Hymnes of Love and Beautie," I understand that he had removed the overwarmth of the original MS.-circulated Hymns. The ladies were English gentlewomen, not prudes, and it

is simply impossible that they could have objected to or sought the suppression of these two Hymns as we now have them. The explanation of the Poet's apologetic phrasing is that he had called down on him a rebuke or rebuff from one of the fair ladies—probably the Countess of Warwick, who was specially Puritan, and did much for the 'oppressed' clergy—whilst his plea of inability to "call in" the MS. copies was set off by his printing the "Two Hymnes" as he now wished them to be read. They might or might not in their corrected ("reformed") text be substituted for the MSS.; but at least he would be blame-free. Then, further to attest his sincerity to his lady-friends, there were the two new Hymns, of "Heavenly" Love and "Heavenly" Beauty. There was no reason for adding these from anything erotic in the "Two Hymnes," but there was commanding reason that he should glorify his penitence and be shriven of his lady-friend. We may be thankful that, with or without reason, we have gained the two later Hymns, if we cannot regret that the MS. copies of the earlier two have utterly perished.

He thus comes before us as a visitor in Monmouthshire, Wilts and Northamptonshire; but the epistle-dedicatory of the *Four Hymnes* informs us that his residence was Greenwich—"Greenwich this first of September 1596." Elizabeth had a palace and held courts here. Could it be that her 'Laureate' was housed near Her Majesty? I hope it is not assuming too much to conclude that Mrs. Spenser and the children were with the Poet.

We must return upon the successive 'bokes' of 1596.*

* For other literature of the same year see Appendix S.

First in order comes *Astrophel*, and I must here content myself with referring the Reader to Mr. Palgrave's Essays (Vol. IV., pp. ci-v), and our own discussion (Appendix I) on the Friendship with Sidney, for a two-fold judgment on this collection. Certain points must, however, be touched on passingly. One circumstance especially demands notice: the poem is dedicated to the Countess of Essex, *i.e.* Sidney's widow, yet it is full of praise of Stella, *i.e.* the Lady Penelope Rich. Granted that as her sister (in law) such 'praise' was not as of a stranger, nevertheless it startles. What is the key? Not, *certes*, that Edmund Spenser meant to insult Sidney's widow by dedicating to her this poem in which he represents 'Stella' attending on his death-bed—the fact being that Sidney's wife herself nursed him most tenderly at Arnheim, while the actual Stella was in England. This I venture to think is the key—The poem is so out-and-out put in the guise and disguise of classic fable and pastoral fancy, that it may be taken for granted Spenser did not mean Lady Penelope Rich, but assumed Stella to be a fictitious personage like the rest = the ideal woman beloved by Sidney. To Sidney's widow this could scarcely fail to be regarded as a delicate and dexterous compliment; for it is virtually affirmed of her,—who everybody knew really had nursed the Nation's hero,—that she embodied all that Stella was as immortalized by the dead Sir Philip. The ambiguity as to the "loved lass" (l. 147) is skilfully contrived. Spenser leaves it quite open to say whether he is referring to the wife or to the real Stella.*

* For most of above I am indebted again to my friend Mr.

We come upon words and phrases in *Astrophel* that remind us that Milton and Tennyson read this collection. Early (l. 1, "A gentle Shepherd borne in *Arcady*") the romance of *Arcadia*, which in 1590 was first published as the "Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*," is recalled, and two lines on (l. 3) "the grassie bancks of *Hæmony*" (= Thessaly) is worked into *Comus*. Onward, surely comparable with Matthew Roydon's, is the picture of the young Sidney (ll. 13—24), against whom 'Spight' herself could not find aught "that she could say was ill"? Nor could anything be brighter than the succeeding portraiture (ll. 25—48). We have scholarly touches in l. 39, "rimes . . . makes for them" (= ποιέειν, ποιήσις), and again, in l. 46, "charmes" (= carmina). In l. 36, "Thrice happie she, whom he to praise did chose," caught up unconsciously in the *Talking Oak's* "Thrice happy he who may caress"? For the twentieth time re-reading *Astrophel*, it commends itself the more each time. Its subdued, simple, pathetic, remote tone is to me most congruous with the "late day" of publishing the collection. Besides, Spenser knew right well that elsewhere he had given immortality to his illustrious friend.

It needeth not that I recur to the *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium*. They have been already adequately examined (Appendix O). I like to think of Mrs. Spenser receiving a daintily-bound copy of the little

Harrold Littledale, of Baroda—to whom also I owe the following—Philisides might =

Phil. (Philip) Sid(ney)

Phil. (loving) Sid(us).

(See Todd's Preface, p. xli.)

'boke' from her poet-husband, and many "sunny memories" being brought back as they mutually talked of their Wooing and Marriage.

The *Prothalamion* is worthy to be placed side by side with the *Epithalamium*. Indeed, of the 'Song before Marriage,' Mr. Palgrave has said, and none will disagree,—“The stanza is, to my ear, even more exquisitely constructed, the structure more completely symmetrical, the cadences more amorously melodious” (Vol. IV., p. ci).*

The interest of this delicious love-Ode is twofold—first biographically, second in its potentiality with other poets. Biographically, it tells us of his birth-place (London), of his descent from “an house of auncient fame,” of his earlier intercourse with Leicester and Essex, and of his vain suits at Court. The last meets us on the threshold, as pointed out earlier (Chap. X., p. 165):—

. I whom sullein care
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did allicit my brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming *Themmes*,
Whose ruty Bancke, the which his River hemmes
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adordn with daintie gemmes

(ll. 5—14).

Even to-day the Thames beside Greenwich is beautiful. “Ruty bancke,” I suppose is = rooty. Vivid and affectionate, and to be weighed against the infamies of unproved accusation-gossip concerning Leicester, is

* See annotations on *Prothalamion* in Professor Hales' *Longer English Poems*.

the word-painting of Leycester House and its noble occupant :—

. . . Whereas [= whereat] those bricky towres
 The which on *Themmes* brode aged backe doe ryde,
 Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers
 That whylome wont the Temple Knights to byde,
 Till they decayd through pride.
 Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
 Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
 Whose want too well, now feeles my freendles case (st. 8).

Fit companion-picture is this of Essex; and be it recalled how Spenser again gives proof of his manhood. To laud the dead Leicester was to challenge the living Burleigh; to laud Essex was equally to do so, and perchance to affront Raleigh. But come what might, throughout, the Poet is as true as the man was unembarrassed :—

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
 Great England's glory and the World's wide wonder,
 Whose dreadfull name, late through all Spaine did thunder.
 And *Hercules* two pillors standing neere,
 Did make to quake and feare :
 Faire branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie,
 That fillest *England* with thy triumphes fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie (st. 9).

We have incidentally called attention to Spenser's humour. Even in the *Prothalamion* he puns. Must it be conceded that they are on a level with Shakespeare's? —e.g., st. 4, "Yet were they bred of *Somers-heat* they say" [= Somersset]; st. 9, "And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name" [*i.e.*, Devereux shall become (Dev-enir?) creux = heureux].*

But priceless as are all these minor poems, almost

* The latter is noted as a "ghastly pun" by Mr. Harrold Littledale of Baroda.

any one of which, "even more than the *Calendar*, must have impressed every reader of intelligence with the conviction that a Poet, much beyond any of that age in sustained beauty of style and imagery, had arisen above our horizon; that England could now challenge France, Spain, and Germany with confidence, and surpass all that the poets of Italy—one sad captive in Ferrara alone excepted—were now capable of offering,"* the year 1596 was most of all distinguished by the second volume of the *Faery Queen*, together with a reproduction of the former volume. Elsewhere—in the Essays of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Professor Dowden, Rev. William B. Philpot, M.A., and Rev. William Hubbard †—will be found such Studies of the great poem as will not readily be equalled, much less surpassed. It were superfluous pains, as of "gilding refined gold," to pre-occupy my waning space with either analysis or comparison or estimate of the later three as over-against the earlier three books. Summarily—The vast flood of melodious song has indubitably ebbed in the (as it proved) final "three books." There are—to carry on the metaphor—breadths of arid sand if not slime-spaces, as in the receded sea. But ever and anon the ear that is attent catches the old thundrous roll and roar of the returning tide-flow, and the eye catches celestial hues as of sunrise and sunset intermingled. There are "brave translunary things" in every canto. There are bursts and breaks of verse-music, and colour-like painting of scene and incident, and exquisitely wrought jewel-work

* Mr. Palgrave, Vol. IV., p. xcix.

† In the present volume, pp. 257 to 400.

of phrase and epithet, and "sage and serious" apophthegms, and divinest insistence on a lofty ideal, that constitute the *Faery Queen* first and last a great religious poem. Without Wordsworth's pseudo-Miltonic invocation—may a devout Wordsworthian venture the criticism?—and slenderest recollection of it in the poem itself (*The Excursion*), contrariwise degenerating into a mere panegyric, on the narrowest lines, of the Church of England, with no shadow of the presence of 'The Christ,' no soaring beyond cathedral or parish-church roofs to the Church Universal, no grasp of the catholicity and humanness of Christianity—the *Faery Queen* at briefest intervals gives forth the unimprisonable light that comes from Him of whom it was written—"That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (St. John i. 9); and again—"God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6).

There are not lacking pathetic evidences that in his Irish exile the Poet himself felt that tediousness which from David Hume to Macaulay has been recognised as *the defect of the Faery Queen*. Intermingled with the Various Readings placed beneath our text of the great Poem, many unrhymed lines, many syllables and more, left out, many, or if not many, numbers of ragged and unrhythmical stanzas and lines, are noted. They are mere motes in the glorious dazzle of the sunshine, or mere chance-jarrings of a slackened string (as it were) of a cunning-souled instrument; yet must they

be taken into account as explaining how the other six books were never written, and how the announced purpose must have become a remorseful memory. But when all has been said, the *Faery Queen* was such a dower to our English language and literature as stands second only to the gift of the (so-called) 'Authorised Version' of Holy Scripture (regard had to its English alone).

The republication of the former "three books" (*id est*, of the *Faery Queen*) produced one odd result. Elizabeth was in angry correspondence with James VI. of Scotland because of Buccleuch ("Kinmount Willie") having broken into her castle of Carlisle, and the astute Northern monarch—for he was shrewd in his narrow fashion—returned Her Majesty an Oliver for her Roland in that one of her subjects—Edmund Spenser—had given him deadliest offence and insult by "publishing in print in the second part of the *Faery Queen*, chap. 9, some dishonourable effects (as the King deemeth) against himself and his mother deceased." Bowes—England's ambassador—had striven to satisfy "the King, about the privilege under which the book was published; yet he [the King] still desireth that Edmund Spenser for this fault, may be duly tried and punished." This was putting "the cap on" with a vengeance; for it was a proclamation that the "false Duessa" was Mary Queen of Scots (B. V., c. 9).

The *Prothalamion* opening prophesied virtually that the 'friend' of Leicester, Essex and Raleigh had nothing to look for from the self-aggrandizing Burleigh—then sucking leech-like the very vitals of England to enrich himself, and vainly vindicating his 'integrity' in

that *Burleigh Correspondence* which is his monumental opprobrium. When Gabriel Harvey had invited him from the "North-east partes" to the South in 1578-9, Edward Kirke glossed that it was "for his more preferment" (Vol. II., p. 159). Was 'more' accidental or significant? Did it glance back on that (apparently) brief 'preferment' in Ireland in 1577 notified by us (Chap. VI., p. 65)? and did it hint at "MORE preferment" of a like kind? We cannot speak certainly; but certain it is that unless Edmund Spenser stood prepared to cast overboard Lord Grey of Wilton and Essex and Raleigh, and the host who were opposed to Burleigh, any 'preferment' through him was indeed an "idle hope," whatever Judas-words and kisses the wary and diplomatic Lord Treasurer might use. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to return finally to Kilmolman. This he probably did late in 1596.

One important achievement of this visit to London remains to be emphasized. As the Lambeth MS. revealed, his *View of Ireland* was composed in this year ("1596"). He had probably outlined it in Ireland, but the interlocutors again and again make it plain that they are 'speaking' in England, not Ireland. Besides, the great work thus opens: "But if that country of Ireland, whence you lately came, be so goodly and commodious." This *View of Ireland* is a treatise that, had Spenser left no other evidence behind him of statesmanship, of governing faculty, of mastery of a complex problem, of the courage of his opinions, and it must be added of his 'thoroughness' of resolve to reduce Ireland into allegiance to England, this should have established all these. The style of his prose is inartificial, not at all

laboured. It rises and falls with its passing subject. It has imaginative gleams. It is occasionally fervid. Every page witnesses to profound research, wide personal observation and inquiry, and sagacious sifting of evidence. It is pleasing to find him with a ready ear for any old ballad or legend or local folklore or folk-speech. Let Irish patriotism bray as it may, the *Veue of Ireland* is a noble book by a "Wel-Willer" in the deepest sense to Ireland.

XIV. BACK AGAIN AT KILCOLMAN—REBELLION OF TYRONE—STATE-PAPERS—DEATH.

*"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history."*

As You Like It, II. 7.

WHEN late in 1596, or at furthest early in 1597, Spenser, and most probably his wife and brood of three little children—the eldest in third year at most—once more recrossed the "narrow seas," Ireland was in an explosive and dangerous condition. Sir John Perrot—as in the *Veue of Ireland* is bitterly and passionately complained—had practically reversed the policy of Lord Grey and other firm-willed Lord Deputies, and sought rather to please than to govern. Lord Burleigh secretly supported him, but did nothing to neutralize the complaint of Elizabeth and of all England that Ireland was "a gulph of consuming treasure." Present-day Irish patriots laud Perrot at the cost of Grey and his Secretary. It is called "the strong and just government of Sir John Perrot," and we are audaciously told that "he endeavoured to

govern not for a faction, but for the nation at large," and then comes this :—

"And though the Armada threatened England, the Irish gave him their affectionate allegiance, and remained so tranquil that, humanly speaking, his recall and the abandonment of his just government must be classed amongst those acts of mercy to the [Roman] Catholic Church which removed temptation from her children to join the Anglican sect. Just government would have been a more dangerous antagonist to the [Roman] Catholic faith at that period than the furies and massacres of the Drury's and Greys."*

There is grain of fact and so of truth in this and kindred statement and inference. But the Calendars of State-Papers have, since these misleading words were published, revealed how seething and recalcitrant was the pervading spirit and sentiment and action of the period, and demonstrates what 'dragons' teeth' the slack-handed government of the pliant and feeble Sir John Perrot sowed for his successors. Any tranquillity there was—and it is to be conceded that the backbone of the "Great Rebellion" having been broken by Lord Grey of Wilton, its body was for long limp and flaccid—came of exhaustion on the one hand and venality on the other. The "noble Irish"—who impotently denounced England and Englishmen—had ever stealthily-outreached but most greedy and clutching hands for 'English gold.' The humiliation is that the English-Irish—like the Irish-Americans of our time—were the worst, being all but universally self-seeking, grasping, hypocritical, treasonous. Spenser had designated Essex for Lord-Deputy; for he most certainly intended him as the one person "on whom the eye of England is

* *The Dublin Review*. xvii., pp. 415-47 (1844)—a shamelessly partizan and anti-Protestant paper, and ill-informed as venomous.

fixed and our last hopes now rest." Those who have studied most profoundly the brilliant Essex's career in Ireland will agree with his poet-friend that had this great and patriotic man been given the responsible post in succession to Lord Grey of Wilton, and been left untrammelled, he might have risen to the height of opportunity. With all his ebullieny there were solid statesmanly 'ruling' qualities in this illustrious Devereux. He had in him that fascination of personal influence that goes so far with a race like the Irish and Anglo-Irish. Lord Grey of Wilton did not care to please, but to discharge duty "beneath the great Taskmaster's eye." One thinks of how conqueringly Essex bore himself at 'Cales,' and how strong and generous he was when full responsibility was placed on him. But it is idle to speculate on the "might have been." His brief opportunity after Spenser's death was no test. The hard, stern, inexorable fact is that Ireland was then as now England's difficulty; helpless against her might, yet mischievous; miserable with piteous monotony, nevertheless untameable; as mechanically Papal as Spain, and based on like crass ignorance; and while in individual cases grateful, in the aggregate as foul-mouthed toward benefactors as the beggar in his rags squatted by his cabin, who while snapping the alms yells out curses on 'the Saxon.' It is not to be wondered at that the "weary giant" in the sixteenth century felt as though it had been well "that all that land were a sea-pool" (Vol. IX., p. 14), and that in the nineteenth, living statesmen should be thankful if the problem could be solved by uprooting the island and mooring it a thousand miles away. May the magnani

mous patience, the single-hearted desire to do justice, the generous expenditure, the multiplication of educational resources, the righteous new legislation and repeal of bad, and the splendid courage and trustfulness of the statesmanship of to-day, achieve the success merited! One is saddened to read the opening of the *Vene of Ireland*, and to recognise how unchanged the problem is:—

“*Eudoxus*. But if that country of Ireland whence you lately came, be so goodly and commodious a soyle as you report, I wouder that no course is taken for the tourning thereof to good uses, and reducing that salvage nation to better government and civility.

“*Irenius*. Mary, so ther have bin divers good plotts devised, and wise counsellis cast alredy about reformation of that realme; but they say it is the fatall destiny of that land, that no purposes, whatsoever are ment for her good, wil prosper and take good effect: which, whether it proceede from the very genius of the soyle, or influence of the starrs, or that Almighty God hath not yet appoynted the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiet state still, for some secret scourge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowne, but yet much to be feared” (Vol. IX., pp. 13, 14).

Spite of Spenser's pleading to the contrary, a Roman Catholic population—and such grovelling Roman Catholicism—under a Protestant government, and so closely neighbouring the seat of government, is the hugest of “white elephants” any proud and generous nation such as England could have received. Neither the “unsoundnesse of the counsell, and plotts . . . oftentimes layd for her reformacon,” nor “fayntnesse in following and effecting the same” (*ibid.*, p. 14) yields the secret of the long unsuccess.

The return of the Poet to Kilcolman was specifically a return to the centre of peril.* Notwithstanding the

* See Appendix T for description by Dean Church.

certainty of this, Edmund Spenser was a strong-souled Englishman, and I suspect with no little contempt for the vapouring 'Rebels.' So that it is to be doubted whether he either realized or dreaded the insecurity of his surroundings. His "Two cantoes" of Mutability and the pathetic last stanzas, go to show that not only had he given himself afresh to the mighty task of another "sixe books" so as to round the *Faery Queen* into "twelve books," and thus complete his design of "Fashioning XII. Morall vertues" (Vol. V., p. 2); but that he had mastered more and still more of the legendary history of Ireland as represented by Munster. 'Mutability' has for scene and substance the many-coloured story of 'Arlo,' its myths and superstitions, its ballad-lore and traditions, its haunting memories and transfiguring names. A tone of kindness, and more, sanctifies all the Poet's celebrations of the old lore of Ireland. There is a marked distinction between his mythical-historical treatment of similar legends in Wales, and even in his own England, and the lingering affectionateness and inviolate touch of his attitude toward those of Munster. Nor must we forget that in the "sixe bookes" of the *Faery Queen* there are manifold evidences of his glad obligation to the history of Ireland in the shadowy Past, and of his own personal and keen-eyed observation as Secretary to the Lord Deputy and Clerk of the Council of Munster.

Ably and with his usual forceful eloquence does Dean Church place before us Spenser's indebtedness as a Poet to Ireland (see Appendix U, as before noted); but there are other two sides that demand recog-

niton—the one maleficent, the other gracious. First of all, it must be affirmed that the tempestuousness and anarchic violence that surrounded the Poet whilst he was working his scattered portions of the great Poem into a whole and devising new cantoes, indubitably vivified his descriptions (as Dean Church has put it) as well as sanctioned them; but they equally *provincialized* (so-to-say) the representation of men and events and circumstances. This world of ours *is* the “unintelligible world” of Wordsworth, and the actual human lives of succeeding generations have been strenuously strong against not “flesh and blood” merely, but in apostolic words “against principalities and against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.” Mystery and danger have always enringed the individual and aggregate life. But England and the sixteenth century were no mere enlarged Ireland. There is lack of proportion and perspective in so broadening out the tragical evils and wrongs of Ireland as to make Ireland stand for man’s universe. The spectre of the Jura mountains has for source the man who is on their side; but it is the setting sun or rising sun that plays such fantastic trick as transmutes an innocent foot-farer into a fiend and a terror. Similarly the ‘knights’ and the objects of their attack in the *Faery Queen* were real and actual; but it was doing wrong to civilization, wrong to Elizabethan England, so to thinly lengthen out their shadows as to present the wide earth as chaotic and “only evil continually.” Along these lines the influence of the Civil War and political strifes of Ireland damaged the humanness of

the great poem. But if there were this loss from his many-yeared residence in Ireland, there was also, second, supremest gain. A meditative study of the *Faery Queen* in Munster and elsewhere brings out verse-pictures and epithetic felicities of phrasing and allusiveness of the most precious quality derived from the land and people of his adoption. But perhaps the ultimate obligation of Spenser to Ireland is that it was from her he got his 'Una.' Wordsworth's immortal line has gathered into it that which is *the* imperishable portraiture of the *Faery Queen*. To nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand the *Faery Queen* lives in their hearts through

Una with her milk-white lamb.

We admire Amoret and Florimel, Belphebe and Britomart and Pastorella; but we love 'Una,' more humanly than we ever do Miranda or Perdita. It is therefore imperative as it is satisfying to establish that this sweetest and most heart-captivating of all the "Heroines of Spenser"* was fetched from the folk-lore of the neighbourhood of Kilcolman.

Asked 'Whence did Spenser obtain the name of Una?' the Commentators unanimously answer—'Obviously from the Latin, as signifying his heroine's flawless character.' But let us see whether our "learned seigniors" have not travelled far to find the nearest, or searched the heavens to discover the daisy at their foot. Irish mythology gives us Una—pronounced Oonagh—the first vowel Germanice, full and

* Professor Dowden has a delightful paper under this caption in *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. xxxix., No. 234; but Irishman as my friend is, he has missed the Irish source of 'Una.'

soft—and the meaning in Erin is a ‘Faery Queen.’ There are many such queens belonging to localities (like the gods of heathendom, and perhaps for like reasons, *i.e.* as having been deified mortals of illustrious character)—such as Meadhblh, a renowned ‘queen’ of Connaught in the first century of the Christian era, the original of Shakespeare’s *Mab*, and a “*facrie queene*” in that region. Then, in the district now known as Lower Ormond, county of Tipperary, and overhanging Birr (or Parsonstown) is a very beautiful mountain called Knocksheegowna—in Irish CNOG (“the hill”), SITHÉ pronounced “shee” (“of the Fairy”), UNA (“Una”); and of this hill as the abode of Queen Una, numberless legends are yet narrated. *En passant*, it is noticeable—as in all fairy tales in Ireland—that these spiritual beings are said to dwell *in*, not *on*, the hills consecrated to them. Were the oriental tribes that first colonized Ireland *trogloodytes*?

This Knocksheegowna is *en route* from Dublin to Cork and *vice versa*. Spenser was a frequent and leisurely journeyer and sojourner along these districts. He must over and over have passed this eminence. He was too vigilant to pass it without inquiry; and I for one am willing to believe that on finding Knocksheegowna meant the “Fairy Una’s hill” it registered itself in his memory and took its immortal place in the *Faery Queen*. There was this other element of attraction in the name ‘Una.’ Beautiful in itself, its Latin meaning would serve for those who knew not its Keltic origin. And beautiful and significant as it was it would scarcely have done to have made it displace ‘Gloriana.’ It might have displeased a sovereign who never wished

to be thought an "old maid" or isolated. And thus he elected it for his own ideal lady who made "a sunshine in a shady place."

It must be added that 'Una' as a name is still in constant use among the women of Ireland; but that when speaking English they invariably anglicize it to Winifred or Winny.* Accordingly it is still in use by the Poets: *e.g.*, Sir Samuel Ferguson (author of *The Forging of the Anchor*) entitles a fine poem *Una Phelimy*.† It is quite within probability that some nurse or other woman-servant may have borne the name at Kilcolman, and may have made it a "household word" with Spenser. It is to be recalled at this point that the Poet was in the service of the State in Ireland in 1577, or years before a line of the *Faery Queen* was written; the first mention of the *Faery Queen* being in Harvey's letter of April 1580.

It is in accord with this derivation of 'Una' from Irish mythology that in the fragments of the further "sixe bookes"—as we have seen—other Irish names and legends are celebrated. And it is surely warrantable to conclude that on the return of the Family to Kilcolman there were no dreads or suspicions or omens of danger.

Two biographic-historic facts attest that in 1598 Spenser had no thought of successful rebellion, and no desire to shrink from letting Ireland and the world know his opinions of how to 'govern' Ireland. He

* For the most of above I owe hearty thanks to my friend the Rev. Prebendary Hayman, of Douglas Rectory, Cork—as for much more.

† *Dublin University Mag.* vii. 66; cf also vol. xxvii. 608 (prose), and vol. xx. 681, xxxiii. 738 (verse), for 'Una.'

was appointed Sheriff of Cork on 30th September, 1598, by Queen Elizabeth's royal letters (Harleian MS. 286), which described him as "a gentleman dwelling in the County of Cork, who is so well known unto you all for his good and commendable parts, being a man endowed with good knowledge in learning, and not unskilful or without experience in the wars." He accepted the office and stood ready to discharge its onerous duties. Prior to this—and still more declarative of his sense of truthfulness and righteousness—he 'entered' his *View of Ireland* for publication, thus—

xij^o Aprilis [1598].

Mathewe Lownes Entred for his Copie under th'hand of master Warden man a booke intituled *A viewe of the present state of Ireland. Discoursed by waye of a Dialogue betwene EDPOXVS and IRENIUS.* Vppon Condition that hee gett further authoritie before yt be prynted . . . vj^o (Arber iii. 111).

It would seem that the "further authoritie" was not obtained, seeing that the *View* was not now published, and ultimately delayed until Sir James Ware first published it. But this does not touch the fact that its Author meant to have it published. Had he had any forethought of coming disaster he would scarcely have run the hazard. All honour to him that whilst Burleigh was still alive and to be placated by all who would have preferment, Edmund Spenser dared to proclaim his allegiance to the dishonoured Lord Deputy (Lord Grey of Wilton) and to aggrandize the "name and fame" of Essex. No time-server, no craven, no court-tool that!

Historically the new 'Rebellion' broke forth as did the Mutiny in India. Underground movements and the boom of furtive plottings, if known—and they may have been less or more—went unheeded. There was ineradicable 'contempt' for the Irish Chiefs, and foolhardy mis-estimate of their resources in "the people" at their heels and the Jesuit-led conspirators under the mask of care for "the souls" of their flocks only. Desmond's head had long dropped in decay from its spike on London Bridge or wherever it was 'displayed.' Tyrone declared himself the heir of Desmond in 'rebellion.' He was a man of undoubted intellect and intrepidity. But a falser, more treacherous, more selfish, never has existed, unless in Desmond. With Englishmen "in authority" he professed to be the most humble subject of his "dread sovereign" Elizabeth. He created a "Fool's Paradise" for the Norreyses and other of the Irish government. 'Suspected,' he nevertheless cajoled into confidence his suspects. 'Discovered' by letters seized, he baffled their seizers. Aiming alone at the enrichment of himself and his own house, he persuaded his demented followers that he was a patriotic Irishman. Secretly corresponding with "the Spaniard," to gain time he was diplomatic, and prolonged negotiations never meant to end in anything but treason. The chase he led the English forces through wild mountain and glen and bog is like a romance. The audacity of his approach with mere handfuls of half-naked and half-starved kerns to the English posts, beggars description. From 1594 to 1598 "the Rebellion" had been slowly gaining. It honeycombed the land from Northern Ulster to

Connaught, and crept—like a creeping shallow froth-fringed oozy tide—from Connaught to Leinster, and percolated up to the edge of Munster. But Munster, with its English ‘Undertakers’ and residents, was (superficially) tranquil. The State-Paper ‘reports’ of the close of 1597 of the Council of Dublin to the Government in London represented Munster as “the best tempered of all the rest at this present time; for that though not long since sundry loose persons” [among them the base sons of Lord Roche, Spenser’s land-suit enemy] “became Robin Hoods and slew some of the undertakers, dwelling scattered in thatched houses and remote places near to woods and fastnesses, yet now they are cut off, and no known disturbers left who are like to make any dangerous alteration on the sudden.” But this very ‘Report’ continues—that “they have intelligence that many are practised withal from the North, to be of combination with the rest, and stir coals in Munster, whereby the whole realm might be in a general uproar,” and finally they forewarn that the Government must be prepared for “a universal Irish war, intended to shake off all English government.”

Events thickened. In April Tyrone received at his own abjectly-phrased petition ‘a new pardon.’ Within less than four months of it he ‘surprised’ an English force near Armagh, and defeated it shatteringly. Then the full tempest broke. Tyrone, elated beyond measure, sent his ‘army’ into the heart of Munster. Munster rose at its touch. It has been said that it was the rising “of the dispossessed proprietors and of the whole native population against the English

Undertakers,"* and PRENDERGAST (in his *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, as before) is frantic in his narrative of the rising by which "the robber was thus robbed, and the spoiler spoiled,"—his specific reference being to Spenser in Kilcolman; and than which no more malignant falsehood has ever passed itself off for history (pp. 94-5). For as to the 'rising' of "dispossessed proprietors," they are mere creations of imagination; and even had they existed, the "vast estates" of the Desmonds had been righteously forfeited a hundred times over as surely as they had been unrighteously acquired by the Desmonds and enlarged by oppression and fraud by them. Then as to Kilcolman having been 'robbed' and 'spoiled,' it is idlest of rhetoric. The 3028 acres of the Spenser 'settlement' were as legally and honestly obtained as any possession in Ireland. But the Poet of the *Fairy Queen* was only an Englishman to the myrmidons of Tyrone. He was no Alexander to spare Pindar's house. In October—a month after his appointment to the Sheriffdom—all Munster was 'held' by the insurgents. Fire was set to Kilcolman Castle. Spenser and his household had to escape for their lives in such haste that, according to Ben Jonson's conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, an infant was "left behind" and perished in the flames—though this is mythical. He proceeded to Cork, whither the President, Sir Thomas Norreys, had also gone. On December 9th, 1598, Sir Thomas Norreys wrote a remarkable 'Dispatch,' giving a calm and yet rousing account of the 'Rising.' This, we learn from

* Dean Church, as before, p. 176.

another of 21st of the same month, was taken over by Spenser to England, as thus:—"Since my last of the ixth of this moneth, *and sent by Mr. Spenser*, wherein I manifested the misery of this Countrey . . ." So that between the 9th and 24th of December, 1598, Spenser and his wife and family arrived in London. That he so arrived in no panic-terror or as having lost his head, is proved by a State-Paper addressed by him to the Queen direct, and not one line of which ever has been printed. It was prepared—as the commencement shows—in Cork, after the 'escape' from Kilcolman. That alone witnesses to solidity and courage. It was delivered doubtless by Spenser himself in London to the Secretary of State, along with the 'Dispatch' of Norreys of 9th December. This all-important Paper, and the others accompanying, are in the well-known handwriting of SIR DUDLEY CARLETON, and all are carefully noted by him as written by Spenser (spelled 'Spencer'). There comes first "A briefe note of Ireland"—most noticeable for its very commonplace of topographical information. The pulse of the man who wrote it was not fevered. Next a Letter or rather State-Paper "To the Queene." Finally, "Certaine Pointes to be considered of in the recovery of the Realme of Ireland." 'Recovery' be it noted and re-noted—the very word of Canning and his brave Englishmen when the Sepoys rose up against their benefactors—no thought of succumbing. The "Certaine Pointes" are very much a condensation of the *Veue of Ireland*, and tell us that whatever of sorrow and disappointment had come upon its writer, he was lion-hearted still, and bated no jot of hope or resolution.

I trust and expect every Spenserian of capacity and sympathy will ponder these great State-Papers in their places (as below*). Here I can find room only for the opening of the direct address to the Queen. It is pathetic and sad, but I can find no trace of that panic 'flight' of my predecessors in the Poet's biography. He represents others as well as himself in his appeal to the Sovereign:—

“Out of the ashes of disolacon and wastnes of this your wretched Realme of Ireland, vouchsafe moste mightie Empresse o' Dred soveraigne, to receive the voices of a fewe moste unhappie Ghostes; of whome is nothinge but the ghost nowe left, w^{ch} lie buried in the bottome of obliuio, farr from the light of yo^r gracious sunshine, w^{ch} spredeth it selfe ov^r Countries moste remote, to the relieving of their destitute Calamities and to the eternall advancement of yo^r renowne and glorie; yet upon this miserable land, being yo^r owne iuste and heritable dominiõ, letteth no one little beame of yo^r large mercie to be shed: either for unworthinesse of us wretches w^{ch} no way discerve so great grace, or for that the miserie of o^r estate is not made knowen

* See Appendix V for the whole in the order of the original in integrity. Dean Church writes of the Dispatch of Norreys having been 'sent' by Spenser:—"I am indebted for this reference to Mr. Hans Claude Hamilton. See also his Preface to *Calendar of Irish Papers, 1574-85*, p. lxxvi." (p. 177). He adds: "This is the last original document which remains about Spenser" (*ibid.*). The Dean was evidently unaware that in a masterly Paper on Spenser published in the *Dublin University Magazine* so far back as August 1861 (vol. viii., pp. 129-44), the fact about the Dispatch was given and commented on. He was also equally unaware of Spenser's own State-Papers—far more important than the Dispatch of Norreys. These also were designated, but left wholly unutilized in the same article. Honour to whom honour is due. Mr. Hamilton has done right noble service by his Calendars, and none is more helpful and obliging; but the *Dublin University Magazine* writer (unfortunately anonymous) long anticipated him. It is incomprehensible that neither Collier, nor Professor Hales, nor Dean Church, nor any one, should have taken the pains to get at these vital Spenser documents. All the more rare is my good fortune to be the first to print and use them.

unto you but rather kept from yo^r knowledge by such as by concealement thereof think to have their blames concealed. Pardon therefore moste gracious soveraigne unto miserable wrechis, w^{ch} without yo^r knowledge and moste against yo^r will are plunged in this sea of sorrowes, to make there eveⁿ case knowne unto you and to ca^{ll} for tymelie redresse unto you, if yet at least any tyme be left; w^{ch} that yo^r ma^{tie} in yo^r excellent wisdome may the better knowe how to redresse, may the same vouchsafe to consider from what beginning the same first sprunge and by what late evill meanes it is brought to this miserable condicōn w^{ch} wee nowe Complainē of.”

There succeed these ‘points’ :—“The first cause of the rebellion”—“The Erle of Tyreones entrance into treason and the causes thereof”—“Devisiō betwene S^r Wi^lm. Russell and S^r John Norris”—“S^r John Norris thought to get the government to him selfe”—“Lo. Burrowes”—“The originall cause of all this mischeefe happened in Mounster”—“Irish hate the English for twoe causes, (1) because they have ev^r bene brought vpp licenciouslie [= lawlessly] and to live as eche one listeth, w^{ch} they esteeme halfe happines, (2) because they naturallie hate the English, so that theire fashions they allso hate. The cause of this originall hate is for that they were Conquered of the English.”

This enumeration of (mostly) the margin-notes, gives only a meagre idea of the fulness and fearlessness of statement, the firmness and vigour of argument, or the fluent and nervous though quaint English of this most noticeable State-Paper.

This direct Address to the Queen and its accompanying elucidative Statement headed “Certaine pointes to be considered of in the recovery of the Realme,” practically adumbrates that *Veue of Ireland* which only eight months before he had ‘entered’ for publication.

How thorough and how in exact agreement with the *Veue of Ireland* is this second State-Paper may here be suggestively indicated by a similar but fuller noting of the several 'pointes' that are presented and discussed—"Question—The question is whether be better and easier for hir Ma^{tie} to subdue Ireland throughly and bring it all under or to reforme it and to repaire hir decayed ptes. Of these twoe that must needes be better and also easier which may be done with less charge, perill, tyme. Reason—The assumpt[ion] then is that it will be lesse charge, lesse p'ill, and lesse spending of tyme to subdewe it alltogether then to go about to reforme it." There follows "Proofoe of the reason"—strong, drastic, absolute. Next comes "Resolucon" as = Solution of the problem. Very definite and unmistakable is such 'Resolucon'—emphatically "Recovery" by conquest. One *caveat* is put in in anticipation of the (seeming) 'cruelty' of the plan, and it will be seen that it is only a re-vindication on re-statement of the plan announced in the *Veue of Ireland*:—

"If it shall seeme that the resolucōn to subdue Ireland wholly wth stronge force is too blouddie and crewell, the same is thus to be mittigated. That before the great force goe forthe gen'all proclamaçon be made that all w^{ch} will come in and submit themselves absolutelie wthin ten or twelve daies (the principall excepted) shall have p'don of life, onelie upon condiçon that their bodies, their landes, and their goods shalbe at the disposiçon of hir Ma^{tie}, w^{ch} if they refuse, what reason but afterwards rigor should be extended to them that will not receive m'cie, and have utterlie renounced their obedience to hir Ma^{tie}."

There was nothing for it but that, if England were not to obliterate herself by yielding to the Tyrones

and their fellow self-aggrandizers. It is the merest delusion to argue for patriotism as the impulse of this or any of the Rebellions of the Elizabethan age. The 'leaders' sought only repossession of justly 'attainted' and 'forfeited' lands, and in the case of Tyrone's 'rising' to grasp "broad acres" to which he had not the shadow of title. As for the 'people,' they were as "dumb driven cattle," pitifully subservient to their chiefs on one side, and to the Pope's infamous priest-agents on the other. The 'Sepoy Revolt' was thus put down. The Civil War of the Southern States was thus put down by the free North. It is sentimentalism, not sentiment; it is to read backward England's 'rights' of conquest and possession; it is to canonize a crew of the falsest, basest, most treacherous of men; it is to misdirect sympathy; for one moment to concede that Elizabeth and her statesmen had any choice but to 'subdue Ireland.' One even at this late day is touched by the allegiance of the 'common people' to their 'chiefs,' by their unbought service in face of all hazards, by their ignorant yet consistent adherence to 'the old religion,' by their love for their homesteads and hearths; but none the less must the historic verdict be that to 'subdue' Ireland was a necessity for England and the best thing for Ireland.

I am free to confess that after the pathos and desolateness of the opening of the great State-Paper addressed to the Queen, it is profoundly satisfying to have the high note of the "Certaine pointes to be considered of in the recovery of the Realmc."

Its date is to be specially remembered. It could

not have been later than the first week of December 1598; for Spenser left Cork for London on 9th December. By a minute of the Dispatch of 9th December, 1598, it is certified that it reached Whitehall on the 24th December. This it will be observed brings us close to 'the end.' For JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, writing on January 17th, 1599 (new style), to SIR DUDLEY CARLETON—to whom, as we have seen, we owe the transcripts of these memorable Papers now in H.M. Public Record Office—among much gossip of marriages and other "newes," incidentally adds—

"Lady Cope is dead, and SPENSER THE POET, WHO LATELY CAME FROM IRELAND, DIED AT WESTMINSTER, LAST SATURDAY."

Writing on Sunday (as a calculation shows), by "last Saturday" was meant "16th January, 1599"—the phrase instead of 'yesterday' being explained by the knowledge of the Writer that though he was writing on a Sunday, his letter would not be received for some days at least. Thus, on 16th January, 1599, Edmund Spenser died. An 'inn' in King Street, Westminster, has been named as his residence at the time; but no authority has been produced. For unhappily Mr. J. Payne Collier's 'find' of an alleged copy of the second edition of the *Faery Queen*, formerly possessed by Henry Capell and afterwards by Brand the antiquary, bears the same stigma with his innumerable pseudo-entries and proved forgeries.* As a

* I find a corner for it here and the context—"Camden's *anno salutis* 1598 is of course to be taken as 1599 according to our present reckoning, and the precise day—viz., the 16th of January, as well as the place, are ascertained from the subsequent manuscript note on the title-page of a copy of the second edition of

State-messenger and in State-employment the probabilities are that he would temporarily at least be housed in official apartments near the great State-chambers, so as to be 'at call' for consultation. Thus I interpret 'Westminster.' As only three weeks and a half elapsed between the delivery of Sir John Norris's dispatch and his death, the illness must have been short and sharp. It is allowable to conceive that the responsibilities, anxieties, and fatigues of the 'Rebellion' crisis, acting on a naturally valetudinarian and fragile constitution, told on him. But it is mere idle fiction to write him as dying broken-hearted. A broken-hearted man never could with such statesmanly resolve have addressed his Sovereign as we have found him doing. Equally invented is the representation of his dying in beggary, even starvation, with its pseudo-anecdotes of Essex sending him alms of gold that he refused. Camden—his friend—informs us indeed that he died "inops" (*"in Angliam inops reversus"*). With Kilcolman fired and gone temporarily, this might well be. But a schoolboy's knowledge would prevent 'inops' being widened into either "beggary" or "starvation" ("lacke of bread"). He had his Laureate-pension of £50 = £400 at least to-day. He had his Sherifffdom and its considerable income accruing. He had 'funds' available in various investments. Even in his Letter to the Queen he names 'all that I have.' He had the *Faerie Queene*, which originally seems to have belonged to Henry Capell, and afterwards to Brand the antiquary—"Qui obiit apud *diversorium* in Platea Regia apud Westmonasterium, juxta London, 611 [*sic*] die Januarij 1598; juxtaque Geffereum Chaucer, in eadem Ecclesia supra dict. (honoratissimi Comitis Essexie impensis) sepelitur'" (*Life of Spenser* i., cxly). This "*juxta London*" as descriptive of Westminster is suspicious.

Essex and Raleigh near at hand. "Beggary" and "Starvation" are preposterous terms. Neither is there one scintilla of evidence that he had an infant 'burned' in Kilcolman. His own State-paper in its enumeration of 'massacres' and other enormities gives no hint of it. Camden gives none. No contemporary notice is found of it. The Records of Ireland by Ulster King-at-Arms of all Ireland knew it not. Besides, chronologically there is no room for a fifth child. Married in midsummer of 1594, and driven from Kilcolman in December 1598, four known children amply cover the four years. Ben Jonson's 'conversation' note is the one warrant for the twofold story of the 'starvation' and the perishing of the infant; and his *Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden* is a mass of unsifted gossip and loose talk. Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North") has thus summed up the facts and conclusions:—

"From all this confusion of error how easy to separate the truth! Camden says truly, he returned to England '*inops*.' He never had been rich. The rebels burnt his house and furniture, drove away his live-stock, if there were any—and then he was poor. What little money he might have had his travel and voyage to London ate up, and in that lodging-house [?] his funds were low. But not one man in a million dies of absolute want of bread even now—not so many then—and that man could not have been Edmund Spenser. Ben Jonson was a wide talker over his cups, and part of his story to Drummond carries falsehood on its face. 'He refused twenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them.' That answer was not in Spenser's style. He was no misanthrope. The world had not used him ill, and he had reasons manifold to be in love with life. Had he been starving 'from absolute want of bread' he would have accepted the bounty of his noble friend, who with all his faults, knew how to honour genius—had said 'Give us this day our daily bread,' ate it and given God thanks. If he knew he was himself dying, his Elizabeth was

by his bedside, and his children. Then 'he was sure he had no time to spend them.' Vulgar! and worse—impious words! But his was the finest of spirits, and most religious." (*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxiv., p. 855.)

In the light of these new FACTS, it may be permitted me to hope that Dean Church will re-write or rather suppress his *jeremiad*. It is not true that "We KNOW . . . that the first of English poets perished *miserably*" (p. 178), and it is most disputable that his death was "one of the many heavy sacrifices which the evil fortune of Ireland has cost to England; one of many illustrious victims to the madness, the evil customs, the vengeance of an ill-treated and ill-governed people" (p. 178). Let Edmund Spenser's great State-paper and strong-hearted adherence to his primary 'Veue' of how Ireland was to be 'governed,' and his insistence that the Irish were not either "ill-treated or ill-governed," be placed over against such dolorous opinions as these. In a sense he died 'prematurely'—for he was only in his forty-eighth year—but his death was natural as any other of the Englishmen's of that strenuous time who "departed soone." The author of the *Veue of Ireland* and of these State-Papers composed within a few weeks of his death was of sterner stuff than to be a "victim" ("illustrious" is no mitigation) of "the madness," etc., etc., etc.*

* Perhaps the most *outré* occurrence of the "broken heart" myth is in Pennant, who says—"In the anguish of his soul he composed the 'Cave of Despair' in the first book of the *Faery Queen*!" (*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxiv., p. 855). Mr. J. P. Collier in his *Life of Spenser* (i., cl-cl) fetches a quotation from a rhymester named John Lane (Royall MSS., 17 B. xv.) in support of the "starvation" myth. But the poem is dated 1620, and it simply serves to show that Ben Jonson repeated a current falsehood. We would need to know much more of John

A tradition is—That at his own request—and one willingly accepts in such case another evidence of tranquil self-collectedness—he was buried “near Chaucer.” Camden tells us of the Funeral (at the expense of Essex), and that nobles and the poets of the time attended it (“*poetis funus ducentibus*”), the latter throwing in (as was the *mode*) “elegies, and the pens wherewith they had been written” into the grave. “What a funeral was that at which,” says an admirable modern writer, “Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and in all probability Shakespeare attended! What a grave in which the pen of Shakespeare may be mouldering away!” (*Dublin University Magazine*, 1861, p. 58). What became of the ‘Elegies’ thus cast into the illustrious grave it were bootless to speculate. Lovable Nicholas Breton’s alone has come down to us.

Queen Elizabeth ordered a monument to her great Poet; but the order was ‘intercepted’ by the avarice of some agent—not this time Burleigh, for he had also departed (died 4th August, 1598).* In 1620 Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset—later renowned by Wordsworth—and afterwards Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, paid Nicholas Stone £40 for erecting a monument of Purbeck stone in Westminster Abbey (*Athenæ Cantabrigienses* ii. 261). It is interesting to know in connection with this

Lane before accepting his rhyming of “scant” with “want,” or his variation on the poet’s alleged message to Essex, “The medicine comes too late to the patient.” Equally apocryphal is the giving to one Lodowick Lloyd the credit of the Poet’s funeral expenses having been discharged. See Appendix W, on the Widow and Spenser’s descendants.

* Browne’s *Britannia’s Pastorals*, B. ii., Song 1.

tribute of honour, that in a family-group of portraits of the Cliffords still preserved at Skipton Castle in Craven, under the portrait of Samuel Daniel in it (introduced as the Countess's tutor) is a volume inscribed "Al Edmund Spenser's Workes" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xviii., 1842, p. 143—confirmed).

This monument was in 1778 'restored' by the exertions of Mason, the poet and friend of Gray. With correction of its mistaken dates (by the inadvertence doubtless of the mason, who for 1552 carved 1516 and 1596 for 1599) this is the Epitaph as it first stood :—

HEARE EYES (EXPECTING THE SECOND COMMINGE OF OUR SAVIOUR
JESUS) THE BODY OF EDMUND SPENSER, THE PRINCE OF POETS IN HIS
TYME, WHOSE DIVINE SPIRIT NEEDS NONE OTHER WITNESSE THEN
THE WORKS WHICH HE LEFT BEHINDE HIM. HE WAS BORNE
IN LONDON IN THE YEARE 1550 [1552], AND DIED IN THE YEAR 1596
[1599].

Also this couplet :—

*Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserus illi
Proximus ingenio, proximus et tumulus tumulo.*

There are a number of earlier and later allusions to the proximity of the two poets in burial: e.g., in William Basse's great poem-elegy for Shakespeare :—

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.*

Jonson caught this up :—

My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther off, to make thee room.

* This Elegy was long misassigned to Donne. It must have circulated in MS. long before its appearance in the folio of 1637. See Memoir of Basse in Mr. Leslie Stephen's *National Biography*, s.n., by the present Writer.

Even jocund "Tom Brown" (iii. 228) has his memorial-word :—

"The great Spenser keeps the entry of the Church in a plain stone tomb; but his works are more glorious than all the marble and brass monuments within."

And now having re-told the Story of the Life of EDMUND SPENSER under new lights and shadows, as I go back upon it I am surprised at the amount and quality of our knowledge of him. Of no contemporary, of no kindred man of genius of his time, do we know one half so much, authentically and unchallengeably. So far from agreeing with those who plain if not complain of our slight knowledge of him,—*e.g.*, COURTHOPE in his prize-essay entitled 'Genius of Spenser' writes,— "No poet ever kept a mask over his own features so long and so closely as Spenser . . . Except the remarkable lines on the miseries of court service in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (itself a Prosopopeia), the *Epithalamium*, and here and there a touch of feeling against a contemporary, there is not a passage in his works which gives us a glimpse into his own life. We can see what he thought and had, but not what he felt" (p. 7),—by the guidance of FACTS it seems to me that any one who will take the pains may get as near to Spenser as to SAMUEL PEPYS or SAMUEL JOHNSON. For it is not by small talk of 'Diaries' or of Boswelliana that we are called on to form the living acquaintance of the Poet of the *Faery Queen*; but by all manner of self-revelation and self-delineation,

—and emphatically self-delineation of what he ‘felt,—and contemporary evidence.

To begin with—Spite of the testimony of “rare Ben” and the bust in the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon, we do not feel that we have the “express likeness” of William Shakespeare, while of Marlowe and other ‘mighties’ we have none. But of Edmund Spenser we have inestimable portraits. In the first rank must be placed the miniature now in the inherited possession of Lord Fitzhardinge. It was a gift to the Lady Elizabeth Carey (Althorp Spenser), heiress of the Hunsdons, to whom it was ‘left’ by Queen Elizabeth. It thus came with an indisputable lineage through the marriage of a Berkeley to Lady Elizabeth Carey.* It is an exquisitely beautiful face. The brow is ample, the lips thin but mobile, the eyes a greyish-blue, the hair and beard a golden red (as of “red monie” of the ballads) or goldenly-chesnut, the nose with semi-transparent nostril and keen, the chin firm-poised, the expression refined and delicate. Altogether just such ‘presentment’ of the Poet of Beauty *par excellence* as one would have imagined. To be placed next is the older face of the dowager Countess of Chesterfield. It is identically the same face. But there is more roundness of chin, more fulness or ripening of the lips (especially the under), more restfulness. There is not the ‘fragile’ look of the Fitzhardinge miniature. Hair and eyes agree with the miniature. The only other, with a pedigree or sufficiently authenticated—not mere ‘copies’ such as

* See it engraved (in large-paper copies) of Vol. VII, of the present edition of the Works—for the first time.

those at Pembroke College—is the very remarkable one that came down as a Devonshire heirloom to the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A.,* with a companion, of Sir Walter Raleigh. Both have been in the family beyond record. This shows the Poet in the full strength of manhood. It is a kind of three-quarter profile; and as one studies it it seems to vindicate itself as “our sage and serious Spenser.” Again, hair and eyes agree with the others. The Spaniard’s haughty face for long engraved and re-engraved, ought never to have been engraved as Spenser. There is not a jot or tittle of evidence in its favour. It is an absolutely un-English—and palpably Spanish face, and an impossible portrait of our Poet.

With three such Portraits for eye and heart study, who that can at all read “the human face divine” can hold himself uninformed of the “manner of man” Edmund Spenser was?

Advancing—we have two word-portraits of almost co-equal value with those from the Painters. There is that of his University time, dashed off by smooth-chinned, beardless DR. GABRIEL HARVEY, wherein we seem to be introduced, face to face, to the gay young man “moustachod and great bearded,” and cutting a dash among the “fair ladies” and gentlemen of the Court.

Then from John Aubrey, through Mr. Christopher Beeston, we have this etching of him as in his last decade, on his coming over from his Irish exile, with the simplicity and gravity and chastening of absence

* Engraved in large-paper copies of Vol. II. : Raleigh in Vol. IV. —both for first time.

from affairs, in London—"He was a little man, wore short chaire, little bands, and little cuffes." The two together actualize the living man to us to-day.

Still more acquaintance-giving are his own verse references. Do we wish to 'see' him as a boy, bird-nesting, hazel-nut and walnut pulling, trout-fishing, mountain-climbing, wood-exploring? We have only to turn to the *Shepherd's Calendar* and read Eclogue XII., with its vivid and life-like memories,—

Whilom in youth, when flowred my ioyfull spring
Like swallow swift, I wandred here and there :
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
I went the wastful woods and forrest wide
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espide,—

and so through many a brilliant autobiographic stanza, than which nothing in *Prelude* or *Excursion* for Wordsworth is more precious for Spenser. Do we say or feel that all that is only 'outward,' and that we covet more 'inward' things? It were easy to traverse the objection and show how the 'outward' is but the hieroglyph of the inward. But leaving that to be found out by study of the Eclogue named and others, let our proof of the reality and fervour of his first young passion for 'Rosalind' bear witness how transparently true is his unfolding of his love and failure? What would we not give for a like 'Diary' of Master William Shakespeare in his wooing of Anne Hathaway? I hold it demonstrated that this first love for ROSE or ALICE or ELISA DYNELEY left an unhealed wound in Spenser's heart to the end. The placing of the 'cry' and curse of the 86th Sonnet at the close of the *Amoretti*—

accepting our interpretation hereof—would alone give poignancy to his rejection and a seal of undying love. Do we seek to know how he bore himself among the “fair women” and “brave men” of Elizabethan days? Turn then to the Epistles-dedicatory to Sidney and Leicester and Raleigh, to the “Ladie Marie, countesse of Pembroke” (*The Ruines of Time*); “the Ladie Strange” (*Tears of the Muses*); “the Ladie Compton and Mountegle” (*Mother Hubbard’s Tale*); “the right worthy and vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Carey” (*Muio-potmos*); “Lady Helena Marquesse of Northampton” (*Daphnaida*); “Ladie Margaret Countesse of Cumberland and the Ladie Marie Countesse of Warwicke” (*Four Hymnes*); and “the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countesse of Essex” (*Astrophel*). The stately courtesy, the gracious phrasing, the high-bred homage of every one of these Epistles, gives us knowledge and warrant of “the gentleman” he was. Do we bethink us of the Scholars of the time, and how our Poet bore himself toward them and they toward him? We have his Letters to DR. GABRIEL HARVEY—so spontaneous, so evidently in undress frankness, so all over, touched of personal characteristics. And how would men of all ages have rejoiced over one single letter revealing what their author thought of *Hamlet* or *Othello* or *Lear* or *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, as does “Immerito” chat-write of his poems, planned or completed? These Letters pour a flood of light on his whole literary occupations and aspirations. Alongside of these are the Letters from DR. GABRIEL HARVEY. Though published for three hundred years, it is scarcely credible how perfunctory has been the

using of them by Biographers. It so chanced that the present Life is the first enabled to turn to account a new set of Letters from Harvey to Spenser. Taken together they give such vision of the man, the student, the poet, the thinker, the doubter because of this "unintelligible world," as is not to be found elsewhere in the case of any other of our master-minds. Do we long for revelations of his FRIENDSHIPS? I venture to send my Reader to the chapter on Sir Philip Sidney (Appendix I). It will interpret the tenderness yet strength, the homage yet freedom of their 'familiarity,' and with "Master Dyer" and others. Do we think of the ONGOINGS in the political world—of Burleigh and his intense self-seeking and obstructiveness of ascent of all save himself—and inquire how Spenser fared? I know not the contemporary who has approached him in the power and passion, the purged strength and fidelity of his accusations, or in the pathos of his disappointments of opportunity to greatly serve his Queen and country. My Life has indeed come short of my ideal if it has not made luminous the Poet's attitude toward the "great ones" of the period. Do we search for evidence of his business-qualifications, of his willingness to toil in duty? The records of his discharge of most commonplace and ordinary *routine* work, the correspondence carried on from day to day, the transcripts made and certified, yield abundant proofs of how unpoetically 'diligent' he was when the functions of his successive posts demanded it. To be "ydle," to be thought of as "ydling," was a pain to him, as he told Raleigh. Do we yearn for revelation of the innermost secrets of the man in the winning of that 'wife'

to whom he gave the immortality of the *Epithalamium*? Let the *Amoretti* and that *Epithalamium* be the silver-lamp of twin-lights to guide us. I would gladly have exchanged "the Sonnets" for a like set with the *Amoretti* to Anne Hathaway. It sounds to me simply obtuse not to find in these *Amoretti*, and in nearly all his autobiographic verse, multiplied insight into the man as he really was in this breathing world of ours. Do we desire his opinions on the questions of the day, political, ecclesiastical, ordinary? It is perhaps a defect in the *Faery Queen* that he has imported by head and shoulders (so to say) his own personal likes and dislikes. I look in vain for another equal intellect's verdicts on the outstanding personalities and events of his time approaching Spenser's. You do not find the like in Shakespeare or Bacon—not even in Milton, except casually. Do we recall that for well-nigh a quarter of a century Spenser lived in Ireland, and interrogate his Biographer as to what were his judgments on the government of that unhappy country? There is for answer the *Veue of Ireland*. It is packed-full of his own observations and reasoned-out conclusions and 'plots' or 'plans.' Never has 'Secretary' of State spoken out what was in him as he has done in this remarkable book; supplemented now by the closing State-paper of the last weeks of his life! Thus is it all round—Wherever I turn I am faced by something that ACTUALIZES Edmund Spenser to me. That after three centuries—and such a three centuries—we should have so much vitality of personal knowledge of such a man, is to me cause of wonder and of thankfulness.

More than this — and to be accentuated and

re-accentuated—the nearer we get to him the truer and the finer is he found. Related as he was by public service, or social intercourse, or literary friendship with the foremost—and these sorrowfully often in bitter and mortal antagonism—Spenser bore himself truly to all. He forsook no one because others did, or because to do so might have advantaged him ‘at Court.’ He lackeyed none, though so to lackey was the mode. He loved and revered that Lord Grey of Wilton whom Raleigh slighted and wrought against, but Raleigh with all his daring challenged not the allegiance. He was proud of the friendship and homage of Raleigh, but they did not displace his grateful memories of Leicester and Sir Philip Sidney. He self-evidently all but idolized Essex, but in all the large Essex correspondence there is not a solitary letter of self-seeking addressed to him. And so in the vast correspondence preserved at Hatfield, no slightest scrap of ‘application’ has turned up in the Burleigh Papers bearing Spenser’s name. To one who has had occasion to examine and search critically these two national Correspondences, measureless is the contrast of this self-respecting silence over-against the multiplied abject appeals of contemporaries. Nor less suggestive is it that the name of Spenser comes up among the State-Papers (public and domestic alike) of England and of Ireland solely as discharging public duty, or giving patriotic and wise advice. Side by side with his transcripts of letters, and certified copies, and ‘representations,’ are sheafs of correspondence from Englishmen eager after self-aggrandisement and insistent in bringing their ‘claims’ before the

Queen and her ministers. There is not a shred of this kind of thing from Edmund Spenser. Nor need any one fear now for aught springing to light that will stain the whiteness of his memory. It is something to be able to state this. It is something for England to possess such a name and memory, something to be justly boastful of, that in all her immense State-Papers there is no slightest line to accuse or lower her three supreme Poets—EDMUND SPENSER—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—JOHN MILTON. The first was placed in circumstances the most tempting of all toward such 'applications' in high quarters, as her Majesty's Public Record Office reveals. The more praise that he comes out independent and unsullied as any of them. Whether as man or poet, no shadow lies on his illustrious name.

Summarily—the Life of EDMUND SPENSER was surely one of the "beautiful lives" that not only elevate the human ideal, but inspire approximation to that ideal. Of a temperament that laid him open to the sensitivenesses and sensibilities of influence, he comes before us as a man and no monster of perfection—with our common infirmities of ambitions and (I suppose) prejudices, and a passionate sense of self-claim and mystery of wonder that others—the highest—did not recognize and act on such claim. But nevertheless, in presence of the noble and good (as of Sidney) humble even to abasement, and, conscious of mightier possibilities of achievement, pathetically lowly in writing of his supremest poetry (*e.g.*, the Sonnets affixed to the *Faery Queen* again and again apply words to it that might have held of the *Shepherd's*

Calendar, but which in the light of glory that lies on the great Poem sound bafflingly deprecatory, not to say depreciatory). His 'wooing' of Rosalind presents him as impulsive, eager, of swift moods, of tremendous forcefulness. His sense of loss through "Menalcas" beats to our touch to-day. His conquering love for Elizabeth Boyle—molten, intense, in some elements awful in its yearning—reveals patience of trust and of hope infinitely fine. The *Epithalamium* attests how strong a tide of affection swayed his great heart. His intellect manifests itself as always possessed of sanity and lucidity—crystal clear, albeit like the "terrible crystal," and subject to intermeddling with darkest and most perilous matters. It is questionable if ever there has been human imagination so steeped in colour or so capable of shaping subtlest and swiftest thought. Few tongues can ever have been more voluble, as scarcely any pen more fluent. It was nothing to him to pour out the "large thought," the glorious metaphor, the singing ringing stanza, the consummate jewel of a phrase "five words long" destined to sparkle on the "stretched forefinger of Time" immortally. Who of our Poets has employed such a multitude of epithets? and yet where is there one misplaced or superfluous? He also comes before us as a man of iron will, of decision, of masterful resolution, of thoroughness against all odds. Shakespeare himself was not prouder of "this England."

As a Poet how may we generalize or analyze? As elsewhere said, his Poetry stands second only to the English Bible of 1611, in enriching our (poetical) language. But it is not words merely. It is music. It

is as though England had had for the first time a million of larks let loose in the heaven of her song. But the lark is only symbol of one element, his sweetness. There is in his music a mingling of the "warbling wind" and the "water's fall"—all voices of day and night, of sea and shore, of earth and heaven, celestial and terrestrial. And who may appraise the enriching of our literature by his colours of imagination and fancy? To call him, as Thomas Campbell well did, "the Rubens of our Poets," is to describe only the surface of his Poetry—its sensuousness. Behind that there is the sublimity and the tenderness, the purity and the sanctity of Raphael. And how shall one recount the splendid gallery of his 'characters' (though the word is poor), his creations, whether masculine or feminine? Each is definite as any of Dan Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrimage*, and such a procession as only the Plays of Shakespeare can match. There is 'Una'; there is 'Belphœbe'; there is 'Britomart'; there is 'Gloriana' of gentlewomen. There is 'Arthur,' 'Artegall,' and all the knights of 'Faery.' CHAUCER had cried out—

To fyghte for a lady, ah benedicite,
It were a godely sighte for to see.

We see it in the *Faery Queen*. What the *Faery Queen* has done in shaping and determining England's conceptions of 'maidenhood' and 'gentlehood,' of manhood, truth, purity, courage, faith, siding with the weak, accrediting Him who "on the bitter tree dyd dye," it is impossible to estimate. Granted that there is inevitable tedium—a tedium avowed by the Poet himself—and that the Allegory is imperfectly handled and

perpetually eluding him: granted that the shallowest can "pick faults," it remains that EDMUND SPENSER is one of England's, one of the race's great Poets and Singers. He has been a force along the ages. Besides impalpable and incommunicable influence, one has but to think quietly, to recall his disciples—some greater, as the brothers Phineas and Giles Fletcher, Cowley and Scott ("Spenser is my master," said the latter), some lesser, as John Chalkhill, yet all 'disciples.' We may name the *Castle of Indolence* of Thomson, the *Schoolmistress* of Shenstone, the *Minstrel* of Beattie, the *Cottar's Saturday Night* of Burns the *Gertrude of Wyoming* of Campbell, the *Female Vagrant* of Wordsworth, the *Eve of St. Agnes* of Keats, the *Revolt of Islam* of Shelley, the *Childe Harold* of Byron, as the more visible acceptances of his glorious stanza—that "Spenserian stanza" "which seems to wile us on so fitly through the quiet luscious labyrinths and the measureless gleamings and openings of the wood-embosomed dream."* But the stanza-form is not all, or most. Spenser has penetrated the literature of England, and is a living influence to-day over the most elect spirits. Then beyond, in the speech of the Statesman—as of JOHN BRIGHT—in the novel of the day, as of Dr. George Macdonald (*Malcolm*)—in the great Sermon, as of Maurice and Archer Butler, Alexander McLeod, and Alexander Maclaren and Liddon,—in the conflict with the poverty and suffering, the crime and pollutions of London and elsewhere, as of the multiplied 'Appeals'—in the Love-Letter uttering out

* Mrs. Masson in her delightful *Three Centuries of English Poetry* (1876), p. 223.

young hearts' most passionate devotion,—in the Witness-bearing to imperilled or disgraced truths and principles,—in the master-leaders of the free press of England and America,— in the treasury of our common speech—men and women of the best and noblest, wisest and truest, find themselves instinctively fetching "Thoughts that breathe in words that burn" from him. Granted that only a select few (relatively) possess themselves of the entire *Faery Queen* and Works of Spenser, and that it demands more of brain and heart than for most poets, to be in sympathy with him, it nevertheless remains incontrovertible that for loveliness, for charm, for melody, for richness of hue, for magnificence of imagination, for splendour of wording, for exhaustless resource, for something for every one, EDMUND SPENSER stands third among our English Poets—Shakespeare first, John Milton second. If this does not mean immortality, then where or how is immortality to be looked for?

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

255

ESSAYS ON SPENSER.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SPENSER'S POETRY.

BY AUBREY DE VERE. ESQ.

SPENSER, THE POET AND TEACHER.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF THE *FAERY QUEEN*, AND SOME
OF THE OTHER POETRY OF SPENSER.

BY THE REV. W. B. PHILPOT, M.A.

THE INTROSPECTION AND OUTLOOK OF SPENSER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HUBBARD, MANCHESTER.

I. CHARACTERISTICS OF SPENSER'S POETRY.

BY AUBREY DE VERE, ESQ.

IT has been said that Spenser is a poet for poets ; and there is truth in the remark, implying as it does that his poetry addresses itself to something above the range of merely human, as distinguished from imaginative sympathies ; but it expresses only half the truth, and the other half is commonly ignored, if not denied. Many portions of his poetry, on which he must have set most value, are doubtless beyond the appreciation of readers who do not combine an unusual thoughtfulness with a large imagination. It is also true that there is much in human character in which he took little of that special interest which a dramatist takes ; and no less that much of that familiar incident which delighted the ballad-maker of old, and constitutes the chief ingredient in narrative poetry, was foreign to Spenser's purpose. But so far from being true that his poetry is deficient in human interest, there is a sense in which he was especially a poet of the humanities. More than any predecessor he was the poet of beauty ; but he sought that beauty in the human relations even more than in that world of ideal thought which was his native land. This truth

seems little recognised, and is yet momentous if we would understand Spenser. Spenser was a great thinker, but he seldom writes in a speculative vein; and deep and sound as was his best philosophy, he knew that poetry must express it in a strain "simple, sensuous, and impassioned," or not at all. No one was more familiar with forest scenery, or with the charm of mead and meadow and river-bank; but he left it for poets of a later age to find in natural description the chief sphere for the exercise of their faculties. He lived too near the chivalrous age of action and passion to find in aught, save man, the chief subject for the exercise of his genius. He stood between those ages in which knightly deeds had shared with spiritual contemplation the reverence of mankind, and that later age in which activities yet more intense, but less nobly balanced, addressed themselves to political ambitions, to polemical controversies, to the discovery and the ruthless subjugation of races newly found and discovered, but to be degraded. In its newly awakened energies he took an interest. He had given instruction to statesmen, and he had listened to Raleigh when the "shepherd of the ocean" sat beside him at Kilcolman Castle, and narrated his adventures in the Western Wonderland. But there were enterprises that interested him more than these; and in them, what he valued most, was the emblematic illustration of human nature. The world which, as it receded, kissed hands to him alone, had for him more charm than the world that proffered her ungarnered spoils to the new settlers. The clarion voice from fields where the knights of old had sought honour only, was

more to him than the clamours of sectarian dispute, or the clash of swords directed by that Macchiavellian policy which in nearly all countries had taken the place of mediæval statesmanship. And thus the first poet of the new era was yet more emphatically the last poet of the old—at once the morning star of England's later, and the evening star of her earlier literature. The associate of Leicester and Burleigh and Essex sang of Paladins in whom they had no belief, and of embodied Virtues in which they had no part. He kept his higher genius for the celebration of a wonder-world gone by. That world, too, was a world of men and women; but those among them in whom the poet intended us to be interested were by necessity beings over whom the "Ages of Faith" had cast a spiritual gleam. It was humanity that Spenser sang in the main, but it was an ideal humanity. By some this will be regarded as dispraise, and supposed to imply a charge of unreality. Spenser might have retorted that charge. He saw habitually in humanity, notwithstanding the Fall, the remains of its "original brightness"; and for him the unreality would have consisted in hiding what he saw. He saw, resting on the whole of God's creation, a remnant of the Divine beauty, impressed upon it from the face of Him who, when it came from his hand, had pronounced it "very good"; and what he saw as a man, he confessed as a poet. He "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," though he sometimes gazed on vulgar prosperities "with a dazzled eye."

There are—and we are bound not to conceal the fact—serious blots upon Spenser's poetry, but these are

obviously unhappy inconsistencies when compared with its immense merits, moral as well as imaginative; nor is there any poet in whom it is more easy to discriminate between the evil which is accidental, and the good which is essential. Where Spenser is himself, the greatness of his ideal hangs around his poetry like the halo round the head of a saint. His poetry has that gift without which all others, even that of imagination itself, leaves it but a maimed and truncated thing—a torso without a head. It has a soul. In this respect Spenser was as like Tasso as he was unlike Ariosto, whom he too often imitated, but from whom he derived little save harm. It is noteworthy that Shelley, who admired Spenser almost as much as Wordsworth and Southey did, expressed himself in disparaging terms of Ariosto; while Byron, who was a great reader of Ariosto, gave back the volumes of Spenser which Leigh Hunt had urged him to peruse, with no remark except “I can make nothing of him.”

The magnificent ideal design on which Spenser founded his *Faery Queen*, and with which we are made acquainted by his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, was one which dedicated itself preëminently to the exaltation of humanity. His aim was “to strengthen man by his own mind”; teaching him to submit that mind and its labours to the regimen of those twelve great Virtues which, according to the teaching of antiquity, preside like tutelary guardians over all social politics. Each of the twelve Books was intended to celebrate the triumph of one of these Virtues. The *Faery Queen*, “Gloriana,” an emblem of that glory which Spenser accounted Virtue’s earthly reward, held

annually her feast for twelve days, on each of which she sent forth, at the prayer of some sufferer, whether of high or low degree, one of her knights to redress the wrong. Thus to vanquish all evil by simply making Virtue meet Wrong face to face, and strike it down,—the great idea at the heart of chivalry, —was a noble conception ; and with that conception the patriotic poet had entwined his country's great national tradition, that of Prince Arthur, who had —while still a youth—seen the Faery Queen in a vision, and become enamoured of her. He wanders over Faery Land in search of her, and coming across the path of her twelve knights in their several enterprises, ministers aid to each in turn.

Such a poem could never have been conceived by one who had been rendered indifferent to human interests through an exclusive devotion to ideal Beauty or abstract Truth. Embodied Vices are but abstractions, and do not constitute human characters, because the Vices are themselves but accidents of human nature when disnatured. It is otherwise with the Virtues : they belong to the essence of human nature ; and in a large measure they create by the predominance now of this virtue, now of that, the different types of human character, each type drawing to itself by a gradual accretion the subordinate qualities most in harmony with that fundamental virtue. A true poet's knowledge of human character is thus in a large measure the result of a moral insight which sees both its intellectual and practical development enclosed within their moral germ, like the tree within the seed : though it is by a very different faculty—viz., observation—that

he is enabled to realize his knowledge and delineate that character. Where the conception of character is a true one, that truthfulness stands attested by its consistency, the different qualities which compose that character coalescing into a perfect whole, alike when they possess an obvious resemblance to each other, and when, though unlike, they are supplemental to each other. Let us illustrate this by three of Spenser's favourite characters. Belphœbe is his great type of Purity, as her twin sister Amoret is of Love. Britomart is as eminently a type of Purity as Belphœbe, but notwithstanding, she is an essentially different character; and while Belphœbe glides like a quivered Dian through the forests, and sends shaft on shaft after the flying deer, Britomart cannot be contented except when she rides forth on heroic enterprise. Amoret, Belphœbe's sister, is equally unlike both: she can love only, love always, endure all things for love, and love but one. The woodland sport and the war field are alike alien to her. Britomart, who unites both those sister types of character, loves as ardently as Amoret, but she cannot, like her, love only; her life must be a life of arduous action and sustained endeavour, and while these are with her she is contented alike in the presence or absence of her lover. The reason of this heart-freedom in the midst of heart-thralldom is that Britomart is predominantly a being of Imagination. She falls in love with Artegall before she has ever met him, having but seen a vision of him in Merlin's magic glass (Book III., canto ii., stanza 24). For a time she pines away, but strength and gladness return to her in the midst of heroic achievement. At last she meets Artegall

jousting amid the other knights: she does not recognize him, but engages with him in fight and wins the victory (Book IV., canto iv.). Here there is a clear conception of character, and if that conception is not appreciated the fault is with the reader, not the poet. He had himself interpreted Britomart, and her unintended victory:—

Unlucky mayd to seek him far and wide,
Whom, when he was unto herself most nie,
She through his late disguisement could him not descrie!

It is long before Belphœbe can be brought to return her lover's affection. Neither her heart nor her Imagination stands in need of love. The woodland ways suffice for her; and when she loves, her love is but compassion. This is true to human nature: such boundless activities as Belphœbe rejoiced in are the aptest type of that redundant vitality, both moral and material, which suffices for itself, which can spend its energies for ever without a return, and which needs no other support than its own inherent strength and wave-like elasticity.

This triple delineation of character is not the less lifelike because it is intended to imply a philosophic truth—viz., that the highest purity is capable of engendering the most passionate devotion; and that an affection at once the most devoted and the most ideal is that which intensifies, not weakens, the active powers.

We need go no further than the first book of the *Faery Queen* for a proof that Spenser could illustrate human nature as well as allegorise the Passions; for its heroine, Una, is one of the noblest contributions which poetry, whether of ancient or

modern times, has made to its great picture gallery of character. As long as Homer's Andromache and Nausicaa, Chaucer's Cecilia, Griselda, and Constance, the Imogen of Shakespeare, or the Beatrice of Dante, are remembered, so long will Una hold her place among them. One of the most noteworthy things in this character is the circumstance that so few elements suffice to invest it with an entire completeness. What are those elements? Truth, Reverence, Tenderness, Humility. It is that conception of character, at once Christian and womanly, which belongs to the earlier Italian poetry more than to that of other nations, or of later times, in which the woman is so often lost in the Goddess or the Syren. Una's life is spent in the discharge of one great duty—the deliverance of her parents from thrall. In her simplicity she reposes an entire trust in the youthful knight who, at Queen Gloriana's command, has undertaken the enterprise, and with whom she travels alone through wood and wild, gladly repaying his love with hers, but never shaken in her devotion to her parents far away. He forsakes her, persuaded through the spells of the enchanter Archimago that she is false. She wonders, and she mourns; but the wound of an insulted love is not exasperated by self-love, and therefore it heals. She is too humble to be humiliated; and when she learns that he has fallen under the thralldom of the wicked witch Duessa, she roams over the world in the hope of delivering him who had vowed to be her deliverer. The milk-white lamb which she "led in a line" as she rode, and the lion which emerged from the woods to become her protector, may have

suggested the lines in which Wordsworth illustrates the chivalrous age :—

The lamb is couchant at the lion's side ;
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

The purity of Una, unlike that of Belphœbe or Britomart, has culminated in sanctity, and is symbolized by that veil, on the rare removal of which her face sends forth a divine radiance. It is this sanctity which overawes the merry wood-gods ; nor can it be regarded as less than a serious blemish in the poem that the same high spell should not have overawed all besides.

They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth ;
And all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kiss her feete, and fawne on her with countenance fayne.

Their harts she guesseth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremity of time :
So from the ground she fearless doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime ;
They all as glad as birdes of joyous pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dancing round,
Shouting and singing all a shepherds ryme,
And with green branches strewing all the ground,
Do worship her as queen with olive garland crowned.

(Book I., canto vi., stanza 13.)

Una is as brave as she is meek ; and it is her timely courage that delivers her knight after his restoration to her. When he is on the point of yielding to the spells of Despair, that most powerful of all Spenser's imper-sonations, at the moment when

his hand did quake,
And tremble, like a leaf of aspen greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been,

she snatches the dagger from his hand, and breaks the enchantment. She leads him to the House of Holiness, where, by goodly discipline, as well as a fuller initiation into the Faith, the knight is rendered fit for his great enterprise; and she does not shrink from a spiritual penance greater than his:—

His own deere Una hearing evermore
His rueful shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltless garments and her golden heare,
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely did she beare,
For well she wist his cryne could els be never cleere.

He slays the dragon; in the palace of Una's rescued parents the wedding-feast is held; and when she, the emblem of Truth in its sacred unity,

had layd her mourneful stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,

the radiance then revealed is such that even the Red Cross Knight

Did wonder much at her celestial sight;
Oft had he scene her faire, but never so faire dight.

If this be ideal poetry, it owes notwithstanding half its pathos to its reality. To claim for the poet of Faery Land the title of a poet of the humanities is not, of course, to make that claim for him in the same sense as it is to be made for Chaucer, who had a more vivid knowledge of character as character is learned from life, and a keener relish for all that gives animation to life. Still less can such a comparison be made between Spenser and Shakespeare, that "myriad-minded man" to whom human character, with all its varieties, harmonies, and contrasts, presented an ever-changing world

of impassioned interest, irrespectively of its moral significance, and one on which his mind rested as the eye of a great painter rests on the passions of a sky shaken by thunderstorm. But compared with any of the Italian poets, the French, or the English of the second order, the fair countenance of humanity was that on which his genius chiefly fixed its gaze. No doubt that humanity was not, like Homer's, humanity as it came from the hand of nature. It was one which, though not conventionalized by the fashions of modern times, yet was seen through the coloured mists of a chivalric imagination. Even the most poetic costume is costume still; but the romances of chivalry which Ariosto, the poet of a land in which chivalry had never flourished, had read in a spirit of mockery, were realities to the great northern poet, and his sympathy with them imparted reality to that poem which reproduced and transfigured them.

It may be well to advert to another opinion often put forward respecting Spenser, but which seems more true on the surface than in the depths, and requires for its correction the statement of a converse truth, and one more important. Spenser has been claimed by many as in England the firstfruits of the "Renaissance." An important distinction is here to be made. He was a man of the Renaissance, but he was in the main a poet of the "olden time." He lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but his genius lived, even more decisively than that of Chaucer, in the days of Queen Philippa, and was familiar with many a lonelier nook in the woodlands of Woodstock than the earlier poet, who sat amid its white-thorns and daisies, had

made himself familiar with. His heart was not with Raleigh or Leicester when he sang thus :—

O goodly usage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was servaunt unto right ;
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight :
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquish'd had no despight.

(Book III., canto i., stanza 13.)

It was not for its picturesque aspects only, but its moral import, that Spenser loved chivalry :—

O goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linkèd are in lovely wise ;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were
In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprise,
That none did others safèty despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands,
But friendly each did others praise devise.

(Book I., canto ix., stanza 1.)

The same tribute is paid in Book IV., canto viii., stanza 30 *et seq.* :—

But antique age yet in the infancy
Of tyme did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blameless chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment ;
But voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for herself in sovaine awe :
Then loyall love had royal regiment.

So again in Book V., canto xi., stanza 56 :—

Knights ought be true ; and truth is one in all :
Of all things to dissemble fouly may befall.

Absolutely unlike that of the Renaissance was Spenser's idea of Woman. In it Womanhood was not condemned to have her portion either in the torrid zone or the arctic zone of human character—amid the burning

sands roamed over by ravening passions, or in the flowerless region of a frigid scientific intelligence. It bloomed in the temperate region of serene affections, lighted by the sun of Christian faith, and freshened by the airs of human sympathy.

Let the most careless reader turn to that passage—unsurpassed, even by Spenser, elsewhere—in which the Temple of Venus is described, and where Amoret sits in the lap of Womanhood. On the steps of Womanhood's throne are placed “goodly Shamefastness,” and “Cheerfulness,”

Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Were decked with smiles ;

and “sober Modestie,” and “comely Curtesie” ; and not far off

Soft Silence and submiss Obedience.

Such a picture does not remind us of a *cinque cento* Milanese Lady, by Leonardo, with her syren grace and furtive smile, any more than of the beauties of Count Gramont's time, or the “fast” self-assertion of a later age. This is not the Renaissance : it is the mediæval time. Let us give honour where honour is due.

Such were the characters to which Spenser's genius attached itself—that genius to which we owe all that we love and remember in his works. He wrote complimentary verses to the age, and its favourites, besides ; but it is not by such that he is to be estimated. In such he takes place with his neighbours. If, in comparing man with man, we measure their heights by their ankles, not their heads, there is little to choose between them. St. Bernard and the Crusaders lived on in

Spenser's true poetry. He himself lived much with men of a very different sort, till a fortunate exile set him free ; and in some part he followed their ways. For example, Spenser must have caught the adventurous spirit of his age, or he would not have taken up his abode at Kilcolman, one of the "Great Desmond's" confiscated castles, rather than amid the "learned bowers" of Cambridge, or by the quiet banks of the Thames, "where whilome went the Templar knights to bide," and whose wave was less likely to be stained by blood than that "Mulla" which he has immortalized. In his political views he must have imbibed from a ruthless time, and reckless associates, a spirit wholly alien from his own benign and sympathetic nature, or in his sagacious but pitiless state-paper on Ireland he would not have recommended courses as unrelenting as those which later drove him from his blazing home. It was, doubtless, also from a time in which controversial weapons were brandished in and out of place, that he learned to sour his youthful pastorals by declamations against the shepherds on the margin of the Tyber, though at a maturer age he admitted that the English monasteries, and many a roofless church, had suffered wrong from the "Blatant Beast," Calumny :—

From thence into the sacred church he broke,
 And robbed the chancell, and the deskes down threw,
 And altars foulèd, and blasphem̄y spoke,
 And the images, for all their goodly hew,
 Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to rew.

(Book V., canto x., st. 25.)

Neither did he wholly escape the lowering influences of a political time when despotic princes and their favourites were worshipped. That worship, which in

many proceeded from obsequious self-interest, was probably in Spenser little more than an imaginative prodigality of the loyal instinct bequeathed by past ages, but attaching itself, for want of a better investment, to objects they would not have revered. Life, political and civil, "in all its equipage," was to him a splendid pageant, and seeing behind all things the goodly "idea" which they symbolized, a royal court must have appeared in his eyes "the great School-maistrresse of all Courtesy," and as such to be venerated. He was not one to waste a life climbing official palace stairs; but he spent time enough on such dreary pastimes to have produced several books of his immortal poem; and the memorial of that time remains in the well-known lines—

Full little know'st thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is, etc.

In one respect, however, it must be admitted that the Renaissance had assisted Spenser: it had imparted to him an acquaintance with classical, and especially with mythological lore, such as no mediæval writer possessed. His own profound sense of beauty made him fully appreciate what was thus presented to him; and whereas mediæval writers had often dealt with antiquity as mediæval painters had done, placing the head of a saint upon the neck of a Hebe or a Mars, he entered into its spirit in an ampler manner than any of his predecessors, or than any southern poet. He had learned much from ancient philosophy, especially that of the Academy, to which his poetry was indebted for the great Platonic "ideas," a swan-flight of which is always floating over his meads and vales,

and for those lofty aspirations which are the life and sustaining spirit of his poetry. The degree in which the sixteenth century was animated by new discoveries, political changes, and intellectual controversies, must also have had an awakening effect on his genius. But they also, and in a lamentable degree, drew that genius aside from what would have been its natural walk. In the *Divina Commedia* the middle ages had bequeathed to all time, not an epic, as it has sometimes been called, yet a mystical poem, incomparably the highest flight of poetry since the volume of the Hebrew prophets was closed. But the great romantic poem of the middle ages was never written, and the opportunity is lost. Spenser was the man to have written it; but even if the *Faery Queen* had been finished, it would not have wholly proved that work. It contains much that belongs to such a theme: it includes much that is alien to it: and—a matter yet more to be regretted—it misses much that is essential to it. Spenser lived near enough to the middle ages to have understood them in a more profoundly sympathetic way than is possible to us. His imagination and his affections followed the mediæval type. All that he saw was to him the emblem of things unseen; the material world thus became the sacrament of a spiritual world, and the earthly life a betrothal to a life beyond the grave. Spenser's moral being was also to a large extent mediæval in character, notwithstanding the Puritan teaching he had imbibed in youth, and the prejudices which he shared with a kindred nature, Sir Philip Sydney, in whom they must also have been accidental. Had Spenser been a mediæval poet, he

would have given us on a large scale, and fitly combined, such illustration of things spiritual, seen from the poetic point of view, as Chaucer's enchanting "Legend of St. Cecilia" has given us in a fragmentary form. In the early chronicles he would also have found large materials; for even the minuter events of the middle ages must have then retained a significance lost for us. Still more full of meaning must the chivalrous romances have then been. He would have selected and combined their treasures, and become their great poetic representative, as Homer, according to one of the Homeric theories, was the representative of numberless bards whose minstrelsies had delighted the youth of Greece. Spenser would thus, too, have found a far ampler field for that unconscious symbolism which belongs to high poetry, and especially to his; and he would not have been driven upon those artificial allegories which chill many a page of his verse. Symbols and allegories, though often confounded, are wholly different in character. Symbols have a real, and allegories but an arbitrary existence. All things beautiful and excellent are symbols of an excellence analogous to them, but ranged higher in Nature's scale. Allegories are abstractions of the understanding and fancy; and it is the especial function of imagination and passion, not by any means to pass by deep thoughts, which are their most strengthening nourishment, but to take them out of the region of the abstract, which is that of science, not of poetry, and present them to our sympathies in the form of the concrete, investing them with life—its breath, its blood, and its motion.

It was for the human side of a great mediæval theme

that Spenser's especial characteristics would have preëminently qualified him, as it was the supernatural side that challenged most the genius of Dante. He had a special gift for illustrating the offices and relationships of human life. For such illustration his age was unsuited. The world was passing through one of those transitional periods, so irregular in their nature, and made up of elements so imperfectly combined, that a picture of national life and the civilization of an epoch, attempted while the confusion lasts, must needs be deficient in harmony. The world has other periods in which society has adjusted itself, and blended its elements into a consistent whole; in which the kaleidoscope has been turned round until it has reached that point at which its contents emerge from disorder, and fling themselves into a pattern; and to such a period we may even now be on our way. One of these periods was that sung by Homer: in it the best characters, and the worst, had a something in common; and hence the admirable consistency of that social picture presented by him. Another such period was exemplified by the middle ages, which, abundant as they were in extremes of good and of evil, held notwithstanding certain common characteristics admitted alike by those who designate them "the ages of Faith," and those who call them "the dark ages." Spenser's poem would doubtless have illustrated both the evil and the good in them, but there would have been more light than gloom in his picture. His *Faery Queen's* magnificent aim—that of setting forth those great Virtues which are in fact so many great Truths embodied in corresponding affections—would

have thus been harmoniously realised. That beauty, which ever haunted Spenser's mind, would in such a theme have shone forth as a thing inherent in the conditions of all true social existence even here below. Whatever is majestic in age, grave in authority, joyous and bright in boyhood or maidenhood, devout and lovely in childhood, excellent in the life wedded or unwedded, active or contemplative, would have been found by him amid the rich variety of mediæval society amply developed and harmonised, though not without sad contrasts of shortcoming and wrong. Such a picture would have been to the world "a possession for ever."

The age in which Spenser lived was one full of what may be called anachronisms, so inconsistently did it bring together what it had inherited, and what it had produced and was producing. This luckless incoherency could not but reflect itself in his poetry. Let us take an example. In the "Legend of Artegall or Justice" (Book V., canto ix.), we are brought to the Palace of Mercilla. It is magnificently described as the Temple of Justice: we make our way to the throne on which Mercilla sits, described so nobly that we cannot doubt that she is herself the goddess who holds the scales of justice in this lower world. Nothing can be subtler than the symbolism, more splendid than the imagery, more skilful than the mode in which the solemn process is carried on before that high tribunal. It is no more than right that the warder who sits at the gate of this palace should be "Awe,"—

To keep out guyle, and malice, and despight ;

that the great marshal in the central hall should be "Order"; that the cloth of gold which hangs "like a cloud" above the head of the goddess, and

Whose skirts were bordered with bright sunny beames,
Glistering like gold amongst the plights enroll,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,

should be sustained in the hands of angels; and that at the foot of the throne should be placed

Just Dicé, wise Eonomie, myld Eirene;
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly strene.

The greater is our disappointment when it turns out that though the days described are those of the "Round Table," the Goddess of Justice is the daughter of Anne Boleyn, and that the queenly lady "of great countenance and place" who stands at her bar for judgment, and is successively convicted of immorality, of treason, of transgressing the law of nations, and of murder, is Mary Queen of Scotland. This confusion grievously detracts from the poetic effect; yet the detail is worked out with much skill, and Elizabeth's reluctance to pronounce sentence on Mary is subtly adumbrated—perhaps also England's surviving reverence for the Holy See (stanza 46). The next canto (x.) is also full of fine poetry; but it suffers when we have discovered that it is a covert and exaggerated celebration of the recent wars in the Low Countries, in which Prince Arthur, whom we are more used to associate with T. R. Bagel and Lyonesse, has just achieved victories that leave Spain a mere thing of the past. This sad sacrifice of poetry, however, was one made, not to interest, but mainly to a perverted enthusiasm, and the spirit of the age. In many a man there

are two men; and in the two there is not half the strength there would have been in one only. Thus in that great and good man, Walter Scott, we find both the Highlander and the Lowlander, the one delighting in the clan-life, the other toiling at Edinburgh; the one passionate for the Stuarts, the other more than content with the new order of things. This explains Spenser to us. In him we find at once the poet of the Middle Ages, and the man of the Renaissance. If Spenser and the "Wizard of the North" had each intrenched himself in what was greatest within him, and discarded the rest, each would have left behind him a greater and more homogeneous work. Especially I cannot but believe that those stains on the surface of Spenser's poetry which, though not snares to moral principle, are yet insults to moral taste, and need to be stepped over like bad spots on a road, came to him from the coarseness of the age in which he lived, and to which the great Elizabethan drama, excepting in the main Shakespeare, bears so deplorable a witness. It is true that in Chaucer, and far more in Boccaccio, both of them men of the middle ages, there is also much to be regretted; but there is nothing of the sort in Petrarch or Dante; and in his noble and refined nature it is with these Spenser is to be classed. Chaucer was the early spring of English literature. But for the Wars of the Roses, and the barbarism bequeathed by the usurpation of Henry IV., its later spring also must have had its great poet. That poet would have been Spenser if he had been born at half the interval, near two centuries, between Chaucer and the summer glories of Shakespeare.

It is no detraction from the genius of Spenser to say that it partook the evil as well as the good of his age. Most great poets have done the same, and sometimes the greatest the most; for in the largest degree they have learned their art, as children learn to speak—viz., by sympathy and imitation, and thus they do not easily escape the bad moral dialects and depraved idioms of their time. If Milton had not lived in the days

When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat by fist instead of a stick,

he would not have made the Almighty speak "like a school divine," and he might have delineated a more Christian and less Mahometan ideal of woman than is suggested by the line

He for God only: she for God in him.

He might have bequeathed us a *Paradise Regained* finer even than his immortal *Paradise Lost*; his stern prophet rod might have blossomed like Aaron's, and diffused the fragrance of many a poem precious as his *Lycidas*, and of healing breath like his *Comus*; nor would his record of the Fall have included a passage the irreverence of which, considering that he records the parents of the human race, is not to be excused by the desire to point a moral. Chaucer also bears, for good and evil, the marks of his time. The good of that time is reflected in the "christianized humanity" of his best and least-known legends, one of which, "The Prioress's Tale," has been modernised by Wordsworth with a devout faithfulness in striking contrast with Dryden's translations from the father-bard. But his age was also

one of a moral latitudinarianism, to which we must attribute the licence of some of Chaucer's poems, bewailed by him on his death-bed. No doubt, in his inmost heart, he loved best the narrow path that leads to the heights; but the carelessness of a disposition less lofty than broad made him indulgent to the "broad-school" in morals; and English poetry has had to pay the forfeit. We can only guess how many a noble story "left untold" might have been ennobled more by the manly genius that left to us the *Canterbury Tales*, but left that work unfinished. Few of the great poets, excluding those of Spain, seem to have given to us more than fragments of what they might have given.

Let us pass to the pleasanter part of our subject—those transcendent merits of Spenser which admit no dispute. His chief characteristic is perhaps his sense of beauty; but with him the beautiful means the Platonic "Fair and Good." The one was not the ornament merely of the other. As oxygen and hydrogen not only blend in the composition of water, but so unite as to become a single substance as simple as either gas, so in his poetry the fair and the good co-exist as a single element. He is the converse of ordinary poets. When his theme forces on him the sensational in place of the beautiful, the poet gets sleepy. Some of his battles admit of grand incidents, and he always knows how to make the most of such; but where fight is nothing more than fight, it is to him but a business that has to be transacted. Stanza follows stanza, each but a single sentence, the fifth line not seldom an echo of the fourth, the language diffuse, and the metre monotonous, the chief pause constantly recurring at the end of the

line. But this is not Spenser. When he has killed off his man, he feels relieved. Something brings back the beautiful to his theme, and the poet awakens : his language becomes that of a man inspired ; every epithet has its significance, every metrical change its meaning ; the frost melts, the stream of melody flows again ; and the bramble close by, or the forest-roof far off, " glistens with a livelier ray."

Sometimes the beauty is minute, as—

Two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their arms abroad, with grey moss overcast ;
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast
Made a calme shadowe far in compass round.

More often it is touched with a vague ideal, as—

And low, where dawning day doth never peepe
His dwelling is : there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drooping head ;
While sad night over him her mantle black doth spred.

Sometimes the truth to nature seems a suggestion to art such as Salvator's :—

As an aged tree
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose heart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be ;
The mighty trunk half rent with ragged rift
Doth roll adoune the rocks.

It is singular how the poet's character reflects itself in his descriptions of scenery. Spenser's was gentle, and the nature which he sings is that which is least troubled with storms, and smiles on its admirer. He likes mountains best when they keep their distance ; but he can never be near enough to the reedy river's

brim, or familiar enough with the cowslips on the mead. Professor Dowden finely remarks, "Spenser's landscape possesses a portion, as it were, of feminine beauty" ("Heroines of Spenser").* It is noteworthy that the careless descriptions incidentally introduced into his narratives are far more true to Nature than his more elaborate pictures of her, such as "The Garden of Sensual Delight," Book II., canto v., or "The Bower of Bliss," Book II., canto xii. In the latter class Nature is generalized: we have catalogues of trees, not the tree itself; and the intellectual beauty of Nature is drowned in her Epicurean appeal to the sense. The passage last referred to is largely taken from Tasso; for in those days poets were ready alike to borrow and to lend; and wholesale plagiarism was neither concealed nor complained of. But Spenser was always best when he depended most on his own genius. It was his modesty, not his need, that made him borrow. He seems to have regarded it as a tribute of respect.

Spenser's exquisite sense of the beautiful at once shows itself when he describes art in any of its forms. Nothing in the "Bower of Bliss" surpasses the description of its ivory gate with the story of Jason, Medea, and the Argo graven upon it, and that of the fountain carved all over with "curious imagerec." Another specimen of this excellence is his description of the Temple of Isis, its emblematic sculpture, and its stately ministrations (Book V., canto vii.). In this canto occurs a passage which has been more than once imitated in modern poetry. Britomart recounts to an

* The *Cornhill Magazine*, June 1879.

aged priest of the temple a vision which has left her stunned and amazed. The priest listens long—

Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
 Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
 And with long locks up-standing stiffly, stared
 Like one adawèd with some dreadful spright;
 So filled with heavenly fury thus he her behight.

He prophesies her future greatness. The reader of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, and of Macaulay's *Prophecy of Capys*, when they come to the finest passage in each, may recognise its original here. The most remarkable instances, perhaps, of the mode in which Spenser's sense of beauty shows itself in the conception of pictures and statues, are those in that mystic and philosophical episode "The Garden of Adonis" (Book III., canto vi.), the tapestried chambers in the "House of Busyrane" (Book III., canto xi.), and the "Maske of Cupid" (Book III., canto xii.).

The gift of delineating beauty finds perhaps its most arduous triumph when exercised on the description of *incident*, a thing that passes successively from change to change, and not on permanent objects, which less elude the artist's eye and hand. As an example may be cited the striving of the rival ladies for Florimel's girdle, which will not allow itself to be buckled around the waist of the fairest if upon her life there rests even the slightest stain (Book IV., canto v.). That poetic touch which suggested the expression "*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*," moves over this episode with a light and bright felicity; but it partakes no less of a graver charm, and often blends subtly with that pathos in which the *Fairy Queen* so richly abounds. A touch-

ing example of this is the story of the gentle squire who loves Belphœbe. He saves Amoret; and his compassion for the victim he has rescued half-dead from the "salvage man" makes him for a moment seem to forget that love. Amoret lies on the forest-floor in swoon, when Belphœbe arrives and finds him

From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet
Which softly still'd, and kissing them atweene.

Belphœbe has not returned the gentle squire's devotion to herself, but yet she regards his fidelity as her due, and with no words except "Is this the Faith?" she recoils into the woods. He sees her no more. He throws his weapons away; he will speak to none; he hides himself in the forest's gloomiest nook; his fair locks

He let to grow and griesly to concrew
Uncompt, uncurled, and carelessly unsted;

* * * * *

That like a pinèd ghost he soon appears.

When his "deare lord" Prince Arthur finds him, he knows him not; and the abandoned one will answer nothing. Prince Arthur notes that "Belphœbe" is graved upon every tree; but knows only that the forlorn wretch before him must have been one of gentle birth. Help comes from a tenderer friend. A turtledove that has lost her mate understands him better, and laments close beside him in a strain

So sensibly compyled that in the same
Him seem'd oft he *heerd his owne right name.*

Each day he shares with her his woodland fare, and at last binds around her neck a jewel

Shaped like a heart yet bleeding of the wound

given to him by Belphœbe. The dove flies away, and wafts it afar to the spot where Belphœbe sits. She recognizes and tries to recover it; but the dove, swerving ever as she is about to be caught, insensibly leads her through the forest till they reach the gentle squire, and then flies into his hand. He speaks nothing; it is long before Belphœbe recognises him, and then it is not by his features, but by his sorrow,

That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
And him received againe to former favour's state.

Spenser's dove may have suggested to Southey the "green bird" which served as guide to Thalaba.

Not less subtly is beauty blended with sorrow of a more tragic order in that wonderful scene (Book III., canto xii.), in which Amoret endures the last great trial of her constancy before her deliverance by the hand of Britomart. Amoret is the bride of Scudamore, torn from him on her wedding day by an enchanter.

No living wight she saw in all that roome,
Save that same woeful lady, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt round with yron bands
Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring strange characters of his art;
With living blood he those characters wate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
And all perforce to make her him to love.

Many such passages might be referred to. In Spenser's poetry, whether it be grief or gladness which he de-

scribes, the beauty mingled with each is stronger than either. From him Keats might have taken the line

Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self ;

and Shelley a kindred one—

The beauty of delight makes lovers glad.

The highest beauty in Spenser's poetry is that beauty which might most easily have eluded the vision of Lord Byron, vigorously as he delineated that which was on his level ; for, as Professor Dowden has remarked, "Beauty, Spenser maintained, is twofold. There is a beauty which is a mere pasture to the eye ; it is a spoil for which we grow greedy, . . . and there is the higher beauty of which the peculiar quality is a penetrating radiance ; it illuminates all that comes into its presence ; it is a beam from the divine fount of light." * Such beauty, while it is actual, is ideal first ; and Professor Dowden rightly adds, "For Spenser, behind each woman made to worship or love rises a sacred presence—Womanhood itself." This is such criticism as Spenser would have welcomed.

Nowhere does Spenser's sense of beauty more finely illustrate itself, in the form of incident, than in the battle between Artegall and Britomart, when neither recognizes the other. Her helmet is cloven, and her golden tresses falling down reveal the maiden warrior—a maiden whose beauty converts severity itself into beauty. He kneels, "and of his wonder made religion." She does not desire worship, but fair fight, and again

* The *Cornhill Magazine*, June 1879.

(Book V., canto viii.). The Souldan, in disdain of a foe whom he expects to trample under foot, mounts, in complete armour,

a charret high
With yron wheelles and hookes armed dreadfully,
And drawn of cruel steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men.

Again and again he dashes at his foe. The Prince evades the onset, but never can get near enough to the enemy to strike him. He, too, wears mail; but it is mail from the armoury of God, that armour described by St. Paul as the pre-requisite of the Christian's warfare—the "*whole* armour of righteousness." Many have sunk beneath Arthur's sword; but none have seen his shield, which is covered by a veil. At last, as the chariot makes its terrible way to him, the Prince withdraws that veil, and there leaps from the shield a lightning flash, keen as his sword and brighter than the sun. The horses turn and fly. It is impossible to restrain them. In their madness they rush over hill and dale, dashing the chariot to pieces against the trees and rocks. The Souldan at last is found beneath these iron wheels, "torn all to rags, and rent with many a wound." On another occasion the virtue of this Divine shield gains him the victory in different fashion. The Prince fights with a giant of more than mortal might. As he is sinking beneath the Titan's club the veil is torn from his shield. Once more the giant raises his weapon,—

But all in vain; for he has *read his end*
In that bright shield, and all his forces spend
Themselves in vain; for since that glancing sight
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.

This may have been in Shelley's mind when, promising to Freedom the victory over her enemies, he sang—

Thy shield is as a mirror
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
Turn back his hungry sword against the wearer.
(Ode to Naples.)

Another characteristic of Spenser's poetry, and one eminently ancillary to its sense of beauty, is its suggestiveness. If he is often diffuse, his most significant passages are yet marked by a brevity which imparts to them a proportionate intensity. Here is an example. Guyon, the emblem-knight of Temperance (*Faery Queen*, Book II., canto i.) is led through scenes meant to teach him successively the baleful effects of ungoverned passion. He hears the wail of a woman, Amavia, whose husband has deserted her, mastered by his fatal love for the witch Acrasia. His faithful wife had rescued him from thrall; but ere his departure from her castle the witch had given him an enchanted cup: he had drained it and died. Guyon finds that wife beside a fountain bleeding from a self-inflicted wound in her heart, and with a late-born babe in her lap—a babe blood-stained. Beside her lies the murdered husband, dead. She tells Guyon her story, and dies, but not until she has thus adjured her babe:

Thy little hands embrewed in bleeding breast
Loe I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest.

The good knight deems that

since this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish rather than of crime hath been,

she merits the last offices of Christian charity. With

the aid of a hermit he digs a grave, strews it with cypress branches, and inters the husband and wife; but first cuts off with the dead knight's sword a tress from the head of each, flings it into the grave, and vows to revenge them. Lastly

The little babe up in his armes he hent,
Who with sweet pleasaunce and bold blandishment
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weep.

Guyon bends above the fountain to wash the mother's blood from the hands of her babe. He labours in vain: the sanguine stains but deepen, and can never be erased. The little hands must keep their blood-stains,

That they his mother's innocence may tell,
As she bequeathed in her last testament;
That as a sacred symbole it may dwell
In her sonne's flesh, to mind revengement.

Here is a memorable symbol of the passion that can never sleep, and the vengeance bequeathed from age to age. Spenser had not lived in vain among the survivors of the Desmond clan. The beauty of this tale is even greater than its terror. It is a flower that wears blood-drops for its ornament, yet is a flower still. But greatest of all is its significance. The same lesson is taught by the bleeding spray which Guyon breaks from one of the two trees into which two lovers had been changed. They stand side by side, summer after summer, but their branches can never meet.

Not less characteristic of Spenser's poetry is its wonderful descriptive power. Everywhere this faculty is illustrated, but nowhere more exquisitely than in that passage where we meet Belphebe out hunting

(Book II., canto iii.). The poet's picture, like Guido's Aurora, has the freshness of the morning about it: youth and gladness breathe in every line, beam in every gesture, and wave with every movement of that raiment made, in this rich description, almost as beauteous as the slender limbs and buoyant form it embraces, yet laughingly reveals. It is plain that so long as this youthful Dian may but race with those winds which add a richer glow to her cheek and more vivid splendour to her eye, so long as she may but chase the hart and hind through the dewy forest lawns, so long must all love-ties be for her without a meaning. Dryden has imitated this passage, after his fashion, in his *Cymon and Iphigenia*, missing the poetry and purity of the whole, and thus imparting a touch of coarseness not felt in the original to what he retains—just as, in his version of Chaucer's poems, he omits each finer touch, and makes them vulgar. A sculptor might perhaps remark that the line

Upon her eyelids many graces sate

would be more in place if a Venus were described rather than this handmaid of the "quivered Queen" who, like Apollo, is ever represented in Greek art with lifted lids and eyes wide open. Dian is a luminary, like her brother, and her eye flings its glances far.

The allegory of "Despair" is too well known to need comment; but it can never be too much praised. It proves that narrative poetry may, in the hand of a great master, fully reach the *intensity* of the drama, and carry to the same height those emotions of pity and terror through which to purify the soul was, according to

Aristotle, the main function of tragedy. Spenser could at will brace his idyllic strain till it became palpably the prelude of that fierce and fair Elizabethan drama destined so soon to follow it.

The most grateful admirer of Spenser will perhaps be the most willing to admit that, with all its transcendent merits, the *Faery Queen*, like all long poems, has great faults—and can afford to have them. It is no irreverence to acknowledge them. If his more important allegories are at once deep and graphic, others are coarse or trivial. To the nobler class belong the allegory of "Guile"; of Talus, the iron man with the iron flail, who represents Judgment only, and is so happily distinguished from Artegall, who represents Justice; and to it also the fantastic shapes that threaten Guyon as he sails along the sea of mortal life. To a more vulgar order must be remanded such allegories as those of "Envy," "Detraction," "Scandal," the Vices in the "House of Pride," and those which, in the form of beasts, assail the castle of "Temperance"; while "Furor," "Strife," "Diet," etc., are frigid and unpoetic. The battle between Una's knight and the winged dragon half a mile long, if serious, admits of no defence, and if the contrary, only reminds us that Spenser's genius was the serious genius of the north, and could not afford to be insincere. Spenser is also often prolix, and repeats himself. Except in his highest moods, he seldom braced himself up to do his best, as Milton constantly did with a proud conscientiousness, and Shakespeare more often than is consistent with the fable that he "never blotted a line." Spenser was probably himself an "easy" reader as well as writer;

and when books were few a poet might expect to find students docile and not soon tired. He was large in the great gift of admiration, and too true a poet to suspect in others a touch of that essentially unpoetical quality, cynicism. Like the mathematician, the poet of romance had a right to start with his postulates: such as that the gods of mythology might lawfully be mixed up with saints; that a knight might receive any number of wounds, and be well again next day; that physical strength was commonly the expression of a corresponding moral greatness; and that the most delicate ladies suffered nothing from lack of food, or exposure to the elements. It was less safe to assume that battles would always have the inexhaustible interest they had for those who gathered round Homer when he sang.

But the most serious fault in the *Faery Queen* was unquestionably a structural one. In Chaucer, whom Spenser revered so loyally and acknowledged as his master, the stories are complete, each in itself; the narrative is thus easily followed, the interest undivided, and the catastrophe conclusive. But in the *Faery Queen* the tales are interwoven; the same knights and ladies reappear successively in many of them; the story breaks off where the interest is at its crisis; and the reader is invited to follow again the fortunes of persons he has forgotten. This is to cheat us doubly. A short poem may have the bright perfection of a flower, an epic the stately mass of a tree that combines the variety of its branches with the unity of the stem; but a romance of this intricate character is neither the flower nor the tree,—it is a labyrinth of underwood not easily pierced.

Perseverance may vanquish all difficulties ; but when this has been effected the details of the poem are more than the whole, and it thus loses that consummate effect produced by "il piu nell uno." Let us turn to the tale of the sisters Belphebe and Amoret. It is one of the loveliest, deepest, and most original of legends ; yet for most readers its beauty, and even its meaning, are drowned in the interruptions that perplex it. Tasso did not fall into this error ; neither did Walter Scott, though he wrote poetic romances, not epics. It was Ariosto who liked to show his ingenuity in thus alternately tangling his skein and recovering his thread ; and his readers, who wished to be amused and excited, not moved or raised, missed nothing. But Spenser's poem was stored with matter more precious ; and to it the loss produced by this confusion is grievous. Here, again, an inferior model was his evil genius. He was always greatest when he leaned least on others ; but he had the modesty which belongs to noble and refined natures ; and far from fully asserting his own greatness, he did not know it. The poem of his great work illustrates this defect. Instinctively he had chosen the noblest of themes ; but he was not conscious of its greatness, or he would not have blended with his invocation to the Muse another to Venus, Mars, Cupid, and Queen Elizabeth.

Let us return to the merits of this great poet. It is not by an analysis of Spenser's special qualities, taken separately, that we reach an adequate estimate of his greatness. It was especially his gift, and one proceeding from the proportionateness of a mind over which the sense of beauty ever held a sceptre of gentle-

ness, that his faculties worked together harmoniously, and that at his best no one could say which of them predominated. The passages characterised in the highest degree by descriptive power are characterised not less by loveliness, by suggestiveness, by moral wisdom, and commonly by spiritual aspiration. These qualities can, in such passages, no more be separated than the colour of a flower can be separated from its form and fragrance. His mind was *a whole*, and not merely a collection of faculties or "parts," often, in inferior minds, as disproportioned to that whole as the restless limbs of an octopus are to the body in which they inhere, but of which they seem no portion; and it is this characteristic, more than others, which places him among the world's poets of the first class. To understand him requires a knowledge of him habitual, not a got up knowledge. The novice must read him wisely; and in our "fast" days he commonly has not time to do so, even if he has the docility of good-will, and that gift of tentative faith through which the young often reach unconsciously an understanding of great poetry. To appreciate the compass of Spenser's genius we should bring together those narratives which illustrate it when directed with equal energy to the most different themes. Thus "The House of Holiness" may be usefully read after "The Cave of Mammon," and compared with it. These two great descriptions of the best and the worst that we know of here below may be regarded as the two opposite extremes at once of his descriptive and emblematic art. In the first named we have, if not Spenser's "Paradiso," at least the "terrestrial para-

dise" of his "Purgatorio": in the latter we have his "Inferno," and the poet is equally at his ease in the delineation of each. Mammon means, not wealth only, but the first of those "three enemies" against which the Christian is militant—viz., the "World"; and this "world," emblemed in gold, Spenser represents as a world under our world—a dreadful subterranean world of greatness apostate and splendour lost in gloom. Mammon wears a mail, though not a knightly mail:

His iron cote, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath envelopèd with gold.

Descending with this grim earth-god, Guyon finds himself in a vast plain leading to Pluto's "griesly rayne." The way is bordered by dreadful shapes—Pain, Strife, Revenge, Despight, Treason, Hate:

But gnawing Gealosity, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly.
And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did always soar, beating his yron wings.

They advance through the gate of the golden city; but a spectre with uplifted hand treads ever in the dusk behind the Christian knight, ready to close upon him the first moment that he covets aught he sees. Nothing can exceed the gloomy grandeur with which is described the palace of that evil power, of which gold is the key—roof, floors, and walls all of gold in decay, and half hid in the dusk, while over the pavements lie scattered dead men's bones. Guyon sees the Stygian furnaces and the fiends that mould the liquid metal into ingots, and pour the golden wave, "the fountain of the worlde's good," into chalice and

urn. Next he enters a narrow passage guarded by a giant, not made of flesh and bone, but "all of golden mould," although he lives and moves and lifts his iron club (stanza xl). This winding way ends in a limitless temple supported by pillars innumerable of solid gold,—

And every pillour deckèd was full deare
With crownes and diadems and titles vaine
Which mortal princes wore whiles they on earth did rayne.

Plainly these princes were vassals of one suzerain—the "prince of this world." That temple is thronged not with men, but with nations; and on a dais at the upper end is enthroned a queen, whose countenance casts the beam of its baleful beauty athwart the multitudes that blindly press up towards her;—and yet that beauty is but a counterfeit. In her right hand she holds a golden chain, the upper part of which is lost in heaven, while the lower descends to hell. That chain is ambition,

And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

This queen is "Philotime," or Worldly Honour, the daughter of Mammon. All round this subterraneous palace lie the dusky gardens, the trees of which bend low, but with the fruits of sadness, of madness, and of death: and in the midst of this garden stands solitary the Tree of Death. It rises high above all the other trees, and embraces the dolorous precinct with its branches,—

Which overhanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood which flowed about it round;
That is the river of Cocytus deepe
In which full many soules do endless wayle and weepe.

Among the denizens of that flood there is one whose hands but blacken more the more he labours to wash them clean. It is Pilate. Milton confessed that "Spenser was his original"; nor is it easy to see how "the sublime" could be carried higher than it is here carried by the "gentle bard." May not Shakespeare have been indebted to him, when he conceived his Lady Macbeth and her "Out, damnèd spot"?

The moment that Guyon breathes again the upper air, his strength fails, and for days he lies in deadly swoon. This is an instance of Spenser's suggestiveness. It implies at once the "burthen" of that vision which he had beheld, the divine support through which he had sustained its weight, and the withdrawal of that support when needed no longer. Spenser was one of those who regarded the poet as a "Vates," or prophet; and on this occasion no one could have said of the prophet, "non obtinuit visionem a Domino." The "Cave of Mammon" was a prophecy not inopportune. The Renaissance, whatever its merits, was a time of pride, wealth-worship, and imperial dreams. The World had long shared the throne with Religion; but she was beginning to aspire after rule unparticipated. Spain, then the first European Power, was planting slavery in a new world, and burthening the seas with fleets which brought her from the Indies that gold destined not only to enfeeble but to impoverish her by discountenancing honest industry. England had substituted, for that mediæval regimen in which Liberty was maintained through the balanced powers of a king "primus inter pares," of the nobility, of the Church, and of the popular municipalities, a despotic monarchy destined

to vanish with the last Stuart. France was on her way to an Absolutism, through which she was to pass to her Revolution. It was time that a warning voice should be uttered, whether wittingly or unwittingly, by him who was certainly "high priest for that year" in the realm of song.

It is the same poet who has sung another greatness, and another kingdom—that of the Prince of Peace—in Book I., canto x. That description presents, perhaps, the most perfect account of Christianity ever given in the same space by an uninspired author; of Christianity in its due proportions, and also in its great main divisions, doctrinal, moral, disciplinary; as a spiritual dominion of Good, set up at once in the intelligence, in the affections, and in the life of man; a dominion which, while militant against evil, is also essentially contemplative, because it is the service of Truth. It would need a volume to illustrate this poem, which is a world of thought sifted and compressed; but whoever has read it must remember the "House of Holiness"—the porter at its gate, Humility, its "francklin faire and free," Zeal; its gentle squire,

That knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence;

the mistress of the mansion, "Dame Cœlia," with her three daughters, Fidelia and Speranza, "though spoused, yet wanting wedlock's solemnize"; and Charissa already wedded, and encompassed by "many pledges dear." Neither can he forget the faithful "groome, meek Obedience," or Cœlia's

sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them teach;

or Patience, who consoles the Red-Cross Knight, now penitent ; or Penance, who drives from his being the venom of past sin, and makes him fit for the fair company of Charissa ; or Mercy, who brings him into her "holy hospital," and makes him acquainted with the seven reverent and benign ministers to whom the different offices of mercy are consigned. In all those ministrations he learns to take a part ; and then he is deemed worthy to learn that there is something greater still than the "*Second Commandment of the Law.*" He climbs laboriously that hill, on the summit of which Contemplation abides in his "sacred chapell" and "little hermitage,"—

that godly agèd sire
 With snowy locks adowne his shoulders shed,
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy branches of an oke halfe ded.

The petition of Mercy may not be denied, and the seer leads the knight, after a season of fast and prayer, to a point whence he sees the "City of God" and the angels ascending and descending between it and the earth. This, he is told, is the Heavenly Jerusalem ; and that which resembles it most on earth is Cleopolis, the city of True Chivalry, of Honour, and of Virtuous Fame. From the lower he is one day to pass to the higher, and there to be known as

Saint George of mery England, the sign of Victory.

This canto is a poem so complete in itself that no extracts could do it justice. It is one in which Plato, could he have returned to earth, would have found the realization of his loftiest dreams ; in which St. Thomas

Aquinas would have discovered no fault ; and in which St. Augustine would have rejoiced as though he had felt once more that evening breeze which played upon him as he stood at the window on the seaside at Ostia, beside his mother Monica, but a few days before her saintly transit from this "vale of exile" to that sphere in which her heart had ever found its country and its home.

But the infinite variety of Spenser's genius is perhaps most forcibly brought home to us when we compare a canto in his sixth Book with the "Cave of Mammon" and the "House of Holiness." It is as unlike each of these as they are unlike each other ; and it is perhaps more representative of the poet's habitual mind. It too has its mystical meaning. It is not either the life unblest, or the saintly life, which is here described ; it is the life of the Humanities, a picture of humanity as it may be conceived of in some golden age. I allude to the vision of Calidore on the summit of Mount Acidale (Book VI., canto x.). The Knight of Courtesy musing on his Pastorella, the original perhaps of Shakespeare's *Perdita*, ascends from a river's bank to the summit of a fair hill, and comes to an open space begirt by "trees of honour" which rise higher than all trees besides, and "all winter as in summer, bud." Within that precinct dance in radiant circle a hundred nymphs, arrayed only in the light of their own unblemished and unashamed beauty. In the centre of the ring three of their number, and the most beautiful, sing as well as dance round a maiden of earth, who, as such, wears maiden attire, and who is more beautiful even than those three.

While the others engird her, like Ariadne's tiar, and pelt her with flowers, she alone stands in the midst unastonished, and "crowned with a rosy girland." At last Calidore ventures to approach from the skirt of the wood, and the lovely pageant dissolves into air. There remains but the shepherd, Colin Clout (the name by which Spenser had designated himself in his early poems), who sits on the hill still holding that pipe whose music had evoked those nymphs, and to which they ever danced. This human maiden is his "Elizabeth," that maiden hard to be won, but who at last not only loved the poet, but fostered his song, as we may infer from the lines

She to whom the shepherd pyped alone ;
That made him pype so merrily, as never none.

The shepherd explains the vision. That hill-top had been preferred to her own Cytheron by Venus, in the olden time when she was still fresh from the sea-foam whence she sprang, and when between herself and Dian there was friendship, not war ; and there she used to dance with the Graces. Venus loved that spot no more ; but the three Graces and the hundred lesser Graces native to that hill, still haunted it : the shepherd's pipe had still power to draw them from their ambush, and among them there was still that one maiden of earth whom they had elected as their sister, and on whom they showered their tribute.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured show ;
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweet semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,

And all the complements of curtesie,
 That teach us how, to each degree and kynde
 We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
 To friends, to foes ; which skill men call Civility.

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seem to smile,
 That we likewise should mylde and gentle be ;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
 Simple and true from covert malice free.

Such was human life, as Spenser had dreamed it, perhaps amid the groves of Penshurst, or on that walk at Wilton, a region not less classic, on which Spenser's early friend had paced with one like himself, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Such, too, is the one glimpse we have of Spenser's life with his "beautifullest Bride," the best sung of women except Beatrice, though but an Irish "country lasse of low degree":—

Ne, lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
 Doth she exceed the rest of all her race ;
 For which the Graces that here wont to dwell
 Have for more honor brought her to this place,
 And gracèd her so much to be another Grace.

This canto is the complement to Spenser's "Song made in lieu of many ornaments," that *Epithalamion* which was Wordsworth's delight. I have heard him remark, more than once, that in its long and exquisitely balanced stanzas there was a swan-like movement, and a subtle metrical sweetness, the secret of which he could never wholly discover ; and the like of which he found nowhere else except in Milton's *Lycidas*.

I am aware how inadequate these remarks are to their great theme. I could not, without passing the limits within which I must restrict myself, advert here

to several matters which properly belong to it, especially the large and deep philosophy expressed in, or latent under, Spenser's poetry. He is the philosophic poet of his age, as Wordsworth is of ours; and the philosophy of those two great poets, though in no sense at variance, was as different, the one from the other, as the character of their genius. Spenser's castle by the Mulla stood, and a fragment of it still stands, about thirty miles to the south of the house in which I write. That house, too, like Kilcolman, was the house of a poet—one who from his boyhood had loved Spenser well, and in whom a discerning critic had noted a sympathetic spirit—the poet of *Mary Tudor*. The eyes of both poets must have rested often on the same exquisitely drawn mountain range, that of the Galtees, though they saw it in a different perspective. Mountains, while they separate neighbours, create, notwithstanding, a neighbourly tie; and though the barriers of time are more stubborn things than those of space, when I look from our eastern windows at Galtymore, I am sometimes reminded of the lines written by Wordsworth at the grave of Burns, on whose verse the later poet had fed in youth:—

Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen,—
Neighbours we were, and loving friends
We might have been.

II. SPENSER, THE POET AND TEACHER.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.

IN England of the age of Elizabeth what place is filled by the poetry of Spenser? What blank would be made by its disappearance? In what, for each of us who love that poetry, resides its special virtue? Shall we say in answer to these questions that Spenser is the weaver of spells, the creator of illusions, the enchanter of the Elizabethan age; and that his name is to us a word of magic by which we conjure away the pain of actual life, and obtain entrance into a world of faery? Was Spenser, as a poet of our own time names himself, "the idle singer" of his day—that day not indeed "an empty day," but one filled with heroic daring and achievement? While Raleigh was exploring strange streams of the New World, while Drake was chasing the Spaniard, while Bacon was seeking for the principles of a philosophy which should enrich man's life, while Hooker, with the care of a wise master-builder, was laying the foundation of polity in the national Church, where was Spenser? Was he forgetful of England, forgetful of earth, lulled and lying in some bower of fantasy, or moving in a dream among imaginary champions of chivalry, distressed damsels, giants and dragons and satyrs and savage men, or shepherds who

pipe and shepherdesses who dance for ever in a serene Arcady?

Assuredly it was not thus that a great Englishman of a later age thought of Spenser. When Milton entered upon his manhood, he entered upon a warfare; the peaceful Horton days, days of happy ingathering of varied culture, days of sweet repose amid rural beauty, were past and gone; and he stood with loins girt, prepared for battle on behalf of liberty. And then, in London, when London was a vast arsenal in which weapons were forging for the defence of truth and freedom, Milton in his moment of highest and most masculine ardour, as he wrote his speech on behalf of unlicensed printing, thought of Spenser. It was not as a dreamer that Milton thought of him. Spenser had been a power with himself in youth, when he, "the lady of his college," but such a lady as we read of in *Comus*, grew in virginal beauty and virginal strength. He had listened to Spenser's "sage and solemn tunes,"

Of turneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

And now, in his manhood, when all of life has grown for him so grave, so glorious with heroic effort, Milton looks back and remembers his master, and he remembers him not as an idle singer, not as a dreamer of dreams, but as "our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare to name a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."

A teacher,—what is the import of this? "The true use of Spenser," says a poet of our own day, Mr. J. R.

Lowell, "is as a gallery of pictures which we visit as the mood takes us, and where we spend an hour or two at a time, long enough to sweeten our perceptions, not so long as to cloy them." And again: "Whenever in the *Faery Queen* you come suddenly on the moral, it gives you a shock of unpleasant surprise, a kind of grit, as when one's teeth close on a bit of gravel in a dish of strawberries and cream." This, then, is the *Faery Queen*—a dish of strawberries and cream mixed up unfortunately with a good deal of grit. And as for the allegory, we may "fairly leave it on one side"; * Spenser employed it to "convince the scorners that poetry might be seriously useful, and show Master Bull his new way of making fine words butter parsnips, in a rhymed moral primer." Shall we accept this view, or that of Milton—"a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas"? Was Spenser such a teacher "sage and serious" to his own age? If so, does he remain such a teacher for this age of ours?

Let us put the question in another way, and inquire, What was the highest function which an English poet in the second half of the sixteenth century could fulfil? The death of the mediæval world and the birth of the modern world had been the achievements of Italy. In Italy the fire of intellectual life had been gathered as on a hearth, and its flame leaped highest; it was from Italy that the light and warmth diffused themselves to other lands. To Italian seamen we owe the discovery of the

* With which contrast Coleridge's words, "No one can appreciate Spenser without some reflection on the nature of allegorical writing"; and Mr. Ruskin's painstaking attempt in *Stones of Venice* to interpret the allegory of Book I.

New World: Columbus was a Genoese, John Cabot was a Venetian. To Italian students we owe the re-discovery of the Old World of classical art, poetry, and eloquence. The great thinkers of Greece were no longer denaturalised in the interests of an effete scholastic system; the pillars of the Parthenon were not employed to prop the crumbling walls of a chapter-house. Plato became at least an equal master with Aristotle, and in Plato the humanists found that beauty and enthusiasm which were needed to arouse and satisfy the imaginative reason. At the same time the architecture of Italy passed from its period of free and varied experiment—experiment nobly inventive—to its period of fulfilled attainment. To the first thirty years of the sixteenth century belong the painters who represent the culmination of the great art-movement of Italy. Life in that southern land seemed like a blossoming plant with petals deep of dye and rich in floating perfume; like a flame swift, delicate, and aspiring.

But there was a dark side to the Italian Renaissance. The Church and the world had alike too much forgotten that true humanism includes a noble morality. In Rome, at the heart of Christendom, were fraud, avarice, ambition, violence, foul living, effeminacy. And the Church possessed no monopoly of vices. A tendency to materialism in philosophy coincided in point of time with a practical cynicism as to what is most spiritual in human conduct and character. Sensuality was elaborated into an art. "The immorality of the Italians," says Mr. Symonds, making a just distinction, "was not that of beasts; it rather resembled that of devils."

In such a moral environment had appeared for a short time a man possessed by the old prophetic fire. Over against Lorenzo, with his splendour and his culture, arose the face—a brand under the darkness of the cowl—and the harsh condemnatory voice of Savonarola. It was no part of Savonarola's mission to assail, like Luther, the dogma of the Church; he was a reformer of morals, not of faith; and he remained a monk. He came as a prophet to announce a judgment. When his voice rang in the Duomo "the walls re-echoed with sobs and wailings." The painter could no longer paint, the man of culture could no longer trifle, while the awful issues of life and death were pending. Fra Bartolommeo bore his studies of the nude to the pyre, and flung them among the other vanities doomed to destruction. Pico della Mirandola, the young scholar who at thirty had mastered all learning, shuddered as he listened to the voice of the preacher; he forsook the world, and wore the frock and hood of St. Dominic. So wrought on tender and beautiful souls the truths set forth by Savonarola. But Savonarola fell; Christ was no longer king of Florence, and Italy went its way to an age of impotence and shame.

Now the question arose, "How is this revival of learning, this new enthusiasm about beauty, this new and strong delight in man and in the life of man, to fare with the nations of the North?" Will those nations side with Lorenzo and the humanists, or with Savonarola and his Puritans? Or is it possible to reconcile these two contending forces? At first in England the humanism which had travelled from the South connected itself with religion. The "new learning" was a

learning in the service of God. It marked an epoch in the spiritual history of our country when John Colet lectured at Oxford on the epistles of St. Paul, dwelling in his criticism on the human characteristics of those writings, and insisting upon their relation rather to conduct than to dogma. Erasmus, with all his classical refinement, with all his satiric play, was a reformer; his *Praise of Folly* and his *Colloquies* are more than balanced by his *New Testament* and his *St. Jerome*. The group of men which included these scholars, distinguished as it was by culture and learning, was comparatively little influenced by those elements of the Renaissance which addressed themselves chiefly to the senses and the imagination. No great creator of imaginative work in English literature felt the breath of the Italian Renaissance during that first half of the sixteenth century. In Skelton there is a morning gale; we feel the breath of a new day. But Skelton was reckless, and asserted his individuality too extravagantly. He is a little Rabelais, full of *verve*, learned, free-spoken; capable at times of a certain frank and delicate charm. The palace of Art was not to be taken by violence, and the disorderly rabble of Skeltonical rhymes, laughing as they advance, presently fall back defeated from its outer wall. The direct influence of Italy is first seen conspicuously in the verses of Wyatt and Surrey. That was a time of gloom and harshness in which their sonnets and rondeaux made their appearance. We cherish the daffodil of early spring for its own sake, and yet more because it is the herald of a thousand blossoms which lead us on to the rose:

O love-star of the unbeloved March,
 When cold and shrill
 Forth flows beneath a low dim-lighted arch
 The wind that beats sharp crag and barren hill,
 And keeps unfilmed the lately torpid rill.

So we feel to the poems of the "courtly makers," Surrey and Wyatt. Returning to them from the poetry of the close of Elizabeth's reign, their verses seem deficient in varied colour and rich perfume. The half-uncertain twitter of other tiny songsters in *Tottel's Miscellany*, whose notes vainly imitate the clear melancholy-amorous notes of Petrarch, are less important for their own sakes than because they announce that the winter of poetry is over, and the love-making of spring is in the air. As yet there is indeed little to sing about; the skies are grey; but the singers will at least try their voices. *Tottel's Miscellany* is like a tuning of instruments before the symphony opens. In the days of Henry, Edward, and Mary, the graver mind of England was concerned about other and weightier matters than the fictive sorrows of an Italianated sonneteer. There was the great struggle, swaying backward and forward, for the free circulation of an English Bible; there were the fires of Smithfield to kindle or to quench; there were the service-books of the Anglican Church to compose and recompose. The contention of the Churches had not been favourable to literature and culture. Erasmus, when he shrank from Luther's violences of theological war, had foreseen this; the fine irony of the humanist reformer, with all such delicate-tempered weapons, must needs appear ineffective to those who endeavoured to emulate the hearty sledge-hammer strokes of the theological reformer. In

England classical studies declined ; at the University of Grocyn and Linacre Greek was almost forgotten.

Was England, then, to have a literary Renaissance, a new birth of the imagination, or not? Was the Reformation essentially hostile to such a Renaissance? Might it not be that some man at once of fine imaginative genius and of fine moral temper was destined to arise, who should bring into harmony the best elements of the religious movement and the best elements of the artistic movement? Some preparation, as it were, for the advent of such a writer had been made. The question between the Churches in England was virtually settled; the nation, working in its own large practical way, had found a faith. An Englishman born about the middle of the sixteenth century might enter upon a heritage of belief; the moral and spiritual forces of the time were organized, and were strong; they had not yet stiffened into conventions or decayed into traditions. It was in some respects a happy time for a young man of aspiring moral temper. From day to day the national life of England was mounting to the fulness of the flood. In the Queen the nation had found an ideal centre; loyalty to her became identical with loyalty to England. Much of the homage which at first strikes us as servility was like the devotion of a soldier to his banner: on the English banner was inscribed "Elizabeth." The overgrown power of Spain lay open to attack like a huge galleon hung upon by some persistent and persecuting seadog. The spirit of adventure and enterprise was astir. In the little seaports bronzed mariners told marvellous tales of islands in far ocean, and trackless rivers, and mines of silver, and a city of

gold. In town and country there was more of mirth and merrymaking than had been known since Chaucer's pilgrims jingled their reins Canterburyward. The great nobles gathered around their sovereign, and were proud to bear their part in the pageantry of a court. Gay fashions of dress were imported from the Continent. Ideas were attired in fantastic forms of speech on the lips of peeress and of page: when the tide of life runs free it must have its little laughing eddies. We know how, in the history of an individual man or woman, when shock has followed shock of anguish or of joy, if these do not overwhelm and crush the spirit, they render it coherent and ardent, they transform it from a state of cold abstraction into one molten, glowing mass. So it was with the English nation in the sixteenth century: shock had followed shock; it passed from its period of struggle and pain, of hesitancy and division, to a period of coherence and ardour, when it became natural to think greatly of man, to have a passionate faith in human goodness, a passionate apprehension of evil, to hope high things, to dare and to achieve noble and arduous things.

The time had come for England to possess her poet. It could not be a matter of doubt after the year 1579 who that poet was. Spenser did not introduce himself to the world with a fanfare of trumpets, as about to celebrate a triumph. He did not even place his name upon the title-page of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. He styled himself "Immerito" (the Undeserving):

I never list presume on Parnasse hill,
But piping low in shade of lowly grove
I play to please myself, all be it ill.

Yet he could not but be conscious of high powers ; and the friend who introduced the volume to English readers, while commenting on the author's diffidence in choosing the pastoral form, compares him to a young bird who proves his wings before making a higher and wider flight : " So flew Virgil, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuane, as not being full sumd. So Petrarque. So Boccace."

In the *Shepherd's Calendar* we discern much of the future writer of the *Faery Queen*. It contains the poetical record of his personal griefs as a lover ; it expresses his enthusiasm for his art as a poet ; his loyalty to the crown as a servant of the Queen ; his loyalty to the Reformation as an English churchman ; his delight in natural beauty, and in the fairness of woman. It is now gay and sportive, now staid and serious ; sensuous ardour and moral wisdom are united in it ; the allegorical form in miniature is already employed ; it exhibits a mode of idealized treatment of contemporary public affairs not dissimilar in essentials from that afterwards put to use in his romantic epic. The pastoral, with its ideals of peace and simplicity, possessed a singular charm for Europe in the high-wrought and artificial age of the Renaissance. It had a charm for Spenser ; but his is not the Arcadian pastoral of Sannazaro and Sidney. Colin and Cuddie keep their flocks upon the hills of Kent ; the disdainful Rosalinde, " the widow's daughter of the glen," is a North-country lass. Spenser's power of taking up real objects, persons and incidents, of plunging these in some solvent of the imagination, and then of recreating them—the same and not the same—is manifest through-

out. Everything has been submitted to the shaping power of the imagination; everything has been idealised; yet Spenser does not remove from real life, does not forsake his own country and his own time; he does not shrink from taking a side in controversies then troubling the English Church; he is primarily a poet, but while a poet, he also aspires to be what Milton named him—a teacher. In these poems the little archer, Love, shoots his roguish shafts; Pan is the patron of shepherds; Cynthia sits crowned upon the grassy green. The poet freely appropriates what pleases his fancy in classical or neo-classical mythology; yet at heart he is almost Puritan. Not indeed Puritan in any turning away from innocent delights; not Puritan in casting dishonour on our earthly life, its beauty, its splendour, its joy, its passion; but Puritan as Milton was when he wrote *Lycidas*, in his weight of moral purpose, in his love of a grave plainness in religion and of humble laboriousness in those who are shepherds under Christ.

The tenth eclogue of the *Calendar*, that for the month of October, is especially characteristic of its author. In it, as stated in the argument, is set out “the perfect pattern of a poet.” In what way does Spenser conceive of poetry? We know how in periods which are not creative, periods which are not breathed upon by new divine ideas, which are not driven by the urge of strong emotions, poetry comes to be looked on as primarily an art, or even as an accomplishment, and it is treated as if its function were to decorate life much as the artistic upholsterer decorates our houses. At such a time great regard is had to the workmanship

of verse exclusive of the burden and inspiration of the song, and elegant little specimens of mosaic or of enamelling are turned out of the workshops of skilled artists ; until the thing descends into a trade. In the creative periods there is not less devotion to form and workmanship ; but the devotion is of a less self-conscious kind, because generative powers work in the poet with a rapturous blindness of love, and he thinks of himself less as a master of technique (though he is also this) than as a man possessed by some influence out of and beyond himself, some dominant energy of Nature or of God, to which it is his part to submit, which he cannot lay claim to as if it were an attainment of skill, and which he dare not call his own. At such times poetry aims at something more than to decorate life ; it is spoken of as if it possessed some imperial authority, a power to bind and to loose, to sway man's total nature, to calm, to regulate and restrain, and also to free, to arouse, to dilate the spirit—power not to titillate a particular sense, but to discipline the will and mould a character. In such a tone of high assumption Spenser speaks of poetry. About this time he heard much of experiments in new and ingenious forms of English verse. Sidney and Dyer, Drant and Gabriel Harvey, were full of a scheme for introducing classical metres into our poetry, and Spenser was for a while taken by the scheme. He could not at such a time, he did not ever, despise the craftsman's part of poetry ; yet while he thinks of poetry as an art, in the same moment it appears to him to be " no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both ; and poured into the wit

by a certain Ἐνθουσιασμος and celestial inspiration." When in the eclogue the needy poet complains that Apollo is a poor paymaster, Piers replies in the spirit of Sidney when he maintains that the highest end of literature is to instruct and incite men to virtuous action :—

Cuddie, the prayse is better than the price,
The glory eke much greater than the gayne ;
O ! what an honor it is to restraine
The lust of lawless youth with good advice,
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned wills entice.

Soon as thou gynst to set thy notes in frame,
O, how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave !
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sense bereave ;
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave,
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

From the eclogue which contains this pronouncement as to the end of poetry, it appears that Spenser already was meditating verse of a loftier kind, and was even now aware that he should before long change his "oaten reeds" for trumpets :—

Abandon, then, the base and viler clowne ;
Lift up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts ;
Turne thee to those that weld the awful crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes unbruized wexen daily browne.

The *Faery Queen* is here almost promised. Was this to be a mere romance of adventures, like Ariosto's *Orlando*, but unsupported by the wit and worldly wisdom of an Ariosto? Or did Spenser conceive his great poem as something more than a play of fancy? did he conceive it as capable of winning that praise

which he declares in the *Shepherd's Calendar* to be the true glory of art?

The *Shepherd's Calendar* was dedicated

To him who is the president
Of Noblesse and of chevalree,

to Philip Sidney, "the noble and virtuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chevalric." It was possibly on the enforcement of Sidney that Spenser undertook his task "to sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds." Now, although we have to regret the loss of the work entitled *The English Poet*, in which Spenser treated of his own art, there remains to us the admirable essay by Sidney written in defence of poetry against the well-meant but ill-considered attack of the playwright-turned-precisian, Stephen Gosson. The delight and pride of the Queen, the court, and indeed of all cultivated England, in Sidney, the deep and universal sorrow for his early death, can be accounted for only by some extraordinary personal noblenesses over and above those which dignify the passionate story of the *Astrophel and Stella*, and redeem from mannered sentimentality the endless pages of the *Arcadia*. Sidney, the radiant "Hesper-Phosphor" of the time of Elizabeth, fades in the brightness of that great morning, yet no radiance that follows is quite so clear and keen. He charmed by a sweet youthful gravity underlying a sweet youthful joyousness of nature. To Spenser doubtless he appeared to be the realized ideal of what Spenser admired more than any other earthly thing—the chivalric English gentleman. Sidney belonged to both the great movements of his century,

and he felt them to be in harmony one with the other. He belonged heartily to the Reformation ; he had the courage to appear prominently as an opponent of the French marriage ; he translated Philip of Mornay's treatise on the *Trueness of the Christian Religion*. He belonged heartily to the Renaissance, introducing into our prose literature the chivalric-pastoral romance, and engaging eagerly in the reform of versification and in the criticism of poetry. "The Muses met him," says Matthew Roydon, "every day upon Mount Parthenie," and taught him to say and sing ; there was in his face, says the same writer, "the lineaments of Gospel books." Sidney could perceive no feud between culture and religion, between the genius of art and the moral temper, between the Muses on "Mount Parthenie" and the Christian Evangelists.

In Sidney's reply to Gosson's attack on poetry he inquires what is the end or object of the life of man, and he answers—as Aristotle had answered in the *Nicomachean Ethics*—it is virtuous action. He compares, with reference to their tendency to lead men to an active virtue, three branches of human learning—philosophy, history, poetry ; and his contention is that to poetry must be assigned the highest place. Philosophy enlightens the intellect, but does not move the will ; it is weak in its influence on conduct because it deals too exclusively with abstract truth ; it lays down the rule, but omits to give the example. History fails for an opposite reason : it deals too exclusively with concrete fact ; it gives the example, but the example unilluminated by its principle. Poetry excels them both, giving as it does neither precept apart from example,

nor the example apart from the precept or principle, but both together ; and thus it not only enlightens the intellect, but vivifies the emotions and moves the will.

In the spirit of Sidney's *Apologie for Poetry* Spenser conceived and wrote the *Faery Queen*. It is an attempt to harmonize the three divisions of learning discussed by Sidney—history, moral philosophy, poetry ; and to make the first and second of these subserve the greatest of the three. The end of the whole is virtuous action ; Spenser would set forth an ideal of human character, and incite men to its attainment. He thought of his poem, while never ceasing to be a true poem, as if it were, in a certain sense, a study in ethics. One day Spenser's friend Bryskett in his cottage near Dublin gathered about him a circle of distinguished acquaintances, and conversing on the subject of ethics, which he wished were worthily handled in English, "whereby our youth might speedily enter into the right course of vertuous life," he turned to Spenser with an embarrassing request—that Spenser should forthwith proceed to deliver a discourse on the virtues and vices, and give the company a taste of true moral philosophy. Spenser naturally excused himself, and pleaded on his own behalf that, though he could not improvise a lecture on ethics, he had actually in hand a work which might in some sort satisfy his friend's desire : "For sure I am, that it is not unknowne unto you, that I have already undertaken a work tending to the same effect, which is in heroical verse under the title of a *Faerie Queene* to represent all the moral vertues, assigning to every vertue a Knight to be the patron and defender of the same, in whose actions and feats of arms and chivalry the opera-

tions of that vertue, whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten down and overcome."

"A poet at that time," says the Dean of St. Paul's, commenting on this passage, "still had to justify his employment by presenting himself in the character of a professed teacher of morality." But this is hardly in accordance with the facts. It was not as a professed teacher of morality that Chaucer had told his *Canterbury Tales*; it was not as a professed teacher of morality that Marlowe wrote his *Hero and Leander*, or Shakespeare his *Venus and Adonis*. "Every great poet," said Wordsworth, "is a teacher: I wish either to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing." May it not be that Spenser had higher thoughts than of justifying his employment? may not he, like Wordsworth, but unlike Chaucer and Marlowe, have really aimed at edification—such edification as is proper to a poet? "You have given me praise," Wordsworth wrote to John Wilson, "for having reflected faithfully in my poems the feelings of human nature. I would fain hope that I have done so. But a great poet ought to do more than this: he ought, to a certain degree, to rectify men's feelings, to give them new compositions of feeling, to render their feelings more sane, pure, and permanent, in short, more consonant to nature and the great moving spirit of things." To render men's feelings more sane, pure, and permanent—this surely was included in the great design of the *Faery Queen*; it was deliberately kept before him as an object by Spenser—"our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare to name a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."

How, then, should we read the *Faery Queen*? Is it poetry? or is it philosophy? Are we merely to gaze on with wide-eyed expectancy as at a marvellous pageant or procession, in which knights and ladies, Saracens and wizards, anticks and wild men pass before our eyes? or are these visible shows only a rind or shell, which we must break or strip away in order to get at that hidden wisdom which feeds the spirit? Neither of these things are we to do. The mere visible shows of Spenser's poem are indeed goodly enough to beguile a summer's day in some old wood, and to hold us from morning to evening in a waking dream. The ethical teaching of Spenser extracted from his poetry is worthy a careful study. Raphael drew his fainting Virgin Mother as a skeleton in his preparatory study, and the student of Raphael may well consider the anatomy of the figure, because whatever an artist has put into his work, that a critic may try to discover in it. So the moral philosophy of Spenser even apart from his poetry may rightly form a subject of study. But the special virtue of the *Faery Queen* will be found only by one who receives it neither as pageantry nor as philosophy, but in the way in which Spenser meant that it should be received—as a living creature of the imagination, a spirit incarnate, "one altogether," "of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting."

There are, indeed, portions of the *Faery Queen* which are not vital—which are, so to speak, excrementitious. In a short poem,—the expression of a moment of lyrical excitement,—a single line, a single word which is not vital, destroys the integrity of the piece. But a poem which has taken into itself the writer's entire mind

during long years cannot but be like a wide landscape that includes level with rise, and sandy patches with verdurous tracts. It seems inevitable that in such comprehensive works as the *Divine Comedy*, the *Paradise Lost*, the two parts of *Faust*, the *Faery Queen*, the stream of pure imagination should sometimes well out of rocky masses of intellectual argument or didactic meditation. The dullest portions of Spenser's poem are those in which he works with most self-consciousness, piecing together definite meanings to definite symbols ; where his love of beauty slumbers and his spirit of ingenuity awakes ; where his ideas do not play and part and gather themselves together and deploy themselves abroad, like the shifting and shredding of clouds blown by soft upper airs, but are rather cut out with hard edges by some process of mechanism. When in the "Legende of Temperance" the poet allegorizes Aristotle's doctrine that virtue is a mean betwixt the extremes of excess and of defect, our distaste for Elissa and Perissa would surely content the moralist, were it not that our feeling towards their virtuous sister is hardly less unfriendly. From the "Castle of Alma" we should not be ill-pleased if the master-cook, Concoction, and the kitchen-clerk, Digestion, were themselves ignobly conveyed away (if allegory would permit such a departure) by that nether gate, the Port Esquiline.

These lapses and declensions we may pardon and forget. Upon the whole the *Faery Queen*, if nothing else, is at least a labyrinth of beauty, a forest of old romance in which it is possible to lose oneself more irrecoverably amid the tangled luxury of loveliness than elsewhere in English poetry. Spenser's delight in the

beauty of external nature is often of a high-wrought and elaborated kind, and yet no poet has written a line of more faultless simplicity than that which tells how Calepine when recovered from his wound goes forth "to take the air and hear the thrush's song." But Spenser's rare sensibility to beauty would have found itself ill content if he had merely solitudes of nature, however fair, to contemplate. In his perfect joy in the presence of human beauty he is thoroughly a man of the Renaissance. The visions which he creates of man and woman cast a spell over their creator; they subdue and they exalt him; he cannot withdraw his gaze from the creatures of his imagination; he must satiate his senses with their loveliness; all his being is thrilled with a pure ecstasy as he continues to gaze. And what form of human beauty is there to which Spenser does not pay a poet's homage? Is it infancy? There is the babe rescued by Calepine from the bear's jaws. Spenser speaks of it as the knight's "lovely little spoil." Calepine takes it up in his two arms, and can hardly endure to hear its gentle moaning; he wipes away its tears, and cleanses its face, and searches every little limb, and every part under the swathe-bands, to be assured that the tender flesh is unhurt. Is it old age? There is that goodly sire who, blind himself, granted to Saint George a prospect of the New Jerusalem from his delectable mountain; keen of inward vision is the old man, though his earthly eyes are dim; he is bright in his extreme age with a visionary glory:

With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.

Is it manhood in all the superb vitality and grandeur of early adult years? There is Arthur as first seen by Una, riding towards her in resplendent armour, or Artegall as shown in the magic globe of glass to Britomart :

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
 A comely knight, all armed in complete wise,
 Through whose bright ventayle, lifted up on high,
 His manly face that did his foes agrise,
 And friends to terms of gentle truce entice,
 Lookt forth, as Phœbus face out of the East
 Betwixt two shady mountains doth arise,
 Portly his person was and much increast
 Through his heroic grace and honourable gest.

Or, if we look for a more youthful type of manly strength and grace, there is Calidore, knightliest of shepherds and milkmen, devoted to the service of Pastorella, Spenser's "shepherdess queen of curds and cream," his bright arms exchanged for a rustic weed, and his spear for a shepherd's hook :

So being clad, into the fields he went
 With the faire Pastorella every day,
 And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
 Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
 The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play ;
 And every evening helping them to fold ;
 And otherwhiles for need he did assay
 In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
 And out of them to presse the milke: Love so much could.

But more than any other form of beauty that of womanhood charms Spenser, renders his imagination (to use a favourite word of his own) "empassioned," or calms and completely satisfies it. There is Una, with face sad under her wimpled veil, yet, however sad, luminous like an angel's, and making, when stole and

fillet have been laid aside, "a sunshine in the shady place." There is Belphebe, no lily but a rose of chastity, the ideal of virginal freedom, vigour, health, and hardihood, her face clear as the sky, with the glow in it of the quickened blood, her eyes two living lamps, her broad ivory forehead a table for love to engrave his triumphs on, her voice resonant like silver, her moving fleet and firm, a boar-spear in her hand, her brown hair the lovelier for flowers and leaves of the forest which she has borne away in her speed. There is Britomart, of sterner virginal force, yet made for the love of Artegall, tall and large of limb, a martial maid. Let us remember Britomart as she appears when, roused from quiet sleep by the treachery of Malecasta,—now standing for a moment in snow-white smock, with locks unbound, her advanced sword in her hand, and now flying with the flame of wronged and insulted maidenhood in her heart at the dastard knights who would do her shame. And there is Amoret, the type of perfect womanhood, as Belphebe is of maidenhood; Amoret, brought up by Psyche in the garden of Adonis,—

To be the ensample of true love alone
And loadstar of all chaste affection;

Amoret, the most tried and true of wives, whom I like best to remember as pictured in the first form of the legend, rescued from the snares and tortures of the enchanter Busirane, and now lost in the happy secrecy of one long embrace :

Lightly he clipt her in his armès twaine,
And straitly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prison of sad pain,
Now the sweet lodge of love and dear delight

But the fair lady overcome quite
 Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
 And in sweet rapture poured forth her spright.
 No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
 But like two op'ning stocks in long embracements melt.

And there is Florinell, who seems like the spirit of some inland stream, but irresistibly drawn seaward by her bold lover, Marinell. And there is Serena, scarcely seen in her loveliness by the light of stars, unclothed upon the woodland altar and prepared for death. And there is Calidore's shepherdess maiden gathering strawberries in the greenwood—a sister of Shakspeare's Perdita. And there is Charissa, the fruitful mother, hung upon by her multitude of babes. And there is Dame Celia, the reverend lady of the "House of Holiness," who bows over Una, and embraces her with the protectiveness of age and experience towards youth. And there is Spenser's own Elizabeth, whom Sir Calidore espies encircled by the Graces, and danced around by the hundred naked maidens, lily white.

Now, this sensibility to beauty—the beauty of earth and sky, the beauty of man and woman—does it bring with it any peculiar dangers, any temptations and seductions? Every noble sensibility, every high faculty of man, it may be answered, brings with it some peculiar danger. Spenser certainly was conscious of risks attending this sensibility to beauty. Puritanism was also aware of these risks; and Puritanism, when it had attained to full strength, said, "Lest thy right eye offend thee straightway pluck it out." Spenser said, "See that it offend thee not." Ascetic in the best sense of that word Spenser assuredly was: he desired to strengthen every part of our nature by heroic disci-

pline, and to subordinate the lower parts to the higher, so that, if strong, they might be strong for service, not for mastery. But Spenser was almost as free as Wordsworth from asceticism in its evil sense, and for the same reason as Wordsworth. To Spenser and to Wordsworth it could not seem desirable to put out the right eye, because to both the eye was an inlet of divine things for the uses of the spirit. With respect to beauty, Spenser's teaching is that true beauty is always sacred, always ennobling to the spirit which is itself sane and pure, but the sensual mind will put even beauty to sensual uses. And he declares further that there is a forged or feigned beauty, which is no more than a fair illusion covering inward foulness and shame. The true beauty, according to Spenser, may be recognized by a certain illuminating quality; it is not mere pasture for the eye; rather it smites the gazer, long accustomed to the dimness of common things, as if with sudden and exquisite light; it is indeed a ray derived from God, the central Luminary of the universe.

But neither the Aristotelian doctrine of the mean, nor Platonic conceptions of love and beauty, serve best to protect and deliver us from the temptations of sense as set forth in Spenser's poetry. By his enthusiasm on behalf of the noblest moral qualities, by his strenuous joy in presence of the noblest human creatures—man and woman—Spenser breathes into us a breath of life, which has an antiseptic power, which kills the germs of disease, and is antagonistic to the relaxed fibre, the lethargy, the dissolution, or disintegrating life-in-death of sensuality. Any heroism of man or woman is like wine to gladden Spenser's heart; we see through the

verse how it quickens the motion of his blood. A swift, clear flame of sympathy, like an answering beacon lit upon the high places of his soul, leaps up in response to the beacon-fire of chivalric virtue in another soul, even though it be an imagined one, summoning his own. The enchantress Acrasia in her rosy bower is so bewitchingly fair and soft that it goes hard with us to see her garden defaced and herself rudely taken captive. Or it would go hard with us did we not know the faithfulness and soft invincibility of Amoret, the virgin joy and vigour of Belphœbe, the steadfastness and animating trust in Una's eyes,—or had we not beheld the face of Britomart shining beneath her umbriere like daydawn to a belated wanderer, and then all that is vain and false and sensual becomes to us what those ignoble knights of Malecasta were to the warrior virgin,—no more than shadows :

All were faire knights and goodly well beseene,
But to faire Britomart they all but shadows beene.

We have no need to inspect the rout of monsters degraded from manhood by Acrasia's witchcraft. Britomart has clean delivered us from Acrasia.

And so we are brought back to the statement that the high distinction of Spenser's poetry is to be found in the rare degree in which it unites sense and soul, moral seriousness and the Renaissance appetite for beauty. Herein lay his chief lesson for men of his own time. To incite and to conduct men to an active virtue is not only the express purpose of the *Faery Queen*, but as far as a poem can render such service, the *Faery Queen* doubtless has actually served to train

knights of holiness, knights of temperance, knights of courtesy. Spenser, although an ardent patriot of the time of Elizabeth, or rather because he was an ardent patriot, did not flatter his own age. He believed that the world had declined from its high estate, and fearing that things might tend to worse, he observed anxiously the wrong-doings of the time. He speaks very plainly in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* of vices in the court, the church, the army. He desired to serve his country and his age, as other great Englishmen were doing, and yet in his own proper way. Now, Spenser expected little—perhaps even less than Shakespeare—from the people; the doctrine of equality he held, as Shakespeare also held, to be a dangerous and misleading cry of demagogues; Spenser expressly argues against that idea in his "Legend of Justice." Liberty he held to consist in obedience to highest law; that people, he thought, is wise and happy which follows its appointed leaders. What Spenser's political faith would be, if he were now living, we may surmise, but cannot assert. Living in the age of great monarchies, he was monarchical and aristocratic. He admired heroic personalities, and he found some of these among the gentle and noble persons of England. He had known Sidney; he served under Lord Grey. When he conceived and planned this vast poem, of which only six out of the twenty-four contemplated books were written, it was with a design which doubtless seemed to Spenser the best suited and the most needful to his own time; his end, as he declared to Raleigh, was "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." He desired to see at the head of affairs in England a company of

noble Englishmen serving for no selfish ends, but following honour in the highest sense of that word—the “Gloriana” of the *Fairy Queen*.

Thus, with all its opulence of colour and melody, with all its imagery of delight, the *Fairy Queen* has primarily a moral or spiritual intention. While Spenser sees the abundant beauty of the world, and the splendour of man and of the life of man, his vision of human life is grave and even stern. For life he regards as a warfare, a warfare needing all our foresight, strength, and skill. Thus to a certain point Spenser’s conception of life may be said to be the Puritan conception; it is certainly the reverse of the Epicurean conception. Nor is the combat between good and evil in Spenser’s poem one in which victory is lightly or speedily attainable; the sustaining thought is that victory is possible. There is a well-known painting by Raphael of the Archangel Michael slaying the Dragon; the heavenly avenger descends like a young Apollo, with light yet insupportable advance, and in a moment the evil thing must be abolished. There is a little engraving by Albert Dürer which contrasts strangely with that famous picture. It represents the moment of St. George’s victory; the monster, very hideous and ignoble, has bitten the dust and lies impotent. But is the victor elated? He is too weary for much elation, too thankful that the struggle is ended; he rests for a short space, still mounted on his heavy German stallion; we can perceive that other combats await him, and that the battle with evil is a battle that lasts a lifetime. Spenser’s conception of the strife with wrong comes nearer to that of Dürer than to that of Raphael.

Among the elements of character which Spenser's ideal noble or gentle person must possess, he places godliness first—the religious spirit; and the religious spirit honoured by Spenser is not cloistered or contemplative; he does, indeed, assign a place to contemplation in the discipline of the soul, but the Knight of the Red-cross is, like other knights, sent forth by his mistress, the inspirer and prompter of honourable deeds, to achieve knightly victory over a monstrous evil. Man in relation to God being first studied, Spenser then proceeds to consider man in relation, so to speak, to himself; and the subject of the second book is temperance, or, as we might say, self-control. "Incontinence in anger," says Aristotle (*Nic. Eth.*, B. VII., chap. v.), "is less disgraceful than incontinence in appetite." And Spenser, following Aristotle, deals first with the less depraved form of incontinence. "People are called incontinent," says Aristotle, making a distinction between the scientific and the metaphorical use of the word, "even with respect to honour and gain." Spenser, again following Aristotle, leads his Knight of Temperance into the delve where Mammon lurks, sunning his treasure, and to Pluto's realm, where Queen Philotime, the patroness of worldly honour, as Gloriana is of divine honour, sits enthroned in glistening splendour. From temptations of the pride of life Sir Guyon passes on to temptations of the lust of the flesh—Phædria, mere wanton frivolity, a bubble on the Idle Lake, leading on to the enchantress Acrasia, subduer of so many stout hearts. With a tragic incident the second book of the *Faery Queen* opens—an incident which presents in all its breadth the moral theme of the legend. After

his first error through anger—being angry, as Aristotle would say, with the wrong person (for he is on the point of setting his lance in rest against his fellow-servant St. George)—Guyon, accompanied by the Palmer, hears the piercing cries of a woman in distress, and discovers the hapless Amavia lying upon the dead body of her husband, and bleeding to death from the stroke of her own hand. It is all the work of Acrasia. Mordant, the dead knight, had been the victim of her sensual snares; through his wife's devotion he had been delivered from them, and restored to his better self; but the witch had pronounced a spell:—

Sad Verse, give death to him that death does give,
 And losse of love to her that loves to live
 So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphē does linck.

Coming to a well, Mordant stooped and drank; the charm found its fulfilment, and of a sudden he sank down to die. "Probably," says the ingenious Boyd, "by the mortal sentence being executed 'when Bacchus with the Nymph does link,' may be meant one very common effect of intemperance, viz., dropsical complaints." O foolish commentator and slow of heart, has not Spenser himself explained that this is no mere stream of water, but a metamorphosed virgin, who, flying from the lust of Faunus, was changed by Diana into a fountain? Mordant, although he has escaped from the garden of Acrasia, still bears the sinful taint in his veins, and he is slain by the sudden shock of purity. So awful is innocence; so sure to work out their mischief, soon or late, are Acrasia's spells. Mordant, the strong man, lies a ruin of manhood because he could not resist pleasure; his gentle wife perishes

because she cannot with womanly fortitude endure pain. Both are the victims of intemperance; both die because they lack that self-control which forms the subject of the entire legend:

The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake through smart.

Guyon, with such piteous examples in view, must learn to resist alike the temptations of pleasure and of pain.

From a man's relation to God (Book I.) and a man's relation to himself (Book II.), the poem passes to his relations to his fellows. Chief among these is that between the sexes, the law of which is chastity. The representative of that virtue, the Knight of Chastity, is rightly a woman, and the name Britomart is chosen partly because this was a Cretan name for Diana. But by chastity Spenser means no cloistered virtue, and this Diana is the lover of Artegall. There is no chastity, Spenser would assure us, so incapable of stain as the heroic love of a magnanimous woman. Next follows the love of man for man—friendship. "Friendship," says Aristotle, "is the bond that holds states together, and lawgivers are even more eager to secure it than justice." Spenser accordingly gives friendship the precedence of the sterner virtue. We love one another, says Aristotle, either because we are useful to one another; or because we provide pleasure each for the other; or, finally, because "we wish well to one another as good men." "The perfect kind of friendship is that of good men who resemble one another in virtue" (*Nic Eth.*, Book VIII., chap. iii.,

§ 6). Spenser makes Aristotle's distinctions his own. Sir Blandamour and Paridell lay aside their wrath, and are accorded as friends for sake of mutual aid against the rival claimants of the false Florimell; it is an example of Aristotle's "accidental" friendship, founded on motives of utility; under it, says Spenser, lay hidden hate and hollow guile; nor can such friendship last long,—

For virtue is the band that bindeth hearts most sure.

The second kind of friendship described by Aristotle—that founded on motives of pleasure—is of a higher nature; yet even this is not the ideal friendship. Scudamour finds in the gardens of the Temple of Venus "thousand payres of lovers" (that is, of friends), who walk

Praying their God, and yeelding him great thanks,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotless pleasures and sweet loves content.
But, farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers linckèd in true harts consent;
Which lovèd not as these for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Far from all fraud or faynèd blandishment,
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore aspire.

It was the fashion of Spenser's time to do high honour to friendship. But doubtless one reason why he assigns it so important a place in his poem was that he had himself known the worth of friendship and tasted its delight. In one of the few letters of

his which are extant, he writes, when about, as he supposed, to leave England for the Continent: "With you I end my last Farewell, not thinking any more to write unto you before I go; and withal committing to your faithful credence the eternal memorie of our everlasting friendship, the inviolable memorie of our unspotted friendship, the sacred memorie of our vowed friendship." Having assigned its place to love, Spenser proceeds to determine the sphere and exhibit the action of justice. The sternness of Spenser in this fifth Book is remarkable. It may be a difficulty with some readers to bring into harmony with their conception of Spenser his emphatic approval of the terrible policy of Lord Grey, the hero of this book, towards the Irish people. Spenser was no dreamer; his *View of the State of Ireland* is full of precise information and practical suggestion. But towards the Irish people Spenser felt as an old Anglo-Indian might feel towards Sepoys in time of mutiny. Last of the existing Books of the *Faery Queen* is the legend of the courteous knight, Sir Calidore. And Spenser's chief thought on this subject is that true courtesy is not an accomplishment or an acquirement, but grows out of character, and is indeed the delicate flowering of a beautiful nature.

All these virtues are summed up in the one central virtue of Highmindedness (*μεγαλοψυχία*), or, as Spenser names it, Magnificence. "Indeed, greatness in every virtue or excellence," says Aristotle, "would seem to be necessarily implied in being a high-souled or great-souled man." But there is one thing, Aristotle goes on, about which the high-souled man is especially con-

cerned: "For desert has reference to external good things. Now, the greatest of external good things we may assume to be that which we render to the gods as their due, and that which people in high stations most desire, and which is the prize appointed for the noblest deeds. But the thing which answers to this description is honour, which, we may safely say, is the greatest of all external goods. Honours and dishonours, therefore, are the field in which the high-minded man behaves as he ought." And again: "High-mindedness, as we have said, has to do with honour on a large scale." Or, as Spenser puts it, Prince Arthur, his ideal of "Magnificence," is the lover of Gloriana.

Spenser's conception of life was Puritan in its seriousness; yet we think with wonder of the wide space that lies between the *Faery Queen* and our other great allegory, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. To escape from the City of Destruction and to reach the Celestial City is Christian's one concern; all his recompense for the countless trials of the way lies upon the other side of the river of death. His consuming thought is this: "What must I do to be saved?" Spenser is spiritual, but he is also mundane; he thinks of the uses of noble human creatures to this world in which we move. His general end in the poem is "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." "A grand self-culture," I have elsewhere said, "is that about which Spenser is concerned; not, as with Bunyan, the escape of the soul to heaven; not the attainment of supernatural grace through a point of mystical contact, like the vision which was granted to the virgin knight,

Galahad, in the mediæval allegory. Self-culture, the formation of a complete character for the uses of earth, and afterwards, if need be, for the uses of heaven,—this was subject sufficient for the twenty-four books designed to form the epic of the age of Elizabeth. And the means of that self-culture are of an active kind—namely, warfare,—warfare, not for its own sake, but for the generous accomplishment of unselfish ends." Bunyan, with whom the visionary power was often involuntary, who would live for a day and a night in some metaphor that had attacked his imagination, transcribed into allegory his own wonderful experience of terrors and of comfort. Spenser is more impersonal: he can refashion Aristotle in a dream. But behind him lies all the sentiment of Christian chivalry, and around him all the life of Elizabethan England; and from these diverse elements arises a rich and manifold creation, which, if it lacks the personal, spiritual passion of Bunyan's allegory, compensates by its moral breadth, its noble sanity, its conciliation of what is earthly and what is divine "A better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." We have seen to some small extent what Spenser sought to impress upon the mind of his own age. He strove, in his own way as poet, to make the national life of England a great unity,—spiritual, yet not disdaining earth or the things of earth. He strove, as far as in him lay, to breed a race of high-souled English gentlemen, who should have none of the meanness of the libertine, none of the meanness of the precisian. But the contending parties of the English nation went their ways—one party to moral licentiousness and political

servility, the other to religious intolerance and the coarse extravagances of the sectaries. Each extreme ran its course. And when the Puritan excess and the Cavalier excess had alike exhausted themselves, and England once more recovered a portion of her wisdom and her calm, it had become impossible to revert to the ideals of Spenser. Enthusiasm had been discredited by the sectaries until it had grown to be a byword of reproach. The orgies of the Restoration had served to elevate common decency into something like high virtue. After the Puritan excess and the Cavalier excess, England recovered herself not by moral ardour or imaginative reason, but by good sense, by a prosaic but practical respect for the respectable, and by a utilitarian conviction that honesty is the best policy.

“A better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.” Yet we are told by the Dean of St. Paul’s, that in giving himself credit for a direct purpose to instruct, Spenser “only conformed to the curiously utilitarian spirit which pervaded the literature of the time.” It is the heresy of modern art that only useless things should be made beautiful. We want beauty only in playthings. In elder days the armour of a knight was as beautiful as sunlight, or as flowers. “In unaffected, unconscious, artistic excellence of invention,” says one of our chief living painters,* “approaching more nearly to the strange beauty of nature, especially in vegetation, mediæval armour perhaps surpasses any other effort of human ingenuity.” What if Spenser wrought armour for the soul, and, because it was precious and of finest

* Mr. G. F. Watts.

temper, made it fair to look upon? That which gleams as bright as the waters of a sunlit lake is perhaps a breastplate to protect the heart; that which appears pliant as the blades of summer grass may prove at our need to be a sword of steel.

III. CERTAIN ASPECTS OF THE 'FAERY QUEEN,' AND SOME OF THE OTHER POETRY OF SPENSER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM B. PHILPOT, M.A., AUTHOR OF 'A POCKET OF PEBBLES.'

MY good friend Dr. Grosart has asked me to take an instrument in his band of Essayists and Annotators on Spenser. "Say for me," he wrote, "how Spenser strikes *you* as a poet." I suppose, as Socrates laid hold of the menial of Menon, he calls a "country parson" from the vasty deep of rural duties (and one given, as he knows, more or less to rural ditties) in order to learn, if he can, something of what the common ruck of readers feel that we owe to this Chief-Singer in the Land.

This command to say how Spenser strikes *me*, places it quite beyond my province to square-up-to and strike Spenser, or to play upon any features of his which might seem to fail here and there of the measure of the beauty of the Poet—a head on which, moreover, enough thumps and to spare have been heaped already both by dead and quick. Nor need I ever, in walking through his "delightful land of poesy"—a dreamland, in which slumber may be pardoned—stand with the reader over this sweet poet "*Iudo fatigatumque somno,*"

wearied with the very pains which he has taken to please us, and as Horace had the face to treat Homer, twit him with a "dormitas." Besides, Poets never strike us in their sleep.

Leaving it to others, as provided for by our Editor, to examine critically and broadly the "Characteristics" of Spenser as a Poet, to expound his "Teaching," and to expatiate on his "Introspection," I hope to limit myself, in the main, to calling attention to "Some Aspects of the *Faery Queen* and his other Poetry," wherein also I must, alas! leave alone much that I should like to say.

I may not enter on Spenser's "words": with those Professor Angus is fully to deal; but perhaps I may pause for a few moments over his *lines*.

Wandering through this rich and rare garden, I venture to offer a posy of cut flowers. Here is one:—

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft.
(*F. Q.*, II. xii.)

The whole stanza gives us an inimitable imitation of the music of the sea. How wonderful he is in the translation of sounds into words!—hear these lines (Book I., Canto i.):—

And more, to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down
And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixed with a murmuring wind, much like the soun
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon.

Cf. Vergil, "Ecce supercilio," etc. Hark the sounds in the "Bower of Bliss" (II. xii.), and the "heavenly noise" at the close of Book I.—lines that well set forth the charm of his own verse. Pray, dear reader,

find time to read what I have not space to write.
Note again—

All was blown away of the wavering wind.
(*Shepherd's Calendar.*)

Is not this, among evenfooted lines, as though the wind had blown the very words about? Listen to the “dying fall” in the following:—

Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears were water.
(*Book VI., Canto vii.*)

What weariness there is in the line

Their hearts were sick, their sides were sore, their feet were lame.

See, again, how his words can trip and keep step with a Bride:—

When forth from virgin bower she comes i' the early morn.

But I have extracted a thousand such lines—too much sweet poesy for my posy.

Much might be said as to the characteristic value of the Alexandrine. Craik (vol. iii., p. 129) has analysed the stanza, showing its origin, and its originality in the musical charm of its final line. The variety in the fall of it saves it from monotony, while imparting to it a monotone as of the sea. The changes rung upon it are endless. This is the usual run of it:—

And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent.

Ne none can backward turn that once are gone amiss.

And talked of pleasant things the night away to wear.

To bear unto her love the message of her mind.

With such compare these—which no less have six iambi, but which, like the waters at Lauterbrunnen,

seem twice to pause and fall in the air, before they drop into the current of their canto :—

(Armies of lovely looks, and speeches wise)
 With which thou canst | e'en love himself | to love entise.
 That even heaven | rejoicèd her | fair face to see.
 Like coals | that through | a silver cen | ser spark | led bright.
 In which he hath | great glory won, | as I hear tell.
 Through all the hills | and valleys did | before him fly.
 Like scattered chaff, | the which the wind | away doth fan.

But half the beauty is shorn from a line which is shorn from the poem. A flower suffers with its wounded stalk ; and no lock of hair, though carefully braided in a costly ring, has the sweetness it had when it hung playing over its native forehead.

How ill the mere *ottava rima* would have served the needs of this pure, eternal teacher, is shown by its admirable aptitude to the purposes of Byron. It is just long enough to point a joke, or give some turn, which the last line, being no longer than the rest, carries off lightly. That last longer line, added with genuine intuition by Spenser, is that which mainly imparts to the stanza its impressive solemnity. No doubt our Milton fully felt this when he pressed it into the sacred service of his Christmas hymn. Hear also how well it suits the epigram or aphorism :—

Die, rather than do ought which mote dishonour yield.
 Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

Like the last of a chime, such lines sink deep into ear and soul, leaving their echoes—

A silver sound that heavenly music seems to make.

To a poet there must be something infinitely comic

in much of what the critics say about metres, tragic and other. Who shall lay down all the laws of the fitful winds of feeling, which come and go as they list? Godofred Hermann, in his Teutonic desire to go to *Grund*, in his 'Epitome' of what he calls *doctrina metrica*, after giving you twenty-four chapters and 703 sections about the changes which have been rung on the cadence of verse, falls back in the last chapter, wearied of analysis, on poems—and those perhaps the sweetest—in which no mortal German can find any law at all. All that he has laid down about all the metres, from heroics to parapæonics, has only been what he has arrived at from poring over what the poets—a lawless lot, or a law unto themselves—have loved to play forth. So the bards have it all their own way from first to last! If haply the measure into which they break be felt by humanity to be out of measure inhuman, why, then, except they can persuade humanity to believe in them (which, alas! they often do), such poems soon die a natural death, and that spool winds itself out. We may well, however, hear what Godofred has to say of that measure rightly called "heroic," to which Spenser, after Boccace, has but given, with that prolonged close which makes the stanza his own, the break and change which was needed for its perfection. "The variety of its limbs gives this verse capacity for infinite repetition without becoming displeasing, while it is suitable to the setting forth of things most diverse"—a liberty which a master among those who know, is careful to vindicate for poets. The first heroic line, it may be remembered, is stated by Pausanias; as I am informed by Alexandre (*De Ora.*

Sibyll.), to have been cooed by a pigeon—and a very superior pigeon it was :—

Ζεὺς ἦν, Ζεὺς ἔστι, Ζεὺς ἔσσεται ὦ μεγάλε Ζεῦ.
Γὰ καρπὸς ἀνιέι διὸ κλήζετε μητέρα γαῖαν.

And all the successors of this primal Homer have sung, and will ever sing, more or less, as the mood of the moment has led them, like children that dance in a meadow.

These brief remarks on Spenser's line, and on metres in general, lead me to dwell next—not now on those "dapper ditties" of his, so sweet and natural, but upon *his stanza*; and this, not so much for the beauty of the ideas which most of these convey, as for the aptitude of their form to convey beauty. Hallam remarks that the Spenserian stanza "is particularly inconvenient and languid in narration, where the Italian octave is sprightly and vigorous; though even this," he adds, "becomes ultimately monotonous by its regularity—a fault from which only the ancient hexameter and our blank verse are exempt." Well: *chacun à son goût*. How any one could say this—at least one who had not read the *Idylls of the King*—I cannot imagine. The above poems are of the right length for blank verse, and leave nothing to be desired. They so carry all of us along with their affecting interest, that, whenever I read them to my people, it requires the utmost self-mastery lest *flentibus adflectam*. In solitude they quite break me down, so that I have to shake the natural drops from my knuckles—a lamentable weakness to which I find not many other non-dramatic poems reduce me. But our late great critic had, besides Milton, only such poems as Young's

Night Thoughts, Polloks *Course of Time*, Cowper's *Task*, *et id genus omne*. How could he say that blank verse in a long poem, even in the mighty hands of a Milton, was in its nature apt to be exempt from monotony? Rather, when he so well says that "even Virgil and Tasso do not hang with such a tenderness of delight, with such a forgetful delay, over the fair creations of their fancy" as Spenser does, I should be disposed to say that this "linked sweetness" was favoured and enhanced by the form into which his fancy fell. Even the *Epithalamium*, than which Hallam knew "no other nuptial song, ancient or modern, of equal beauty," is made in a kindred stanza, only longer drawn-out; and owes its supreme charm to the change into the full diapason of that last long line, which we have seen to be our poet's characteristic in the stanza to which he has given his name. But is it fair to compare the English stanza or sonnet with the Italian in respect of music? It has always struck me that the former can gain but slight charm from the rhyme when delayed beyond the third line; for the ear has partly forgotten the likeness. Whereas in the Italian, rhyme or no rhyme, or come the rhyme where or when it list, the very language is all bound to be music. If it be brought against the sonnet that it requires, like olives, an acquired taste; and that, while its law binds it to one main idea, it is hard not to seem to elabour that idea to commensure the conventional length—a matter, methinks, depending somewhat upon him who wields the goose-quill; it may be said for the *stanza* in question that the lack of five lines favours concentration, or at least lays the poet less open to the temptation

of "words, words." Yet the sweet idea which wanders through its thought finds ample scope, where need is, to rise, and fall, and rise again, as though loth to die—and often in the last line to lift itself from the gates of death. Alas! I have small space to quote. But step anywhere into this paradise, and of all the trees of the garden thou mayst freely eat. Or you may go where Craik has selected from their scattered homes, and collected into a three-chambered gallery, some of the best pictures of this great Artist-Poet.

I forewarn the reader that in this cruise of pleasure—too brief to permit much art of steering—I may, perchance, tack about a little. And if I am to say how Spenser strikes me, it is obviously out of my power to say when, or in what order, his hits may fall!

Our poet shows every now and then—as, for example, in *Muiopotmos*—a power of noting and painting small bits of nature, with a microscopic brush. Take this :—

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border, etc., etc.

Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie ;
Now in the same bathing his tender feet ;
And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry, etc., etc.

The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down wherewith his back is dight,
His broad outstretched horns, his hairy thighs,
His glorious colours and his glistening eyes.

Also the picturing here, delicate as the web which it photographs :—

More subtil nets Arachne cannot spin ;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in the air more lightly flee.

And in another place he speaks of "the veil of silk and silver thin" in which the witch is "arrayed, or rather disarrayed." As far as I know, this miniature work is unequalled till we come to Grasby Vicarage and Charles Tennyson Turner's "Sonnet to the Gossamer-light" (p. 307).

I have not very carefully searched, but I only find one little sign that Spenser had read Æschylus, who seems somehow to have been then generally neglected. The book in which Guyon found the story of Prometheus was apparently not the *Δεσμώτης*; nor does More place him among the poets of Eutopia. Spenser says, "as things wiped out with a sponge do perish": this may be from *βολαῖς ὑγρώσων σπόγγος ὤλεσεν γραφήν* (*Agam.* 1329). (But I own that Spenser had his own washstand to suggest his images.) There is something however of the power of that vast sombreness of Æschylean mystery in *this*, among other pictures:—

And now the eventide
His broad black wings had through the heavens wide
By this dispread.

(Query: was "by this" a Hibernicism got from "Mulla mine"?)

If, however, you want a touch of strong drawing, take the following:—

And bit his tawny beard to show his raging ire.

In the metre of *Mother Hubbard's Tale* you find his poetry to be notably less effective than when he writes in his own stanza. On the other hand, that is better adapted for schooling and scourging the errors and follies of the time, which he does with scathing

delicacy—with a scourge of small cords, but sufficiently knotted, one would think, to turn them out of the Temple.

The run of the following lines—

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring ;
 No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit ;
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing ;
 No song, but did contain a lovely ditt—

has a flow of the words which tradition delivers from St. John—which go something like this (as far as I remember, for to me they were handed down by A. P. S.): “Every hill shall have a thousand vines, every vine a thousand clusters, every cluster a thousand grapes.”

We can hardly fail to note that ideas and expressions which were to sink into the ear and language of Milton run throughout. See, for instance, the description of Satan, “swindging of the dragon’s tail,” the “softly sliding” down of white-robed Peace ; and much more.

There is hardly any stanza of *Childe Harold*—written in the Spenserian stanza—more belauded than that description of Cintra “The cork-trees hoar” etc. (Francis Newman quotes it in his learned preface to his translation of the *Iliad*.) The *Faery Queen* has many such :—

High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres, etc.
 The painted flowers ; the trees upshooting-high,* etc.
 The dales for shade ; the hills for breathing space, etc.

* See also the catalogue of trees in Book I., c. i.

Thus he loves to heap up the details of a picture by a kind of sorites of terms.

His similes are after the grand, set manner of Homer and Vergil:—

Like as a lion mongst a herd of deer, etc.

Like a wild bull that being at a bay, etc.

Like as a huswife, that with busy care, etc.

As when a cast of falcons make their flight, etc.

Like as a wayward child, whose sounder sleep, etc.

As when the flashing levin haps to light, etc.

And each of these similes, we find, runs through its stanza.

There is something very Sophoclean about this:—

Nought under Heaven so strongly doth allure

As Beauty's lovely bait

And mighty hands forget their manliness,

Drawn with the power of a heart-robbing eye,

And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress, etc.

Cf. Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχην, κ.τ.λ.

See what a happy paradox is here:—

Great Nature ever young, yet full of old;

Still moving, yet unmoved from her stead;

Unseen of any, yet of all beheld.

What can be more simply beautiful and wise than this talk of Melibee to Corydon? (VI. ix.):—

In vain, said then old Melibee, do men

The heavens of their fortune's fault excuse;

Stth they know best what is the best for them;

For they to each such fortune do abuse.

As they do know each can most aptly use.
 For not that which men covet most is best
 Nor that the worst which men do most refuse ;
 But fittest is that all contented rest
 With that they hold ; each hath his fortune in his breast.
 It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor, etc., etc.

Could all the select preachers better set forth the
 "great gain" ?

Here, ye gentlemen and ladies of England, is a
 fine lesson for *you* :—

What virtue is so fitting for a knight,
 Or for a lady whom a knight should love,
 As Courtesy ; to bear themselves aright
 To all of each degree as doth behove ?
 For, whether they be placed high above,
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
 Their good ; that none them rightly may reprove
 Of rudeness for not yielding what they owe ;—
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Perhaps we shall not have so much unparliamentary
 —or rather I might say parliamentary—language, when
 the courtesy of Spenser has been more generally
 studied by our households and their representatives.

In his power of lavish indignation and wrath
 we can see a quarry which was well worked by
 Shakespeare.

I have not seen it surmised—but I suppose it must
 have been—that our dramatist, in the scene of Lady
 Macbeth's nightwalk, had in memory, consciously or
 not, the vain efforts of Guyon "by washing oft and
 oft" to cleanse the bloody hands of that babe. Or had
 either, both—or neither poet read in the *Æd. Tyr.*
 οἶμαι γὰρ οὐτ' ἄν Ἰστρον, κ.τ.λ.?

Perhaps also "our pleasant Willy" had ringing in his ear those solemn lines on the Mount of Olives—

for endless memory
Of that dear Lord who oft thereon was found

Or

The dear remembrance of his dying Lord

and other such, when he penned lines of like affection ;
as

the season
When in our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time ;

or when he seemed to bend with affectionate reverence over the ground trodden by "the dear Redeemer's feet." Such touches of Nature make our poets kin.

It would be interesting to draw out how those times of discovery and naval adventure dominated Spenser's fancy and took captive his spirit. Though sometimes at the end of his canto he looses with Vergil the smoking necks of his steeds, yet it is more often, as at the end of Book I.—

Now strike your sails, ye jolly mariners, etc. ;

and note at the beginning of Book II.—

But let that man with better sense advise
That of the world least part to us is read ;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered, etc.

Nor did he make his trips across St. George's Channel without bringing an eye for all he saw of the "frothy billows." There is something very natural and lifelike in the weariness, as of one coming into port,

with which he closes the cantos ; and in the spirit, as of one setting sail, with which he begins them. In fact, the poet imagines himself bent, like a Ulysses, or a Drake, on some such voyage into all the shores and ports, all the creeks and outlandish places, both of humanity and fairyland. Nor perhaps was it without a sense of this, that our valued Worsley, taken off, like his model, before he had fully bloomed, turned the *Odyssey* into the Spenserian stanza. And if any question the course which Spenser's voyaging took, as wild, incongruous, and improbable beyond licence—is there not a cause? If we admit any unknown and inscrutable agency of angel or spirit, as most do—if we allow the mysterious workings of infinite causes amidst strange effects in the solemn movements of the inner life, as all must do—why, then, without going further afield, you have the data upon which a poet, preserving the great truths, may create a world of his own and impose his own names and modes on the creatures of his choice. It were perhaps more interesting, certainly more sweet and agreeable, to roam with Una through the woods, than to float with Belinda on the Thames (especially before the drainage of "Augusta" was taken nearer to the Nore!). And if any of the matter of this great poem be such as our modern modes would reject as having fallen irrecoverably out of fashion, yet the best parts (which, as Todd observes, are his own) are κτήμα ἐς αἰῶν—a possession for ever. I remember seeing, when a boy, the remains of some rich and noble personage, said to have been a queen, lying outstretched in her coffin of stone, like the skeleton of the king found by Arthur in that mountain solitude by the

dark tarn—the form from whose head he took that diamond-set crown. There were her imperial bones; and from her imperious brow—the last of our dust which perishes—still black and dank hung her tresses. But the rubies round it, the sapphires of her necklace and the amethysts of her armlets, still shone forth as genuine and bright as when they flashed from her beauty, while she stepped before the eyes of the gay assemblies which had long ago gone down with her to the dust. So with this royal poem. Whatever may now be felt to be fleeting, grotesque, fantastic, or modish in style, fashion, or language—whatever, in fact, there may seem to be in it that can fade—there still shine out untarnished from its majestic remains the gems which sparkled for the delight of the court and people of Elizabeth.

Having said thus little of the line, the metre and the stanza, and having acknowledged with my pen's point some places in which I have been touched by this consummate master, let us again take ship and launch forth awhile into some further thoughts about the aim, the tone, and the idea of our Poet. And if, tacking hither and thither, we still voyage whithersoever the mood may carry us, perhaps it is the wandering spirit of Spenser himself that touches the tiller! It were hardly legitimate to treat in set phrase and orthodox order of one so loosened from law.

When a poet comes to recognise a world within himself—which he may adapt to, which he may stretch over to, by which he may give life to, the outside world in which he recognises himself to be—then he will either choose a subject, or content himself with the murmur-

ings of the moment, as the winds of occasion touch the strings of those *Æolian* harps which lie ever willing for music in all the lattices of his mind. Habitude has given him facility. Versed in varied modes of utterance, ancient and modern, he has, I dare say, no need to cut down, fill up, measure or count out, his lines and his feet. Forth spring his words from the germinating idea which lights upon him—and so the song, the hymn, the ballad, the sonnet, or what not, is made or ever he is aware. It has done its first work, if it has pleased himself. If having thrown it off, and thrown it aside, he at any time find it again, and if it chance to please him again—why, then perhaps he affectionately adorns it as he can, polishing it to the nail (whereby he is like enough to scratch it across the grain, or dull by his fingering any pretty lights upon its wings); and so he leaves it ready, if ever any should seem sanely to wish for it, to fly forth from “the wells where it did lie.” Or it may be that this strange and strong desire for the fellow-feeling of our fellow-creatures, which accounts for all books not written for the need or the love of the circulating medium, may become a means of its circulation. Except indeed they be songs purposely made for persons in plays, this is how those minor poems arise, which often have the maximum of merit. It would, however, be interesting to know which of such songs have been transplanted into scenes from these little nurseries or hothouses in which, as bedding-out plants, the mental gardener had raised them.

But when a poet contemplates a great—I mean a large poem, then his meditative soul looks all round him for a platform on which to play forth at will his views

of life and of the time. Many, perhaps most, poets would, I suppose, write dramas, but for that need of tackling with the technicalities of the stage, for which hours of leisure or business-like habits are rarely forthcoming. Moreover, the wayward genius hates to have his wings clipped to fly round those circles which can be known only to a Manager.

If, however, your poet find or make for himself a non-theatrical stage whereon to work, he can then bring in what characters from time to time may please him ; and thus he gains scope and verge enough to vent what he has to say on all the things which move him most, or may seem to him most needful or fitting to be said about men and things in general. And it little matters whether he take a great war, or the doings and wanderings, passions and vicissitudes, of a great hero ; or, on any transparent pretext, the great and wide sea of humanity in which are things moving innumerable—both small affairs and great.

Now, what was Spenser's *idea* in his *Faery Queen* ? It were worthy of more special and detailed pains than I have seen bestowed upon it, to mark the work done by this great master in advancing the English character and developing the kingdom of God ; I mean, in raising our insular humanity—and therein, when time was riper, much continental and colonial life—towards its destined model. This, I confess, to me, first for my own sake, and then for that of "men my brothers," is the prime source of an eternal delight in Edmund Spenser.

Here, spread before his consciousness, lay those outer and inner worlds—Paradise lost in both, and

in both regained—regained *for* man, ideally and by Exemplar, but not yet *by* men in the lightening of their daily and hourly toil and moil. To help this consummation forward by all his faculties—what nobler end could any poet ever compass? And with gratitude has this been felt by most of the good critics that I have read. Palgrave, I see, closes his learned and able notice in this edition by a fine eulogy, as you will see, to the like purport. William Rossetti, meagre as his *Life of Spenser* is, notes that the *Faery Queen* stands alone of very great poems beside the *Divina Commedia*, in taking the illustration of spiritual virtue for its direct theme. All the sweet birds of the pure air of our poet's mind came and flocked under the branches of this great tree of the Saviour's Faith; and to drive thence all doleful creatures, all things that offend, was his work. He recognised himself as a man blest with the noblest leanings, and full of the best powers of our nature; nor was anything human alien from the mission with which he felt himself charged.

All the world of his *Faery Queen* is a stage; and all his men and women are knights and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses, good and bad—none indifferent; and all influences are at work among them, whether of “goblins damned” or of “spirits of health.” It is all a true picture of life, to those who read between the stanzas—life which is one battlefield of wild and, individually speaking, of doubtful strife, with its dangers, its safeguards, and its adventures; in which Arthur and the chosen apostles of Virtue go about “making amity” and doing good. And whether

this be done in drama or in allegory, matters in effect but little.

In this dreamland, where but few images are vain, the scenes and the personages come and go, form, dissolve, and re-form—as the spirit of the dream swells and narrows, and again opens out into *διέξοδοι* of winding avenues and visionary vistas—while all goes to the solemn accompaniment of an unearthly music, as in some vast and dim cathedral where you cannot see the choir. I remember Dean Stanley telling of some such dream that he had of the infinite lavender columns and long-drawn aisles of St. Peter's. Music falls in ancient lines, and the whole atmosphere is pervaded with dying and reviving melodies.

In the very tempest and whirlwind of emotion, wild with all passionate longings and infinite regrets, there is yet begotten a moderation which is far from frigidity, while all is presided over by a sanity not unduly self-conscious—in marked contrast to the turgid pedantry of many before and after him, who were but sorry poets. It might be amusing, though not edifying—it certainly would carry one far *a musis*—to exhibit this in the remains of those poetasters, so well taken off in the drama-scene in *Hamlet*; by whom the epithets, metaphors, and allusions are lugged in *accratiim*—*ἡδύσματα* served up as *ἐδέσματα*, confects and sweetmeats brought in as *pièces de résistance*—which made the grave Stagirite smile at Alcidamas.

Some critics complain that in the *Faery Queen* you never know where you are. Goodness me! can any one suppose that the poet ever *meant* him to know where he was? or that he, Edmund Spenser, was sitting

down to write a consecutive biography of Artegal, compiling a history of Duessa from the *Newgate Calendar*, or the annals of Belphebe from the *Court Journal*? Was not his story but the tangled tale of human life? The poem had not been descriptive of this, had it not itself been like a tangled wood. For in this strange, eventful life of ours, who ever knows where he is? All a man may know is, that, come what may, he is under the ægis of the Invisible—living and moving, both now and always, safely under the feathers of Immortal Love. The whole recital of our poet is but the reflex of an existence in which no man knows what perils, what adventures, what calls of duty a day may bring forth. What man or woman knows, starting forth on any morning, what he or she may have to do, or what he or she may have to suffer? Here is a grand allegory—for in that time an Epopœia was nothing if it was not allegorical: nay, if Plutarch divines it truly, allegory is both useful and pleasant for all time, and Bunyan will be read when Macaulay is forgotten—here is an allegory, highly paregoric, teeming with great examples. Spirits of men and women, dependent on the Highest, go forth, clad in the whole armour of the continuous God who abides as our Armourer from generation to generation, doing without fear or fail the very things which each Christian has to do in his own way—proving manliness, redressing wrongs, setting right a disjointed time, seeing that the poor and needy have what is fair, pushing back the heathen, making mild a rugged people; and, though he suffer like a Prometheus and the Jesus, subduing them to the useful and the good—until the “kingdom come.” When you know where

you are, and what at any hour you may be called to bear or do in this tangled wilderness of a corrupt and transitory world, you may then expect to know where you are when you read the *Fairy Queen*!

We may thankfully feel that each man is special in his make; but it is rarely that down hither a spirit like Spenser is breathed from the bosom of God—one who combines omnipresent insight, limitless apprehension, omnitenacious memory, free imagination and command of lordly music, with industrious care to pour forth this inner life. Still more rare is it to possess in our humanity a soul, who, having these gifts, makes it his main purpose to lay them all out, as I have noted, for the highest end—the glory of God and the building up of the Master's kingdom. It would be highly interesting, but for me here too long a task, to gather from the poems and prefaces of immortal writers splendid passages in which they proclaim this to be their earnest aim; but none that I know of—either Dante, Froissart, Tasso, Raleigh, Milton, or even our peerless Peer in his dedication of *In Memoriam* to the “strong Son of God, immortal Love”—has done so with more avowed design than Spenser. Not only does he set this forth in his letter to Raleigh, but in all the “fierce warres and faithful loves” which “moralise his song,” you are shown, as Kitchin has well put it, “the struggles of the human soul after holiness and purity, under the guidance of ‘Gospel truth.’” You are made “aware of the Christian warrior, who, with many temptations and some downfalls, wins his heavenly way over the vanquished bodies of sins and temptations, ‘clad in the whole armour,’ without which, says the poet, he could

not succeed in that enterprise." To show how Spenser works this out were beyond my present tether; but I cannot help saying what good service has been done by the Clarendon Press for the living "Great lady of the greatest Isle" in having, under the practised guidance of its editor, opened up to the minds and spirits of her boys and girls these "pictures of true nobility of soul in man and woman," together with "the intrinsic baseness and misery of selfishness and vice," giving them "lessons of religious and moral truth, and setting before their young and fervent imagination the beauty and chivalrous elevation of what is good and the degradation of what is evil": a poem

bravely furnished all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of hope and youth,—

in which the poet sings, "with golden stars above," of "what the world will be," and what the rising race may help it to be, "when the years have died away."

Laudate, pueri!

There is no nearer way of estimating Spenser's true value and importance to England, than by imagining what a calamity it would have been to our youth, if Spenser, with all that warmth of feeling and wealth of fancy, had been one to take for his hero, not Arthur, a prince of the Prince—by whose side Amoret was "always safe"—but some reckless libertine; just as we may see, *alteruando*, what a blessing it might have been, to the purifying—in lieu of a curse, to the putrefaction—of his time, if Lord Byron had not let his power go into captivity and his beauty into the

enemy's hand—inspired by Archimago and bewitched by Duessa.

In our poet, what phase of life, what time of life, is left unpictured? Old men and maidens, young men and children, girls and grandams—are they not all set forth at their best? We may say of him, as he says of the old man who remembered the infancies of Nestor and Mathusalem, "This man of infinite remembrance was" and "laid up all things in his immortal shrine."

On everything which is good and beautiful, brave and joyous, lovely and sweet, pure and of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, on these things you are led to think. You have seas and mountains, forests and lakes, shade and sunshine, night and morning, dew, flowers, birds, rivers and rainbows, the courses of Nature, and the march of the seasons and months. All the sweet influences of sun and moon and stars flow in: *celi enarrant*—the heavens are telling. Grace and beauty pass before us in all the music of motion. Wars are here, and popular rejoicings, palaces and wastes, cities and universities, all chambers of imagery and regions of phantasy—while Love is in and over all. Lastly, when all earthly sources of comfort and pleasure are withered and up-dried, here is the Tree of Life for all to take shelter under, and the Well of Life for all to quaff. You may find these, and far more, in the *Faery Queen*—a title playfully inadequate, and serving ill to set forth the weighty tenour of its intent.

It is as though he had made his own the glass which Merlin gave to Ryence, and had held it up to all nature, all history, and all poetry of the past;

wielding by his genius and welding into his purpose all the lore of legend. This poem is like that mountain-lake where Arthur found the diamond-set crown, gathering all the rills, and imaging all the heavens and all the hills.

Or else you may liken the *Faery Queen* to some mighty tree flourishing in our British humanity, *quantum ad cælum, tantum ad Tartara*. The stupendous magnificence of the arms, the flowing grace of the branches, the tapering delicacy of the sprays (like fingers of some high-born lady), the tender leafage that dances on each as light and as high as dance it can—all that we see up yonder in the air is only the outward and visible sign of the depth of the branchery of the rootage, and the infinite down-fibring of that power of insight and knowledge whereby "Ed. Sp." up-drew for his nourishment and for ours so much of all there then was to be read and known in the world. For he was like Calchas, that chaplain of the Greek forces—

ὅς ἤδη τὰ τ' εἶοντα—τὰ πρὸ τ' εἶοντα.

And as our forefathers valued an oak by the number of estimable fellow-creatures that could crowd beneath it to batten and fatten on its fallen acorns, which autumn and the wind shook down, so, if we only reckon the poets who from time to time have thriven under him, Spenser verily was a tree of no little mark in the land.

That was truly a sweet bird, who thus gave so many keynotes to the best melodies of our mother-tongue; honouring the infinite well-spring of life and thought; while he poured forth in purest music all the undula-

tions of our deepest and truest emotions, attuning all those influences which sweeten the world's imagination, and make and keep our humanity limpid and our lives fresh. *Beati immaculati*. These "Hymns of Heavenly Beauty and of Heavenly Love"—will they not live and move in our literature when all the drunken ribaldries of lower ranges of feeling, and all the mere animal inspirations of form and touch, will have proved themselves null, void, and phantasmal—like drink-songs raved by some savage on the rapids, while his canoe is already within the suck and the seethe of the precipice of the fall? Of such like the memory shall perish with them. They shall reap the corruption which they have sown. For a time must come when those who, with morbid curiosity, may rake them from their *immondessaio*, will wonder that there ever lived a generation who fancied they could find in the dismal swamp of their sinfulness anything beautiful at all.

Of Shakespeare himself, peerless otherwise in the poet's pleasaunce, it were almost an even problem to ask, whether the man who could give forth such flashing and oracular splendours of beauty and of truth, could have had a soul which was not quite high and holy; or whether on the other hand he who could stoop now and then to tickle the ears of the groundlings as he did, could have in reality cared very much for the growth of that kingdom which is "first pure." Times, I grant, differ; and humanity did not profess to be so refined even as now. With Spenser, however, there can be no such question. He was vivid, certainly, as his age allowed, in his picturing; but, remembering his final cause, we must see that he was bound to

make the enchantress enchanting. Yet on the whole view he sets himself before all things to hold the Catholic—and herein mainly the purer and reformed Faith, which except a man try to hold pure and undefiled—we know the rest. He saw that, except poets and teachers taught men so, society would without doubt perish everlastingly. Thus he was salt in his country and a light in his world. Taking the flower of chivalry, courtesy, and justice to show forth the Ideal King who was above all the Flower and Seedvessel of our humanity—he made it his magnificent task to do what in him lay to draw all who should read him up to the Father of all. *Beatus vir qui non abiit*. As for those praises of his Royal Lady, it must be borne in mind that she also was an Ideal.

How various in their possibilities and opportunities are the minds of men, live when they may! There are those who have a full reservoir of only what is common to the species, but who, save in disorderly and muddy bursts, cannot, happily, flow their stagnants forth in ink. Other such have a vast power of utterance, and, though they have little that is worthy to be uttered, are as voluble as those should be who have much. There are those again who have rich store of pure and wholesome gatherings, which they draw by their *καθύδρῳι πόταμοι* at every elbow and turn from the everlasting hills; but, alas! constrained in their own selves, they are pent up, as those should be whose vulgar passions flow forth so freely. Either from want of energy or of early habitude, or from undue self-consciousness, or shamefacedness, or some other wile of

the Enemy, they hide their righteousness in their heart—which a royal poet once disclaimed as a sin. Others, too, have many of these defects without those compensations. But the Life-source now and again sends down out of His unseen reservoir of vitality spirits who, from clear lakes of infinite genius, ever freshened by celestial supply, and by the springs that run among those hills, have at full command a boundless flow of things old and new, happy, pleasing, and rife with noble teaching; uniting with all this the power of making for themselves definite channels, which they overflow at will, and to which at will they can return. Thus our Spenser—*noster Ennius*—while he welled forth in these world-embracing stories of immortal virtue, left to himself the liberty of leaving his main current and spreading himself in shining levels over the leas. Herein are caught for our delectation the images of the cloud-like mountains, majestic in their solidity but toned in the reflexion; also of mountainous clouds of pleasant fiction, bright or dark, enhanced in their mirror into a semblance of solidity. All these we behold driven by the inspiring breath of the winds of fancy into such enchanting confusion, that truth and fact charm us by the fictions that float among them, while fictions acquire an air of reality by mingling with the lights and shadows of the abiding truths which surround and surmount them. Then, when the poet has compassed those open meads to his heart's content, he is wont, we see, to subside again into the main drift of his story. But, lest, on that score, any charge him with vagabondage, here you have his splendid apology in his own better image (V. xii.) :—

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide
 Directs her course unto one certain coast,
 Is met by many a counter wind and tide,
 With which her winged speed is let and crost,
 And she herself in stormy surges tost ;
 Yet, making many a board and many a bay,
 Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost ;
 Right so it fares with me in this long way,
 Whose course is often stayed, *yet never is astray.*

Many of these sweet sayings flung abroad by Spenser seem sisters by the half-blood to those wandering voices of Orpheus and Linus and of those mystic Sibyls that flitted, and perhaps flit, from age to age—many places claiming them and having their claims allowed—children of nymph and mortal, articulate cuckoos, scattering abroad, wherever there is seed of men with growth of mind and of eternal soul, the divine monitions of the Counsellor, Who is under us, over us, and in us, and in Whom we are. Indeed, if my memory serve me, the lady of Erythrae told us she was going to vaticinate when she was gone.

I remember (in 1846 or '47) our beloved Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, talking about the rising poet, said that one sign that Tennyson would be a national poet was, that so many of his lines fell into forms pithy, easy to be quoted, and of a nature to become part of popular language. Perhaps this is not so usual in the poetry of our Spenser. With *him* the precipitation of crystals is less frequent. It is rather his full music and flowing melody which run into the ear and soul, forming the like channels in genial and thoughtful readers. The *Faery Queen* is a house-treasure of high family amusement, a winter evening book—a great household cake to cut and come again to, as many can tell. He was not,

however, as we have seen, lacking in the power of proverb and of oracle. None can ever again make one great poem to match this—for its graces are bound up with much that would no longer be natural and is quite beyond imitation. It must remain a wonder of antiquity. These great later poems of human struggle, in which the main character is some “glorious devil large in heart and brain”—what are they but inverted pyramids? Those are more likely to stand the changes of time in which, as here, the interest is based and centred round the Model of Life, while all else is set forth as the mere counter-working of principles and types that select themselves for extinction.

To walk through the palatial chambers of this very Vatican of enchanted and enchanting tales—to what shall I compare it? What a splendid opportunity is thus granted to unlettered people of regathering, in more attractive form, a knowledge of what our great world has been and has done; so that they too may read the old mythologies, and time-honoured histories more mythological still, which taught the infancy of our race, and may read them in their purified and uplifted meanings. It is a kindred chance to that which a kindly civilisation now gives to the peasant and the artisan of pacing in silent appreciation through solemn galleries, where hang for them the paintings of the Old Masters, the wisest and the best of the sons and teachers of Art. We have in this Poem, as in those galleries, the faces, forms, and deeds of the dead, drawn in the one mode by the heart-driven quill of the dead Poet, and in the other by the re-animating brush of the dead Artist,—if those indeed can be called dead who at least are living

enough to bring the ancient dead to life, and to make us, who are from time to time alive, live more and better by re-living so largely in the past. The great masters of poetic art had infused, each into the doings of his day or of the days before them, by the sympathy and vivacity of their genius, a greatness, an import, and a bearing on the progress of humanity, which otherwise never could have been, or which, having been, would have slept, for all we should have been the wiser, an eternal sleep. And most of those deeds of past days, as recorded by the poets who immortalised them first, our Spenser has gathered, grouped, and uphung for us in this great gallery of his *Faery Queen*. When we wander, it may be, in those halls of the sweet and moving pictures of the world's great painters, kindly lent by their happy possessors, or bought by the wisdom of the State, and when evening draws on apace, we fail to see them rightly for the thickening shadows of the far-spent day; but, lo and behold! in a moment this power lent by the lightning causes all of them to start up for us beautiful as in the sunshine. And is not this something like what Spenser has done for the English people with the stories of the dim and half-forgotten past? To see Homer, Vergil, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and the rest, under Spenser's illumination, is as if a tongue of light came and sat on each of them, shaking the "Temple of Fame" in which they are sitting. As the people wander and wait in their darkened "Hall of Ignorance," his magic light from behind and from above makes each of those old pictures in succession spring into vivid lineaments out of the melting forms of the one which he withdraws. So he deals with the great events of all time, and with the

struggles and triumphs of all the sweet and holy virtues, from beginning to end of his poem. We seem

to drink with wondering ears,
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years—

while through all we hear the undersong of that primal dove that gave prophetic murmurs to the breezes that swept through the oaktrees of Dodona—"God is, God has been, God shall be" and withal a better Voice than any primæval Sibyl knew—"This is my beloved Son: hear Him."

But who can rightly describe the nature of this vast poem? It seems a piece of *ψυχροτήτης* to try—so here I give it up. The whole is of the stuff that dreams are made of—dreams, however, which give to the body, not only of that time but of all time, its form and pressure, and which so have in them more reality than most actualities can ever have. Aristotle says the whole business of poets is *λέγειν ψευδῆ ἠδέως*—to "make-believe" agreeably—and adds that their fictions, being general and pertaining to all humanity, are more true than all biographical facts, which are mostly but true for the individual.

Did Spenser carry out the design of the *Faery Queen* and finish the poem? Methinks he did not finish the poem—for did he not find that he had already carried out the design? The purpose of the earlier day, woven with pains into a larger plan, seems to have gathered head, more quickly and amply than he had meant, into his first three books—perhaps into his very first. Had he not swept all mythology and antiquity and faery lore into his current? Surely it seemed flat, stale and unprofitable for him to tell it all over and over again,

for illustration of truths of the same kind that before he had dwelt upon so fully? This is not to say that he had "run dry"—for the well-spring of the poet is perennial, and his soul is from day to day renewed from above, new every morning. Nay, lest any should think *that*, see with what unflagging spirit he enters on his sixth course:—

The ways through which my weary steps I guide
 In this delightful land of Fantasy,
 Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
 And sprinkled with such sweet variety,
 Of all that pleasant is to ear or eye,
 That I, nigh ravished with rare thought's delight,
 My tedious travel do forget thereby;
 And when I gin to feel decay of might,
 It strength to me supplies and cheers my dulled sprite.

Yet I suppose even poets may for a time be physically or psychically tired, as these lines seem free to confess. A great judge in his last semi-coma is reported to have said, "Gentlemen of the jury, you are dismissed." So with Spenser. Hear the end of the whole matter (Bk. VII., c. vii., *ad fin.*):—

Then was the whole assembly quite dismissed,
 And Nature's self did vanish—whither no man wist.

See how this babe of nature vanishes with her. Were five more Books of battle and love, fiction and faery, gods and goddesses—"the whole synod of them"—to work round on the stage again? His two only stanzas on Mutability look to me like a palinode for the frailty of his purpose, and as if meant for a last word and a grand à Dieu:—

Thenceforth all shall rest eternally
 With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth light.
 Oh! that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's sight

Can you think that he meant anything further to come of the *Faery Queen* after this? I trow not.

For even as a child,
Tired of long play,
At close of summer day
Lies down and slumbers—

even so his Faery-Queenly Muse seems to me to have sunk to rest.

IV. THE INTROSPECTION AND OUTLOOK OF SPENSER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HUBBARD, MANCHESTER.

WHILE deprecating too rigid a definition, the idea of this Essay may be stated as *an attempt to estimate Spenser working rather than his work ; the poet rather than his poetry.* Spenser was essentially introspective. He thrilled with self-consciousness. This accounts for the egoism so undisguisedly present in his writing. We have to note his self-representation, self-delighting, and self-bewailing. His earliest work, the *Shepherd's Calendar*, "that new beginning in English poetry," is much concerned with "Colin," and first made apparent a native, and what proved a predominating habit. From the beginning he looked on his surroundings through himself. He was his own centre and source of interest. Even Nature reflected, or symbolized *his* thoughts, *his* moods ; and sympathized with *his* sorrows and disappointments. Not at any time did he set himself, or feel called upon, to act as Nature's interpreter—herein differing fundamentally from Wordsworth ; or to make her articulate and audible for her own sake. He used Nature to image and make himself intelligible :—

Thou barren ground whom Winter's wrath hath wasted
Art made a mirrour, to behold my plight.

* * * *

Such rage as Winter's, raigneth in my heart,
My life blood freezing, with unkindly cold.

THE INTROSPECTION AND

You naked trees . . .

* * * *

I see your teares, that from your boughs do raine
Whose drops in drerie ysicles remaine.

* * * *

And from mine eies the drizzling teares descend
As on your boughs the ysicles depend.

He exemplifies from his youth a lordly audacity of genius, which grandly claims the universe of things as its retinue, never dreaming of aught to which it owes allegiance, much less submission. A decade or more later than the quotations made above, we find him dealing with Nature as his dependant; waiting on him for life, movement and merriment. The lines are from *Colin Clout* :—

Hobbinol gan thus to him arced.

Colin my life, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke ?
And I poore swaine of many greatest crosse :
That sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
Whilst thou wast hence all dead in dole did lie :
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,
And all the birds with silence to complaine :
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine :
The running waters wept for thy returne
And all their fish with languour did lament :
But now both woods and fields, and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of merriment,
That us late dead, hast made againe alive.

He saw in Nature no severely jealous mistress to whom he must pay unceasing devotion, but rather his own poor serving-maid. To another Queen than she he offered his homage. He made as well as "piped" his melodies. His song was born out of his own life; and

right noble music he made. Whether he had uttered his clearest, richest, fullest notes, none now can ever know. He died incomplete. No argument drawn from a decline of imaginative glory—speaking broadly—in the later books of the *Faery Queen* can be decisive, for while he was “making” them, he was afraid of poverty and hankering after higher employment; and no man can do his best, or is at his best, when such are his conditions. To do his best possible, a poet above all, must have rest and peace, the rest and peace of moderate contentment and perfect self-possession. Fear of poverty will not let a man possess himself. The cold malignant glare of the wolf’s eye, however distant, will perturb him, and deprive his hand of some of its skill. However the case were with Spenser, in what we have of his, the cunning, airy, delightful, tireless worker is in every line. His are the glow and the beauty. As I have said, his work came out of the substance of his life. Life, not as significant of facts and events that can be written down chronologically or otherwise in a biography; nor a series of things that can be specified as occupying so much of space and time, and altogether measurable; but the poet’s indefinable stock of multiform vitality, which defies all weights and measures, and mocks all endeavours of accountant or valuer.

Note specifically, here, his power of *self-projection*. Not into the hard matter-of-fact visible world, nor into the world of motive, where actions have their secret source and spring, but into the region of sentiment, heart-feeling and suffering. He clothes himself with sorrowful experiences, that personally he could not have had.

He speaks them as if they were his own, as poetically, though not actually they were. He bore sorrows, and sighed and moaned under the weight of sorrows, that had never bruised his heart. How piteously he wept and wailed! And like enough he shed real tears, heaved real sighs, endured pangs, and believed himself the sufferer. His pictures are therefore *self-representative*. Referring again to the *Shepherd's Calendar*, the reader will remember "Cuddie," the discontented boy. He is found in the February Eclogue:—

Ah for pittie, will rancke winter's rage,
 These bitter blasts never gin t'asswage?
 The kene colde blowes through my beaten hide,
 All as I were through the bodie gride.

And much more in similar strain. Spenser's temperament leaves us without wonder, that he could so well assume the injured tone, and utter the thoughtless petulance, the high-pitched bad-tempered whines, of a conceited youth, offended at the world's order and procedure. But we wonder all the more that he had so early sympathetically acquainted himself with the stored and ripened wisdom contained in "Thenot's" answers. We wonder that he could speak so melodiously the language of a conquest and control that I think he never for himself achieved.

Selfe have I worne out thrise thirtie yeares,
 Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
 Yet never complained of colde nor heat,
 Of sommers flame, nor of winter's threat:
 Ne ever was to Fortune foe man,
 But gently tooke, that ungently came.
 And ever my flocke was my chiefe care,
 Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

There is a verse in the sixth Eclogue which is marked by exceeding depth and mellowness. It is Colin's self who speaks :—

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres,
 Did let me walke withouten lincks of love,
 In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres :
 But riper age such pleasures doth reprove,
 My fansie eke from former follies moove
 To stayed steps, for time in passing weares
 (As garments doen, which wexen old above)
 And draweth new delights with hoarie haieres.

That is a fine instance of his power to go forth and take on experiences, sentiments, and emotions not his own. He was only in his dewy prime when he wrote those lines : yet, note, his "course of carelesse yeeres," and the reproof of riper age ; but most of all the reference to the passing of time. How he must have given himself up to a part, made himself old and venerable, to have felt on his spirit the cooling, tempering, ennobling passage of time's hand ! The passing of time's hand over the head whitens the hair, but the youth Spenser contrived to feel its chastening influence on his heart, drawing to new delights with hoary hairs. So he made himself his subject, and wrought out of himself in endless forms of delicate tracery his immortal verse :—

Enough is me to paint out my unrest
 And poure my piteous plaints out in the same.

I do not venture to pronounce absolutely on his love-wailings ; but in my judgment his "plaints" are drawn out in such golden lengths, and in such enchanting measure, that I am forced to think he loved them.

Further to illustrate Spenser's introspection and

outlook, we turn to *his intellectual self-consciousness*. He is distinguished, in this respect, by a notable unsparingness of self-affirmation. The unconsciousness of our earlier poets, that critics have lately discovered and lauded, is hard to find, and still harder to credit. For the most part, men have done their work, whether in late or early times, waking ; and the wider awake, the better has been their work. Spenser was no unconscious maker of good things. Perhaps he was a little over-conscious, or rather, a little too openly-conscious. We would be soft in our impeachments. Certainly few, if any, have put in so bold a claim for noteworthiness, or sung personal supremacy so unequivocally, as he.

He saw in himself no common singing-bird, or one of many, gifted perchance with a trifle sweeter note than his fellow-songsters ; but one the like of which can scarce be heard in centuries. Observe with what masterful indifference he passes over the whole distance between himself and "the old famous poet Chaucer." No one had lived since Chaucer, till Spenser appeared. He quietly, and as by right of nature, ignores a century and a half, and takes his place as the one lineal descendant of England's one great poet. In him he recognised the kindredness and companionship which makes a man worthy to be the teacher of one who places himself by his side as an equal.

The gentle Shepherd sate besiden spring,
All in the shadow of a bushie Breere,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere.

The same assurance of genius is manifest in what we may designate his choice of a rival, as in his selection

of a master. With his *Faery Queen* opening before his mind, it was far more than a correct perception, it was high instinct, which prompted him to match himself with Ariosto. That was as happy and sound a judgment, as the one which took him to the feet of Chaucer. Though subjected to distinctive treatment, and pervaded by striking differences of tone, the world of the *Orlando Furioso* is the world of the *Faery Queen*. It is the world of romance and chivalry, knightly jousts and worship of "faire women." Spenser's emulation was not only fit, but fearless; for we must remember that Ariosto's was at that time the most celebrated song in Europe. It is from Gabriel Harvey we learn Spenser's ambitious rivalry. In a letter dated April 1580, addressed to Spenser, he names together the *Elvish Queen* and the *Orlando Furioso*—"which," he remarks, "you will needs seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters." Though Spenser was not yet thirty years of age, that is on all accounts credible; and having the ambition, he was quite the man to reveal his confidence to his friend. He gave himself in pledge to fortune and to fame, but not without reckoning his chance of self-redemption. He held the secret of his power, and had no shadow of a doubt but that the genius for which England waited had at length come. Certainly all this might have been the impudence of conceit. Then failure and oblivion would have been his sufficient and abiding rebuke. "Genius consists neither in self-conceit nor in humility, but in a power to make or do, not everything in general, but something in particular." Genius must authenticate itself by

work. Temperament, discernments, ambitions, ecstasies, do not make a poet; there must be forthcoming *the* poem. When all brave words are said, the poem is the proof that a great poet has arisen. The world can accept nothing less, as it needs nothing more. But before it is written, he who has to write must have premonition of his faculty. Spenser's gift was not coy—did not shyly, as if ashamed or afraid, seek retirement and shade. It boldly revealed itself to its possessor, and pressed early for recognition and trust; and while yet a youth, he had so far obtained its use and exercise as to write a work which was past controversy—a new thing in our national literature, and which marks something like an epoch in the history of our tongue. The *Shepherd's Calendar* went far toward establishing the adequacy of our language as an instrument of thought and expression, and its capability of unfolding the resources and displaying worthily the inventiveness of the highest poetic art. The age was quick with immense possibilities of thought and music, literary and imaginative splendour. All the elements of epic and dramatic art lay in marvellous profuseness close at hand. An endless diversity of forces were struggling toward manifestation; multitudinous voices were striving strenuously to articulate; mighty impulses stirred the nation; but it was a vast chaotic activity that prevailed. Amidst it all, Spenser rose—a revelation of law, order, sweetness, grace and beauty, a new creation of the in-forming spirit of thought and utterance. At once his superiority was owned, his assurance justified, by all who had any claim to be heard. At once he asserted an authority above custom, a right

above the dictates of ruling taste and fashion, beyond antiquity itself; the right of an original genius to give his own message, in his own self-chosen form, and in his mother-tongue. He was vindicated in his consciousness of intellectual distinction and might.

Another note of his intellectual self-consciousness was his habit of *estimating and passing judgment upon his own work*. He watched minutely the outgoing and shapings of his mind. He beheld joyously his creations, and unfalteringly pronounced them good. He studiously noted the formation of his style:—

A good old Shepheard, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With Shepheards swaine, what ever fed in field:
And if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare,
To Pan his owne selfe pipe I neede not yeeld.

For if the flocking Nymphes did follow Pan
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

His audacity has been commented on in another connection; it is irresistibly suggested here:—

Loe I have made a Calender for every yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue til the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder Shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.

Doubtless many men have fancied and believed their works would survive both steel and time, but few have ventured to record their conviction, and send it forth abroad for all that list to read. But he gathers up and concentrates what I may call his egoistic energy, in one flash-like line of the dedication of his *Faery Queen* "to the most high, mighty and magnificent Elizabeth."

In that line he, Elizabeth's most humble servant, Edmund Spenser, doth "consecrate these his labours to live with the Eternity of her fame." That is a piece of magnificent daring; but clearly, only the endorsement of his self-estimate by the most nobly endowed minds through three centuries of years, saves it from being deemed the vapouring of a fool. These ample years demonstrate that the eye and ear he turned upon himself were true, and we almost hold him blameless of even vanity. Moreover he sings his own sweetness so sweetly, or his own grandeurs so grandly, that without thinking of the need of forgiveness we forgive him.

That he should listen to and be charmed by his own music was a necessity. He had a gift to give to men. No lyre hitherto had struck his highest notes. His ear must needs be turned inward. He could not learn his measure, however attentively he listened, without. No one knew it. He may have caught from Sackville faint and fitful strains, that were a far distant, echo-like suggestion of his own stately numbers, but the flood of golden melody he had to let loose upon the nation's delighted sense was in his own soul.

There is also to be detected in his estimates of his poetry *an admirable candour*. He exercised a wise critical judgment upon himself. I mean, he knew inferior work, when it was his own; and was so constituted, that it was impossible for him to be idle, and equally impossible for him to be content with feeble endeavour and poor achievement.

The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.

He had a "glorious great intent," and could "never rest." This directs us to the keenness of his intellectual purpose, his uncontrollable impulse to excel. He most frequently discovers this. Note his conscious observation of effects :—

The Shepheard boy . . .

Sate (as his custome was) upon a day,
 Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,
 The Shepheards swaines, that did about him play :
 Who all the while with greedie listful eares,
 Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
 Like hartlesse deare, dismayed with thunders sound.

A poetic device doubtless, yet denoting the sensitiveness of the poet's mind to the opinions, at least, of his friends. To-day those "Shepheard swaines," the reviewers, would, I think, give him a little anxiety. He had a greediness of sympathetic, appreciative praise. He would have worked without it ; but he worked, and the work was better, with it. In the sixth Eclogue of the *Calendar* Hobbinoll thus discourses to his friend :—

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes
 Which thou were wont on wasteful hils to sing,
 I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes :
 Whose Eccho made the neighbour groves to ring,
 And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
 Did shroude in shady leaves from sunny rayes,
 Frame to thy songe their cheereful cheriping,
 Or holde their peace, for shame of thy sweete layes.

I sawe Calliope with Muses moe,
 Soone as thy Oaten pype began to sounde,
 Their yvorie Luites and Tamburins forgoe :
 And from the fountaine, where they sat arounde,
 Renne after hastilie thy silver sounde.
 But when they came, wher thou thy skil didst showe,
 They drawe aback, as halfe with shame confounde,
 Shepheard to see, them in their art out-goe.

“Cuddy” in *Colin Clout* says of love :—

Well may it seeme by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the priest thou shouldest bee :
So well thou wot'st the mysteries of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see.

In all these verses the commendation is generous and rich, and very likely is a reproduction of praise bestowed by those to whom he may have read his poems. It was the kind of praise he desired and sought. Colin's answer to Cuddy, as above, shows admirably the love of the excellent, and the just apprehension and estimate of the poet's place and functions, which co-existed with Spenser's love of praise, as follows :—

Of loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his power divine.

The tenth Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar* I take to be a deliberate study of himself, an intellectual autobiography referring to the development of his gifts and the perfecting of his style. He is measuring and trying the strength of his wings ; he is busy discovering whether his pinions may be trusted to follow the glance of his eye. The eagle eye should have the eagle wing. Spenser, in this Eclogue, is preparing to prove he has both. In illustration take the following. “Cuddie” is out of heart, and Piers rebukes him :—

Cuddie, for shame hold up thy heaveie head,

* * * * *

Piers, I have piped earst so long with paine,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore :
And my poor muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gaine.

After further dialogue, Piers gives the following counsel :—

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lift up thy selfe out of the lowly dust :
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
Turne thee to those, that weild the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes embrozued wexen daily browne.
There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West.

But we must refrain, for the whole might be quoted. Spenser was a man of soaring literary ambition, and exhibited what, perhaps, may be described as a haughty sensitiveness to the judgment of his peers, a semi-disdainful eagerness to please. Very specially he wished to please the high, whether of birth or station. He put low price on lowly praise :—

So praysen babes the pecocks spotted train,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye.

The better please, the worse despise, I aske no more.

As already quoted—

. . . the flocking Nymphes did follow Pan,
The wisser Muses after Colin ran.

His genius was aristocratic in its preferences. It loved the stately halls of the noble and the courts of kings :—

O peerlesse poesie, where then thy place ?
If not in princes pallace thou doest sit.

His scorn of the popular taste is seen in lines wherein he laments the decay of love for "loftie verse," and says bitterly—

Tom piper makes us better melodie.

Burleigh, and such as he, gladly would Spenser have conciliated ; but in pure highmindedness he refused to

lower his poetic tone, or forego, ever so little, of the claim of his exalted muse upon honour and all noble regard. It fretted and worried him not to be understood and admired; yet he had the manliness to continue his pursuit of perfection in his art, when chilled by disappointment, and languishing in what to him was very much like banishment and neglect. This is a trait upon which every honourable mind must dwell with pleasure.

In his art and its Divine creations he found relief from "sullen care," and secured joy and freedom:—

The waies, through which my weary steps I guyde
 In this delightfull land of Faery,
 Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
 And sprinckled with such sweet variety
 Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
 That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
 My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
 And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
 It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled spright.

In "land of Faery" he sang and clapped his wings for gladness. Its scenes and forms were to him as familiar as the scenes and forms of the common world are to other men. It is a land "exceeding spacious and wyde"; but he kenned the

. . . strange waies where never foote did use,
 Ne none can find but who was taught them by the Muse.

He loved amplitude and "waies where never foote did use." He had a disdain of beaten footways. He must have width and spaciousness to feel like himself and find his most exalted powers:—

What more felicitie can fall to creature
 Then to enjoy delight with libertie,
 And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
 To raine in th' aire from th' earth to highest skie,

To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
 To take what ever thing doth please the eie?
 Who rests not pleasèd with such happines,
 Well worthie he to taste of wretchednes.

These lines are redolent of joy and freedom. The new outburst of intellectual life and energy his age was witnessing required the freedom he so delightfully sings. Without it the new and fitting forms for thought and knowledge and song could not be found. With Spenser, to the glory of our once despised English tongue, the

. . . . golden oriental gate
 Of greatest heaven gan to open fair,

and forth there streamed the light of a seven-fold beauty and splendour, and floods of divinest melody.

Such decided introspection as we have seen—in ways direct and indirect—characterised the poet, must necessarily govern his attitude towards external objects. We may fairly presume it probable that a writer with such a dominating introspective habit will be guided in his judgment and use of objects almost solely by their accidental relation to his own mind and feeling, rather than by positive knowledge and accurate outward observation. He studied, I must reiterate, all facts, persons and events through his own heart and interests, rather than as they were in themselves. This observation is very much limited to his intellectual mood. Any moral element that may be implicated does not for the present come into sight. What we mean is—that facts, forms, or persons, which the poet disposed himself to deal with, had all to pass into and through the special, peculiar, potent, individual self-consciousness known as Edmund Spenser, to undergo metamorphosis

and so be subjected to his dominion and made meet for his use. The universe generally as it came to his hand was not to his mind. It refused to dovetail with his conceptions and designs. He was not king in it. So, with small regard to existing interests, he, by a process and magic all his own, transformed it into a "Faery" Land. It is only now and then the earth is permitted to see a man who, dissatisfied with the universe as it is, straightway creates another. In the world of his creation Spenser reigns without a rival, and, as far as I know, without any to challenge his crown. It is a world in which, to the looker-on, anything seems to happen. Events purely considered are bound by no inevitable sequences. Its personages come and go like shadows, one passing apparently through the other without inconvenience. They reappear, like relatives who emigrated long ago, and were believed dead, and their features almost forgotten. Or they are suddenly missing, and are never accounted for or inquired after. Others of them fight, and hack and hew each other till they stand ankle-deep in their own blood, and then walk away as if they had only been brushing the dust off each other's armour. Time and space are such trifles, that they make no odds on either side. This is the outer of Spenser's world; its phenomena, its reality, its substance, is the eternal truth of the soul and the unscen. He lived in the region of the soul. Hence, broadly regarded, his world is not the world of historic visibility. He was not capable of pure, dispassionate observation of external things. He would not have made a botanist, nor a modern scientist. He was too subjective for that. His word concerning what is

outward is not to be taken ; he is unveracious. Notice the parts of the *Faery Queen* in which he is reasonably supposed to be treating veritable history, and the same conception will frequently be discovered appearing under another and distinct name ; and the same name hiding another conception. His personages and ideas suffer repeated transmigrations. Space will not permit me to illustrate, but the remark applies to Elizabeth, Philip of Spain, Mary of Scotland, Sidney, Leicester, and others. It is difficult to fix his characters definitely and once for all. One is not sure who the person may be the next time he is met with, or whose soul the poor body may have in it. The abiding truth of Spenser's poetry is not to be sought in his forms, nor in the personal identity of his characters, but in the great moral ideals which he intends to represent, and to which he is steadfast, whatever mortal's name they bear, or whatever be the changeful mortal guise they may put on. We take it as absolute, that his characterisations of men are not reliable. He was not a mirror-holder for his contemporaries. He had not that vital kind of passiveness by which a man receives the truthful impressions of other men, and is able to re-present them. Intellectual self-abnegation was to Spenser a natural impossibility. When starting with a living man, friend or foe, his imagination lightened upon and played about him, altering combinations and proportions, adding feature to feature, attribute to attribute, until in his creative delight he forgot whom he intended to paint. I should hesitate to accept his estimate of any of his contemporaries unless otherwise authenticated. I have read with pleasure Dr Palgrave's

discriminating reflections (Vol. III., p. lxii), on what must be deemed a defect in Spenser's outlook, and by them am strengthened in the judgment which, I may be permitted to state, I had formed on independent grounds. Spenser in his portraitures was governed by personal antipathies and attachments; to men as such he was indifferent. In this how unlike Chaucer, who loved men and knew their ways! and still more, how unlike Shakespeare! Spenser would have scorned with burning scorn Shakespeare's pains spent on sots and sinners, clowns, grave-diggers, and serving-maids. He loved them that loved him at his elevation; those that hated him—well, he did not love; and for the rest, poetically at least, he did not care. He had not enough of pity for ignorance, frailty, and wandering, to labour with considerate regard just for men. The reader will remember the giant Demagogue, in the second canto of the fifth Book of the *Faery Queen*: and also the hard steely contempt manifest in the poet's treatment of the "mighty Gyant's" followers. They are "foules, women, and boys,"—they

. . . cluster thick unto his leasings vaine
Like foolish flies about an hony crocke.

Artegall was loth

. . . his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew.

* * * * *

He [Talus] like a swarm of flyes them overthrew,

And it is impossible not to feel the savage satisfaction Spenser enjoys, as he follows the Iron Man with "hail" discomfiting and scattering the human vermin:

Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his vew.

As a general criticism, made in passing, it may be noticed that Spenser's Justice is a little too dependent on the Iron Man, and delights a little too much in his exploits, to be esteemed absolutely perfect; also, that even in the case of Sir Sanglion and the ladies, although he copies Solomon, Sir Artegall's wisdom limps. Sir Artegall—that is, Arthur, Lord Grey—retained the poet's admiration and affection to the end. He was Spenser's friend and patron, and when his lordship had fallen into misfortune and disgrace, he did not fail to honour and champion him. Indeed, it is another of the noble parts of Spenser's character, that those who had befriended him, and shown him sympathy and favour, he never ceased to love, however far they might decline from fame and fortune. His devotion to Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose praises he sings in the fifth Eclogue of the *Calendar*, is another instance in point. He was steadfast in his devotion to patrons and friends; but the position taken here is that sympathetic characterisation on Spenser's part always implies personal relationship, and when done is not to be trusted. He idealised his portraits out of all likeness.

On the same lines I should have noted Spenser's studies of Nature. But herein I have been anticipated by the Editor and fellow-essayists in this volume and in Vol. III.

Summarily I remark that of his inaccuracies and anachronisms I make but little. He did not pretend

to write a floral dictionary, or even a horticultural calendar. Such inaccuracies are no violation of the order of Spenser's idealistic world. As I have said, anything can happen there, and come to hand when needed. "Roses" and "daffadillies" and "goolds" can bloom together well enough, and endless variety of trees grow in one forest without difficulty or wonder. Far more unlikely things occur there continually. Such criticism appears to me to result from hastiness, or a misapprehension of Spenser's art. His law of consistency was not that of the natural world; he, therefore, was not bound by it. His law of consistency was ideal, and that we find in his floral combinations. When he would weave a garland for the brow of great Elizabeth, or other goddess, he must pick the freshest, brightest, and most fragrant beauties of the floral year. The whole year of glories must yield their tribute. That in his case, if not the truth of nature, is deepest truth of art. It is ideal grouping, and is perfectly harmonious with his style and purpose. None the less does it remain true that no poet had more open-eyed observableness of Nature's aspects and minutiae of workmanship—as elsewhere illustrated.

To Spenser's subjective habits we trace a disadvantage inherent in his style—namely, his *unhomeliness*. I wonder whether Hazlitt means the same thing when he says "Spenser's characteristic is *remoteness*." I cannot quite tell. In what has preceded, we have reached, if not bared, the root of it. The ordinary and familiar did not attract him. Alexander Smith says, "Search ever so diligently, you will not find an English daisy in all his enchanted forests." That is typical. Most readers

at first find him difficult to approach. He is pre-occupied, looking away, and treats you with a distant proud reserve. He does not meet you at the door, and with ready greeting draw you warmly in. He almost tells you, that unless you are a person of superior quality, he does not desire your acquaintance. This is partly accounted for by his taste for "dark conceits." And his delight in transforming matter-of-fact into allegory, and in looking at things that belonged to the ground, far up in the air, is more than apparent. Another motive has been found in a reference to "jealous opinions": that is, a fear of treacherous interpretation of some of his allusions, by those in power. The real reason is the bent of his genius; hence, as I have said, it is inherent in his style. Being what he was, he could not have avoided it. All objects had to pass up into the region of the imagination, and take on an air of far-off-ness. If in his land of faery a cock crow, he puts such spaces between us and the homely bird, and sets him in such large and suggestive connections, that we almost stand in awe of him:—

What time the native Belman of the night,
The bird, that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver Bell t' each sleepy wight
That should their minds up to devotion call.

How far off he is! from what a distance the note of his "silver bell" reaches us! It comes out of the blank undefinable night. Then how large and serious the associations—"Peter and his fall," and the "mind's devotions"! Up there in the night, clothed with such suggestiveness, he impresses our imaginations after the

manner of some reverend Scripture character, or grave ecclesiastical dignitary.

Not one of his figures can be thought of as an old acquaintance, nor as one whom we had seen in childhood at the home of our parents, or even in a dream. He did not write of things or men as we know them, through the eyes and ears and near familiar intercourse; but as they are known introspectively through the subtle workings of mind and spirit—*his* mind and spirit.

His characters are virtues, rather than virtuous men and women. His figures are too supreme in their beauty, too terrible in their repulsiveness or glory, to be human. His ladies are not our English maidens, of whom we are so pardonably proud, and that we delight in as sisters, lovers, and wives. Where shall we find a picture of Spenser's as a companion for this of Chaucer's?

I saw her dance so comelily,
 Carol and sing so sweetly,
 And laugh, and play so womanly,
 And lookē so debonairly,
 So goodly speak and so friendly,
 That, certes, I trow that nevermore
 Was seen so blissful a treasure.

She is sprightly and pure, laughs, dances and sings, and is full of all womanly sweetness. No wedded man, surely, lives in England to-day, but feels he has loved that same girl; and no man unwedded but feels he does and will, to his life's end, if she will let him. But Spenser's women are not thus conqueringly attractive and covetable. When they dance, they dance by themselves; and we are in the main content that they should. They seldom laugh and carol, unless they are wanton. The cherry lips and ruddy cheeks, and the

rosy, human radiance of our English flesh and blood and soul, are lacking. They are whiter than whitest snow, and often twice as cold. They are fierce, amorous, foul temptresses, to be fought with and hated; or goddesses of virtue and beauty, to be fought for and won only by the doughtiest knights. To pass to other examples. How horribly revolting is the delineation of Errour—

A monster vile, whom God and man doth hate.

Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retainē,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdainē.

And who that has ever read the *Faery Queen* can forget the dismal, awful weirdness of the domains of Mammon?—

By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did straine,
The other brandished a bloudy knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life;

On thother side in one consort sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
But gnawing Gealosie out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might;
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

No one less redoubtable than Sir Guyon would dare to enter and explore such a domain of horrors. Much as we attribute of this unearthliness to Spenser's genius, we must not in this connection entirely forget his age. He belonged to it; was borne on by its might and movement. He was not "the very body of

the time, his form and pressure," but the rare spirit of it. He caught, or was caught in the stream of holy breath that had gone forth. He drank the nectar of the gods, not the intoxicating wines of men. He stood on that side of his age which opened next the infinite. With all its exuberance of fleshliness and sordidness, it would not permit men to grovel utterly in the earth. The vague, boundless suggestiveness of new knowledge, new lands, new enterprises; the immense expansion of the universe to men's thoughts gave them an upward look, full of mystery and wonder. The diplomacies and intrigues of kings and courtiers, the dalliances of love, could not bound their vision, nor limit their interest. They were snatching tastes of life's higher raptures, and were drunk with intellectual and spiritual ecstacy. Spenser has caught, and held, and embodied those emotions, impulses, and activities. His was the one supreme imagination that stood up in all its strength and vastness to salute the growing sunrise; and the *Faery Queen* is radiant with the light and colour of the ascending day. The eager uplookings and longings of the age found in it their imperishable expression, their incorruptible clothing. To this must be in part attributed the profound effect which, despite its unhomeliness, it immediately produced. It struck and led the high ethereal temper of the noblest minds. And doubtless, though conceived and uttered in forms of subtlest invention and fancy, his contemporaries felt in it, more distinctly than we can, the beat of the earth-pulse; they recognized some of their own life coursing along its intricate windings of thought and phrase; and they caught accents to which our ears are dull—the

accents and speech of those whom they encountered in the too often malignant and deadly contemporary striving after honour, wealth and fame. Ours are chiefly the immortal cadences, the timeless music.

And now we pass to Spenser's *conception and philosophy of life*. He was more than a romancer, more than a poet, more than a lover and creator of beauty. He had a theory and philosophy of life, of which his great poem is at once the parable and exposition. The lonely adventuring, and the singlehanded dread encounters with dragons and monsters painted in the *Faery Queen*, show with sufficient clearness that Spenser's conception of life was intensely personal, inward and spiritual. The necessity of personal prowess is developed with a definiteness and fiery energy little short of startling. The strain upon the individual will, courage and steadfastness is excessive. Life is singularly stern. No unwatchfulness, no laxity can for a moment be indulged without disaster. The best estate of manhood is most sustainedly required of his knights for anything approaching victorious endeavour. They can only recover themselves from defeat or failure by the most costly exertion, and against fearful odds. Individual, invincible, all-achieving, all-conquering manhood, is Spenser's ideal. This reminds us once more, by way of contrast, of his great predecessor Chaucer. With great skill in characterisation, he still allowed men to dwell, or address themselves to their pilgrimage, in companies. The perils of the way are not so terrible, the escapes not so thrilling, the overthrows are not so desperate. Chaucer is more of this world. He took men much as he found them,

without any very painful desire to refine or improve them. Moreover, he liked their fellowship, and he journeyed or rested or feasted with them as one of themselves. He observed their manners and listened to their tales with a good-humoured, contented satisfaction. Life with him is much easier and pleasanter than with Spenser. His folk are not overburdened with weight of personal responsibility and heavy enterprise. They are gay and mirthful—even comic; they jest and laugh, eat and drink, like common everyday mortals. After five centuries their features have not faded ever so little, nor are they in anywise remote from us. With the slightest possible changes,—changes that are the merest accidents of time,—they are with us now. We saw and talked with them yesterday, and we shall do the same to-morrow, or day after. So it happened that the world did not much disappoint Chaucer, nor did he find it, on the whole, a bad world to live in; his complaints were therefore few. The pilgrimage was full of entertainment, and the fare along the road more than passable. Not so Spenser. Life to him was no agreeable jaunt to Canterbury with sprightly dames and merry-making friars, but a sore and terrible conflict. Whoso will get behind the “visionary shapes” of his creation will find himself in presence of tragic realities. Penetrate his parable of Duessa and Una, Sir Guyon and Acrasia, Artegall, Radegund, Britomart, and the rest, and we discover Edmund Spenser, and every other earnest man, fighting on his own account, with principalities and powers, the great battle of the soul. His Letter to Raleigh reveals a distinct didactic purpose and

motif; but on this I need not dwell, as Professor Dowden deals with it in his Essay. I would simply accentuate that his potential didactic purpose projected Spenser far beyond his age, or rather, parted him a degree from the main current of its tendency. That tendency compelled a severe recurrence to facts—the facts of actual human activity, and of the visible world in England. Not alone were men like Cecil, Raleigh, Drake, Bacon, looking out upon the real world with unwonted desire and vision; but the new-born poets, the makers of a dramatic literature as great and wonderful as anything the world has in it, were busy with the eternal types of men and character, and were finding boundless delight and fertility in the occupation. The new writers forsook the old haunts of the Muses, dismissed summarily ideal knights and ladies, and forthwith betook themselves to the common resorts and dwelling-places of ordinary men. This is to be accounted for by the fresh revelation that had been given of the good and glory of human life. A divine light broke upon the eventide darkness of human life, and men saw that the concerns of this sublunary state furnished worthy employment for the noblest and most gifted minds. They also saw that the government of the world was not entirely in the hands of malignant powers; that the earth was not a kind of devil's playground, a place for Apollyon to air and exercise in and find diversions. Doubtless devils were here in plenty, and had to be reckoned with, but they were extraneous, illegitimate powers, and no part of any rightful authority and rule. The Divine moral order was perceived, and the hearts of

men began to be filled with new and gladder emotion. A Gulf stream had set in, and the coldness, barrenness, and death-like rigidness of the middle ages gave place to a summer of gladness, freedom, and beauty. The terror and gloom of the earth vanished, myriads of evil spirits were exorcised, and this earth of ours, this England, became a brighter, happier, holier place to live in. Now Spenser, while participating in the new spirit, adhered somewhat firmly to the old intellectual standpoint, the sternness of the old moral ideal. His philosophy of life, as he held it, conflicted with the new forms and conceptions, so that while in very truth belonging to his age, he was unable to enter into and represent its more practical and palpable tendencies and activities. He held fast the truth of the mediæval, and what was later the truth of the Puritan period, and what, rightly understood and interpreted, is truth for evermore; but he failed to reconcile it with the rediscovered dignity, desirableness and divineness of terrestrial objects and aims. He knew no intermediary sphere in which they could be adjusted; indeed, had he done so, we should not to-day possess the *Fairy Queen*. We owe it to his defective outlook. His introspectiveness, joined with his conception of life, turned his glance aside, caused him to look askance.

But our allotted space is filled. We leave EDMUND SPENSER, recognising in him a man of singular excellencies, and a poet who is an everlasting glory to our nation and tongue.

APPENDIX
OF
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS
AND
DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCES,
TO
THE LIFE OF SPENSER :
BY THE EDITOR.

APPENDIX.

A: ENTRIES CONCERNING SPENSER FROM THE BURNLEY CHURCH REGISTER.

(See Life, Introd., p. xxxviii.)

BAPTISMS.

1564. Elizabeth Spenser, dought^r of Lawrence Spenser, bap. the xij day of Maie.
1565. Henrie Spenser, sonne of Rob't Spenser, bap. the xxj day of Novemb^r.
1566. Henrie Spenser, sonne of Henrie Spenser, bap. the xxj day of Novemb^r.
1567. John Spenser, sonne of Laurence Spenser, bap. the xij day of Decemb^r.
1570. Jenett Spenser, dought^r of Thomas Spenser, bap. the xxv day of Decemb^r.
1571. Barnard Spenser, sonne of Laurence Spenser, bap. the xxjx day of Julie.
1572. Leonard Spenser, sonne of Thomas Spenser, bap. the xxx day of Auguste.
1574. Nathan Spenser, sonne of George Spenser, bap. the xxvij day of Maie.
1575. Richard Spenser, sonne of Laurance Spenser, bap. the xx day of Octob^r.
1577. Ellen Spenser, dought^r of Edward Spenser, bap. the xvij of Auguste.
- 1579-80. Isabell Spenser, dought^r of Edward Spenser, bap. the xxiiij day of Marche.
1583. Ambrosse Spenser, sonne of John Spenser, bap. the xvij day of August.
1584. Marie Spenser, dought^r of John Spenser, bap. the xxij day of Aprill.

1584. John Spenser, sonne of Edward Spenser, bapt. the third day of Aprill.
1585. Rob'te Spenser, sonne of John Spenser, bapt. the xiiij day of Septemb^r.
1586. Margaret Spenser, } dought^{rs} of Edward Spenser, the
Anne Spenser, } x day of Aprill.
1586. John Spenser, sonne of John Spenser, bapt. the xiiij day of Auguste.
1586. Jenett Spenser, base dought^r of John Spenser, bapt. the xj day of Decemb^r.
1587. Henrie Spenser, base sonne of John Spenser, bapt. the vij day of Maie.
1588. Lawrance Spenser, sonne of George Spenser, bapt. the xiiij day of Aprill.
1588. Henrie Spenser, sonne of John Spenser, bapt. the xxj day of Julie.
- 1588-89. James Spenser, sonne of John Spenser, bapt. the second day of Marche.
1589. Rob'te Spenser, base sonne of John Spenser, bapt. the xxj day of December.
1590. John Spenser, sonne of John Spenser, bapt. the xvij day of Januarie.
1591. Henrie Spenser, sonne of Giles Spenser, bapt. the xxx day of Maie.
1591. George Spenser, sonne of George Spenser, bapt. the vj day of June.
- 1592-93. John Spenser, sonne of Edmوند Spenser, bapt. the xij day of februarie.
1593. Susan Spenser, dought^r of George Spenser, bapt. the ix day of December.
- 1593-94. Lawrence Spenser, sonne of John Spenser, } bapt. the
Lucie Spenser, dought^r of John Spenser, } xxij day of februarie.
1594. Giles Spenser, sonne of Giles Spenser, bapt. the vij day of Julie.
- 1594-95. Rob'te Spenser, sonne of Edmund Spenser, bapt. the ij day of March.
1595. Jenett Spenser, dought^r of John Spenser, bapt. the xj day of Maie.
1595. Edmunde Spenser, sonne of John Spenser, bapt. the xxvi day of October.
1596. Ellen Spenser, dought^r of George Spenser, bapt. the xv day of Auguste.
1598. Mary Spenser, dought^r of Edmunde Spenser, bapt. the xxiiij day of Septemb^r.

1598. Lawrence Spenser, sonne of Barnard Spenser, bapt. the v day of Novemb^r.
 1599. Alice Spenser, daughter of George Spenser, bapt. the xiiij day of May.
 1599. Isabell Spenser, dought^r of George Spenser, bapt. the xj day of Novemb^r.
 1601. Alice Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser, bapt. the xij day of April.

Mr. F. C. Spenser has extracted these later baptismal entries:—

1605. Elizabeth Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser, bapt. 20th of August.
 1609. Mary Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser, bapt. the 8th August.
 1611. Anne Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser, bapt. the 5th December.
 1613. John Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, bapt. the 21st July.
 1615. Elizabeth Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser, bapt. 10th July.
 1617. Anne Spenser, daughter of Lawrence Spenser, bapt. 4th June.
 1619-20. George Spenser, son of Lawrence Spenser, bapt. 8th Feb.
 1621. Edmund Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, bapt. 23rd Jan.
 1626. Anne Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser, bapt. 30th April.
 1628. Eleanor Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser, bapt. 7th Aug.
 1634. Ambrose Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser, bapt. 2nd March.
 1637. Alice Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, bapt. 5th May.
 1651. Lawrence Spenser, son of James Spenser of Extwistle, bapt. 4th Nov.
 1651. ———, son of Lawrence Spenser of Pendle, bapt. 20th Sept.
 1653. Alice, daughter of Lawrence Spenser of the Ridge, bapt. 27th Nov.
 1664. Lawrence, son of George Spenser of Marsden, bapt. 24th March.
 1666. Edmund, son of George Spenser of Filey Close, bapt. 23rd Sept.
 1685. Edmund, son of Richard Spenser of Briercliffe, bapt. 13th July.
 1703. Lawrence, son of George Spenser of Ightenhill Park, bapt. 31st Dec.

MARRIAGES.

The entries which follow of marriages, in which one of the parties was a Spenser, I also find in the Burnley Registers, from 1562 to 1599.

1562. Richard Lee and Jenett Spenser mar. the xxj day of June.
 1565-66. Rob'te Spenser and Alice Whitaker mar. the xiiij day of Januarie.
 1568-69. Thomas Spenser and Elizabeth Cronkshey mar. the xv day of Januarie.
 1572. Henry Spenser and Jenett Boothe mar. the xxj day of Julie.
 1572. George Spenser and Jenett Hartley mar. the xxviiij day of Julie.
 1574. Henry Lee and Anne Spenser mar. the xvj day of October.
 1574. Richard Waltone and Grace Spenser mar. the viij day of februarie.
 1582. Henry Nutter and Alice Spenser mar. y^e viij day of October.
 1582. John Spenser and Anne Whitehead mar. y^e xxiiij day of October.
 1587-88. Rob'te Whitaker and Elizabeth Spenser mar. y^e xx day of februarie.
 1588-89. Edmund Seedall and Grace Spenser mar. the iiij day of februarie.
 1589. Giles Spenser and Grace Pollard mar. y^e xv day of September.
 1593. Nicholas Towne and Grace Spenser mar. y^e xx day of November.
 1593. Edmund Spenser and Ellen Sagar mar. y^e xxij day of November.
 1594. John Spenser and Ellen Hurstwood mar. y^e xvj day of May.
 1596. George Spenser and Anne Cronkshay mar. y^e xjx day of July.
 1596. John Spenser and Mary Mitchell mar. y^e x day of Auguste.
 1596. James Willishull and Grace Spenser mar. y^e vj day of februarie.
 1597. Robert Parke and Elizabeth Spenser mar. y^e xxvij day of September.
 1597-98. Barnard Spenser and Alice Barnes mar. y^e xxij day of Januarie.
 1599. George Spenser and Isabell Grimshay mar. y^e xxviiij day of July.

BURIALS.

1562. A child of Richard Spenser sepult. the xxvj day of Julie.
 1564. Jenett Spenser sepult. the x day of May.
 1566. Agnes Spenser sepult. the xjx day of februarie.

1572. Isabell Spenser sepult. the xvj day of Auguste.
 1572. Thomas Spenser sepult. the first day of December.
 1577. Edmund Spenser sepult. the jx day of November.
 1580. Ux^r Henry Spenser sepult. the xxv day of March.
 1581. Jenett Spenser sepult. the xvij day of Decemb^r.
 1584-85. George Spenser sepult. the xxix day of ffebruarie.
 1585. George Spenser sepult. the second day of Aprill.
 1586. Margaret Spenser sepult. the xxj day of Aprill.
 1586. Rob'te Spenser sepult. the xvij day of Auguste.
 1587. Edmund Spenser sepult. the iij day of Aprill.
 1587. John Spenser sepult. xxix day of June.
 1587. Uxor George Spenser sepult. the xj day of November.
 1588-89. A child of John Spenser sepult. x day of March.
 1591. Henry Spenser sepult. the xxxj day of Octob^r.
 1593. Lawrence Spenser sepult. the third day of Septemb^r.
 1594. Giles Spenser sepult. the v day of June.
 1596. John Spenser sepult. xxvij day of Marche.
 1596. A child of Giles Spenser sepult. the xiiij day of Aprill.
 1597. A child of Nathan Spenser sepult. the xvj day of Aprill.
 1597. Ux^r Richard Spenser sepult. the iij day of November.
 1597. A child of Edmund Spenser sepult. the xij day of Novemb^r.
 1597. Ux^r Lawrence Spenser sepult. the second day of Januarie.
 1598. A child of Barnard Spenser sepult. the xxvj day of Aprill.
 1599. Rob'te Spenser sepult. the xvij day of Marche.
 1601. Uxor John Spenser sepult. the xix day of December.
 1601. George Spenser of Clyviger slayne in a colle pitt sepult. the xxv day of September.
 1604. Alice Spenser, daughter of John Spenser, sepult. the vj day of October.
 1605. Ux^r Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood sepult. the xj day of June.
 1607. Edmund Spenser of Habergham Eves sepult. the xiiij day of Marche.
 1608. Alice Spenser of Habergham Eves sepult. xvj day of May.
 1612. Edward Spenser, sonne of George Spenser, sepult. xxiiij day of May.
 1615. George Spenser, son of Lawrence Spenser, sepult. xj day of September.
 1617. Edmund Spenser sepult. the xix day of Auguste.
 1618-19. John Spenser of Redlies sepultus the xix day of Januarie.
 1621. Marie Spenser, daughter of Edmund Spenser, sepult. the xiiij day of May.

Mr. F. C. Spencer supplies the following entry of burial:—

1654. Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, yeoman, the 28th September.

B: LANCASHIRE DIALECT-WORDS AND PHRASES
FROM THE WORKS OF SPENSER.

(See Life, Introd., p. xlvi.)

- Aberr, abear* = bear.
Abie, aby, abye = abide. 'Let it abie' = let it be as it is, is a quite common phrase still in North-East Lancashire, and usually pronounced 'abec,' as 'let him abec.' (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. i. 72).
Aboard, aboard.
Abyde, endure: 'Aw cannot abide.'
Affear, to frighten.
Affear'd, frightened.
Afoore, before.
Alabaster, alabaster.
Algates, all ways, by any means.
Alew, outcry—'pil-a-lew' = great noise.
Ancarsed, fined.
Arke, chest. (See Will of Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, 1587, in the Life—Introduction, pp. xvi-xviii.)
Aslake, to appease.
Astart, started, startled.
Atween, between.
Awarn'd, forewarned, admonished: 'I'll awarn't thee.'
Ayme, idea, notion. Lanc. 'like ayme.'
Bafful'd, beaten.
Balke, a bar or beam; and hence the verb 'to balk' or hinder, to stop the way, to prevent. Wilkinson gives 'I end ha wun but he balked me' (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. ix. 94).
Bannes, curses.
Bashed, abashed.
- Bayt*, to rest or refresh.
Beare, a bier.
Beare, to bear.
Becomen, become.
Beforne, before.
Belive, forthwith.
Bents, rushes, bent grass.
Beseek, beseech.
Besprint, bestrewn.
Bestadde, distressed (?).
Bet, beat.
Betide, befall.
Bickerment, quarrelling, strife.
Biggen, building, pile.
Bin and *bene*—local pronunciation of 'be' (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. ix. 162).
Bleard, dimmed.
Blonket, blanket—every-day use.
Bloosmes, blossoms—in habitual use.
Blowen, blown.
Blubber'd, face swollen with weeping.
Bode, did abide.
Bodie, person. Dr. Thomas Chalmers—the great Scottish divine—was wont to say that once a clergyman came to be over-familiarly spoken of as a 'fine body,' or a 'good body,' it was time he left his parish. But whilst so far true, it must be added that in individual cases—e.g., toward an aged clergyman—it has a touch of tender affectionateness behind the (seeming) contempt. It is in this kindlier sense Spenser employs it.

- Bond*, bound.
- Bonilasse*, bonny lass—common still.
- Boord*, board.
- Boot*, advantage—'and summat to boot.'
- Boughs*, bouts, turns.
- Bounches*, bunches.
- Bourne*, a small brook.
- Bousing*, drinking.
- Bousing can*, a drinking pot.
- Bout*, about.
- Brade*, broad—'Braidley' = broad pastures (Lanc. word to-day).
- Brag* and *bragly*, proud, proudly: 'How brag yond bullock bears' is a North-East Lancashire farmer's phrase still (*Sh. Cal.* iii. 17.)
- Brakes*, brackens, ferns, bushes.
- Brast*, burst—very common.
- Bveere*, briar.
- Breme*, chilly.
- Brenne*, burn.
- Brent* ('brunt'), burnt.
- Bringen*, bring.
- Broughten*, brought.
- Bryzes*, flies = occasionally heard still.
- Buckle*, to make a vigorous start.
- Busse*, a kiss—Lanc. *buss*, to kiss.
- Butten*, butt.
- Caren*, to care.
- Carke*, care.
- Carle*, a churl, a clown.
- Causen*, to argue.
- Chamfred*, bent.
- Chatten*, chatted.
- Chaufe* (chafe), to make angry.
- Chaufd*, chafed.
- Chawel*, chewed.
- Cheer*, countenance, aspect.
- Cheriping*, chirping.
- Chips*, husks: the term 'chippens' is particularly applied to potato parings before being boiled.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* vii. 188.)
- Clap*, a birth: at one clap = at one birth.
- Clapt*, placed.
- Clinke*, a keyhole.
- Clout*, a rag, a patch, a worthless old garment: 'clouted' = patched. A proverbial saying is still current, 'Don't cast a clout till May is out' = do not take off your underclothing. 'Clouted' also = clotted.
- Con*, to know, to learn; but see next word.
- Conno*, = a common contraction of 'can not.' I am not aware that 'con' is ever used in the folk-speech of this locality in the sense of 'to look over,' 'to learn,' or 'to know.' The poet here, however, uses the word 'conne' in the sense of to know—'Of Muses, Hobbinoll, I *conne* no skill' (*Ecl.* vi. 65).—Wilkinson.
- Corage*, courage.
- Corbe*, curved, crooked.
- Coronations*, carnations. By the Ribble, last summer, a farmer friend invited me specially to see his 'coronations.'
- Cotes*, places for sheep, etc.; cottages.
- Coulter*, plough-iron.
- Craggs*, necks, including the head. Hence also 'scraggy' = bony and lean, like the neck of a sheep when killed and dressed by the butcher.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* ix. 46.)
- Crakes*, cracks, praises, boastings.
- Crancke*, stiffly, proudly (*Sh. Cal.* ix. 46).
- Cranks*, turnings, twistings.
- Cratch*, a hay-rack.
- Creast*, crest.
- Crimosin*, crimson.
- Cruddles*, crouches.
- Cruddled*, curdled.
- Cruddling*, cowering.
- Cryen*, cry.
- Cuddy*, *Cuddie*—familiar name for Cuthbert, and common in

- Worsthorn and Hurttwood. Wilkinson states (1867), "The compiler of a Burnley Almanac in the East Lancashire dialect, styles himself 'Kester O'Cuddy's.' The Rev. F. G. Fleay, in his valuable *Guide to Chancer and Spenser* (1877) in his supplementary note, "Note on the Pastoral Names," pp. 85, 90, adds correctively "Cuddie (Cutty) is an abbreviation of Christopher, not of Cuthbert, as commonly supposed. The Cutty of William Brown[e] is Christopher Brooke; but who Spenser's Cuddy is, is very doubtful," etc. This is a mistake. 'Cuddie' is still in living use for Cuthbert in North-East Lancashire. 'Cutty' is a mere fancy-name of Brown's, and is not to be used to enforce a wrong meaning on 'Cuddie.'
- Cullumbine*, columbine—common still.
- Daffudillies*, *daffudozendillies*, daffodils—in every-day use, as in a nursery rhyme in which it is pronounced 'daffidandillies' (*Sh. Cal.* iv. 140-1).
- Dapper*, smart, pretty (*Sh. Cal.* x. 13).
- Dar*, *darre*, dare.
- Dared*, *darred*, dared, defied.
- Danceen*, dance.
- Darling*, darling.
- Deawie*, dewy: 'deaw' = dew.
- Deffly*, cleverly, nimbly.
- Delve*—Lanc. delf or delph—a pit, a stone-quarry.
- Dempt*, deemed, supposed.
- Designment*, plot, plan.
- Dirk*, *dirkes*, dark, darkens.
- Ditt* (ditty), a song.
- Devls*, devils.
- Doyle*, distribution or dealing out (as of alms).
- Doen*, do.
- Dofte*—Lanc. doffed, put off, undressed.
- Doole*, sorrow, pain.
- Don*, to do, to put on.
- Drad*, *dreed*, dreaded, revered.
- Drent*, drenched, drowned—Lanc. 'dreaunt.'
- Drest*, prepared—applied to cooking of food.
- Drift*, purpose, object.
- Dryn*, die.
- Earely*, early.
- Earne*, to yearn, to be moved with pity.
- Easely*, gently.
- Easement*, relief.
- Eft*, oft, again. Quite common, and in Lancashire I've heard over and over a well-known hymn sung 'And *often* its glories confest.'
- Eld*, age—still in use e.g., 'he is gettin *eld* now an' dotes.'—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* ii. 54.)
- Element*, 'th'element' = the element.
- Elles*, else.
- Emong*, among.
- End*, 'th'end' = the end.
- Enduren*, endure.
- Enstles*, ests, small lizards.
- Engen bow*, a bow of yew.
- Eyne*, *ene*, eyes—Lanc. 'een.'
- Faine*, willing, wishful, glad.
- Faire*, fairly.
- Faring*, going on.
- Feaven*, to frighten.
- Feld*, fallen, flung.
- Fell*, fierce—felly, fiercely. 'The flies is as *fell* as owt' (Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*).
- Fewe*, few.
- Fet*, *fett*, *fetchen*, fetch.
- Fhit*, to fluctuate—Lanc. to remove to another dwelling.
- Flocken*, to flock.
- Flush*, to rush together.
- Fond*, *fand*, found—Lanc. 'fun,' or 'fund.'
- Foorde*, ford.

- Foorth*, forth.
Foot, foot.
Forby, near to.
Forray, to ravage, to raid.
Forslackt, delayed.
Forst, first.
Forswat—'swat' for 'sweat.'
Forswonk, wearied, overdone.
Fower, four.
Fray, to frighten.
Frayde, afraid.
Fremme, a stranger: *Lanc.* 'fremd.'
Fro, from.
Furniment, furniture.
Galage, a wooden shoe—still occasionally used.
Gan, begun.
Gang, go—Wilkinson annotates: A Burnley landlady was once asleep in church, when the clock struck twelve. She immediately roused up and exclaimed, 'T'back perlor bell rings. Billy, gang ye.' (*Sh. Cal.* iii. 57.)
Gardin, garden.
Gars, causes, makes do (*Sh. Cal.* iv. 1).
Gate, way—'Gooin a *gaturs*' means accompanying a friend a short distance on the way home. 'Town-gate' and 'Water-gate' are also common terms for 'street' and 'river'—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.*, Epil. l. 8).
Gaynen, gain, get.
Gazement, gaze.
Geare, household stuff, dress, equipage.
Geather, gather.
Gelt, a gelding.
Gert, girded.
Gesse, suppose.
Gin, begin: gin = engine.
Girlondes, garlands. 'Eh, an' the girlonds ar bonnie'—said in my hearing on seeing the Christmas decorations of our Sunday School. (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. vi. 49.)
Girt, arrayed.
Glade, a passage through a wood.
Glee, mirth.
Glen, a narrow valley—E. K. blunders over this word in his 'Glosse.'
Grange, a granary, a farm.
Greave, grove.
Greet, to cry, lament (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. iv. 1).
Gride, to hurt, a sharp pain; commonly pronounced 'gerd,' as it comes in *gerds*—i.e. in sudden fits, pierced.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. ii. 1.)
Grin, grind; *Lanc. grun*, ground.
Griple, to grasp, to grip.
Hable, fit, capable.
Hafendeule, half, a moiety.
Hale, haul.
Han, a local pronunciation of 'have,' as 'We han rivan for you.'—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* ix. 163.)
Handsell, a gift to a first purchaser.
Harbrough, a habitation; a shelter, a lodging. Hence 'Windy Harbour,' the name of a farm in the neighbourhood; also probably Habergham Hall, the residence of the now extinct family of Habergham.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* vi. 17.)
Hard, heard.
Haunten, haunt.
Haveour, behaviour—'This is still a common expression for manners or demeanour before superiors —'Shew thi *haveour* and thank 'em kindly.'—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* iv. 66.)
Headpeece, head—'Eh, mon, what a heod-piece!' I heard applied to the local Liberal M.P.'s noticeable upper storey.
Heame, home.
Hearbes, herbs—pronounced often 'yarbes.'
Heard, *heard* - *groomes*, herd, shepherds.
Heare, hair.

- Hell*, to cover—Lanc. 'hill,' 'hull.
Hem, them.
Henst in hand, hast in hand.
Hereto, here.
Hetherto, to this time or place—
 Lanc. 'hitherto.'
Heven, hewn.
Heydegayes, an old country dance
 or sport.
Hidder and shidder, he and she.
 him and her (*Sh. Cal.* ix. 232).
Hie, go and hasten.
Hill, covered—so in *Tim Bobbin*,
 hill = to cover.
Holden, hold.
Holme, a river islet or riverside
 strip of land.
Hond, hand.
Hong, hung.
Hoot, hunt.
Hoarded, hoarded.
Hortl, hurled.
Hornpipe, a Lancashire dance.
Housing fire, sacramental fire.
Hurlen, to hurl, to rush.
Huswife, housewife.
Ingate, entrance.
Jessamines, jessamines.
Keys, keys.
Keene, sharp.
Keight, caught—modern Lanc.
 'ketcht, koteht.'
Kemd, combed.
Ken, to know, to find out.
Kend, *kent*, knew.
Keust, understands.
Kest, east.
Kestrel, a hawk.
Kidst, knowest.
Kill, killed.
Kirke, church—a house of a Lan-
 cashire man near my church he
 has called 'Kirk Side' (*Sh. Cal.*,
Ecl. v. 12).
Kirtle, a woman's gown.
Kynd, nature.
Kyne, cattle.
Lad—'Thou laesie lad'—a com-
 mon Lanc. expression.
- Lad*, led.
Lanck, lean.
Lasse, a girl—Lanc. 'my lass,' my
 sweetheart.
Latch, *latched*, catch, caught—an
 infectious disease is called
 'latching' (*Sh. Cal.* v. 290).
Layen, lay.
Laden, led.
Learne, teach.
Least, lest.
Leuged, belonged; also wished.
Lenger, longer.
Letten, let.
Lettice, local familiar name for
 Letitia. In the genealogy of the
 Spensers (as before) a Lettice
 Nowell is found married to
 Lawrence Spenser of Filley
 Close, in Pendle.
Lever, rather ('liefer'). 'T'de liefst
 ha this,' is a very common ex-
 pression when choice has to be
 made.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.*, *Ecl.*
 v. 167.)
Lief, as soon
Lich, *lick*, like.
Lidge, ledge, edge.
Ligge, *liggen*, lie down—very com-
 mon, and in bordering Yorkshire,
 as 'Come *lig* thee down' (*Sh.*
Cal. v. 216, ix. 118).
Liker, more likely.
Lite, alight.
Liven, live.
Livelod, livelihood.
Lompish, dull, stupid—Lanc. 'lump-
 head,' a stupid fellow.
Lond, ground, land.
Long, belong.
Looken, look.
Loord, lazy loord, idle fellow.
Loove, love.
Loover, chimney-opening in roof
 for escape of smoke.
Lope, leapt.
Lose, loose; *loast*, loosed.
Losel, a wasteful fellow.
Loure, frown, gloom over.

- Lynn*, linen.
Maister, master.
Maken, make.
Mangv, scabby.
Manie, many.
Mard, spoiled — Lanc. 'a *nard* child.'
Marry, a common interjection, but with no thought of the Virgin Mary in it.
Masken, to mask.
Maystred, mastered.
Mayzed, stunned.
Meave, a boundary—Lanc. 'meare-stanes' = boundary stones.
Medle, meddled, to mingle, mingled.
Mell, to intermeddle—in every-day use in East Lancashire, as 'He's awlus *mellin* on me. In a worse sense the word sadly puzzled both judge and counsel a few years ago at Lancaster.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* viii. 208.)
Merimake, a carousal.
Mct, meet.
Mickle, much; large size (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. vii. 16)
Minished, diminished.
Mirke, dark, obscure.
Mirksome, darksome.
Misdone, done amiss.
Misfare, misfortune.
Mislike, *mislicke*, dislike.
Missle, drizzle, to rain slightly, descend in small drops (of rain), as from mist: "It now also means 'to leave a company one by one,' in a quiet or stealthy manner."—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* xi. 208.)
Mochel, much.
Moldwarp, mole — now 'mowdy-warp.'
Monc, sorrow.
Moniment, monument.
Moother, mother.
Mostwhat, partly.
Note, might, must—present form 'mut.'
Moughl, might: 'It *mought* 'a been worse,' is in habitual use.
Moyste, damp, misty.
Mucky, foul, dirty.
Mum, silent.
Needments, necessaries.
Narre, nearer. 'Nar' and 'war' are local contractions of 'nearer' and 'worse,' as 'He's war nur he wor, un they think he'll nevvur mend.' 'A nar cut' is a nearer road.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* vii. 87.)
Nempl, named.
Nell, neat.
Newfangleness, love of novelty—Lanc. new-fangled, novel.
Nought, naught: 'I think *nought* o'm,' i.e. nothing of him—a common expression.
Noule, head—Lanc. 'noule' = noddle.
Nourse, nurse.
Noursle, to nurse.
Nourtred, nurtured.
Offal, refuse.
Other, 'th'other' = the other.
Other some, others.
Ouzell, blackbird.
Overcraw, to insult—Lanc. 'over-craw'—in common use. On the close of a Lancashire school-prize distribution, I heard two Lancashire boys in passionate debate, and among other things this fell angrily, 'Ye wanna *ower-craw* me.' Wilkinson adds " 'To pluck a crow' with any one is to quarrel with him, or to find fault with him for some offence." (*Sh. Cal.* ii. 142.)
Overhent, overtook.
Overgrast, covered with grass.
Overwent, over-ran.
Pas, surpass.
Passen, pass.
Paunce, a pansy flower.
Pearch, perch.
Pearcheth, perches.
Pearke, brisk, conceited—now in

- Lanc. 'peart' = lively, self-assertive—'He's as peart as a robin' (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. ii. 8).
- Perilous*, dangerous.
- Pheer*, *feer*, companion.
- Pible*, pebble.
- Pight*, pitched—quite common.
- Pill*, to rob.
- Pine*, to waste away.
- Plaine*, to complain.
- Playen*, play.
- Plash*, a splash.
- Poke*, bag or sack.
- Pounded*, hit—Lanc. 'punched.'
- Pow'd*, poured.
- Powing*, pouring.
- Prankt*, decked out.
- Praysen*, praise.
- Prease*, throng, crowd—to push through.
- Prise*, to crush, scuffle.
- Proffer*, offer.
- Prolling*, prowling, plundering.
- Putlocks*, kites.
- Pynen*, pine.
- Quaid*, subdued.
- Quight*, for 'quit, quitten, delivered, freed.
- Quook*, quaked, trembled.
- Rubblement*, a disorderly crowd, rabble.
- Rad*, read.
- Rafi*, left, bereft.
- Ramp*, to rush about—Lanc. 'on the ramp.'
- Ransakt*, plundered.
- Rast*, erased.
- Rathe*, early.
- Raught*, reached.
- Reck*, care, reckon.
- Red*, to advise (obsolete).
- Reck*, *recken*, reeking, smoking (*Sh. Cal.* ix. 117).
- Reliven*, to live again.
- Renne*, run.
- Rens*, runs.
- Rew*, to rue, pity.
- Rine*—a local pronunciation of 'rind' = outside peel or bark—quite common (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. ii. 121).
- Rift*, a gap, a cleft.
- Rive*, *riven*, *rived*, to tear asunder, torn, tore.
- Robben*, rob.
- Routes*, bullocks; young cattle—in every-day use in the country (*Sh. Cal.* ii. 5).
- Rosemarie*, rosemary.
- Roules*, rolls.
- Rowne*, *rowmes*, room, rooms—so pronounced still.
- Rudded*, reddened.
- Ruddock*, robin redbreast.
- Ruinate*, to bring to ruin.
- Rulen*, rule.
- Rushrings*, circlets of twined rushes made by children, of the pith of rushes, sometimes of the rushes whole.
- Sail*, heavy—quite common; e.g., 'sad cakes.'
- Saine*, *sayne*, say.
- San*, together.
- Saye*, a fabric of thin silk.
- Scarmages*, skirmishes — Lanc. 'serimages.'
- Scatterlings*, rovers or ravagers.
- Score*, reckoning.
- Srike*, to scream.
- Seare*, dry, consumed.
- Secly*, silly.
- Secmen*, seem.
- Sens*, since.
- Setten*, set.
- Shankes*, legs.
- Sheddeth*, spilleth—quite familiar.
- Shend*, to spoil.
- Sheres*, cuts, cleaves.
- Shooten*, shoot.
- Shop*, abode.
- Shright*, shrieked—Lanc. 'skrieked.'
- Sib*, of kin, akin. Only the other day an old Lancashire lady said of a young Scottish friend, 'Then she really is *sib* to me' = a relative by marriage.
- Sich*, *sike*, *sic*, such, such as. Not

- long ago a countryman from Hapton, near Burnley, expressed his opinion that 'sic a mother, sic a dowter,' always held in good families.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. ii. 211.)
- Sicker*, sure.
- Siken*, since.
- Simple*, simplicity—Lanc. simple = to commit foolish mistakes in a statement.
- Sin*, since.
- Sithens*, since then.
- Sitten*, sit.
- Sixt*, sixth.
- Skyne*, skies.
- Sleepen*, sleep.
- Slouth*, sloth.
- Smirke*, nice, pert, prim; hence to 'smirk' is to smile in a pert or winning manner. 'A *smirkin* hussy.'—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* ii. 72.)
- Smit*, smote.
- Smouldry*, hot, sweltering.
- Snorled*, entangled, ensnared.
- Sneb*, to snub or check; also chip or break. 'Donna *sneb* the child that way'—I overheard lately. Exactly as Spenser thus pronounced is this and nearly all his Lancashire words pronounced.
- Snuff*, sniff.
- Sods*, clods of earth.
- Soot*, sweet, sweetly.
- Soothsich*, truly.
- Sory*, sorry.
- Souces*, blows.
- Souse*, to strike heavily—Lanc. 'soss,' to bump down roughly.
- Sousing*, plunging.
- Soust*, dipped.
- Sparre*, *sperre*, to fasten: 'sperr' = a bar or prop; and hence 'to sperr' = to fasten with a prop or bolt.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* v. 227.)
- Speeden*, hasten.
- Sporten*, sport.
- Sprad*, spread.
- Sprent*, sprinkled.
- Staddle*, *steale*, a staff, stalk, handle—Lanc. 'steyl.'
- Stanke*, *stanck*, weary or faint.
- Stark*, 'stark lame' = stiff, totally lame.
- Steane*, stone.
- Stearc*, a young ox.
- Sted*, place—quite common.
- Steeme*, smoke.
- Stept*, steeped.
- Sterved*, starved.
- Sticke*, hesitate: 'stick not' = hesitate not.
- Stond*, stand.
- Stouping*, stooping.
- Stour*, *sloure*, a fight, a great commotion.
- Stownd*, space, season, etc.
- Strayen*, stray.
- Stroake*, stroke—'He's don a gud *strook* o' wark'—I've often heard.
- Strook*, struck.
- Stur*. It has acquired a wide signification in the dialect; for it means anything about which there is some commotion. A public meeting is 'a great *stur*'; so also a numerously-attended tea-party, etc.—Wilkinson. (*Sh. Cal.* ix. 182.)
- Supt*, drank.
- Swart*, swarthy, black.
- Swarv'd*, swerved.
- Swat*, sweat.
- Swat*, sweated.
- Swelt*, oppressed with heat—Lanc. 'swelted.'
- Swerd*, a sword; pr. 'suerd.'
- Swinck*, *swinke*, labour. In Ribblesdale a countrywoman from whom I was getting a jug of milk said 'Ye swat as yud been *swinckin*'—as nearly as I could catch the phrase. I discovered she meant 'as if I had been toiling hard.'
- Swound*, a swoon, a fainting fit—familiar use.

- Taine*, taken.
Teld, told.
Tellen, tell.
Thcare, there.
Th'end, the end.
Then, than—quite common still.
Th'element, the element.
Thetch, thatch.
Thewes, custom—Lanc. 'th' ewse.'
Thilk, this, there.
Thinken, think.
Th'one, the one.
Th'other, the other.
Thresh, thrash.
Thrid, *threed*, thread.
Thumping, bumping, stamping.
Tickle, unstable, ticklish—easily let loose, as 'As tickle as a mause-trap.' 'The word also means easily set laughing; and in this sense a person is said to be as *kittle* as owt' (Wilkinson). To 'kittle,' Scotiè, is also to 'tickle.' (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. vii. 14.)
Tide, time, season.
Tind, kindled, excited.
Todde, a bush.
Tom Piper—local name still for the village musician who pipes to the rustic dancers. I met with it a couple of miles from the foot of Pendle Hill.
Tooting, searching or prying about. I've often and often heard this word applied to gossips and busybodies—'peepin an' tootin abeaut' (*Sh. Cal.* iii. 66).
Tottie, shaky, staggering—'He's but *tottie* yet' I heard not long since said of a man just recovering from a fever (*Sh. Cal.* ii. 55).
Tound, tugged.
Toung, tongue.
Trast, traced, tracked.
Treaden, tread.
Treen, of a tree or trees.
Trewe, true.
T'road, the path.
Tway, two.
Twittin, scoffing, upbraiding.
Uncouth, strange—Lanc. 'uncoth, unco.'
Uncrudded, uncurded.
Unkempt, uncombed.
Unkent, unknown.
Unlich, unlike.
Unwares, unexpectedly.
Unwist, unknown.
Upbrast, burst forth.
Usen, use.
Vawtes, vaults.
Vetch bed, bed of vetchy straw (as common in Lanc.)
Voyded, parted.
Wad, a bundle.
Wage, wages, reward.
Wagmoives, quagmires—a local farmer's phrase to describe the moorland bog concealed by being grassed over.
Wanne, *wan*, won.
Warelesse, stupified.
Wark, work,—no one ever hears 'work' in Lancashire.
Wavre, worse—pronounced 'waar.'
Wasten, waste.
Wayne, waggon.
Weasand, withered.
Weleaway—an interjection.
Weet, wet, wets.
Weetless, ignorant.
Welke, to deceive.
Wend, to go.
Wax, *wexen*, to grow, increased.
What, *most-what*, mostly—Lanc. 'pertly-what' = partly.
Whether, which.
Whist, hushed.
Whot, hot.
Wight, person.
Wimble, alert, quick-darting. The other day a good and genuine North-East Lancashire woman (from Whalley) said to myself, 'I'm fairly *wim* o' my leggs,' meaning the same. Wilkinson gives 'He's as *wimble* as a monkey' (*Sh. Cal.*, Ecl. iii. 91).

<i>Woulden</i> , would.	shut the gate' (<i>Sh. Cal.</i> , Ecl. v. 227).
<i>Wondren</i> , wonder.	<i>Ybent</i> , inclined.
<i>Woode</i> , mad, wild, frolicsome, full of action and temper (Wilkinson) (<i>Sh. Cal.</i> , Ecl. viii. 75-6)—Lanc. 'wird, woode.'	<i>Ybet</i> , beaten.
<i>Wowed</i> , wooed.	<i>Ybrent</i> , burnt.
<i>Waxen</i> , waxed.	<i>Yearne</i> , earn.
<i>Wraken</i> , wrecked.	<i>Yerks</i> , jerks, lashes.
<i>Wrast</i> , wrest—Lanc. 'wrestling,' wrestling.	<i>Yit</i> , yet.
<i>Wrale</i> , wrote.	<i>Ylike</i> , alike—Lanc. 'elike.'
<i>Wroughten</i> , wrought, worked.	<i>Youd</i> , yonder—pron. 'yand,' that.
<i>Yate</i> , gate—'Tine t' yate' means	<i>Yonkers</i> , young ones.
	<i>Youngth</i> , youth—quite common.
	<i>Younker</i> , a young fellow.
	<i>Youthen</i> , youth.

Further:—There was heredity in the representations of the 'talk' and discussions on 'theological topics' in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, as in the actual facts. This can be established beyond gainsaying. In Townley Hall—close to the "North partes," wherein Spenser sojourned, and where he unquestionably composed much of the *Shepherd's Calendar*—there then lay a Manuscript of *Mysteries*, which he may have seen and read. Some of our Readers will know the *Towneley Mysteries* (Surtees Society, 1836), but it is to be feared very few capable literary men have read or critically studied them. And yet in these popular *Mysteries*—in the "Mactacio Abel," "Processus Noe," "Abraham," "Isaac," "Jacob," "Processus Prophetarum," "Pharao," "Cæsar Augustus," "Annunciacio," "Salutacio Elizabeth," "Prima Pagina Pastorum," "Secunda Pagina Pastorum," "Oblacio Magorum," "Fugacio Josephi et Mariæ in Ægyptum," "Magnus Herodes," "Purificacio Mariæ," "Pagina Doctorum," "Johannes Baptista," "Conspiracio et Capcio," "Coliphizatio," "Flagellacio," "Processus Crucis, Crucifixio," "Processus Talentorum," "Extractio Animarum ab

Inferno," "Resurrectio Domini," "Peregrini," "Thomas India," "Ascencio Domini," "Juditium," "Lazarus," and "Suspectio Judæ," we have precisely the blending of 'converse' about "heathen divinities" and "points of Christian theology" that are found in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, especially in "Mactacio Abel," "Annunciacio," "Salutacio Elizabeth," "Prima Pagina Pastorum" and "Secunda Pagina Pastorum." This is to be accentuated, because the whole of these *Mysterics* reveal their Northern origin, and reflect the living characters and manners of North-East Lancashire and West Yorkshire, or the identical districts embraced by the *Shepherd's Calendar*. Two points only may I tarry to emphasize as bearing on the *realism* of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. First—It is striking how the identical religious opinions that are discussed in the *Calendar* appear in the *Mysterics*, and not only so, but pointed with the very same proverbial sayings, "wise saws and modern instances." Second—Notwithstanding that about a century was interposed between the *Mysterics* and the *Shepherd's Calendar*, the current forms of speech, peculiarities of phrasing, peculiarities of wording in it, are found in the *Mysterics*. The latter I proceed to prove by noting (as promised in *Life*, p. 105).

NORTH-EAST LANCASHIRE WORDS COMMON TO THE
TOWNELEY MYSTERIES AND THE *SHEPHERD'S*
CALENDAR.

Be it understood—(1) These are all North-East Lancashire, though also frequently Yorkshire, words.

(2) They all, or nearly all, occur in Spenser. I classify them alphabetically:—

Aby, to suffer for.
Afore, before.
Algates, always.
Apon, upon.
Arryde, disposed of.
Avoutre, adultery.
Avyse, to teach.
Awenter, adventure, risk.
Balk, a ridge of land.
Bayle, grief, misery.
Beforme, before.
Belamy, bel-amie.
Belife, quickly.
Bent, the open field.
Bere, a noise.
Bet, beaten.
Byld, shelter.
Big, to build.
Bigyng, a building.
Blome, blossom.
Boote, a threat.
Bowne, ready.
Brade, a start, sudden turn.
Brast, burst.
Brede, breadth.
Brekylle, brittle.
Brene, fierce.
Brend, burnt.
Brere, brier.
Brymly, fiercely.
Bun, bound.
Busk, to prepare.
Carl, a clown.
Cled, clad.
Clekyl, hatched.
Clout, a garment.
Con, to know.
Conning, knowledge.
Couth, know.
Coylle, a coal.
Crak, to boast.
Croft, yard of a house, etc.
Dalle, the hand.
Dare, to quake.
Dawnee, dance.

Daynethe, a dainty thing.
Dece, death.
Defly, cleverly.
Delf, to dig.
Deme, to judge.
Depart, to divide.
Dere, damage.
Derling, darling.
Dight, furnished.
Dold, stupid.
Dowre, a slut.
Doyie, grief.
Dre, to endure.
Drede, *withouten*, without doubt.
Drely, slowly.
Dyng, to cast down.
Eene, eyes.
Eft, again.
Eld, age.
Elyke, alike.
Eme, an uncle.
Emong, among.
Ethe, easily.
Faed, faded.
Faine, glad.
Fand, found.
Fang, to take.
Far, to fare, go.
Faren, fared.
Fature, an idle fellow.
Fuyn, gay.
Felle, knock down.
Fere, mate, wife.
Ferly, strange.
Flay, to frighten.
Flyt, to fly.
Flyte, to scold.
Foche, to fetch.
Fon, found.
Fonden, foolish.
Forspoken, bewitched.
Forthy, therefore.
Foll, fetch.
Foyne, a heap.
Fray, a disturbance.

Fro, from.
Fry, seed.
Fyle, defile.
Gar, compel.
Gate, a way, a going.
Gawde, a trick.
Gayng, go.
Geld, barren.
Geve, household goods.
Gcyn, given.
Grame, anger, sorrow.
Greses, grasses.
Gryse, tremble.
Gyn, an engine.
Gyrth, protection.
Hard, heard.
Harle, to drag.
Hee, high.
Hend, hand.
Hes, has.
Hight, named.
Hoorc, a whore.
Ichen, each onc.
Ilk, each.
Ist, is it?
I wis, certainly.
Ken, to know.
Kyn, kindred.
Lake, to play.
Layl, to seek.
Lefe, to believe.
Lerc, to learn.
Lever, rather.
Lcvyn, lightning.
Lig, lie down.
Lite, strife.
Losel, dissolute fellow.
Loul, salute humbly.
Maister, master.
Mekelle, much.
Melle, meddle.
Ment, to remember.
Meyn, to complain.
Meyl, fit.
Mo, more.
Mon, must.
Mot, may.
Mow, to make mouths.
Muk, manurc.

Myche, much.
Myrk, dark.
Mysfare, to go wrong.
Nar, nearer.
Nesh, tender.
Nille, will not.
Nold, would not.
Noryshe, nurse.
Nother, neither.
Oft-silhes, oft-times.
Othergates, otherwise.
Oure, over.
Peasse, to make quiet.
Pight, strength.
Pleyn, complain.
Preasse, a press or crowd.
Prefe, prove.
Prest, ready.
Pyme, pain.
Queme, pleasure.
Quite, to requite.
Rad, afraid.
Radly, quickly.
Rathly, readily.
Rayd, arrayed.
Recolde, recollect.
Rede, advice, to advise.
Refe, to bereave.
Reke, to care.
Ren, to run.
Reprefe, reproof.
Rew, to repent.
Sam, together.
Sayn, say.
Scathe, injury.
Sek, a sack.
Sekyr, sure, certain.
Sely, simple.
Sen, since.
Share, to cut off.
Shene, bright.
Shent, destroyed, shamed.
Shrew, to curse.
Shryke, to shriek.
Sithe, time.
Sithens, afterwards.
Stewthe, sloth.
Snek, door-latch.
Sone, soon.

<i>Spar</i> , to shut out.	<i>Tyde</i> , a time.
<i>Spyr</i> , inquire.	<i>Tyne</i> , to lose.
<i>Stad</i> , to place.	<i>Unconth</i> , unknown.
<i>Stang</i> , to sting.	<i>Won</i> , went.
<i>Stark</i> , stiff.	<i>Wap</i> , to wrap.
<i>Sted</i> , to stop.	<i>War</i> , worse.
<i>Stownd</i> , an acute pain.	<i>Wark</i> , to ache.
<i>Stowre</i> , trouble, peril.	<i>Wate</i> , wet.
<i>Stythe</i> , firm.	<i>Weld</i> , to wield.
<i>Swap</i> , a blow.	<i>Wend</i> , thought.
<i>Swell</i> , to melt.	<i>Were</i> , doubt.
<i>Swynk</i> , to toil hard.	<i>Wex</i> , waxed, grew.
<i>Syb</i> , kinsman.	<i>Whick</i> , living.
<i>Sythen</i> , since.	<i>Won</i> , wont; to dwell.
<i>Tent</i> , to take heed.	<i>Wood</i> , mad.
<i>Teyn</i> , to afflict.	<i>Wrake</i> , revenge.
<i>Teyn</i> , grief.	<i>Wrasl</i> , wrest.
<i>Than</i> , then.	<i>Wrokyn</i> , to revenge.
<i>Thew</i> , strength.	<i>Yates</i> , gates.
<i>Thole</i> , to suffer.	<i>Yode</i> , to go.
<i>Thrylle</i> , to pierce.	<i>Yrk</i> , obstinate.

Lowell (as before, p. 358) observes: "We have at last got over the superstition that shepherds and shepherdesses are any wiser or simpler than other people." Granted; and now we need to get over this other superstition, that other people are any wiser or simpler than shepherds or shepherdesses. Finally, here, I illustrate

POINTS OF THEOLOGY TALKED OF ALL OVER LANCASHIRE CONTEMPORARILY.

In 1574, Mr. Nicholas Daniel, B.D., Vicar of Preston, wrote a long and singular letter to the Bishop of Chester, the original of which is preserved at Chester, and which was copied by the late Canon Raines, F.S.A., into a volume of his Lancashire MSS. Mr. Daniel complained sorely of the Romish practices and preferences, of a large body of his parishioners,

boldly abetted by his own curate, Mr. William Wall, who had been a priest in Queen Mary's time, and was one still at heart. Amongst many other things the Vicar of Preston told his Bishop were these:—

“A number here wyll not receave the holy sacrament: the preste [curate] doth juggle and beare with them, he hath destroyde thys parishe and the countrye aboute in bering with them and takinge gyfts yerely of them (besydes his boorishe lyfe too abhominable to be told), and even this daye hath an hoare great w'th chyld within one myle of Preston, and because he bereth with suche they beare with hym, so y^t against my heart and conscience I am compellyd to kepe hym; but I wyll now geve hym warninge to dep't at Mydsomer and discharge y^e Cure from an hoormonger w'ch hath a wyfe of hys owne, and thys ys my way to ryd hym.”
 . . . “He hath so accustomed to give y^e sacrament into y^r mouthes y^t they will not take it into y^e handes, he wynketh at them y^t have y^r children christened at y^e handes of ould preestes in houses.” . . . “Not only thys, but even upon Easter Day he served a company in hys owne house, and no man knoweth what they were. He causeth bells to be ronge for soulls, when I am preaching the gospell, and allsoe cometh boldlye to me and byd me come down; he never wold saye y^e evening prayer on Saterdayes, but only singe to mocke God and y^e people.” . . .
 “And we have here a Popish boy our parish clerke, not knowne in y^e Church, but only at Organe on the Sunday, and suche a noyse they make y^t no man understand a worde they singe. No Geneva Psalme they will have before the sermon; no bell wyll he tole to a sermon, so y^t he must be swore to obey in lawfull thinges, or els he shall not serve.” . . . “The table which we mynister on ys an olde Altar, whereon an C [100] masses have been sayde to songe; a pulpitt, many swynes troofe better; altar stones and Idolls seates standinge, and I have moved to abolish such abuses but I cannot be hard [heard]. I dygged of late in myne owne groundes and found a greate number of alabaster Images which I destroyde,—and for such course we lose the love of Idolatrars.”

The same conflict and inevitable ‘talk’ went on all around; and in good sooth down to recent times North-East Lancashire especially has been famous for its ‘theological’ discussions and ‘talk.’

C: DESCENT OF THE TRAVERSES.

(See Life, Introd., p. lxii.)

In the statements of *The Patrician* respecting John Travers, Esq., of St. Finbarry's and of Ballynamona, co. Cork, Ireland, whose wife was Sarah Spenser (as shown), he is said to have been "eldest son of Brian Travers, of Nateby, in Lancashire, Esq." This is a claim to be of the head-house of the Traverses. It is inexact in respect of the designation of Brian Travers. He was not "of Nateby," nor did he own any portion of the estates of the chief lineage of the Traverses of Lancashire, at Nateby, Tulketh, etc., although the family of Brian Travers, wherever domiciled, whether in Lancashire, Cheshire, or in Ireland, doubtless branched off from the common stock of the Traverses.

I have now to sketch the descents of Travers of Nateby and of Tulketh, near Preston, co. Lancaster, through five generations, from *temp.* Henry VIII. and beginning of the sixteenth century down to A.D. 1626, when the last known representatives sold the Nateby estate. The names of all male members of each generation obtainable from Wills, Inquisitions, Preston Guild Rolls, and Heralds' Visitation, are thus furnished, but no Brian or even John Travers among them.

William Travers, of Nateby and Tulketh, Esq., in possession *temp.* Henry VIII., married Margaret, daughter of Lawrence Preston, of Preston in Amounderness, and had issue, sons, Lawrence (who died young); William (who succeeded); and Anthony (living, and a "foreign" burgess of Preston at the Guild of 1562):

and daughters, Grace, Elizabeth, Ann, Dorothy, and Alice. The father, William Travers, served in the wars in Scotland, and died in that country 28th July, 1524. (Inq. p. m. 16 H. VIII.)

William Travers of Nateby, Esq., son and eventual heir of William, married Dorothy, daughter of Thomas Preston of Preston Patrick, co. Westmoreland, Esq., and had issue four sons, Richard, William, Thomas, and Robert, all enrolled as "foreign" burgesses at the Guild Merchant of Preston in 1562, and described as sons of William Travers, Esq., then deceased. This William Travers died at Nateby, 24th July, 1558. (Inq. p. m. 1st Eliz.)

Richard Travers of Nateby, Esq., son and heir of William, married Grace, daughter of Richard Redman, of Harwood Castle, co. York, and had issue, sons, William, Thomas, and Richard. Richard died 10th April, 1576. (Inq. p. m. 19th Eliz.)

William Travers of Nateby, Esq., son and heir of Richard, succeeding at an early age in 1576, held the estates about fifty years. He married Agnes, daughter of Thomas Latham, of Parbould, Esq., and had issue, sons, Richard, Edward, and William; and daughters, Isabel, wife of James Wall, of Preston, gent.; Ellen, Dorothy, Ellinor, and Catherine. William Travers, Esq., was a burgess of Preston at the Guild Merchant in 1582, 1602, and 1622. He was living in 1626, but the date and place of his death are unknown.

Richard Travers, gent., son of William, was born in 1590. He married, and had issue two daughters, Jane and Alice. He was a Guild burgess of Preston in 1622, and living in 1631. In 1626 he joined with

his father, William, in breaking the entail of the family estates, when Nateby was sold to George Preston, of Holker in Furness, Esq. This transaction closes the history of the Traverses of the elder line as a Lancashire territorial family.

Hence it appears that Brian Travers, father of John who married the Poet's sister, was neither himself head of the family of Travers of Nateby, nor owner of that estate; nor could he have been even a son of any one of the scions of that house. Who, then, was Brian Travers? The only one of this name who occurs in local records of the period is a Brian Travers, in the reign of Philip and Mary, who was "Deputy Steward to Sir John Savage, Knight, and one of the Bailiffs of the Honour of Halton, co. Chester." In his official capacity this Brian Travers appears as a party to several law-suits in the Chancery of Lancaster in the reign named and early in Elizabeth. The latest reference is in 15th Elizabeth (A.D. 1572), in which Brian Travers was plaintiff in a suit about two Salt Wiches at Northwich, co. Chester. This Brian Travers seems to have resided in Cheshire, but this does not forbid his having been connected with a branch of Travers of Lancashire. One such branch held lands and a mansion-house at Ridgate, in Whiston, parish of Prescot, represented in 25th Elizabeth (1582) by John Travers of Ridgate, and in 30th Elizabeth (1593-4) by William Travers, Esq., who in that year died seised of messuages, lands, etc., including Ridgate, or Rudgate, in the manor of Whiston, and estate in Windle, Hardshaw, and Rainforth (Lancashire).

Sarah Spenser, as being herself of Lancashire, would

naturally marry a Lancashire man. And so we have another link in the chain of evidence.

I add a final notice :—In the *Annals of S. Fin-Ban's Cathedral* [Cork] I find this :—" 1623. George Lee, Dean and the Chapter, grant to Robert Travers, of Mooretown in Ibawn, Esq., a place of burial in the south side of the Chancel of our Church, next the South wall at the window now the most eastern of the same side ; in which place John Travers, father of the same Robert, as well as Sara Spenser a^{ts} Travers, mother of Robert, with his paternal grandmother, as also his two brothers, are buried. In which place the said Robert, with our consent heretofore had erected a marble tombe, until the next walls of the ruin being destroyed through age, in order that they may be repaired anew." This monument has disappeared ; probably destroyed in the demolition of the old building in 1734.*

D : JEAN VANDER NOODT OR NOOT.

(See Life, p. 23.)

I add these biographical details on this early friend of Spenser. From Dr. W. J. A. Jonckbloet's *Geschiedenis der Nederlandsche Letterkunde*, 1873 (erste Deel, p. 353), and other Flemish authorities, we learn that he was born at Brecht, province of Antwerp, in 1538. Towards 1560 he became resident in Antwerp, where he was appointed alderman (*écherin*), and

* I am indebted to Dr. Cauldfield, Cork, for above quotation and other local helps ; also to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Cork for his kind interest.

acted as such from 1562 to 1565. At the time of the historically memorable insurrection of the Calvinists (1567) he was signalized by his boldness against the Roman Catholics. But the insurrection having been quenched in blood, he fled to England. He appears to have arrived in London in 1568, on the execution of Egmont and Staker. His *Theatre of Voluptuous Worldlings* was published in French and in English in 1569. All the Dutch biographers state that in London he formed an intimate acquaintance with the poet Spenser. It is to be wished that they had adduced authorities for this. But as it is, being independent of the Sonnets, it agrees with our worked-out conclusion. It is singular that his name does not appear in connection with the Dutch (Protestant) congregation in London, nor in any of the numerous lists of exiles. He also proceeded to France, and became a friend of Ronsard and other French celebrities. In 1579 he returned to Antwerp in extreme poverty—so much so that he had to apply to the magistrates for a pauper's alms. Because of his abject poverty, the Flemish and Belgian writers state that he accepted the pecuniary assistance of the partizans of the king. It was at this time he called Philip II. "the best of kings." Such a collapse of principle is mournful. Such utter impoverishment is in strange contrast with his own designation in his title-pages of patrician," or of "gent" in not a few Elizabethan title-pages. His contemporaries pronounced him "the prince of poets." There are words by him in self-praise that would be incredible if they were not extant, *e.g.* :

SUMMARY AND PREFACE TO THE *Lof-sang van Brabant*.Addressed to the Estates of Brab^t., 1580.

V. d Noot explains his aims in life in general, and in writing this poem in particular. Men pursue various ends, some stay at home, others go abroad, some mine, some fish, : "but I have, alone and above all, from my youth upward, had a special love for the heavenly art which God through Phœbus and the 9 Muses, excites in the calm breast of divine poets. . . . Impossible to check an innate impulse . . . and my Inspiration has carried me rather to heavenly than to earthly things.

"Seeing that God has deigned to give Brabant, too, her *Poet* (as he gave Homer to the Greeks, Vergil to the Romans, Petrarch to the Tuscans), he cannot weary of thanking him for his good gifts, and for having thus furnished him with this heavenly art.

"Next to G^d. my aim is to honour and immortalize my *country*, and my good countrymen and women. 'And also to show posterity that I, too, once lived.'"

He was a various-languaged man. He died in 1595. Some of his French sonnets and snatches of verse are slight, but pretty, with a flavour of the Pleiad school. Two brief specimens must suffice:—

From the "Abrégé de l'Olympiade."

SONNET.

Je vis ma Nimphe au coing d'ung ioly pré,
 Au mois de May, auprès d'ung jardinage,
 Environné d'ung clair et beau rivage,
 Estant par tout fort plaisamment bordé
 De lis, de fleurs, et d'herbes diapré :
 On ne vit onc plus ioly paysage,
 Plus beaux tapis, ny plus plaisant feuillage.
 Tant noblement estoit le champ orné,
 Comme Flora entre fleurs estoit elle,
 Pour sa beauté il faut bien qu'on l'appelle
 L'Alme Venus : pour son savoir, Minerve :
 Diane aussi pour sa chasteté grande :
 Pour son bon port Junon qui tout commande
 Depuis ce temps devint ma raison serve.

Ses petits dents sont trop plus blancs qu'yvoire,
 Et son parler (plus doux qu'on sçauroit croire)
 Est parfumé d'une soüefue odeur,
 Tant douce (à foy) qu'on ne peut trouver fleur,

Musc ou parfum, en l'Arabie heureuse
 Qui sent mieux que sa bouche amoureuse ;
 Dix mille amours sortent de ses beaux yeux,
 Et qui plus est mille graces des cieux
 Volent tousiours à l'entour de sa bouche,
 Qui plus que miel, rosée, ou manne est douce, etc.

It is not improbable that Vander Noodt brought his *Abrégé de l'Olympiade* before Spenser. Curiously enough, in his preface to it he announces that like the *Faery Queen* it was to be in "Twelve Books," which were nearly ready for publication, but never were published. Mr. A. H. Bullen, London, has favoured me with these details of the "Argument" of his allegorical poem. Read along with the etching-like engravings, they strike me as having suggested some features of the *Faery Queen*. Illustrative quotations from the *Olympiades* will be found in the Notes and Illustrations of our Glossarial Volume (Vol. X.)

Abrégé des douze livres Olympiades.

ARGUMENT.

Mercury shows the poet in sleep the "Idea" of Beauty, the lady Olympia; announcing that he shall one day possess her. Presently five noble Ladies find him, and lead him to search for his mistress. He seeks for her in the garden of *Madame Hedone*, who flatters him in order to keep him, but he leaves her and enters the Chateau of Plutus, who tries vainly to keep him. Afterwards he enters the Palace of Euclia, and conceives the desire of living there in honour and glory, but his companions urge him forward. The promised hour comes at length, and the poet meets "la Dame gracieuse," whose divine beauty he describes. He is drawn by the beauty of his lady to the Garden of Love, where he sees Love sitting in a Triumphal Chariot; he follows the chariot and sees Love descend in front of a beautiful theatre. In the midst was the fountain of Venus. Then comes to him the voice of Venus, bidding him to persevere in his love. Afterwards he is drawn by the virtues of his Lady to the Temple of Arete. Seeing her play on a lute "dedans un pré verdoiant," he was so enraptured with her sweet songs

and her beauty that Erato took him to the mountains "d'Elicon et Parnasse," where Phæbus embraced him and the Sisters inspired him with enthusiasm and poetic spirit. At parting he plays so sweetly among the poets in the Elysian fields that he receives a crown of laurel from Phæbus, a crown of myrtle from Venus, of olive from Minerva, of ivy from Bacchus. Conducted by the five Demoiselles, the poet then reaches a virtuous matron, Theude, who is accompanied by the maidens Pistis, Elpis, and others. Theude shows him the strait path, which seems very difficult to pass by reason of *rochers* and *ronces*, but whosoever passes along it with good courage, will find (she says) eternal repose. Well-armed he proceeds on the road to combat with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; the vices are figured under the shapes of various beasts, Wolves, Leopards, Lions, Dogs, Bears, etc. He gains the victory, but it then remains to fight the monster Ptochia. However, Sponde and Ergasia bring the daughters of Plutus (Chrysea and Argyrea) to his help, and Ptochia flees. Afterwards he comes to some fair fields, where his Lady appears before him, accompanied with gods and goddesses. The marriage is solemnized; a feast is made, and the fauns and satyrs serve the wines.

Finally—As evidence of Vander Noodt's strong detestation of the Papists, and so confirming our interpretation of the 'September' Eclogue, take these interpolated passages from the English *Theatre for Worldlings* (1569), in which Spenser's Sonnets appeared—

"Heere we might speak and reherse many things: Namely of the keeping of their stewes, and how they goe a whoring two maner of wayes: whereunto we might ioyne and declare what gaine and profite the ruffian prelates get thereby. As it is to be scene, namely at Rome, what revenues and rents, that great and soveraign ruffian getteth by his whoores. And afterward of the drowning and killing of children, and secretly murthuring; and casting in corners and ditches, as is usually practised amongst the riggish and lecherous prelates" (fol. 52 b, ll. 2-15).

Again—

"Thys may those testifie whiche hearde the Sermone of one B. Cornelis y^e Hisper at Bruges, B. John vanden Hagen at Gaunt [Ghent], and that worthie knave that preached at S. Goule, whiche for his behaviour was banyshed oute of the Haghe

in Hollande, as the rest of them were woorthie to bee. But God be thanked, that the Papistes of oure countrey can none otherwyse clense them selves than wyth suche foule and filthie dishe cloutes, and fyght wyth such dartes wherwyth they hurte them selves'' (fol. 38 b, ll. 5-17).

Neither of these extracts are in the original French.

E: TRANSLATION OF SPENSER'S LATIN VERSE-LETTER TO HARVEY.

(See Life, p. 69.)

BY RICHARD WILTON, M.A., LONDESBOROUGH RECTORY.

To that Most Accomplished Man, now for a long time for many reasons Most Illustrious, G. H., the Letter of his "Immerito," about to sail for France and Italy,

GREETING.

Thus I, though mean, to my illustrious friend,
 Not void of friendliness, my greetings send :
 And thus a veteran poet I address,
 A poet I myself, though new, no less ;
 May you, return'd after long absence, find
 A Heaven that smiles around you to your mind ;
 A Heaven more fair than that which bends o'er me.
 Behold, of late, the God that rules the sea,
 Gave me clear signals (may He be the God
 Who makes the rebel bend beneath His rod
 And dooms the perjured lover): He prepares
 And gently smooths with His propitious airs
 The waves my wingèd bark must shortly plough :
 His angry winds e'en Father Æolus now
 Lulls, and his blustering storms.
 Thus all things ready for my journey seem,
 Unready only I myself do deem.
 For wounded how I know not, my sick mind
 Has long been tost with doubtful wave and wind,
 While Love, the steersman strong, my strengthless bark,
 Still hurries hither, thither, through the dark ;
 Reason that followed better counsels slain,
 By Cupid's bow its glory cleft in twain :
 Of hesitation I am still the sport,
 And vext with tempest in the very port.

Thou great despiser of the quivered Love
 (That impious name I pray the gods above
 May pardon) these hard knots untie for me;
 Henceforth my great Apollo thou shalt be.
 Thy spirit stirs thee highest fame to gain,
 And bids the poet breathe a loftier strain
 Than can be found in Love the light and slight,
 And yet, alas, Love is not always light!
 All things you heed not save eternal praise,
 And for the splendid image which you raise,
 The things the foolish crowd, as gods, adore,
 Farms and great friends, a town house, golden store:
 The things which please the eye, fair forms, fine shows,
 Sweet faces where the colour comes and goes,
 All these you trample under foot with scorn,
 As mocking fancies of the senses born.
 Meet for my Harvey this may stand confess'd,
 The copious orator and noble breast—
 A thought old Stoic wisdom would endorse
 And stamp with sanctions of eternal force;
 But all men do not think alike of course!

The eloquent Ulysses, driven afar
 By adverse winds beneath an unknown star,
 A distant exile on the stormy deep,
 Where whirlpools in a fatal eddy sweep,
 Despised Calypso's couch and heavenly charms,
 For his wife's tearful eyes and faithful arms.
 Such power had Love and Woman o'er his soul,
 Woman more strong than Love in her control.
 But him, however wise, you leave behind,
 So wonderful the grandeur of your mind.
 Matched with the ideal image of such fame
 And varied glories as surround your name,
 The things the foolish crowd, as gods, adore
 Farms, and great friends, flocks, herds, and golden store,
 The things which please the eye, fair forms, fine shows,
 Sweet faces where the colour comes and goes,
 The things which please the taste and take the ear—
 All these you pass unmarked, nor hold them dear.
 Truly you have high notions, but I ween
 High notions do not always knowledge mean.
 Who knows in small things how to be unwise
 Oft from the proudly knowing bears the prize.
 The Sophists once, a miserable crew,
 At Aristippus their reproaches threw,

Because he mildly measured out his speech
 The tyrant in his purple pride to reach :
 But he in turn of their vain saws made light,
 Whom a gnat's flying shadow could affright,
 And all who study to delight grandees
 Study to be unwise ; and so they please.
 In fine, whoe'er his brows with wreaths would bind,
 And with the favouring crowd approval find,
 Learns foolishly to trifle, and lays claim
 To folly's idle praise which merits shame.
 The name of Wise, old Father Ennius bore
 Alone amid a countless crowd of yore,
 Yet he is praised because his liquid song
 Amid the foolish winecups flowed along.
 Nor with your leave, great Cato of our day,
 May you obtain the Poet's honoured bay,
 Howe'er you sing and build the lofty rhyme,
 Unless you play the fool to please the time ;
 For all things, wheresoe'er you look around,
 With nought but fools and foolishness abound.
 But lo, amidst the whirling stream is seen
 A central way of safety yet, I ween.
 He who desires to figure in men's eyes
 As neither too unwise, nor yet too wise,
 To him alone the Wise man's name you give :
 He in the *via media* strives to live.
 For on one side the threatening waters call,
 And on the other fatal lightnings fail.

To slight too much Life's flowing joys beware—
 A tender Wife late-answering to your prayer :
 Nor, if you're wise, from offered riches shrink,
 Whate'er the Curii and Fabricii think—
 Their wretched fancies leave the wretched race,
 Pride of their age, of our age the disgrace.
 Nor yet too eagerly these joys pursue ;
 Danger on either side confronts the view.
 He who the happy medium truly knows,
 If Heaven on any one the gift bestows,
 Him the alone Wise man on earth write down,
 Though Socrates himself may wear a frown.

By natural force some men live piously,
 Others maintain a stern integrity ;
 Others in manly fortitude excel ;
 But in all men's opinions *he* does well,
 Who still " the useful with the sweet has blent."'
 The gods to me long since the sweet had sent ;

But ne'er the useful : how I wish that they
 The useful now would send to me some day,
 And e'en the sweet : O that the gods to me
 (Since great and small to gods must equal be)
 Unless they envy mortals too much bliss
 Could find it in their power to grant me this,
 And let the sweet and useful both be mine !
 Such Fortune, Harvey, is already thine ;
 She with an equal hand to thee is kind,
 And gives thee sweet and useful to thy mind :
 But I being born beneath a cruel star,
 Set out in search of her through lands afar,
 Where wild Caucasian mountains soar on high,
 And Pyrenæan summits pierce the sky,
 And where base Babylon corrupts the air :
 But if, though sought for, she is found not there,
 In endless wanderings on the mighty deep
 With old Ulysses o'er the waves I'll sweep
 In search of her ; and thence will sadly go
 With sorrowing Ceres to the realms below,
 To whom one world sufficed not her fond quest,
 Seeking her stolen daughter without rest.

For in this native nook, this dim retreat,
 I blush to waste my days ; it is not meet
 A youth with genius not unblest, should spend
 In duties mean, repeated to no end,
 The precious morning of his fairest years,
 Nor see the hoped-for fruit crown the green ears.
 So I will go at once, but who will pray
 For blessings from above upon my way ?
 And up the weary Alps I will ascend,
 But who in the meanwhile will greet my friend
 With letters redolent of British dew
 And songs that waft the sighs of lover true ?
 The Muse beneath some alien height will mourn
 The silence long with ceaseless wail forlorn :
 And grieve with flowing tears and clouded brow
 That sacred Helicon is silent now ;
 And Harvey kind (though dear to all he be,
 And justly, for more sweet than all is he) ;
 My Angel Gabriel (though with friends girt round,
 And troops of kindred souls about him found)
 For his "Immerito" will oftentimes call,
 The only absent dear one of them all ;
 And with a longing soul will breathe the vow—
 "O would my Edmund were beside me now !

Who wrote me all the news, nor failed to tell
 The tender love which made his bosom swell;
 And oft with heart and words would kindly pray
 For blessings from above upon my way,—
 God bring him safely back again some day!"

F: HARVEY'S LETTERS TO SPENSER.

(See Life, p. 73.)

"To his very unfriendly frende
 that procurid y^e edition of his
 so slender and extemporall devises."

The Letter thus proceeds :—

"Magnifico Signor Benevolo, behoulde what millions of thanks I recouthe unto you, and behoulde how highly I esteeme of your good Masterships overbarish and excessive curtesy, first in publishing abroad in prynte to the use or rather abuse of others, and nowe in bestowing uppon myselfe a misshapin illfavorid freshe copy of my precious poems, as it were, a pigg of myne owne sowe. Truste me, there ar sundry weighty and effectuall causes why I should accounte it the very greatist and notablissime discourtesy in good erneste that ever heretofore was offerid me by ether frende or foe : and truly there never happenid any on thinge unto me that did ever disorder and distraute the power of my mynde so mutche. Alasse they were hudlid, and as you know bunglid upp in more haste then good speede, partially at the urgent and importune request of a honest goodnaturid and worshipfull yonge gentleman who I knewe, beinge privy to all circumstaunces, and very affectionate towards me or anye thinge of my dooinge, would for the tyme accept of them accordinglye : especially considering they were the very first rimes in effect that ever he perusid of mine in Englishe : and so I remember I then excussid the matter, terming them my fine Verlayes, and first experiments in that kinde of fingeringe and goodly wares. It is Italian curtesye to give a man leave to bee his own carver. And nowe forsoothe, as a mighty peece of worke not of mine own voluntarie election, which might have chosen a thousand matters both more agreable to my person and more acceptable to others, but they muste needs in all haste no remedye be sett to sale in Bartholomewe and Stirbridge fayer, with what lack ye Gentlemen ? I pray you will you see any freshe newe bookes ? Looke, I beseeche you, for your loove and buie for your moonye. Let me yet borrowe on

crackd groate of your purse for this same span new pamphlett. I wisse he is an University man that made it, and yea highlye commendid unto me for a greate scholler. I marry, good syr, as you saye, so it should appeare in decde by his greate worke : by my faye he hath taken verry soare paynes, beshrowe my hart else. What? Will iij^d fetch it? I will not steeke to bestowe so much in exhibition uppon the University. Doist thou smyle to reade this stale and beggarlye stuffe in writinge that thy eares have so often lothid and so disdaynefully abhorrd in the speakinge? Am not I as suer as of the shirte or gowne on my backe to heare and putt up these and twentye such odious speaches on both sides of my hede before on fayer day be quite over paste, and nowe I beseeche your Benivolenza what more notorious and villanous kind of iniurye could have bene devised againste me by the mortallist enemy I have in this whole world? Besides, if peradventure it chaunce to cum once owte whoe I am, (as I can hardly conceive howe it can nowe possibely be wholye kept in, I thanke your good mothers eldist ungracious sonne) nowe, good Lorde, howe will my right worshipfull and thrise venerable masters of Cambridge scorne at the matter? Tell me in good soothe, as thou art an honest gentleman, doist thou not verelye suppose I shalbe utterlye discredidit and quite disgracid for ever? Is it not a thinge neerelye impossible ether still to mainetayne or againe to recover that præiudiced opinion of me amongste them, that heretofore, by means of good fortune and better frendes and I knowe not what casualtye else, was conceavid? What greater and more odious infamye for on of my standinge in the Universitye and profession abroad then to be reckonid in the Beaderoule of English Rimers, especiallye beinge occupied in so base an obiecte and handelinge a theame of so slender and small importance? Canst thou tell me or doist thou nowe begin to imagin with thyselfe what a wunderfull and exceedinge displeasure thou and thy Prynter have wroughte me? In good faythe, I feare me it will fall oute, to the greatist discourtesye on thy parte and the most famous discredidit on mine that ever was procurid by a frende towards his frend. If they had bene more than excellentlye dun, flowinge, as it were, in a certayne divine and admirable veyne, so that a good fellowe moughte well have saide, Did you ever reade so gallant passionate geere in Inglishe? What greate notable fame or credit, I pray you, could they worke me, beinge still to bee reputid but for fine and phantasticall toyes, to make the best of them? Nowe, beinge on the contrarie side so farr otherwise, as all the worlde seithe, and I must needs confesse, howsoever it pleasith your delicate Master-shipp to bestowe a delicate liverye uppon them, and christen them by names and epithites, nothings agreable or appliante to

the things themselves (purposinge of all likehood to give me that as a plaster for a broakin pate), what other fruite is hereby reapid unto me, but displeasure of my worshipfullist dearest frendes; malicious and infamous speaches of my professid and secrett enemies; contempe and disdayne of my punyes and underlings? finally what but dislikinge, murmuring, whisperinge, open or cloase quippinge, notorious or auricular iybinge on every hande? In faythe, you have showid me a very frendly and gracious touche, I beshrowe your kynde harterroote for your labour. Howbeit perforce I must nowe be constrainid (the wounde beinge so far past all remedy and incurable) to make a vertu of necessity as many poore honest men have dun before me, and if not sufficiently contente and satisfie myne owne phansye (which is simplye impossible) yet to countenance oute the matter as easely as I can: setting the best and impudentist face of it that I can borrowe here amongst my acquayntaunce in Cambridge, havinge none such of myne owne. And herein onelye to saye trothe and to be playne, thou maist make me sum litle peece of amendes if so be your good mastershippes worshipp woulde deigne the voutesafyngge me by the next carrier that cummith downe to Sterbridge fayr ether so reasonable quantity of your valorous and invincible currage or at the leste the clippings of your thrishonorable mustachyoes and subboscoes to overshadow and to cover my blushingge against that tyme. I beseech your goodnesse lett this ilfavorid letter suffize for a dutifull sollicitor and remembrer in that behaulfe (and especially in the other œconomicall matter you wott of for the very greatist parte and highest poynte of all my thoughtes at this presente) without farther acquayntinge my benefactours and frendes with these pelting scholastical sutes and I præsume of our oulde familiaritye so mutch that I suppose it needlesse extraordinarilye to procure any noblemans petitory or commendatorye letters in any sutch private respectes. For the on I hope in the heavens my chin will on day be so favorable and bountifull unto me by meanes of sum hidden celestially influence of the planettes and namely a certayne prosperous and secrete aspecte of Jupiter as to minister superabundant matter of sufficient requitall to add a certayne most reverende venerable solemne grace to my Præsidentshipp when it commes: and as for the other it were but lost labour to reiterate the selfesame promisses and warrants that were so fully and resolutely determined uppon at our last meeting, and shall as largely and assuredly be perfourmid at the place and feaste appointid. In the meanwhile I knowe you may for your habilitie and I trust you will of your gentlenes affourde me so muche of your stoare ether wayes as shall reasonably serve to be employed on so available and necessary uses. Rathere then fayle, I re-

queste you most hartelye lett me borrowe them both upon tolerable usurye ; I can forthwith give you my obligation for repayment of the principalls with the loane made in as forcible and substantiall manner as you or your lernid counsell can best devise."

There follows a jest-serious scheme of a bond or obligation. I overpass some, and take the frequently-referred-to recognition of Spenser's Lancashire home :—

"You see nowe what homely and ridiculous stuffe I still sende abroade amongste my frendes, accordinge to my wontid manners, rather desiringe continuance of entier frendshipp and ould acquayntaunce by familiar and good fellowye writinge then affecting the commendation of an eloquente and oratorlike stile by over curious and statelye enditinge. To be shorte, I woulde to God that all the ilfavorid copyes of my nowe prostituted devises were buried a greate deale deeper in the centre of the erthe then the height and altitude of the middle region of the verye English Alpes amountes unto in your shier. And as for this paultinge letter I most affectionatelye praye the, mi best belovid Immerito, retourne it me back againe for a token, fast inclosid in thye verye next letters all to be torne and halfied in as manye and as small peeces and filters as ar the motes in the Sonne."

The Letter closes still gravely jesting, and then succeeds the serio-comic "foresayd obligation," for which I must send the Reader to the *Letter-Book* (pp. 64-8).

Another Letter is even more suggestive and important : for it is of special significance and declarative of Spenser's intellectual rank, that this scholar among scholars, this superlatively conceited and self-opinionated "Fellow" of the University—for he was a "Fellow"—should have turned to him for literary help and advice when he was called upon to play an important part in University duty. I recognise in this the instinctive homage of the inferior to his superior.

I can give only a single (lengthy) quotation from this Letter :—

"A thousande recomendations presupposid unto your good wisdom, and twice as many to your goodly worshipp. I certified your goodlines the last weeke as well bi letters as by my factour in that behalfe, M. Umphrye, howe litle corne was shaken in y^e late greate outrageous tempest you wott of; and now forsoothe approachith y^e solemne and grand feaste of Pennycoste, I wisse a greater plague than y^e former, and farr more terrible privately unto my purse then that other publickly præiudiciale agaynste my good name. And may it please your good Mastershipp to heare all? Marry, Syr, the very worst and most unlookid for newes is yit behinde. Forsoothe my poore selfe for wante of a better must be faynte to supply y^e roome of a greater Clarke and play II Segnor Filosofoes parte upon the Comencement stage. A most suddayne and strange resolution in all respectes. O that I were a compoude of all the sciences as well speculative as active and specially those that consist in a certayne practicall discourse ether of speach or reason (notwithstanding ther excessive vanitye) that the ilfavorid coniurer Agrippa so furiously and outrageously cryeth oute upon. It were a fitt of frenesis moria I suppose to wishe y^e morall and philosophicall wisdom of Socratis, y^e divine notions and conceites of Plato, y^e subtle and intricate acumen of Aristotle, y^e brave eloquence of Tully, y^e gallant pronounciation of Hortensius, and so forthe, after y^e manner of thesame greate learned scholarissimi scholares that rowle so trimly in there antiquities, whereas we knowe not for certainty whether any sutch creatures and apotheoses were ever in the worlde or noe, or, if peradventure they were, who seeith not they must needes be rotten above a hundrith thousande ages agone, not so much as the lest signification of an ould ilfavorid tumbe or any peece of a rustye monumente remaining behinde to helpe colour the matter. But would to God in heaven I had awhile for there sake the profounde lerninge of M. Duffington, the mysticall and supermetaphysical philosophy of Doctor Dee, the rowlinge tongue ether of M. Williamson, over fine Cambridge barber, or of Mistrisse Trusteme-trulye, mye Welche ostisse, the trim lattin phrases and witty proverbes of him that built Caius College and made Londinensis Booke de Antiquitate, y^e audacity of my cuntryman M. Atturnye and Clarke of ouer towne, and lastly, the disputative appetite of Doctor Busbye, with the like affectionate zeale to the Commencement groates and afternoone seavenaclocke dinnars, which persons according to ther severall quality do all still floorishe and karry the credit at this daye. Kunninge would nowe be, I perceive, no burden, and eloquence, if a man had it, were more worth then a crackd testerne in his purse or a payer of tatterid venetias in his presse. Had it not nowe bene a point of wisdom to have layed upp against a deere yeare? And to

have furnished mysele a yeare or twoe since of sutch necessary howsehowlde provision as is requisite at such a droute? Good Eloquence and gentle Philosophy, and ye loove me pittye my case and helpe me this once, and I will never be assuredlye hereafter soe farr to seeke agayne. Ye have holpen sum I knowe owte of the same place to fayer riches and good mariages and I knowe not what secrett likinge else: I beseech ye nowe extende your favorable curtesyes thus far towards me as to afforde me on tolerable oration, and twoe or three reasonable argumentes, and lett me aloane agoddes name to shifte for the other mysele. I am not to trouble y^e often: goodnowe be a litle compassionate this once. I have no other meanes or staye in the whole worlde to repose my affiaunce in, being heggid in on everyside with so many pore bankrupte neyghbours, that ar a greate deale reddier, Godd wott, to borrowe abroade of every on then to lende at home to any on."

Take further this :—

"In y^e meane space I knowe you maye for your hability, and I præsume you will of your gentlenes, affourde me so mutch of your stoare other wayes as shall reasonablye serve to be employed on so avayleable and necessary uses. Rather then fayle, I request you most humbly let me borrowe them bothe uppon tolerable usurye. I am forthwith to give you my obligation for repayment of the principalls with the loane at the daye appoyntid, contrived in as forcible and substantiall manner as your selfe or your lernid counsell can best devise."

The remainder of these Letters follow, and are of continuous interest; but again I must refer the Reader to the *Letter-Book* or our collection of Harvey's works (in HUTH LIBRARY).

G: DONI'S "MORAL PHILOSOPHY."

(See Life, p. 93.)

A literary 'find' by myself, without noticing more than a woodcut that doubtless gave Spenser the Algrind or Grindal incident (see *Glossary*, s.v.), and by Mr. Harrold Littledale (now in Baroda, India), with

careful study of it, gives us another of the books that Spenser read, and the source of the personifications, the prosopopeia and other things in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. The Foxe, Ape, Mule ("moyle"), Lion King, Camel, Sheep, Wolf, and other animals are all "personages" in a quaint quarto full of still quainter woodcuts entitled, *Doni. The Morall Philosophie of Doni, englished out of Italian by Sir Thomas North*. London, 1570.—Second edition, 1601.

This *Moral Philosophie* of Doni was the great fable-book of the time, drawing many of its stories from mythical-eastern sources, and putting things exactly as they are put in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, in sarcastic exposure of the doings at Court and elsewhere. Sooth to say some of the 'tales' are tediously told, but a mordant phrase leaps up now and again to point a moral. The "Foxe" and "Ape" and "Moyle" of Spenser have each traits taken from Doni. Besides, it may be stated *en passant*, this same tome is utilized in the *Shepherd's Calendar* and in the *Visions of the World's Vanity*.

As a specimen of Doni the Mule's advice of how to thrive at Court may be compared with the following (p. 24), from him :—

"The proude Moyle [mule] sayde, I intende to know them, and therefore I will get me to the Court. And I will you to know, dear Mother [the She-Asse] that manual craft is one exercise, and to know to behave themselves in Court is another arte. But to me that must remaine in Prince's Court, I may not goe so plainly and simplic to work, but must use everie one with arte, feeding still their humour: to deal in other matters with deceite, and in mine owne to have a subtile witte, devising still all I may to be chiefe about the Prince. . . . In Prince's Courts, he that proceedeth not stoutly in his matters, besides that like he is

thought a coward, they take him for a foole. What? Know you not that Fortune favoereth still the proude and stout? Think yee my stoutnesse will not favour me, accompanied with the malice of understanding; and with the pride of reputing myself for Noble blood, which prehemineneces obtain happie state in Court; and he that hath that name to be wise, subtile, sharpe of witte, and with that to be of noble house, hath made him already a Cloke for sinne, and garment for his naughtinesse."

So in *Doni* (p. 21) the herdsman renders a false account of his herd, as in *Mother Hubbard*, and we have passionate words of "suitors' delays" (p. 27).

H: THE IDENTIFICATION OF "CUDDIE."

(See *Life*, p. 102.)

Dean Church in recounting the "homely names," amongst others (p. 42) says—"Cuddie, perhaps for Edward Kirke"; but Edward Kirke himself annotates—"I doubt whether by Cuddie be specified the authores selfe, or some other. For in the eyght *Æclogue* the same person was brought in singing a Cansion of Colin's making, as he sayth. So that some doubt that the persons be different." This makes Cuddie as = Kirke impossible. But the reason assigned for not regarding "Cuddie" as "the authour himselfe" seems rather to confirm that; for if Cuddie were Colin and Colin Cuddie it was natural that Cuddie should be introduced as "singing a Cansion of Colin's making." I do not think that there can be much doubt that covertly Spenser meant by Cuddie to represent himself. Moreover, this is confirmed by the manner in which Gabriel Harvey refers to Cuddie in one of his Letters to

Spenser (as "Immerito"). He thus writes—"I pray now, what saith M. Cuddie, *alias* you know who, in the tenth Aeglogue of the foresaid famous new Calendar?" ("A Gallant familiar Letter. . .") It is the more important to note this, inasmuch as the tenth Eclogue makes complaint of the vanity of his poetical efforts hitherto.

I: SPENSER'S FRIENDSHIP WITH SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

(See Life, p. 121.)

*Though thou hadst made a general Survey
Of all the best of men's best knowledges;
And knew as much as ever learning knew,
Yet did it make thee trust thyself the lesse,
And lesse presume.*

SAMUEL DANIEL, of Earl Devonshire.

"There can be no doubt that Harvey had sent Spenser to Sidney, and that Sidney, in quick, warm friendship, had invited him to stay at the family mansion, whither, though chiefly residing at Court, he often came on one errand or another. The friendship was very memorable. From it there ensued to Spenser large help in the exercise of his genius, and a chief part of the slight worldly advancement that came to him. It furnished Sidney with a very strong inducement to devote himself to letters more heartily than he had ever done before, and provided him with the best possible counsellor and fellow-student. . . . Sidney received from Spenser more perhaps than he gave to him; for in the world of letters Spenser was by far the greater man of the two."—H. R. FOX BOURNE, *Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney*, pp. 236, 413 (1862).

As stated (p. 121), I think it necessary to demonstrate that the relation of the "newe poete" to Sir Philip Sidney was of 'friendship' in the deepest and tenderest sense of the word. This I feel obligatory on me from a (modern) tendency to regard their intercourse — whatever it might be — as more

formal than real, and distant rather than "inner." The men of mark who have fallen into this heresy compel attention and refutation (if it may be).

I judge that this pseudo-destructive criticism originates in a misapprehension of their relative positions when they crossed each other's path. We think of the historical Sir Philip Sidney with his nimbus of glory around his forehead and his mighty name. But in 1577-9 he was "Master Philip Sidney" only, just as afterwards Sir Edward Dyer was then "Master Edward Dyer" only. He had done little or nothing of remarkable. *Certes*, he had written nothing to give him fame in literature. Possibly some scattered sonnets of the lustrous *Astrophel and Stella* series may have been privately circulated "among friends," as Shakespeare's were later. But he had no such distinction, or sanction, to make it a presumption in a man of "gentle blood" like Edmund Spenser to stand on the same level with him. Besides, Spenser was by at least two years senior of Sidney, and came to him with the superlative commendation of Gabriel Harvey, on whose judgment the "Knight of Courtesy" relied. I do not see how as between man and man "Master Philip Sidney" was in almost any way superior to "Master Edmund Spenser," so as to make it honour or condescension for the latter to be welcomed at Penshurst. To argue that the social position and wealth (the latter questionable, moreover) of the Sidneys, made it a condescension, is fundamentally to misread Sidney and equally to misplace the attraction of the one to the other. "*The Patron of my young Muses*" settles for ever *the* ground of their

first "intimacy," and the impulse of their friendship (Ep. to *Ruines of Time*).

But, be all this as it may, attention to the allusions to Sir Philip Sidney in the Poetry and Letters of Spenser must satisfy that theirs was 'friendship,' and no mere society-familiarity. The most outstanding memorial of this 'friendship' is the dedication of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, thus in the title-page:—

Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman most worthy of
all titles both of learning and chevalrie, M. Philip Sidney.

together with the verse-words, already quoted:—

To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of chivalrie ;
And if that Envy barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.

Taken by itself, neither the 'Entitling' nor these lines would go for much. For then, as now, "great men"—titular or actually—were 'pestered' with unsought honours of this sort, as Spenser himself reported of the *Schoole of Abuse*, dedicated by Gosson to Sidney, and not accepted. But when Sidney was gone—long after—the Poet addressed a sonnet to "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," and he expressly informs us that her illustrious brother was the FIRST to recognize and quicken his poetic genius: *e.g.*:—

To the right honourable and most virtuous
Lady the Countesse of Pembroke.

Remembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,
The heavens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth, through immortall merit
Of his brave vertues, crownd with lasting baies,
Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies ;

WHO FIRST MY MUSE DID LIFT OUT OF THE FLORE,
 TO SING HIS SWEET DELIGHTS IN LOWLIE LAIES ;
 Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
 His goodly image, living evermore
 In the divine resemblaunce of your face . . .

(Vol. VIII., p. 336.)

We cannot take less out of that than that before publication, and so prior to the 'Entitling,' Sidney had 'lauded' the *Shepherd's Calendar*. I have noticed the 'rejection' of the dedication of the *Schoole of Abuse*. I recur to it to accentuate how tenderly and affectionately Spenser reports the 'rejection'—"Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one, that writing a certaine Booke, called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister *Sidney*, was for his labour scorned ; *if at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne*" (Vol. IX., p. 263). None but friend speaking to friend would have interchanged words on so personal a matter ; and yet it is clear Sidney had told Spenser.

Other casual references in his Letters accord with daily closest intimacy and 'fellowship,' as thus : "As for the twoo worthy Gentlemen, Master *Sidney* and Master *Dyer*, they have me, I thanke them, in some use of familiarity" ; and "I will imparte yours [Harvey's] to Maister *Sidney* and Maister *Dyer* at my nexte going to the Courte" ; and "I beseech you continue with usuall writings, as you may, and of all things let me heare some Newes from you, as gentle *M. Sidney*, I thanke his good Worship, hath required of me, and so promised to doe againe" ; and "I would hartily wish, you would either send me the Rules and Precepts of Arte, which

you observe in Quantities, or else followe mine, that M. Philip Sidney gave me, being the very same which M. Drant devised, but enlarged with M. Sidney's own judgement."

Turning now to the poetry, in "April," Hobbinol [Harvey] is made thus to describe Spenser—

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye.

On this Edward Kirke "glosses"—"*Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before as lythe as lasse of Kent.*" This is one of a number of purposely vague, definite-indefinite seeming 'glosses' wherein E. K. told only half he knew, and that disguisingly. 'Penshurst' is unquestionably indicated, and thereby the "nobleman" Leicester and his nephew Sidney. There are other like allusions to Penshurst, as in E. K's "glosse" in "June" Eclogue—"Forsake the Soyle. This is no Poetical fiction, but unfeynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of private affayres (as I have beene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, removing out of the North partes, came into the South, as Hobbinol, indeed, advised him privately." . . . "The Dales. The South partes, where he nowe [1579] abydeth, which thoughe they be full of hylles and woodes (for *Kent* is very hyllie and woodye, and therefore so called, for *Kantsh* in the Saxon's tongue signifieth woodie) yet in respecte of the North partes they be called dales." And so in "Julye" he sings of—

The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
Adowne the dales of Kent ;

and, again in "November"—

Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye

Then we have the epistle-dedicatory to the "Countess of Pembroke" ("sister unto Astrofell") of the *Ruines of Time*, to which the old-world name of "Golden Epistle" is surely applicable. It is a heart-full tribute to a "dead friend":—

"Most Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my brest, the seede of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave Knight your noble brother deceased ; which taking roote began in his life time some what to bud forth : and to shew thēselves to him, as then in the weakenes of their first spring. And would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muses ; together with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off : and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet sithens my late cumming into England, some frends of mine (which might much prevaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetic I was tied to him : as also bound unto that noble house (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me : for that I haue not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of thē ; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankfulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of the *worlds Ruines* : yet speciallie intended to the renowing of that noble race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it most speciallie concerneth : and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden, by many singular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happinesse : and so humblie kisse your handes.

"Your Ladiships cuer

"humblie at commaund.

"E.S."

It would seem, from some criticisms, needful to point out that the words "the seede of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking roote began in his life time some what to bud forth: and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weakenes of their first spring," has no reference whatever to the fulness or narrowness of their intimacy or friendship, but to the slenderness of the Poet's erewhile verse-expressions of his profound love for him, because of his premature death. This is made plain by the promise of larger and worthier celebration of him had he been spared—"And would in their riper strength (had it pleased God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection." This "fruit of more perfection" is to be found in Spenser's many after-tributes to Sidney and his impassioned sense of loss. We all know, too, that the *Stemmata Dudleiana* was meant specially to celebrate the Dudleys, and Sir Philip foremost of them all.

But the grandest of all, the immortal portraiture of the "brave Courtier" set over-against the "slie Fox" [Burleigh] would alone testify to an admiration born of the profoundest 'friendship'—as witness:—

The slie Fox
 with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
 Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
 So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
 And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.
 But the right gentle minde would bite his lip,
 To heare the lavell so good men to nip:
 For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
 And common Courtiers loue to gybe and fleare
 At everie thing, which they heare spoken ill,
 And the best speaches with ill meaning spill;

Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous thought
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
 Anies good name for envie or despite :
 He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
 Ne will be carried with the common winde
 Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
 Ne after every tattling fable flie ;
 But heares, and sees the follies of the rest,
 And thereof gathers for himselfe the best :
 He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
 But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
 And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie ;
 But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
 As that same Apish crue is wont to doo :
 For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
 He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
 Two filthie blots in noble Gentry ;
 And lothefull idleness he doth detest,
 The canker worme of everie gentle brest ;
 The which to banish with faire exercise
 Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise :
 Now menaging the mouthes of stubborn steedes,
 Now practising the proote of warlike deedes,
 Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
 Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare ;
 At other times he casts to sew the chace
 Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
 T'enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most needfull)
 Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
 Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,
 And manly legs still passing too and fro,
 Without a gowned beast him fast beside ;
 A vaine ensample of the *Persian* pride,
 Who after he had wonne th' *Assyrian* foe,
 Did euer after scorne on foote to goe.
 Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
 Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
 Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight
 Of Musicks skill revives his toyled spright,
 Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
 The ioy of youth, himselfe he recomforts ;
 Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
 His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes ;
 Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light :

With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
 Of Natures workes, of heaven's continuall course,
 Of forreine lands, of people different,
 Of kingdomes change, of divers government,
 Of dreadfull battailes of renowned Knights;
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme:
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,
 To which he levels all his purposis,
 And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
 Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
 Himselſe to high degree, as for his grace,
 And in his liking to winne worthie place;
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,
 In whatso please employ his personage,
 That may be matter meete to gaine him praise:
 For he is fit to use in all assayes,
 Or else for wise and civil governaunce.
 Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
 For he is practiz'd well in policie,
 And thereto doth his Courting most applie:
 To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
 To marke th' intent of Counsell, and the change
 Of states, and eke of private men sometime,
 Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile;
 Of all the which he gathereth, what is fit
 T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
 Which through wise speaches, and grave conference
 He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.

Contrast this magnificent 'aside' portraiture—for it is introduced of purpose to glorify its original—with Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," worthy to be placed beside it. Every syllable beats with the yearning of personal friendship, every line is an added touch of a likeness drawn with wet eyes from a face ever-present to memory at its holiest, and the sum-total such a memorial as only undying affection could have wrought. Edmund Spenser was not merely uttering the 'general bruit' of Sidney, as of the "ideal knight," the Galahad

and more of the Court, but was painting the Friend whom it was a glory to have known and loved and been loved by.

There remains the priceless 'collection' entitled *Astrophel*. The introductory poem (Vol. III., pp. 213-21), with all its strange archaic 'pastoral' framework and singular introduction of "Stella" as present at the death of her adorer—a poetical license most permissible—is all a-thrill with a 'friend's' emotion and glistening with tears. The form may be *outré*, as any clipped tree of "y^e old English Garden," but bloom and fragrance are in it, and finer and costlier things than dews. The sorrow is chastened, the friendship is remoter; but I can discern no lower or less real key in either the carried out purpose of a collection of memorial-poems such as this, or in *Astrophel* itself.

Besides, such an inference of no 'intimacy,' no 'friendship' on this ground, would equally apply to the other contributions to the "Astrophel" set of poems, including Sidney's own sister's. This alone condemns the inference.

It were long to tell of how under changing names, but always superbly, Sidney is introduced into the *Faery Queen*. To myself it is demonstrated by a thousand touches that the memory of Sir Philip was a "holy thing" to Edmund Spenser; that it haunted him, that it inspired him. How anything like the quantity and quality of celebration of Sidney is to be thought of save as the outcome of innermost 'friendship' and passionate devotion, I cannot imagine.

How straight out of the heart is this tribute! It takes us to fatal Zutphen (d. 1586):—

Most gentle spirite, breathed from above,
 Out of the bosome of the maker's blis,
 In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
 Appeared in their native properties ;
 And did enrich that noble breast of his
 With treasure passing all this worlde's worth,
 Worthie of heaven itself, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite, full of power divine,
 And influence of all celestiall grace ;
 Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,
 Fled backe too soone unto his native place.
 Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
 Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
 Rob'd of all right and true nobilitie.

* * * * *

O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
 The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new ioy,
 Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
 With mortall cares, and cumbrous world's anoy,
 But where thou dost that happines enjoy ;
 Bid me, ô bid me quicklie come to thee,
 That happie there I maie thee alwaies see.

(*Ruines of Time*, Vol. III., pp. 21-2.)

Passionate is one line interwoven into this Lament that tells of his death by "guiltie hands of enemies" (l. 299).

Thus a guest ever welcome at Penshurst, it must follow (*meo iudicio*) that the benefit and influence were upward from Spenser to Sidney, not downward from Sidney to Spenser. In poetic genius comparison were an outrage ; and the richer spirit must have dominated the less rich. I may be wrong, but I have a *souçon* of suspicion that if Sir Philip Sidney had lived to have published his *Defence of Poesie* himself, there would have been an acknowledgment of indebtedness to Spenser in its composition. Is it utterly impro-

bable—as I ventured earlier to suggest—that Sir Philip should have incorporated or adapted the *English Poet* of Spenser in his *Defence*? I trow not. Only thus can I understand its suppression when ‘finished’ and ready for the press.

But with reference to the *Defence of Poesie*, it has been held that Sidney’s notice of the *Shepherd’s Calendar* is cold. I differ. I prefer Dean Church’s putting of it: “In this year, probably, after it was published, we find it [*The Shepherd’s Calendar*] spoken of by Philip Sidney, *not without discriminating criticism, but as one of the few recent examples of poetry worthy to be named after Chaucer* :—

“I account the *Mirror of Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts; and in the Earl of Surrey’s *Lyrics* many things tasting of birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherd’s Calendar* HATH MUCH POETRY in his Eglogues: indeed worthy the reading if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style in an old rustic language I dare not allow, sith neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sanazar in Italian, did affect it. BESIDES THESE do I not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed that have poetical sinews in them.”

It will more bring out the weight and worth of Sidney’s praise, “hath much poetry” and “indeed worthy the reading,”—with the fine acknowledgment of his bias in favour of his friend “if I be not deceived,” if we ponder his criticism of the *Mirror of Magistrates*, named along with the *Calendar*. SACKVILLE certainly was his honoured friend; and yet that did not prevent this drastic verdict:—

“Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause, are cried out against, observing rules neither of lowest civility, nor skilful poetry. Excepting *Gorboduc* (again to say of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding as it is full of stately

speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtains the very end of poesy; yet in full, *it is very defectuous in the circumstances*, which grieves me because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. *For it is faulty both in place and time*, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For when the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed is it should all both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, be but one day, there is both many days and many places, inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest?"

We have nothing to do with the justness or unjustness of the criticism based on the Aristotelian-alleged limitations of time and place—the Elizabethan Drama swept away such cobwebs—but with the fact that it *is* criticism. Thus is it throughout the *Defence*. He made conscience of his verdicts for or against. Revision for publication might and probably would have toned down a good deal of the 'faulting,' and infused more of human sympathy and more warmth of colouring; but the words on Spenser exceed rather than fall short of Sidney's scrupulously measured praise.

The two men were the complement of each other. They could scarcely have failed to meet, or meeting not to run to each other—like globes of dew. Everywhere I find Spenser missing and mourning his 'friend.' That Sir Philip Sidney has left behind him no slightest scrap evidential of all this is not peculiar to the 'friendship' with Spenser. I have read—at Hatfield and elsewhere—sheafs of his letters, but have never come upon a single line on literary matters, or even on *Stella*. I am not aware that his *Sonnets*, or *Arcadia*, or *Defence*, are mentioned once in all the vast Sidneian correspondence.

It would have been a flaw in the fine marble of Sidney's almost spotless reputation had he met Edmund Spenser and been to him a 'patron' only. Patronage of such a man by such a man would have been an anachronism. We have no such delightful and delighting pictures of Spenser and Sir Philip together, as of Sir Walter Raleigh and he, by aldered Mulla. It is just possible the "Shepherd of the Ocean" and "Colin Clout" got nearer to one another than "the Knight of Courtesy" and "Immerito," as assuredly Raleigh's was incomparably the larger and richer nature, and even Essex's in not a few elements, a more lovable than Sidney's. But I must pronounce it treason to the facts and our "Pleasures of Imagination" to throw suspicion on either the reality or the intensity of mutual regard as between the two great contemporaries. I unhesitatingly pronounce on their intimate 'friendship.'

J: ARTIFICIAL ETHICS.

(See p. 122.)

Thomas Arnold, M.A., in the *Dublin Review* (3rd Series, Vol. IV., 1880, pp. 321-32), has an elaborate paper on "Spenser as a Text-Book." It is vehemently anti-Protestant, as with perverts. It proceeds on that basis of artificial morality so sadly common among Roman Catholic writers, by which chastity becomes unchaste from the mode in which it is exalted at the expense of God's ordinance of marriage, whilst 'womb' is iterated and reiterated in such a way as becomes offensive to a pure mind and heart. Mr. Arnold picks here and there *bits*, and in the most iniquitous way makes them the warrant for a charge of licentiousness on the *Faerie Queene* that is simply as shocking as it is slanderous. Earlier the *North American Review* (vol. v., Sept. 1817) anticipated this treacherous treatment thus—"Another and higher merit of Spenser is the lofty and sustained tone of morality, which pervades the whole of his

poem. Not but there are many passages in the *Faerie Queene* of too dangerous a tendency *if taken separate from the general order, and from their more immediate concatenation*. But let him who experiences danger from a single line, or a single scene, read on to the close of the adventure wherein it occurs. The sequel will be sure to contain a sedative to rectify and quell the combustion of the most unhallowed imagination. Vice is never represented there without its merited and inevitable consequences. But what is better still, our poet generally prepares us to encounter the 'slippery places' by a previous train of pure and delicate sentiment, with which he artfully excites emotions that strengthen and mould us into an attitude which fortifies our fallible virtue. And this is the praise of Spenser, that whilst his subject inevitably leads his readers among scenes which are a fiery furnace to virtue, he is the only man who, like the angel of God, could guard them safely through, whilst the astonished critic exclaims with Nebuchadnezzar, 'Lo, I see four men loose walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt.' Such is the *Faerie Queene*—a poem which draws so great a line of distinction between the wantonness of nature and the mystery of wickedness, that in its perusal the check of Virtue scarcely knows why it blushes, whilst the rapacity of a depraved imagination seeks for its food in vain" (pp. 318-19). So the *Westminster Review* (xxxii., p. 143, N. S.: 1867),—"The bent of the poet's fancy, the nature of the subjects described, the example of the authors he imitated, the taste of the readers for whom he catered, would have excused if not justified immodesty and licentiousness. But in spite of the most seducing influences Spenser's name remained delicately, spotlessly pure. A corrupt imagination, however, may frequently be shown, not only by what it says, but by what it avoids. Its diseased association cannot bear what would be harmless to others. But Spenser not only revelled in the lovely, luxurious, and voluptuous creations of his fancy, but exulted in the most free and fearless utterance of his feelings. For perfect melodious expression, and the most vivid and full conception of beauty in all its forms, the 'Bower of Bliss' never has been, and certainly never will be, equalled in the English language." Mr. Arnold's paper is nasty in its prudery, and malignant in its accusation of Protestant morality.

K: DOCUMENTS AND STATE-PAPERS ON LORD
GREY'S ADMINISTRATION—SMERWICK.

(See Life, p. 139.)

Bearing the FACTS of our text—indisputable—in recollection, the series of State Documents preserved in H.M. Public Record Office are of the profoundest interest and value. I furnish them here *in extenso* and in integrity.

On the 20th of February, 1578-9, Patrick Lombarde, a Waterford merchant, being in Lisbon, wrote to his wife, desiring her to inform the Mayor of Waterford, Pierce Walsh, privately, that “three ships of 130 tons, with 80 pieces of ordnance and 600 men each, were ready to start with James Fitz-Maurice, with the first fair wind, to Ireland.” On 27th February, 1578-9, a bark from Bilboa arrived at Kinsale, stating that James Fitz-Maurice was at Groin, waiting for a ship of 400 tons to sail for Ireland, and “to capture all English and Huguenots” he might fall in with.

All accounts—and they are numerous—concur in stating that James Geraldyn's landing took place on the 17th or 18th of July, 1579; that he then took possession of Fort-del-Ore, and that immediately John and James of Desmond, his cousins, proffered to join him. On the 20th July, Carter and Davells announced from Cork to the Lord Justice their intention to “raise the country the best they can, and draw near the coast”; and between that date and the 1st of August they were murdered in the castle of Tralee by Sir John of Desmond, at the bidding of the Earl of Desmond—as related in our account of the Desmond forfeitures (Appendix L).

Events now thickened upon each other. Between this date and the 25th of August, James Geraldyn met his death in an encounter with the Bourkes; and from the camp at Cork on the 23rd of August, 1579, Sir William Drury wrote to Sir Francis Walsingham, as follows:—

“Albeit the foreign practisers may seem to be disappointed by the suddaine taking awaye this principal instrument (James Fitz-Maurice), yet the traitor that remaineth, John of Desmond, is not to be slightly regarded, both because his power is more than the others, his wisdome I thinke equal, and his credit universal with all the idlennesse of Ireland, only the other surmounted him in ippocrisie to allure men to the cause of religion, and a long experience how to protract the warre. What friends he hath here and what cold enemies, my brother Drewe can inform you, that knoweth both my opinion of the Erle his brother, and of the devocion I find in Clancarre, Barrie, Roche and others.”

On the 3rd of September, 1579, Sir Nicholas Maltbie writes from Kilmallocke:—

“The Earle hath not three men of the countrie that will follow him more than his household, unless such as think he is arming them against the State.”

“All have followed Sir John,” writes another. Again Sir William Drury to Walsingham:—

“14th September, 1579.

“There is much to be gathered by the continuance of Doctor Sanders with the rebels, and that the Spaniards remain with them without any desire to return to their own countrie.”

Again, Lord Chancellor Gerrard to Burleigh:—

“16th Sept., 1579.

“That devlish traitor Sanders (I heard by examination of some persons who were in the Fort with him and heard his four or five Masses a day) persuadeth all men that it is lawfull to kille any English Protestant, and that he hath authoritie to warrant all such from the Pope, and absolution to alle whosoe can draw blood.”

During the Winter the war was prosecuted against the Desmonds energetically. Passing over some months, here is the report of Justice Myaghe of the condition of things in Munster and West Kerry, written on the last day of March, 1580 :—

“The rebels in Munster doe still continue their rebellion, keeping themselves in desart places, *expecting the coming of foreign powers*, which the dotted Doctor and traitour Saunders, doth verifie unto them, offering his head to be cutte offe yf aide come not by the xx day of April next. There arrived in Dyngell, in Kerrie, two Spanish barkes, about the 26 of February, to understand the state of the rebels and Doctor Sanders, who declared they were sent from the Court of Spain, upon report that all the Geraldyns were overthrown and killed. They came to know the certainty thereof, and finding afore them in the town the said dotting Doctor, he did return them with speed, with vehement letters for the speedie sending into Ireland the ayde promised; and also certifying the prosperous successe of the Geraldyn, setting them forth, as I understand, a thousand times with more force and success than they have had, or are like to have, and so the said barques are departed, about the first of March. This much I am advertised of by the Earl of Clancarre, who came from these parts of late, and was here at Cork with the Lord General [Ormond], promising to serve her Majestie with all his force against the said rebels. Alsoe, the saide Earl of Clancarre, his son and heire, remaineth in my custody this twelvemonth and halfe, as pledge for the good and dutiful behaviour of his father. He hath no more sonnes but the same. Methinkes if I had not good regard in keeping the sonne, the father had been as farre outte as the reste. Likewise I doe understand, the Baron of Lixnaw and Patrick his son, are ready to ron from the traytours to the Lord General, if that they may be received, affirming that they were in haste joined to the Erle, their old enemy, but to save themselves from his furie and rage till they might come to the Governor, which two principal pillers, the Erle of Clancarre on this side [viz. Desmond] and the Baron of Lixnaw on the other side [in Kerry], being pulled from the traitors, they are left bare and destitute. JOHN MYAGHE.”

In the April following this communication, Lord Justice Pelham and the General Ormond, having first destroyed the fortifications of Carrigafoyle and Aske-

lyn, commenced a march towards Dingel, where the Spaniards and other foreigners still held their ground ; but finding a scarcity of provisions, they desisted until the June following, when a Journey, of which a daily "Journal" has been preserved, was commenced at "Lymerick" on the 12th June, 1580, and ended at Cork about the 4th July.*

We have thus again reached the arrival of Lord Grey and Spenser. The Siege of Fort-del-Ore was decided on, and both proceeded thither. From the 12th September—a month after the arrival of the new Lord Deputy and his Secretary—to the early part of November [1580] the invading host held out. Philip O'Sullivan, in telling the story, has passed off absurdities and falsehoods, mere romanticist fictions, for—history. But before coming to these, we must reproduce at this point a State-document which proves that in the short interval between their arrival and final shutting up in Fort-del-Ore, the Spanish invaders made an inroad into the country ; than which what more damnable procedure could be taken against a Nation? This crucial Paper is addressed from the "Commons of Lixnawe" to "James Gould, Her Majestie's Attorney for Munster, and to Thomas Arthur, the Recorder of Limerick."

"27th September, 1580.

"Worshipful Sirs,—You shall understand, that the Erle [Desmond] with his force of strangers came to Ardart, the last Friday at afternoon, and there remayned until yesterday, and one of theyse Spaniards was killed theyre on Sondag. At Monday they

* See the *Kerry Magazine*, as before, No. 13, vol. ii., 1845, pp. 1—4, for "Journal of an Expedition to the Dingell," A.D. 1580. The Journalist was Nicholas White, Master of the Rolls. It was written for Burleigh. State-Papers, M. 58, 1580.

took theyr journey, the most part of them, with the Erle towards Fyenyn [Fenit], and there came theyr gallies to them, with such instruments as they had, bragging to breake vessels, and there were two of them Spaniards, killed. Thanking God we are whole as yet both men and Castel, and if God will send us a few bands of soldiers, they will flee (as we thinke) out of the countrie. As for theyr brags of ordnance we see none of it as yet. The same strangers keepe the campe at Ardart and Fyenyn, and as for the spoyling of the west part of the countrie, the Erle, with his Irishmenne, rose forth yesternight to take the spoyle of the west of the countrie; and we cannot tell at the writing hereof where these men are, but feare not, for there are not of the same more than ii c. shot [200], and they look daily for more. There is in great estimation with them one Friere Mathew Oviedo, which they do call *Commisarius Apostolicus*, and the Bishop of Killalow,—Donel Ryan, his sonne,—Anthony O'Brien and Edmund Oge Lacey's [Lacy] son, which is the Chancellor of Limerick as they say, and one *Blaskett* a Capteyn. Desiring you both to hasten some helpe unto us, and consider the peril of the poore country; the rest with the bearer: and thus humbly we take our leave, with our hartie commendacions to your Worships and to all yours. In alle haste from Lixnawe, the 27th of September, 1580, at ix of the clocke.

“Your assured friends,

“THE COMMONS OF LIXNAWE.

“To our verie loving friendes Mr. James Goolde, Her Majestie's Attorney, and Mr. Thomas Arthur, Recorder of the citie of Limerick.”

Thus the long-rumoured ‘invasion’ was about to be a reality. From these Letters it is evident that Desmond had persuaded the “strangers” and “foreigners” to join him in making a demonstration both in the interior and along the coast; and we find in another communication from the Vice-Admiral [Bingham] to Walsingham, reliable information of the real numbers and extent of this invading force:—

REPORT FROM SIR RICHARD BINGHAM TO SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.

“October 18, 1580.

“Understanding that the enemy was fortified at Smerwicke, in the old fortresse which James FitzMaurice first prepared, I weighed anchor, and hasted me thither with alle speede, and brought

myself to the entrie of the harbour in four daies after I departed off Portland, off which I spent ten hours at an anchor, but without the harbour of Valentia : the morrowe evening, Tuesday, I entered the harbour into the ordinary rode, within canon shotte of the fortress : their two shippes and gallies could easlie be taken. They left Spayn with five shippes, the greater a Baskeyne [Biscayner] of 400 tons, two more of one six score and one four score tons, the other two of three score tons ; into these they shipped about a thousand and more poore simple Bisswyners [Biscayners ?], very ragged, and a grete part boyes. In the grete Baskeyne were shipped their Colonel, an Italian, also the Irish Bishop, two preachers, 400 of the companie, much of their munition, and as they gave out, full xii thousand ducketts [ducats]. In coming they lost one of their six score shippes, and one other not come, they hear to be taken by the Rochellers : in the six score ship was an Earl's son with divers yonge gentlemen.

"About the 3d of this present October, the great Baskeyne and their ship of four score (tons) departed for Spayne, and of the 600 menne they brought from Spayne, there went awaye from them agayn (the Frenchmanne doth assure us) more then 200 sick or malecontent with the countrie and their poore entertaynement, and of the rest that remain many die daily, so that there should not be here of the most above 500 at the highest.

"Since they landed, they had spent their time in this Fort. Their Lieutenant-Colonel, with 300 of his, joined with the Erle traytor, went to the siege of two Castels of Mac Morris ; the one is called Feonade [Fenit] castel, the other Ardarte. Their greatest artillarie to batter them was a falcon, wherebye it seems they were but younge soldiers : they were well defended of Irishmen : they departed from both with loss of divers men, and one captain killed. There are now in the Forte 300, who with the helpe of the Irish, do dailie strengthen their fortifications ; the rest are with John of Desmond, who, this Wednesday the xviii, is come to the Dyngel, and looked for at the fortress.

"There are two notable places which they give forth they will fortifye, that do lie in the Baye of Tralee ; the one is called Bengounder, the other is called Kilballylith [Kilballylahiffe], which places are naturally strong as I learne."

On the 28th of October—ten days afterwards—Bingham repeats the same intelligence, with little variation, and concludes thus :—

"As I am informed by Mac Morris's brother, they have had

their engineer to Tralee, where they have chosen a seat, and have measured it forth ”

Having thus consecutively and historically,—from indisputable documents,—traced and separated the two distinct invasions of James Geraldyn and Sebastian San Joseph, to within ten days of the capture of Fort-del-Ore, it is now our duty to correct the confused, inaccurate and malignant ‘history’ of Philip O’Sullivan. This we are enabled still to do by papers in H.M. Public Record Office. From these it will be demonstrated how inevitable and how righteous was the execution of these Spaniards and Italians and other Pope-sanctioned ‘invaders’ of England’s territory.

Philip O’Sullivan is the *fons et origo* of the Irish accounts of the siege and capture of Fort-del-Ore. His *Historiæ Catholicæ Ibernici Compendium* has been accepted as authoritative. Originally published at Lisbon, in 1621, it has ever since been canonized. And yet when his narratives are placed in the “fierce light” of historic documents, they are found—with rare exceptions—to be uncritical and partizan and fictitious. Specifically, here is his account of Fort-del-Ore; and every one can compare it with the State-Papers already given and to be given, and see for himself the *grotesquerie* of mis-statement and the perversity of sentiment. The narrative occurs in c. xv.; and thus runs:—

“James Geraldyn, having about eight hundred soldiers, with Sebastian San Joseph for their commander, as appointed by the Pope, embarking them in six ships, with a large supply of provisions and engines of war, and weapons to arm for four thousand Irish, set sail for Ireland, accompanied by Cornelius O’Mulrean, Bishop of Killaloe, and Dr. Sanders; and, after a prosperous voyage, arrived in Ardnacant Harbour [near Dingle],

which the English call Smerwick. In that harbour is a projecting rock, which the natives call Fort-del-Ore, well fortified by nature, being partly washed by the sea, having steep rocky sides, and joined to the mainland by a wooden bridge. It belonged to one Peter Rice, a Dingle merchant, who had three or four men, armed with small arms, in charge of it. James Geraldyn having made Peter Rice prisoner, tied him on the top of a warlike machine called a sow [*muchum*], which, by the help of the soldiers, he moved nigh to the rock. Peter Rice roaring out, ordered his servants to surrender the place, and James Geraldyn at once garrisoned it with six hundred men, under the command of Sebastian San Joseph, and having fortified it by six days of continued labour, with a wall and fosse on the mainland, he placed his batteries in order. It was a fortress of great strength, scarcely to be stormed. He furnished it with wine, oil, vinegar, biscuit, and flesh-meat obtained in the neighbourhood; and he, directing San Joseph to defend his fortress courageously, departed, leaving with him an Irish knight, named Plunkett, as interpreter."

There follows an account of the death of James Geraldyn [James Fitz-Morris] at Beal-an-tha-an Bhorin [Barrington's Bridge] in an encounter with the Bourkes. It does not need to be introduced here, but I note it, because it is told by O'Sullivan as if the events were in immediate and consecutive order instead of being divided by the interval of an entire year. He then continues:—

"News of James's death having spread, many of the Irish who shared in his designs, giving up all hope, remained quiet; Sebastian San Joseph lost all courage. The English on the other hand elated, demanded re-enforcements from England. The Queen slackened her persecution, and sought to attach the Irish to her. It was said that the Earldom of Desmond was promised to Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, if he would at once conclude the war. Owen O'Sullivan Bear, my relative (being thought likely to join in the war) was made prisoner, and confined in his own Castle of Dunbay, under the charge of Fenton, an Englishman, nor was he set free until the war was at an end.

"Then Grey, an Englishman, Viceroy of Ireland (with the Earl of Ormond and other Irish allies, though Catholics, chiefly the Anglo-Irish of Meath) collected about fifteen hundred soldiers,

a force far too small to besiege a fortress of such strength as the Golden Fort ; nevertheless, with these and a few merchant ships, they besieged Sebastian by sea and land, placing their batteries in order ; but the besieged despised their advances, being not only skilled in the arts of defence, but completely defied by the nature of their stronghold.

“ The besiegers had now played their batteries in vain for about forty days, spending their force for nothing, suffering from the inclemency of the winter, encamped in a few tents in a wild and deserted district ; the Irish who served with them reluctantly were deserting daily, and several of the English slain by cannon shot, among the rest John Shickius, a man of great repute among them. Still ashamed to retreat, though frustrated, the Viceroy tried to obtain by stratagem what he could not by force. He made signal for a parley. Plunkett used all his efforts to prevent communication with the English, a cunning and treacherous race, likely to deceive Sebastian, who was a rash and credulous man : but Sebastian having the chief command, decided on granting a parley ; whereupon, on pledge of safety, he went to the Viceroy, in his camp, and addressing him with his hat off (while Plunkett kept his on his head) was considered a mean-spirited fellow.

“ The Viceroy and Commander invited each other to a treaty. Plunkett misinterpreted their speeches to each other : declaring to the Viceroy that the Commander would sooner lose his life than surrender, and signifying to the Commander that the Viceroy was hesitating about granting to the besieged their lives. Sebastian, who discovered this false interpretation by seeing the Viceroy's face little in accordance with Plunkett's words, ordered him to be carried back to the Fort in chains, and continued the conference with another interpreter. When it was concluded, he returned to the Fort, telling his men that he had obtained most equitable conditions. Plunkett, though in chains, bellowed out that ‘ the Pope's fortress was treacherously surrendered ; that the Viceroy must soon give up the siege through the severity of the weather ; that John of Desmond was coming to their relief ; that all the Irish were deserting from the English ; that all this would come to pass if the Commander would but hold out ; that they had provisions for many montns, and in fine, that he had no faith in the heretics.’

“ To the same effect spoke the leader of the Spaniards and Hercules Pisanus, who declared themselves ready not only to defend the Fort, but even, if need were, to engage the enemy in the open field ; but the Commander brought the soldiery over to his opinion. Thus the cowardice of the leader prevailed against the courage of others, and he who thought more of his

life than his honour ultimately lost both. He surrendered his fortress in the month of December, on conditions confirmed by the Viceroy's oath, which would have been just enough for any surrender—namely, that he should be let go free and safe, with men, arms, baggage, and all effects. But the perfidy of the heretics was not to be bound by faith, or the solemnity of an oath, nor by those laws of war held inviolate even by heathens and barbarians. The Fort being given up, the garrison were ordered to lay down their arms, and being thus defenceless, were put to death by the English, the Commander alone excepted, who is said to have been allowed to return to Italy. Plunkett was spared a while, to undergo a more cruel death, and shortly after was slain, when his bones had been first broken with a mallet. Henceforth *Grey's faith* passed into a proverb, expressive of any great and barbarous treachery." *

And now let this egregious Narrative be sifted and detected and demonstrated to be false, by these further State-Papers. These consist of two Letters from Sir Richard Bingham, the Naval Commander—preserved among the MSS. of the British Museum; and last, AND DECISIVE OF THE FACTS, Lord Grey's own despatch to the Queen, written from before the Fort, the day after surrender, which is still to be seen in H.M. Public Record Office under its date.

Before giving these new Papers, it is to be stated here that O'Sullivan's last Editor (Rev. M. O'Kelly of Maynooth), after acknowledging curiously that his author has confused the two landings of the Spaniards and run them into one, has the following note:—

"All accounts agree that it was a general massacre in cold blood, but the English authorities say the Fort surrendered at discretion. The Four Masters insinuate that the English troops surprised the garrison, while the leaders of both parties were treating together for some settlement. Four nobles only were spared."

* These quotations of translations of O'Sullivan are taken from the *Kerry Magazine*, vol. ii., pp. 42-3. They are scrupulously true to the original.

The colouring which the "Four Masters" referred to give to the transaction nearly corresponds—as will be seen—with that of Bingham's Letters, in which he represents the deed as the unauthorised act of the unlicensed soldiers and sailors. Neither these nor O'Sullivan's exacerbating account are to be accepted. Lord Grey unquestionably tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The execution was a deliberate and ordered slaughter, sufficiently dreadful, but it was not aggravated by broken faith or violated oath, while the whole dramatic and modernly sensational episode about Plunkett, which O'Sullivan has worked up so graphically, proves to be a mere fiction invented in his exile. It may be remarked in passing that O'Donovan's as compared with Mac Dermot's translation of the *Annals* of the "Four Masters" drops one word, "unawares" ("the Lord Justice's people passed onwarde *unwares* to the island"), that completely alters the whole complexion of the Narrative and hides its agreement with Bingham's suggestion and solution.

I have now to submit successively the Documents announced, which give an almost continuous narrative of the final issue of the event. Nothing could so vividly bring before us the conditions under which Lord Grey and Spenser had to solve a difficult, a delicate and perilous problem :—

1. SIR RICHARD BINGHAM TO THE EARL OF LEICESTER.
(Cotton. MSS., Tit. B. xiii., fol. 313.)

"Righte Honorable, and my singular good Lord, may it please you to be advertised, that on Thursday the 20th of October, about 12 of the clock at nighte, ther came in to us a small catche or craer of Sir William Wynter's, who had in her the master of

the Acate and of the Marlian, who had bene sente by Xpher Baker, the captayne of the Tygar to Southampton, to presse marryners, and weare by the afforesaide Baker sent for agayne with such extreme haste, that they were constrayned to come away and to levye behynd them all thos which they had prest, and came on ther course for the Cost of Irelande, and so for this place as they weare informmed of my beinge heare. But on the way they never harde on the Admirall nor any other of the fleate, yet they touched in two or three places. She had in her a certayne of municion, as shovells, with such lyke. On the 23 day, in the eveninge, ther came by the Smerwicke, somewhat off into the sea, a smalle barke, which we made to be the Marlian, and the rather for that we weare informed the day before of such an Englishe barke that had fought with a smale Spanish pennes in the Ventrye, and had slayne of the Englishe six, and ranne herselfe agrounde: well, we gave her a signe to drawe her in, but she refused the harbar, and bare up as we coulde judge for the ryver of Lemiricke, by lyke takinge us for the enemye. The same 23 day I sent Mr. Wynter's craer to Lemiricke with advertisements towards your Honor, as also to my Lorde Deputie, who as I was informed by Mr. Clyntton, shoulde be ther, though he loth to sende her, for that she was chardged with suche munisons, yett thorough the wante of others, constrayned to use her.

“Monday, the 31 of October, my Lord Deputie came with his horse-men to the est syde of the harbar of Smericke from his camp, which was an 8 or 10 miles off, who, after he had taken som vewe of the place, and had had som speche with myself concerninge the same, he departed home to campe, who showed me that he had greate marvell of the Admirall, for that he never harde from him nor that he was on the cost, but ounce, that Sir Warran Sellinger wrote unto him that he was with the fleate at Kynsale. The thirde day of November, the craer that I sente to Lemiricke with the l'res towards your Honor, came backe agayne, and brought with her the Marlian, which indeide was the barke y^t past by the rode, and had had that fray in the Ventrye, with a smale Spaniard, as the Irish had showed us, and had but 4 men slayne, and two more shote with the harcabase, which will recover.

“The captayne of which showed me y^t he left the Admirall at Kynsale, who he thought would have followed him, for he sente him forthe to se if he coulde doble the Old Head, with this order, that if he coulde he shoulde shote off a peace and then he would follow, which cape he dobled well, and shote off a peace, and came on his way, with wynde enoughe to serve his torne to have broughte him to the place of service, and at his arryvinge with me, which is the present day (the 3d of November), he marvells

muche that the Admirall was not come, and had not followed him, and dowts least he hath brocke somewhat that mighte be his further lett, for that the wynde served nowe agayne better to bring him from Kynsale then the other from Leniricke. This and that, which my Lord Deputie showed me of him, is all the newse that I have harde of the Admirall sythens we came to the cost or Smericke rode, which is nowe 17 daies past, and 16 that we have layne in this harbor.

“Further to adverti[ze] your Honore, that we hear by the Irish that the smale Spanish pennes that the Marlian came agrounde, in the Ventrye, recovered herselfe agayne, and toke in a 70 or 80 Spanyards, with which they put off into the seas, in a great freate of wyndes and fowle weather, in which we thinke they coulde never levee to see Spayne. All the rest that ar lefte behynd, to the number of 300 and more, ar in the fortresse by. John of Desmond is gonne into Conolothie, to inne with the Earle. Uppon the 3d of November the Spanyards executed one on the gallos, without the forte, which we judge to be a mutyner of their owne, or som stragler of my Lorde Deputie’s campe, or els som one of the Irishe which they apprehended and imprisoned for having conference with us a thre or four daies before. I cannot myself wey to loke abroade into other harbars, for then shoulde I sett at lybertie thes at the fortresse, with such shipping as they have heare. Thus, with my humble and dutyfull service commended unto your Honore, I most humblye take my levee. From Smericke rode, aborde the Swiftsuer, the 3d of November 1580.

“Your Honor’s most humble and assured to comand,

“RC. BINGHAM.

“To the Righte Honorable, and his singular good Lorde, the Earle of Leicester, at the Courte, gyve this.”

2. SIR RICHARD BINGHAM TO MR. RALPH LANE.
(Cotton. MSS., Tit. A xii. ff. 313-17.)

“Right worshipful, and my singular good friend, may it please you to be advertised that on Saturday, being the 5th of November, in the afternoon, the Admiral, with the rest of the flete which had been absent with him, came into the harbour of Smerwicke, to which place the Lord Deputy came that day, for encampment at the Dingel, hearing of their arrival here, to confer with them for the landing of two culverins out of the Revenge, two out of the Swiftsure, and two out of the Tygre, with one other forth of the Acate, and another forth of the Ayde, as also what powder and shot they might spare for the batterie of the fortress, with

all other necessarie preparation for the trenche; further to advise your worship that on Monday, being the seventh of this present, earlie in the morning my Lord Deputy marched with his campe from the Dingel towards theemie, where about noone he pitched his tent within the canon-shotte, and in the evening there was an order taken that most of the men forth of the ships should come to labour to begin the trenche, which trenche the first night was brought one hundred paces, and two culverins placed within three hundred paces of their forte to dismount their pieces, which were ready to plaie at break of day, and before two o'clock afternoone they were all dismounted. The night following and the next day, being Wednesday, we came with our trenche within six score paces of their curtayne, when we cast sufficient ahead for the guard of the ward that day, which my conche had. This day, in the forenoon, about nine or ten of the clock, Mr. Cheeke was struck from the fort, being on the height of the trenche: this same day, about four of the clock in the afternone, they came to the point of the rampier which we had beaten on with our culverins, with a white banner bareheaded, and requested a parley, which my Lord granted them: on which they were contented the same night to surrender up the place with their lives, and all therein was, to my Lord's wille, to have mercie or not mercie, as he shold think good; yet for that it was nighte and no time to get them forthe, they were by my Lord respited untill the morrowe, but the best of them taken forth as gages or pledges; and we, that notwithstanding, followed our trenche, which we finished that same night within three score paces of their forte, and so ran the same all along their fronte, where we meante to plaie our batterie, to which we brought the same night two pieces. In the morninge, which was Thursday and the tenth, early in the morning, my Lord sent in divers gentlemen to take order that such munitions of powder and vittles should be preserved to her Majestie's use as there was. Then order was taken that the Colonel, with the captains and chief officers, should come forthe and deliver up ther ensigne with order and ceremony thereto belonging; this done, the bands which had the ward of that daie, which was Mr. Denny's, then entered; but in the meantime were entered a number of mariners upon the parte next to the sea, which with the soldiers aforesaid having possessed the place, fell to revellinge, and spoiling, and withall to killinge, in which they never ceased while there lived one: the number slaine might be between four and five hundred, but as some do judge, between five and six hundred: they had, as I hear, of powder left 50 barrels, of pykes 4,000, other furniture of arms, harquebus, morryons, and such like, to the like proportion; of

victuals they had great store, save that they wanted water, which they had not within their forte. Thus hath my Lord most worthily achieved this enterprise, and so nobly and liberally dealt with all sorts, that he hath given a great satisfaction and content to all his followers. Thus with my hartie commendations unto yourselfe and all the rest of my good friends, I take my leave.

“From Smerwicke Roade, the xi of November 1580.

“Your most assured,

“RC. BINGHAM.

“To the right worshipful, and my very good friend, Mr. Ralph Lane, at the Court, give this.”

It will be observed how these successive narratives reduce O’Sullivan’s vapouring to its proper dimensions, and that the investiture of the place was complete. They are self-authenticating; but it is to be marked and re-marked that Bingham writes as one outside, and had to say “as I hear,” and “as some judge.” We have now to read as the conclusion of the whole matter, an extract from Lord Grey’s dispatch of the 12th November, 1580, “to the Queen from the camp at Smerwick,” in which, after reporting his arrival before Fort-del-Ore on the 7th of the month, he thus proceeds:—

“The same afternoon (7th) we landed our artillery and munition, in the evening we fell to our work, carried our trenche to within xiiii score [paces] of the place, and planted two culverins, with which next morning, upon daie, we saluted them, and they for an hour or two as fully requited us, till two of their best pieces at last taken awaie, they had not on that side but muskets and hackbus-acreke to answer us, which, with good heat, they plied us with. The day so spent (8th Nov.) at night, with spade we falle again, and by morning brought our trenche within 8 score of their ditch. This night they gave four sallies to have beaten our labourers from work, and gave them vollies very gallantlie, but were as gallantlie set on again by Ned Denny and his companie, who had this night the watch. (9th Nov.) No sooner day peeped but they played very hotly upon us, yet as God would have it, for a good time without hurte, till unlukely good John Cheke, too

carelessly advancing himself to looke over, strucken on the hede tumbled down at my fete; dead I took him, and for so I caused him to be carried away, yet it pleased God to send him his spirit agayne; and yet doth live in speche and greatest memorie that ever was seene in suche a wounde; and truly, Madam, so disposed to God, and made so divine a confession of his faith, as all divines and others of your Majesty's realmes could not have passed or matcht it: so wrought in him God's spirit, plainlie declaring him a child of His elected, to the no lesse comfort of his goode and godlie friends, than grete instruction of any other hearer, of whom there was a goode troupe."

"Pardon me, I beseeche your Highnesse, in case my digression be tedious: the affection I bear the gentleman causeth the fault if there be anie.*

"Their shotte thus annoying us, I endeavoured to watch their next volley, and happily did perceive it to come from under a certayn building of timber, at the point of the campe, which was sette uppe and propped outwardlie like a hovel, and inwardlie slanting like a pentisse [pent-house]. I went streight to the barricade, and willed the gunners to point their pieces at that place. Sir William Wynter himself made the shotte. At two tyres [discharges] our gentry were displaced, and by that two other tyres were given, in great haste lept on to the top of their vauntmure [battlement] with an ensign of a sheete, and crave a parley. Word was sent by John Zouch and Piers, who had the Ward, that the Colonel would send me to treat. Presently was sent one Alexandro, the camp-master, who said they were there on false speches and grete promises. I said I found two nations, and willed a Spanish capteyn to be by, who came. I said I marvelled their nation at peace with your Majesty, they should come. The Spaniard said the King had not sent them, but one John Martines di Ricaldi, Governor for the King at Bilboa. The other avouched that they were all sent by the Pope for the defence of the *Catholica Fide*. I answered, I marvelled that men of that accompt, as some of them made show of, should be carried into unjust, wicked and desperate actions, by one that neither from God or man could claim any princely power or empire; but indeed a detestable shaveling, the right antichriste, and general ambitious tyrant over all right principalities, and patron of the *diabolico fide*, I could not rest but greatlie wonder. Their fault, therefore, I saw to be greatlie aggravated by the malice of their commander, and at my handes, no condition, no composition were they to expect, other then they should simplie render me

* This "Cheke" is the John Shickius of O'Sullivan—son of the famous Sir John Cheke.

the forte, and yield themselves to my will for lyf or deth : with this answer they departed. There were but one or two came to and froe to have gotten a certaintie for some of their lyves, but finding that it would not be, the Coronel came forthe to ask respite : but finding it a gayning time, I would not grant it.

“ He then embraced my knees, simplie putting himselfe to my mercie : only he prayed that for that nighte he might abide in the forte. I asked hostages, and they were given.

“ Morning came : I presented my forces in battaile [array] before the forte : the Coronel came with x or xi of his chief gentlemen, trayling their ensigns, rolled up, and presented them to me, with their lives and the forte. I sente streighte, certeyne gentlemen in to see their weapons and armoires laid down, and to guard the munition and victual, then left, from spoyl : then I put in certeyn bandes, who straight fell to execution. There were six hundred slayn, ammunition and victual grete store, though much wasted through the disorder of the soldiers, which in the [con]fusion could not be helped.”

Such is the TRUTH, with no palliatives or excuses. He “ put in ” Sir Walter Raleigh—as we learn otherwise—and ordered “ execution ” to be done. He has no reserves. He had given no “ pledge.” He had contrariwise told them explicitly and unmistakably that they were at his mercy. And who to-day, supposing the same “ shaveling,” or Spain or France or Italy, so to invade English territory, and erect fortifications on that territory, and “ ravage and spoil,” would think of other than—EXECUTION ? It was a terrible business. The Spaniards and Italians were but the misguided tools of others. One cannot but pity their doom. Yet was the doom RIGHTEOUS. The only regret one feels is that those who sent them had not the courage of their convictions to accompany them. Then they should have met with the same stern yet just “ execution.” O’Sullivan’s romance of the “ forty days’ siege,” the “ frustrated force,” and the “ request for parley ” from the English side, and the

Lord Deputy's "oath," cannot stand before this Dispatch.*

More than this—Such military "executions" were the recognised law of War. Only a couple of years onward the Marquis de Santa Cruz—a Spaniard be it remembered—dealt with a similar garrison-band of "French adventurers" within Spanish territory, consisting of eighty nobles and gentlemen and upwards of two hundred soldiers, who were "taken" in an attempt on the Azores during a period of peace (nominal) between

* With reference to Plunkett the interpreter and his discovered treachery of misinterpretation between the parties, as told by O'Sullivan, Lord Grey makes no mention of him; but in another letter from Bingham to Walsingham we read: "They sent out Alesandro, and one Plunkett, borne near Drogheda: twentye chief men we saved, Dr. Saunders' chief man, an Englishman, Plunkett a friar, and some others. This day was executed an Englishman, who served Dr. Saunders, one Plunkett, of whom before is written, an Irish priest, their arms and legs were broken, and hanged on a gibbet, on the walls of the forte." The treachery of Plunkett explains his aggravated death; whilst Sanders and his accomplices were the chief promoters of the invasion and mischief. We have abolished such barbarisms of mode; but we have a feeling that hanging was too good for such wretches.

In the *Kerry Magazine*, vol. i., pp. 113-19, will be found a very full and extremely interesting account of the "True History of Fort-del-Ore, Smerwicke Harbour." The "fortress" was long made a sinecure-post. In 1829 it was abolished; and now "a few acres of ground, a few miserable cabins, under the control of 'The Commissioners of Woods and Forests,' and the ivied buttresses of the old bridge, including the *heel stone* in which the barrier gate once turned on its iron pivot, are all that remain of this once important fortress" (p. 119). The following papers in the same periodical shed side-lights on the story of Ireland of the period in relation to Grey and Spenser, and onward:—"Antiquities of Kerry—The Castle," i., pp. 2-6; "The Murdering Hole," pp. 17-23; "The White Friars of Tralee," pp. 33-7; "The Walling of the Town," pp. 49-51; "Last Geraldyn Chief," pp. 65-74; "Of the Dennys," pp. 129-32; "The Old Countess of Desmond," Vol. II., pp. 141-8, pp. 161-6, and various other important and careful historical papers.

France and Spain. Then in the wars of the Low Countries and in the "religious wars" of France, such incidents were of perpetual occurrence. At Smerwick they were Spaniards, and Spaniards would have shown no mercy to Englishman Drake and his gallant braves, had they caught their terrible and ubiquitous foes. Thus, independent of mis-statements and perversions of the facts, it is mere *sentimentalism* to cry out of wrong for the inevitable "execution."*

I shut up the Vindication by reproducing here Spenser's own Narrative from his *Veue of Ireland*. He is speaking of the ingratitude of the Government in England for the services rendered by the Queen's servants and the hasty reversal of their plans. He then proceeds:—

"Soe I [*Eudoxus*] remember that in the late government of that good lord Graye, where after longe travell and many perillous assaies, he hadd brought thinges almost to this passe that ye speake of, that yt was even made readye for reformation, and might have ben brought to what her majesty would, like complainte was made against him, that he was a bloodye man, and regarded not the life of her subjectes noe more then dogges, but hadd wasted and consumed all, soe as now shee had nothinge

* I would refer the reader to Mr. Thomas Keightley's paper "On the Life of Edmund Spenser," in *Fraser's Magazine* (vol. lx., pp. 410-22), from whence I take the above historical fact:—"As against the Spaniards the following fact is conclusive: On the 26th of July, 1582, a French Fleet, under the command of the King of France, was defeated by that of the Spaniards off the Azores, whither it had gone to maintain the cause of one of the claimants of the crown of Portugal. The Spanish admiral informed the French prisoners that as no war had been declared between the two kingdoms, he could only look on them as pirates. He caused the noblemen to be beheaded, and the others to be executed with sundry indignities" (p. 417). It was by a slight reference in this paper that I was first guided to the *Kerry Magazine* and its matterful historical articles.

left; but to reigne in their ashes: her Majesties eare was sonne lent thereunto, all suddenlye turned topyse turvie; the noble Lord eftsoones was blamed; the wretched people pittied; and newe counsells plotted, in which it was concluded that a generall pardon should be sent over to all that would accepte of yt: upon which all former purposes were blancked, the Governor at a baye, and not onely all that greate and longe charge which shee hadd before beene at, quite lost and cancelled, but alsoe all that hope of good which was even at the doore putt backe, and cleane frustrate. All which whether yt be trew, or noe, your selfe cann well tell.

Iren. Too trewe, Eudox., the more the pittye, for I may not forgett soe memorable a thinge: neyther cann I be ignorante of that perillous devise, and of the whole meanes by which it was compassed, and verye cunninglye contrived, by soweinge first dyssension betweene him and an other noble personage, wherein they both at length found how notable they had beene abused, and how thereby, under hand, this universal alteracon of thinges was brought aboute, but then to late to staie the same; for in the meane tyme all that was formerly done with longe labour and great toyle, was (as you saye) in a moment undone, and that good Lord blotted with the name of a bloody man, whom, who that well knewe, knewe to be most gentle, affable, lovinge and temperate; but that the necessitye of that present state of thinges enforced him to that violence, and almost changed his verrye naturall disposition. But otherwise he was so farre from delighting in blood, that oftentimes he suffred not just vengeance to fall where it was deserved: and even some of those which were afterwarde his accusers, had tasted to much of his mercye, and were from the gallowes brought to be his accusers. But his course indeede was this, that he spared not the heades and principalls of any mischevous practize or rebellion, but shewed sharpe judgement on them, cheifly for an example sake, that all the meaner sort, which also were then generally infected with that evill, might by terror thereof be reclaymed, and saved, yf it were [possible]. For in the last conspiracye of some of the English Pale, thinke you not that there were many more guyltie then [they] that felt the ponishment? or was there any almost clere from the same? yet he towched onely a fewe of speciall note; and in the triall of them also even to prevent the blame of crueltie and parciall proceadinge as seekinge their blood, which he, in his great wisdome (as it seemeth) did foresee would be objected against him; he, for avoydinge thereof, did use a singular discretion and regarde. For the Jury that went upon their triall, he made to be chosen out of their nearest

kinnesmen, and their Judges he made of some their owne fathers, of others their uncles and dearest freindes, who when they coulde not but justly condemne them, yet uttered their judgment in abundance of teares, and yett even herein he was accompted bloody and cruell.

Eudox. Indeede so have I heard it often so spoken, but I perceyve (as I alwaies verely thought) that it was most unjustly; for hee was alwaies knowne to be a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, far from suche stearnenesse, far from suche unrighteousnes. But in that sharpe execucon of the Spaniards at the forte of Smerwick, I heard it specially noted, and, if it were trewe as some reported, surely it was a great towche to him in honor, for some say that he promised them life; others that at the least he did put them in hope thereof.

Iren. Both the one and the other is most untrue; for this I can assure you, my self beinge as neare them as any, that hee was so farre from promisinge or putting [them] in hope, that when first their Secretary, called, as I remember Segnor Jeffrey, an Italian [being] sent to treat with the Lord Deputie for grace, was flatly refused; and afterwarde their Coronell, named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreate that they might part with their armes like souldiers, at least with their lyves, accordinge to the custome of warre and lawe of Nations, it was strongly denyed him, and tolde him by the Lord Deputie him selfe, that they coulde not iustly pleade either custome of warr, or lawe of Nations, for that they were not any lawfull enemyes; and if they were, willed them to shewe by what comission they came thither into another Princes domynions to warre, whether from the Pope or the Kinge of Spayne, or any other. Then when they saide they had not, but were onely adventurers that came to seeke fortune abroade, and serve in warrs amongst the Irishe, who desired to entertayne them, it was then tolde them, that the Irishe them selves, as the Earle and John of Desmonde with the rest, were no lawfull enemyes, but Rebels and traytors; and therefore they that came to succor them no better then rogues and runnagates, specially cominge with no licence, nor comission from their owne Kinge: so as it shoulde be dishonorable for him in the name of his Queene to condicon or make any tearmes with suche rascalls, but left them to their choyce, to yielde and submytt them selves, or no. Wherupon the said Coronell did absolutely yeild him selfe and the fort, with all therein, and craved onely mercy, which it being thought good not to shew them, both for daiunger of themselves yf, being saved, they should afterwarde joyne with the Irishe, and also for terror of the Irish, who were muche imboldned by those forreyne succours, also put in hope of

more ere longe; there was no other way but to make that short ende of them which was made. Therefore most untruly and maliciously doe theis evill tongues backbite and sclauder the sacred ashes of that most just and honorable personage, whose leaste vertue, of many most excellent which abounded in his heroicke spirit, they were never able to aspire unto.

"*Eudox.* Truly, Iren: I am right glad to be thus satisfied by you in that I have often heard questioned, and yet was never hable, to choke the mouthe of suche detractors with the certayne knowledge of their sclaunders untruthes: neither is the knowledge thereof impertinent to that which we formerly had in hand, I meane to the through prosecutinge of that sharpe course which yee have sett downe for the bringing under of those rebels of Ulster and Connaght, and preparinge a waye for their perpetuall reformacon, least happely, by any suche synister sugestions of creweltie and to muche bloodshed, all the plott might be overthrowne, and all the cost and labour therein employed be utterly lost and cast away." (Vol. IX., pp. 164-8.)

It will be observed how closely this flawless Testimony—written when Lord Grey was for years dead—agrees with the State Papers. And thus Lord Grey, the Lord Deputy, and his illustrious Secretary are vindicated.

L: THE FORFEITURE OF DESMOND'S LANDS— JUSTIFICATION.

(See Life, p. 139.)

*. . . richness from Affection's sunless deep;
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower;
And to make idols, and to find them—clay.*

MRS. HEMANS.

Vials of wrath—filled to the brim—have been poured out from generation to generation by (so-called) patriotic Irish Historians and Biographers and Essayists and Reviewers, and to-day by Sir John Pope Hennessy, on the head of Spenser; none the less unhesitatingly that the accepted epithet of "*gentle Spenser*" (as with

Shakespeare) is recalled. It is recalled and reiterated by Hennessy to barb sarcasm and sneer rather than to modify allegations, or give *souççon* of suspicion that the allegations might peradventure be groundless.

I select Sir John Pope Hennessy rather than a pitifully partizan and perpetually blundering paper in the *Dublin Review* (xvii., pp. 415-47, 1844), because (a) The latter is mere assertion of ignorance, not knowledge, and throughout characterized by the most illiberal and provocative spirit,* and because (b) The *Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland* of the Irish knight, may be taken as representative of the concentrated public opinion of Irishmen on the problem of Ireland under Elizabeth. This book is the result of self-evidently considerable though superficial research—in certain directions; has a look of candour; is skilfully put together, and most skilful—treacherously skilful as was the kiss of Judas—in its pseudo-pathetic vein of condemnation, as though really it were a sorrow to need to tell such tragical facts in association with names so illustrious. An examination of this book by any one well-read and impartial (“indifferent” was the old word, though in other sense

* Queen Elizabeth in this scandalous paper is only “a profligate woman”: Lord Grey “one of the worst of a bad line,” and Spenser’s personal testimony to the greatness and nobleness of Grey is thus pronounced upon: “A hymn to Purity in the den of a brothel, or a hymn to pity on the lips of the lurking assassin, or a hymn of the Atheists of ’02 around the altars of God, might be as bad, but what could be worse?” (pp. 418-19). All this by a writer who betrays in every page gross ignorance of the most elementary facts, and does not even spell properly the names he traduces: *e.g.*, Ware becomes Hare, and Talus is Jalus. The praise of Sir John Perrott at the expense of Grey and Spenser is an infamy to the man praised. The Smerwick or Fort-del-Ore myth is the main basis of this wretched vituperation.

than now it is used) will satisfy that a more misleading lop-sided "History" (save-the-mark) has rarely been palmed upon the world. I may not traverse the whole wide field. But having already exposed the mis-statements and libels on the matter of SMERWICK or Fort-del-Ore, I shall now 'study' the Earl of Desmond as drawn by Hennessy and Irish Historians, not as a rebel and double-dyed traitor to his own "flesh and blood," but a HERO and a SAINT, and his forfeited lands not an inevitable penalty, but SPOLIATION. The neck of Desmond's rebellion was broken by Lord Grey. He was recalled before its Leader fell. But the after-forfeiture was the sequel of what the Lord Deputy did, and it was out of that forfeiture Raleigh and Spenser obtained their possessions.

The sum-and-substance of Irish sentiment on Desmond is expressed by Sir John Pope Hennessy in his final statement of the fate of the (once) great House of the Geraldynes, thus :—

"In August 1580 Sir James Fitzgerald, the Earl of Desmond's brother, was captured and brought to Cork, where he was tried by Captain Raleigh and Captain Sentleger. They sentenced him to be hanged, drawn and quartered. Portions of his body remained for a considerable time above the gates of the city. The other brother, Sir John of Desmond, was killed in the following year, and his body brought to Raleigh, who was acting as Governor of Cork. His head was sent to Dublin Castle, and his body was suspended by the heels from a high gibbet over the river Lee, on the north-gate bridge of Cork, where it swung for three years. Before long the skeleton of the Earl was also hanging from the walls of Cork, his head having been sent as 'a goodly gift to her Highnesse' in London. 'Such was the fate,' says the Abbé MacGeoghegan, 'of the illustrious Fitzgeralds of Desmond, the Maccabees of our day, who sacrificed their lives and properties in the defence of the Catholic cause'" (p. 27).

In harmony with this is the refrain everywhere of "the spoiled and desolate fields of Desmond" (p. 115). I pronounce these, and the like, to be a caricature of the actual FACTS ; and seeing that—apart from Lord Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to say Elizabeth—the veracity and whole character of Spenser are involved with proof of this, I proceed to offer proof.*

It so chanced that THOMAS CHURCHYARD (the 'Palemon' of Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*), among his many quaint and curious "bokes," published the following (*rar. rar.*):—

"A Scourge for Rebels, wherein are many noble services truly set oute and thoroughly discoursed with every particular pointe touchinge the troubles of Irelande, as far as the painfull and dutifull service of the Earle of Ormonde in sundry sortes, is manifestly knowen, written by Thomas Churchyard, gentleman, imprinted at London for Thomas Cadman, 1584."

En passant be it noted that the *Scourge* affirms that the "services" it commemorates are "TRULY set oute and thoroughly discoursed." Be it noted further that, though published in the glare of the events, this "*truly* set oute" never was challenged. Then, significantly, be it noted, that Sir John Pope Hennessy and Irish historians conveniently ignore the book. How does the 'Story' of Desmond read as "thoroughly discoursed" of by this old English "gentleman,"

* See again my Preface for my grateful indebtedness to the *Kerry Magazine* (1854-5)—vol. i., pp. 65-74, 97-101. Churchyard's extremely rare *Scourge for Rebels* is in the British Museum, and with it I had been long familiar.

Thomas Churchyard? I have to show this: and I state anticipatively that documents in H.M. Public Record Office will be adduced and produced to establish the record of the *Scourge for Rebels*.

I pass over eulogies of the Victor in the prodigious strife. I pass over, too, the many names of "the gentlemen of blood" who shared their Leader's overthrow, besides "two hundred and forty-six menne and confederates, that were putte to the sword and executed." There comes, then, this:—

"Thus was the Erle of Desmond and alle his force consumed, and left accompanied onely with seven menne and his prieste, who from the tenth of last March (1583) hidde them in a glinne within Sleave-Luchra, having no other foode for the space of seven weekes than but six plowe garrans, whereon they fedde, without bredde, drinke, or any other sostenance.

"About the 20th September last, Desmonde being hardlie followed by certaine kearnes, appointed by the Lord General to serve against this traytour, his priest was taken from him with anothere of his menne, and brought to the Castle of Ormond.

"Since which time, the Erle being relieved by a Captain of Gallowglas, called Goharra Mac Dunaha Mac Swynie, the Earl of Ormond having advertisement, pursued him into O'Leary's countrie, where he tooke most of his goodes, insomuch that last November the said Goharra was enforced to repayre to Inniskive (Mac Carthy Reagh's country in the County of Cork), and there took 15 cowes and 8 garranes from one O'Donoghue Mac Terge, of Inniskive aforesaid, which Donogho, with ten more of his companie, made pursuit, rescued his cowes and garrans, slewe said rebel and sent his head to the Earl of Ormond.

"The 11th of said November, the Earl of Desmond, for want of said Goharra, was urged by meyr famyne, to send to one Daniel Mac Daniel O'Moribertagh, to seeke some relief, which Daniel made answer to him, that he was sworn to the Lord General, and had delivered his pledge for doinge good service against Desmond and his adherents, wherefore he would give him no relief at alle."

There follows: "The Examination of Owen Mac Donnil O'Moribertagh, taken the 26th of November,

1583, before those whose Names are hereunto subscribed, of the manner and discourse how the Erle of Desmond was pursued and slayne." This great State-Paper squelches the rabid and screaming rhetoric of Irish writers and their abettors. The simple unexaggerate narrative transmutes their pathos into bathos, though I am far from being insensible to the pathos of so utter a Fall. It reveals the true and inevitable reason for the "cutting off" of Desmond's head:—

"In the dawninge of the daye on Monday, the 10th of November, they put themselves in order to sette upon the traytours in their cabbins, the examine [=Owen Mac Donnil O'Moribertagh], with his brother Donel and their kerne, tooke the forwarde, and appointed the souldieres to keepe the rerewarde (saving one Daniel O'Kellye, a souldier, which had but his sworde and targett, stood in the forewarde with them). They alle making a great crye entered the cabbin where the Erle laye, and this examine ranne throwe the cabbin after the Erle's companie, which fledde to the woode, and at his returne backe to the cabbin doore, the Erle being stroken by one of the companie (by whom he knoweth not but that alle the footmenne and souldieres were together in the cabbin) he discovered himself saying 'I am the Erle of Desmond, save my life.' To whom this examine answered 'Thou hast killed thyself long ago, and now thou shalt be prisoner to the Queen's Majesty and to the Erle of Ormond, Lord General of Munster': whereupon he took him by the arme (being cutte) and willed the Erle, who was slowe in going, to make speede else they would carry awaye his heade, SEEING THE TRAITOURS WERE VERIE NEARE TO HAVE HIM RESCUED.

"Whereupon Donell Mac Donel sayde 'I will carry him on my backe a while, and so shall every one of you.' Donnell carried a good whyle, and being wearie he put him offe. THE TRAITOURS BEING AT HAND, all the companie refused to carry him anie further, *considering the eminent danger they stood in, the traytours drawing neere.*

"Whereupon this Deponent Owen Mac Donel, willed the souldier Daniel O'Kellye, to cutte off the Erle's heade, for that they could not apply to fight and to carrye him awaye: to whose

direction Kellie obeyed, saying he would do so, drawing out his sword and striking off the Erle's head. . . . Then "The foresaid Daniel O'Kellye (being likewise examined before these) testified that the Erle of Desmond was pursued in the order and manner afore written, and that he himself wounded the said Erle within his cabbin, and after cutte of his head (LEST HE SHOULD BE RESCUED)."

If ever there were "justifiable chance-medley" it was assuredly here. "So much for Desmond!" (as with Shakespeare's Buckingham). Now let us consult State-Papers to demonstrate the rebellion and treason and persistent self-seeking of the Earl of Desmond. The first is the "Deed of Combination," by which the Earl and other notables of the Palatinate bound themselves to resist the government. This has been published (somewhat incorrectly) in Cox's *Hibernica Anglicana* :—

"THE COMBINATION OF GARRETT, LATE EARL OF DESMOND, ATTAINED OF HIGH-TREASON IN ANNO 1578.

(Cotton. MSS., Tit. B. xiii., f. 248, Brit. Mus.)

"Whereas the Right Honorable Garrett, Erle of Desmond, hath assembled us his kinsmen, followers and servants about him, after his coming out of Dublin, and made us privy to such articles as by the Lord Deputy and Counsel were delivered unto him the 8th of July, 1578, to be performed, and also his answer to said articles, which answers we find so reasonable as we with one minde do counsel and advise the said Earle not to yield to anie more than in his said answer is already granted, and further, the said Earle declared unto us, that if he do not yielde presentlie to the performance of the same articles, and put in his pledge for observation thereof, that then the Lord Deputie will bende his force and make warre against him.

"We, the persons underwritten, do advise and counsel the said Erle, to defend himself from the violence of the said Lord Deputie, that doth aske so unreasonable a demand as in the said articles is conteyned, and for to defend and stick to this our advice and counsel, we renounce God if we doe spare life, body, land, and goodes, but will be aiding, helping, and assistinge the said Erle

to mayntain and defend this our advice against the said Lord Deputie, or any other that will covett the said Erle's inheritance.

"In witness whereof, that this is our counsel to the Erle, we have hereunto putte our hands the xvijth of July, 1578.

[Signed] "GARRETT DESMOND" (and 18 others).

I would fix attention on the clause engaging to defend Desmond "against the said Lord Deputie, or any other that will covett the said Erle's inheritance." This clause furnishes a clue to the history behind the "Deed of Combination," and to the vacillation and uncertainty and falsity of Desmond's after-proceedings.

Irish historians, who have made a martyr-hero out of this Earl, insist that it was the settled purpose of the English Government to provoke him into rebellion in order to manufacture a plea for the partitioning of his immense Palatinate. I believe this has no warrant, not a shred, historically. This is not the place to argue it. But it is the place to make clear the mingled jealousies and suspicions, self-aggrandizement and designs in another direction, to wit, towards that very James Fitz-Morris of Desmond, his able if turbulent cousin, whose desperate enterprise he was AT FIRST seemingly ready to resist to the uttermost, and yet when the 'cousin' was dead, engaged in it to his own destruction, but with far other hopes. State-Papers in H.M. Public Record Office make this absolutely certain. In the confidential Correspondence of the time there is a long and full despatch—dated 30th March, 1579—from the Lord Deputy to Lord Burleigh, detailing the various measures of precaution and preparation he was taking in anticipation of the Italian and Spanish landing at Fort-del-Ore—of which fully in preceding Appendix—and here are certain unmistakable

words showing the steps he took to secure the fidelity of the two great Earls of Munster, Desmond and Clancarre—the former only our concern :—

“The *Erle of Desmond* himself is come to me, and professeth as much loyaltie and dutie as any manne maye, and indeed I doubt not but that his private offence to James, who pretendeth (as shoulde appear by his title abroad) himselfe to be Erle of Desmond, and his good usage and entreatie, will keep him sounde, though otherwise he were not so welle given, as trulie I must needs say in alle appearance he is.”

About the same date Drury writes to Sir Francis Walsingham to the same effect :—

“Desmond is with me, to all appearance as well bent and disposed as may be wished, and likely to continue, as well for that he hath no cause for any other usage towards him as because the title which James taketh upon him abroad of the Erle of Desmond will make him hate the rebel.”

These Letters—and there are others—flash in light upon the ‘shifty’ and irresolute course pursued by Desmond. They reveal emphatically that the white terror of “covetting his inheritance” came from “cousin” James Fitz-Morris of Desmond, not England.

James Fitz-Morris of Desmond, as everybody knows, dared to ‘land’ in Ireland, and when the Earl of Desmond returned from the Lord Deputy homeward, when in July that ‘landing’ took place at “Dingel,” this innocent and canonized Earl once and again wrote to the English Government in Ireland announcing his determined purpose to resist his “cousin”!

Here are glimpses of his actual sentiments and intended doings, from the “Advices out of Munster,” in a dispatch of Sir Henry Wallop to the Earl of Leicester (Cotton. MSS., Tit. B. xiii.) :—

“CLONMEL, 10th April, 1583.

“The first of this month the Countess of Desmond submitted herself to the Lord General: here is a bruit [= rumour] that Desmond himself should come hither in two or three daies upon a protection.

“John Lacy, who came lately out of England, having licence to deale with the Earle his master concerning his submission, at his coming pleaded him to submit himself simple to her Majestie’s mercy; and in manifestation to yield himself to the Lord General. The first part of his speeche he heard with patience; but to the seconde, he bade ‘avaunt churle’ with other opprobrious wordes, saying: ‘Shall I yield myself to a Butler, mine anciente and knowne enemy? No, if it were not for those English churles that he hath at command, I would drinke alle their bloode as I would warm milke.’

“The late overthrowe he gave the Butlers, being as the countrie saith six to one, causeth him so to insult against them.

“Being lately demanded by one of his chief gallowglasse, why he suffered the Lord Mac Maurice, Pat Condon and Donogh Mac Cartie, and others, to goe from him, ‘Content thyself,’ said he, ‘these shall doe me better service there than they could doe here; for they shalle helpe me to alle necessaries and keep such othe safe as I shall put to them.’”

So that first his ‘fear’ of his ‘cousin’ James Fitz-Morris of Desmond and a FEUD with his old hereditary rival and enemy—Irishman, not Englishman—“The Thierna Dubh’ Ormond,” not any thought of being a ‘Maccabee’ for ‘the Catholic faith,’ inspired continuous resistance.

One *bit* out of many State-despatches witnesses to his sorrowful condition:—

“EARL OF ORMOND TO LORD BURLEIGH.

“June 18th, 1583.

“The unhappy wretch, the Earl of Desmond, wandereth from place to place forsaken of all men; the poore Countess lamenteth greatlie the follie of her husband, whom reason could never rule.”

With our knowledge of Desmond’s own blood-thirsty sentiments and treacherous placing of men who were to ‘serve’ him by betraying others, what are

we to think of and how can we keep down our gorge in reading this Letter?—

“DESMOND TO ORMOND.

“5th June, 1583.

“MY LORD,—Great is my grieffe when I thinke how heavilie her Majestie is bent to dishonour mee, and howbeit I carry that name of an undutiful subjecte, yet God knoweth, that my harte and minde are most lowlie inclined to serve my most loving prince; so it may please her Highnesse to remove her heaveie displeasure from me. As I maie not condemn myself of disloyaltie to her Majestie, so can I not expresse myself, but must confess that I have incurred her Majestie's indignacion; yet when the cause and means which were found and which caused me to committ folly shall be known to her Highnesse, I rest in assured hope that her most gracious Majestie will both think of me as my heart deserveth and also of those that wronge me into undutifulness, as their cunning devices meriteth. From my hearte I am sorrie, that follie, bad counsel, streights, or anie other thinge hath made me to forget my dutie; and therefore I am desirous to have conference with your Lordship to the end that I maie declare to you how tyrannouslie I was used. Humbly craving that you will please to appoint some place and tyme, where and when I may attend your Honour; and then, I doubt not to make it appear how dutieful a minde I carry; how faithfully I have at myne owne charge served her Majestie before I was proclaimed; how sorrowful I am for mine offences, and how faithful I am affected, ever hereafter to serve her Majestie. And soe I committ your Lordship to God, the fifth of June, 1583.

“GERROTT DESMOND.”

“And soe I committ your Lordship to God”; and this from the man who had only a couple of months before expressed his fiendish desire to “drinke all the bloode” of the Ormonds as he “would warme milke”! A more abject, dastardly Letter, in its throwing over of all his ‘confederates’ after disgracing them, is not conceivable.

But we must pursue the historical progress of circumstance and action. The Earl of Desmond, SO LONG AS HIS COUSIN LIVED, resisted all appeals to

side with him. Had he been that "Maccabee for the Catholic faith" your patriotic Irishmen would make him out, could he have remained silent to a glowing and touching appeal like this made to him by Sanders, —one of a sheaf in H.M. Public Record Office—in James's name?*

"JAMES FITZ-MAURICE TO THE ERLE OF DESMOND.

" July 18, 1579.

" Alle dear and hartie commendations in most humble manner premised, forasmuch as James Fitz-Morris being authorized thereunto by his Holiness, warfareth under Christ's ensign for the restoring of the catholicke faithe in Ireland, God forbidde the day should ever come, wherein it might be sayd that the Erle of Desmond hath forsaken his poore kinsman, his faithful servant, the lieutenant of his spiritual father, the banner of his merciful Saviour, the defence of his ancient faith, the delivery of his dear cuntry, and the safe-guard of his home and posterity."

To this heart-stirring letter Desmond gave no answer but inaction. "His Holiness" and His Holiness's "Nuncio" and "the restoring of the catholicke faith in Ireland," made no impression upon him, so long as "James Fitz-Morris" lived; but it is a damning historic FACT that so soon as his cousin was "slayn in his fray with the Bourkes," and SANDERS had attached himself to the Earl, Desmond went all the lengths the Nuncio sought. That astute emissary of his Holiness very swiftly

* If it be asked what evidence there is that this appeal was written by Sanders, I answer there is most conclusive evidence, for whereas it begins with an appeal by Sanders in his own person to the Earl's feelings as a religionist, it ends in the person of James of Desmond. Along with it are a number of letters in the Irish character and language, beautifully written, being stirring appeals from James of Desmond to his old acquaintances and associates among the Irish to join him.

saw the reason of the prior "let," and profited by it. He urged on the Earl daily "that the death of James was the providence of God to give him all the glory of the enterprise." That 'glory' drew the Earl into the Papal toils, and we have seen its miserable issue in the beheading of the already wounded 'Wanderer.'

The whole lights and shadows of the conduct of this detestable villain are still more vividly shown in another document preserved in H.M. Public Record Office. It is entitled "Erle Desmond's Defence of Himself." It would appear that this Paper was laid before the Council of England, as Walsingham's notes on the MS. suggest:—

"After my harte commendacions, and although through envious people there hath been heretofore a little gelose [jealousy] between us, without anie cause offered, I doubt not on either side, whereby our acquaintance hath been the lesse; notwithstanding I have that good opinion of your good nature, that I hope to find your friendship in alle my good causes, and therefore thought it gode to certifie unto you what service I have done since the arrival of James Fitz-Morrice, and how little it hath beene regarded.

"First, before the Traitour arrived, there landed at Smerwicke Haven, three Irish scholars in marriners' attire, which upon suspicion I caused to be examined and sent to the Gaol of Limerick; who, in fyne, were knowen to be gentlemen, and one of them a bishopp, who were sente by the Traitoure to practise with the North, to join with him, for which they were by my Lord Justice executed.

"Upon intelligence had of the Traitour's arrival at the Dangyn, I being then in the Countie of Tipperarie, have not only by poste testified thereof to my Lord Justice, but also sent warnynge to the citizens of Corke and Limerick, and to all the LL. [Lords] and Gentlemen of the Province, to have their forces in readiness to expell the Traitour; and with alle speede I marched with such force as in short time I was able to make over the mountayns to Kerry, and so to Smerwicke Haven, where the Traitour, with his companie, fortified a rock compassed round about with the sea, saving

a narrow passage wherebye menne might passe to the lande; and the 23d Julie, I encamped about him, so as he could neither have victuals from the countrie nor able to send his messengers abroad to his friendes, where he was kept so straigthe that his victuals were almost spente.

“ Upon the 26th of Julie, as the Traitour, having the aide of 200 of the Flaherties that came to his aide by water, were skirmishing with some of my menne, suddenlie came into the Haven Captain Courtenay, with a littel ship and pynnance and without anie resistance tooke the Traytour's shippes, saving one barke that he brought under the forte, where she was broken; so as then the gallies of the Flaherties beinge ronne away, the Traitour was like in a short time to starve within the Forte, or els to yield himself to Her Majestie's mercie. But my unhappie brother John, envyinge the goode successe of my service that then was likely to ensue, most cruelly murderd *Mr. Davells*, with the Provost Marshall, with their companie, and most unnaturallie enticed my brother James to accompanie him to that detestable acte. Whereof having advertisement, doubting that the executioners of so odible [=detestable] an acte, would practize to destroie me, as often heretofore the said John hath done, and beinge by the Justice Meaughe, earnestlie desired (as the rest were) I woulde [=went] to Traly; and from thens the Justice and I woulde over the mountayns, lest that my wicked brethren wold under pretence of friendship enter to Asketyn, and there imbrue their crewel hands with the bloode of my wife and sonne, whom Sir John mortalie hated; and from thence the 4th of August, to Limerick, to have conference with my Lord Justice about the service; and so returning to Conneloghe, beinge in campe at Gorestonne, I had intelligence that the traitours were upon the fastness of the Grete Wood. I suddenlie went thither, and chased them over the mountains to Kogyrrick-Kearig, and from thence to the Grete Wood, whither also I pursued them, and so still pursued them to *Ballincashlaim-Corkemohir*, where they were out of alle hope to escape; so as eche of them was forced, the 17th of August, at night, for their safe-guard to scatter, and runne to such places as eche of them thoughte beste, so as James Fitz-Morris ran to *Owney Mulryan*, where he was slaine the xviii. of August, by my nephews Theobald and Ulick Burke. Sir John also forced to runne to the fastness of Lynamore, and Sir James to Glanfeskye; and the Warde of the Forte, understanding that their master was slaine, ranne awaie, and some of my menne entered therein, whereof I havinge newes hasted me thither, and brake down the fortifications which the Traitour made; whereof I certified the Lord Justice, who sent me word by letters

that he would make his repaire into Kerry, wherein he willed me to meete him in the borders thereof, with provisions of beeves for his campe, which I had in readiness, and accordinglie expected his Lordship's cominge. In which journey certeyn of my poor tenants were altogether spoyled of their kyne and cattel, whereof, I having advertisement, made my repaire to the Lord Deputy, about the second of September, to Kylmallock, to understand what suddenesse had altered his intended course; and at my being there, he willed me to gather my intended companye, and bring them for his better assistance in the service, the vith of September, nere his camp by the Grete Wood, which I have done accordinglye, and came myself with a fewe companye to understand his Lordship's pleasure, leaving my menne in campe within two miles of his. After which tyme his Lordshippe willed me and the Lord Kerye [=Kerry] to declare our opinions, and to settle downe a plotte whereby the traitours might be the sooner overthrowne, which plotte we delivered the Lord Justice in writing, the copie whereof I doe send you here inclosed, nothing doubting, if the same were followed, Her Majestie's ministers need not to put Her Highness to the charge she is now att, neither the subject so much over-pressed, nor yet the traitours to pass anie waie without their losse. But my reward for the same, and for other services done to my great risk and charges, to my no lesse travel and payne, hath been to restrayne me from libertie, the viith of September, and kept me until the ixth of same, at which tyme I was enlarged, on condition that I would send my sonne to Limerick. Now in the mene time of my restraint, my menne hearing thereof skattered, and for the most part fledde to the traytours, whereby they, being before daunted, were with cccc persons increasde, and my force by so much weakened. I will not by particulars, certifie unto you what hindrance I and my tenants did sustaine by my Lord Justice's being in campe in the small countie of Lymerrick, neither will I declare the charge I have been at in following the service, which would not grieve me, if the Governor had due consideration to the same. The 26th of last month I happened to kill five of the Traitour's menne, whereof were principally *Rory ny-Dillon* and *Kragory O'Kyne*, who were of James Fitz-Morrice's council, and as such practisers between Sir John and *Magherone Mac Enaspeck*. The other three were Kerry men.

“And since my Lord Justice departed the Province, Sir Nicholas Maltbie, the forthe of this presente (month) being in campe at the Abbeye of Nenaghe, sent certyn of his menne to enter into Rathmore, a manor of myne, and there murdered the keepers, spoileth the towne and castel, and tooke awaie from thence cer-

tayn of my evidences and other writings. On the vith of the same, he not only spoyled *Ruth-Keally* [= Rath-Keale] a towne of myne, but also tyranouslie burned both houses and corne. Upon the viith of same month, the said Sir Nicholas encamped within the Abbey of Asketyn, and there most maliciously defaced the ould monuments of my ancestors, fired both the abbie, the whole towne, and the corne thereabouts, and ceased not to shoote at my menne within Asketyn Castel. These dealings I thought goode to signifye unto you, desiring you, as you are a gentleman, to certifie thereof unto her Majestie and the Lords of the Counsel, nothinge doubting but you will procure speedie revenge for redresse hereof, as also frende me in my good cause; and so I commit you to God, from Asketyn, the xth of October 1579. Your assured loving frende. [To Richard, Earl of Clanrickarde?]

This remarkable 'Defence' shows how partizan and misleading are the Writers of Ireland on Irish history. As an example I name Dr. Curry's *Civil Wars of Ireland*. He expressly states that "A Bishop and a Friar, with his son, had been delivered as hostages for Desmond's fidelity, and that on the outbreak of the Rebellion these two men were executed by the Lord Deputy's order." It will be seen that all this is pure (or impure) invention. The "bishop and friar," by the indisputable evidence of Desmond's own 'Defence,' were not hostages at all, but of the men who had been landed on the Irish coast, engaged in the desperate as infamous enterprise of 'practising' to raise rebellion and levy war against the State. More than this—be it noted, that they were *arrested by Desmond himself*, and ultimately tried, condemned and righteously executed for treason, at a crisis when treason was rampant. Their manufactured character of "hostages" by which to "point a moral and adorn a tale," is absolutely fictitious.

But still more lurid is the light cast on the character

of Desmond himself by this 'Defence.' I have not counted how often the name "Traitor" is applied to James Fitz-Morrice, but how base the nature that could so denounce his 'cousin' so long as he was alive and might "take possession" of his "broad acres," and so soon as the breath was out of him fall in with every iota of Sanders' scheme! Equally base and foul is his bitter railing and malignant insinuations against his own flesh and blood in his brothers. For not only does he thus behind his back report to the Council against his "unhappie brother" John, but he charges him with his intended murder ("as often heretofore the said John hath done"), and the murder of his wife and son ("whom Sir John mortalie hated").

Baser beyond even these basenesses is his pseudo-detestation of the perpetrators of Davell's murder, contemporaneous with his actual egging of them to do it, as thus written (*State Paper Office*, vol. xlvi., Ireland 1579, p. 479) in a list of charges laid against Desmond:—

"When James Fitz-Morris denied to come to Sir James or Sir John, until they had committed some such notorious facte, as might bringe them in as grete danger of the lawe, as himself, the Erle to accomplish that, wrote his lres to Davells and Carter to come to him to Kerry without grete company; and by the waye, Sir John and Sir James, with their followers, murthred them. Rory Mac Sheehye, the Erle's follower, charged the Erle with being the procurer of the murther of Bryan Duffe, who laye in the next bedde to Davells, and so privy to the murther of Davells. Sir James when charged with the cruel facte, answered that 'he was but the Erle's executioner.'

A final Desmond document, of about the same date with these others, is an additional demonstration of two things: (1) That the great Earl was a traitor. (2) That

he knew it and its inevitable consequences, and made preparation accordingly. This State-paper is suggestively endorsed—

“DEED OF FEOFFMENT MADE BY GARRET ERLE OF DESMOND
made seven weeks after the Combination.”

It thus runs :—

“By this deed the Erle of Desmond enfeofs James Butler, Baron of Dunboyn, Thomas Power, Lord of Cunaghmore, and John Fitz-Gerald, son of Edmund, with all his landes in the County of Kerry, Corke, Waterford and Tipperary, to hold to the use of the said Gerald and Dame Eleanor his wife, to pay his debts, to give £1000 to each of his daughters ; then to hold to the use of his heire James, with remainder to the heires of his father James, further remainder to the heires of his grandfather John, and of his great-grandfather Thomas, remainder to his brother Thomas, then remainder to the right heires of his son James for ever.

Witnesses :	Morrish Shechan and Richard
John Symott.	Liston, as Attorneys for this Erle,
Roger Skiddy, Warder of	delivered seizin to the feoffes, of
Youghal.	the lands in Kerry, at Tralee, of
William Galway.	the lands in Cork at Carrigerohan,
Thomas Coppinger.	of the lands in Co. Waterford, at
Richard Oliver.	Mac-Kolpa [Maccollop] and of
Edmund Gould.	the lands in Tipperary, at Balla-
Charles Bay.	droghed.”

It goes without saying that it lies on the surface of this Deed that it was meant to avert from his Family the foreknown consequences of the Rebellion he meditated, spite of all his “fine words” of loyalty and hatred of “traitours.” The endorsement shows that the Government did not acknowledge its validity ; and in accord with this, when his son James, who had been brought up in London, was sent back to Ireland in 1601, to counteract the designs of his cousin, the Sugean Earl, he went as “RESTORED in blood and nobility,” not as inheriting his father’s estates.

The Countess of Desmond is spoken of throughout the State-correspondence of the period as "ever lookinge to settle alle things well according to the English manner"; and the terms of the Deed explain that it was in the hope of being able to rescue her only son from the whirlpool of ruin and confiscation into which her husband was plunging, she was induced to give him up to the Lord Deputy at the commencement of the troubles. It is also possible that an additional motive might have been the preservation of him from that "hatred of Sir John of Desmond," his uncle, named bitterly in the Earl's 'Defence.' She herself 'clave' to her husband "for better for worse," until at long-last she found him utterly self-willed and his fortunes desperate.

In the face of these historical and authentic Papers it needeth not that Englishmen vindicate the forfeiture of the lands of the Earl of Desmond or their distribution among the "Undertakers," of whom Edmund Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh were the greatest. From inception to close "the Erle" was in complicity with his brothers Sir John and Sir James; and beyond this is the incontestable FACT that Sanders, the Pope's agent, and most able and active mover in the insurrection, was attached to Desmond's person as long as he lived. 'Pledges' (so-called) of 'loyalty' and voluble phrases of allegiance were falsified. They were scarcely delivered when he was found "attacking the English camp at Rathkeale, in person, on two successive nights," and answering the appeal of Sir Nicholas Maltbie, the English victor of Connilloe (near Limerick), to "return to his allegiance" by

declaring that he "owed the Queen no allegiance, and would no longer yield her obedience." Evasions, shifts, penitences, alternated with defiance and insult, culminated in the proclamation early in December 1579 of the "Great Earl" as an "outlawed traitor." That was a righteous proclamation. What followed on the part of the Earl makes our blood run hot as we read of the ravage and the spoil when Desmond unfurling his standard at Ballyhowra (in Cork) cried "havoc." His sacrilegious outrages at Youghal, wherein cruelties were perpetrated by him that drew remonstrances from the very Spaniards in his army as they pitifully "parted their garments" to cover the "little children" stripped in wintry cold of their poor 'clokes.' Through four miserable years the Desmond Palatinate was subjected to such miseries as draw down an involuntary curse on the memory of the "Great Earl" who thus involved his wretched 'vassals' in woes so terrible that, as Spenser's *Venc* remains to tell, they—with their wives and children—followed the plundering army beseeching that they might be "killed by the sword" rather than be left to pine in famine. The same *Venc* describes the natives of the country as "creeping out of the woods like anatomies of death"—as "feeding on carrion"—as "not sparing to scrape carcasses from the graves"—as flocking to "a plot of watercresses and shamrocks as to a feast" and dying off on this insufficient nourishment, "so that in short space there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast." The Continuer of Hollinshed confirms—"From one end of Munster to the other, from Water-

forde to Smerwick, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, no man, woman, or child was to be met except in the townes; nor any beast, but the very wolves, the foxes, and such like ravening beasts." The "deep damnation" of all this rests on the memory of the "Great Earl" of Desmond, not on England. And so the "Forfeiture" stands justified a hundred times over.

It must never be forgotten either that the stern and unfaltering dealing with turbulent Ireland had this inscribed on it—in the words of Lord Grey—"I have never taken the life of any, however evil, who submitted." This holds of all. It holds supremely of the scheme of 'starving out' embodied by Spenser in his *Vene*. It was identical with a Siege, identical with Germany before Paris in our own time. Not a county, not a district, not a town, not a hamlet, not a household, not a man, but on 'coming in' would have received "free pardon" and protection. It is monstrous to ignore that it was a death-struggle, in which England's life was at stake as well as Ireland's England's Future as well as Ireland's Present. It is all very well to cull or coin phrases of a "Tamerlane policy," and fling into shadow the kind of rebellion and rebels grappled with. I am far from defending all the ferocities of the State-correspondence of the period, and I am not blind to the self-seeking greed of too many of the English new adventurers and colonizers; but were Rebellion to arise to-day in Ireland on such lines as were laid in Elizabeth's time, the truest mercy would be as absolute use of force as England's resources could command.

These historical Narratives and State-Papers, besides their Vindication of great Englishmen and England, must actualize to the present-day reader what a responsible and anxious 'trust' it was to be either Lord Deputy or Secretary in Ireland at such a time.

M: ON BRYSKETT'S *DISCOURSE OF CIVILL LIFE*.

(See *Life*, p. 149.)

The 'boke' of Bryskett was first unearthed by Todd (*Life* before *Works*, 8 vols., 8vo, 1805), and he must have the praise of the happy recovery. The following is its title-page—"Lod. Br." representing Lodowick Bryskett, who, it will be remembered, is named in one of the Sonnets of the *Amorctti*:—

"A Discovrse of Civill Life: Containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie. Fit for the instructing of a Gentleman in the course of a vertuous life. By LOD. BR. London, printed for William Aspley. 1606. (4to.)

It is dedicated to his "Singvlar good Lord, Robert Earle of Salisbury," but the Discourse itself is described as "Written to the right Honorable Arthur, late Lord Grey of Wilton. By Lod. Bryskett." He acknowledges Lord Grey's goodness to him, and continues:

"For when at my humble sute you vouchsafed to graunt me libertie without offence, to resigne the office which I then held seven yeeres, as Clerke of the Councell, and to withdraw myselfe from that thanklesse toyle to the quietnes of my intermitted studies, I must needes confesse, I held my selfe more bound unto you therefore, then for all other the benefits which you bestowed upon me, and all the declarations of honourable

affection, whereof you had given me many testimonies before" (p. 2).

He thus announces the occasion of his 'Discourse':—

"The occasion of the discourse grew by the visitation of certaine gentlemen comming to me to my little cottage which I had newly built neare unto Dublin at such a time, as rather to prevent sicknesse, then for any present grieffe, I had in the springe of the yeare begunne a course to take some physicke during a few dayes. Among which, Doctor Long Primate of *Ardmash*, Sir *Robert Dillon* Knight, M. *Dormer* the Queenes Sollicitor, Capt. *Christopher Carleil*, Capt. *Thomas Norreis*, Capt. *Warham St. Leger*, Capt. *Nicolas Dawtrey*, and M. *Edmond Spenser* late your Lordship's Secretary, and *Th. Smith* Apothecary" (pp. 5-6).

After pleasant badinage and grave quips by the Primate and "the company," Bryskett expresses an ardent desire that "some of our countrimen would show themselves so wel affected to the good of their countrie . . . as to set downe in English the precepts of those parts of Morall Philosophy, whereby our youth might without spending of so much time, as the learning of those other languages require, speedily enter into the right course of a vertuous life." Then he adds a personal explanation—

"In the meane while I must struggle with those bookes which I understand, and content my selfe to plod upon them, in hope that God (who knoweth the sincerenesse of my desire) will be pleased to open my understanding, so as I may reape that profit of my reading, which I travell for" (p. 25).

But he has his eye on another; and now EDMUND SPENSER is introduced:—

"Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serve him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to instruct me in some hard points which I cannot of my selfe understand: knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie, both morall and naturall. Nevertheles

such is my bashfulness, as I never yet durst open my mouth to disclose this my desire unto him, though I have not wanted some hartning ther unto from himselfe. For of his love and kindnes to me, he encouraged me long sithens to follow the reading of the Greeke tongue, and offered me his helpe to make me understand it. But now that so good an oportunitie is offered unto me, to satisfie in some sort my desire; I thinke I should commit a great fault, not to my selfe alone, but to all this company, if I should not enter my request thus farre, as to move him to spend this time which we have now de. tined to familiar discourse and conversation, in declaring unto us the great benefites which men obtaine by the knowledge of Morall Philosophie, and in making us to know what the same is, what be the parts thereof, whereby vertues are to be distinguished from vices: and finally that he will be pleased to run over in such order as he shall thinke good, such and so many principles and rules thereof, as shall serve not only for my better instructio, but also for the contentment and satisfaction of you all. For I nothing doubt, but that every one of you will be glad to heare so profitable a discourse, and thinke the time very wel spent, wherein so excellent a knowledge shall be revealed unto you, from which every one may be assured to gather some fruit, as wel as my selfe. Therefore (said I) turning my selfe to M. *Spenser*. It is you sir, to whom it pertaineth to shew your selfe courteous now unto us all, and to make us all beholding unto you for the pleasure and profit which we shall gather from your speeches, if you shall vouchsafe to open unto us the goodly cabinet, in which this excellent treasure of vertues both locked up from the vulgar sort. And thereof in the behalfe of all, as for my selfe, I do most earnestly intreate you not to say us nay. Unto which words of mine every man applauding, most with like words of request, and the rest with gesture and countenances expressing as much, M. *Spenser* answered in this maner.

“ Though it may seeme hard for me to refuse the request made by you all, whom every one alone, I should for many respects be willing to gratifie: yet as the case standeth, I doubt not but with the consent of the most part of you, I shall be excused at this time of this taske which would be laid upon me. For sure I am, that it is not unknowne unto you, that I have already undertaken a work tending to the same effect, which is in *heroical verse*, under the title of a *Faerie Queene*, to represent all the moral vertues, assigning to every vertue, a Knight to be the patron and defender of the same: in whose actions and feates of armes and chivalry the operations of that vertue, whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beate downe and

overcome. Which work, as I have already well entred into, if God shall please to spare me life that I may finish it according to my mind, your wish (*M. Bryskett*) will be in some sort accomplished, though perhaps not so effectually as you could desire. And the same may very well serve for my excuse, if at this time I crave to be forborne in this your request, since any discourse, that I might make thus on the sudden in such a subject, would be but simple, and little to your satisfaction. For it would require good advisement and premeditation for any man to undertake the declaration of these points that you have proposed, containing in effect the Ethicke part of Morall Philosophie. Whereof since I have taken in hand to discourse at large in my poeme before spoken, I hope the expectation of that work may serve to free me at this time from speaking on that matter, notwithstanding your motions and all your intreaties. But I will tell you howe I think, by himselfe he may very well excuse my speech, and yet satisfie all you in this matter. I have seene (as he knoweth) a translation made by himselfe out of the Italian tongue, of a dialogue comprehending all the Ethick part of Morall Philosophy, written by one of those three he formerly mentioned, and that is by *Giraldi*, under the title of a dialogue of civil life. If it please him to bring us forth that translation to be here read among us, or otherwise to deliver to us, as his memory may serve him, the contents of the same; he shal (I warrant you) satisfie you all at the ful, and himselfe wil have no cause but to thinke the time wel spent in reviewing his labors, especially in the company of so many his friends, who may thereby reape much profit, and the translation happily fare the better by some mending it may receive in the perusing, as all writings else may do by the ofte examinatio of the same. Neither let it trouble him, that I so turne over to him againe the taske he wold have put me to: for it falleth out fit for him to verifie the principall part of all this Apologie, even now made for himselfe, because thereby it will appeare that he hath not withdrawne himself from the service of the State, to live idle or wholly private to himselfe, but hath spent some time in doing that which may greatly benefit others, and hath served not a little to the bettering of his owne mind, and increasing of his knowledge, though he for modesty pretend much ignorance, and pleade want in wealth, much like some rich beggars, who either of custom, or for covetousnes, go to begge of others those things whereof they have no want at home" (pp.25-8).

Bryskett proceeds—

"With this answer of *M. Spenser's*, it seemed that all the company were wel satisfied; for after some few speeches,

whereby they had shewed an extreme longing after his worke of the *Faerie Queene*, whereof some parcels had bin by some of them sene, they all began to presse me to produce my translation mentioned by M. *Spenser*, that it might be perused among them; or else that I should (as neare as I could) deliver unto them the contents of the same" (p. 28).

And so Lodowick went for his 'papers' through the "courteous force" of the 'company,' and the MS. was submitted. It forms the volume yclept *A Discourse of Civill Life*. It does not seem to have been observed that Spenser onward takes his part in the conversational remarks on the *Discourse*, albeit SIR ROBERT DILLON and the Lord Primate [Long] are the chief interlocutors, with Dorner and Carleil, and others subordinately.

On the second day (out of the three days given to the *Discourse*) Captain Dawtrey hinted that mere Platonic fare was scarcely enough:—

"Yea," said he, "let not our dinner, I pray you, be so temperate for Sir Robert Dillon's words, but that we may have a cup of wine; for the Scriptures telleth us that wine gladdeth the heart of man. And if my memory faile me not, I have read that the great banquet of the Sages of Greece, described by *Plutarke*, was not without wine; and then I hope a Philosophical dinner may be furnished with wine; otherwise I will tell you plainly, I had rather be at a camping dinner than at yours, howsoever your rerebanquet will baply be as pleasing to me as to the rest of the company" (p. 40).

We are told then—

"Whereat the rest laughing pleasantly, I called for some wine for Captaine *Dawtrey*, who taking the glasse in his hand, held it up for a while betwixt him and the window, as to consider the color: and then putting it to his nose he seemed to take comfort in the odour of the same" (*Ibid.*).

The Lord Primate resumed the conversation playfully from Captain Dawtrey's wine and action. Spenser must have been a good listener, for it is not until

well on that he interposes. Very bright and vivid is the description of the "third dayes meeting":—

"I was not yet fully apparelled on the next morrow, when looking out of my window towards the citie, I might perceive the companie all in a troupe coming together, not as men walking softly to sport, or desirous to refresh themselves with the morning dew, and the sweete pleasant ayre that then invited all persons to leave their sluggish nestes; but as men earnestly bent to their journey, and that had their heads busied about some matter of greater moment then their recreation. I therefore hasted to make me ready, that they might not find me in case to be taxed by them of drowsinesse, and was out of the doores before they came to the house: where saluting them, and they having courteously returned the good morrowe unto me; the Lord Primate asked me whether that company made me not afraide to see them come in such sort upon me being but a poore Farmer: for though they came not armed like soldiers to be cessed upon me, yet their purpose was to coynie upon me, and to eate me out of house and home" (p. 157).

Right genially did the Host answer; and so the 'Discourse' was resumed, but not until "a table furnished" had been cleared of its viands. Early in the conversation we read—

"M. *Spenser* then said: If it be true that you say, by Philosophie we must learne to know our selves, how happened it, that the *Brachmain* men of so great fame as you know in *India*, would admit none to be their schollers in Philosophy, if they had not first learned to know themselves: as if they had concluded, that such knowledge came not from Philosophie, but appertained to some other skill or science?" (p. 163).

Again—on the question coming up—"It is therefore no good consequence to say, that because the passible soule dieth, therefore the possible soule likewise is mortall," *Spenser* breaks in—

"Yea but (said M. *Spenser*) we have frō *Aristotle*, that the possible understanding suffereth in the act of understanding: and to suffer importeth corruption; by which reason it should be mortall as is the passible" (p. 271).

Bryskett replies, and is replied to—

“Why (said Master *Spenser*), doth it not seeme, that *Aristotle* when he saith, that after death we have no memorie, that he meant that this our understanding was mortall? For if it were not so, men should not lose the remembrance of things done in this life ” (p. 272).

And again—following the Lord Primate—

“Yet (sayd Master *Spenser*) let me aske you this question : if the understanding be immortall, and multiplied still to the number of all the men that have bene, are, and shall be, how can it stand with that which *Aristotle* telleth us of multiplication, which (saith he) proceedeth from the matter ; and things materiall are always corruptible ? ” (p. 273).

And still unsatisfied—

“But how cometh it to passe (replied Master *Spenser*) that the soule being immortall and impassible, yet by experience we see dayly, that she is troubled with Lethargies, Phrensies, Melancholie, drunkennesse, and such other passions, by which we see her overcome, and debarred from her office and function ? ” (p. 274).

Finally—

“Why (sayd M. *Spenser*), doth your author meane (as some have not sticked even in our dayes to affirme) that there are in us two severall soules, the one sensitive and mortall, and the other Intellective and Divine ? ” (p. 275).

We have one last reference to *Spenser*—

“This (loc) is as much as mine author hath discoursed upon this subject, which I have Englished for my exercise in both languages, and have at your intreaties communicated unto you : I will not say being betrayed by M. *Spenser*, but surely cunningly thrust in to take up this taske, wherby he might shift himselfe from that trouble ” (p. 278).

And so we read in conclusion—

“Here all the companie arose, and giving me great thanks, seemed to rest very well satisfied, as well with the manner as with the matter, at the least so of their courtesie they protested. And taking their leaves departed towards the Citie ” (p. 279).

Earlier in the book (*ut supra*) we have another notice-

able *bit*. Pleasantly describing their invasion of Lodowick Bryskett's "little cottage" as to make "coynie" upon him "and to eate him out of house and home," or to "cesse" as soldiers on him, the Host thus met his "companie" and incidentally brings before us their estimate of the condition of Ireland under Lord Grey:—

"To whom I answered, that as long as I saw Counsellors in the Companie, I neede not feare that any such unlawful exactiō as coynie should be required at my hand: for the lawes had sufficiently provided for the abolishing thereof. And though I knew that among the Irishry it was not yet cleane taken away, yet among such as were ameynable to law, and civill, it was not used or exacted. As for souldiers, besides that their peaceable maner of coming freed me from doubt of cesse, thanked be God the state of the realme was such as there was no occasion of burthening the subiect with them, such had bin the wisdome, valour, and foresight of our late Lord Deputie, not onely in subduing the rebellious subiects, but also in overcoming the forreine enemye: whereby the garrison being reduced to a small number, and they provided for by hir Maiestie of victual at reasonable rates, the poore husbandman might now eate the labors of his owne hands in peace and quietnes, without being disquieted or harried by the unruly souldier.

"We have (said sir *Robert Dillon*) great cause indeed to thanke God of the present state of our country, and that the course holden now by our present Lord Deputie, doth promise us a continuance if not a bettering of this our peace and quietnesse. My Lord *Grey* hath plowed and harrowed the rough ground to his hand: but you know that he that soweth the seede, whereby we hope for harvest according to the goodnesse of that which is cast into the earth, and the reasonableness of times, deserveth no lesse praise then he that manureth the land. God of his goodnesse graunt, that when he also hath finished his worke, he may be pleased to send us such another Bayly to oversee and preserve their labours, that this poore countrey may by a wel-ordered and settled forme of government, and by due and equall administration of iustice, beginne to flourishe as other Common-weales. To which all saying Amen, we directed our course to walke up the hill, where we had bene the day before; and sitting down upon the little mount awhile to rest the companie that had come from Dublin, we arose againe, and walked in the greene way, talking still of the great hope was conceived of the quiet of the countrey,

since the forene enemie had so bin vanquished, and the domesticall conspiracies discovered and met withall, and the rebels cleare rooted out" (pp. 158-9).

N: MR. S. EVANS ON A "LOST POEM" BY SPENSER.

(See Life, p. 161.)

En passant, the fact that the collected "Sixe Bookes" of 1596, *i.e.* the *Faery Queen*, still bore in the forefront the original announcement "Disposed into twelve bookes Fashioning XII. Morall vertues," settles the ingenious, but somewhat paradoxical paper of Mr. Sebastian Evans entitled "A Lost Poem by Edmund Spenser" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. xlii., pp. 145-51). The whole theory is that the "Two Cantoes of Mutabilitie" and the two stanzas of "Mutabilitie" never could have been meant to form part of the *Faery Queen*, on these grounds:—

"Whatever may have been Spenser's wishes and intentions when he published his first three books in 1590, he was no longer of the same mind when he published his six books in 1596. The Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh intimating the manifesto of his design is already suppressed. There is no hint throughout the volume that the author considered his work unfinished, or had any intention of adding to it. The poem is committed to the world as ended, if not concluded, and a careful survey of the internal evidence discloses no promise of any contemplated completion. Had Spenser really meant to finish the *Faerie Queene* on the scheme he originally sketched out, it would be very difficult to account for such an omission, which, as Spenser superintended the production of the volume, cannot well have been other than intentional. It is true that there is no attempt to reduce the various parts of the poem into a connected whole. Such a task would have been impossible" (p. 146).

As simple matter-of-fact, every single statement here is historically and critically inaccurate. First, as shown, the title-page of the collective edition in two

volumes of 1596 expressly bears that the Poem was to be completed in "xij bookes." Second, the Letter to Raleigh was not suppressed, but was reproduced in integrity in every copy. Third, the Poem has frequent postponements of description and incident because an after-place must be found for them. These must suffice :—

So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage (that whyleare
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
Would needes depart ; *as shall declared be elsewhere.*
(B. VI., c. v., *close*).

As earlier :—

. . . . When time shall be to tell the same.
(*Ibid.*, c. v., l. 23).

Then conclusively—There is Sonnet 80 of the *Amoretti*, in which the Poet not only announces the completion of the "six books," but in so doing confirms his resolution to go forward with the other six if he were but released from the turmoil of his love-chase. Thus :—

After so long a race as I have run
through Faery land, which those six books cōpile,
give leave to rest me, being halfe fordonne,
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a steed refreshed after toyle,
out of my prison I will breake anew
and stoutly will that second worke assayle,
with strong endeavor and attention dew.

This was also but the continuance of Sonnet 33, wherein, addressing Lodowick Bryskett, he acknowledges scarcely pardonable delay :—

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny
to that most sacred Emperesse my dear dred,
not finishing her Queene of faery,

Further—In the great Sonnet to Essex, affixed to the *Faery Queen*, no intention could have been more pronouncedly made than this :—

When my muse, whose fethers nothing flitt
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learns to fly
With boider wing shall dare alofte to sty
 To the last praises of this Faery Quene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts. (Vol. VIII., p. 327.)

Fourth, to pronounce it “impossible” to the Poet to “reduce the various parts of the poem into a connected whole” is idle assertion. Equally unhistoric and—must I say frivolous? is this :—

“In 1579 the conception of the poem was an inspiration. In 1596 its continuance would have been an anachronism.”

But it was ‘continued’ in 1596, and suppose the other books had been ready and published in the short interval, how could ‘anachronism’ ensue as between 1596 and 1599? Thus the conclusion of Mr. Sebastian Evans—himself true Singer and Critic—must be summarily dismissed as “not proven” and disproven. But I do not mean by this, that it is not still open for argument whether the “Two Cantoes of Mutabilitie” and the two stanzas were or were not intended by Spenser to be incorporated in the *Faery Queen*. I cannot therefore withhold the conclusion of this noticeable paper :—

“Surely after being practically lost to the world for more than two centuries and a half, it is high time that the ‘Two Cantoes of Mutabilitie’ should at last be recognised not as a virtually incongruous and only half-intelligible appendage to the *Faerie Quene*, but as one of the noblest independent poems of the noblest age of English poetry.”

O: CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE *AMORETTI*.

(See Life, p. 196.)

Turning to the *Amoretti*,* the opening Sonnet strikes a key-note of absolute passion. For he writes as for herself alone, with no thought of others seeing or hearing or knowing. His single idea is that she shall be 'pleased'—opening:—

Happy ye leaves when as those lilly hands,
 which *hold my life* in their dead doing might
 shall handle you and hold in love's soft bands,
 lyke captiues trembling at the victor's sight,
 And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke
 of *Helicon*, whence she derived is.

and closing—

Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
 whom if ye please, I care for other none.

En passant, is that odd-looking allusion to Helicon a hint at her name Elizabeth as = Helice in Sonnet 34—*i.e.* Elisé?

In Sonnet 2, he has found out that the "lamping eyes" of the first Sonnet can burn; that she is "that fayrest proud" and "soverayne beauty." He is by her "huge brightnesse dazed" in Sonnet 3. Sonnet 4 is noticeable as it dates the commencement of the wooing at close of the year [1592] and begins the new year with January, not March—

New yeare forth looking out of *Ianus* gate
 Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight;

and she is invoked to partake of the "lusty Spring's timely howre"—

Then you faire flowre in whō fresh youth doth raine,
 prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

* Vol. IV., pp. 69—125.

"We do not read five sonnets" (says the *Penn Monthly*, as above) "before we find that his passion is counselled by honour and admiration, and is not the spoiled child of Desire" (p. 740).

His friends—as in the case of "Rosalind"—have been speaking evil of her *hautcur* or pride. He tells them it is "rudely" done, and like the wounded shell-fish that heals its hurt by forming a pearl over it, he persuades himself to think well of her alleged 'portlinese'—

For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
Scorn of base things and 'sdeigne of foule dishonour.

and again—

Was never in this world ought worthy tride*
without some spark of such self-pleasing pride (Sonnet 5).

The "rebellious † pride" continues; but he is patient and persuasive "to knit the knot that ever shall remaine" (Sonnet 6). He pleads with her (Sonnet 7) to look on him gently, not to "lowre or look askew"—for then he exclaims—

Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.

"Lightly come, lightly go" is remembered, and so he waits and waits. Like a strain of dulcet music breaks in Sonnet 8 to her as—

More then most faire, full of the living fire
Kindled above unto the maker neere.

He now takes a less serious turn, and plays as lovers are wont with 'comparisons' that were 'odorous' and not "odious." He sweeps sky and earth and the mines of diamonds for fitting symbols of her "poure-full eies" (Sonnet 9). She puts him in a frenzy (not

* Proved to be worthy. † = rejecting, disdainful.

"fine") with her holding-off disdain and "tormenting" of him (Sonnets 10, 11, and 12). "Tyranresse" and "cruell warriour" escape his unwary pen. But spite of all he is held captive. Sonnet 13 gives us this delicious portraiture—

In that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
 whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie :
and to the ground her cie-lids low embaseth,
 most goodly temperature ye may descry,*
Myld humblesse mixt with awfull maiesty.

He had been "beaten off," or recurring to his former image he had "the siege" of his obdurate beauty "abandoned quite": that is, he had apparently tried an interspace of silence and absence. But it would not do. He is drawn again to his "castell," he remembers that such are not taken on "the first assay," and so he will collect all his forces of "playnts, prayers, voves, ruth, sorrow, and dismay," and again seek to take it (Sonnet 14).

"The old soldier, the Sire de Montluc had said, 'La femme qui écoute, comme la ville qui parlemente, est prête de se rendre,' and Spenser would have the trumpets from the battlements deliver fierce and continuous defiance long before they sued for a parley" (*Penn Monthly*, p. 741).

As in the *Épithalamium* he names the "merchants" of Cork, so in Sonnet 15, in likening his love to all manner of "pretious things" in gems, he addresses the "tradefull Merchants." But he passes from the outward to the inward, and closes finely:—

But that which fairest is, but few behold,
 her mind adorned with virtues manifold.

In Sonnet 16 he commemorates a "one day" with

* Cf. Shakespeare's "best-tempered pieces."

her, and though he does not express it, he tells how like motes in a sunbeam, in her "glauncing sight," he beheld "legions of loves with little wings." Alas, the "Damzell" made him captive with "twinkle in her eye," and broke Cupid's "misintended dart." One is thankful for this touch of humour "with twinkle in her eye." He avows that it is utterly vain to attempt "the glorious pourtraict of that Angel's face" :—

The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
the charming smiles, *that rob sence from the hart* :
the lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
cannot expressed be by any art. (Sonnet 17.)

The "Cuckow, messenger of Spring"—and by the way, young Michael Bruce fetched his "O cuckoo, messenger of Spring," thence—"his trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded" to warn "all lovers wayt upon their king," but his lady-love comes not (Sonnet 19). So far from coming, she as a 'lyonesse,' nay, "more cruell and more salvage wylde," keeps him in constant misery and vainly suing and pursuing (Sonnet 20). She is petulantly mood-marked, now all sunshine and in a moment all cloud :—

. . . with one looke she doth my life dismay,
and with another doth it streight recure,
her smile me drawes, her frowne me drives away.
(Sonnet 21.)

A Saint's day has come round, a "holy season" wherein "men to devotion ought to be inclynd," and so he bethinks him this for his "sweet Saynct some service fit will find" (Sonnet 22). She is next more unattainable and volatile and provocative than ever. He thought he had her love ; but on a sudden he

discovers that all his wooing has been a "Penelope's web"—

for with one looke she spils that long I sponne,
and with one word my whole year's work doth rend.
(Sonnet 23.)

In Sonnet 24 she is "a new Pandora." In Sonnet 25 he is "in the depths," and cries—

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne mysery:
but wast and weare away in termes unsure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.

Shakespeare ("terms unsure") and Coleridge ("life in death") had read this Sonnet. There comes, however, a "but" ("much virtue in a but") :—

But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
a close intent at last to shew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace.

He recovers from his deathly despondency, and in a gracious Sonnet (26) thinks of how the "rose is sweet," but that "it growes upon a breere," and so with all. There is an abatement in everything. Hence he will bear the "little paine" over against the "endlesse pleasure." But another ebullition of feminine vanity because of her beauty has stung him, and he dons the monk's cowl and preaches of 'death' and the charnel-house that shall devour all the "fleshe's borrowd fayre attire," and half-reproachfully, half-spitefully hints that his verse "that never shall expyre" will be all that shall keep memory of her charms (Sonnet 27).

As sudden as her disdain is her ruth. The wooer finds himself in her presence, and she has actually put

into the splendour of her golden hair his badge of a "laurel leaf." It rekindles the dim-burning lamp of hope—

The laurel leafe which you this day doe weare
gives me great hope of your relenting mynd (Sonnet 28).

But with classical aptness he thereupon bids her beware of Daphne's fate. The mood is changed—and when next he offers a 'bay' leaf the "stubborne damzell doth deprave" his "simple meaning with disdaynful scorne." And yet he cannot but yearn after her,—if she will only accept him as her "faithfull thrall," he will "in trump of fame" blazon her "triumph":—

Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes
and fill the world with her victorious prayse (Sonnet 29).

Sonnet 30 likens his 'love' to "yse" and himself to "fyre," and he sports with the conceit of the miracle—that fire which all things melts, should harden yse.

In Sonnet 31 she is once more "hard of hart," and proud and cruel, and her "pryde depraves each other better part." He has been at the village-blacksmith's to have his horse shod, and he thinks how the "paynefull smith" that with "force of fervent heat"

the hardest yron soone doth mollify

would have no success with her who

harder growes the harder she is smit (Sonnet 32).

He has been a—fool, a wrong-doer. His immortal task of the completion of his *Faery Queen* has been thrust aside. He is neglecting his "most sacred Empresse," his "dear dred," by not finishing *the Poem*

that mote enlarge her living prayses dead.

But he appeals to his friend Lodowick Bryskett,—who

evidently had been reminding him of what was eagerly looked for,—whether it was possible, tossed and turmoiled as he was in “troublous fit,” to sit down to so “tedious toyle” (= prolonged toil)—(Sonnet 32).

He has lost sight of his guiding ‘star,’ and is being driven about and out of course in his Life’s voyage, and can only hope against hope that his “lodestone,” his Helice, will “shine again” and “looke” on him—

Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
in secret sorrowe and sad pensivenesse.

At this point I would observe that in this Sonnet (34), as in many others, there are incidents and realistic records that never would have suggested themselves to the Poet. To the man, the lover, they came because they were not fiction, but fact. This holds broadly of the *Amoretti*. Neither in web nor woof are they of the stuff of mere imagination. There are iridescences of imagination and of fancy as inevitable as those on a dove’s neck or peacock’s crest by the mere act of movement; but these show because the man and lover is also a born poet.

She is the one object of his “hungry eyes,” but he is a Narcissus “whose eyes him starv’d” (Sonnet 35). He again strikes a deeper and tenderer note. The long delay is killing him; and he pleads—

. . . when ye have shewed all extremityes
then thinke how little glory ye have gayned—

and again—

But by his death which some perhaps will mone
ye shall condemned be of many a one (Sonnet 36).

She is coquettishly binding her “golden tresses” in a “net of gold,”

. . . and with sly skill so cunningly them dresses
 [that] that which is gold or heare, may scarce be told—
 and he calls on his 'eyes' to beware how they 'stare'
 henceforth too rashly on that guileful net (Sonnet 37).

He is unable by all his "poetic pains," which "was wont to please some dainty cares," to allure her. Arion won the 'dolphin' by his "sweet musick, which his harpe did make," but she is deaf to him, whatever 'skill' he shows (Sonnet 38). So too of 'Orpheus' in Sonnet 44. But immediately one "smile, daughter of the Queene of love" vouchsafed "rapt" him "with ioy resembling heavenly madnes" (Sonnet 39). He lingers tenderly and softly on the memory of that 'smile,' comparing it "unto the fayre sunshine in somers day" arisen on his "storme beaten heart" (Sonnet 40, harking back to Sonnet 16). But the old caprices return, and she is 'cruell' as ever "to an humbled foe" perplexingly (Sonnet 41). Yet must he love on, and seeks that she will him "bynd with adamant chayne"—the 'chayne' being marriage, "Love's linked sweetness long drawn out," as Mr. Harrold Littledale has punningly written me (Sonnet 42). He knows not how to be silent, for that his "hart will breake," and he knows not how to "speake," for that will "her wrath renew." He will 'try' to 'plead' with his eyes in Love's "learned letters"—

Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel
 wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well (Sonnet 43).

Evidently the Woocr had a profound sense of her intellectual capacity co-equal with his admiration of her bewitching beauty "of feature"—as with Petrarch's

"In alto intelletto un puro core" (= highest intellect with the purest heart). He supplicates the 'lady' that she will 'leave' in her "glasse of christal" or her looking-glass, her "goodly selfe for evermore to view," and rather see her "semblant trew" within his 'hart' (Sonnet 45). He had to keep the "numbered dayes" during which his visits were to last, and when their date was expired she sent him about his business—

When my abodes prefixed time is spent
My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way.

Even in the face of a "hideous storme" he must forth. We shall give Elizabeth the benefit of the doubt of the so-called "hideous storme." She was probably weather-wiser than the Poet (Sonnet 46). One has a curious feeling in actualizing this chit of a maiden thus ordering about imperiously the immortal Singer of the *Faery Queen*. Her eyes are at their old wickedness, albeit looking as smiling and lovely as ever (Sonnet 47). He has been pretty hard upon her of late, and she avenges herself by writing him that his last Sonnet, or a Sonnet and Letter, she had flung into the fire—unread. To openly accuse one's love of guile and of deliberately snaring men for her own glory, brought the accuser—all Jurists agree—within the utmost pains and penalties of Cupid's statute *de heretico comburendo* in that case made and provided—and so he bows to the sentence of ignition of his "innocent paper" (Sonnet 48). Her "imperious eyes" are still doing their terrible work. He implores that they shall be turned on 'enemies,' not "on him that never thought

her ill" (Sonnet 49). He is 'sick' by his "hart's wound" and of his "bodie's greife," and is visited by his 'leach' to "apply fit medicines" (Sonnet 50). He would "throw physic to the dogs" if his "lyfe's Leach" would but "minister to a mind diseased" (= dis-eased). Sonnet 51 avows that he was "un-trainde in lover's trade"—accentuating 'trade'; for his love was passion, aspiration, devotion, no "buying and selling" as of "fayrest images" fashioned of marble. He will go on hoping. The intervals between visits seemed long, and to imprison him "to sorrow and to solitary painc." This is the oppressive thought as 'homeward' he from "her departs." One is thankful to alight on that 'homeward' as written of Kilcolman (Sonnet 52). There is no 'artifice' here. The absences were utterly real and utterly trying. She is a 'Panther,' or the Poet has been reading Lyly's *Captives*, and appropriates the metaphor (Sonnet 53). He thinks in his solitude of the 'Theatre' of my Lords Leicester and Essex within which he had seen Comedy and Tragedy. His love is a spectator "that ydly sits." He stingingly pronounces her immobility, to prove her "no woman, but a sencelesse stone" (Sonnet 54). There was jealous love-wrath there. He is troubled and puzzled afresh by her "cruell faire," the beauty so beautiful, the cruelty so relentless. He cannot solve of what element or substance she was 'made.' He ends with the 'skye,' and closes another Sonnet (55) by beseeching that

sith to heaven ye lykened are the best
be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

Still "cruell and unkind" as 'tygre,' and "proud and pitillesse" as a 'storme,' and "hard and obstinate" as "rocke amidst the raging floods," which 'wrecks' the ship "of succour desolate" (Sonnet 56). He calls a truce from his "sweet warrior" that all his wounds may be healed (Sonnet 57). She has been urging that she was all-in-all to herself and needed no 'help' from him or any. He once more preaches a small sermon of *vanitas vanitatum* (Sonnet 58). She continues in this "selfe assurance," and he cleverly turns it—

Most happy she that most assured doth rest,
but he most happy who such one loves best. (Sonnet 59.)

Sonnet 60 is biographically of supreme importance as fixing his age—as seen earlier (Chap. II., p. 1). He is penitent and suppliant before his 'Idoll,' she "of the brood of Angels," and meekly recalls his "rash blames"—

Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree. (Sonnet 61.)

Another new year has arrived, and he prays—

So let us, which this change of weather vew,
change ecke our mynds and former lives amend.
(Sonnet 62.)

Each is to forgive whatever needs forgiveness. At long-last he has—hope :

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
which hardly I endured heretofore :
in dread of death and daungerous dismay,
with which my silly barke was tossed sore,
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
in which I hope ere long for to arryve.

He exults in the prospect of "the ioyous safety of so sweet a rest" (Sonnet 63). And so now he will have

"all the little Loves clap their hands for joy; she yields indeed, and disdain and indifference and long reserve are swept away in the rush of a happy passion. Struggle, fear, doubt and despair melt and are lost in the serene air which breathes round the two, the poet and his love; he has no reproaches, she no reproaches to offer" (*The Penn Monthly*, p. 746).

He has now more than interchange of letters and sonnets and "sweete speche." He has to tell of 'kisses':—

Comming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found)
me seemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres.

(Sonnet 64.)

He enumerates the 'flowres' of this his 'gardin.' It has been complained that the comparisons are "common-place," and that there is lack of "floral accuracy."* Granted: but it is the sweet 'common-place' that never grows stale, the bringing together into the celestial (not terrestrial) 'gardin' of her 'feature' the old old favourites of "Gillyflowres" and "Pincks" and "Strawberries" and "Cullambynes" and "yong Iesse-mynes." As for lack of "floral accuracy," it is not wanted here. Let it be marked the 'kisse' was not of cheek but of 'lyps.' There follows a bright, pure, sweet, gracious strain (Sonnet 65), worthy of a place in the *Epithalamium* itself. It thus opens:—

The doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre love, is vaine;
that fondly feare to loose your liberty,
when loosing one, two liberties ye gayne,
and make him bond that bondage earst dyd fly.

Master Spenser (relatively) long years before (1578-9) had sought his "Rosalind," and—as we have seen—

* Mr. Palgrave's Essays, Vol. IV., p. lxxxviii.

there was at least one other in 1580 whom Harvey slyly if not mischievously called "altera Rosalindula"; but ever since then he had shunned marriage. Not until he met his Elizabeth had he thought of that 'chayne.'

If there were momentary doubt or maidenly hesitancy in Sonnet 65, in the 66th she has surrendered absolutely. Very modest, even lowly, is the Lover-poet's infinite sense of her condescension in accepting him. The long "weary chace" is ended, the "gentle deare" (play on 'deer' and 'dear') returned by his way:—

There she beholding me with mylder looke,
sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne goodwill her fyrmly tyde. (Sonnet 67.)

We have now a "higher strain"—a grave, awed, adoring, supplication to that

Most glorious Lord of lyfe that on this day
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin:

and closing with music rather than mere words:—

So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought,
love is the lesson which the Lord us taught. (Sonnet 68.)

"Famous warriours of the anticke world" were wont to "erect trophees," and he bethinks him how he shall "record the memory" of his "love's conquest" ("my love's conquest"). He answers proudly:—

Even this verse vovd to eternity,
shall be thereof immortall monument:
and tell her prayse to all posterity,
that may admire such world's rare wonderment.
(Sonnet 69.)

He is eager to have the marriage-day fixed, and sends Spring, "the herald of Love's mighty king," as his

ambassador (Sonnet 70). She has been showing him her "drawn work" of a bee and a spider, and very deftly does he accept the symbols, adding :—

But as your worke is woven all above
with woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine,
so sweet your prison you in time shall prove
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee. (Sonnet 71.)

Muiopotmos is recalled. He must sing of that "soverayne beauty" that he has won for his very own, and that has brought down "heaven's blisse" to earth (Sonnet 72). His 'hart' captived "in the fayre tresses" of, her "golden hayre" like as "a byrd" is perpetually "flying away" to her (Sonnet 73). Sonnet 74 celebrates his three Elizabeths—mother, queen, love ("my lives last ornament"). They have been together by the sea-shore. He has written her name "upon the strand," and a first and second time the 'waves' came and "washed it away." What said she?

Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
a mortall thing so to immortalize (Sonnet 75)

—very prettily and modestly said. But he re-asserts how she "shall live by fame" in her poet-husband's verse—

our love shall live, and later life renew.

Similarly Shakespeare asks in his sonnet—

For who to frail mortality doth trust?

Sonnets 76 and 77—as occasionally others—are warm if still pure.

"He is, however, very outspoken in a way which the manners of to-day quite forbid, and though we are probably right, from a practical point of view, in saying fie when we do, it is nevertheless really like drawing in a freer air to escape to the Tudor age, from

a squeamish generation which, divorcing the spirit from the body, damns, as did the Manichæan of old, half the natural motions of flesh and blood. The poet looks forth upon the gracious heritage which he is soon to possess, and how goodly it all seems to him he never hesitates to tell. Do not mistake, however: it is of her virtuous mind of which he has by far the most to sing" (*The Penn Monthly*, pp. 746-7).

But our generation has not forbidden but welcomed Dante G. Rossetti's *House of Life*!

He is still 'lackyng' his "love," and goes wearily "from place to place" like "a yong fawne that late hath lost the hynd" (Sonnet 78). He has a vision of her "exceedinge lovliness," and exults that "men call her fayre"; but her "vertuous mind" is "much more praysed" of him—

That is true beautie : that doth argue you
to be divine and borne of heavenly seed :
deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whome al true
and perfect beauty did at first proceed. (Sonnet 79.)

It is to the praise of Spenser that he thus 'sang' recurringly after he had won his 'love.' Many men might have said this while wooing who would have scoffed at it when they had won. He is true and pure, and links on this 79th with his 13th and 27th Sonnets, and again his ecstasy breaks forth in the noble 83rd Sonnet, "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

He loiters over his *Faery Queen* since the "six books" were finished. He must take rest—

To sport my muse and sing my love's sweet praise
(Sonnet 84.)

Then flows forth another rapturous verse-portrait—

Fayre is my love, when her fayre golden heare
with the loose wynd waving
fayre when the rose in her red cheeke appeare
or in her eyes the fyre of love doth sparke,

but "fayrest of all" when she speaks "her words so wise" (Sonnet 81). He wishes "the equall heavens" had among her many endowments enabled her "by heavenly wit" to "invent verse." But as she "mote not," he shall set her "immortall prayes forth" (Sonnet 82). He charges himself to "let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre breake out" that might her "sacred peace molest" (Sonnet 84). He has been reading his love-sonnets to some friend, and he tells him he did but flatter; but he denies with "heavenly fury" the impeachment (Sonnet 85). (Compare Shakespeare's Sonnet, "That thou art blamed.")

I pause here—I think it is simply impossible to go beyond Sonnet 85 of the *Amoretti* as addressed to Elizabeth. The restfulness of success, even triumph, is fitly brought to a music-like ending, when we thus take this Sonnet as the last.

Her worth is written with a golden quill :
 that me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
 and my glad mouth with her sweet prayes fill,

is a finale. Pity that ever the Poet gathered together the others that follow. They seem to me to bear on surface and in substance their own evidence of having been inspired by a different object and under wholly different circumstances. Moreover the 85 Sonnets of the *Amoretti* bring us well on into 1594, and thus leave no chronological room for a quarrel and estrangement so utter as Sonnet 86 would demand. I ask the Reader, therefore, to stop short at Sonnet 85 as his wooing of his Wife; and to apply all thereafter to an earlier love-passion and agitation, in other words to Rosalind and Menalcas, or mayhap 'altera Rosa-

lindula.' Things do strangely duplicate themselves, no doubt, but one can scarcely conceive another 'Menalcas' or meddler (again) coming between Spenser and his love to stir up "coles of yre." Equally improbable is it that a 'curse' so urgent as in Sonnet 86 (cf. Shakespeare's Sonnets on absence) ever could have been so quickly lifted off as to admit of reconciliation. Moreover, instead of—as chronologically it must have been—a few weeks' or at most months' interval between sundering and re-acceptance, Sonnet 87 speaks of banishment and miserable 'waiting' through tedious days, wherein he prays for night, and in "interminable darkness" longs for the sun. He goes 'wrapt' in the thought of that 'image' which for the time being is the light of his life (87th and 88th Sonnets). Very pathetic and unexaggerate is the delineation of his "woful state"—

Lyke as the Culver on the bared bough
 sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
 and in her songs sends many a wishful vow,
 for his returne that seemes to linger late:
 So I alone now left disconsolate,
 mourne to my selfe the absence of my love.

(Sonnet 82.)

No 'invention,' no 'fancy' there! But assuredly of 'Rosalind,' or 'Rosalindula,' not of 'Elizabeth.'

There are various dates besides the famous one of Sonnet 60, in the *Amoretti*. One—as noted—begins a new year—4th January and 19th April [1592]. The 22nd is a Fast-day = Vigil of Ascension-day or of Whit-Sunday. The 60th in 1592. The 40th tells us when his courtship began. The 63rd is January 1593. The 68th is Easter-day. "Barnaby the Bright" was 11th June, 1594.

Looking back upon the Sonnets of the *Amoretti*, a reader who is at all in sympathy—not critical or cynical—must be left with an impression that, cunning as is their art and (as a whole) dainty their workmanship, they were genuine love-sonnets. That is, that we have in the *Amoretti* a real live ‘passion’ and a man’s heart uttering itself, as distinguished from the mere artistic work of the far-off imitators of Petrarch, wherein human affection or intensity of desire held slightest place. Many of these Sonnets authenticate themselves as the very mind and spirit of their fashioner. Their swift alternation of mood, their meditateness, their reflectiveness, their breaks of almost rudeness through continuous disdain of the “fair ladie,” their pathetic penitences, their simplicities, their sadness in absence, their sunniness in presence, their exquisiteness of painstaking, and their occasional fierce tumultuous wrath, make it impossible to hesitate in accepting the *Amoretti* as a true ‘Diary’ of Edmund Spenser’s wooing. Earlier a suggestion was thrown out that possibly some of these love-sonnets were of the songs despised by ‘Rosalind.’ It is difficult, if not impossible, to communicate one’s impression on a thing of this sort, and we really have nothing of fact whereby to determine it. I will only name Sonnets 3, 7, 9, 12, 26, and 41, as of those that might have been originally addressed to ‘Rosalind.’ It was the “newe poete’s” wont to preserve and re-work on his most fugitive and ‘green’ productions—in this resembling a greater, John Milton. I have dared to assert that Sonnets 86 to 89 belong to ‘Rosalind’ or ‘Rosalindula,’ not to ‘Elizabeth,’ absolutely.

APPENDIX.

P: DR. GEORGE MACDONALD ON SPENSER'S
FAERY QUEEN.

(See Life, p. 179.)

"Though not greatly prejudiced in favour of books, Lady Florimel had borrowed a little in the old Library of Louis-Henri, and had chanced on the *Faerie Queene*. She had often come upon the name of the author in books of extracts, and now, turning over its leaves, she found her own. Indeed, were she could her mother have found the name of Florimel? Her curiosity was roused, and she resolved—no light undertaking—to read the poem through, and see who and what the Lady Florimel was. Notwithstanding the difficulty she met with at first, she had persevered, and by this time it had become easy enough. The copy she had found was in small volumes, of which she now carried one about with her wherever she wandered; and making her first acquaintance with the sea and the poem together, she soon came to fancy she could not fix her attention on the book without the sound of the waves for an accompaniment to the verse—although the greater noise of an ever-flowing stream would have better suited the nature of Spenser's rhythm; for, indeed, he had composed the greater part of the poem with such a sound in his ears; and there are indications in the poem itself that he consciously took the river as his chosen analogue after which to model the flow of his verse" (*Macdonald*, i. xv).

Q: AFTER MARRIAGE AT KILCOLMAN; BY DRAN
CHURCH

(See Life, p. 103.)

"His marriage ought to have made him happy. He professed to find the highest enjoyment in the quiet and retirement of country life. He was in the prime of his success, far beyond all his fellows in his special work, and apparently with unlimited interest in what remained to be done of it. And though he could not but feel himself at a distance from the "common civility" of England, and socially at disadvantage compared to those whose lines had fallen to them in its pleasant places, yet nature which he loved so well was still friendly to him, if men were wild and dangerous. He is never weary of praising the natural advantages

of Ireland. Speaking of the North, he says (in *View of Ireland*) – ‘Suer it is yett a most bewtifull and sweete Country as any is under heaven, seamed throughout with many goodlie rivers, replenished with all sortes of fishe most aboundantie : sprinkled with verie many sweete llandes and goodlie lakes, like little inland seas, that will carrie even shippes uppon their waters ; adorned with goodlie woodes, fitt for buildinge of houses and shippes, so comodiouslie, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soone hope to be lordes of all the seas, and er longe of all the worlde : also full of verie good portes and havens openinge uppō England and Scotland, as invitinge us to come unto them, to see what excellent comodities that Countrie can afforde, besides the soyle itselke most fertile, fitt to yelde all kynde of fruit that shalbe comitted there unto. And lastlie the heauens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moyste then the partes towards the West’’ (Vol. IX., p. 38). “His own home at Kilcolman charmed and delighted him. It was not his fault that its trout streams, its Mulla and Faunchin, are not so famous as Walter Scott’s Teviot and Tweed, or Wordsworth’s Yarrow and Duddon, or that its hills, Old Mole and Arlo Hill, have not kept a poetic name like Helvellyn and ‘Eildon’s triple height.’ They have failed to become familiar names to us. But the beauties of his home inspired more than one sweet pastoral picture in the *Faery Queen* ; and in the last fragment remaining to us of it, he celebrates his mountains and woods and valleys as once the fabled resort of the Divine Huntress and her Nymphs, and the meeting-place of the Gods’’ (pp. 170-1).

R: LORD ROCHE AND SPENSER AGAIN.

(See Life, p. 204.)

Just prior to his marriage, Spenser must have been once more worried and perplexed by the procedure of his old adversary Lord Roche of Fermoy. We saw that contemporaneous with Raleigh’s persuasion of the Poet to go to Court with his *Faery Queen* in 1590, there was his ‘Dispute’ with this frantic Anglo-Irish peer. Any settlement arrived at in 1590-1 must have been a truce rather than a ‘settlement.’ For in 1593

Roche is found petitioning the Lord Chancellor of Ireland thus:—

“Whereas one Edmund Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against y^r suppliant, for three plowe lands, parcell of Shanballymore (your suppliant’s inheritance) before the vice-president and counsell of Munster, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your suppliant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed, and nevertheless for that the said Spenser being clerk of the counsell in the said province, and did assyne his office unto one Nicholas Currys, among other agreements, with covenant that during his life, he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which remedy he doth multiply suits against your suppliant, in the said province upon pretended title of others” (*Original in Rolls Office*).

At the same time Lord Roche presented still another petition against the widow Jean O’Callaghan, whom he states to be his opponent “by supportation and maintenaunce of Edmund Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your suppliant” (*Ibid.*). He still further exhibited a ‘plaint’ or plea,—

“That Edmund Spenser of Kilmolman, gentleman, hath entered into three plough lands, parcell of Ballinacore, and dispossessed your suppliant thereof and continueth by countenance and countenance the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said lande, and converteth a great deale of some grange thereupon to his proper use, to the damage of the countenance of two hundred pounds sterling. Whereunto the said Edmund Spenser appearinge in person had several dayes proffered unto him peremptorie to answer, which he neglected to do, therefore after a daye of grace given on 12th of February, 1603, Lord Roche was decreed his possession” (*Ibid.*).

Evidently Spenser had bought these ‘ploughlands’ on a defective title, and in his zeal for the widow O’Callaghan accepted too credulously her statements. Evidently too the rascal peer took uttermost advantage of the letter of the law, and the disgusted Post-

gentleman retired from the miserable contest.* It is pleasant to know that all this was foreclosed before Barnaby's "bright day," and that no private feud or exacerbation remained to mar the joyousness of the welcome at Kilcolman.

* See *Irish Minstrelsy, or Bardic Remains of Ireland* . . . collected and edited with Notes and Illustrations by James Hardiman. London, 2 vols. 8vo, 1831, pp. 319-21. This writer comments—"When Spenser the poetic, the gentle Spenser—was guilty of these oppressive and unjust proceedings, the reader may easily guess at the conduct of his more ignorant and brutal fellow planters, by whom the country was converted into a desert." Fiddlesticks! There were no "oppressive and unjust proceedings." Spenser held rightfully to his purchased possessions until it was made technically clear that his and others' titles were defective. To have given up without legal decision his lands to such a man as Lord Roche would have been to invite plunder, and to have deserted the widow O'Callaghan would have been cowardice. It must be added that Roche was constantly in hot water over alleged 'encroachments.' Broadly it is historically true that men of the type of Roche were in restless outlook for "disputable titles." More than that—Dean Church (p. 62) has reproduced specimens of Irish dealing with Irish in Munster—"The Lord Roche kept a freeholder, who had eight plowlands, prisoner, and hand-locked him till he had surrendered seven plowlands and a half, on agreement to keep the remaining half-plowland free; but when this was done, the Lord Roche extorted as many exactions from that half-plowland, as from any other half-plowland in his country And even the great men were under the same oppression from the greater; for the Earl of Desmond forcibly took away the Seneschal of Imokilly's corn from his own land, though he was one of the most considerable gentlemen in Munster" (Cox's *History of Ireland*, p. 354). And yet your Hardimans would have us credit that this scoundrel Roche was dealt with by the "poetic, the gentle Spenser" unjustly and oppressively! Then how evident it was diamond cut diamond even in the case of the "great" Earl of Desmond!

S: LITERATURE OF THE YEAR 1597

(See Life, p. 208.)

This year of our Lord 1596 was renowned in literature besides by the publication of Master John Florio's "Most copious and exacte Dictionarje in Italian and Englishe . . . dedicated to the right honorable the Earle of Southampton"—"The discoverie of the large, ritche and bewtifull Empire of Guiana, with a relation of the great and golden Citty of Manoa, which the Spaniards call Eldorado, and of the provinces of Emeria, Aromaya, Amapaya and other Countries with their Ryvers adloyninge performed in the yere 1595 by Sir W. Raleigh knight captayne of her maiesties garde, lord warden of the Sturynes and her maiesties lieutenant of the countie of Cornwall"—"The Countesse of Bedfordes Temple"—"The history of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Doctor John Faustus"—"A booke called Venus and Adonis" by Master William Shakespeare—"A booke called Lyllye's light"—"A newe ballad of Romeo and Juliett"—"A booke of master Churchyard's making. Called the Welcomme Home of the Earle of Essex and the Lord Admirall"—"Cloria or the Complaynt of the passion of the despised Sheppard, by W. Smyth," with verse-dedication to Spenser*—"Sinetes mournful maddrigal vpon his Discontented fortunes"—"Orchestra or a poeme of Dauncinge" by Sir John Davies.

* Reproduced in our *Occasional Issues* of *Unique and Rare Books*.

T: DEAN CHURCH ON THE STATE OF IRELAND
IN 1597-9.

(See Life, p. 220.)

Dean Church has very strikingly presented the peril. "There was one drawback," he says, "to the enjoyment of his Irish country life, and of the natural attractiveness of Kilcolman. 'Who knows not Arlo Hill?' he exclaims, in the scene just referred to from the fragment on *Mutability*. 'Arlo, the best and fairest hill in all the holy island's heights.' It was well known to all Englishmen who had to do with the South of Ireland. How well it was known in the Irish history of the time, may be seen in the numerous references to it, under various forms, such as Aharlo, Harlow, in the Index to the *Irish Calendar of Papers* of this troublesome date, and to continual encounters and ambushes in its notoriously dangerous woods. He means by it the highest part of the Galtee range, below which to the north, through a glen or defile, runs the 'river Aherlow.' Galtymore, the summit, rises, with precipice and gully, more than 3000 feet above the plains of Tipperary, and is seen far and wide. It was connected with the 'great wood,' the wild region of forest, mountain, and bog, which stretched half across Munster, from the Suir to the Shannon. It was the haunt and fastness of Irish outlawry and rebellion in the South, which so long sheltered Desmond and his followers. Arlo and its 'fair forests,' harbouring 'thieves and wolves,' was an uncomfortable neighbour to Kilcolman. The poet

describes it as ruined by a curse pronounced on the lovely land by the offended goddess of the Chase—

Which too too true that land's in-dwellers since have found.

He was not only living in an insecure part, on the very border of disaffection and disturbance, but like every Englishman living in Ireland, he was living amid ruins. An English home in Ireland, however fair, was a home on the sides of Etna or Vesuvius: it stood where the lava flood had once passed, and upon not distant fires" (as before, pp. 172-3).

U: DEAN CHURCH ON SPENSER'S INDEBTEDNESS TO IRELAND.

{See Life, p. 221.}

I must again draw upon the brilliant monograph of Dean Church, who with fine insight weighs and estimates the influence of Ireland and Irish affairs on the *Faery Queen*. He thus writes—

"It is idle to speculate what difference of form the *Faery Queen* might have received, if the design had been carried out in the peace of England and in the society of London. But it is certain that the scene of trouble and danger in which it grew up greatly affected it. This may possibly account (though it is questionable, for the looseness of texture, and the want of accuracy and finish which is sometimes to be seen in it. Spenser was a learned poet, and his poem has the character of the work of a man of wide reading, but without books to verify or correct. It cannot be doubted that his life in Ireland added to the fire and violence with which Spenser wrote. In Ireland he had before his eyes continually the dreary world which the poet of knight errantry imagines. These men might in good truth travel long, through wildernesses and "great woods" given over to the outlaw and the ruffian. There the avenger of wrong need seldom want for purpose, adventure and the occasion for quelling the oppressor. There

the armed and unrelenting hand of right was but too truly the only substitute for law. There might be found in most certain and prosaic reality, the ambushes, the disguises, the treacheries, the deceit and temptations, even the supposed witchcrafts and enchantments, against which the fairy champions of the virtues have to be on their guard. In Ireland Englishmen saw, or at any rate thought they saw, a universal conspiracy of fraud against righteousness, a universal battle going on between error and obliquity, between justice and the most insolent selfishness. They found there every type of what was cruel, brutal, loathsome. They saw everywhere men whose business it was to betray and destroy, women whose business it was to tempt and ensnare and corrupt. They thought that they saw, too, in those who waged the Queen's wars, all forms of manly and devoted gallantry, of noble generosity, of gentle strength, of knightly sweetness and courtesy. There were those, too, who failed in the hour of trial; who were the victims of temptation or of the victorious strength of evil. Besides the open or concealed traitors, the Desmonds and Kildares, and O'Neales, there were the men who were entrapped and overcome, and the men who disappointed hopes, and became recreants to their faith and loyalty, like Sir William Stanley, who, after a brilliant career in Ireland, turned traitor and apostate, and gave up Deventer and his Irish bands to the King of Spain. The realities of the Irish wars and of Irish social and political life gave a real subject, gave body and form to the allegory. There in actual flesh and blood were enemies to be fought with by the good and true. There in visible fact were the vices and falsehoods, which Arthur and his companions were to quell and punish. There in living truth were *Sausjoy*, and *unsloy*, and *Sausjoy*; there were *Orgoglio* and *Grantorto*, the witcheries of *Acrasia* and *Phadria*, the insolence of *Briana* and *Credor*. And there, too, were real Knights of goodness and the Gospel—Grey, and Ormond, and Raleigh, the Norreyses, St. Leger, and Maltby—on a real mission from Gloriana's noble realm to destroy the enemies of truth and virtue. The allegory bodies forth the trials which beset the life of man in all conditions and at all times. But Spenser could never have seen in England such a strong and perfect image of the allegory itself—with the wild wanderings of its personages, its daily chances of battle and danger, its hairbreadth escapes, its strange encounters, its prevailing anarchy and violence, its normal absence of order and law—as he had continually and customarily before him in Ireland” (as before, pp. 88-90).

V: STATE-PAPERS DRAWN UP BY SPENSER 18
H.M. PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE (Bundle 188, No. 48)

(See Life, p. 251.)

A BRIEF NOTE OF IRELAND.

THE kinges of England haue lands of inheritance as Lords of Ireland in good substance beside the title of the Crowne, as the

Erledome of Vlster

wholly Lords of Connought Meth of foure part^e of Leinster and four ptes of Mounster.

Besides there are	{	in Ireland	5530	}	100000
		in Leinster	930		
		in Connought	19000		
		in Mounster	2100		
		in Vlster	16000		
		in Meth	510		

There is of arrable Land in it 38640 plowlands besides Rivers meadowes bogg^e and woods: eue plowland containeth 120. acres, eue acre 4. perches in bredth and 40. in length, eue pch 21. foote, eue foote 12. inches. In Edward the 4th his tyme [whoe had Ireland in his obedience] it yeilded the Crowne of England 14146^{li} sterling, taking but a noble for a plowland. And besides he received for Customes, fishing^e and other Royalties 100000 mark^e yerelic paid to the Castle of Dublin, as yet appereth by recorde. And had aboute this, his yerelic Rent of

Ulster, Connought, Meth, Leinster and Mounster, w^{ch} was 22000^{li} sterling, more then this had they advoufons of manie Churches, Wardes, Marriages and guift of diu^s other good thinge.

TO THE QUEENE.

Out of the ashes of difolacon and wastnes of this your wretched Realme of Ireland, vouchsafe moſte mightie Empreſſe o^r Dred ſoveraigne, to receive the voices of a fewe moſte vnhappie Ghoſtes; of whome is nothinge but the ghoſt nowe left, w^{ch} lie buried in the bottome of oblivioñ, farr from the light of yo^r gracious ſunſhine; w^{ch} ſpredeth it ſelfe ou^r countries moſte remote, to the relieving of their deſtitute Calamities and to the eternall aduancement of yo^r renowne and glorie; yet vpon this miſerable land, being yo^r owne iuſte and heritable dominioñ letteth no one little beame of yo^r large mercie to be ſhed: either for vnworthineſſe of vs wreches w^{ch} no way diſcerue ſo great grace, or for that the miſerie of o^r eſtate is not made knowne vnto you but rather kept from yo^r knowledge by ſuch^r as by concealement thereof think to haue their blames concealed. Pardon therefore moſte gracious Sovereigne vnto miſerable wreches, w^{ch} without yo^r knowledge and moſte againſt yo^r wilt are plunged in this ſea of forrowes, to make there euell caſe knowne vnto you

and to call for tymelic redresse vnto you, if yet at least any tyme be left, w^{ch} that yo^r ma^{tie} in yo^r excellent wisdome may the better knowe how to redresse, may the same vuchsafe to consider from what be- gining the same first sprunge and by what late euill meanes it is brought to this miserable condiçon w^{ch} wee nowe Complaine of.

The first cause and Roote thereof, was the indirect desire of one p^{ersons} privat gaine, to whome yo^r ma^{tie} Comitted this vnfortunat gou^{ernm}^t; whoe^{The first cause of the rebellion.} whiles he fedd yo^r expectaçon wth the hope of increasing this yo^r kingdome with a newe Countie (to witt the Countie of Monohan) vnder that p^{ro}uidence sought to enlarge his owne treasure and to infeoffe his sonnes and kinsmen in all the territorie; w^{ch} might ne^utheles haue ben tollerated in regard some good should thereby haue come vnto you, had it not ben wrought by moste iniuste and dishonorable meanes. ffor after that he had receaved A. B. into yo^r faith and p^{ro}tecçon p^{ro}missi^{ng} him to make him M^c. Mahon for 100. beefes, after wards whereas an other of his kinsmen offered 300 he vniustly tooke and honge him and in his stede invested the other; wherevpon the land lord^e and gen^t of the Countie adioyning^g being^g terrified with the face of so foule a trecherie, began estsoones to combine themselues and to labour the Erle of Tیرهone vnto their

pte ; who neūtheles did not manifestlie adhere vnto
 them nor durst breake out into manifest
 rebellion, but taking̃ onely dislike of such
 bad dealing̃, begann to finde greuance at
 the goũm^t (as in deede vnder correctiõ
 me seemes some cause he had) : for first he might
 feare by that example lest he might be intrapped in
 the like ; then was he by this new Countizing̃ of
 the Countrie of Monohan, both to loose that
 feignoritie w^{ch} he claimed of that land and all so
 that seruice w^{ch} he claimed of Macmahon ; who by
 holding̃ nowe of yo^r Matie should be ffreed from his
 challenge. Lastly he was by some his friend^r made
 to beleeeve (whether trulie or no god knowes) that
 ther was a practise p^vilie wrought by the deputie
 either against his life or libertie ; where vpon he
 kept him selfe aloofe and durst not comitt his fastie
 in to the goũno^r yet offred still if he might haue
 leave to come into England freelie to iustifie him
 selfe before yo^r Matie ; w^{ch} whether he so trulie
 meant is vn^taine yet that leave should not haue
 ben denied, since if he had not p^rformed it he might
 haue bene in tyme discou^red before he had growne
 vnto this head that nowe he is. But so sone as the
 rest which then were out, felt him thus waūng̃ and
 doubtfully disposed, they increased his offence with
 daily causes of dislike vntill such tyme as they might

The Erle of
 Tyreones
 entrance into
 treason, and
 the causes
 thereof.

practiz wth yo^r Maties adūlarie the king̃ of Spaine
 to drawe him to his ptie and not with[out] strong
 feares and vaine hopes to feede his euill humo^r.
 Yet all this while durst he not break out into
 open disloialtie but so carried him selfe as that
 he might make advantage of both p^{ar}ties, either
 to worke his owne Condiçions of peace with yo^r
 Matie by feariñg you with his enterdeale with the
 king̃ of Spaine or if he could not accompliſhe
 this to vse the ſame directly againſt you. Yet
 all this while matters might haue bene ſo managed
 as that he might well enough haue bene contained
 in reasonable termes but that ſome were allwaies
 againſt it who covited nothing̃ more then to alien
 him from yo^r obedience and to Miniſter newe
 matter of Jelouſies ſtill againſt him. Wherevpon
 he breaking̃ at length openly fourth yet was to
 dauled with and ſo faintly p^{er}ſecuted as that meeting̃
 ſome tyme wth ſome good ſucceſſes in fight he tooke
 greater hart thereby, and hauiñg once ſelt his owne
 ſtrength and the faintneſſe of thoſe w^h were ſett
 here to followe him, grewe extreamlie inſolent; w^h
 he alſo increaſed through occaſiõ of the
 deviſion of the gou^{er}nm^t here betwixt ^{Quene} S^r ^{James} ^{Ward}
 Withm. Ruſſell and S^r John Norris. Of ^{and the John}
 w^h the one being̃ ſharplie bent to p^{er}ſecute
 him the other thought by good treatie rather [to]

wynn him to make fair warrs. But by some it was thought that the onely purpose of Sir John Norris Sir John Norris thought to get the government to him selfe. Sr John No^r is in handling thinge after that forte was to obtaine the absolute gouernm^t to him selfe.

After w^{ch} the chaunge of gouernm^t succeeding the death of the noble Lo. Burrowes enfewyng, the Lo. Burrowe. fundrie alteraçons of Councils and purposes following, together with the devisiõ and ptaking of those them selues of yo^r Council here, haue since brought thinge to that dangerous condiçion that nowe they stand in. ffor from this head through tolleraçon and too much temporizing the euill is spred into all ptes of the Realme and growne in to so vniuersall a contagioñ that nothing but a moſte violent medecyne will serue to reco^v yt. ffor all the Irish of all ptes are confederated and haue gen^lallie agreed to shake of the yoke of there obedience to the Crowne of England. And even now the vennyne is crept vpp hither into this Prouince of Mounſter w^{ch} hath hitherto continued in reasonable good quietnes. The w^{ch} nowe so much as it was lately [less] euill then the rest so much is it nowe worſe then all the rest, and become indeed amoste miserable disolaçon like as a fire, the longer it is kept vnder the more violentlie it burneth when it breaketh out.

There came vpp hither latelie of the Rebels not past 2000 being sent by the said Traitor E. of Tyreone; presently vpon whose ariveall all the Irish rose vpp in Armes against the english, w^{ch} were lately planted there, so that in fewe daies the[y] became 5. or 6000; whereby manifestly appereth that the[y] were formilie combined with them. For as Capteine Tirrell one of the cheefe lead^{rs} of them said openlie, he had before his coming vp h^{er} of the best lord^s and gentlemens hand^s writing sent him promising him to ioyne wth him here, w^{ch} accordinglie they pformed. And going straight vppon the English as they dwelt disparted, before they could assemble themselues, spoiled them all, there howses sacked and them selues forced to flie away for safetie. So many as they could catch they hewed and massacred miserable; the rest leaving all behinde them fledd wth their wives and children to such porte townes as were next them, where they yet remaine like moste pittifull creatures naked and comfortles, lying vnder the towne walls and begging aboute all the stretes, daily expecting when the last extremity shalbe lade vpon them. Coude yo^r ma^{ty} moste nicifull eyes see but some pte of the image of these o^r moste ruefull calamities, they would melt wth remorse to see so manie soules of yo^r faithfull subject^s brought hither to inhabit this yo^r land, of the w^{ch} many were the

last day men of good substance and abilitie to live, others of verie able bodies to serue yo^r Ma^{tie} nowe suddainly become so wretched wight[℥] and miserable out cast[℥] of the worlde as that none of the Countrie people here vouchsafeth to cōmiserate but rather to scorne and approubriouſlie revile them as people abandoned of all helpe and hope and exposed to extreme miserie.

Truelie to think that a Countrie so rich, so well peopled, so firmlie fenced and fortified with so manie stronge Castles, wth manie faire walled townes and with sea halfe walling[̃] it aboute, should be suddainlie wunne, hir inhabitant[℥] banished, their goods spoiled, there dwelling[̃] places disolated and all the land almoste in a moment overcume, wthout stroke stricken, wthout bloud shedd, wthout enemie encounte[re]d or seene, wthout forreine invasioⁿ, it is amoste unvelouse thing and but so wrought of god, hardlie to be beleued of man ; being[̃] such indeede as hardlie anie historie can aford example of the like. And surelie should any stranger here that the English natioⁿ so mightie and puisant, so farr a broade in a Countrie of yo^r owne dominioⁿ, lying[̃] hard vnder the lapp of England, should by so base and Barbarous a people as the Irish, so vntrained in warrs, so inextpe of all gou^m^t and good pollicies, be so suddainlie troden downe and blowne away almoste with a blast ; they

would for eu^l condemne vs, not knowing the meanes how the fame is come to passe. Therefore it is nott a misse to consider by what meanes and euill occasions all this mischeefe is The original cause of all this mischief happened in Mounster happened; the rather, for the better redressing thereof and avoyding the like hereafter. Some think that the first plott by w^m the late vndertakers of yo^r ma^{ty} Land^s here in Mounster were planted was not well instituted nor grounded vpon sound aduise^mt and knowledg^e of the Countrie; ffor that more care was therein taken for pfit and vtilitie then for strength and safetie. ffor indeed what hope was there that a sorte of husbandmen trained vpp in peace, placed a broade in fundrie places, disperfed as yo^r land l[a]ye disperfed, should be able to maintaine and defend them selues against a people newlie reco^ued out of the relikes of rebellioⁿ and yet practizing Armes and warlike exercises; wthout due p^{ro}visioⁿ therefore w^{ch} is, that first rebellious people sh^ould haue bine vtterlie disarmed and for eu^l bounde from the vse of the like hereafter and in stede thereof be compelled vnto other more Civill trades of life; w^{ch} they should haue bene settled in by such sure establishm^t that they should neu^{er} haue bene able to haue swerved from the same.

But the deviso^r thereof phapps thought that the civill example of the English being sett before them

and there daylie conuſinḡ wth them, would haue brought them by dislike of there owne ſavage life to the likinḡ and imbraſinḡ of better civilitie. But it is farr other wiſe ; for in ſteede of followinḡ them they flie them and moſt hatefullie ſhune

Irish hate the English for twoe cauſes. them for 2^o cauſes: firſt becauſe they haue euⁿ bene brought vpp licenciouſlie and to liue as eche one liſteth, w^{ch} they eſteeme halfe happines; ſo that nowe to be brought into anie better order they accompte it to be reſtrained of their libertie and extreame wretchednes. Secondlie, becauſe they naturallie hate the Engliſh, ſo that their faſhons they alſo hate. The cauſe of this originall hate is for that they were Conquered of the Engliſh ; the memorie whereof is yet freſh amongḡ them and the deſire bothe of reuenge and alſo of recouie of their lande are daylie revived and kindled amongſt them by their lord^e and Councello^{rs}; for w^{ch} they both hate o^r ſelues and o^r lawes and cuſtomes. Therefore in the firſt inſtitu^on ſhould haue bene p^{ro}vided for that before newe buildingḡ were erected the olde ſhould haue bene plucked downe. ffor to think to ioyne and patch them both together in an equalitie of ſtate is impoſſible and will neu^e be without daunger of a great downfall ſuch as nowe is hapened. Howe then, ſhould the Iriſh haue ben quite rooted out? That were to bloudie a courſe: and yet there

continuaſt rebellioſe deedes deſerue little better. But then when this prouince was planted they were ſo weake that they might haue bene framed and faſhoned to anie thing: then ſhould they haue ben diſarmed for eu^y and ſtronge garrifons ſett ou^r them, w^h they ſhould haue ben forced at there owne charges to maintaine without anie charge to yo^r Ma^{tie}, ſince there diſloyall dealings were the cauſe thereof. Which they would then haue ben moſte glad to bere; by w^{ch} meanes yo^r Ma^{tie} might haue had even out of this Prouince 3. or 4000 ſouldiers continually maintained vnto you, whome youe might at all tymes haue vſed to yo^r ſeruice wth continually ſupplie and change of newe.

And this I vndertake (vnder correſtiõ vpon all that I haue in the world) ſhould haue bene afforded you wth as litle greevance and burden of the Countrie as nowe they beare allreadie, ffor the charge wth nowe this Prouince beareth, what of yo^r Ma^{ties} Compoſiõ, what of the Preſident his Impoſiõ, what of Sheriffes and Ceſſo^{rs} extorçõ and other daylie bad occaſions is no leſſe then woulde maintaine you ſo great a garrifõ: beſides it is nowe exacted wth the peoples great diſcontentm^t that wolde be then yeelded with verie good will when they ſhould be ſure to knowe the vttermoſte of there charge.

This at the tyme of the late placing of inhabitant

here might haue easly bene established, but thoccafioñ was then let flipp when this Country was weake and waste; yet since the like is likely and must of necessitie ensue againe after the subdueing of this Present genall rebellion, it is expedient to be minded before it be to be effected. But in the meane season wee poore wrechcs w^{ch} nowe beare the burden of all ouersight, power out o^r moste humble and pittiousse plainte vnto yo^r moste excellent Ma^{tie} that it may please you to caste yo^r graciouse minde vnto the cairfull regarde of o^r miseries; w^{ch} being quite banished out of o^r inhabitance and the lands vpon w^{ch} wee haue spent all the small porcion of o^r abilities in building and erecting such traides of husbandries as wee haue betaken, haue nowe nothing left but to cry vnto you for tymelie aide before wee be brought to vtter destruction and o^r wretched liues (w^{ch} onelie now remaine vnto vs) be made the pray of doggs and sauage wilde beaſt. Whereas yo^r Ma^{tie} as you haue hitherto made yo^r selfe through all the worlde a gloriouse example of iudic and Clemencye and euer vnto these vile Catifes (though moste vnworthie thereof) so nowe by extending vpon them the terror of yo^r wrath in avengem^t of there continuall disloyalltie and disobedience, you shall spreade the honorable fame of yo^r Justice and redeeme both yo^r owne hono^r and all so the reputacon of yo^r people,

w^{ch} these base raskalls through yo^r so longe suffrance and this so late hapened reproche [have] shaken and endangered with all, mo^{ste} all Christian prince; besides w^{ch} you shall setle a ppetual establishment both of peace (whereby yo^r riches shall be much increased) and all so of great strength, w^{ch} may from hence be drawne both to the better assurance of this yo^r kingdome and all so to the continuall seruice of that yo^r Realme of England. ffor wee well hope and that is some comfote to vs in all these o^r miseries, that God hath put this madding^g minde so gen^{er}allie into all this rebellious^e nacioⁿ the rather to stirre vpp yo^r Ma^{tie} now to take vengeance of all there longe and lewde & wicked vsage and to make an vniuersall reforma^{co}n of all this Realme; w^{ch} nowe doth allmo^{ste} offer yt selfe vnto yo that [you] may worke a ppetuall establishm^t of peace and good gou^{er}nm^t, to yo^r Ma^{ties} great hono^r and no lesse pfitt. So that nowe at length you may haue an end of waiting yo^r treasure and people in this sorte as you haue done too longe and hindering you from more honorable atchivem^{ts}.

Pardon therefore mo^{ste} gracious Souaigⁿe to wretched greued wight^e yo^r true faithfull subiect^e w^{ch} too sharplie haue tasted of these euills, to vnfoulde vnto yo^r Ma^{tie} the feeling of there miserie and to seeke to imp^{re}ss^e in yo^r Princelie minde the

due fence thereof, whereby some meete redresse may be tymelie p̄vided therefore, before wee feele and yo^r Ma^{tie} here of, that w^{ch} wee simple wrechcs see hard at hand. But o^r feare is leste yo^r Ma^{ties} wonted mercifull minde should againe be wrought to yo^r wonted milde courses and p̄swaded by some milde meanes either of p̄dons or protec̄ons, this rebellious nation may be againe brought to some good conformāon; w^{ch} wee beseech allmightie god to averte and to sett before yo^r gracious eyes the iuste considerāon howe that possiblie may be. ffor it is not easie to thinke that they whoe haue imbrewed them selues so deeplie in o^r bloud and inriched them selues wth o^r goods, should eⁿ trust vs to dwell againe amongste them: or that wee should endure to liue amongst those peacablie, wthout taking iuste reuenge of them for all o^r euils. Besides they haueing once thus shaken vs will eⁿmore p̄sume vpon the pride of there owne strength w^{ch} they haue nowe prooued; through knowledge whereof they will be ymboldened eⁿ heerafter vpon the least dislike to revolte from yo^r obedience: And the relaps of euills yo^r Ma^{tie} well knowes be moste p̄illou^se. Moreoⁿ howe great dishono^r it shall be to protect or p̄don them w^{ch} not onelie haue allwaies carried them selues vndutifully but nowe also in their Cōmon meeting^e and their Priest^e preaching^e do speake so lewdlie and dis-

hono^rably of yo^r mo^stē sac^red Ma^{tie} that it perceth o^r very soules to here it. But if yo^r highnesse will dispose yo^r selfe to be inclined to any such milder dealing^g wth them or to temporiz any longer with p^{er}sons and p^{ro}tec^{ti}ons as hath bene done by yo^r gou^{er}no^r here, then we humbly beseeche yo^r Ma^{tie} to call vs yo^r poore subject^{es} altogether away from hence, that at least we may die in o^r Countrie and not see the horrible calamities w^{ch} will thereby come vpon all this land and from hence phapps further, as it may well be thought. The w^{ch} I humbly beseeching allmightie god to put in yo^r graciouse minde as may be mo^stē for his glorie and yo^r owne kingdomes good we cease not daylie to pray vnto allmightie god to keepe and maintaine yo^r longe prosperous reigne, ou^{er} vs in all happines.

FINIS.

Certaine points to be considered of in the recouery of the Realme of Ireland.

Question.—The question is whether be better and easier for hir Ma^{tie} to subdue Ireland throughly and bring^g it all vnder or to reforme it and to repaire hir decayed ptes.

Of these twoe that must needes be better and also easier which may be done with less	} charge } perill } tyme
---	--------------------------------

Reason.—The assumpt̃ then is that it will be lesse charge, lesse p̃ill and lesse spending̃ of tyme to subdewe it alltogether then to go about to reforme it.

Prooffe of the reason.—If you seeke to reforme it, then you must retaine and saue the ptes that seeme founde and afterward recoū^s the ptes that are vnfounde.

To saue and retaine the ptes founde is verie hard and allmoſte vnpoſſible, for that from them the ptes vnfounde wiſt receive both ſecret and open ſucco^r.

Secret	{	by working vnderhand trecherouſly
Open	{	by milde and gentle intreaty

To recouer them muſt be {
 by warlike purſute
 by milde and gentle in-
 treaty

By gentle treatie muſt } offering peacable condicions
 be either by { abiding till they ſeeke for peace.

To offer them is moſte diſhono^rable and yet phapps they will not accept yt being̃ offered, w^{ch} would be more diſhono^r.

To abide till they ſeeke yt would be chargable and alſo p̃illouſe, for they will not ſeeke it till they be driven to it by force.

Therefore they muſt needs be driven to it by force.

But whether with great force or with small force is now to be considered by comparing the

{	Charge
{	Perill
{	Tyme.

The lesse force seemeth lesse charge but considering the long continuance that it will require and the p'ill thereby growinge both to Ireland and also to England it selfe in suffering so great a rebellion stand so longe on foote, it will in the end proove more chargable and also much more dangerous and yet not so effectuell.

Resoluçon.—Besides in so longe continuance the Countrie maladie will consume all the forces.

The resoluçon therefore appereth

That the greater force will finish all in one yere or 2^o yeres, w^{ch} the lesse will not do in 4 or 5. yeres.

Les^s charg^efull is the grosse accompt.

Less perillous	{	To the forces themselves.
	{	To both the Realmes.

Lesse losse of tyme by means of the speedie finishing of the enterprise.

Great force must be the instrum^t but famine must be the meane, for till Ireland be famished it can not be subdued.

But if the reformaçon shall ne^utheles be intended then these p^ositi^ons are therein to be considered and obserued.

That there can be no conformitie of gou^onm^t: where is no conformitie of religio^oñ.

That there can be no founde agreem^t betwene twoe equall contraries—viz. the English and Irish.

That there can be no assurance of peace where the worst sorte are the stronger.

This will be accomplished with 10000. men in halfe a yere w^{ch} els will not be pformed of 3000 in 2^o. yeres and the same 10000 wilbe thence p^sentlie ymployed to the rest of the warr.

ffor the conveyance of the port^c w^{ch} are to be possessed stronglie as well to let in o^r owne forces continuallie as to keepe out others and allfoe for the great reliefe of townes here for the rawe souldier.

That the same is meetest to be begune in Mounster and from thence to pceede to the rest throughe Kery and Offalye.

That the laying^g of garrisons will make but a ptractive warr vnles the Queene do first make hir selfe mistris of the feild, whereunto there is necessarie a competent force of Horse.

All that the garrison can doe is but to take prayes, but if the enemy were once broken he must be forced to scatter and then the garrisons shoulde haue good meanes of seruice vpon the broken ptes.

If it shall seeme that the resolu^oñ to subdue

Ireland wholly wth stronge force is too blouddie and crewell the same is thus to be mittigated.

That before the great force goe forthe gen^lall proclamaçon be made that all w^{ch} will come in and submitt themfelues absolutelie wthin ten or twelue daies (the principall excepted) shall haue p^ldon of life, onelie vpon condiçon that their bodies, their lande and their goods shalbe at the disposiçon of hir Ma^{tie}, w^{ch} if they refuse what reason but afterwards rigor should be extended to them that will not receive m^{ie}, and haue vtterlie renounced there obedience to hir Ma^{tie}.

Whereas manie of the lords of the Countrie not longe before the confederating of this rebellioⁿ p^ured there freeholders to take there lands of them felues by lease manie of w^{ch} are since gone into rebellioⁿ. That p^uvisioⁿ may be made for the avoyding of such fraudulent conueyances made onelie to defeat hir Ma^{tie} of the benefitt of their attainer.

M : WIDOW AND FAMILY OF SPENSER AND
DESCENDANTS.

(See Life, page 239.)

The Widow of Spenser (*née* Elizabeth Boyle) was with him when he died ; and the honours paid to her deceased husband by the foremost of the land must have been pleasing to her. The *Amoretti* sonnets show that she was intellectual and cultured. It is

to be feared that temporarily at least she was left in straitened circumstances; but the generous Essex would not leave his Poet-friend's widow and children unhelped. The Funeral was at his expense, and the Family could not but be cared for by him.

She returned to Ireland, and married again a (at present) unknown Roger Seckerstone. Such re-marriage jars on our feeling, but in our ignorance of the circumstances that led to it, silence is better than (mis)judgment. Especially is it unwarrantable to quote against her from Shakespeare—

The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,

(as is done in the *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xxi., pp. 393—405). The marriage must have taken place between March 1601 and 1603, since a Petition was presented by the Privy Council to Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, bearing the former date, in behalf of the widow and children of Edm. Spenser “in regard he was a servitor of that realme.” Our information on her marriage reaches us somewhat unpleasantly in the first blush of it—viz., in a Petition of Sylvanus Spenser—the eldest son—in 1603, wherein, addressed to the Chancellor of Ireland, we read as follows:—

“Whereas your Petitioner's father Edmund Spenser was seized in his demesne in fee of Kyllecollman and divers other lands and tenements in the county of Corke, which descended to your petitioner by the death of his said father, so it is right honorable, the evidences of the sayd inheritance did after the decease of petitioner's father cum to the hands of Roger Seckerstone and petitioner's mother, which they uniously detayneth [i.e.]; which evidences forasmuch as your petitioners can have no accion at comon lawe, he not knowing thaire dates and

certainly, he is driven to sue in compensation before your Honourable Lordship, and avoweth that the said Roger Sehestone, his moulder's now husband, causeth detestable lies and evidences, to your petitioner's damage of one hundred pounds wherein he prays remedy" (Orig. Petition in H.M. 1500: Records, Dublin).

Three things mitigate the harshness of this revelation. First—It must be remembered that the Petitioner, Sylvanus Spenser, could not have been born sooner than 1595 (the marriage 11th June, 1594) and thus in 1603 was only in his ninth year, and hence others, not himself, acting herein. Second—Those others acting—whoever they may have been—might be distrusted by the Widow, who would naturally consider that the family-documents were fitly in her own custody. Sylvanus in 1603 must have been in England; for among the State Papers of Ireland (vol. 215, 116 A, in *Russell and Prendergast's Calendar*, 1603-6, Irish Series), in a list of "The Names of such of the Undertakers in Munster as are now resident in England," is "The heir of Edmund Spenser, gent." (p. 116). Possibly on the re-marriage of his mother she was refused the custody of the child (or children). This would seem to denote passion in the agents and advisers for Sylvanus—and the Widow is entitled to the benefit of this. Third—It is not improbable that in the destruction of Kilcolman many of the family-papers would perish and only chance preserved ones be producible. There is no record of the issue of this Petition in the name of Sylvanus Spenser. But in or before 1606 the Widow of Spenser was once more a widow. She is so styled in the "Inventure" between her and Sir Richard Boyle (in Chap. IX.) In

1605 Sylvanus Spenser had possession of Kilcolman and related lands, as appears by these evidences. At the time that Sir Edmund Pelham was chief baron of the Irish Exchequer, viz., on the 19th of June, 1605, a writ of *scire facias* was issued from that Court, which directed the Sheriff of the county of Cork to make known to the heirs of the Poet and all the tenants and possessors of his estates, that they should appear in the Exchequer in the following Michaelmas term, to show why they should not be charged with the "principal beasts and reliefs" which are reserved in his patent; and accordingly the Sheriff [Sir Francis Kingswell] distrained the Poet's heir and occupier of his estates, Sylvanus Spenser, gentleman, by his bailiffs Peter Dyllon and Thomas Howard (Memoranda Roll, 3 James I., mem. 39). In Michaelmas term in the same year the Court directed the Sheriff of the same county of Cork to seize the manor, castle, town, and lands of Kilcolman into the king's hands; and this was done accordingly by Anthony Kemys, Esq., the then Sheriff (same Record, mem. 52). On Friday, the 31st January, 1605, Sylvanus appeared upon that writ of seizure, and upon the 4th of February following the Court ordered him to pay his rent and heriot, and to have a supersedeas of that Writ. On Saturday, the 28th of June, 1606, he appeared in Court, and tendered £8 2s. 11d. due by a recognisance for the last payment of £16 5s. 10d., "for his heriot and relief upon the death of his father Edmund Spenser, for his lands holden of his Majesty in fee farm." The Exchequer records further inform us that Sylvanus Spenser (of

course through his advisers, for as we have seen he was only then in his eleventh year) was engaged in a contest with Sir Allan Apsloe, knight, and John Power of Doneraile, as to the lands of Carigan and Ardaham, which Apsloe claimed as being part of Doneraile, and not of Kilcolman, as contended for Sylvanus Spenser. How this dispute eventuated is unknown (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xlv. [1655], pp. 605-9). But it is some consolation to know that Kilcolman was not lost to the Poet's family by the 'Rebellion.' This further emerges in an Imprimatur, and the original Petition in the Rolls Court, Dublin, taken at Mallow, in co. Cork, on 7th August, 1611. The following is an extract :—

"The said jurors do find and present that a part or portion of a seignory granted by those patents from the late Queen Elizabeth unto Edmond Spenser late of Kilcolman in the county of Cork Esquire deceased, after his death descended unto Sylvanus Spenser his sonne and heire, whoe doth now possess and enjoy the same, in manner and form as followeth, viz., the said Sylvanus Spenser is seized in [possession] of his demesne as a free of the Castell of Kilcolmane at ccc acres of land, parcel of the same seignory, being the demesne lands of the same."

Other properties are enumerated (*Once a Week*, by Charles B. Gibson, vol. xii., pp. 76—82).

Sylvanus Spenser married Ellen, eldest daughter of David Nagle (or Nangle), of Monaniny, co. Cork, Esquire, by Ellen, daughter of William Roche, of Ballyhooly, co. Cork, Esq., who died at Dublin 14th November, 1637 (*Gibson's History of the County and City of Cork*, 2 vols. 8vo, 1861, s. n. *freywinter*). She was a Roman Catholic. They had issue (a) *Edmond Spenser*, of Kilcoleman Castle, co. Cork, Esq.,

which was erected into a manor 18th February, 1638 ---to remedy defective titles. He is called "eldest son" in Nagle pedigree in Trinity College, Dublin. Most probably died *s. p.*; certainly without male issue, as his nephew Nathaniel Spencer succeeded to Kilcolman.

The Court of Exchequer, by its process, charged Edmund Spenser, as tenant of the manor, town and lands of Killcollman, and other lands, with the yearly fee-farm rent of £9 10s. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., whereupon the tenants thereof, John Butts, John O'Hanneulle, John Colpis, and William Shanachan appeared, and stated that that rent was reserved "upon an antient patten granted of y^e said lands, with other lands, to Edmund Spenser, Esq., who was former proprietor thereof," and they claimed Kilcolman, Lisnamucky, and Knocknemaddery as parcels set out to them in satisfaction of their arrears for service in Ireland, subject to a quit rent of 20s. 10d.; and they pray that the other lands, namely, Ardenreagh, Ardenbane, Knockengappell, and Glangaret, should be liable to the old patent rent. The Court, finding that the manor, castle, etc., of Kilcolman, and the lands of Ardenreagh, Ardenbane, Knockengappell, Knocknemaddery, and Glangarrott were by patent dated the 18th February, 14 Charles I., granted to Edmund Spenser, Esq., at the yearly rent of £9 10s. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., exonerates the said tenants from the payment of that rent. By the Auditor-general's report which is attached to this order, it appears that the lands of Kilcolman and Lisnamucky contained 314a. 2r. 16p. profitable, and 93a. 1r. 24p. unprofitable, and Knocknemaddery

1003a. Or. 32p. profitable, and 180a. 2s. 16p. unprofitable; and that they were the property of William Spenser, "English Papist," and had been disposed of "to Captain Peter Courthope and his troope of the Earle of Orrery's late regiment, in anno 1654, 20th May" (Original Exchequer order of Michaelmas term, 1661, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1855, p. 607). It may be added that so early as 1609, in a draft book of orders of the revenue side of the Exchequer, there is this entry—"Cork. Edmond Spenser.—Kilarogaw, Kilwantin, Backshetton, Neghwan, Ballintegan, *Kynny*, in com. Cork. Sp'cialties and temp'alties" (*Ibid.*, p. 606). Further, on 18th February, 1636, a fee-farm grant was made to Edmund Spenser, Esq., of the lands of Kildalman, etc., in the co. of Cork (*Ibid.*, p. 607).

(b) *William Spenser* (b. 1634) of Kinny—originally a castle of the Fitzgeralds—co. Cork, Esq., named as second son in the Nagle pedigree, and styled as "of Rinny" in the deed of sale by his grandson Edmund Spenser in 1748. He married an unknown Barbara. To the honour of Cromwell he is stated that the Protector addressed a letter to the Irish Council—dated Whitehall, 27th March, 1657—in favour of this Edmond Spenser as being a grandson of the Poet. This Letter is given in Carlyle's *Cromwell* (see *i. n.*), and has been repeatedly published. The Letter was effectual. He had the estate of Kildalman 'restored' to him; but so far as can be made out not until after the Restoration. And he had afterwards a royal grant, dated 31st July, 1678, of lands in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, to the extent of nearly two

thousand acres. Balinasloe was a part of this acquisition, where a house still exists which is shown as his residence. At the Revolution William Spencer attached himself to the Prince of Orange and received in consequence in 1697 the forfeited estate of his cousin Hugoline. He obtained these "forfeited estates" by a petition presented to Charles Earl of Mountrath and Henry Earl of Drogheda, praying "in consideration for his services, sufferings, and losses in the late troubles" in Ireland, that the King [William III.] would grant him the forfeited estate of Hugolin Spenser, "who is outlawed for high treason," and "to whome the petitioner is next Protestant heire." Upon receipt of this petition it was reported that the said estate was of the clear yearly value of £67 17s. 6d. above all quit and Crown rents and incumbrances, and stated that the petitioner deserved the King's grace and favour, in consequence of his said services and losses; and therefore his Majesty on 14th June, anno 9^o, granted to Nathaniell Spencer, gentleman, son of the said William, the town and lands of Rinny, containing 332 acres; Killahorry, containing 63 acres; and the rectories and impropriate tithes of Rinny, Nowens *alias* St. Nowens, Temple Bredy *alias* Kilbride, and Brinny in the co. of Cork (Communia Roll of the Exchequer 1695 to 1697, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1855, p. 608). The King's letter granting unto William Spencer the estate of Hugolin is in the Rolls Office, Ireland, and is dated 23rd April, 1697.

In the Book of Arrears of Crown and Quit Rents of the year 1702, the following entries occur:—

" Co. Cork.
Hugolin Spencer, Fermoy Barr.

	Irish Acres paid.	Appraisal of Land.
Reny al's Riny 1 pl'd	335 0 00	13 2 8
Buttevant ½ pl'd	34 10 00	09 16 10
Part to Nathaniell Spencer	425 0 00	14 14 1
Applotment of £24,000	£27 0 5½	

"On 22nd July, 1717, a Mr. Francis Hely of Castlebar, vally, in the co. of Cork, gentleman, filed a bill in the Irish Court of Chancery in relation to the lands of Grenagh, part of the estate of Sir Matthew Deane of Drumore, Bart., which had been demised to one Michael Barry, in trust for a Toage McGarrig, 'for and during the then wars between England and France, and afterwards leased for twenty-one years in trust to William Spencer, late of Renny, Esq., with others; and by this bill the plaintiff accuses Nathaniel Spencer, Esq., the son and heir of said William, of a confederacy with the McGarrigs to prevent the plaintiff from obtaining a lease of the above mentioned lands.

"On the 24th January, 1743, a bill was filed in the Exchequer of Ireland by Edmond Wall against Edmond Spencer, Pierce Power, sen' and jun', and William Power. This record recites a previous bill which had been filed in the same Court upon the 12th July, 1737, stating that Hugolin Spencer had been seized in fee of the lands of Rynny; that in the year 1675 he mortgaged them to Pierce Power the elder for £300 and £50 per annum interest, and that he forfeited his estate in the year 1688" (*Gent. Mag.*, 1855, p. 605).

On 24th November, 1697, he and his son Nathaniel mortgaged all their lands in Galway, Roscommon, and Cork for £2100; and 26th February, 1716, sold Balinasloe to Frederick Trench, ancestor of the Earl of Clancarty.

(c) *Hugolin Spencer* — of Rynny — restored 420 acres of land, co. Cork, by the Act of Settlement, 1663-4. He had "forfeited" them by his share in the revolt of 1641. He was a Roman Catholic. He had a mortgage of £500 upon Rynny (deed of sale 1748).

of the parsonages, rectories and tithes of Templebridge otherwise Kilbride, Briny or Riny, Owans, and Kilbonane, and also of the abbey of Buttevant, and half a ploughland thereto belonging, all situate in the county of Cork. According to a MS. in Trinity College, Dublin (referred to by Todd), he is described on 4th May, 1642, as a "Protestant" residing in the barony of Fermoy, and so impoverished by the "Troubles" as to have been unable to pay his debts. He died *ante* 1656. He had married Dorothy Morees or Maurice; and on the occasion his brother Sylvanus made over to him a part of his estate, *i.e.* the lands of Rinny or Renny, near Kilcolman. In the Book of Orders of Cromwell's Court of Claims, 6th June, 1654, to 29th October, 1655 (pp. 213, 218), she is described as "Dorothy Maurice *alias* Spencer, widow of Peregrine Spencer" (*Gent. Mag.*, 1855, p. 607). During the Commonwealth of Cromwell it appears to have been the general rule with the Government in Ireland to make fee-farm leases or grants of all such estates as came into their possession, or under their control; and we find that amongst others Peregrine Spencer was, in the year 1656 (although then deceased), charged with the fee-farm rent of £1 7s. 6d. for "the late house of y^e ffryers of Killnemalagh *alias* Buttevant," as assignee of Arthur Usher, the farmer thereof; and at the same time Edmond Spencer was called upon to pay the sum of £9 10s. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. as tenant of "the manor, towne and lands of Kilcolman, with others" (Book of Arrears of Fee-farm Rents, 1656, in *Gent. Mag.*, 1855, p. 607). Most probably Nathaniel Spencer, who has been called son of Sylvanus, was really son of Peregrine.

He became a clergyman—was of Ballycauston, co. Waterford. He was collated and installed Prebendary of Kilrossantie, diocese of Lismore, 10th November, 1662, and in 1663 Prebendary of St. Patrick's, Waterford (Cotton's *Fasti*, s. n.). He died intestate 24th September, 1669. He had married Margaret, daughter of Richard Deane, B.D., afterwards Prebendary of Mora or Moretown. They had issue *Thomas Spencer*—entered as pensioner Trinity College, Dublin, 13th May, 1684, being then sixteen years of age, and consequently born in 1668. A fourth child—a daughter of Edmund Spencer and Elizabeth his wife—was Catharine, s. p. She married William Wiseman, Esq., of Bandon. The *Patrician*, as before, writes doubtfully of this filiation and marriage, though both are pronounced "very probable." Amongst the pensioners in Cromwell's Civil List Establishment, under Clonnet, it is found that "Katherine Spencer," a captain's widow and 5 children, had 7s. a week (*Genl. Mag.*, as before, 1855, p. 607).

Such was the course of the immediate Family of the Poet. Looking further on—the following dates are found:—William Spencer, second son of Sylvanus Spencer, had an only son, whose name was Nathaniel. He is designated of Kilcoleman Castle and Kemy, co. Cork, Esq., in 1715. He sold the farm by a mortgage of the 9th and 10th May, 1715. His Will, dated 14th October, 1718, was proved at Dublin, 18th July, 1734—Arthur Hyde and Jephson Ruseed, executors (Craik and Dr. Milner Barry correct the *Patrician's* 14th August, 1718). He had married Rosamond, daughter of a Bulkeley. William Spencer had also a

daughter named Susannah. She occurs in the Will of Nathaniel Spencer, in 1718, as a sister. She was unmarried in 1720. This Nathaniel Spencer—son of William, had issue as follow :—(a) *Edmond Spencer* of Rinny, co. Cork, Esq.—born 25 Nov., 1711. He sold Rinny 6th December, 1748. The Deed of Sale was registered at Dublin 7th Dec. He also sold Ballynasloe, co. Galway. The ‘mortgage’ of Renny must have been redeemed, or he could not have possessed it. He is the same person described as “of Renny” and of “Mallow,” and who is mentioned in *Anthologia Hib.* in 1793 as then remembered in Dublin as a lineal descendant of the Poet. He is also mentioned therein as having been a few years before resident in Mallow, and as having in his possession an original portrait of Spenser, which he valued so highly as to have refused £500 for it, and also “many curious papers and documents relative to his ancestor” (vol. i., pp. 189, 190). This Edmond married in 1736 Anne, eldest daughter of John Freeman of Ballinquile, co. Cork, Esq., second brother of William Freeman of Castle Cor, Esq., and son of Richard Freeman, of Killvaric, co. Cork, and Judith his wife, daughter of George Crofts, of Velvets-town and Churchtown” (*Landed Gentry, s.n.* “Crofts”). Before his marriage he had been “Agent” to Freeman of Castle Cor, cousin of his wife. He appears as a Witness to the marriage of Usher Philpot, alderman of Cork in 1746. He is there styled “of Glanmore.” Philpot’s property adjoined Renny. He is said to have left the following epitaph for himself:—“Here lies the Body of Edmond Spenser, great-great-grandson of the poet Spenser. Unfortunate from his cradle to

his grave." Their issue was Rosamond Spencer, an only child. She was living at Mallow, co. Cork, in 1805. She was said to have had the Poet's "picture." She married — Burne, Esq., of Castle Court, co. Roscommon, Lieut. 52nd foot, who is found to an office in the Customs, London. Their issue were James Spencer Burne, Esq., a captain in the Army—died 1787. He was born in 1764. One of his sponsors was Edmond Spenser, probably his grandfather. Also—Alicia Burne, youngest child (born 4th Nov., 1766), sole heiress of her brother. She made a runaway marriage with a Dr. Sherlock, of Charleville, near Ballyhowra, co. Cork, "an inferior person," adds the *Patrician* (vol. v., p. 56). She died so lately as 9th October, 1850, aged 81. Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock had issue as follow:—

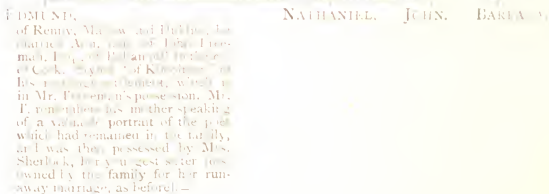
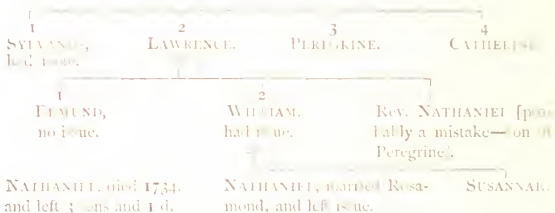
1. Henrietta—died in infancy.
2. Grace—died in infancy.
3. Rosamond—married a Mr. Neilan in Cork—had two daughters, one married to a Mr. Peebles, a clerk or deputy clerk in the Courts of Cork (1848); another married to a Mr. Boling, and wrote poetry (1848). Writing in 1861, the Rev. C. B. Gibson in his *History of the County and City of Cork*, under "Langford Road" [Cork], states:—"Here lives Mrs. Neilan, a blood descendant of the poet, whose mother, Mrs. Sherlock, had a picture of the poet. Mrs. Neilan derives from Nathaniel Spenser of Renny, whose wife's name was Rosamond. She also is named Rosamond. She keeps a Dame's School" (p. 149).
4. Letitia-Ann—married Mr. Supple—living in Dublin (1849).
5. Alicia Spenser—died "about 1845."
6. Joseph (only son)—died in 1857.

(b) *Nathaniel Spenser*, of Strabane, co. Tyrone, gent.—named in his father's Will of 1718, and as of Strabane in the Deeds of Sale of Kilcolman and Renny in 1748.

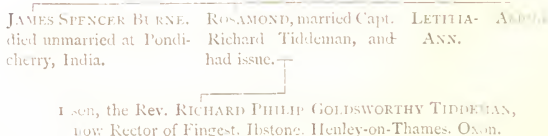
(c) *John Spenser*—also named in his father's Will of

MATERNAL PEDIGREE OF REV. R. P. G. TIDDEMAN, M.A.,
TRACED TO THE POEL SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER'S wife's Christian name **ROSA MATH**—surname unknown
[now disclosed in this Life, Chap. IX.]—had issue



1 daughter, **ROSAMOND**, who married James Burne, by whom
she had issue 1 son and 3 daus.



1718 ; but as he is not named in the Deeds of Sale aforesaid, he must have died previous to 1748 and *s. p.*, as otherwise his heirs would have been mentioned therein. (*d*) *Barbara Spencer*—named both in Will and Deed of Sale, as before. She married an Edmond Connelly, of Shane's Castle, Antrim, gent.—also named in the Deeds of Sale of 1748.

Though in part repeating some of the preceding details, I very gladly avail myself of a MS., "Maternal Descent" of a living representative of Spencer, with which I have been favoured by Professor Hales. It appears on the opposite page.

END OF VOL. I.





FR
2351
G7
v.1

Spenser, Edmund
Complete works

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
