LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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LITERARY · ANECDOTES
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: CONTRIBUTIONS · TOWARDS · A LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PERIOD
VOLUME II.

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public the second volume of *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, the Editors beg to draw particular attention to the section entitled *The Building of The Idylls*. This chapter deals exhaustively with an interesting and but little known subject, namely the slow up-building and gradual development of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

The extent to which the late Laureate altered, re-wrote, revised, and re-cast the various portions of this work—latterly with the intent to weld the several separate Idylls into Epic form—has been recognised by few students of his works. All this is exhibited fully in the present Essay, in the course of which will be found full and careful descriptions of *Enid and Nimuë* (1857), *The True and the False* (1859), *The Last Tournament* (1871), and other Tennysonian "trial books," particulars of which have never

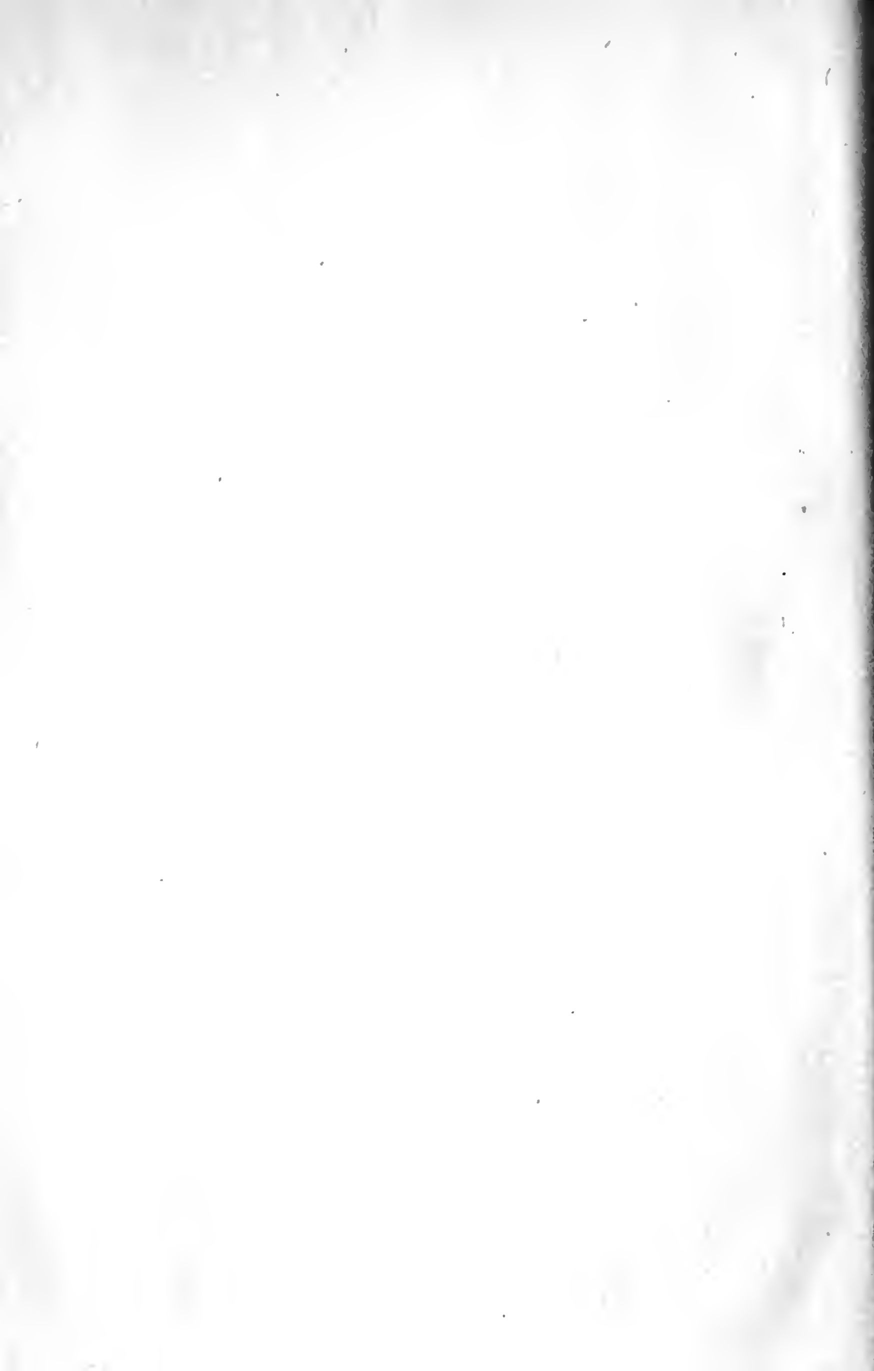
before been adequately recorded. It may safely be claimed that *The Building of The Idylls* is a contribution to modern Bibliography of the highest importance.

A word is called for in explanation of the section entitled *A Contribution to the Bibliography of the Writings of Algernon Charles Swinburne.* The time for a Complete *Bibliography* of the works of Mr. Swinburne has not yet arrived; may it be long in coming! But among the students and collectors of modern poetical literature are many who follow closely and keenly all that is written by the author of *Poems and Ballads* and *Atalanta in Calydon.* Many of the poems and essays of Mr. Swinburne have been printed in short numbers and in pamphlet form. Some of these separate prints are of extraordinary scarcity, and many collectors have never had the opportunity of examining them. One at least of these, *Siena*, has been reproduced in an unauthorized manner, and copies of this spurious reproduction have frequently been bought and sold as examples of the genuine original issue. A surprisingly large number of Mr. Swinburne's contributions to periodical literature have never yet been collected, and lie buried in old volumes of newspapers and magazines. For the Collector, to enable him to detect the genuine from the spurious; for the Student to guide him to the

less-known and scattered of Mr. Swinburne's writings, this "Bibliographical List" has been compiled.

The Editors again desire to express their indebtedness to Mr. Buxton Forman, Mr. Walter B. Slater, Mr. Clement Shorter, and other friends, for kind help generously given. They also repeat that they will gladly welcome any suggestions, corrections, or contributions of suitable material.

LONDON, *October 20th*, 1896.



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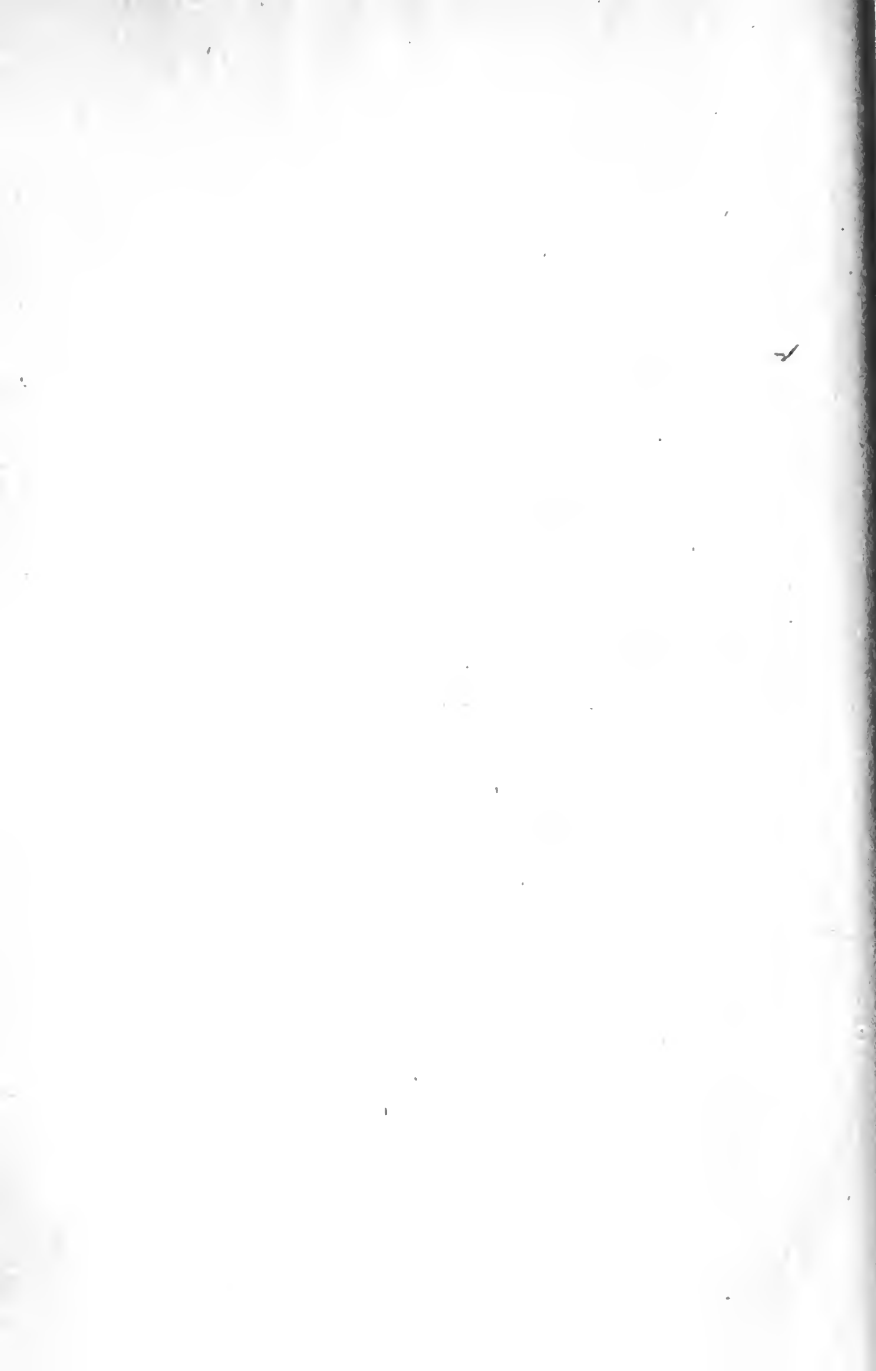
THREE LETTERS

CONCERNING

RUSKIN'S "NOTES ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF SHEEPFOLDS."

BY

THE REV. F. D. MAURICE, M.A.



JOHN RUSKIN AND F. D. MAURICE

ON

"NOTES ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF SHEEPFOLDS."

In October 1890, Dr. F. J. Furnivall caused to be issued for private circulation a tiny volume which contained within its thirty pages matter of greater interest and higher importance than is to be found in any one of the many pretentious volumes of *Ruskiniana* which have made their appearance during the past decade. The work in question is an octavo booklet entitled:

Two Letters / concerning / "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds" / Addressed to / the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. / in 1851 */ By / John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. / . . . . / With Forewords by / F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Hon. Dr. Phil, / London / Printed for Private Distribution only /* 1890.[1]

The major portion of the book is occupied, as the title denotes, by two letters addressed by Mr. Ruskin to the

[1] Naturally this little volume has become of considerable scarcity, and upon more than one occasion a copy has realized some five or six guineas.

Rev. F. D. Maurice. These two letters were forwarded through the medium of Dr. Furnivall, through whose hands also passed the three letters written by Maurice—one in answer to certain passages in the *Sheepfolds* pamphlet itself, the other two in reply to Mr. Ruskin's own letters.

The genesis of the whole correspondence is thus detailed by Dr. Furnivall in the *Forewords*,[1] he prefixed to the book.

[1] Dr. Furnivall's charming account of his first meeting with Mr. Ruskin, given in the course of these *Forewords*, is so thoroughly characteristic that it may well be repeated here :—

" It must have been in 1848, 9, or 1850 that I was one Saturday evening, probably in May, at an 'At Home'—Conversazione then, I suppose—in Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, at the house of a friend whom I first met at the Philological Society, when his sweet-natured clever wife came up to her cousin, with whom I was chatting about the London poor, and said 'John, I want you to come and talk to Mrs. Ruskin.' 'Not I,' said Dobbin-like John, 'I'm much too shy for such a smart body.' As he spoke, I turnd and followd his look at a handsome tall young woman with rosy cheeks and wavy black hair,[1] in a charming pink waterd silk dress, prettily ruched from shoulder to foot (I can see her now). Mrs. H. W. said to me, 'Will you come, Mr. Furnivall?' 'I should think I would,' answered I, 'only give me the chance.' She did give it me. I talkt eagerly and enthusiastically about Ruskin to his wife, and she askt me to come and see him in Park Street, at the back of Park Lane, at half-past three next day. I put her into her brougham; and on Sunday afternoon, be sure, I was in Park Street to the minute. After a short chat with the wife, I saw the door open, and John Ruskin walkt softly in. I sprang up to take the outstretcht hand, and then and there began a friendship which was for many years the chief joy of my life. Ruskin was a tall slight fellow, whose piercing frank blue eye lookt through you and drew you to him. A fair man, with rough light hair and reddish whiskers, in a dark blue frock coat with velvet collar, bright Oxford blue stock,[2] black trousers and patent slippers—how vivid he is to me still! The only blemish in his face was the lower lip, which protruded somewhat: he had been bitten there by a dog in his early youth. But you ceast to notice this

---

[1] She was fresher and brighter than Millais shows her, as the wife in his *Order of Release*.

[2] Neckerchief wrapt round a stiffener.

"Early in 1851 Ruskin sent me his pamphlet, *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*, as for many years he sent me all his books as they came out. I did not like the Discipline and Excommunication part of it, as I thought it would lead to Ministers and neighbours poking their noses into every man's private affairs, and to a lot of hypocrisy and intolerance. Perhaps I'd better quote a couple of Ruskin's sentences:—

"'*I hold it for a law, palpable to common sense, and which nothing but the cowardice and faithlessness of the Church prevents it from putting in practice, that the conviction of any dishonourable conduct or wilful crime, of any fraud, falsehood, cruelty or violence, should be ground for the excommunication of any man: for his publicly declared separation from the acknowledged body of the Visible Church: and that he should not be received again therein without public confession of his crime and declaration of his repentance.*'—(P. 15. Reprint of 1875.)

"'*It seems indispensable that the authority of the Ministers or Court of Ministers should extend to the pronouncing a man Excommunicate for certain crimes against the Church, as*

as soon as he began to talk. I never met any man whose charm of manner at all approacht Ruskin's. Partly feminine it was, no doubt; but the delicacy, the sympathy, the gentleness and affectionateness of his way, the fresh and penetrating things he said, the boyish fun, the earnestness, the interest he showd in all deep matters, combined to make a whole which I have never seen equalld. Association with Ruskin was a continual delight. And when one got him to show his Turners to charming women like Mrs. Wm. Cowper (now Lady Mount-Temple), Lady Goderich (now the Marchioness of Ripon), Mrs. Charles Buxton (once Emily Holland), and the like, it was indeed a pleasure to see him and them: the pictures had on those days fresh colour and fresh light."

well as for all crimes punishable by ordinary law. There ought, I think, to be an ecclesiastical code of laws; and a man ought to have jury trial, according to this code, before an ecclesiastical judge; in which, if he were found guilty, as of lying, or dishonesty, or cruelty,—much more of any actually committed violent crime,—he should be pronounced Excommunicate; refused the Sacrament; and have his name written in such a public place as an excommunicate person until he had publicly confessed his sin and besought pardon of God for it. The jury should always be of the laity, and no penalty should be enforced in an ecclesiastical court except this of excommunication.'—(P. 34, Reprint of 1875.)

"Feeling that I—though I then believed myself a member of the Establisht Church—did not desire a power of this kind over any other member of the Church, and that I should refuse to let any other member exercise it over me, I sent Ruskin's *Sheepfolds* to F. D. Maurice, stated my objections to it, and askt him what he thought of it; probably I added that I should like to send his answer to Ruskin, who he then knew only from his books. Maurice sent me a spirited answer, dated *March 25th*, 1851. After stating 3 points wherein he agreed with Ruskin, he went into 13 others in which he differed."

It is to be regretted that, for quite sufficient reasons Dr. Furnivall printed Mr. Ruskin's letters only, contenting himself with quoting three short passages from those of Maurice. These latter are here given in full, together with a reprint of Mr. Ruskin's share of this most interesting Correspondence.

LETTERS.

March 25th, 1851.]

My dear Furnivall,

You asked me for my opinion on Mr. Ruskin's book on Sheepfolds. I am not willing or able to pronounce upon the spirit which dictated it, or upon the probability that it will do good or harm. I can only tell you wherein I agree and differ with it; and that I am bound to do cautiously and deliberately, for some of its doctrines would make every thing that I have been holding and teaching since I took orders, so utterly false, that I have a dangerous interest in resisting them. I agree with him—

1. That we must obtain the sense of the word "Church" from the Bible; that the sense of it there is uniform; that the Bible explains its own meaning, not worse but far better than all other books; that it is to be interpreted exactly.

2. That the Clergy are not to separate themselves from the Laity, to treat them as less holy than themselves, ever to call themselves "the Church";—that Romanist, Anglican, all, clergy are prone to these sins;—that in committing them they deny their proper vocation, and act as traitors to Christ.

3. That the Church and State, according to God's constitution, are united; that all civil transactions are holy, that civil government is holy; that the civil governors ought to have dominion over the clergy; that the clergy

forget their own function when they try to be above the civil governors.

I affirm—

1. That Mr. Ruskin has not given either a strictly etymological or a Scriptural force to the word "Church." The classical sense of *Ecclesia* is of course "an assembly called together by a herald": the etymological sense, which is the Scripture one, is "a body called out."

2. That Mr. Ruskin has not followed Scripture with any accuracy in ascertaining what this "calling out" means: who is the Caller; who are the Called?

3. That the method of Scripture exhibits GOD calling out Abram, in whose seed all the families of the earth were to be blessed; calling out a family; calling out a nation; calling out law-givers, priests, prophets, kings, to minister in different offices to that nation; sending at length the Elect One in Whom His soul delighted, and in Whom the calling of all the others had stood; by Him calling out Apostles to be witnesses of His name to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem; by Him, after He was ascended on high, calling out a family from all tribes and kindred of nations, and enduing them with His Spirit.

4. That of this method, Mr. Ruskin, professing to follow Scripture exactly, has taken no notice, but has tried to deduce a meaning from isolated texts, so sanctioning a vulgar practice which, if it were applied to any other subject, he would be the first to denounce as unscientific and foolish.

5. That in consequence of this departure from his own leading maxim, he has been forced to introduce a nomen-

clature which is not in Scripture, and to which he affixes a sense of his own before he applies it to Scripture.

The phrase "visible and invisible Church" is not Scriptural; it belongs to the Schools; our different parties fight about it year after year, and will fight for ever till they consent to exchange it for the human practical knowledge of the Bible, or at least to test it by that language. The Bible speaks of a Kingdom of God, a Kingdom of Heaven. These words occur in every other sentence of the Gospels. Christ's parables and miracles are said to expound them. Yet we *will* translate them into our miserable slip-slop of "Christian dispensation" or "visible and invisible Church" instead of seeing whether we cannot, by their help, translate our slip-slop into something real and vital. If, instead of putting ourselves first and God last, we would adopt the Scriptural mode of speaking and thinking, and would believe that He is unfolding or unveiling His Kingdom, is showing men what a king is, we should gradually (not at once, for it is long indeed before our hasty anticipations and rash generalisations and clumsy idols are knocked to pieces in the physical or the spiritual world) come to find some solid ground for our talk about the visible and invisible Church. If an invisible being is revealing to us Himself, is revealing to us man as made in His Image, is calling us out that we may know Him and be like Him, the invisible must be the foundation of the visible, not as we naturally suppose, the visible of the invisible. Every one who thinks, *knows* that it is so with himself. He knows that the invisible part of him, that which thinks, feels, hopes, loves, that he himself, the thinker,

feeler, lover, is real and substantial, and that the visible acts which he does, are the result of that which passes within, out of sight. He knows that this is true of his body as well as of his spirit, that all his functions and powers are invisible, only the result of them visible. It is the effect of utter derangement, of moral perversion and blindness, that we act upon the opposite doctrine, that we deduce the invisible from the visible. All God's processes are to bring us out of this perversion into a healthy acknowledgement of our own true state as dependent upon our relation to Him, and not upon our relation to the outward world, and so as to make us His servants in interpreting, tilling, subduing, the outward world. But how wilfully and shamefully we set at nought this purpose when we speak of an invisible Church, meaning a set of men taken out of the condition of law and humanity, and made professors of a peculiar privilege appertaining to themselves! Against this accursed doctrine—which I believe is undermining all faith, holiness, love, among us and is making us all in our different sections and departments a set of exclusive contemptuous Pharisees—may God give me grace to bear witness in life and in death! I am sure the Bible is refuting it in every line. I am sure that it is teaching us that men are brought out of narrowness, exclusiveness, selfishness, into that which is free, large, universal. I am sure it is saying that those who yield to God's Spirit, and believe in Him, only come to believe that which is as true of every publican and harlot as it is of themselves. I am sure that till we know this (alas! how little do I know it, how continually am I

disbelieving and denying it!) we are not stooping to our Cross, we are still—whatever be our names and professions—going about to establish our own righteousness.

6. That Mr. Ruskin, from deserting the Scriptural method, has been obliged to make the most frightful and detestable misrepresentation—(he complains of courtesies and civil phrases—God forbid that I should resort to them, especially when it is a question concerning the very meaning and essence of the life of the Son of God)—of our Lord's dealing with publicans and sinners. He has the audacity to say that His treatment of them was a kind of excommunication. I say he ought to sit in sack-cloth and ashes for uttering such a sentence.

Was not the denial of the Pharisees that he ought to "eat and drink" with publicans and sinners (mark the words! not preach to them,) one of the proofs that they knew neither Him nor the Father who sent Him? Is not the whole argument in the 15th of St. Luke, the whole witness which the Son bare of the Father, involved in these acts? If this is excommunication,—may I have in time and eternity Christ's excommunication rather than Mr. Ruskin's communion!

7. After this interpretation of the Gospel, it is no wonder that he [Mr. R.] makes such havoc of the Epistles, arranging them all according to his own "visible and invisible" hypothesis, decreeing that St. Paul shall mean only true believers, though he speaks in those very epistles,—as you have shown in your notes,—of fornicators, of men whose end was destruction, whose God was their belly, &c. Of course such passages must be hopeless stumbling-blocks,

as they always have been, to the holders of this theory. But the splendid confutation of it is furnished by Mr. Ruskin himself. The Epistle to the Galatians (he says) is not to the invisible Church, but to the visible. Why, the great object of the Epistle is to confute the Judaisers, who told the Galatians that they must not claim the privileges of Sons of God upon the warrant of God's adoption, unless they submitted to the law! Their sin, their apostasy, was this, that they would not take up the position of Sons of God, when God had sent forth His Son made of a woman, made under the law, that they might have it! And no other sin, no other apostasy, is spoken of in the New Testament. The old Scriptures had told every Jew that his sin consisted in forgetting his covenant, in not believing it: the New Testament tells every Christian that that is his sin. The Bible is consistent and harmonious; it is our pride, exclusiveness, Pharisaism, which sets aside its declarations that we may build up a Babel for ourselves—a Babel, with bricks for stones, and slime for mortar—where we can make for ourselves a name, and may be out of the reach of the floods in which we suppose God desires to drown the Universe.

8. From this statement it is easy to perceive why Mr. Ruskin makes so entirely light of Baptism as any sign of the visible or invisible Church. Putting God aside, not looking upon Him as the chooser and caller out of the Divine Family, he must do so. For Baptism is a testimony that the work is His, not ours; that we are taken into fellowship with Him, that is, into the true state of men; not that we get into it by some faith or act of ours; that

to believe, is to acknowledge the truth, not to make that true which is otherwise not true; that our business on earth is to yield to God's spirit, not to fight and strive for some position that we think desirable. Baptism is a witness for the universality of God's good-will, for the perfectness of the redemption, (not of us, but of the whole world in Christ), for the continual operation of the Holy Spirit. It overthrows therefore the whole scheme which rests upon a separation between the visible and invisible members of the Church, though it brings out with a clearness and sharpness such as no theories have reached, the distinction between the flesh and the spirit, that in us which confesses God and delights in Him—that in us which is not subject to the law of God, neither can be, and must be cut off. It brings out the distinction likewise between the invisible in us, which is the subject of God's operations, and the visible, that which is apparent to our fellow-men. It shows that every family, Nation, Church, must by its very nature be invisible as well as visible. It justifies our 19th Article as a much nearer approximation to the truth (I say no more) than Mr. Ruskin's. If we must define one half of an indivisible substance [the Church] —and for exterior logical and even practical purposes it is important to do so,—I know not how we could get nearer to the fact than by saying that it is a congregation of faithful men (that is, men who have not renounced their baptismal position), and where the word of God, and Sacraments—the signs to men of God's adoption and constitution of a family—are rightfully administered.

9. Having spoken of Mr. Ruskin's doctrine respecting

our Lord's method of excommunicating publicans, I may be excused from dwelling very much upon his own—I never read any scheme better contrived for enthroning, if not canonizing, respectability and decency;—any scheme which *less* levels the hills and exalts the valleys, which less affronts Scribes and Pharisees with the rude and terrible sentence "O generation of vipers, who hath bidden you to flee from the wrath to come?" All these schemes for excommunication remind me of the story of John Hunter and the madman—"Let you and me jump from this high window to the flags below." "Very good! but any fool can do that; why shouldn't we go down and try to jump up from the flags to the window?" All people, Puseyites, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Irvingites, have their pet scheme of excommunication. Burke said that though he had passed most of his life in opposition he could always persuade the House of Commons in his day to pass a bill for making some offence felony without benefit of clergy. Most of us who are in opposition to the religious parties in this day, can persuade them, if we try, to support the excommunication of half the universe. The difficulty is, to get them to consider what Communion is; who has established it, why it is a sin to break from it; how we may invite others into it.

10. Mr. Ruskin's views about the clergy and the priesthood are quite consistent with his views of the Church at large, but they are not quite consistent with themselves. He believes the minister in some sense called of God. In what sense, does not very clearly appear. I believe that he is called to his special office—which office I hold to be

that of presenting Christ's finished sacrifice to the Father, and of feeding the whole family with it as the witness and assurance that they are reconciled and redeemed, and that Christ is with them even to the end of the world—by Him who calls the king to his office, the member of parliament to his office, the tailor and shoe-maker to his. I believe we are a *called* people, and therefore that we have *called* kings, priests, members of parliament, tailors, shoe-makers. I hold that each is to fulfil his office, believing that he has God's spirit given him for that end; and that just so far as we hold this, we shall not tread upon each other's toes or be rivals and enemies,—that just so far as we do not hold it we shall.

11. I do not think Mr. Ruskin values the office of the Bishop or Father in the Church more than I do, or holds a form of prayer to be more precious. Yet I would sooner have cut off my hand than have written as he has about Presbyterians and their obligation to receive Bishops and forms of Prayer. Believing that God has established His Church, and that He means it to be one, I hope and believe that He will in His due time teach Presbyterians, and teach us, not to reject anything that is necessary to its unity. But this kind of dogmatism is more intolerable to me when it is directed against those with whom I differ than against myself.

12. And such dogmatism and such exclusiveness as I find in this pamphlet, are, it seems to me, precisely the reasons of the marvel which Mr. Ruskin deems so inexplicable—that the Papacy has not fallen. It cannot fall while all its worst evils are found in Protestants. It cannot

fall while they believe in a holy exclusive Church, not in a Holy Catholic Church. True unity and universality will drive out counterfeit unity and universality; while unity and universality are desired, even the counterfeit is a witness for God's truth.

13. I will only make one more remark. What people as utterly ignorant of painting and architecture as I am have admired in Mr. Ruskin's books about them, is their grave, earnest, patient spirit of investigation. We are somewhat surprised and grieved to find that the qualities which he thinks necessary in order to determine the relative merits of Claude and Turner may be cast aside when the question at issue is only how the Church of the Living God shall be restored to efficiency, and whether ninety-nine hundredths of mankind are to be excluded from the privileges of Christ's redemption.

Ever yours affectionately,
F. D. MAURICE.

The foregoing letter was duly handed by Dr. Furnivall to Mr. Ruskin, who promptly replied in a lengthy epistle [addressed to Dr. Furnivall, and dated "30*th March*, 1851"] to the following effect:—

[1851.]

I have been reading with much respect and interest your letter to Furnivall, and comparing it with some of your published writings:—I am much grieved on one side that what I have written should so far offend you; and happy

that it should on the other, for I should be most thankful to be proved wrong in much of what I believe:—My faith is a dark one, yours, so far as I can understand it, a glorious and happy one. I said, in the beginning of what I wrote that I would not allow myself to be drawn into controversy: nor should I, unless in the *hope* of being convinced of error. If I thought your opposition to me futile, or if I did not wish to think with you, I should not have made any comment on your letter. But I covet that wide-world spirit of yours: and if you do not think you have spent too much time on me already, I would fain ask you to devote still an hour or two. For in your present letter you have been too indignant to reason. I like your indignation: but I must have something more out of you than indignation before I can come to be of your mind.

1. You find fault with me for not enough considering the etymological force of *ἐκκλησια*—truly I did not, nor have I ever done so enough: I have always thought the word was simply used as we should use the word "assembly," and that when the idea of calling was to be implied, it was separately expressed as in 1. Cor. i. 2: and I so far think so still; that is, I believe the word in St. Paul's time to have been one of such common use that it would never have expressed, *per se*, any idea of calling by God: nor do I think it was ever intended to do so. I may be very wrong in this, and will consider of it.

2. But while I do not enough attach the idea of "calling" to this word, do not think I ever lost sight of the calling itself. All that you say in your 3rd Clause I hold to the full: but it did not appear to me to bear in the least on the

matter in question. I do not—throughout the Pamphlet—speak of the methods of Conversion: I had nothing to do with them. All I had to examine was the practical method of associating and governing men pretending to be converted.

3. Answer to your 4th Clause.

This exclamation against "Isolated Texts" I always look upon with suspicion. For I believe the Bible to have been written for simple people, and that simple people *can* only look at isolated texts. I think that every necessary doctrine is to be proved by positive texts, and not by subtle reasonings, of which most poor Christians are quite incapable.

This *vulgar* practice I think therefore the right one, just because it *is* vulgar. And I have always found the Tractarians shrink in horror from these same "Isolated Texts."

4. Answer to your 5th Clause.

I give up my nomenclature at once if it displeases you. I used Visible and Invisible merely as convenient and generally recognised expressions for the Church in heaven and on earth—or rather for my first and second senses of the words. Had I not done so, I should have been obliged to write "Church in the first sense," "Church in the second sense," all through, which would have been inconvenient; but make this substitution, if you like it.

5. What follows, I do not in the least understand. I certainly never deduced invisibility from visibility. I mean very simply that I see a man behave decently and hear him talk like a Christian. He is to me visible and hearable, an ascertainable creature—so far. His membership with Christ

I cannot see. I call it therefore invisible. I never spoke of "men taken out of the condition of humanity." I said that I could not see their hearts, and that the Lord looketh upon the heart: I meant that the Lord knoweth them that are His—and that we don't. What is there "accursed" in this doctrine: or what is the doctrine which you suppose me to have meant, and which you call "accursed"? I have read this indignant passage three times over, and I do not in the smallest degree understand what you are attacking. You say "you are sure that those who yield to God's spirit only come to believe *that* which is *as true of every publican and harlot as it is of themselves.*"

That. What?

6. Answer to your sixth Clause.

Let me restate somewhat more clearly what I said, or meant to say, of Christ's Excommunication—and have patience with me.

I said that Christ always implied the inferiority of such: and I meant to say that He proved His infinite mercy and the all-atoning power of His death in the very fact of His being willing to associate with—ready to hear, and able to save—the most degraded of mankind. The whole power and beauty of His ministry depends upon the first admission, that those whom He came to save were indeed chief of sinners. I now repeat that Christ invariably implies this inferiority—

"What do ye more than others? Do not *even* the publicans, whom you think such dreadful sinners, so." "The publicans and harlots—believed on Him." "Go into the kingdom before *you*"—in which passages the whole force

depends upon their being considered as inferior. These—Christ says—lost and sinful though they were—yet believed. Again of the heathen: "It is not meet to take the children's bread, &c."

And finally and chiefly, the main text, "Let him be unto thee as an heathen man, &c."

Now, my dear Sir, you have called my representation of this text frightful and detestable: What is yours? It *has* a meaning, I suppose—isolated though it be:—and to give it a plain and practicable meaning is all I ask of you, and that you must do, before you have any right to be indignant with me.

But permit me once more to put my interpretation of it into clear form. I find Christ associate constantly in one breath—the heathen, publican, and harlot. Now there is a harlot's house within six doors of me. There was a ball there—four nights ago: and many other harlots met there on the occasion. I did not go myself: I would not have allowed my wife to go, if she had asked leave. I call that excommunication: and I prevailed upon a young man of my acquaintance who had intended to go to the meeting to join in my excommunication—and stay away also. Was there anything wrong in this?

But further: if I had my way, this person's name should be written up as excommunicate, at the church door up the street. Would this be very dreadful?

If, however, this same person were sick, or in sorrow, and happened to hear of me as able to assist her, and asked me to come and talk to her, I should go instantly—and eat with her—or do anything that I could for her, without the

least fear of, or care for, compromising my own character, and I would make my wife do the same.

In the same manner, I would not ask a pick-pocket to dine with me: unless for some special purpose—but if the pick-pocket were suffering or repentant, I would associate with him to any extent.

Is there anything detestable in all this?

Again—Lady Lincoln ran away from her husband last year: she is received into all the best English society of Italy together with her paramour. I don't think she is received as a Magdalene, but as an agreeable person. I think this is wrong: and would not receive her, until she parted from her paramour, and declared herself penitent. I don't think this unmerciful or horrible. I do but desire that some sense of the awfulness of presumptuous sin should be manifested by the Church: and behold, you fly in my face like a wild creature, and upset a whole scuttleful of ashes on my head—as if I had said that sinners were of different flesh and blood from the apparently righteous. I do not mean the separation to be expressed as a "stand aside—for I am holier," but as "I serve God—you do not. Do not therefore wear my livery."

7. Answer to your 7th Clause.

I have nothing to do with the contents of the Epistles, except as they bear on the question in hand:—and as to the character of those to whom they were written, I suppose the directions to be warrant for it: and that the writers knew whom they intended to address.

I could give you a longer answer, but have not time.

8. Answer to your 8th Clause.

Precisely because I believe conversion to *be* an act of God, and not of our own, I make light of Baptism. For Baptism I consider an act of man.

But this following page is the one which induced me to answer your letter at all—you speak of the redemption "not of us but of the whole world" in Christ. What *do* you—what *can* you—mean by this? It would be, I do not say the happiest day of my life, but the beginning of another life to me, if you could justify those words. I will not go further—the rest of your letter touches on minor points; but pray answer me this—or if you like better to write to Furnivall—and call me hard names to your better content when not addressing me directly—do so though I should not think it rude if you called me them to my face, any more than I think an Alpine stream rude when I throw a stone into it, and it splashes me. Only do not speak so as to make Furnivall excommunicate *me*. This "being defamed, we entreat." [1]

Mr. Maurice, having received Mr. Ruskin's rejoinder to his first letter, followed it with a second, dated "*April 4th*, 1851."

MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,

Your gentleness and forgiveness are indeed a very severe rebuke to my harsh rude language. I assure you I feel them so, and wish to feel, as well as confess my fault. I was betrayed into it partly by what you said against courtesies, partly by the consciousness of a real

[1] This extract from Mr. Ruskin's letter is reprinted from Dr. Furnivall's private volume of 1890, pp. 17—22.

respect for you which made me not afraid to speak, and partly by a certain pain that one from whom I had learned so much, and who seemed so much formed to cultivate all large and deep sympathies, should in this instance be an apologist, as I thought, for narrowness and exclusiveness. I need scarcely add that after I had written my criticisms I much preferred that you should see them just as they were; that I should never feel more at my ease in writing to Furnivall about your opinions than to yourself; and that I should much more fear your excommunication than dream of pronouncing one upon you.

One remark of yours which refers to myself I must correct before I pass on to more important matters. My objections to any limited view of God's love and of human redemption do not arise from a "world-wide" philosophy or theology. If they did, you might perhaps have escaped the bitterness of my remarks. I feel an intense personal interest in the subject, the same kind of interest which the sternest Calvinist has in making out his claim to be one of an elect few. My own confidence rests upon my belonging to the elect many. I can make out no case for myself except as being a man. Experience of infinite faithlessness and loneliness has driven me and drives me continually from every plea of individual exemption or privilege. If the Love of God failed in any case, I should believe that I had no standing ground. And this, not because I pretend to accuse myself of any special enormities past or present, but because I have an abiding habitual conviction that the internal evils which I find in myself (in myself apart

from God I find nothing else,) are the roots of all the external evils which I see in the world, and because I cannot doubt for a moment that they are more hateful, more directly at war with the divine nature, more directly akin to the devilish nature, than the extortions, adulteries, murders, which flow from them. The deeper one gets down into the world of internal consciousness, the nearer, surely, one gets to Hell ;—thanks be to God! the nearer also to Heaven.

1. My remark upon the word *ἐκκλησια* is connected in my own mind with some observations which I have made upon the New Testament language generally. I believe the controversy between Salmasius and his opponents (I have never read either) respecting the Greek of the Apostles might be settled by the decision that they were rigidly etymological, and therefore not classical; that they broke loose from all the market usages of words, and so arrived at that more latent radical sense of them which was unperceived by writers most studiously correct in the application of them. They may therefore, primarily in virtue of their Pentecostal gift, mediately in virtue of their Hebrew education, help us to a knowledge of the Greek language which we could not obtain without them, even from Sophocles or Plato. Be that as it may—and I only throw out the hint for your consideration—you must not forget how continually St. Paul uses the words *κλητοι* and *ἐκλετοι* in manifest connection with *ἐκκλησια*, and with the clearest recognition of them as cognate words. His business (as he believed) was to teach the Gentiles that they were fellow

heirs and of the same body with the Jews. Could he then, in becoming their doctor, forget his Jewish lore and adapt himself to a notion which was purely and technically Gentile? I do not say that *they* could throw this notion aside, or that it was desirable they should. If they felt that their assembling together was the symbol of a union as members of one body in Christ, it was much better that they should see how their higher spiritual wisdom interpreted what they had before, than that they should merely substitute one for the other. I think you will see presently how much this subject is connected with all our differences.

2. I admit the justice of your criticism respecting my phrase "isolated texts." No text is isolated; the very name should have taught me not to use such an adjective. But I cannot hold with you that a continuous history is less intelligible to poor and simple people than a particular sentence. Why do such people like biographies so much better than philological disquisitions? The study of texts is exceedingly valuable; but there is always something scholastic in it; the Bible read as a record of God's way to man is surely in the truest sense a popular book.

3. I am most anxious not to give up the words "visible" and "invisible" as applicable to the Church, but on the other hand not to assume that we understand their relation to it, and not to use them for the purpose of controlling the language of Scripture which might help us to apprehend that relation. I have not the least objection to what you say respecting the invisibility of our mem-

bership with Christ or our membership with the Devil or respecting the visibility of those acts which flow from membership with Christ or membership with the Devil. What I object to is, your speaking of a Visible Church as consisting of one set of men, and an Invisible Church as consisting of another set of men. I hold that all the devilish thoughts or acts of you and me and every man are indications that we have yielded to the devil, and that all right acts of you and me and every man are indications that Christ has been acting upon us and in us. I do not understand any middle term between good and evil, though I can perfectly understand the greatest mixture of good and evil in the same act and the same person. Still, good must come from an Invisible Will which is perfectly and absolutely good; and evil from some invisible will which is in revolt against that absolutely good Will. The doctrine which I called "Accursed," and which I said led to Pharisaism, is this, that certain qualities or tempers of mind, certain experiences, a certain amount of faith, entitle us to call ourselves members of the Invisible Church and to treat other persons as, presumably at least, only members of the Visible; whereas I feel it the first duty of my life to tell every baptised man that he forgets the Covenant of his God when he does not claim his place in the Invisible Church, and that the only possible right I have to assert my place in it, is one which is his as well as mine.

You ask me what it is which is as true of every publican and harlot as of the most holy man? In endeavouring to answer this question I come at once to

the point upon which you have begged information of me, and which I feel indeed to be more important than any other. I will base all I have to say about it—on one text—not I believe an "isolated" one.

St. Paul says in the Epistle to the Galatians i. 15, 16, "When it pleased God, who had sanctified (separated) me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the Gentiles (heathen); immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood:"

You will scarcely deny—(1) that this text refers to a *conversion*—(2) that it refers to *that* conversion which, however different in its outward accidents from others, is, in its inward essential characteristics, the type of all others —(3) that this text explains, *not* its outward accidents, but its inward essential characteristics. Let us look at it then in that point of view. Let us assume that St. Paul tells us here what his conversion meant, in what it consisted.

He describes it as "God revealing or unveiling His Son IN him." He had been an exclusive Jew, exulting in his privileges, believing all heathens to be exiles and outcasts from God. It is discovered to him, that in him —Paul the Hebrew of the Hebrews, who as touching the righteousness of the law was blameless—considered merely as Paul, there was no good thing. But it is discovered to him also by the same divine light, that Christ is in him, that all the gentle and loving thoughts that ever had been in him, all his desires of good, all his abhorrence of evil, all his wish to fly from it, had pro-

ceeded, not from himself, but from this unseen Lord, this divine source of Life who was near him. Near him when?—then, at the moment of conversion? No such thing. Near him always. "It pleased God then to *reveal* Him in me," to let me know that He was there, and so to clear up all my past life; to show me the interpretation of all its discords and all its harmonies. But why? "That I might preach Him among the Gentiles." How should that help you to preach Him among the Gentiles? Precisely upon this ground I conceive, and no other. He could say to every Gentile "I, the exclusive Jew, have been shown that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing. So it is with you. I the Jew have been taught that the Son of God is in me. SO IS IT WITH YOU."

Does this sound very startling, very horrible to you? Are you going to borrow all my furious language and tell me to sit in sackcloth and ashes for speaking so? Very good discipline for me I dare say; but hear, before you strike, another text—the Epistle to the Ephesians, especially the 4th chapter of it. See if he does not speak there (v. 18) of heathens "being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them." See if the whole passage does not imply that there was a good, a light, near them to which they had been shutting their eyes. See if he does not attribute this shutting of the eyes to their being given over to lasciviousness (v. 19). See therefore whether the opening of the eye in every one thus given to lasciviousness (that is, in every publican and harlot) must not import the discovery of that which

was as true of them as of every saint—namely, that Christ was in them, and that if they turned to Him, He would give them light to know Him.

The revelation or unveiling of Christ as the real ground of Humanity, as the Son of Man and the Son of God, in whom and for whom all things were created whether things in Heaven or things on earth, in whom all things consist, and in whom all things are to be gathered up, who is the first-born of every creature, the first-begotten from the dead, the Prince of all the kings of the earth—this I hold to be the subject of Scripture; this is what I see evolving itself from the first book of it to the last. The Gospel, as I understand it, is the good news to man of this Revelation. It declares that the Son of God has taken upon Him the nature of man; that He has proved Himself the deliverer of man from all the plagues which affect his body or his spirit, that He has perfectly redeemed and sanctified the soul and body of man, suffering in them, dying in them, raising them from the dead, ascending with them, even sitting with them, at the right hand of God. It declares that the Son of God has in His humanity perfectly manifested His Father, that He is one with Him, that whatsoever gentleness, grace, loving-kindness, sympathy, He showed forth towards any man or towards the race of men, were originally, essentially, in the Father of whose Person He is the perfect and express image, whom no man can know except in and through Him;—that He gave up His own will to His Father's, offering that full perfect sacrifice with which alone a perfectly loving Being could

be pleased or satisfied, thereby taking away the sin of the world, the great sin of Self-will, the distrust of God and disobedience to Him ; that upon the ground of this Sacrifice all Humanity and Human Society is constituted and regenerated, and that there can be no other bond of fellowship among men but this one ; that the Spirit of the Father and the Son, the Spirit in whom they are and ever have been one, is given to men that they may be one, that they may be a Society of redeemed creatures, sacrificed, consecrated, to God, that Baptism into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost is the divine witness and assurance that this is the true condition and order of the Universe ; that the whole baptised Church preaches and testifies to the world of it, and declares that any order but this is impossible and must come to nought ; that each baptised man is called upon to believe that he has a place in this order, and is a sign and preacher of it ; that he is God's child in Christ, with His Spirit to guide him, comfort him, reprove him, unite him to God, unite him to his fellow-men.

I have *stated* my faith, not argued for it ; but still I have expressed myself naturally, inevitably, in Scripture language, for I know no other. And I would ask you to try what I have said by as many "isolated" texts as ever you like ; not smothering any which seem most at variance with my conclusion ; but yet now and then asking yourself whether such as these "And not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." "Who gave Himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son

that whosoever believeth in Him" (by no means suppress this clause, but get what qualification you can out of it) "should not perish but have eternal (everlasting) life." Whether, I say, such as these do not perplex you in their obvious literal sense—whether you have not been obliged to resolve "world" into Jews and Gentiles, and whether when you have done so, you have at all escaped from the difficulty; whether, in fact, the great "mystery," so he calls it (Ephes. iii. 4.), of St. Paul's mission to the Gentiles was not, that he discovered a ground in Christ upon which the circumcised and uncircumcised could stand together because they were MEN.

4. And now you will see the ground, I do not say the justification, of my ferocity about the publicans and harlots. And you will see I think why I can most heartily sympathise with all your rules of conduct about your neighbours and Lady Lincoln, admiring especially your distinctions respecting sickness and suffering, and yet dissent altogether from your apparent interpretation of our Lord's acts, and from the doctrine of excommunication which you attempted in your pamphlet to deduce from them. I suspected that there *was* this essential hearty humanity lurking under your exclusiveness, and that made me stamp and swear the more fiercely at the wolf's clothing in which you had thought fit to hide the true fleece. I never said, or dreamed, that our Lord loved publicans *qua* extortioners, or harlots *qua* unchaste women; I should have thought that, blasphemy. But I said He loved publicans *qua* men, and harlots *qua* women; and that instead of excommunicating them,

He went straight to them, ate and drank with them, claimed them as men and women. I cannot use your language exactly and say that He waited till they were penitents. He says the contrary Himself, "I am not come to *call* the righteous but sinners to repentance"—the repentance was not necessarily there, nor was it the ground of His sympathy. He owned them as having the nature he took, as being His brothers and sisters; and on that ground, and in that way, He awakened their repentance. They *did* repent when they acknowledged Him as their Lord and Brother. But when the maxim and practise of the Pharisees and respectable Jews generally went to the direct excommunication of them as excluded from God's covenant and mercy, is it not a strange turning of things upside down to call those parts of our Lord's conduct which most offended them [the Pharisees], and outraged all their prejudices, an excommunication? And if I am taught by the Gospels to consider these acts as a direct assertion of communion with men as men, and so, as an exhibition of Himself in His character of the Son of Man and of the Son of God also revealing the mind of His Father, may I not storm a little when you seem to me wholly to pervert and reverse the nature and object of them? When I have by clear and significant acts declared the Christian Family to be a human and universal body, a society for human beings as such, I have not the least objection to post Mr. Hudson and Lady Lincoln on the Church-door as persons who have renounced their humanity and set up in the anti-human professions of Swindling and

Harlotry. But I must have the basis of fellowship made deep and broad before I can understand the rules upon which it is fitting to decree separation or excision from it. And I contend that the most useful excommunication or suspension will generally be in the case of people with a high character and somewhat solid pretensions to saintship. What would the act of Ambrose have been worth if it had been directed against Constantius or Valens? It would have been merely taking advantage of an opportunity to punish those whom he already regarded as heretics. His power used against Theodosius, the suppressor of Paganism and Arianism was sublimely exercised.

And now for the texts—"What do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans the same?" To be sure. Publicans *qua* men farming the revenue and trying to make the most of it, love those that love them; give feasts in hope of getting back feasts; help those who assist them in making gains by fair means or foul. "But I say unto you, love your enemies"—love men, human beings as such, publicans, pharisees, and all; and so let your righteousness exceed that of Pharisees as well as publicans. "The publicans and harlots shall go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you." If you can make anything of that, you are welcome to it. But the great stumbling-block is "Let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." And this occurs in the Gospel of Matthew the publican! Suppose he had taken our Lord to say, "Deal with the sinful brother as I deal with the class of publicans"—what must he have

thought? "Why there can be no excommunication at all! For he has called me a publican to the highest office in His Kingdom"—of course he took him to mean, "Exclude the guilty brother from your society as the well-behaved Jews who are constantly denouncing me for keeping company with publicans exclude them."

5. I quite understand that Baptism would seem to you a human act, and Conversion a divine one. I have therefore spent much of this letter in the endeavour to show that Conversion according to St. Paul's apprehension and experience of it is the discovery to an individual of a truth belonging to him as one of a kind or race, a truth involving the abnegation of his selfish, exclusive, Adam nature. Baptism I hold to be the fullest divine embodiment of that truth for each individual taken into a Society, recognised as belonging to a kind. It expresses the true state of every man; that which Christ has claimed for him, that which he disclaims for himself when he becomes false and ungodly. Baptism contains and explains the law of Conversion; declaring the Author, the Nature, and the Instrument of it.

I will only conclude with an expression of my hearty and deep respect and regard, which your treatment of me has made far more grateful and personal.

Very truly yours,

F. D. MAURICE.

P.S. If you should have any difficulty in making out this M.S. I will gladly have it copied for you. I preferred that it should go to you in my own handwriting, bad as it is.

Mr. Ruskin's reply (in two parts, the earlier dated "*Matlock, Easter Sunday*," [1851]) was as follows:—

"I cannot enough thank you for your kind letter. I have not answered it hitherto, having been in a stranger's house—my mind much taken up with other matters. I wished to think over your letter carefully, that I might, if possible, save you further labour in answering or refuting me. But, interesting as your reply is, it is not a solution of the question which troubles me; there is much in it which I hope to talk over with you some day, having no time to write about it. The main points in which, as an answer to my askings, it seems insufficient to me, I can state quickly. I asked for a practical explanation of Christ's meaning in the 'Let him be unto thee,' &c. It appears to be connected with the Sermon on the Mount—it seems to me as much a practical and simple order as any therein. I ask you merely how I am to put it in practice?

"You evade the question: you say, what must Matthew the Publican have thought, who had been called to one of the highest offices of the Church?

"What Matthew's thoughts were is by no means to the point. I want our Lord's *meaning*. Are you prepared to substitute this which you say Matthew must have supposed to have been his meaning in the text itself—and read it thus?

"'If thy brother—&c.—go and tell him his fault, &c. If he will not hear thee—&c.—[take two or three others]. And if he will not hear, then tell it unto the Church. But if he will not hear the Church—*call him to one of the highest offices of the Church*.'

"If you are not prepared to read the text thus, Matthew's thoughts are not to the purpose; and you have given no interpretation of the text.

"Now that text should *have* an interpretation. At present it lies dormant in the Bible—not a soul quotes it—thinks of it—far less acts upon it. Everybody quotes 'Judge not that ye be not Judged.' It is a pleasant text that, for most people:—being a pious expression for—'Let *me* alone, and I'll let *you*.' But the counter-text might as well not have been written for any use we make of it.

"But the main point I would press you upon is your inclusiveness. You ask me what I make of those texts, 'Gave Himself a ransom for *all*,' &c.

"Those texts are, it seems to me, as simple as they are necessary.

"If you had bought a ship-load of slaves, and offered them their freedom, I suppose you would do it in these terms—'I have paid for you *all*; you are all free to come with me, or stay where you are, as you choose.'

"How Christ could otherwise express Himself than thus, I see not; He has purchased us *all*. But why, for this reason, you should put in the same category those who accept this offer—who hold out their arms to Him to have their fetters struck off and then wash His feet with tears—and those who shrunk out of his way into the hold of the ship, and with blasphemies and defiances, declare they will stay by their old owner—I see not either.

"DENMARK HILL, 25*th April* [1851].

"I kept the letter by me for some days more—hoping to be able to follow out your argument more closely. But it now seems to me useless: for you miss the plain, simple, and straightforward statements of Scripture to reason abstractedly into far distance from such obscure ones as the 'to reveal his Son in me.'

"You, as a minister, are called upon to read some portions of the Psalms every Sunday, and to wait for the congregation's taking up every alternate verse. I always supposed that the language of the Psalms was therefore intended to be personally adopted by both minister and people;—but you cannot adopt five verses together, I suppose, from one end of the book to the other, without calling yourself a separate person in some way or other; and declaring, if not invoking, God's wrath against persons not in such separate state. The distinction between the righteous and wicked is the end, in express words, of both the Old and New Testaments—it echoes in terrific decision and inevitable plainness through every verse of them both: as plainly as the voice of mercy which calls to the one class to become as the other—and as surely as I believe the Bible, I must believe it in a man's power to know to which class he belongs—and often to know to which class others belong also.

"And all this plain and positive Scriptural assertion you calmly ignore—to pursue a speculative ratiocination on the 'Reveal his Son in Me.'

"In the same manner you pass over, utterly without ex-

planation, the plain texts on which I based my positions. 'With such an one not to eat' is thorough, short, unmistakable, English, and so are the other texts I alleged. All I ask is practical instruction how to obey those texts. I do not care to call the obedience excommunication, it is an ugly word; but I want to have the texts understood and practised and you have not told me how you practise them. The fact is, I always longed to meet with any one who could explain in a merciful way the Scriptural language of condemnation. I did conceive some hope from those very texts you quote, that there might be some ray of hope for all mankind, that, as you express it, one might be saved 'only as a man.' Therefore I wrote in answer to your first letter. But the thought I have been induced by this correspondence to give to this special subject ends in a more fixed conviction that, if indeed all men are to be saved, the Bible is the falsest Book ever written by human hand.

"I rose just now from my writing-table—feeling so wonderstruck at the doctrine of your letter that I hardly knew how to speak of it more. I went mechanically to my Bible and it opened—where think you? At the Twenty-sixth Psalm.[1]

"But I will write no more—your most humble and tender feeling cannot make you less useful—and God forbid I should argue against it: and may He also give me strength to make the choice betwixt this love and His

[1] 4. I have not dwelt with vain persons: neither will I have fellowship with the deceitful.

5. I have hated the congregation of the wicked: and will not sit among the ungodly, &c., &c.

anger, which I believe offered to us all in the Strait of Life." [1]

Finally Maurice closed the correspondence with the following comparatively short letter, having made upon Mr. Ruskin's mind an impression almost the reverse of that which he had intended to convey.

April 28th [1851].

DEAR MR. RUSKIN,

I quite agree with you that we shall do each other little good by carrying on a controversy in which, I, at least, have utterly failed in making myself understood, nay, have succeeded to admiration in making myself misunderstood. I did not intend to try my hand upon you. You wrote a book which undermined, it seemed to me, the Gospel which I am sent into the world to preach. Your arguments were not as you strangely affirmed, uncongenial to the taste of the times, but specially in accordance with it. The most popular party of the day, the one that can and does trample upon all others has adopted them as its own and forgiven you the offences of your other books for the sake of your "Sheepfolds." I believed that the thought and knowledge you had displayed in those books would procure a respect for this to which the thought and knowledge displayed in it, nowise entitled it. Being therefore requested by a friend to tell him what I felt about it, I did tell him plainly, as I may be obliged to tell the public some day. It was merely by accident and

[1] The above is also reprinted from Dr. Furnivall's private volume, pp. 23-26.

at your request that my subsequent letter was addressed to you. I do not write now with the least dream or purpose of conviction, but only of explanation.

I must have been most ingeniously awkward in my attempts to express my opinion respecting the text "Let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican," seeing that I have conveyed an impression to your mind as nearly as possible the reverse of that which I meant to convey. I did not wish to evade the force of our Lord's words in the least. I looked upon them as laying down a rule for excommunication which was applicable to all times. I took it for granted that they had that meaning and could have no other. And *therefore* I said that your interpretation of the text must be wrong—our Lord must have meant, when he said "Let the person who refuses to hear the Church be treated as *you* treat heathen men and publicans, not as *I* treat them,"—for if He had said otherwise He would have encouraged intercourse with them instead of prohibiting it as he obviously designed to do. I was not denouncing our Lord's doctrine of excommunication, I was denouncing yours. *He* says "If your *brother* trespass against you, tell him his fault alone, then take with you two or three men; then if he neglect them, tell it to the Church, then if he refuse the Church, give up all intercourse with him." Beautiful and divine method! for which you and this age substitute the method of not acknowledging men as brothers at all, of refusing intercourse with them *without* telling them their fault or going to the Church, on the assumption that they are publicans and sinners and therefore have no part or lot in the matter.

I own that in your treatment of my language I miss all the carefulness I have admired in your observation of nature; perhaps it may have deserted you also in your study of much higher and more sacred language.

But that is a trifle; it is not a trifle whether you are right or awfully wrong in your view about the words "Judge not." There are no words in all Scripture which I believe strike so directly at a sin to which this age is prone, to which you and I are prone, as those. Let me speak plainly: they are almost the last words I may speak to you. This you will find out, as I have, some day. You will find that you are deceiving yourself in thinking that that command and those with which it is so closely associated about the mote and the beam, are easy to observe. They are most difficult. I tremble at the way in which you speak of them. No, Sir,—when I tell you as I do that you are in special danger of trifling with this awful precept, delivered in such a specially awful manner, and that I am in danger of it, I do not strike a wretched bargain with you that you shall overlook my sins and I will overlook yours. I mean that you cannot give me the help I want from you in detecting mine, because you are looking more after them than your own. I mean that God wants you to see your evil tendencies and me to see mine, and this in order that we may effectually help each other, and that I prefer to denounce your infirmities and you prefer to denounce mine. I will not, however, submit to that stigma. Since you force me to it, I will tell you that the tendency to judge others seems to me a temptation peculiarly incident to any unusual gift of the critical faculty. I believe that you

possess that gift in a very remarkable degree. If you are not on the watch against it, against the counterfeit which always offers itself to those who have the reality—if you persuade yourself that you have not need to avoid this evil, but one of a quite different kind, you will discover and we shall discover too late that the powers which God has lent you for His service may be made instruments for the Devil's service.

One word about my preferring a mystical passage in St. Paul to plain passages bearing on our own life. The subject upon which I wished especially to speak was that of Conversion. I will tell you why. I have met, I am meeting continually, with persons who I am sure have experienced a most real change in their feelings and characters. From being worldly men they have become religious men. The maxim of their lives has been changed. They cannot be persuaded (thank God!) that they have been deluded, that they have not been subjects of a divine operation. But having passed through that experience, they became satisfied. They never asked themselves "What was it that my conversion signified? What was the light which shone round about me? What was the darkness out of which I was brought?" They were content to dwell on the fact of Conversion; and then it became necessary to *protect* this fact; and to make out why and how they were different from other men; to fence the tables; to find out signs and tokens which certified that others were not partakers of their benefits. I believe these processes of thought lead to infinite tricks and impostures; that the harsh judgment of

others is connected with a dangerously lenient judgment of themselves. In time they find this out. The fences are seen to be insecure. "We cannot make out that we are really different from the world." What follows? That depends very much on circumstances. It may be Rationalism; it may be Romanism; it is generally one or the other or a halting between the two, a mixture of both with certain elements of dogmatic Anglicanism or dogmatic Evangelicalism which I believe is worse than either. These are the perils of our time! these are threatening not the evil but the good! not the unconverted but those who felt, and rightly felt, that they had undergone a moral change, though they are brought into sad doubt of the fact because it has ceased to bring forth any real fruits.

Knowing these dangers not to be imaginary but most real, I have found it most needful for myself, I hold it most needful for every one, to ask himself, what is involved in this Conversion, what there is in it besides a mere influence on our consciousness, what the eye is to see when it is opened? For this purpose I went to St. Paul. For this purpose, let me say it frankly, you must go to him. I do not want you to find my conclusions in him, but I do want you not to carry your own with you and impart them to him. It is more necessary that you should understand what is going on in yourself—call it mystical, or what you please—than that you should know how to deal with heathen men and publicans: you will not deal honestly with them unless you deal honestly with yourself.

I have only to add that I do read the Book of Psalms,

as you say I must do, day by day; that I find in it every day fresh treasures; that I love its denunciations and cries against enemies more than any part of it; that I should throw my Bible into the fire, if it merely taught me about the mercy of God, without teaching me about the perpetual war which He is carrying on in the world and in you and in me against everything that is unmerciful and unrighteous.

Very truly yours,

F. D. MAURICE.

The following letter addressed by Mr. Ruskin to Dr. Furnivall on *March 17th*, 1851, may well be added here.

MY DEAR FURNIVALL,

Many thanks for *your* notes on *mine*. To answer them fully would take much more time than I have this morning: almost another pamphlet; but to their main purport I answer briefly.

(1.) I allow the Church (ii.) p. 2, to include tares, because with all the scrutiny that human eyes can give it, *it always must*. (Remember St. Bruno's conversion.) But that is no reason for not turning out people who are *plainly not* of it: all who look like sheep will not be sheep, but at least turn out all who do not wear sheep's *clothing*.

(2) and (3). The Epistles written to the invisible Church therefore necessarily address with it multitudes not for the time living up to their profession. This might be in ignorance—and all the passages you quote addressed to persons living in crime presume this ignorance, and are the rebuking of the fault previous to excommunication. Other-

wise the *Church is always* used in my sense of it—as including only persons living up to their profession.

(4.) You may see that I quote Thess. iii., 15, as the first degree of excommunication, not the second.

(5.) I said in all *Christian* states, *i.e.*, in Christen*dom*. If you let the *dom* be unchristian, it is Unchristiandom. Whenever the State calls itself Christian, its government should be pre-eminently Christian, therefore pre-eminently part of the Church; and the State or Whole people, is either a majority Christian, or a majority Pagan. If the majority and Government are Pagan, of course the state is not the Church.

The rest of your note refers to the endless question of authority of Scripture, into which it is vain to enter. I say only this—If the Bible does not speak plain English enough to define the articles of saving faith, burn it, and write another—but don't talk of *interpreting* it. I will keep your note to talk it over with you.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S. (½ sheet).

I ended my note in some indignation, because really a man of your intelligence ought to be above repeating the stale, and a thousand times over stale, equivocation between Authority and Belief. Is it possible you don't see the difference between having *authority* to *pro*nounce an unwritten Truth, and to *an*nounce your belief of a written one?

I lay my hand on the Bible, and say "I believe I read this here." You say *you don't*. I say: 'Then it seems to

me you either lie or are judicially struck blind, and I will have no company with you. The retort is of course the same. Both parties call, and *should* call, each other heretics, and God will see which is right at the last day.[1]

The whole story of the *Sheepfolds* correspondence is thus wound up by Dr. Furnivall:—

"After a while Ruskin cald on Maurice, and had a talk, but their minds were cast in different moulds, and of course they could not coincide. To the agnostic the whole affair was much ado about nothing. But when, after the failure of all our Co-operative Associations, we started the Working Men's College in 1854, I askt Ruskin to help us, he agreed at once to organise the Art Classes, and with what good results, let George Allen, William Ward, the friends of the dead Bunney, and many another good worker, bear witness. Ruskin also helpt us greatly at our start, for, feeling that the working-men we wanted to reach, didn't like parsons, and knew little or nothing of Maurice—who had written nothing to 'fetch' them—I got Ruskin to let me reprint from the *Stones of Venice* his chapter 'On the Nature of Gothic Architecture'—'and herein of the functions of the workman in Art,' and we put a copy of this sympathetic and noble writing on working men into the hands of every one of the folk—some 600—who attended our opening meeting in Hullah's Hall at the corner of Endell Street and Long Acre. Many of our men afterwards told me how toucht they had been by Ruskin's eloquent appreciation of their class."

[1] This letter is reprinted from pp. 29–30 of Dr. Furnivall's private book.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

THE ADVENTURES OF ERNEST ALEMBERT.

A FAIRY TALE.

THE

ADVENTURES OF ERNEST ALEMBERT.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

READERS of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, first issued in 1857, and of Mr. Clement K. Shorter's recently published *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, cannot fail to have followed with lively interest the account given by both writers of the early literary endeavours made by each of the Brontë children, and of the considerable quantity of matter produced by them during the ten years commencing with 1829, and ending only in 1839, when Charlotte left her home to take up her duties as governess in the family at Stonegappe.

Mrs. Gaskell, it is true, treats solely of the compositions of 1829–30, and prints a list (from Charlotte's own "Catalogue") of the latter's books completed up to August 3rd, 1830. Mr. Shorter proceeds much further. Having had access to many manuscripts—some of them in his own possession—of whose existence Mrs. Gaskell was unaware,

and having, moreover, expended upon the papers an amount of attention far in excess of the brief glance Mrs. Gaskell bestowed upon them, he was enabled to extend his list to the year 1839, and to include in it no fewer than thirty-three titles as compared with the eighteen which figure in Mrs. Gaskell's "Catalogue."

As Mrs. Gaskell makes mention of no manuscript of a later date than 1830, it is highly probable that those cited by Mr. Shorter as having been written subsequent to that year were quite unknown to Charlotte Brontë's earlier biographer. Upon checking Mrs. Gaskell's comments with the actual holographs, her statements are found to be woefully inexact, and one is led to opine that her acquaintance with the manuscripts was a slight one; that she contented herself with turning over the papers in a rapid and cursory fashion, and copying, as sufficient for her purpose, Charlotte's little "Catalogue."

In one point Mrs. Gaskell fell into serious error. In the closing paragraph upon page 86 of the first volume of her *Life*, she remarks:

"*As each volume contains from sixty to a hundred pages, and the size of the page lithographed is rather less than the average, the amount of the whole seems very great, if we remember that it was all written in about fifteen months.*"

No single one of these manuscripts extends even to *sixty* pages—Mrs. Gaskell's minimum; the bulk of them average from *twelve* to *sixteen* pages each, only two or three having an additional number of leaves.

One of the books which occurs both in Mr. Shorter's list and in Mrs. Gaskell's "Catalogue" is a story entitled *The*

Adventures of Ernest Alembert. It is a fairy tale, produced by Charlotte in the spring of 1830, and is thoroughly characteristic of the style of workmanship to which she had attained whilst yet in her fifteenth year. The story is full of imagination of a wildly luxuriant—though somewhat extravagant—kind, and shows how very far the creative faculty in the brain of the young authoress leaped in advance of her power of literary expression. Truly, the hardest task Charlotte Brontë set herself to master whilst acquiring a knowledge of the technique of her craft, must have been a rigid restraint in the use of superlatives, and in the too free indulgence in those florid descriptions which overflow the pages of these early romances.

The manuscript of *The Adventures of Ernest Alembert* is an octavo pamphlet of sixteen pages, measuring $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It is written in a free running hand, far more readily deciphered than the minute characters employed in the majority of these early books.[1] Unlike most of these it has no title-page, but in its stead a large portion of the final page is occupied by an inscription, after the manner of a colophon, of which a facsimile is given herewith.

In addition the manuscript is signed at the end, "*C. Brontë, May the* 25, 1830."

The leaves are stitched in a wrapper of coarse brown paper, with the following inscription in Charlotte's hand upon the front: "*The Adventures of Ernest Alembert. A Tale by C. Brontë. May* 25, 1830." Since the death of its

[1] A first-rate example of Charlotte's microscopic handwriting—the first page of *The Secret*—is given by Mrs. Gaskell.

writer the manuscript has been preserved by the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, Charlotte's husband, and it is his courtesy, combined with the friendly intervention of Mr. Clement Shorter, that has enabled the Editors to include the story in the present work.

the Adventures of Ernest
Alembert A Tale
By Charlotte Brontë
May the 25
1830.

Chapter the 1

Many years ago there lived in a certain country a youth
named Ernest Alembert. He came of an ancient & noble
race; but one of his ancestors having been beheaded in
consequence of a suspicion of high treason, the family since
that time had gradually decayed until at length the
only remaining branch of it was this young man of whom
I write. His abode was a small cottage situated in the
midst of a little garden & overshadowed by the majestic ruin
of his ancestral castle. The porch of his hut adorned by the
twisting clematis & jessamine fronted the rising sun & here
in the cool summer mornings he would often sit and watch
its broad orb slowly appearing above the blue distant mountains
The eminence on which his cottage was built formed one
side of a narrow valley watered by a stream whose hoarse
voice was softened into a gentle murmur ere it reached
the summit of the hill. The opposing rocks which guarded
the vale on the other side, where covered by a wood of young
ash and sycamore trees whose branching foliage clothing
them in a robe of living green, hid their rugged aspect
save where some huge fragment all grey and moss grown
jutted far over the valley affording a fine contrast to the bright
& luxuriant branch which perhaps rested on the projections &
imparting an appearance of picturesque wildness & variety
to the scene. The valley itself was sprinkled with tall
shady elms & poplars that sheltered the soft verdant turf
ornamented by cowslips violets daisies golden cups & a thousand
other sweet flowers, which shed abroad their perfumes when
the morning and evening summer dews or the rains of
spring descend softly & silently on the earth. On the borders
of the stream a few weeping willows stood dipping their long
branches into the water where their graceful forms were
clearly reflected. Through an opening in the vale this noisy river
was observed gradually expanding & smoothing until at last
it became a wide lake in calm weather a glassy un-
ruffled mirror for all the clouds & stars of heaven to view
themselves as they sailed through the spangled or dappled
firmament. Beyond this lake arose high hills, at noonday
almost undistinguishable from the blue sky, but at sunset
glowing in the richest purple, like a sapphire barrier to
the dim horizon. One evening In autumn as
Ernest sat by his blazing fire, and listened to the
wind which moaned round his dwelling shaking the little
casement till the leaves of the wild vine which curled its
fell rustling to the earth: He heard suddenly the latchet
of his door raised & a man clothed in a dark mantle
with long hair & beard of raven blackness entered. At
sight of this singular figure he started up & the man
immediately accosted him as follows. "My name is B—

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S ADVENTURES OF ERNEST ALEMBERT.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

THE ADVENTURES OF ERNEST ALEMBERT.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago there lived in a certain country a youth named Ernest Alembert. He came of an ancient and noble race; but one of his ancestors having been beheaded in consequence of a suspicion of high treason, the family since that time had gradually decayed, until at length the only remaining branch of it was this young man of whom I write.

His abode was a small cottage situated in the midst of a little garden, and overshadowed by the majestic ruins of his ancestral castle. The porch of his hut, adorned by the twisting clematis and jessamine, fronted the rising sun, and here in the cool summer mornings he would often sit and watch its broad orb slowly appearing above the blue distant mountains. The eminence on which his cottage was built formed one side of a wide valley, watered by a stream whose hoarse voice was softened into a gentle murmur ere it reached the summit of the hill. The opposing rocks which guarded the vale on the other side were covered by a wood of young ash and sycamore trees, whose branching

foliage, clothing them in a robe of living green, hid their rugged aspect, save where some huge fragment, all grey and moss-grown, jutted far over the valley, affording a fine contrast to the leafy luxuriant branch which perhaps rested on the projection, and imparting an appearance of picturesque wildness and variety to the scene. The valley itself was sprinkled with tall shady elms and poplars, that sheltered the soft verdant turf ornamented by cowslips, violets, daisies, golden cups, and a thousand other sweet flowers, which shed abroad their perfumes when the morning and evening summer dews, or the rains of spring, descend softly and silently on the earth. On the borders of the stream a few weeping willows stood dipping their long branches into the water, where their graceful forms were clearly reflected. Through an opening in the vale this noisy river was observed gradually expanding and smoothing until at last it became a wide lake, in calm weather a glassy unruffled mirror for all the clouds and stars of heaven to behold themselves in as they sailed through the spangled or dappled firmament. Beyond this lake arose high hills, at noonday almost indistinguishable from the blue sky, but at sunset glowing in the richest purple, like a sapphire barrier to the dim horizon.

One evening in autumn as Ernest sat by his blazing fire, and listened to the wind which roared past his dwelling, shaking the little casement till the leaves of the wild vine which curled around it fell rustling to the earth, he heard suddenly the latchet of his door raised. A man clothed in a dark mantle, with long hair, and a beard of raven blackness, entered. At sight of this singular figure he

started up, and the stranger immediately accosted him as follows:

"My name is Rufus Werner. I come from a great distance, and having been overtaken by darkness in the valley I looked about for some roof where I might pass the night. At length I espied a light streaming through this window. I made the best of my way to it, and I now request shelter from you."

Ernest, after gazing a moment at him, complied with his demand. He closed the door, and they both seated themselves by the fire. They sat thus for some time without interchanging a word, the stranger with his eyes intently fixed on the ascending flame, apparently quite inattentive to any other object; and Ernest as intently viewing him, and revolving in his mind who he might be—the cause of his strange attire—his long beard—his unbroken taciturnity—not unmixed with a feeling of awe allied to fear at the presence of a being of whose nature he was totally ignorant, and who, for aught he knew, might be the harbinger of no good to his humble dwelling. Dim, dreamlike reminiscences passed slowly across his mind concerning tales of spirits who, in various shapes, had appeared to men shortly before their deaths, as if to prepare them for the ghostly society with which they would soon have to mingle.

At length, to relieve himself of these almost unsupportable thoughts, he ventured to accost his mysterious guest by inquiring whence he came.

"From a rich and fruitful land," replied the stranger, "where the trees bear without ceasing, the earth casts up flowers which sparkle like jewels, the sun shines for ever,

and the moon and stars are not quenched even at noonday. Where the rocks lose themselves in the skies, and the tops of the mountains are invisible by reason of the firmament which rests upon them."

This answer, uttered in a hollow and hoarse voice, convinced Ernest of the truth of his surmises; but a charm seemed to have been cast upon him which prevented him from being overcome by terror, and he replied as follows:

"If what you say is true, I should like exceedingly to follow you into your country instead of remaining here, where I am often chilled by frost and icy winds, and saddened by the absence of the cheering warmth of the sun."

"If thou wilt go, thou mayst," replied the stranger; and Ernest, under the influence of a secret fascination, consented.

"To-morrow, by daybreak, we will set out," said his guest; and then, as the night was far advanced, they both retired to their straw couches, after partaking of a simple supper which Ernest had hastily provided.

CHAPTER II.

THE rising dawn found Ernest and his unknown guide wending their way down the long valley. It was a chill, gloomy October morning. The sky was obscured by grey clouds, and the cold wind which whistled among the yellow withered leaves of the wood that covered the rocks blew occasionally some mizzling drops of rain into the faces of the two travellers. The distant prospect of the lake and mountains was hidden by a veil of mist, and when the sun rose above them, his presence was only revealed by a whitish light gleaming through the thin watery atmosphere. The only sounds which fell on the ear were the howling of the blast in the caverned sides of the valley, and the melancholy murmuring of the stream as its waves beat against the rugged stones which obstructed its passage.

They proceeded along in a straight course till they came to the borders of the lake, where the guide stopped, saying, "We must now cross this water." Ernest gazed at him a moment, and then said:

"How can we? we have no boat, and I lack the power to swim for so long a time as it would require to cross this lake."

No sooner had he uttered these words than a light gale arose which ruffled and agitated the quiet surface of the lake. Presently a tiny skiff appeared gliding over the waves, and in a few minutes reached the bank whereon they stood. The stranger quickly sprang into the bark, and Ernest, though filled with terror at the conviction that he was now in the hands of a supernatural being, felt himself compelled by a strong impulse to follow whither he was led. No sooner were they seated than a large white sail unfurled seemingly of its own accord, and in a few moments they found themselves nearing the opposite shore, so lightly and swiftly this fairy vessel had borne them over the lake.

No sooner had they touched the bank with their feet than a huge billow like a mountain swept over the water. Immediately the swelling waves subsided, the rising foam vanished, and a great calm fell on the bosom of the lake. At the same moment Ernest felt his fear pass away, and it was succeeded by a feeling of courage against danger, mingled with a certain curiosity to see what was to come. After they had travelled a great distance they came to a wide moor that stretched to the verge of the horizon. This was perfectly level, save at one spot where tall black rocks were seen raising their heads towards the sky. About evening they reached these rocks, when they stopped and sat down to rest themselves. The scene was now grand and awful in the extreme. Around lay the dark desert heath, unenlivened by a single streak of verdure; its beautiful pink flowers were withered, and their fragrance had vanished. The mellow hum of the bee was no longer heard about them, for he had gathered his honey and was

gone. Above rose the tremendous precipices whose vast shadows blackened all that portion of the moor, and deepened the frown upon the unpropitious face of nature. At intervals from the summit of the rocks shrill screams, uttered by some bird of prey which had built its nest upon them, swept through the arch of heaven in which wild clouds were careering to and fro as if torn by a horrible tempest. The sun had long since sunk to rest, and the full moon, like a broad shield dyed with blood, now ascended the stormy sky. A mournful halo surrounded her, and through that warning veil she looked from her place in the firmament, her glorious light dimmed and obscured, till the earth only knew by a faint ruddy tint that her white-robed handmaiden beheld her. All the attendant train of stars shone solemnly among the clouds, and by their abated splendour acknowledged the presence of their peerless queen.

After having viewed this scene some time the stranger rose, and beckoned Ernest to follow him. This he did, until they came to a particular part of the rocks where was seen a profound cavern. This the stranger entered, and Ernest felt himself impelled to enter too. The track seemed to incline downwards, and as they went deeper and deeper they soon lost sight of the upper world, and not a ray of light appeared to illumine the thick darkness around them. At length a faint grey dawn became visible, and at the same instant a warm and gentle breeze stole past them which softened the cold raw air of the cave. Anon they began to behold branches of trees waving above them, and saw that they trod upon a smooth and velvety turf. In

a short time, by the aid of the increasing light, they perceived that they were in a deep gloomy forest, which, as they advanced, gradually thinned into a pleasant shady wood, becoming more beautiful as they passed on, until at last it assumed the appearance of a delightful grove. From this they soon emerged into an open and graceful country. A wide plain was stretched before them, covered with the most enchanting verdure. Graceful trees sprang out of the earth bearing delicious fruits of a perfect transparency; others rose to a great height, casting down their branches laden with white blossoms, and dark flourishing leaves. Crystal fountains, that fell with a murmuring noise, were seen glittering through bowers of roses and tall lilies. The melody of a thousand birds was heard from groves of myrtle and laurel which bordered a river whose waters glided through the plain. Arching rocks of diamond and amethyst, up which plants of immortal verdure crept, sparkled in the light and lent variety to the lovely prospect. The plain was bounded by hills, some of which rose majestically to the heavens, covered with vines and pomegranates, while others only gently swelled upon the sight, and then sank into calm and peaceful valleys. Over all this scene hung an atmosphere of crystal clearness. Not one fleecy cloud sullied the radiant sky; not one wreath of mist floated over the brows of the distant mountains. The whole land lay in stainless purity, arrayed in a robe of spiritual and unearthly light.

When Ernest emerged from the wood, this view, bursting at once upon his eyes, completely overpowered him. For a long time he stood speechless, gazing intently upon it.

His mind seemed to be elevated and enlarged by the resplendency of the vision. All his senses were delighted; his hearing by the combination of sweet sounds which poured upon it, his sight by the harmonious blending of every colour and scene; and his smell by the fragrant perfume of each flower which bloomed in these everlasting fields. At length, in ecstatic admiration, he hastened to thank his conductor for bringing him thither, but when he turned the stranger had gone. The forest through which he came had vanished also, and in its stead was a vast ocean whose extent seemed altogether boundless. Ernest, now more than ever filled with astonishment, remained for a while alternating between fear and wonder; then, rousing himself, he uttered the name of his guide aloud. But his voice was only answered by a faint echo. After this he walked a considerable distance into the country without meeting with one visible being either human or supernatural. In a few hours he had traversed the plain, and reached the acclivities which bordered it, and then entered a wide mountainous land totally different from that which he had left. He wandered among the rocks heedless whither he went until twilight fell, when he longed to return, but was entirely unable to detect the way. No signs appeared of the plain he had quitted, save that on the southern horizon a beautiful light lingered long after sunset, and occasionally, as the wind rose, faint melodious sounds were heard floating fitfully by.

After a while, when the night had closed in, Ernest came to the brow of a lofty precipice. Overcome with fatigue he cast himself upon the ground and began to gaze

into the profound depth beneath him. As he lay a death-like stillness fell upon the earth. No voice was heard in that gloomy region, the air was untracked by any wing. No footstep crushed the desolate sands. Echo whispered not in the caverned rocks, and even the winds seemed to have held their breath. At length he perceived in the tremendous gulf a thick vapour slowly rising. It gradually expanded, until the chasm was filled with a dense cloud swaying to and fro as if moved by an invisible power. Then he heard a dull hollow noise like water roaring in subterraneous caves. By degrees the cloud rose and enlarged, sweeping round him till all things vanished from his sight, and he found himself encircled by its curling mist. Then he heard music, subdued and harmonious, resembling the soft breathings of flutes and dulcimers. This was suddenly broken by a flood of warlike melody rolling from golden trumpets and great harps of silver, which now suddenly gleamed upon him as the curtain of clouds rent and the whole scene was revealed. A pavement of sapphire sparkled, from which flashes of radiant purple light proceeded, mingling with the glory of an emerald dome that proudly arched a palace whose pillars were the purest diamond. Vases of agate and porphyry sent up wreaths of refined incense formed of the united fragrance of a thousand flowers. Beings of immortal beauty and splendour stood in shining ranks around a throne of ruby guarded by golden lions, and sounds so sweet and enchanting swelled on his ear, that Ernest, overwhelmed with the too powerful magnificence, sank senseless on the bright pavement. When he recovered from his swoon he found

himself no longer surrounded by the gorgeous splendour of the fairy palace, but reposing in a wood whose branches were just moved by a fresh moaning wind. The first sunbeams penetrating the green umbrage lighted up the dewdrops which glistened on tender blades of grass, or trembled in the cups of the wild flowers which bordered a little woodland well. When Ernest opened his eyes he beheld standing close to him a man whom he presently recognised to be his guide. He started up, and the stranger addressed him as follows:

"I am a fairy. You have been, and still are, in the land of fairies. Some wonders you have seen; many more you shall see if you choose to follow me still."

Ernest consented. The fairy immediately stepped into the well, and he felt compelled to do the same. They sank gradually downwards. By degrees the water changed into mists and vapours; the forms of clouds were dimly seen floating around. These increased until at length they were wholly enveloped in their folds. In a short time they seemed to land, and Ernest felt his feet resting on a solid substance. Suddenly the clouds were dissipated, and he found himself in a lovely and enchanting island encircled by a boundless expanse of water. The trees in the island were beautiful; rose laurels and flowering myrtles, creeping pomegranates, clematis and vines, intermixed with majestic cypresses and groves of young elms and poplars. The fairy led him to a natural bower of lofty trees whose thick branches mingling above formed a shady retreat from the sun, which now glowed in meridian splendour. This bower was on a green bank of the isle, embroidered with every

kind of sweet and refreshing flower. The sky was perfectly free from clouds, but a milky haze softened the intense brilliancy of its blue, and gave a more unbroken calmness to the air. The lake lay in glassy smoothness. From its depths arose a sound of subdued music, a breath of harmony which just waved the blue water-lilies lying among their dark green leaves upon its surface. While Ernest reposed on the green turf and viewed this delightful prospect, he saw a vision of beauty pass before him. First he heard the melody of a horn, which seemed to come from dim mountains that appeared to the east. It rose again, nearer, and a majestic stag of radiant whiteness, with branching and beaming golden horns, bounded suddenly into sight, pursued by a train of fairies mounted upon winged steeds, caparisoned so magnificently that rays of light shot from them, and the whole air was illumined with their glory. They flew across the lake swifter than wind. The water rose sparkling and foaming about them, agitated and roaring as if by a storm. When they had disappeared Ernest turned towards the fairy, who still continued with him, and expressed his admiration of the beautiful scene which had just vanished. The fairy replied that it was but a shadow compared with the things infinitely more grand and magnificent which were still reserved for him to behold. Ernest at these words replied that he felt extremely impatient for the time to come when he might see them. His conductor arose, and commanded Alembert to follow. This he did, and they proceeded to enter a dark and thick wood which grew on the banks of the island. They journeyed here for several

miles, and at length emerged into an open glade of the forest, where was a rock formed like a small temple, on the summit of which, covered with grass and various kinds of flowers, grew several young poplars and other trees. This curious edifice the fairy entered alone. After remaining some time he reappeared, and approaching Ernest bade him look up. Alembert instantly complied, and, as he did so, beheld a chariot which shone as the clouds that the sun glorifies at his setting, descending from the skies. It was drawn by two swans, larger than the fabulous roc, whose magnificent necks, arched like a rainbow, were surrounded by a bright halo reflected from the intense radiancy and whiteness of their plumage. Their expanded wings lightened the earth under them, and, as they drew nearer, their insufferable splendour so dazzled the senses of Ernest that he sank in a state of utter exhaustion to the ground.

His conductor then touched him with a small silver wand, and immediately a strange stupor came over him, which in a few minutes rendered him perfectly insensible. When he awoke from this swoon he found himself in an exceedingly wide and lofty apartment, whose vast walls were formed of black marble. Its huge gloomy dome was illumined by pale lamps that glimmered like stars through a curtain of clouds. Only one window was visible, and that, of an immense size, and arched like those of an ancient Gothic cathedral, was veiled by ample black drapery. In the midst arose a colossal statue, whose lifted hands were clasped in strong supplication, and whose upraised eyes and fixed features betokened excessive

anguish. It was rendered distinctly visible by the light of the tapers which burned around. As Ernest gazed on this mysterious room he felt a sensation of extreme awe, such as he had never before experienced. He knew that he was in a world of spirits. The scene before him appeared like a dim dream. Nothing was clear, for a visionary mist hovered over all things, that imparted a sense of impenetrable obscurity to his mental as well as his bodily eyesight.

After continuing a while in this state, amidst the most profound silence, he heard the sweet soft tones of an Æolian Harp stealing through the tall pillared arches. The subdued melody rose and filled the air with mournful music as the wind began to moan around the dome. By degrees these sounds sank to rest, and the deathly stillness returned with a more chilling and oppressive power. It continued for a long period until its unbroken solemnity became supernatural and insupportable. Ernest struck the ground with his foot, but the blow produced no sound. He strove to speak, but his voice gave forth no utterance. At that instant a crashing peal of thunder burst. The wild air roared round the mighty building which shook and trembled to its centre. Then, as the wind arose, the music swelled again, mingling its majestic floods of sound with the thunder that now pealed unceasingly. The unearthly tones that rolled along the blast exceeded everything that any mortal had heard before, and Ernest was nigh overwhelmed by the awe which their weird majesty inspired.

Suddenly the fairy who had been his guide appeared,

and approaching the window beckoned him to come near. Ernest obeyed, and on looking out his eyes were bewildered by the scene which presented itself to his view. Nothing was visible beneath but billowy clouds, black as midnight, rolling around a tower a thousand feet in height, on whose terrible summit he stood. Long he gazed intently on the wild vapours tossed to and fro like waves in a storm. At times they lay in dense gloom and darkness, then globes or flashes of fire illumined them with sudden light.

At length the thunder and the wind ceased, the clouds slowly dispersed, and a growing brightness shone upon them. Beyond the horizon, through the dismal piles of mist fast passing away, a fair vision gleamed which filled Alembert with wonder and delight. A beautiful city appeared, whose lovely hues charmed the eye with their mild attractive splendour. Its palaces, arches, pillars and temples all smiled in their own gentle radiance, and a clear wide stream (transformed by the distance into a silver thread) which circled its crystal walls, was spanned by a bright rainbow, through whose arch it flowed into a broad expanse of green hills, woods, and valleys, enamelled by a thousand flowers that sent up their united fragrance so high that even the atmosphere around the summit of the lofty tower was faintly perfumed by it.

"That city," said the guide, "is the abode of our Fairy King, whose palace you may see rising above those long groves near the southern gates."

Ernest looked in the direction indicated, but beheld only a star of light, for the palace was formed of certain materials too brilliant for any but the eyes of fairies to behold. He

continued some time at the window, until the prospect beneath, as twilight shed her dim influence over it, began to fade. Slowly the stars looked forth one by one from the sky's deepening azure, and the full moon as she ascended the East gradually paled the bright orange-dye which glowed in the Western heavens. The murmur of the aërial city died away. Only at intervals was heard the voice of the giant Harp breaking the stillness of eventide, and its wild mournful melody as it floated on the balmy breeze served but to enhance the calm, sacred, and mysterious feeling of that peaceful hour.

"We must now depart," said the fairy, turning suddenly to Alembert, and at the same instant the latter found himself upon the very summit of the tower. His conductor then, without warning, pushed him from the dizzy eminence into the void beneath.

Ernest gave a loud shriek of terror, but his fear was instantly dispelled by a delightful sensation which followed. He seemed to sink gently and slowly downwards, borne on a soft gale which now fanned his cheek, and guided by invisible beings who appeared to check the velocity of his fall, and to moderate his descent into a quiet and easy transition to the regions of the earth.

After a while he alighted in the fairy city, still attended by his conductor. They proceeded along a magnificent street, paved with the rarest gems, gorgeously sparkling in the moonlight, until they arrived at a majestic palace of lapis lazuli whose golden gates rolled back at their approach, and admitted them to a wide hall floored with the purest alabaster, richly carved and figured, and

lighted by silver lamps perfumed with the most costly odours.

Ernest was now grown weary, and the fairy led him into another apartment more beautiful than the first. Here was a splendid couch overhung by a canopy adorned with emeralds, diamonds, sapphires and rubies, whose excessive brilliancy illuminated all the room. On this couch Alembert flung himself joyfully down to rest. In a few moments a profound slumber closed his eyelids, and his sleep continued undisturbed until break of day, when he was awakened by the sweet singing of birds. He arose, and on looking forth from his casement beheld an immense garden filled with the sweetest flowers, and with rare plants unknown among mortals. Long rows of lofty trees, bearing fruits that sparkled like precious stones, shaded green walks strewn with fallen blossoms. On their fresh verdant branches sat innumerable birds, clothed in rich and resplendent plumage, who filled the air with delightful and harmonious warbling.

Ernest was astonished at beholding no appearance of the city, but continued for some time listening to the enchanting music of the birds, enjoying the fragrant perfume of the blossoms, and the dark grandeur of the majestic trees that surrounded him. This contemplation was at length interrupted by his conductor, who now appeared in the apartment. Without speaking, his guide led him from the chamber, and when they reached the open air bade him by a sign to look around. Ernest obeyed, and in place of the palace he saw a high bower formed of trees whose flowers were more lovely than the finest roses, and sweeter

than lilies or camellias. The prospect then suddenly changed, and a deep glen, embosomed in hills whose sides were wooded, and rock-strewn, took the place of the garden. A deep clear-watered river flowed past them. Into this the fairy plunged, and Ernest, forced by an over-mastering spell, followed him. For a long time they sank slowly down, and nought was visible save the waters that swallowed them.

At length, leagues beneath, a new realm dawned upon Ernest's astonished sight. Their speed now accelerated, and soon they arrived at the abode of a Fairy King. The palace was brilliant as a liquid diamond. A great fountain rushing upwards from the earth parted into a thousand arches and pillars, through whose transparent surfaces appeared a quantity of emeralds, rubies, and other gems which the fountain continually cast up. The palace roof was formed of the frozen spray that proceeded like a vapour from the living arches ever in motion. This, congealed into round lucid drops, assumed the appearance of a lofty dome, from which descended other pillars of a larger size that seemed to support it. Over the summit of the dome was suspended in the air a sun of insufferable brightness, and from within gleamed a hundred stars sparkling with supernatural splendour.

By reason of the translucent nature of the edifice the interior was perfectly visible, and Ernest saw the fairy king seated on a glittering and revolving throne. He was surrounded by attendants, one of whom held a diamond cup filled with the honey-dew of wild flowers. Others played sweetly upon silver harps and lutes, or sang in more melodious tones than the nightingale or skylark.

It would be impossible to relate all the marvellous adventures that befel Alembert whilst he abode in the land of Faëry. He saw their midnight revels in many a wild glen, and witnessed how they feasted in the green wood beneath the solemn moon. He viewed their pleasures and their pageants, and learned the spells by which they drew the lonely traveller into their enchanted circlet. Often he watched their sports by the "beached margin of the sea," and saw the rolling billows rest calmly under the magic influence of their muttered incantations. He heard and felt the sweet witchery of their songs chanted at unearthly banquets, and when the sound swelled until it reached the starlit sky, the revolving worlds arrested their mighty courses and stood still in the charmed heavens to attend. But this life in time grew wearying and insupportable. He longed once more to dwell among human kind, to hear again the language of mortals, and to tread upon the old green grass-covered turf, under the shade of the earthly trees he loved so well. At length the fairies perceived that the yearning to return was filling the bosom of Alembert, and that his heart was straining with the desire for home. This desire they appreciated, for they knew well that no mortal born of mortals could for long endure the light and fleeting glories of the land of Fays. Thus it was that they determined to relinquish him, and to bestow upon him the crown of his hopes. The following tells the manner in which they gave fulfilment to his wish.

CHAPTER III.

It was a fair and mild evening in the decline of summer, when all the elfin courts assembled within a dell, one of those privileged spots which the pinching frosts and snows of winter are unable to deprive of their everlasting green array. The soft velvet turf served them for seats, and the profusion of sweet flowers with which it was embroidered shed around a refreshing perfume. The lily canopy was raised, and the glittering table was covered with crystal goblets brimming with nectarous dew. The song of a lark now hymning his vespers in the cloud-wrapped dome was all their music, and as its tones fell on the silent earth they diffused a holy calm on all. Before the festival began a fairy rose and advanced towards Alembert, who reposed on the ground a little apart. Approaching him, he presented him with a goblet, and bade him drink the contents. Ernest obeyed, and scarcely had he done so when a strange stupor seized him, which slowly overpowered all his senses. In a short time he sank into a profound slumber.

When he recovered from his stupor he found himself at the entrance to a wide green vale, bounded by high hills, whose sides were clothed with pleasant woods, which

descended to their feet, and here and there advanced a considerable way into the valley. At intervals enormous rocks were scattered, whose rugged and moss-grown forms added a touch of romance to the delightful scene. Nor were there wanting pleasant groves, whose cool green shades offered welcome shelter to the toiling and travel-wearied pilgrim. It was sunset, and not one purple cloud was visible in all the radiant sky. The west swam in an ocean of golden light that bathed the heavens in glory, and poured its reflected splendour over half the world. Eastward a long line of sober red appeared, gradually growing softer and paler towards the point of sunrise. Above all was a clear bright silvery blue, deepening at the zenith, and faintly tinged with grey as it receded from the gorgeous west. Beneath this sky the earth glowed with tints whose warmth and mellow richness could not have been surpassed by the loveliest scenes in Italy. Hills, rocks, and trees shone invested in a lustrous halo of beauty. The vale flowed with light, and a hundred flowers stirred among their leaves as the sun shed its last beams over them. Long Ernest lingered, gazing entranced upon the sight. He knew that this was no delusive vision, and that no mystery hung upon its spell. As he stood a sound stole past him like the music of a harp. He trembled, fearing he was still held in the power of supernatural beings. The sound swelled, and gathering in volume, swept solemnly down the wild glen, awakening low sweet echoes among the frowning rocks which specked the lovely woods in which it was embosomed.

Soon, however, Ernest's fear was dissipated, for he heard

the music accompanied by a human voice. He moved forward a step or two, and then bent eagerly towards the spot whence the tones issued, striving to catch the burthen of the uttered tones. This at length he did, and this is the song that fell upon his ears:—

"*Proudly the sun has sunk to rest*
Behind yon dim and distant hill;
The busy noise of day has ceased,
A holy calm the air doth fill.

That softening haze which veils the light
Of sunset in the gorgeous sky,
Is dusk, grey harbinger of night,
Now gliding onward silently.

No sound rings through this solemn vale
Save murmurs of those tall dark trees,
Who raise eternally their wail
Bending beneath the twilight breeze.

And my harp peals the woods among
When vesper lifts its quiet eye,
Cö-mingling with each night-bird's song
That chants its vigils pensively.

And here I sit, until night's noon
Hath gemmed the heavens with many a star,
And sing beneath the wandering moon
Who comes, high journeying, from afar.

« Proudly the sun has sunk to rest
« Behind yon dim & distant hill
« The busy ~~sounds~~ noise of day ~~have~~ has ceas'd
« A holy calm the air doth fill

« ~~Yon~~ That softning haze which veils the light
« Of sunset in the gorgeous sky
« Is Dusk, grey harbinger of Night
« Now gliding onward silently

« No sound it rings ~~through~~ this solemn ~~glen~~ vale
« Save murmurs of those tall dark trees
« Who raise shrilly their wail
« Bending beneath the twilight breeze

« And my harp ~~[illegible]~~ peals the woods among
« When Vesper lifts it's quick eye
« Commingling with each night birds song
« That chants its vigils pensively

« And here I sit until nights noon
« Hath jewel'd the heavens with many a star
« And sing beneath the wandering moon
« Who rides high journeying from afar

« O sweet to me is that still hour
« When from the shades of night around
« Deepening the gloom of forest bower
« Filling the air with awe profound

« I hush my harp and hush my song
« ~~[illegible] the plaintive nightingale~~
« For kneeling 'neath the lofty sky
« I hark the nightingale prolong
« Her strain of wondrous melody

« Forth gushing like a mountain rill
« So rich so deep so clear & free
« ~~[illegible]~~ She pours it forth o'er dale & hill
« O'er rock, o'er river, lake and tree.

« Till morn comes, & with rosy hand
« Unbars the golden gates of ~~light~~ day
« Then as at touch of magic wand
« The ~~fair~~ earth is clad in fair array

« Then from its couch the sky lark springs
« The trembling drops of glittering dew
« Are scattered off with vigorous wings
« It ~~soars toward~~ mounts the glorious ~~arch of~~ blue arch of.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S ADVENTURES OF ERNEST ALEMBERT.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL. MANUSCRIPT.

Oh! sweet to me is that still hour,
When frown the shades of night around,
Deepening the gloom of forest bower;
Filling the air with awe profound.

I hush my harp, and hush my song,
Low kneeling 'neath the lofty sky,
I hark the nightingale prolong
Her strain of wond'rous melody.

Forth gushing like a mountain rill,
So rich, so deep, so clear and free;
She pours it forth o'er dale and hill,
O'er rock and river, lake and tree.

Till morn comes, and with rosy hand,
Unbars the golden gates of day;
Then, as at touch of magic wand,
The earth is clad in fair array.

Then from its couch the skylark springs;
The trembling drops of glittering dew
Are scattered, as with vigorous wings
It mounts the glorious arch of blue."

Before the strain ceased the hues of sunset had begun to fade away, yet sufficient light remained for Ernest to perceive a man of an ancient and venerable aspect seated at the mouth of a deep cavern, under the shade of an immense oak, whose massive limbs and dense foliage stood in dark relief against the sky. Every leaf and twig was

dimly pencilled on the silvery blue, the outline of the trunk and larger branches alone being clearly visible. The stranger was clad in a long white robe and dark mantle which partly enveloped his person, and then, falling downwards, swept the ground in picturesque and magnificent folds. His robe was confined by a black girdle, down to which his snowy beard flowed in profusion, and formed a fine contrast to his mantle and belt. His right hand rested upon a harp, whose chords he now and then swept with his left, causing a few sweet transitory notes to issue therefrom, which rose and swelled in an uncertain cadence and then died away in the distance. As Ernest approached the harper raised his head, and demanded his name. When Alembert had answered this question to the old man's satisfaction, he requested permission to seat himself beside him for a few moments that he might rest. The old man instantly complied, and after a short pause asked him whence he came, and whither he went, and the reason of his being in so unfrequented and lonely a spot at such an unaccustomed hour. Ernest in reply related the whole of his adventures, and by the time he had completed their recital night had closed in, and the moon had risen. His host now arose and invited him to lodge for that night within his cave. Alembert gladly consented, and together they proceeded to enter. When they were seated at their frugal supper of fruits and herbs Ernest in his turn begged the old man to recount the circumstances of his own life. To this request he gave a ready assent, and proceeded to unfold the following story:

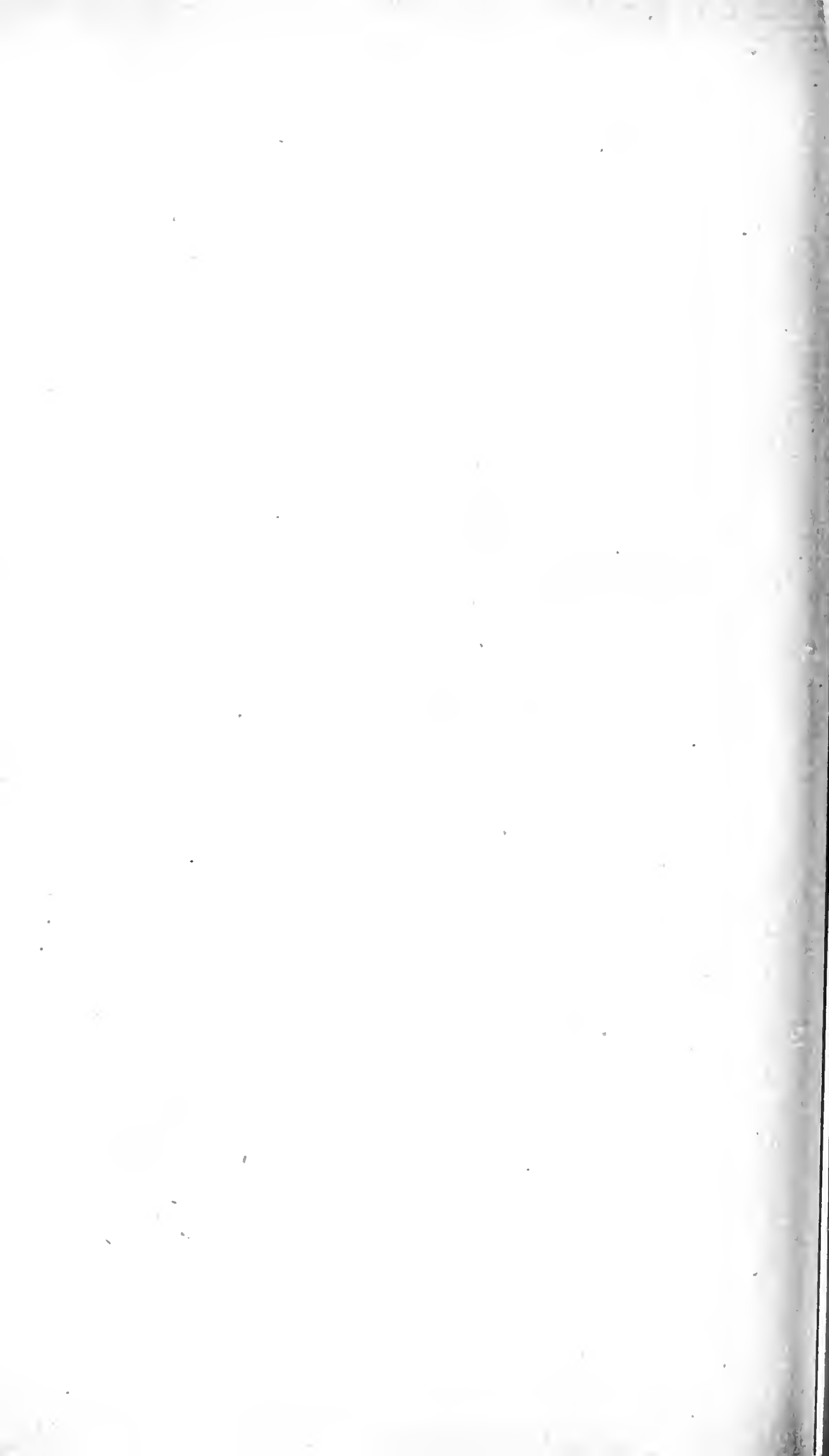
"You have told me that your latter years have been

spent among fairies. I likewise abode for a time with supernatural beings, but theirs was a less gentle nature than those whom you have described. When yet very young I became embued with the spirit of adventure, and determined to go out and seek my fortune in the world. The quarter of the globe which I fixed upon as the first scene of my wanderings was Asia, and accordingly I embarked myself on board a ship bound for Odessa. In a few days we set sail, and after a prosperous voyage arrived at that part of the Russian dominions. From thence I proceeded to Icherkash, where I halted a few days, and then went on to Good-Gard—a mountain in the Caucasus. Here I decided to venture upon crossing that stupendous range alone. Upon communicating my intentions to some of the natives, they solemnly warned me against such an enterprise, assuring me that many powerful Genii held their courts among the snows of Elborus and Kasibeck. These words I disregarded, and as soon as extreme fatigue would permit me I began to ascend the Good-Gard road. With great difficulty I proceeded along this road for several days, until I reached the towering Elborus. During the whole of my journey this mountain had been partly hidden from me by the minor hills that surrounded it, but upon emerging from a gorge in the last of these a full view of its tremendous magnitude burst upon my sight. It was a fair and sunny afternoon in autumn when I first beheld the sublime vision. The mountain was separated from me only by a lovely green valley, through which a branch of the Aragua wound its silent course. Never shall I forget that inspiring scene. The mountain towered

before me, the grandeur of its radiant summit majestically cleaving the skies; its yawning abysses, and clefts sufficiently wide to engulf a city; and its immovable aspect firm as if its base were fixed beyond the seas. As I gazed suddenly the mountain trembled, the top rent asunder, and a huge, grim spirit rose from the horrible chasm thus produced. He raised his hand to heaven, and uttered a cry which shook all Georgia. At this mystic appearance I sank to the ground insensible. When I recovered from my swoon I found myself in a vast cave, illuminated only by an opening at the top, through which one ray of light streamed in. On looking round I perceived an iron door fitted in the side of the cave. This, with much difficulty, I opened, and found beyond a narrow passage tending downwards. I entered, and continued for several hours to follow whither it led. At length I heard in the distance a dull noise like the roaring of the sea, and after a while found myself borne upon the bosom of a rushing wave. I was hurried through the waters without fear or injury, whilst strange and ghastly scenes saluted my wondering eyes. Anon I was walking at the bottom of the ocean. A thousand huge monsters lay there, glaring with fixed and solemn eyes through the tenebrous gloom. I saw the kraken with its hundred arms, the great whale, the sea bear, and others unknown to dwellers upon the earth. Voiceless they glided through the regions of eternal silence, and the black billows broke far above them in the midst of loneliness and solitude. Unutterable were the feelings with which I viewed the foundation of the everlasting hills, and beheld the trackless pathways of the

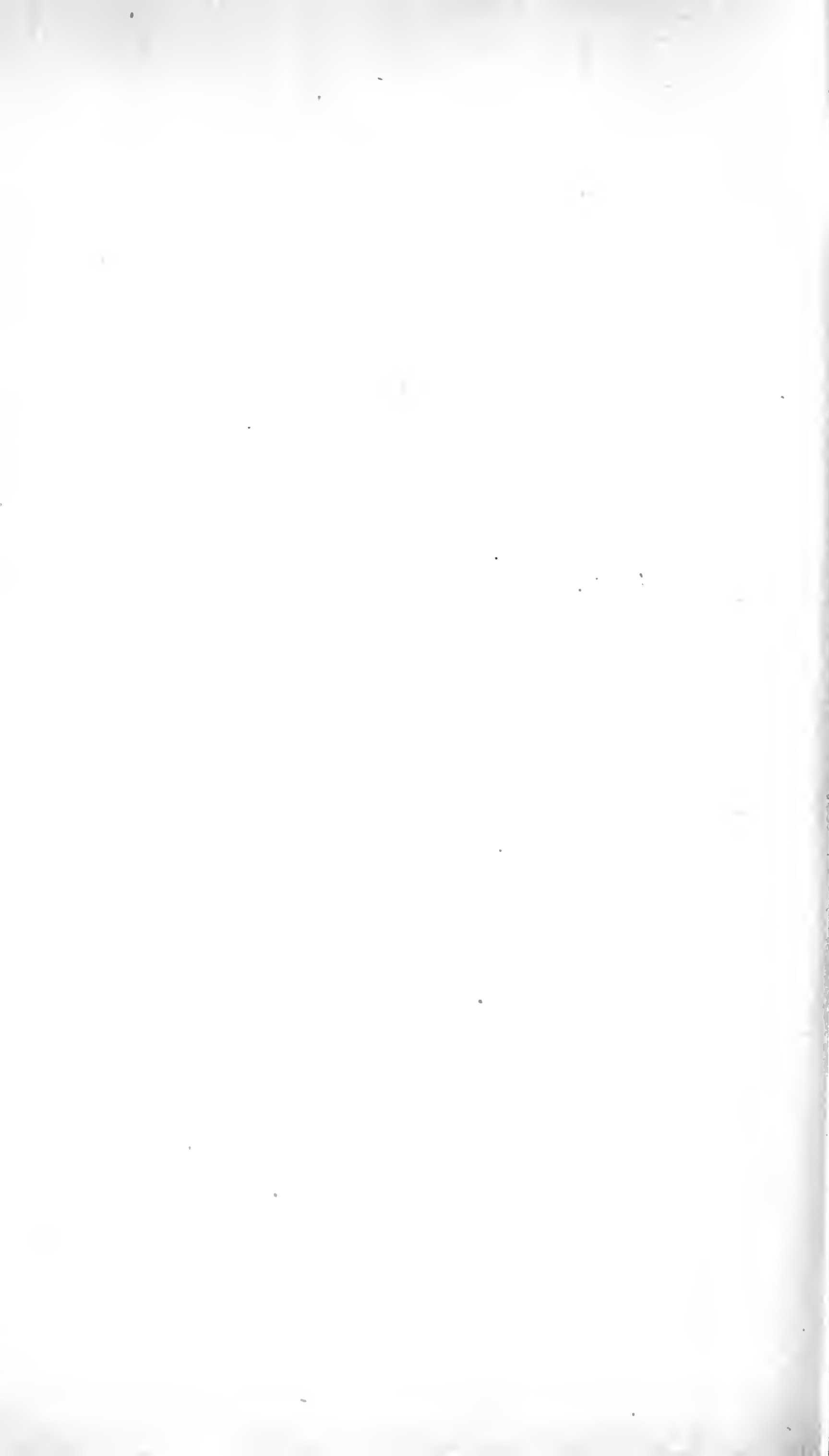
unfathomed sea. Lustrous gems glittered on every side, groves of coral begirt each rock, myriads of pearls gleamed constantly around, and the loveliest shells shone below me, to be crushed at each movement of my feet. Slowly I advanced until I espied a cavern, which opened before me. This I entered. Instantly a wave rose behind me and swept me swiftly down an abyss which led beneath the arches of a magnificent palace, larger and grander than any that can be boasted of in the lands which rise above the ocean's surface. There I saw, coiled in his own vast halls, that mystic snake known among ancient Scalds by the name of Jormandugar. He it is who holds the earth girdled by his toils. For many days I sojourned here, and beheld sights of which no mortal tongue can tell. After a season I returned to the cave in Elbor, whence I was taken by the spirit who had brought me thither. Since then I have wandered in many regions of the earth, mingled with the peoples of many lands, and seen the myriad wonders of the world. At length, compelled by age, I have retired to this valley, where I have now dwelt in happiness and peace for twenty years."

Here the old man ended his recital. Ernest thanked him for his narrative, adding that he likewise longed to spend the remainder of his days in that same lovely glen. The old man approved of his design, and for many years they two dwelt together in perfect harmony, tranquillity, and peace.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
AND HER SCARCER BOOKS

A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING AND HER SCARCER BOOKS:

A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

IN that choice little collection of *Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature,* with which Mr. William Watson began his career some twelve years since, there is the following quatrain "Written in a volume of Christina G. Rossetti's Poems:"

Songstress, in all times ended and begun,
Thy billowy-bosom'd fellows are not three.
Of those sweet peers, the grass is green o'er one;
And blue above the other is the sea.

That is to say, in plain prose, the three great women-poets of the world are Sappho, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Christina Rossetti. Well, there is no need to dispute the position or to discuss which of the three "billowy-bosom'd fellows" is the greatest. Our concern for the moment is with her over whom the greenness of the Tuscan grass

is but typical of that greener memory which must be hers as long as English is spoken.

It is unfortunate that there is no authoritative biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and curious that so little is generally known of the bibliography of her works. This is partly due to her delicate reticence and that of her husband, both of whom, for the rest, were too profoundly occupied with the higher things of the poetic craft to have much attention to spare for those matters of biographical and bibliographical detail which so delight the present age. Even the date of her birth has been a topic of doubt; and the three rarest of her books were long practically unknown to those who might have been expected to know most about them.

The Battle of Marathon, the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* as printed at Reading under the plain title "Sonnets by E. B. B.," and *The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point* as separately issued for private distribution after its appearance at Boston in *The Liberty Bell*, are three of the *aves rarissimæ* of the book-collector.

Of the first the title-page runs thus:—

The / Battle of Marathon. / A Poem. /

"Behold
What care employs me now, my vows I pay
To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth!"
AKENSIDE.

"Ancient of days! August Athena! Where!
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were.
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and passed away."
BYRON.

THE

BATTLE OF MARATHON.

A POEM.

———————"Behold
What care employs me now, my vows I pay
To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth!"
AKENSIDE.

"Ancient of days! August Athena! Where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul!
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were,
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and past away." BYRON.

BY E. B. BARRETT.

London:
PRINTED FOR W. LINDSELL, 87, WIMPOLE-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

1820.

Mrs. Browning's *The Battle of Marathon.*

From a copy of the excessively rare original in the Library of Mr. Thos. J. Wise.

By E. B. Barrett. / *London:* / *printed for W. Lindsell, 87, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square.* / 1820.

The known copies of this book are four in number, which, considering that the little poet was but some thirteen years of age when her father had fifty copies printed for domestic use, is not a bad sprinkling of survivors—although, as we have no record of any endeavour to gather in and destroy the issue, as we have in the case of *Pauline*, any enthusiastic collector who lives in hopes of finding a copy may hope on without laying himself open to the charge of lunacy. Whether, beyond those who had to read the book "in the way of business," when a private reissue was printed in 1891, any living person has gone through the eleven pages of preface and seventy-two of text, it is reasonable to doubt in the absence of explicit information. Nevertheless, from the dedication "to the Father, whose never failing kindness, whose unwearied affection I never can repay," to the last of the Pope's-Homeric couplets of which the four books are composed, the work is astonishing enough for that of a young girl; and when we consider that it is doubtful whether the poet was child or young girl at the time, and that the versification and imagery are quite competently done, the chief wonder that strikes us is that she should have gone steadily on to the attainment of real poetic creation.

It was not in her second book that she attained to that glory of fellowship with Sappho, nor even in her third. The second, so far as the leading poem, *An Essay on Mind*, is concerned, is a piece of mechanical cleverness, reminiscent of Pope again in point of workmanship, but of course with

none of the epigrammatic wisdom, knowledge, and dexterity which mark Pope out for imitation quite apart from the perfection of his style. This book, though uncommon, has long been well known and described. It is merely necessary to note the title in passing, and that chiefly for the sake of observing that six years had brought sufficient shyness and diffidence to induce anonymous publication :—

An | Essay on Mind, | with | other Poems. | "Brama assai, poco spera, e nulla chiede." | Tasso. | London: | James Duncan, Paternoster-Row. | MDCCCXXVI.

The shy fit continued over the issue of the third book, also well known and described, but much rarer than the second. This further anonymous venture was :—

Prometheus Bound. | Translated from the Greek | of | Æschylus. | And Miscellaneous Poems, | by the Translator, | Author of An "Essay on Mind," with other poems. | Τὸ πρὶν ἐὼ κάλλιστος — | MIMNERMUS. | Ἐγγύθεν αὐλητῆρος ἀείσομαι | THEOGNIS. | — | *London: | Printed and Published by A. J. Valpy, M.A. | Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.* | 1833.

Here again there was good cause for diffidence and hesitancy in facing the public openly. For the translation from Æschylus was not remarkable, and the miscellaneous poems, while marking a considerable advance on those which accompany *An Essay on Mind*, are not of that authentic and indisputable quality which would have justified the world in saying, "Here is a fresh claimant to the bays—a true child of Apollo—name!" Five years later, when *The Seraphim and other Poems* came out, that acclamation must have greeted a persistence in namelessness; but the poet saved the world the trouble of finding her out by avowing,

not only her authorship of this crown octavo volume containing over 350 pages of authentic poetry, but also her responsibility for "A Translation of the 'Prometheus Bound.'" This fact is of more than bibliographical interest, because it seems to leave no doubt that, up to the year 1838, when she was 32 years old, Elizabeth Barrett Barrett had seen no reason to recoil from the remarks she had passed upon the worthy Potter's translations from Æschylus—had felt no terror lest she herself had viewed the mighty Greek's work through a medium not much more favourable than the green spectacles awarded to him in her preface of 1833.

How soon "wrath gat hold upon her soul" for the sake of Æschylus and what he had suffered at her hands, as well as Potter's, bibliography does not reveal. Certainly we hear no more of the translation in her collection of 1844; and between the issue of that very treasurable book of 1838, *The Seraphim*—treasurable none the less for its want of rarity—and the still more treasurable *Poems* of 1844, she had probably repented in sackcloth and ashes of the scant justice done to Æschylus in her early womanhood. At all events silence reigns on the subject by the end of 1844: the collection of that year is thus described in its title-pages:—

Poems. / By / Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, / Author of "The Seraphim," etc. / "De patrie, et de Dieu, des poêtes, de l'âme / Qui s'élève en priant."—VICTOR HUGO. / *In Two Volumes / Vol. I.* [*II.*] / *London: / Edward Moxon, Dover-street. / MDCCCXLIV.*

Here nothing was said of the Translation from Æschylus, either in the title-page or in the Dedication to her father, or

in the preface. She simply gathered together all she had written since *The Seraphim and other Poems*, whether still in manuscript or already issued in *Finden's Tableaux* by her friend Mary Russell Mitford, or in *The Amaranth*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Athenæum*, or elsewhere, and based her appeal to the public on these three volumes, the most considerable piece in which is *A Drama of Exile*, placed at the opening of the 1844 collection. The three previous volumes, and some fugitive writings to boot, were dropped "for good and all"; and the attempt to "extricate" *Prometheus* "from the machinery of the press" had probably begun. It was not till 1850 that she told the world she had succeeded in doing so, and had made a fresh translation; and the fact that she had this reason to congratulate herself on her success in suppressing an early work suffices to account for the rarity already mentioned as the most notable thing about the book of 1833.

It is not necessary to describe further the two volumes issued by Moxon in 1844, especially as there are things of greater moment, bibliographically speaking, and of higher quality critically speaking, than anything in that charming and genuine "assemblage of poems." Of all that Mrs. Browning left us there is nothing which has a stronger or more abiding fascination than that series of sonnets addressed to Robert Browning, for the most part, at all events, before she was married to him. It was not until some years after their composition that these priceless sonnets were exposed to the public gaze. Certainly forty-three out of the forty-four were written by some time in 1847; but it was not until 1850, just after Messrs. Chapman and Hall

had moved from 186 Strand to 193 Piccadilly, that the two stout foolscap 8vo. volumes of *Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, the first edition issued under her married name and including these sonnets, appeared in a form almost identical with that of the first collected edition of Browning's works issued the year before from the Strand House. Both poet and poetess had been publishing through Moxon: the two volumes of Poems by Elizabeth Barrett, with the allusion to *Bells and Pomegranates* in *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, had appeared, as we have just seen, with the Dover Street imprint in 1844; and the eighth and last number of the *Bells and Pomegranates* had come out with the same imprint in 1846. The migration to Chapman and Hall thus acquires much of the appearance of a marriage ceremony in literature. The two volumes of Browning and the two of Mrs. Browning are not only uniform in size, print, and style of get-up, but the same tools were used for the "blind" borders at the top and bottom of the backs, and the oval arabesque design stamped "blind" on the sides. It is not only as the first edition bearing Mrs. Browning's married name that collectors have prized the two volumes of 1850,—not only as containing the first public issue of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese;* for they also contain the first issue of the second translation of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. The *Prometheus* of this collection is not in any sense a reissue of the *Prometheus* of 1833: that work, curiously immature in execution, was so carefully suppressed by the translator when she became fully alive to its shortcomings, that it is now, as we have seen, one of the

rarest of her books. She did not revise it, but made a wholly new rendering with a different vocabulary and scheme of versification,—a masterly performance for the sake of which the two volumes of 1850 will always be dear to the first-edition-lover, though their bulk is made up of revised reissues. So far as the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* are concerned, it is but the name and one of the Sonnets which appear with no earlier imprint than that of 1850: that one does not appear under the name among the rest, or indeed in the same volume; and those who have "collected" the volumes merely as containing the first issue of these Sonnets have come under the necessity of reconsidering their case since the discovery of the separate private print of 1847.

This thin foolscap octavo volume is certainly for the intrinsic beauty of its poetry, the pleasantness of its form, and the extreme rarity of its occurrence, combined, the most treasurable of all possessions for the collector of printed books by the author of *Aurora Leigh*. It is nearly as rare as the precocious volume of her childhood, *The Battle of Marathon*, and therefore rarer than the separate print of *The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point*, a poem which, though written in her maturity and full of beauty and the "enthusiasm of humanity," has not the calm, intense depths of personal feeling or the dignity of form which the love-sonnets have.

The private print of these Sonnets is dated between the Moxon period of publication and the Chapman and Hall period, and the typography differs notably from that of Bradbury and Evans, who printed the poetess's works for

SONNETS.

E. B. B.

READING:

[NOT FOR PUBLICATION.]

1847

The "Reading" edition of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

From a copy of the rare original in the Library of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

both houses. The fact that it bears a Reading imprint does not necessarily imply production in Reading, as there is no printer's name, and a Reading stationer, as well as any other, might have employed a London house; but there is something of an indefinable provincial look about the thing, though certainly no reason why the printer need have been ashamed of his handiwork. The book consists of three sheets, forty-eight pages in all, of which two are occupied by the fly-title and title and three are blank. The fly-title is simply "Sonnets," with a blank verso. The title is nearly as simple:—

Sonnets. / *By* / *E. B. B.* / *Reading:* / [*not for publication.*] / 1847.

The Sonnets themselves, one on a page, occupy pages 5 to 47; they are printed without indentation to show up the rhyme-system, are numbered in Roman figures, and have no titles. The word "Sonnets" above No. I. on page 5 is rather large, as if meant for a "dropped head": it is not "dropped," for there was no room for such a luxury; but the page is distinguished by being unnumbered. The rest of the pages have the head-line "Sonnets" in even small capitals (Roman) and are numbered in Arabic figures in the usual way.

To finish with the strictly bibliographical data of this bio-bibliographical chapter, it will be well to pass for the moment to the next little rarity in our list, *The Runaway Slave.* Chronology makes this, and not the two volumes of 1850, the first book by Mrs. Browning,—if book it may be called, for it is very thin,—issued under her married name.

Its title-page reads thus:—

The / Runaway Slave / at Pilgrim's Point. / By / Elizabeth Barrett Browning. / London: / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / 1849.

This legend is repeated on the recto of a pale buff wrapper, bearing no other marks of any kind except a rectangular thick and thin line similar to that which the title-page itself bears, and the same triangular grotesque ornament of interlaced birds and leaves under the author's name. The wrapper contains sixteen leaves in all, how "worked" is not very clear; for there are no signatures. The first two leaves are blank; the third is a fly-title reading simply "The Runaway Slave," with blank verso; then come the title and "Advertisement," each with blank verso; then the poem forming pages 9 to 26; then a leaf with the imprint *London: / Bradbury and Evans, printers, Whitefriars* in even small capitals in the centre, with blank verso; and finally another blank leaf. Page 9, where the poem begins, is not numbered, but has a "dropped head" (*The / Runaway Slave / at Pilgrim's Point.*) and one stanza; the rest contain two stanzas each numbered in Roman figures, and have alternate headlines, verso, *The Runaway Slave*, recto *At Pilgrim's Point*, and the usual Arabic numerals. Every page with any print on it, except the title, has a thin rectangular line round it. The "Advertisement" subscribed "Florence, 1849," tells the story of the booklet briefly but sufficiently:—

"The following verses were the contribution of the Authoress to a volume entitled 'The Liberty Bell, by Friends of Freedom,' printed in America last year for

sale at the Boston National Anti-Slavery Bazaar. It is for the use of a few 'friends of freedom' and of the writer on this side of the Atlantic that the verses are now reprinted."

The book to which the poem was contributed was "an institution"; but that particular volume is a sufficiently uncommon item in the bibliography of Mrs. Browning, and has sufficient character of its own, to demand a passing note of description. Its title-page reads as follows:—

The / Liberty Bell. / By / Friends of Freedom. / [*motto subscribed as from "The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde."*] *Boston: / National Anti-Slavery Bazaar. / MDCCCXLVIII.*

There are viii + 292 pages of miscellaneous contributions in prose and verse, done up sometimes in cloth and sometimes in an elegantly designed paper wrapper printed in gold; and there should also be an emblematic engraved title page between the fly-title and printed title; but this is sometimes wanting. Among the contributors were Bayard Taylor, Harriet Martineau, Theodore Parker, James Russell Lowell, Mary Carpenter, and William Lloyd Garrison. The wrapper is interesting as establishing by a part of its legend the solid character of the bazaar at which the book was to be sold. The words are "Fourteenth / Massachusetts / Anti-Slavery Fair / Faneuil Hall." It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mrs. Browning's sister Arabel had learned from this little episode in the poetess's story, how to turn literature to account at a charity bazaar, and had in her mind the success of the periodical Fair across the water when she begged a poem each from her sister and

her sister's husband and printed them for sale at a bazaar held in the interests of a Refuge for Young Destitute Girls which she established so firmly that it still exercises its beneficent functions. It was more than poetic justice that the poem selected by Mrs. Browning for a part in this philanthropic (or rather philogynic) undertaking was *A Plea for the Ragged Schools of London*, which first appeared in Arabel Barrett's bazaar pamphlet with Robert Browning's seven stanzas *The Twins*, and formed with that the first and only true literary marriage ceremony of the two great poets. The pamphlet (*Two Poems / by / Elizabeth Barrett and Robert / Browning. / London : / Chapman and Hall*, 193, *Piccadilly.* / 1854) is too well known to collectors to need description here; but it looks so like *The Runaway Slave* when one sees them together that it is not easy for the speculator in bio-bibliographical *minutiæ* to avoid the conclusion that, beside the inspiration of the business-like scheme of a bazaar pamphlet, the actual form and style which the pamphlet took in its originator's hands were suggested by her sister's previous contribution to a similar venture.

A complete bibliography of the writings of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, when the time comes for its compilation and issue, will go far to show how essential print seemed to her from her very childhood upwards, and to account for a fact at which some have been surprised, that the complete embodiment got from the press seemed essential to her even in the case of the sacred *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, to which it is now time to return, and conclude.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr has told with much delicacy in the

Life and Letters of Robert Browning how the correspondence between these two great poets of opposite sexes,—a correspondence instigated by John Kenyon,—developed into a personal friendship, and how that friendship flowered into love; how it was a known impossibility to obtain Mr. Barrett's consent to the marriage of his invalid daughter, and how, rather than be denied and disobey, that sweet recluse of forty summers stole out of her father's house in Wimpole Street one afternoon, while the family was at dinner, and, accompanied only by her maid Wilson and the immortalized dog Flush, met Robert Browning, then aged thirty-two, and braved the fatigues of a journey to Italy as his wife. It has long been current that it was not till after this event that Browning knew of the existence of his wife's sonnets to him; and the event took place in December 1846. The bulk of the sonnets must have been written before that time, during the period when most of the writer's life was passed on the sofa from which she indited those faintly-written letters,—tiny letters in a tiny hand,—so eagerly desired by the autograph collector. Tradition says that one fine day Robert Browning found his wife's sonnets on the domestic table, and then read them for the first time. Tradition has usually pictured the find as of a sheaf of manuscript; and Tradition may by possibility be right for once; but it seems likelier on the whole that, when she had overcome her timorous delicacy and made up her mind that he should read the sonnets, she would wish him to take a readier impression of their entirety than could be gathered from what has been called her "fairy" manuscript. Such a desire would account for

the existence of the Reading print, and also for its extreme scarcity. But why Reading? It was near Reading that the trusty Mary Russell Mitford lived,—"our friend of Three-Mile Cross, who 'wears her heart upon her sleeve,' and shakes out its perfumes at every moment." It is clear that if Browning's bride wished him to read her forty-three exquisite sonnets fluently, at a blow, she would not lay them on the table in manuscript; and she could not get them printed through her father; for she was unforgiven. Who, then, but Miss Mitford would she be likely to ask? And if Miss Mitford were sworn to secrecy, she would keep her oath, even though she did "wear her heart upon her sleeve."

This is scarcely a matter for speculation; for Mr. Edmund Gosse[1] has given a circumstantial account of the whole transaction, on the authority of an unnamed friend of Browning,—an account as of a solemn secret entrusted to that friend on the understanding that it was to be divulged to the world after the poet's death. In that account Browning figures as the prime mover in getting the sonnets into print; and Miss Mitford is roundly credited with the mediumship. It is not expressly stated that Browning told the mysterious friend of Miss Mitford's part in the matter; and there are other friends of the poet to whom that part of the story is new. The fact is that in three charming pages of picturesque writing we get brought together the floating traditions of the episode, and over them is thrown the glamour of the personal acquaintance

[1] *Critical Kit-Kats / by / Edmund Gosse / Hon. M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge / London / William Heinemann /* 1896.

between Browning and his bright chronicler. Of course Mr. Gosse does not expect all this to be taken too seriously or literally, and it is lawful, seeing that *Critical Kit-Kats* are not history, to lean to the view that Browning first saw the sonnets in print. The point is of considerable interest; and it may be hoped that, if the whole of pages 1 to 3 or *Critical Kit-Kats* are really intended to rest on the personal authority of Browning, at least a foot-note may be devoted in some future edition to the record of that intention and of the mysterious friend's name.

The sonnet which does not appear in the Reading volume, nor among the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* in the poems of 1850, is that entitled *Future and Past* on the last page of Vol. I. in that collection.

My future will not copy fair my past,
I wrote that once; and, thinking at my side
My ministering life-angel justified
The word by his appealing look upcast
To the white throne of God, I turned at last,
And saw instead there, THEE; *not unallied*
To angels in thy soul! Then I, long tried
By natural ills, received the comfort fast,
While budding at thy sight, my pilgrim's staff
Gave out green leaves with morning dews impearled.
I seek no copy now of life's first half!
Leave here the pages with long musing curled,
And write me new my future's epigraph,
New angel mine, unhoped for in the world!

The first line is, of course, quoted from that pathetic sonnet entitled *Past and Future* which she had published in the collection of 1844, when she had no hope of other joys than those inherent in her art, her religion, and the companionship of her father, brothers, and sisters,—when she was a hopeless invalid almost confined to her sofa :—

> *My future will not copy fair my past*
> *On any leaf but Heaven's. Be fully done,*
> *Supernal Will! I would not fain be one*
> *Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast*
> *Upon the fulness of the heart, at last*
> *Saith no grace after meat. My wine hath run*
> *Indeed out of my cup, and there is none*
> *To gather up the bread of my repast*
> *Scattered and trampled! Yet I find some food*
> *In earth's green herbs, and streams that bubble up*
> *Clear from the darkening ground,—content until*
> *I sit with angels before better food.*
> *Dear Christ! when thy new vintage fills my cup,*
> *This hand shall shake no more, nor that wine spill.*

How little did she think what the new vintage was to be! A pious woman of thirty-eight—pious in the best sense—brought up in a pious family, seeing scarcely any one else, how should she suppose that that poet, still in his youthful vigour, of whom she had written so appreciatively (in *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*) at another page of the same 1844 collection of poems, was destined to seek her out and carry her from her couch into the life-giving climate of Italy, and

sun her in the still more life-giving sunshine of his great love? And how should we expect poor Mr. Barrett to settle down to the new order of ideas? He might certainly have found something better to say to good John Kenyon, the indirect author of his misfortune, than "I have no objection to the young man, but my daughter should have been thinking of another world." His poet-daughter, indeed, had spoilt him with the exquisite grace of her blended thoughts of this world and the next. So truly religious was she, that, like her successor Christina Rossetti she knew of no dissociation of earth and Heaven—none that is, in her soul; and her father, whose great distinction it is to have been the author of her being, could hardly be expected to suppose that the great ultimate revelation of love between man and woman would be with her a religious—a deeply religious—ritual, sanctifying even the offence of taking an irrevocable step known to be contrary to the parental will.

The sonnet which gave rise to this reflexion was not hastily transplanted from its original place among the miscellaneous sonnets. In the carefully revised third edition of 1853 it was still at the end of the first volume, while the forty-three *Sonnets from the Portuguese* were still in the second volume. It was not till 1856 that *Past and Future* and *Future and Past* were finally divorced. In that year the fourth edition, in three volumes, was published; and *Future and Past* then dropped its separate title and was placed between No. 41 and No. 42 of the original "Portuguese" series, taking thenceforth the number 42.

The history of these beautiful love-sonnets, more intimate

and fuller of self-revelation than an average ton of love-letters, raises a curious speculation in the morals of editorship. But for some unknown circumstances leading to the production of a few copies printed under initials, the sonnets might have remained in manuscript. No doubt the little Reading volume is so scarce as to be less attainable than many things of which manuscript copies alone existed for a century or so. Still, a few copies, with the author's initials only, might have taken a long while to fix the sonnets in their place as the love-utterances of Elizabeth Barrett to Robert Browning. Then, again, but for the happy thought of disguising them as translations, the public would perhaps never have seen them, whatever might have been the luck of the few into whose hands the Reading print fell. At all events the author made no public confession of the personal character of the sonnets. She gave them out as sonnets from the Portuguese, and that not till three years after the date of the private print in which they are called *Sonnets by E.B.B.* Hence we have no right derived from her own public act or utterance to say " These are the love-sonnets of Elizabeth Barrett to Robert Browning." And yet it is constantly said ; and no one finds fault.

Now what is it that is blamed again and again in the publication of utterances not intended for the general gaze ? Surely it is the revelation of something regarded as too personal and sacred to be made public property ; but, if the thing were published as the utterance of no one in particular to no one in particular, the objection would fall. Thus it is not so much the utterance itself, as its localization, against which those who adopt the anti-publication view would

obtain injunction. In regard to these sonnets, all Mrs. Browning told us was, virtually, that she had found them somewhere written in the Portuguese tongue and had translated them ; though, by the bye, the tale has been told how, in allusion to her darkness, Browning had called her his Portuguese, and how she in playfully responsive allusion had described these love-sonnets as sonnets from "the Portuguese." If that tale were true, then the authorship and personal character would have been confessed at all events to such as knew the poet to have called the poetess his Portuguese. But dismiss that tale as apocryphal, and you have to face the fact that she chose to disguise the character of the poems, and one after another of those who knew it have chosen to publish the same,—that is to say, have localized the utterance and revealed the secret which it is difficult to imagine Mrs. Browning would have wished revealed. But the benefit done to the world by the revelation must outweigh vastly any arguable wrong done to the memory of the dead in saying "These are not sonnets from the Portuguese: they are the love-utterances of the greatest of English poetesses—of the greatest poetess since Sappho—to the greatest English poet of her time, or one of the greatest." Viewed in that light, the sonnets are of transcendent import and value: the end justifies the breach of confidence; and so it does in other cases where what is revealed is worth revealing.

CARLYLE:
A DISENTANGLED ESSAY

BY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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THE two volumes known as Horne's *New Spirit of the Age* are a perfect treasure-house of high criticism from the hand of the greatest woman-poet of this or any other country or century, if only we knew exactly where to light upon her thoughts. It is that fact that gives the book, not by any means all its value, but the exquisite freshness and perfume of which its pages are redolent. Horne was a good critic, an excellent poet, and an honest strong thinker by no means wanting in intellectual subtlety; but Mrs. Browning was a keener critic, a far better poet, at least as strong a thinker, much more subtly intellectual, and destined to be, in sum, a tenfold greater moral and spiritual force in the world than the strong man to whom, before she met Browning, she looked up with that simplicity of literary reverence which her delightful letters to him display. That genuine respect which she from her sick room entertained for him in his robust exercise of many vocations under the public gaze did not, however, for a moment check

the voice of her own convictions; and she certainly influenced Horne's thought on many subjects. Thus it came about that much which she wrote in one form filtered through his mind and found printed voice in another form.

Without access to manuscripts many of which are probably destroyed, proof-sheets of which few if any are forthcoming, and the holographs of Mrs. Browning's letters to Horne, it is next to impossible to dissect her work from his to any considerable extent; and there is perhaps not more than one instance in which an entire substantive essay can be securely disinterred—in part from *A New Spirit of the Age*, and in part from papers separately preserved. Fortunately that one is of great beauty, and of superlative interest as to subject; for it is the essay on Carlyle.

In the second volume of the Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to R. H. Horne[1] (page 29) mention is made of "several letters from Miss Barrett concerning Carlyle, which were printed in the critical work previously mentioned," that is to say *A New Spirit of the Age*. Another composition, described as a "letter," is mentioned on the same page as not having been printed in that work because it "arrived some days too late." Literally speaking, no letters from the poetess to the poet about Carlyle were printed in *A New Spirit of the Age*. The following delightful letter, given from the holograph, doubtless refers to the Carlyle essay,—or rather to the bulk of it.

Ah, my dear Mr. Horne, you will conclude (for *you* may conclude though *I* cannot!) you will conclude from certain

[1] Two volumes. Bentley, 1877.

facts that I am very like a *broom!*—not Lord Brougham, who only does a little of everything,—and not a wheeled brougham, . . which will stop when it is bidden—and not a new broom, . . which sweeps clean and has done with it—but that bewitched broom in the story,—which, being sent to draw water, drew bucket after bucket, until the whole house was in a flood. Montaigne says somewhere, that to stop gracefully is a sure proof of high race in a horse. I wonder what not to stop at all is proof of,—in horse, man, or . . . woman!—

After all I am not improving my case by this additional loquacity. And the case is bad enough perhaps . . viz. that you asked me to write four or five pages for your work, and that I have written what you see!—Well take the sheets.—I make you a present of them to cut into pieces—. . abbreviate in any possible way . . or put into the fire altogether, should your judgment suggest that stronger measure. Indeed I did not mean to write so much—I didn't think of writing your whole book for you!

Oh—of course!—you are free to interpolate as well as to cut down. In fact the papers are as much yours as if you had written them; and I sign over my personality in them to you herewith. Would it were better worth the having!

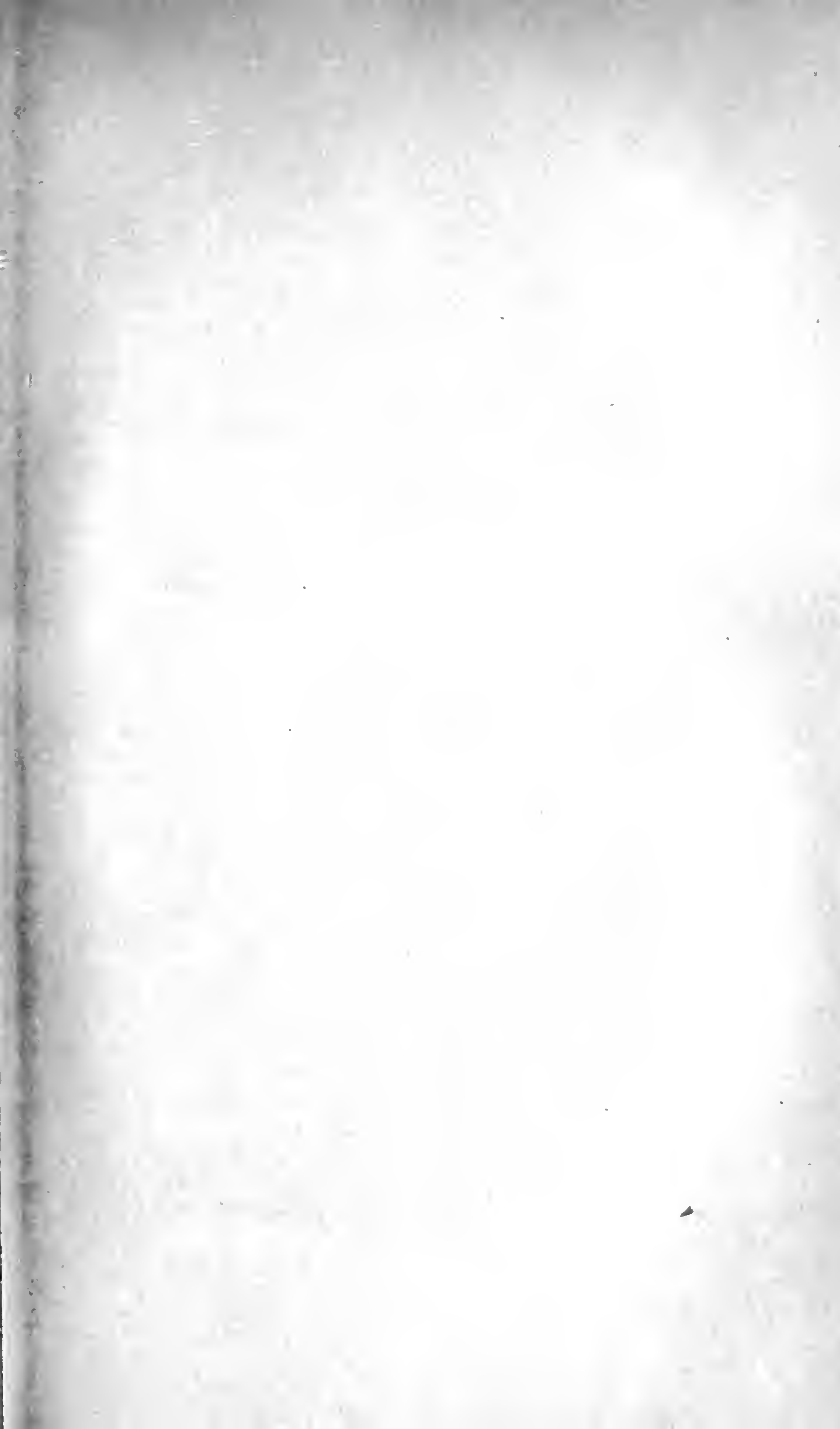
Ever truly yours

E. B. B.

The enclosure to this letter is clearly a considerable paper, though the number of leaves is not specified. There is nothing in *A New Spirit of the Age* that seems to answer to the particulars, except the Carlyle essay, and that answers down

to the very point of wanting the conclusion by Mrs. Browning—which conclusion is certainly none other than that which Horne records to have been too late by a few days. In the meantime he had finished the paper differently himself.

There are reasons why it cannot be stated with absolute certainty what dimensions and final form Mrs. Browning meant to give to the essay so generously placed at Horne's disposal. Nevertheless, it is certain, first that she sent her correspondent ten closely written and consecutively numbered leaves of which a specimen is here reproduced in fac-simile; and, secondly, that she is not responsible for the whole Carlyle section of the book. In accordance with the permission conveyed in the foregoing letter, the ten leaves in question were edited, interpolated, cut up and wafered down by Horne, mixed with copy of his own; and much care was taken to harmonize this work of collaboration. The whole of the manuscript is now preserved, mounted in such a manner as to form a choice quarto volume—to which Mr. Bookbinder Tout gave his best attention, leather, and workmanship; as, indeed, he did with the Barrett-Horne manuscript on Tennyson of which Mrs. Browning's part was published in the first volume of *Literary Anecdotes*. An examination of the Carlyle manuscript enables us, so far as the written record goes, to disentangle the work of the two writers; but when that is done, and a copy of the printed essay in *A New Spirit of the Age* has been reduced to conformity with Mrs. Browning's ten leaves of copy as restored by elimination of Horne's editorial changes and additions, the result



~~Birkenhead~~ Carlyle. 1

According to the view of the microcosmus, what is said of the world itself, may be said of every individual in it, and what is said of the individual, may be predicated of the world. Now, the individual mind has been compared to a prisoner in a dark room, or in a room which would be dark but for the windows of the same, meaning the senses in a figure; nothing being in the mind without the mediation of the senses, as Locke held; "except," as Leibnitz acutely added in modification, "the mind itself". Thus is it with the individual, & thus with the general humanity. Were it not for the something from without, and the something within, which are both Revelations, we should sit on the floor of our dark dungeon, between its close stifling walls, gnawing vainly with the teeth of the mind, at the chains we wear. But conclusions which genius has leapt at, science is proved & time come to aid us. It is well to talk of the progress of the public mind. The public mind,—that is, the average intelligence of the many,—never does make progress, except by imitation. Education is imitation, and the most passive of activities. The educators are the true and only movers. Progress implies the most active of energies, such as genius is (such as science is); and general progress implies, or indeed essentially consists of, individual progresses, men of genius (and other good teachers) working. A Ulysses must pass with the first goat,—call him Nobody, or by his right name. And to return to our first figure,—what the senses are to the individual mind, men of genius are to the general mind. Scantily apportioned by Providence for necessary ends, one original thinker strikes a

M^RS BROWNING'S ESSAY ON CARLYLE.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

does not correspond in every detail with what the printed book would be if we extracted the relative pages and simply eliminated Horne's part of this joint manuscript from them. The variations of course point to work done on proof-sheets; and there is little doubt that Mrs. Browning and Horne both worked on those sheets. To guess at each one's unseen work would be more hazardous than befits the occasion. The ten-leaf manuscript as it reached "the Great Orion" is therefore given in its simplicity in the following pages with the conclusion sent after it; and, where a variation of interest occurs, not found in the manuscript in either handwriting, it is set down in a foot-note, with the distinctive mark *New Spirit*, whether Mrs. Browning or whether Horne, the Editors will not suggest. But the essay, as now given, is guaranteed pure Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The Essay.

According to the view of the *microcosmus*, what is said of the world itself, may be said of every individual in it; and what is said of the individual, may be predicated of the world. Now, the individual mind has been compared to a prisoner in a dark room, or in a room which would be dark but for the windows of the same, meaning the senses in a figure,—nothing being in the mind without the mediation of the senses, as Locke held,—"except" . . as Leibnitz acutely added in modification, . . "the mind itself." Thus is it with the individual, and thus with the general humanity. Except for Revelations, and genius which is a minor species

of Revelation, we should sit on the floor of our dark dungeon, between its close stifling walls, gnawing vainly with the teeth of the mind, at the chains we wear. It is well to talk of the progress of the public mind.[1] The public mind, —that is, the average intelligence of the many,—never does make progress, except by imitation. Education is imitation, and the most passive of activities. Progress implies the most active of energies, such as genius is, and general progress implies, and indeed essentially consists of, individual progress, men of genius working. A Ulysses must pass with the first goat,—call him Nobody, or by his right name. And to return to our first figure,—what the senses are to the individual mind, men of genius are to the general mind. Scantily assigned by Providence for necessary ends, one original thinker strikes a window out here, and another there; wielding the mallet sharply, and leaving it to others to fashion grooves and frames, and complete advantage into convenience.

That Mr. Carlyle is one of the men of genius thus referred to, and that he has knocked out his window from the blind wall of his century, we may add without any fear of contradiction. We may say too that it is a window to the east,— and that some men complain of a certain bleakness in the wind which enters at it, when they should rather congratulate themselves and him on the aspect of the new sun beheld through it,—the orient hope of which, he has so discovered

[1] The public mind,—that is, the average intelligence of the many,—never does make progress, except by imbibing great principles from great men, which, after long and frequent reiteration, become part of the moral sense of a people.—*New Spirit.*

to their eyes. And let us take occasion to observe here, and to bear in memory through every subsequent remark we may be called upon to make,—that it has not been his object to discover to us any specific prospect—not the mountain to the right, nor the oak-wood to the left, nor the river which runs down between,—but the SUN, which renders visible all these.

When "the most thinking people" had, at the sound of all sorts of steam-engines, sufficiently worshipped that idol of utilitarianism which Jeremy Bentham the king had set up, —the voice of a prophet was heard praying three times a day, with magnanimous re-iteration, towards Jerusalem,—towards old Jerusalem, be it observed,—and also towards the place of sun-rising for ultimate generations. And the voice spoke a strange language,—nearly as strange as Bentham's own, and as susceptible of translation into English. Not English by any means, the critics said it spake; nor even German, nor Greek; although partaking considerably more of the two last than of English,—yet if the critics could not measure it out to you as classic English, after the measure of Swift or Addison, or even of Bacon and Milton,—if new words sprang gauntly in it from savage derivatives, and rushed together in unnatural combinations,—if the collocation was distortion, wandering wildly up and down,—if the consonants were everywhere in a heap, like the "pots and pans" of Bassano,—classic or not, English or not,—it was certainly a true language—a language "*μερόπων ἀνθρώπων*,"—the significant articulation of a living soul: God's breath was in the vowels of it. And the clashing of these harsh compounds at last drew the bees

into assembly, each murmuring his honey-dream. And the hearers who stood longest to listen, became sensible of a still grave music issuing like smoke from the clefts of the rock. If it was not "style" and "classicism," it was something better; it was soul-language. There was a divinity at the shaping of these rough-hewn periods.

We dwell the longer upon the construction of Mr. Carlyle's sentences, because of him it is pre-eminently true, that the speech is the man. All powerful writers will leave, more or less, the pressure of their individuality on the medium of their communication with the public. Even the idiomatic writers, who trust their thoughts to a customary and conventional phraseology, and thus attain to a recognized level perfection in the medium, at the expense of being less instantly incisive and expressive (according to an obvious social analogy),—have each an individual aspect. But the individuality of this writer is strongly pronounced. It is graven,—like a Queen's arrow on the poker and tongs of her national prisons,—upon the meanest word of his utterance. He uses no moulds in his modelling, as you may see by the impression of his thumb-nail upon the clay. He throws his truth with so much vehemence, that the print of the palm of his hand is left on it. Let no man scorn the language of Carlyle:[1] for if it forms part of his idiosyncracy, his idiosyncracy forms part of his truth. And let no man say that we recommend Carlylisms: for it is obvious,—from our very argument,—that, in the mouth of an imitator, they would unlearn their uses, and be conventional as Addison.

[1] Let no man scoff at the language of Carlyle.—*New Spirit.*

We have named Carlyle in connection with Bentham, and we believe that you will find in "your philosophy," no better antithesis for one, than is the other. There is as much resemblance between them as is necessary for antithetic unlikeness. Each headed a great movement among thinking men; and each made a language for himself to speak with; and neither of them originated what they taught. Bentham's work was done by systematizing; and Carlyle's, by reviving and reiterating. And as from the beginning of the world, the two great principles of matter and spirit have combated,—whether in man's personality, between the flesh and the soul,—or in his speculativeness, between the practical and the ideal,—or in his mental expression, between science and poetry,—Bentham and Carlyle assumed the double van on opposite sides—Bentham gave an impulse to the material energies of his age, of the stuff of which he was himself made,—while Carlyle threw himself before the crushing chariots, not in sacrifice, but deprecation; . . "Go aside—*there is a spirit even in the wheels!*" . . In brief, and to take up that classification of virtues made by Proclus and the later Platonists,—Bentham headed such as were *πολιτικαί*, Carlyle exalts that which is *τελεστική*, venerant and religious virtue.

We have observed that Carlyle is not an originator; and although he is a man of genius and original mind, and although he has knocked out his window in the wall of his century—and we know it,—we must repeat that, in a strict sense, he is not an originator. Perhaps our figure of the window might have been more correctly stated as the re-opening of an old window, long bricked up or encrusted

over,—and probably this man of a strong mallet, and sufficient right hand, thought the recovery of the old window, a better and more glorious achievement, than the making of many new windows. His office is certainly not to "exchange new lamps for old ones." His quality of a "gold-revivor" is the nearest to a novel acquirement. He tells us what we knew, but had forgotten, or disdained to remember; and his reiterations startle and astonish us like informations. We "have souls," he tells us. Who doubted it in the nineteenth century; yet who thought of it in the roar of the steam-engine? He tells us that work is every man's duty. Who doubted *that* among the factory masters?—or among the charity children, when spelling from the catechism of the national church, that they will "do their duty in the state of life to which it shall please God to call them?" Yet how deep and like a new sound, do the words "soul," "work," "duty,"[1] strike down the thoughts of the thinkers of the age, till the whole age vibrates! And again he tells us, "Have faith." Why, did we not know that we must have "faith?" Is there a religious teacher in the land who does not repeat from God's revelation, year by year, day by day . . Have faith? or is there a quack in the land who[2] does not illustrate to our philosophy the energy of "faith?" And again . . "Truth is a good thing." Is *that* new? Is it not written in the theories of the moralist, and of the child?—yes, and in the moral code of "honourable men," side by side with the "melancholy necessity" of the duellist's pistol and twelve paces? Yet we thrill at the words

[1] Strike down upon the flashing anvils of the age.—*New Spirit.*

[2] Does not call to his assistance the energy of "faith?"—*New Spirit.*

as if some new thunder of divine instruction ruffled the starry air,—as if an angel's foot sounded down it, step by step, coming with a message.

Thus it is obvious that Mr. Carlyle is not an originator, but a renewer, although his medium is highly original; and it remains to us to recognise that he is none the less important teacher on that account, and that there was none the less necessity for his teaching. "The great fire-heart," as he calls it, of human nature may burn too long without stirring,—burn inwardly, cake outwardly, and sink deeply into its own ashes: and to emancipate the flame clear and bright, it is necessary to stir it up strongly from the lowest bar. To do this, is the aim and end of all poetry of a high order,—this,—to resume human nature from its beginning, and return to first principles of thought and first elements of feeling; this,—to dissolve from eye and ear the film of habit and convention, and to let Beauty and Truth run gushing upon unencrusted perceptive faculties; for as Religion makes a man a child again innocently,—so should poetry make a man a child again perceptively. This is what a poet [must] try for; and in this aim, Carlyle is, as he has been called, a poet, and a great one—only what the poet does for the individual reader and the actual instincts, Carlyle would do for Society collectively, opening out from the individual despairing-sentimental into the social [word obliterated by Horne]. What the poet does by an emotion, Carlyle would do by a conviction. No poet yearns more earnestly to make the Inner Life shine out, than does Carlyle. No poet regrets more sorrowfully, with a look across the crowded and crushing intellects of the world,—

that the dust rising up from men's energies, should have blinded them to the brightness of their instincts,—and that Understanding (according to the German view) should take precedence of Reason, by a spiritual anachronism and incoherence of things. He is reproached with not being practical—Mr. Carlyle is not practical. But he is practical for many intents of the inner life, and teaches well the Doing of Being. "What would he make of us?" says the complainers. "He reproaches us with the necessities of the age—he taunts us with the very progress of time: his requirements are so impossible that they make us despair of the republic." And this is true. If we were to give him a sceptre, and cry "Rule over us," he would answer: "Ye have souls! work—believe." He would not know what else to do with us. He would pluck, absently, at the sceptre for the wool of the fillet to which his hands were accustomed; for he is no king, except in his own peculiar sense of a prophet and priest-king,—and a vague prophet, be it understood. His recurrence to first principles and elements of action, is, in fact, so constant and passionate, that his attention is not free for the devolvement of acts. The hand is the gnomon by which he judges of the soul; and little cares he for the hand otherwise,—he will not wash your hands for you, be sure, however he may moralize on their blackness. Whether he writes history or philosophy or criticism, his perpetual appeal is to those common elements of Humanity which it is his object to cast into relief and light. His work on the French Revolution is a great poem with this same object, . . a return upon the life of Humanity, and an eliciting of the pure material and initial

element of life, out of the fire and torment of it. The work has fitly been called graphical and picturesque ; but it is so *by force of being* philosophical and poetical. For instance, where the writer says that "Marat was in a cradle like the rest of us," it is no touch of rhetoric, though it may seem so, but a resumption of the philosophy of the whole work.

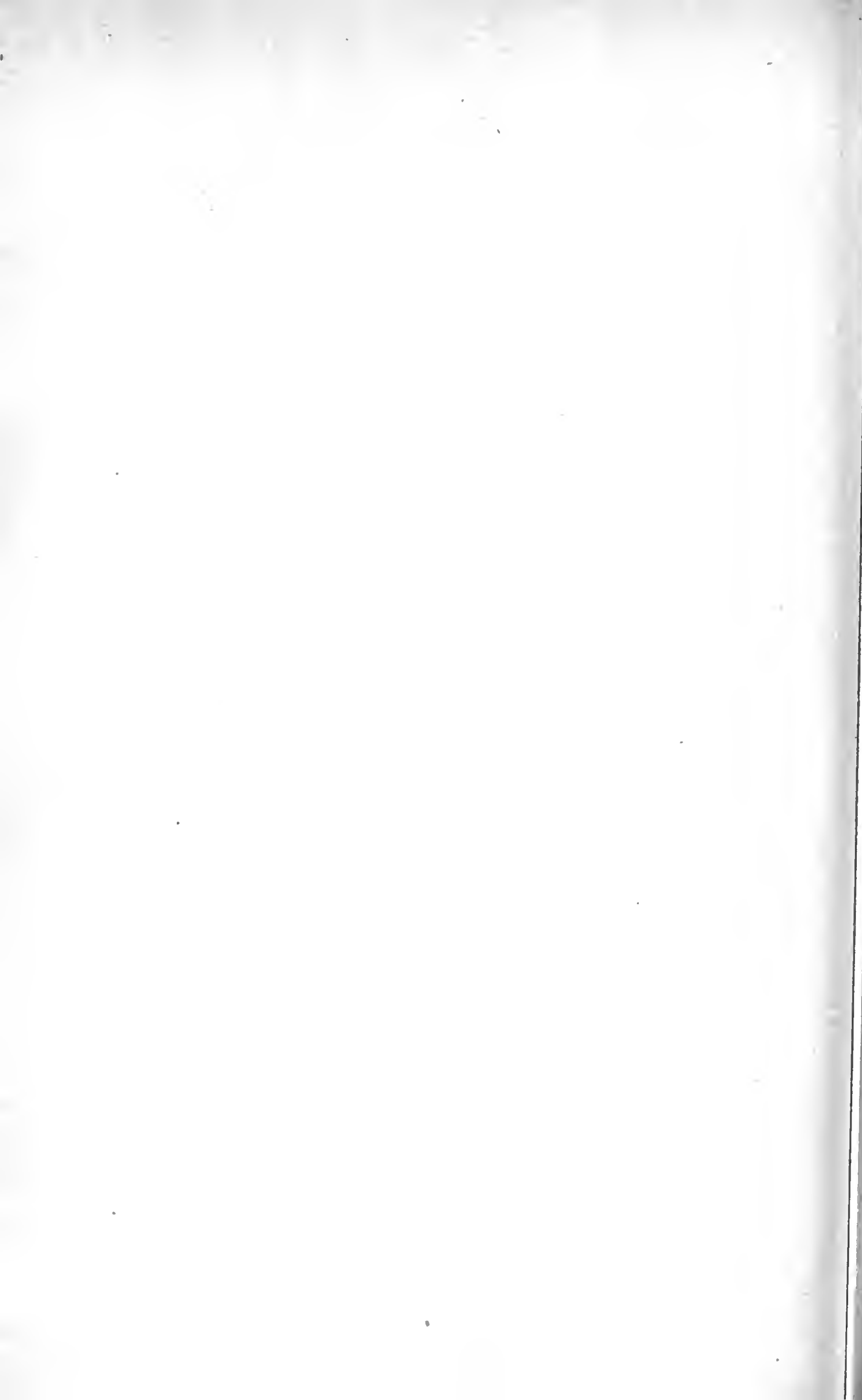
From the assimilations in the world, he wrings the product of the differences ; and by that curious individualizing of persons, which is remarkable in his historical manner, he attempts a broad generalizing of principles. And when he throws his living heart into an old monk's diary, and, with the full warm gradual throbs of genius and power, throbs out the cowled head into a glory, . . the reason is not, as disquieted doctors may [word obliterated] hint . . that Mr. Carlyle regrets the cloistral ages and defunct superstitions,—the reason is not that Mr. Carlyle is *too* poetical to be philosophical, but that he is *so* poetical as to be philosophical. The reason is, that Mr. Carlyle recognizes in a manner that no mere historian ever does, but as the true poet always will do,—the oneness of the God-made man through every cycle of his individual and social existence—assuming the original nature in it and it in the present identification. He is a poet also, by his insight into the activity of moral causes working through the intellectual agencies of the mind. He is also a poet in the mode. He conducts his argument with none of your philosophical arrangements and marshalling of "for and against" : his paragraphs come and go as they please. He proceeds, like a poet, rather by association than by uses of logic. His illustrations not only illustrate but

bear a part in the reasoning,—the images standing out, like grand and beautiful Caryatides, to sustain the heights of the argument. Of his language we have spoken. Somewhat too slow and involved for eloquence, and too individual to be classical, it is yet the language of a gifted poet, the colour of whose soul eats itself into the words.

It is impossible to part from this subject without touching upon a point of it we have already glanced at by an illustration, when we said that his object was to discover the sun, and not to specify the landscape. He is, in fact, somewhat indefinite in his ideas of "faith" and "truth." In his ardour for the quality of belief, he is apt to separate it from its objects; and although in the remarks on tolerance in his "Hero Worship" he guards himself strongly from an imputation of latitudinarianism yet we cannot say but that he sometimes overleaps his own fences, and sets us wondering whither he would be speeding. This is the occasion of some disquiet to such of his readers as discern that the *truth itself* is a more excellent thing than our *belief* in the truth; and that, *a priori, our belief does not make the truth.* But it is the effect, more or less, of every abstract consideration that we are inclined to hold the object of abstraction some moments longer in its state of separation and analysis than is at all necessary or desirable. And, after all, the right way of viewing the matter is that Mr. Carlyle intends to teach us something, and not everything; and to direct us to a particular instrument, and not to direct us in its specific application. It would be a strange reproach to offer to the morning star, that it does not shine in the evening.

For the rest, we may congratulate Mr. Carlyle and the dawning time. We have observed that individual genius is the means of popular advancement. A man of genius gives a thought to the multitude, and the multitude spread it out as far as it will go, until another man of genius brings another thought, which attaches itself to the first, because all truth is assimilative, and perhaps even reducible to that monadity of which Parmenides discoursed. Mr. Carlyle is gradually amassing a greater reputation than might have been looked for at the hands of this polytechnic age, and has the satisfaction of witnessing with his living eyes the outspread of his thought among nations. That this Thought—the ideas of this prose poet—should make way with sufficient rapidity for him to live to see the progress, is a fact full of hope for the coming age; even as the other fact, of its first channel furrowing America (and it is a fact that Carlyle was generally read there before he was truly recognized in his own land), is replete with favourable promise for that great country, and indicative of a noble love of truth in it passing the love of dollars.

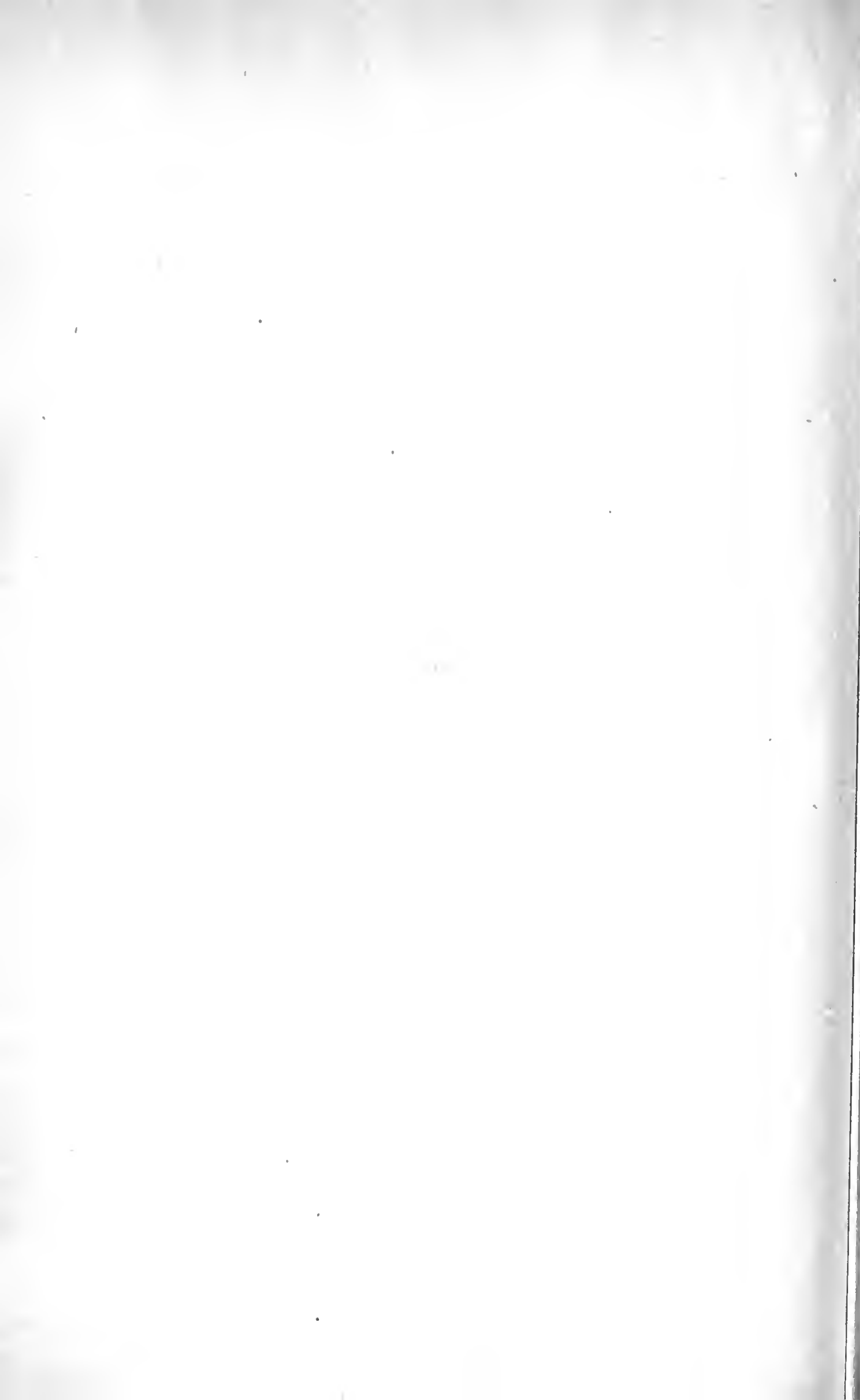
END OF THE ESSAY.



THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS

OF

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



MRS. BROWNING'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS, AS EXPRESSED IN THREE LETTERS,

ADDRESSED TO WM. MERRY, ESQ., J.P.

IN 1843 Mr. Merry, of "The Highlands," near Reading, a friend of Miss Mitford, published through G. Lovejoy, London Street, Reading, and Whittaker and Hamilton, London, a little pamphlet on "Predestination and Election, Considered Scripturally."[1] In this he dealt with the seventeenth article of the Church of England, and contested the Calvinistic interpretation. Mr. Merry's point is familiar. His objection is not to election so much as to reprobation. Difficult passages "should be brought by the Christian mind at once to the great test of Scriptural revelation on the nature of God's known attributes, and when thus held up to the pure light of a gospel abounding in assurances of His unerring justice and mercy, all that is doubtful will disappear like mists before the effulgence of the sun." He sums up as follows:—

[1] *Predestination / and / Election, / Considered Scripturally. / By / William Merry, Esq. / . . . . . / Reading: / Printed and Published by G. Lovejoy, London-Street; / and Whittaker and Hamilton, London. /* 1843. Duodecimo, pp. 76.

"Inasmuch, therefore, as all who 'search the scriptures,' or hear the gospel preached, find themselves therein instructed how to 'repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance' (Acts 26, 20), we may be firmly assured, that there does not live one human being, so taught, who is shut out from the pale of Christian salvation by predestiny, partial favour, or any other than his own wilful and inexcusable unbelief; (inexcusable, for it is beyond conception that man should be so earnestly appealed to, and encouraged to believe in God, holy and true, and yet not be enabled to obey the gracious bidding;) not one who is not *equally* and vitally interested in the offer of mercy, or who is denied sufficient means for the acceptance of that gospel which was preached to the poor, the 'glad tidings of great joy which are for all people,' and who has not grateful cause to join the 'Heavenly Host' in their hymn of praise, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.'"

It will be remembered that these letters were written three years before Miss Barrett married. She was then, as always, in delicate health, but evidently had recovered from the extreme prostration of previous years. To this recovery her friendship with Miss Mitford had in no small degree contributed.

Cordial thanks are due to Mr. Robert Barrett Browning for his courteous permission to print these letters.

LETTER I.

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50 Wimpole Street,
London.
November 2nd, 1843.

My Dear Friend,

If you did not threaten me up to the top of your actual threat I should still have gratitude enough in me to answer your kind note, and acknowledge your gift of a work upon a great subject, believe me. You never thought to the contrary for a moment, I am sure. But you did think, and with reason, that I should decline a controversy with you upon a subject which I profess not to understand, and upon which I believe (considering the bare fact that persons of equal piety and spiritual instruction otherwise, do differ upon it directly) that the Church is not instructed by the Holy Spirit to come to a definite understanding. You charge me, however, too earnestly to leave me free to the silence, which (after thanking you) I should choose. I will speak openly, as you desire it, and so when it comes to the worst, I must remain, as the contract renders it, Mr. Merry's *friend*, which will not leave me inconsolable.

Your book (to begin from the beginning) is written in a spirit so amiable and conciliating—so Christian-heartedly, to use a more applicable expression—that it almost reconciles me to the controversial character of its subject.

It is a book likely to do good to many with whom it would fail in particular persuasion, and again and again as I read along, I felt—"*That* is true,"—*that* is rightly put,"—"we should remember *that!*"

And now, from the construction of that last sentence, you will think that I disagree with you altogether—and I do disagree with you—but not altogether.

The truth is, dear Mr. Merry, that Arminians in general would call me a Calvinist, while Calvinists would call me an Arminian. I certainly do not believe in particular redemption and predestination in the strong Calvinistic view of them. I believe so far in particular grace, as that no human being can be saved, "except the Father draw him," except the Saviour redeem him, except the Holy Spirit "list" to breathe on him. And I believe so far in free will and responsibility, as that every human being who is lost, will stand in the midst of his fulfilled experience and witness before the universe, "Woe is *me*, for *I* have sinned; it is by my own choice that I am here."

That there is contradiction in this, apparent contradiction, I do not deny; but my impression of scriptural revelation is, that these two points, apparently contradictory as they are, are equally revealed by God; and that the key of the reconciling interpretation is in Christ's hand, with the Keys of Death and Hades, far beyond the reach of ours. Probably the turning point of the whole argument lies in a distinction (as you suggest) between God's fore-knowledge and His pre-ordination—although you are probably aware that when human metaphysicians begin to inquire into the several natures of these acts, they

both seem to merge, under the crown of deity, in pre-ordination—nothing being an object of knowledge with God which had not been an object of ordination by Him. And thus, "within the deepest depth a deeper depth," we fall from the mystery of predestination to the mystery of the origin of evil—and if you write another book upon *that*, dear Mr. Merry, you will charge me perhaps, at the hazard of forfeiting your friendship, to follow it up with the appendix of a private controversy. Will you?

Ah! you do not think me pert and light and perverse, I hope, upon these solemn things. It is because they are solemn to me; serious and important to me; it is because I have resolved them seriously, and according to the best powers of my mind; it is because I have again and again sought with humility and earnestness for the meaning of God's will in relation to these great points, that I now sink back ashamed and afraid, and willing not to be wise beyond what is written. Let us believe, let us pray, and may God be blessed that we know enough to believe as that and pray. And "When the end cometh, whatever may have been the measure of grace, the measure of *justice* to every living soul, will be such as a divine knowledge of our very thoughts will render perfect." I agree with you perfectly, it is admirably said. For the rest, you will be patient with me while I very humbly doubt whether your book is successful in the interpretation of the Church of England articles against the Calvinistic theory. I am not myself a member of the Church of England, and therefore whichever way the articles may lean, is of the less

importance to me. But certainly, if words mean anything, and if the obvious meaning of the words of the seventeenth article is to be received in all honesty, why it is a Calvinistic article, and could scarcely by any imaginable change of expression (according to my apprehension of it) be rendered more Calvinistic. I am bold enough to think, my dear friend, that it is your will, and not your reason, which consents unaware to this anti-Calvinistic rendering.

If Bishop Mant endeavours to colour the interpretation anti-Calvinistically, you will admit with an all-conquering candour, that other bishops would colour it Calvinistically; and that nearly the whole evangelical party of the Church of England does receive the article in the Calvinistic sense. In the obvious meaning of the words, my impression is, that they do so rightly receive and apprehend it, and that any Calvinist among them would be puzzled if called upon to compose another article, in other words, than those used in the Church of England, yet as Calvinistic in the full bearing and expression.

The view of the nature of Faith, commonly called Calvinistic, is, in my view of it, altogether scriptural, and very important to be held strongly. By an expression or two you seem to reject it, but as you open out your own view it grows to be absolutely Calvinistic, and I could not express my own creed upon the point in question in preciser words, I think.

The Arminian view, held and preached on the subject of works by the majority of Church of England divines, and by the whole Puseyite party, is, is it not? that man is saved by his works, and not by Christ's work—by works

rather than faith—while the Calvinistic view that man is saved by faith in Christ's work, and not by works of his own; by a living faith, the blossom of which is good works, is opposed to the other, and comprises the great good news of the New Testament. "That human virtues, however excellent and *indispensable* as an evidence of faith, and as such 'pleasing in God's sight,' do not and cannot form the groundwork of man's justification," is all that the Calvinistic body contends for, however they may be commonly misrepresented on this point of doctrine. There may be indeed a very small number of persons antinomians in a worse sense, but the class is very small indeed, and I believe that when the individuals of it begin to explain their own meanings, they are for the most part convicted of meaning something very different and more scriptural indeed, than their actual profession. To call a faith which will not work, *faith*, is to call a corpse, a man, or a parricide, an affectionate child. Good works are as absolutely a consequence of faith as salvation is—but the quarrel is whether salvation turns upon faith or upon works as a ground-work; and thus your language is perfectly satisfactory to those who hold faith to be the groundwork.

There is only one work which brings salvation, and that is Christ's upon the Cross. And He saves us *that we may work*, and *not because we work*. Is it not so?

For the rest, I differ from you in holding fast what is called "the final perseverance of the saints," believing that the general spirit of scriptural promise is for it, although a few passages may seem to militate against it.

Will you permit me to add to these divers boldnesses, one more, greater than the rest, in the expression of a deep regret that you should have embodied in your book the very objectionable (as it appears to me) extract from Mr. Hare, to become "elect of God" by baptizing, and a "member of Christ by virtue of a sacrament!"

Is this scriptural, in whatever light we record it?

And now if I have not sinned against the liberty granted to me, beyond forgiveness, *will* you favour me, and be one with me consciously (as I trust we are actually) in the brotherhood of Jesus Christ? "To walk together as far as we are agreed," is the duty of all Christians, and should be the pleasure of those who differ the most widely, so that "unity of the Church" which is now "hid in Christ," yet talked of so much and so vainly, may be guessed at a little in its right sense, by the world.

But for you and me, we do not differ after all *the most widely*, while it is peculiarly pleasant for one of us (that is I), to walk together agreed with the other. I respect and thank you for this employment of talent, generously offered and usefully in the great cause of religion; so much do I respect and thank you, as to take courage to wish that your next work may avoid the rocks of controversy, and be content to lead us into some green meadow beside those living waters. We do not require so much to *know* more (and every controversy perhaps which has eaten deep into the heart of the Church, refers obliquely to something unknown, unrevealed), as to *feel* and *think* more upon what we know—and the simplest and plainest scriptural subject will reward the thinker and earnest

writer, more abundantly, in all probability, than the hardest subject, as ground for work and musing.

I have written too much now, instead of too little, I am sure. Yet I must observe that poor Calvin, who has the credit of certain opinions, when extended to the uttermost could not hold them more strongly than Luther did, who grasped with his two most pugnacious fists, the dreadful doctrine of *Reprobation.*

May God bless you and lead you into all truth, and beautify the truth to you in love!

I remain, with much esteem,
Always and faithfully yours,
ELIZABETH BARRETT.

When I have used in these little sheets the term "The Church," I meant of course the Church of Christ generally, and not any particular denomination of Christians. Christ's Church is one—and we, alas! "are many."

Faithfully yours,
ELIZABETH BARRETT.

LETTER II.

50 Wimpole Street,
London.
November 17th, 1843.

My Dear Friend,

If my infinitesimal sheets go on in an approach to *ad infinitum*, they are an equivalent to the unity of your great sheet; and in fact my letter was as long, I calculate, as your own. For yours, I thank you much and cordially. I appreciate the kindness you extend to me, and in beginning a new sheet I am not going to plunge into a controversy, being under a vow not to do it, and being content to pass with you for a "rational person" and no Calvinist in any true sense of predestination after all. My creed is that controversy *does harm*, and I might say my experience is that it does harm —for I have given no superficial attention in former years to this very subject, and read the arguments (such as they are) of logicians on both sides, and gone carefully through the Scriptures with a reference to the points in question. My own inference is that the *manner* of election and predestination (those being Scriptural words, and therefore undeniable ventricles of *some* truth) is not revealed—although the total dependence of man upon God *is* revealed, as is his debility and corruption without the operation of the Holy Ghost and the word of Christ Jesus.

Nearly the whole of the second page of your letter satisfies me perfectly, and so does much of your book; however, I may yearn to cut certain pages from out of the heart of it,—the truth being, my dear friend, that you are as slack an Arminian as ever I can be a Calvinist; and that you fall into contradictions by being too spiritual yourself for those you walk with. That extract for instance!—And then you do not and cannot prove your position that the Church of England is anti-Calvinistic, on the ground of the Arminian interpretation being supported by certain members of that Church, because it is to be met on another ground of the Calvinistic interpretation being supported by other members of that Church. The knife cuts two ways. In regard to the Articles . . to the doctrines generally of the Church of England, I reverence them, on the whole, as Christ's own doctrines; and receive them as pure and spiritual. They are the doctrines in the gross, of *all Christians*, under whatever denominations they may class themselves—and the Baptists, Congregationalists, Wesleyan Methodists, &c., hold them with as firm a hand as your bishops.

Ah! you smile at me for my schism!—And *I*, after you said you smiled, did not smile but quite laughed out, to find you "astonished" at that recreancy. Why, did you never hear that I was—a schismatic? And can you not imagine in your musing mind that a "rational person" thinking and feeling a little, as all responsible persons should, on the most important of all subjects, might (without being by any means a "controversialist by profession") class himself or herself with the particular class of Chris-

tians which appears to approach nearest his or her view of Scriptural truth? For instance, suppose that I received the Church of England definition of a Church, *i.e.* "a congregation of godly persons"—too fully to believe in the propriety of a *National Church*—and suppose my view of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper embraced a simple obedience to the command of the Lord that we "do this in remembrance of *Him*,"—with no "mystery beyond except the depth of God's love,"—and suppose I preferred, by temperament and reflection, a simpler form of worship and teaching than are to be met with in your assemblies—and suppose, even suppose, that I believed the word "*bishop*" in the Scripture to mean a working minister,—would you blame me for approaching what appeared to me the purest form of truth?—would you esteem me unjustified in my deed, for leaving what appeared to me the impure form of truth? I appeal to your reverence for Truth,—my dear friend and brother, in the Unity of the Church of Christ, I believe,—and I believe that I do not sin against it schismatically, as long as I love Christ, and recognise in Him the brotherhood of all Believers. As there are many mansions in Heaven, so are there many Churches on earth: and the true sin of schism is (according to my perception of it) a sin against the unity of *all* the Churches of Christendom, and more or less.

And now I come to what has interested me not the least in your letter—the words about my dear friend Miss Mitford. Can it be really true that she goes to *no place of worship?* I had not even feared it. Oh, yes,—in the course of our long correspondence, and in the liberty which

she has constantly permitted to me, I have often entered upon the subject of religion with her, taking the opportunities as they were presented. Sometimes she has not answered me,—and sometimes, particularly at the period of her father's death, she did so almost satisfactorily. Certainly at that period she expressed definitely that her hope for him and herself was in Christ alone, and that in prayer and the sense of the great Hereafter lay the whole of her personal consolation. Still, I will not tell you that I am contented altogether—I love her too much. She has not, I fear, distinct views—and perhaps, perhaps, her interest in the subject (now that the moment of emotion which brings us all to the feet of God, is past) may not be strong enough to admit of much long and steady reflection. How can I be contented? More especially how can I be contented after what you tell me? Dear Mr. Merry, if you are able to do any good, *do it!* And you, who have the opportunity of personal communication with her, must have occasions of useful intervention, to which any intimacy by correspondence is weak and inadequate. If you and I (for instance) were in this room together at this moment, you might fasten me down to a controversy on Predestination, and I might not be able to run away! It is so easy to escape from a subject in a correspondence,—and so difficult face to face! Oh, if you could only open the gifted mind fully, serenely, to the living truths on which depend not only a "happy futurity" but a happy present, what a benediction would be due to you both from herself and from all who love her! I should tell you that sometimes I have felt happy, and sometimes unhappy

in relation to her religious state—and, also, that she was more vividly affected by her visit to the Roman Catholic Bishop and Chapel near Bath, than she ever appeared to me to be by any cause of the kind. I had asked her (forgive me) to go to hear Mr. Jay, the Nonconformist at Bath, who has been the means of doing much good,—but she went to the Roman Catholic Chapel instead, and was too pleased to leave me quite satisfied. If she were a person of different habits of mind, I should quite have trembled when she talked lightly of "going to be a Catholic." I tell you all, dear Mr. Merry,—and if you prove to be the instrument of doing the good to which you aspire, I shall be the first to thank God for you!—for her!! and for me!

It seems to me (in reference to your kind question) that everybody must be tired of hearing of me,—and that to be so long ill, without dying, is a decided case of black letter in the body. According to Plato, I should have been put to death long ago as a chronic patient—and really I feel a little ashamed of being alive. No wonder, therefore, that I should be silent about myself whenever I can! Yet just the reason why I should thank you for your enquiry, and reply to it by an assurance of my being considerably better upon the whole, however confined by necessity to my sofa, and one room; still my prospects change while my position remains the same, and I begin to understand that it may be God's will (who has caused me to survive much trial of body, and mental agonies without a name) to keep me in the world to watch, wait, and perhaps work far, far longer than once (and that not very long ago) I could have believed either possible or endurable.

May He bless you in your work, and in your joys! I thank you all for your kindness to me, and entreat you to suffer me to walk by your side, as far as we are agreed, as an affectionate, however unworthy a Christian, sister should.

Faithfully yours,
ELIZABETH BARRETT.

LETTER III.

50 Wimpole Street,
London.
January 8th, 1844.

My Dear Friend,

I hasten to reply to your kind letter because the matter of it will not suffer me to be more patient. With all my heart I rejoice in the effect likely to follow on those wise suggestions, which the true bravery of your friendship ventured; and with all my mind I subscribe to the discretion of your delicacy which would refrain from obtruding in anything after the good has been done. I perfectly understand the advantage of *silence*, both on my part and yours, and I feel also that you will need no further recompense than the consciousness of having been made an instrument of doing good, either from the person benefited, or from society. May God's blessing wait upon the performance of this obvious duty of public prayer, and open out vista beyond vista of mercy and joy for our friend.

That she is not a Unitarian I know, and I thank God she is not. For the rest, if the Gospel is preached simply in the place of worship to which she is about to go, let us hope that the want of an attractive medium will not be

felt very drearily by her, and that the Spirit of God will give of His beauty and fragrance to the least word.

I have not referred to your personal affliction in these two pages, dear Mr. Merry, but I have thought of it all the while I was writing. And my thought was (if I may tell it) that your reflections upon this good which you have done must have carried a sweetness into your sadness, and modified it with the most persuasive earthly comforting there is in the world. As for the species of sadness, I know what it is. I had heard of your affliction from Miss Mitford, and felt what the depth of it must be. Blessed are they, nevertheless, who have a double lot, the consolations of Heaven, as well as the sorrows of the earth! And yet more blessed they who in addition to their personal consolations have the privilege of giving a gift, or teaching a truth, or suggesting a hope to their fellows, while suffering the common lot of grief! And as to my being Pope Joan the second—why, believe me, I have no manner of pretension to any such dignity, as you would say if you knew me better. If we do not think and feel for ourselves in matters of religion, we may as well give away our responsibility to the priest like other Roman Catholics, and cease to call ourselves Protestant Christians. And it is very clear to me that every man or woman of us all is bound to reccive into practice the truth he or she consciously discerns, and *as* he or she consciously discerns it. The true schismatic is the other he or she who shall refuse to tolerate the brother or sister in Christ, on account of his or her holding a truth, or a form, in a different manner from the holding of his truth, or form. The Universal Church of Christ is one and indivisible; and

large should be the heart of its members, even as Christ's heart to them all. But the *Churches* of Christ are *many*, and the ministrations of the one Spirit are many, and the aspects of truth to the human mind are many indeed. Also there may be schism (according to my view of the term) as in a separate Church, for instance, where the members of a Baptist Church differ and divide, or where the members of a Church of England differ and divide, as in the present actual case of the Puseyites and the Evangelical party. But the Baptist Christian is no schismatic towards the Church of England Christian, nor *vice versâ*; nor can either be considered a schismatic towards the Universal Christian Church. Do you not believe, my dear friend, in the unity of the *Church*, pure and undivided, in the midst of the sects? Is the dissenter a schismatic in your eyes, because he does not belong to your National Church when in Christ's eyes he is a member of the indivisible Church? For this last position is no begging of the question as long as you admit (as I am sure you do) that the believer, let him be dissenter or not, is safe in Christ.

Will you—if I read your Liturgy—read Binney's pamphlet on "Schism" for me? Will you promise to do it?

For the rest, what if every word of the Liturgy were taken from Scripture! The argument of the deduction does not favour *you* with the Church of Rome, to whom that Liturgy belongs. Without reading any book, I will admit at once that much of the Liturgy is from Scripture, and that it is (with some reserved points for objection) as beautiful a Liturgy as could be written or read, but why should not *we*, for whom Christ died, and

in whom the Spirit maketh intercession, speak to God out of the fulness of our hearts? If the spirit crieth *Abba* in us, why should not we cry it with our lips, without reading a form of speech from a Prayer Book? Was the publican's prayer a "beautiful Liturgy," or invented or arranged by men? And where many publicans meet together, who shall forbid that all "being agreed" they all "pray together" as well and unitedly as you of "the Church"?

So I entreat you to consider these things. The mystery of *love in unity* is very little understood—our hearts are not large enough for the comprehensiveness of Christ's Divine Heart; and perhaps when we are free from the body, and the Heavenly surprise brightens round us, nothing will astonish us more than a perception of the real character of our former divisions. The crooked shall be straight, and the rough places plain, in a new sense yet unconceived of. You shake your head perhaps: never mind—you will smile perhaps, *then!*

In all this I would not appear to arrogate any peculiar degree of large-heartedness to myself. We all have our prejudice—some on one subject, some on another—and I, consciously to myself, with the rest. Only I would aspire to love, even as to truth; and in speaking of Christ's Church, I would not lift one denomination over the head of another. I would reverence *the Churches.* Also I am not a Baptist but a Congregational Christian in the holding of my private opinions. Altogether you will be gentle and not call me Pope Joan any more. Shall it not be so?

And now I come to speak of Mr. Reade, and of my reasons for troubling you in such a hurry with Pope

Joanisms, is my eagerness to explain my whole mind respecting his message to me. I am very sorry (I need scarcely tell you I hope) that Mr. Reade should lie under the impression of my being aggrieved by any word of his, or any supposed word of his—and certainly to nobody in the world did I ever *complain* of his speaking such a word. The faults of my writings are unfortunately such obvious ones that the very poet does not deny them; and the best friends of the said poet can give no offence to her by admitting them. Will you say this from me to Mr. Reade? It will convince him that if the bird in the air misapprehended the matter, he (Mr. Reade) was at least wrong in supposing me offended, or even ruffled, or thrown into any attitude of complaint whatever, by the hypothesis of a criticism from him. Whatever I said about the hypothetical criticism was simply historical, only by no means intended for tradition; and I am much vexed that it should have come to that estate.

Beg Mr. Reade to forget as fast as possible everything which has been unpleasant to him in this matter, and to accept the expression of my regret in exchange for his kindness. And this is all with which I shall trouble you for the present.

For the sake of the truth which we both love, forgive the differences of opinion which it is as difficult for me to prevent as for you.

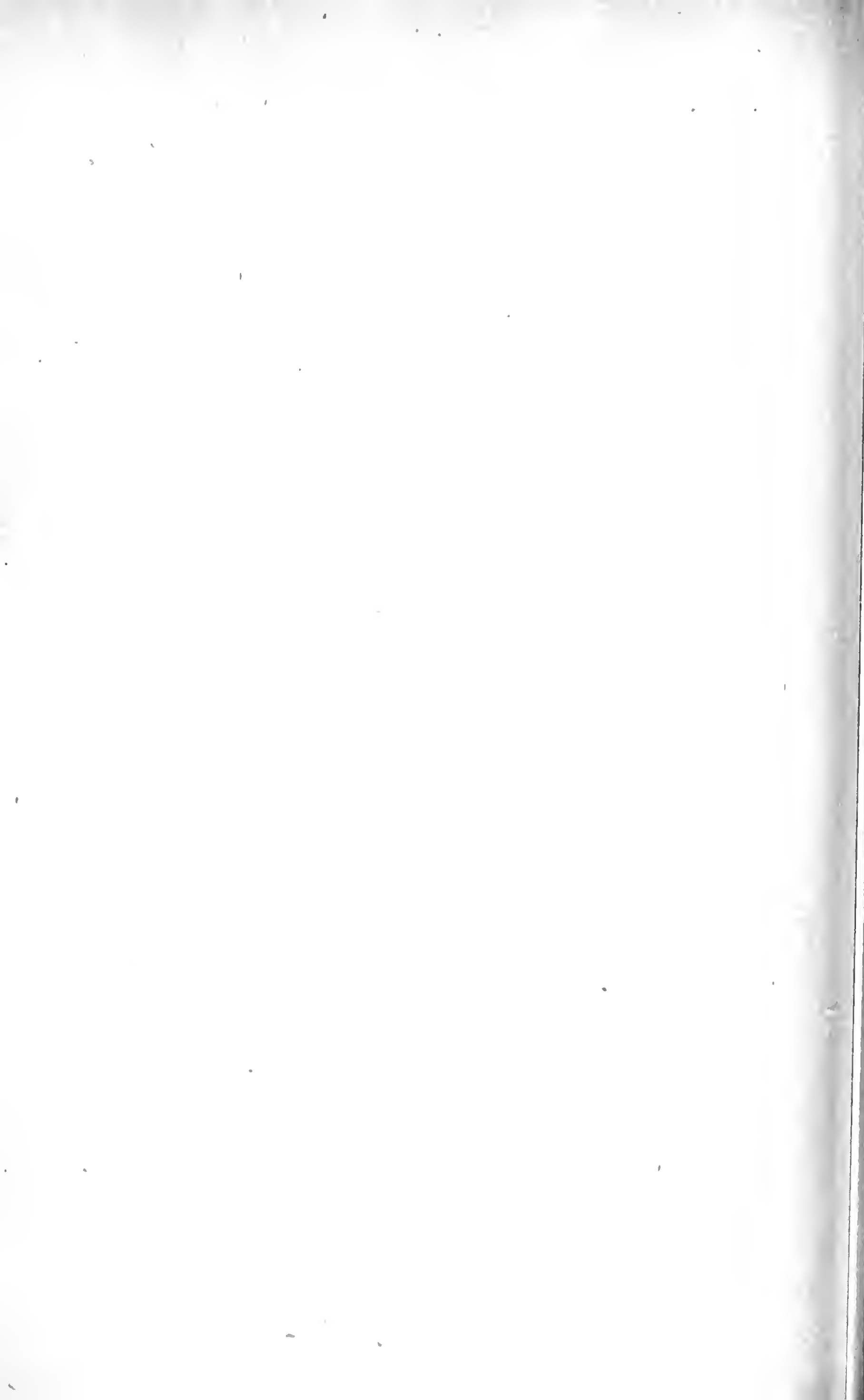
And believe me none the less on their account,

Faithfully yours,

ELIZABETH BARRETT.

THE REVEREND GEORGE CRABBE.

TWO POETICAL EPISTLES.



TWO POETICAL EPISTLES BY CRABBE.

ALTHOUGH the Rev. George Crabbe's poetry is essentially a product of the nineteenth century, he had done a considerable mass of work in verse and prose before the close of the eighteenth. Born at Aldeburgh in Suffolk in 1754, he began his career as a man of letters before the third quarter of the century had passed. His *Inebriety, a Poem*, published at Ipswich in 1775, was but the last of a long series of juvenilities. In the year 1780, in the course of which he issued anonymously *The Candidate, a Poetical Epistle to the Editors of the Monthly Review*, he was doing his utmost to make a living in London as a man of letters. Engaged to be married to Miss Sarah Elmy, to whom he gave the poetic name of "Mira," he kept for her a circumstantial journal of his proceedings, from which, as edited by his son in the Life prefixed to the standard edition of his works, we learn that he addressed to her a Poetical Epistle in the spring of 1780. From this work, never yet published, the poet's biographer quoted ten disjointed lines, whereby the composition is positively identifiable as the second of the following Epistles. This, though familiarly written and

sent to Miss Elmy at her home, was worked into one of the many literary projects of this busy period, unquestionably meant for publication. In the seventeen folio pages of which the manuscript consists, the Epistle to Mira, yoked with a General Epistle from the Devil, and a preface by "Martinus Scriblerus," is beautifully written; but neither its caligraphy nor its subject appears to have tempted the publishers of the period; and the manuscript remained as a curious relic to pass into the collection of Mr. Buxton Forman. Crabbe was over twenty-five years old when this work was produced; it cannot therefore be classed as a juvenile work; indeed it was only one year earlier than that typical poem of his first period of maturity, *The Library*. It is worth recalling that the passage in the Epistle to Mira, including the couplet—

> Of substance I've thought, and the various disputes,
> On the Nature of Man, and the Nations of Brutes,

refers to another undertaking, a treatise in prose which the poet entitled *A Plan for the Examination of our Moral and Religious Opinions*, of which his son records that only the "first rough draught" was preserved. In printing the *Poetical Epistles* from the holograph, the characteristic spelling, pointing, and capitalling are followed save in cases of positive error; for they add to the interest which the work derives from the great eminence attained by Crabbe in the present century as the author of those extraordinary transcripts of English life and experience, *The Parish Register*, *The Borough*, and *Tales of the Hall.*

POETICAL EPISTLES.

(BY THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.)

(1.) FROM THE DEVIL. AN EPISTLE GENERAL.
(2.) FROM THE AUTHOR.

An Introduction to the former of these, by the learned Martinus Scriblerus.

PERADVENTURE it may surprize thee, Reader, that an Author of our Dignity and Importance, should stoop to the servile employment of introducing to the World, the flimsy Production of an anonymous Scribler; unless thou art indeed persuaded that the great Personage above mentioned should have prevailed upon us to recommend his Labours to an Age not extremely partial to poetical Composition.

But whatever Intimacy we may be favoured with in either "Profound" we are in this Case, totally innocent of any Intention to deceive thee, for we apprehend did the Genius aforesaid, think proper to add the Sin of Rhyme to his other Failings, he has too great a Correspondence and Reputation among Mankind, to need our Solicitations in his Favour, were we ever so well disposed to grant them:

but knowing of no due Authority which any man hath to accuse Satan of this Infirmity, we judge it both Cruel and unnecessary, to load him with so heavy a Charge, as would in all probability render him more odious to Company in general, than any other Accusation he now labours under.

We are however aware of this Objection, that as the "Devil is ab Origine" the Author of Evil, so Poetry as one Species of it, may properly be placed to his Account; but as our argument principally relates to the Piece before us, we shall waive all general Discourse; and observe only that our Reasoning went no farther, than to show, (whatever may be his Talent for Poetry), that we have no right to affix his Name, in a particular Manner to any one Publication.

The very title of the Work, we have thought proper to introduce to our Acquaintance, for besides that it is an Approved Custom amongst Editors, we did not choose our honest and venerated Name, should appear to countenance a Falsity.

As pure Compassion is our motive for recommending this little Work to our learned Friends, so would we have its real Author sensible of the Honour we do him, and not with an Author-like spirit, carp at our Emendations, at the Time we are studiously aiming at his Benefit. Nor could we allow the Title he has chosen to pass at any rate, did he not assure us he can think of no other so likely to take with the humour of the Town.

It having occurred to us, that the judicious Authors of a periodical Publication, called the World, did in their first

Paper, counsel their Readers against being witty—purely for the Wit's sake—at their Expence, and more particularly did guard them against such Expressions of pretended Disapprobation as these, "'tis a vile World," "a sad World," &c., so gentle Friends we would borrow a Thought from the excellent Mr. Fitz-Adam, and advise ye, not to abuse our Author with the Terms "poor Devil," "dull Devil," "stupid Devil," and so forth, notwithstanding we do agree that it shall be imputed unto ye for wit when ye shall say of the ensueing Poem, "it is devilish good," devilish clever and such-like.

And to all our Brethren, the real Critics, and Judges of Literary productions, we would, towards that before us recommend Lenity; it is a first performance and of a young Author; and albeit there shall be found blemishes and Failings therein, we do in a certain Degree perceive Beauties not altogether unworthy our Approbation, the which if ye likewise behold, and point out to the Public after a friendly Sort, ye shall do well.

EPISTLE 1ST.

YE Mortals, Whom Poets with Verses perplex
Whom Churchmen misguide, and Philosophers vex,
Whose Heads are disturbed, with the Tenets of Schools,
Whom Terror betrays, and whom Conscience befools,
From the Regions below, with a Heart full of Love,
I send to my excellent Subjects above,
And tho' 'tis Advice that now dictates my Strain
I must freely confess, I've no Cause to complain.

With Pleasure I hear, how the Demon of War
Is hurling his blessed Confusion from far,
Has bade the slow Spaniard to Battle advance
And has got a good Footing in England and France,
It delights me to find, the Designs of the Dutch
Are to move for a Peace, but to hinder it much,
For my trusty Disciples of Holland are known
To have no kind of Feeling, for aught but their own,
And the Kingdoms around, are as far as I see
Just acting the Part, they have borrow'd from me.

Nor is it without a great Share of Delight
I find so much wrong, is confounded with Right
Where Justice alone on one Party is clear
Why Truth may prevail and a Peace may be near,
But where Good and Evil are properly mixed
The Cause is obscure, and Destruction more fix'd,
Since each on the first will rest all their Pretensions,
The latter to stretch, to its utmost Dimensions.

With much Satisfaction, I likewise confess,
I behold so much Deviltry drop from the Press,
But this is a Subject I will not say much on
Because what hereafter I purpose, to touch on,
At present to all, in their several Degrees
I pay my Respect, in such Verses as these,
And my rough-moving Lines, should your Critics condemn,
I shall talk in a much rougher Language to them.

Ye Monarchs! Ye Rulers of Nations attend,
To a Ruler your Equal! the first Monarch's Friend!
Whose Empire at least is as large as your own,
As crowded his Army, as splendid his Throne,
His Spirit as great, and whatever his Cause
A greater Obedience is paid to his Laws;

Attend and receive your Instructions from me
Though a Counsellor famous, I covet no fee;
Prefer me before, all your ignoble Tribe
What Mortal in Black ever acts without Bribe?

Let Empire unbounded your Bosoms possess
You're as noble as Cæsar, and scorn to be less.
Be your Counsellors such, as may aid your Designs!
Good Jockeys, great Gamblers, rare Judges of Wines
And then should you happen to fail in your Ends
Your People may lay all the Blame on your Friends
And say "'tis a pity a Monarch so just
Such a pack of damn'd Villainous Fellows should trust."

Nor judge in this Case my Advice is confin'd,
Be it common as Air, and as free as the Wind,
Obey'd in the Climes, which Sol scarce can appear in
Caress'd in the Countries he passes the year in,
Nor would I like him from my Friends fly away
Wherever I'm courted I constantly stay,
To Spain, France, or Flanders extending my Care
And England! in spite of my Enemies there.
With its monarch of old I was social and free
And the Present must die—that's some Comfort to me.

Believe me my Brethren—for when I advise
I always speak Truth, tho' the Father of Lies—
'Tis a foolish Mistake to imagine Mankind
Were not for their Monarch's good Pleasure design'd.
We know and believe they're as truly his own
As the Farmer's his Beast, or the wheat he has sown,
And he's a most stupid, and scandalous Block
Who would not be part of so noble a Stock,
To fetch and to carry, be curried and fed
As his Master has Work, or his Master has Bread.

Ye Statesmen, I next to your Honours apply
Ye know the old Subject; ye ken who am I!
I would give each Advice how to act in his Station
But most have without it entire Approbation,
Nay let us confess, and give Mortals their due
We borrow a great many Maxims from you!
And would ne'er have you heed what your Satirists say
Who expose to the World all your pensions and pay.
Such Wretches by jealous Emotions betray'd
Are as knavish as you, and yet never get paid.

Sejanus politely his Compliments sends
To show he remembers his very good Friends

And tells you, with Grief which his Feelings betray
He hears ye are some of ye veering away
If this and there's Reason to fear it be true
I'd have ye consider what end ye pursue
You'll find you've a very bad bargain at last
Despis'd for the present and damn'd for the past.

Ye Commons your Nation's most able Protectors,
Ye generous Elected, ye well paid Electors,
Your Patron here greets you and though but in Song
He praises the Path ye have mov'd in so long,
A Path he has form'd with such exquisite Care
That it leads you directly he need not say where.

At a Crisis important to Europe and us
It becomes us, my Friends, to act constantly thus
To stick to our Cause with a strong perseverence,
Else Nobody knows what may happen a year hence,
For in Times of Disturbance, 'tis frequently seen,
That Virtue's more busy than when they're serene.
And from a good Spirit in brisk fermentation,
A Clear settled Habit may reign in each Nation,
The which to prevent 'tis my serious Command,
You carefully lend each his Heart and his Hand.

In England I've studied that People's Condition
And seen the Contents of each County's petition,
By which I collect; with a Logic my own
The Seeds of Dissension are properly sown,
And I'm not without Hope, but if suffer'd to grow
I may reap in due Time, what I taught you to sow,
But I'm sorry to find, that in spite of my Care
For that Country's Estate, I've my Enemies there,
Whom, though I've attended with studious Skill
I don't know a people have us'd me so ill.

Go Wretches ingrate see my Subjects in France
With what excellent skill, they my Business advance
Do they stick to Agreements, or such Kind of Things?
Is there Truth in their Courtiers, or Faith in their Kings?
Their Notions of Honour, or keeping of Treaties
Are govern'd by that kind of Body their Fleet is
While you of a Nation I take such Delight in
Are inferior in Fraud, tho' you beat them at fighting.

Ye Spirits uncurb'd by the Dictates of Schools,
The Lectures of Priests or Morality's Rules,
Or the pitifull Dreams, of the Herd we dispise
The Puritan dull, and the Prelate precise,

Ye learned Philosophers, Deists devout
Who know not the Depth of the Thing you're about.
But I'm willing to own it, 'tis proper you should
And Satan here thanks you, ye've done him much Good.

Before ye began to reform Men's Opinions
How bounded my Realm, how restrain'd my Dominions
But now since 'tis clear that there's no revelation
I've a pretty good Footing my Friends in the Nation
And I'd have you go on with each learn'd Dissertation
For our firmest Adherents, we commonly call
The Man who believes there's no Devil at all
And as you so clearly convince your attendants
We're nothing, and all our good Company send hence
Your learned Opinion I find as I read it
Advances my Gain, whilst it shatters my Credit,
As Bankrupts who wilfully plunge into Shame
To gain in their purse, what they lose in their Fame.

For the learned the wise and the deep-sighted Few,
I've an excellent Work which I'd have ye pursue!
Your Genius may mend a dull Devil's Designs,
May alter my Manner, and polish my Lines
The Scheme is exalted! is quite in your walk
And I care not in what kind of Language I talk.

Tis to prove to Mankind, to whom pleasures belong,
Your Moralists, too, as your Pastors are wrong
That not to Religion alone is confin'd
Our work but a full Reformation's design'd,
Till your Country all Kinds of Enjoyment excell in
And becomes much the Kind of a Place which we
dwell in.

But first you'll my Congratulations receive
For the exquisite Pleasure your arguments give
Which we hear with a vast deal of Joy and Delight
At Coachmakers' Hall, almost every Night,
And are so entertain'd with the things in that Style
That we'd thoughts of erecting our Houses-Carlisle;
But the Motion was quash'd on a due recollection
Our good Subjects here ev'ry Party and Sect shun,
That we have the same Constant Business in View
And can never dissent in opinion like you
Nor suffer we here any Authors to write
And to talk of the State, why 'tis deemed unpolite,
And the Point Revelation, that's banish'd your Creed
Would not move a Debate where we all are agreed.
Nor have we a Subject, which Satan can reckon
Is fit for a Genius among us to speak on.

But by Way of Digression, we can but admire
That your Ladies to argue should cooly desire
Should one at a Time any Subject discuss
They ne'er could be brought to that Order with us,
But they still altogether their Subjects pursue
With the Knack which they formerly had among you
And we marvel that Men of Discretion can teach,
To such Lips the all conquering Graces of Speech!

But my Plan to return to, ye Sages assist,
Let's our Heads lay together, our Arguments twist,
And prove by the Light, we thought proper to kindle
In our dearly beloved our Toland and Tindal!
With Arguments all unresisted as these
That men have a right to do just what they please,
And because I shall chance my own Worth to proclaim
My Actions, my Spirit, my Merit and Fame,
With Modesty such as as you can but approve
I shall speak in the Words of, my Vot'ries above.

Yet again to digress, you must never suppose
But even the learned are sometimes my Foes,
Nor is it a volatile Genius alone
Or eccentric Attempt, that proclaims you my own,

There was Priestley they told me had wrote in my Cause
And publish'd good Things with a deal of Applause,
But 'tis mere Imposition, he scribble for me!
He scrawl in my Favour! No damn him not he!
Yet 'tis some Consolation that Blunderers make
His meanings so strange, that they're ours by Mistake.

And now having settled the principal Points
Your Master the Head of his Prophet anoints
And judging all Conscience no more in the Way
Thus bids you to sing or thus bids you to say.

"What pictures of Life do the Dogmatists paint
What a dull Dissertation comes forth from the Saint
How they roar against Sin and contribute to drub
Every Demon from Earth, both in Pulpit and Tub,
Enjoyment how plaguily low do they rate it
How rail at all Pleasure, and tell you they hate it
As Jockeys designing to purchase your Horse
Will assure you no Mortal on Earth has a worse,
Display ev'ry Failing with exquisite Skill
Yet bestride him themselves with a hearty good Will.

"'Twere well if the Earth had their Censure engross'd
But the Devil engages their Spleen to his Cost!

Poor Devil! from whom half our Blissings accrue
But the Saints give to no one the Qualities due
Else how might they praise without Flatt'ry's Appearance
His Honour, his Spirit, his known Perseverance,
How seldom his Friendship's remember'd to alter
How he smiles on the Block, and how softens the Halter,
The Friends to his Cause, he with Spirit supports,
Attends them at Tyburn, conveys them to Courts,
With noble Profusion gives all he can give
And scorns to forsake them, so long as they live,
In mystery deep, a great Metaphysician!
In history known, and a rare Politician,
A merry Companion, yet sage in due Places
He knows good Behaviour and studies the Graces,
Can the Springs of good Humour and Harmony feel,
Not Stanhope himself could be half so genteel,
Is the last to disturb them where people are gay
And the first to drive stupid Reflection away;
Then spare him ye Preachers. without whose assistance
Your dull Congregations as well were at Distance,
Retract your Abuse, wheresoever you've spread it
And lament your Attack on a Gentleman's Credit."

"Would you know the vile Sources of Sorrow and
Grief
We're fully persuaded We'll tell you the Chief
But first 'tis but right we our Talents should use
To take from the Guiltless a Load of abuse."

"Our Moralists tell us indulg'd Inclinations
Breed all our Disasters, and nurse our Vexations,
That Sin Satan's Daughter as Milton has told us
Has dealt to Mankind all the Plagues which enfold us.
'Tis false—I acquit her with lenient Sentence,
The Plagues they describe are the Plagues of Repentance,
And surely 'tis hard we should blame her for Woes,
She strives to keep from us wherever she goes,
To bully Devotion and banter her Laws
To seduce a Weak Mind, and to plead in the Cause
A Friend to betray, or a Father to wound
And revel in Folly's fantastical round
Are Vices they cry—but they make a Man known,
Give Honour, give Pleasure, and Fame and Renown,
Are Gentlemen's Actions, and Joy must accrue
From Actions which Gentlemen so often do;
And in spite of what Moralists tell us I find
The antient Philosophers were of our Mind,

Who each in his Way, though to wisdom akin
Have labour'd to beautify some kind of Sin.
Then why should we fear on dull Morals to trample
Who're blest with the Boon of such noble Example?"

"To Sickness and cruel Disease are assign'd
A part of the Sorrows which trouble Mankind,
But do we not see how Mankind are agreed
To be sick unto Death when there can be no Need?
Why faints the soft Nymph? Why the Vapours and
Spleen?
What can Nameless Complaints and Infirmities mean?
The pain of a Moment, the Headache at will
Or the languor that's cur'd without Julep or Pill?
Why riots the Youth so unhappily sleek?
Why poisons the Maid the pure Blood in her Cheek?
How happens it Mortals are jumbled together
Without Care in Crowds and in all kinds of Weather?
Or why press the Throng at Assemblies so thick
If people had not a Delight to be sick?"

"What then are the Causes of human Distress?
Let Pedants and Preachers have Grace to confess,
There's nothing such varied Disasters can hit
Like Religion and Virtue, Good Nature and Wit."

"Religion, what horrid Opinions it starts,
How it cramps our Ambition, and deadens our Hearts,
Continually plagues us with Lectures from Heaven
And robs us the Year round of one Day in seven,
Denies to the Passions the Flowers in their Road,
And carps at the varying Designs of the Mode,
It teaches few Fashions but such as we find
Have been hiss'd from good Company Time out of
Mind,
Affords us no rule for the Cut of a Coat
Nor winks at the Science of cutting a Throat,
A tenth of each Man's Cultivation commands
And threatens us all in Return for our Lands,
Still presses the More like a Dun for Neglect
And is never contented with civil Respect,
Intrudes in the Dance, and grows grave in the Song
And conjures up Conscience with all her dull Throng."

"And Virtue, what's Virtue? an obstinate Cur
Who clings to a Rock and refuses to stir,
Whose Lectures on Life are a plague beyond bearing
So he snaps at your Heels, till you're quite out of
hearing;
But hearken to him and he'll tell you the Fancies
Which please the poor School-Boy in Tales and Romances,

How he and his Friends, have defeated the Crimes
Of voluptuous Aspirers in horrible Times,
By Patience and Prating done wonderfull Things
To Women consumptive, and Death-alarm'd Kings.
But tell me when Virtue got any Man Pension'd
Or procur'd him a Title, that's fit to be mention'd
Or taught him to talk for the Praise of the Nation
Or dictated Themes for a publick Oration?
Did it ever a Brilliant Assembly advance
Or import sound Politeness and Claret from France?
Not this; but it hobbles in Gait and in speech
And laught at by all is still aiming to teach,
From the gentle 'in modo' will angrily flee
But sternly adhere to the hatefull 'in re.'"

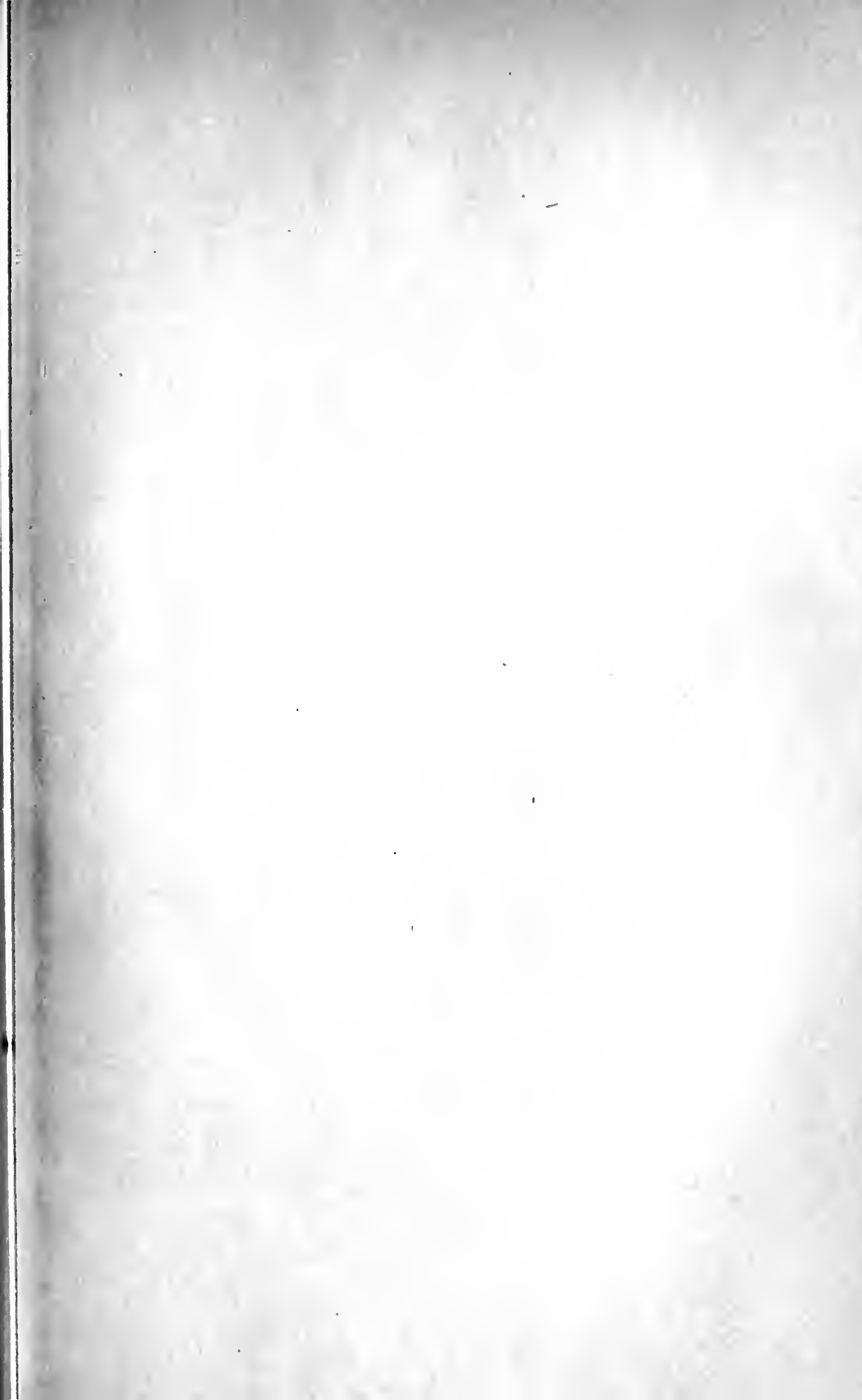
"And what is a properer Object of Satire
Than that most ridiculous Failing Good nature?
Do you know a Man laugh'd at by all his Acquaintance
Despis'd and disdain'd by the People he maintains?
Too grave for a Wit, and too mean for a Beau,
A Clown who does nothing as other Men do,
An Awkwardly-generous, blundering Thing
Who stoops to a Beggar and stares on a King,

A Creature who makes no Distinction at all
'Twixt a Speech in the Vestry and one in the Hall,
Leoni who warbles, or Porters who bawl.
His Heart without Judgment, his Head without Rule
And merely for want of Discretion a Fool,
Whose Mind with a pitiful Tale is possess'd,
Who is every one's Friend, yet is every one's Jest,
Who blunders thro' Life without forming a Plan,
Is that poor stupid Mortal—a good natur'd Man."

"But of all the vile Things which torment or molest us
Wit a thousand times worse than the worst of the rest is,
The Poison that banish'd from every Table
As far as the People of Fashion are able
To the Bookworms in Schools, and the Grooms of the
Stable.
A Man who has Wit, is more proud than the Devil
Is never so welcome, is never so civil,
With Absolute Tenets as stern as the Church's
He lashes the failings his wealth can not purchase,
Is ever awakening his Enemies' Slumber,
Lamenting his Foes, yet increasing their Number,
So dirty no Gentleman cares to go near him
And sensible Women, don't know how to bear him

His Wit is rebellious, and as a Man's Wife
If it conquers him once, 'tis his Master for Life,
And though there are things it may chance to produce
If it takes the right turn of an excellent use,
Yet 'tis plain to be seen it extinguishes Merit
And dashes the Efforts of Genius and Spirit."

But not to perplex you with tedious Instruction
I hope this may serve for a good Introduction
And leaving the rest of the Business to you
Beloved, and Trusty! I bid you adieu!



Epistle 2d. To Mira.

'Tis by Contrast we shine; without Withers and Prynne
What had Butler or Wits of that Century been?
Or how without Dunces had Dryden or Pope
The strength of their great Reputation kept up?
The Pleasures we share from the Dawning of Light
Are doubled by Thoughts of its following Night,
And Virtue and Sweetness like yours shall repay us
For poring so long over Satan's Affairs.
At your Company then do not think to repine
You the fairer appear — for by Contrast we shine. —

CRABBE'S EPISTLE TO MIRA.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

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What a Life, my dear Maid, do the Heavens decree
For the Dreamers of Dreams, for the Learned! for me,
Where pale Disappointment awakes to molest
The Study-vex'd Head, and the Sorrow-torn Breast

Pity much though you blame the dull Spleen of your
Swain
Who has Cause to deplore, and he thinks to complain
That Fortune has soil'd the gay Dress of each Dream
That Time has o'erthrown every fairy-built Scheme
That thinking has slacken'd the Force of his Nerves
And his Study has met with——the Fate it deserves.

What a Plague was my Meaning to add to my own
The Cares of a Kind which I need not have known
When Nature and Fortune had given their Part
Twas stupid to borrow Dejection from Art
And with Trouble a pretty large Portion before
To pilfer Perplexities out of her Store.

See the Fate of Ambition—contented with Rhyme
I had softened the Features of Sorrow and Time,
Had play'd with the Evils I might not refuse
And soften'd their Frowns with the Tears of the
Muse,
Had mov'd in Life's Path with a Sigh and a Song
And laugh'd at her Rubs as I stumbled along,
But smitten with Science I've laboured to lay
A thousand impediments more in my way,

And because my poor Muse was too gentle a Guide
To smooth the rough Way, and to sing by my Side
I've coveted Learning, a dangerous Thing
To drag through the Road, and who never could sing.

Of Substance I've thought, and the various Disputes
On the Nature of Man, and the Notions of Brutes,
Of simple and complex Ideas I've read
How they rose into Life and spring up in my Head,
That the Frolicks I love, and the Fashions I hate
Are from Causes without, and they rule not innate;
I've studied with stupid Attention and Skill
The Destiny's Law, and the Bounds of the Will;

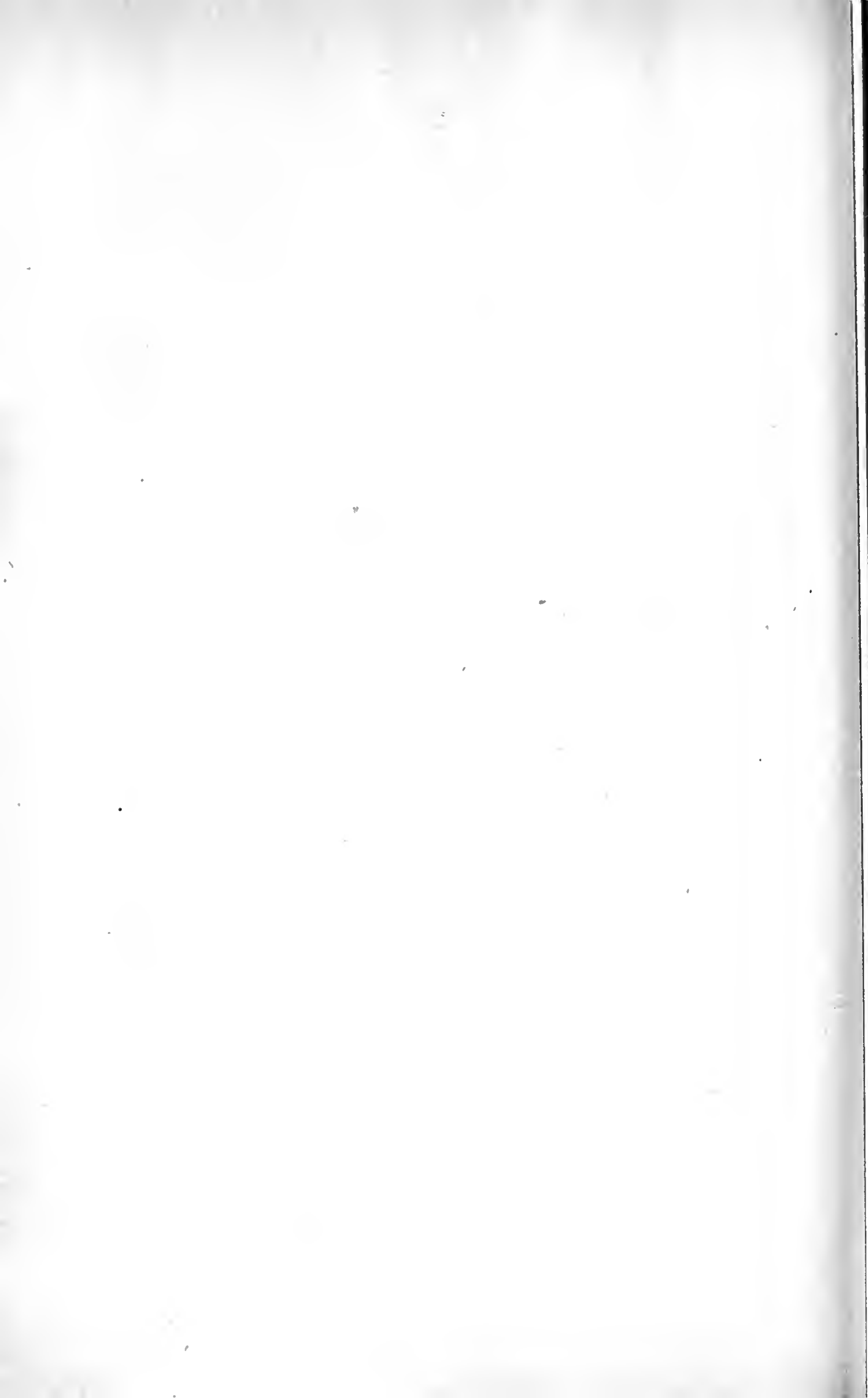
Of Systems confuted, and Systems explain'd,
Of Science disputed, and Tenets maintain'd,
How Matter, and Spirit dissent or unite,
How vary the Natures of Fire and of Light,
How Bodies excentric, concentric shall be,
How Authors divide where they seem to agree,
How dissenting unite, by a Touch of the Quill
Which bodies a Meaning in what Form they will;
These and such Speculations, on these Kind of Things
Have robb'd my poor Muse of her Plume and her Wings,

Consum'd the Phlogiston, you us'd to admire,
The Spirit extracted, extinguish'd the Fire,
Let out all the Aether so pure and refin'd
And left but a mere Caput-Mortuum behind.

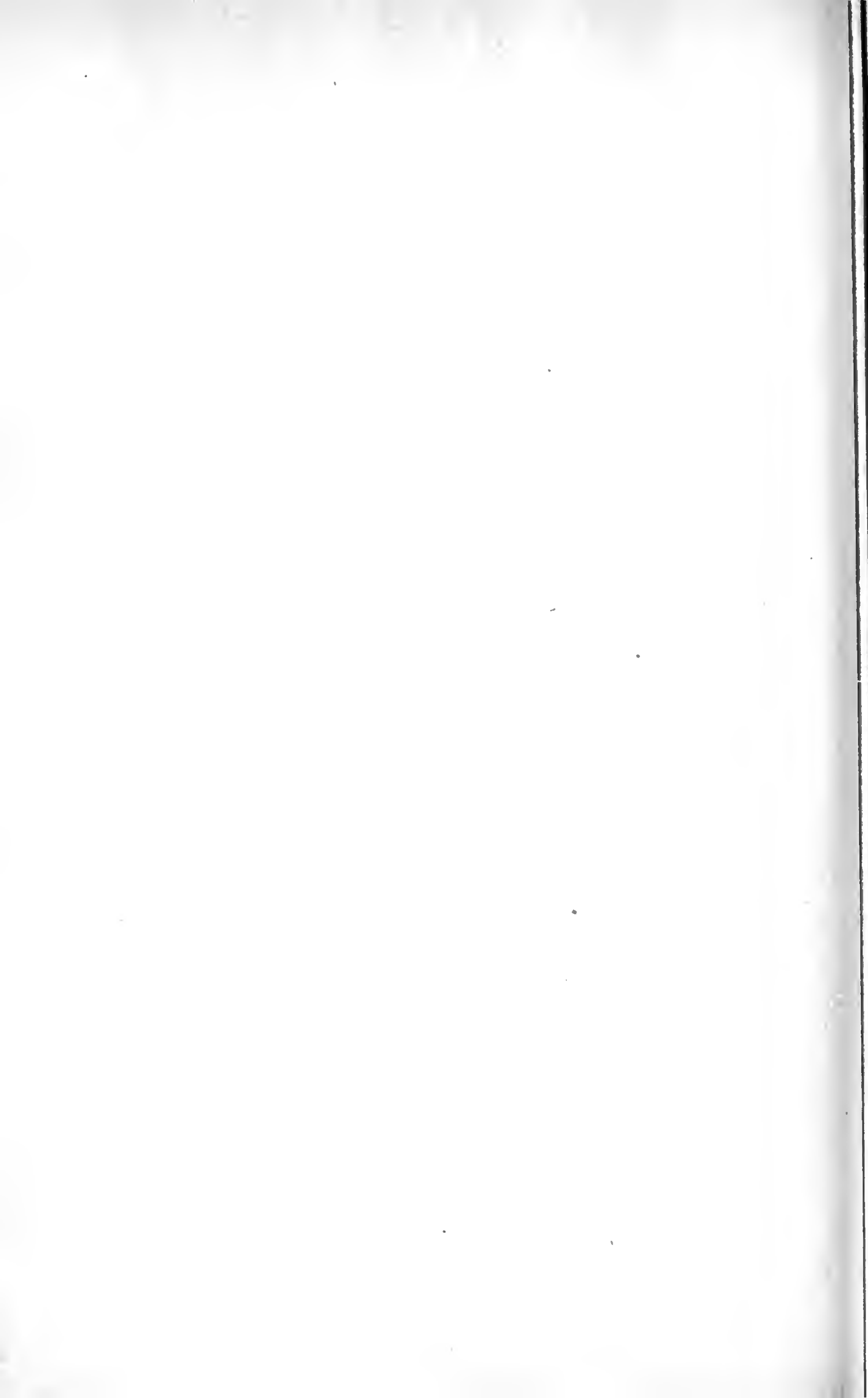
Ah! Priestley, thou Foe to my Numbers, what need,
To shock my poor Muses? Thou dost not my Creed
With Schemes, Dissertations, and Arguments strong
Which I know not how right, and I care not how wrong,
Thou great Necessarian must I suppose
The Flight of my Verse, is o'er rul'd by thy prose?
And that Matters have been unavoidably led
That thou must have written, and I must have read?
'Tis certain!—for what but a Bias of Fate
Could have tied me so long to the Subjects I hate?

O! blest be the Time, when, my Mira, we stray'd
Where the Nightingale perch'd, and the wanton winds play'd,
Where these were the Secrets of Nature we knew,
That her Roses were red, and her Vi'lets were blue,
That soft was the Gloom of the Summer-swell'd shade
And melting the Fall of the dying Cascade.

Blest the Song shall repeat be the Pleasures that reign
In the plenty-prest Vale, on the green-vested Plain,
Give Locke to the Winds, and lay Hume on the Fire,
Let Metaphysicians in Darkness expire,
And Fatalists, Fabulists, Logicians fall by
The Laws which Necessity modulates all by.
Let the Slumber of Sense, and the Silence of Spleen
Lay hold upon Priestley that learned Machine
Or what will to us my dear Maid be the same,
May we cease to admire each ostensible Name,
And blest with those Pleasures the Muses desire
See Learning unenvied to Students retire.



GEORGE ELIOT ON GEORGE MEREDITH.



GEORGE ELIOT ON GEORGE MEREDITH.

The following article appeared in the "Leader," January 5th, 1856, *and was from the pen of George Eliot.*

No act of religious symbolism has a deeper root in nature than that of turning with reverence towards the East. For almost all our good things—our most precious vegetables, our noblest animals, our loveliest flowers, our arts, our religious and philosophical ideas, our very nursery tales and romances have travelled to us from the East. In an historical as well as in a physical sense, the East is the land of the morning. Perhaps the simple reason of this may be that when the earth first began to move on her axis, her Asiatic side was towards the sun—her Eastern cheek first blushed under his rays. And so this priority of sunshine, like the first move in chess, gave the East the precedence, though not the pre-eminence in all things; just as the garden slope that fronts the morning sun yields the earliest seedlings, though those seedlings may attain a hardier and more luxuriant growth by being transplanted. But we leave this question to wiser heads.

"*Felix qui potent rerum cognoscere causas.*"

(Excuse the novelty of the quotation.) We have not carried our reader's thoughts to the East that we may discuss the reason why we owe it so many good things, but that we may introduce him to a new pleasure, due, at least indirectly, to that elder region of the earth. We mean *The Shaving of Shagpat*, which is indeed an original fiction just produced in this western island, but which is so intensely Oriental in its conception and execution, that the author has done wisely to guard against the supposition of its being a translation, by prefixing the statement that it is derived from no Eastern source, but is altogether his own.

The Shaving of Shagpat, is a work of genius, and of poetical genius. It has none of the tameness which belongs to mere imitations manufactured with servile effort or thrown off with sinuous facility. It is no patchwork of borrowed incidents. Mr. Meredith has not simply imitated Arabian fictions, he has been inspired by them, he has used Oriental forms, but only as an Oriental genius would have used them who had been "to the manner born." Goethe, when he wrote an immortal work under the inspiration of Oriental studies, very properly called it *West-ostliche*—West-eastern—because it was thoroughly Western in spirit, though Eastern in its forms. But this double epithet would not give a true idea of Mr. Meredith's work, for we do not remember that throughout our reading we were once struck by an incongruity between the thought and the form, once startled by the intrusion of the chill north into the land of the desert and the palm. Perhaps more lynx-eyed critics, and more learned Orientalists, than we, may detect

discrepancies to which we are blind, but our experience will at least indicate what is likely to be the average impression. In one particular, indeed, Mr. Meredith differs widely from his models, but that difference is a high merit; it lies in the exquisite delicacy of his love incidents and love scenes. In every other characteristic—in exuberance of imagery, in picturesque wildness of incident, in significant humour, in aphoristic wisdom, the *Shaving of Shagpat* is a new Arabian Night. To two-thirds of the reading world this is sufficient recommendation.

According to Oriental custom the main story of the book,—*The Shaving of Shagpat*—forms the setting to several minor tales, which are told on pretexts more or less plausible by the various *dramatis personæ*. We will not forestall the reader's pleasure by telling him who Shagpat was, or what were the wondrous adventures through which Shibli Bagarag, the wandering barber, became Master of the Event and the destroyer of illusions, by shaving from Shagpat the mysterious identical which had held men in subjection to him. There is plenty of deep meaning in the tale for those who cannot be satisfied without deep meanings, but there is no didactic thrusting forward of moral lessons, and our imagination is never chilled by a sense of allegorical intention predominating over poetic creation. Nothing can be more vivid and concrete than the narrative and description, nothing fresher and more vigorous than the imagery. Are we reading how horsemen pursued their journey? We are told that they "flourished their lances with cries, and jerked their heels into the flanks of their steeds, and stretched forward till their beards were mixed

with the tossing manes, and the dust rose after them crimson in the sun." Is it a maiden's eyes we are to see? They are "dark, under a low arch of darker lashes, like stars on the skirts of storm." Sometimes the images are exquisitely poetical, as when Bhanavar looks forth "on the stars that were above the purple heights and the *blushes of inner heaven that streamed up the sky;*" sometimes ingenious and pithy: for example, "she clenched her hands an instant with that feeling which knocketh a nail in the coffin of a desire not dead." Indeed, one of the rarest charms of the book is the constant alternation of passion and wild imaginativeness with humour and pithy, practical sense. Mr. Meredith is very happy in his imitation of the lyrical fragments which the Eastern tale-tellers weave into their narrative, either for the sake of giving emphasis to their sententiousness, or for the sake of giving a more intense utterance to passion, a loftier tone to description. We will quote a specimen of the latter kind from the story of *Bhanavar the Beautiful.* This story is the brightest gem among the minor tales, and perhaps in the whole book. It is admirably constructed and thoroughly poetic in its outline and texture.

Bhanavar gazed on her beloved, and the bridal dew overflowed her underlids, and she loosed her hair to let it flow, part over her shoulders, part over his, and in sighs that were to the measure of music she sang:

"I thought not to love again!
But now I love as I loved not before;
I love not: I adore!
O my beloved, kiss, kiss me! waste thy kisses like a rain.

Are not thy red lips fain?
Oh, and so softly they greet!
Am I not sweet?
Sweet must I be for thee, or, sweet in vain:
Sweet to thee only, my dear love!
The lamps and censers sink, but cannot cheat
Those eyes of thine that shoot above,
Trembling lustres of the dove!
A darkness drowns all lustres: still I see
Thee, my love, thee!
Thee, my glory of gold, from head to feet!
Oh, how the lids of the world close quite when our lips meet!"

Almeryl strained her to him and responded:

"*My life was midnight on the mountain side;*
Cold stars were on the heights:
There in my darkness, I had lived and died,
Content with little lights.
Sudden I saw the heavens flush with a beam,
And I ascended soon,
And evermore over mankind supreme
Stood silver in the moon."

And he fell playfully into a new metre, singing:

"*Who will paint my beloved*
In musical word or colour?
Earth with an envy is moved:
Sea-shells and roses she brings,
Gems from the green ocean-springs,
Fruits with the fairy bloom-dews,
Feathers of Paradise hues,
Waters with jewel-bright falls,
Ore from the Genii-halls:
All in their splendour approved;
All; but, match'd with my beloved,
Darker, denser, and duller."

Then she kissed him for that song, and sang:

> "*Once to be beautiful was my pride,*
> *And I blush'd in love with my own bright brow.*
> *Once, when a wooer was by my side,*
> *I worship'd the object that had his vow;*
> *Different, different, different now,*
> *Different now is my beauty to me:*
> *Different, different, different now!*
> *For I prize it alone because prized by thee.*"

Almeryl stretched his arm to the lattice, and drew it open, letting in the soft night wind, and versed to her in the languor of deep love:

> "*Whether we die or we live*
> *Matters it now no more;*
> *Life has nought further to give;*
> *Love is its crown to its core.*
> *Come to us either, we're rife,—*
> *Death or life!*
>
> *Death can take not away,*
> *Darkness and light are the same:*
> *We are beyond the pale ray,*
> *Wrapt in a rosier flame;*
> *Welcome which will to our breath,—*
> *Life or death!*"

An example of Mr. Meredith's skill in humorous apologue is the Punishment of *Khipil the Builder*, which is short enough to be quoted without much mutilation:—

They relate that Shahpesh, the Persian, commanded the building of a palace and Khipil was his builder. The work lingered from the first year of the reign of Shahpesh even to his fourteenth. One day Shahpesh went to the riverside, where it stood, to inspect it. Khipil was sitting on a marble

slab among the stones and blocks; round him stretched lazily the masons and stonecutters and slaves of burden; and they with the curve of humorous enjoyment on their lips, for he was reciting to them adventures, interspersed with anecdotes and recitations and poetic instances, as was his wont. They were like pleased flocks whom the shepherd hath led to a pasture freshened with brooks, there to feed indolently; he, the shepherd, in the midst.

Now the King said to him, "O, Khipil, show me my palace where it standeth, for I desire to gratify my sight with its fairness."

Khipil abased himself before Shahpesh, and answered, "'Tis even here, O King of the age, where thou delightest the earth with thy foot and the ear of thy slave with sweetness. Surely a site of vantage, one that dominateth earth, air, and water, which is the builder's first and chief requisition for a noble palace, a palace to fill foreign kings and sultans with the distraction of envy; and it is, O Sovereign of the time, a site, this site I have chosen to occupy the tongues of travellers and awaken the flights of poets!"

Shahpesh smiled and said, "The site is good! I laud the site! Likewise I laud the wisdom of Ebn Busroe, when he exclaims:—

> "*Be sure where Virtue faileth to appear,*
> *For her a gorgeous mansion men will rear;*
> *And day and night her praises will be heard*
> *Where never yet she spake a single word!*"

Then said he, "O Khipil, my builder, there was once a farm servant that, having neglected in the seed time to sow,

took to singing the richness of his soil when it was harvest, in proof of which he displayed the abundance of weeds that coloured the land everywhere. Discover to me now the completeness of my halls and apartments, I pray thee, O Khipil, and be the excellence of thy construction made visible to me?"

Quoth Khipil, "To hear is to obey." He conducted Shahpesh among the unfinished saloons and imperfect courts and roofless rooms, and by half-erected obelisks, and columns pierced and chipped, of the palace of his building. And he was bewildered at the words spoken by Shahpesh; but now the King exalted him and admired the perfection of his craft, the greatness of his labour, the speediness of his construction, his assiduity; feigning not to behold his negligence.

Presently they went up winding balusters to a marble staircase, and the King said, "Such is thy devotion and constancy to toil, O Khipil, that thou shalt walk before me here."

He then commanded Khipil to precede him, and Khipil was heightened with the honour. When Khipil had paraded a short space he stopped quickly, and said to Shahpesh, "Here is, as it chanceth, a gap, O King! and we can go no further this way."

Shahpesh said, "All is perfect, and it is my will thou delay not to advance."

Khipil cried, "The gap is wide, O mighty King, and manifest, and it is the one incomplete part of thy palace."

Then said Shahpesh, "O Khipil, I see no distinction between one part and another; excellent are all parts in

beauty and proportion, and there can be no part incomplete in this palace that occupieth the builder fourteen years in its building: so advance, and do my bidding."

Khipil yet hesitated, for the gap was of many strides, and at the bottom of the gap was a deep water, and he one that knew not the motion of swimming. But Shahpesh ordered his guard to point their arrows in the direction of Khipil, and Khipil stepped forth hurriedly, and fell into the gap, and was swallowed by the water below. When he rose the third time succour reached him, and he was drawn to land trembling, his teeth chattering. And Shahpesh praised him, and said, "This is an apt contrivance for a bath, Khipil, O my builder! well conceived; one that taketh by surprise; and it shall be thy reward daily when much talking hath fatigued thee."

Then he bade Khipil lead him to the hall of state. And when they were there Shahpesh said, "For a privilege, and as a mark of my approbation, I give thee permission to sit in the marble chair of yonder throne, even in my presence, O Khipil."

Khipil said, "Surely, O King, the chair is not yet executed."

And Shahpesh exclaimed, "If this be so, thou art but the length of thy measure on the ground, O talkative one!"

Khipil said, "Nay, 'tis not so, O King of splendours! blind that I am! Yonder's indeed the chair."

And Khipil feared the King, and went to the place where the chair should be, and bent his body in a sitting posture, eyeing the King, and made pretence to sit in the chair of Shahpesh.

Then said Shahpesh, "As a token that I approve thy execution of the chair, thou shalt be honoured by remaining seated in it one day and one night, but move thou to the right or to the left, showing thy soul insensible of the honour done thee, transfixed shalt thou be with twenty arrows and five."

The King then left him with a guard of twenty-five of his bodyguard, and they stood around him with bent bows, so that Khipil dared not move from his sitting posture. And the masons and the people crowded to see Khipil sitting in his master's chair, for it became rumoured about. When they beheld him sitting upon nothing, and he trembling to stir for fear of the loosening of the arrows, they laughed so that they rolled upon the floor of the hall, and the echoes of laughter were a thousandfold. Surely the arrows of the guard swayed with the laughter that shook them.

Now when the time had expired for his sitting in the chair Shahpesh returned to him, and he was cramped, pitiable to see; and Shahpesh said, "Thou hast been exalted above men, O Khipil! for that thou didst execute for thy master has been found fitting for thee."

Then he bade Khipil lead the way to the noble gardens of dalliance and pleasure that he had contrived and planted. And Khipil went in that state described by the poet, when we go draggingly with remonstrating members,

> "*Knowing a dreadful strength behind*
> *And a dark fate before.*"

They came to the gardens, and behold they were full of

weeds and nettles, the fountains dry, no tree to be seen—a desert. And Shahpesh said, "This is indeed of admirable design, O Khipil! Feelest thou not the coolness of the fountains? their refreshingness? Surely I am grateful to thee! And these flowers, pluck me now a handful and tell me of their perfume."

Khipil plucked a handful of the nettles that were there in the place of flowers, and put his nose to them before Shahpesh till his nose was reddened; and desire to rub it waxed in him, and possessed him, and became a passion, so that he could scarce refrain from rubbing it even in the King's presence. And the King encouraged him to sniff and enjoy their fragance, repeating the poet's words:—

> "*Methinks I am a lover and a child,*
> *A little child and happy lover, both!*
> *When by the breath of flowers I am beguiled*
> *From sense of pain, and lull'd in odorous sloth.*
> *So I adore them, that no mistress sweet*
> *Seems worthier of the love that they awake:*
> *In innocence and beauty more complete,*
> *Was never maiden cheek in morning lake.*
> *Oh, while I live, surround me with fresh flowers!*
> *Oh, when I die, then bury me in their bowers.*"

And the King said, "What sayest thou, O my builder? that is a fair quotation applicable to thy feelings, one that expresseth them."

Khipil answered, "'Tis eloquent, O great King! comprehensiveness would be its portion, but that it alludeth not to the delight of chafing."

Then Shahpesh laughed, and cried, "Chafe not! it is an ill thing and a hideous! This nosegay, O Khipil, is for thee

to present to thy mistress. Truly she will receive thee well after its presentation! I will have it now sent in thy name, with word that thou followest quickly. And for thy nettled nose, surely if the whim seize thee that thou desirest its chafing, to thy neighbour is permitted what to thy hand is refused.

So the King set a guard upon Khipil to see that his orders were executed, and appointed a time for him to return to the gardens.

At the hour indicated Khipil stood before Shahpesh again. He was pale, saddened; his tongue drooped like the tongue of a heavy bell, that when it soundeth giveth forth mournful sounds only; he had also the look of one battered with many beatings. So the King said, "How of thy presentation of the flowers of thy culture, O Khipil?"

He answered, "Surely, O King, she received me with wrath, and I am shamed by her."

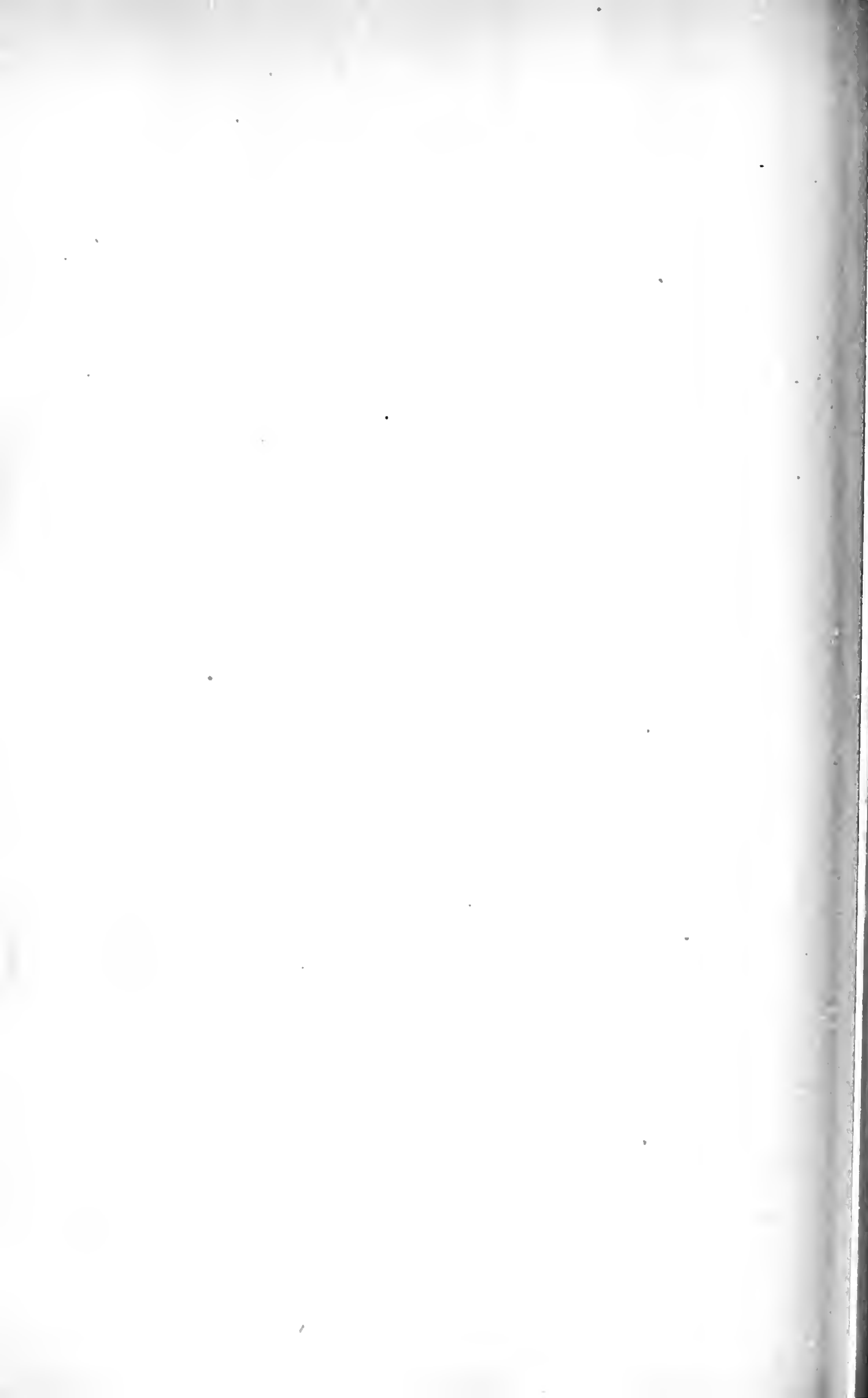
And the King said, "How of my clemency in the matter of the chafing."

Khipil answered, "O King of splendours! I made petition to my neighbours whom I met, accosting them civilly and with imploring, for I ached to chafe, and it was the very raging thirst of desire to chafe that was mine, devouring intensity of eagerness for solace of chafing. And they chafed me, O King, yet not in those parts which throbbed for the chafing, but in those which abhorred it."

Then Shahpesh smiled, and said, "'Tis certain that the magnanimity of monarchs is as the rain that falleth, the sun that shineth: and in this spot it fertilizeth richness, in

that it encourages rankness. So cut thou but a weed, O Khipil, and my grace is my chastisement."

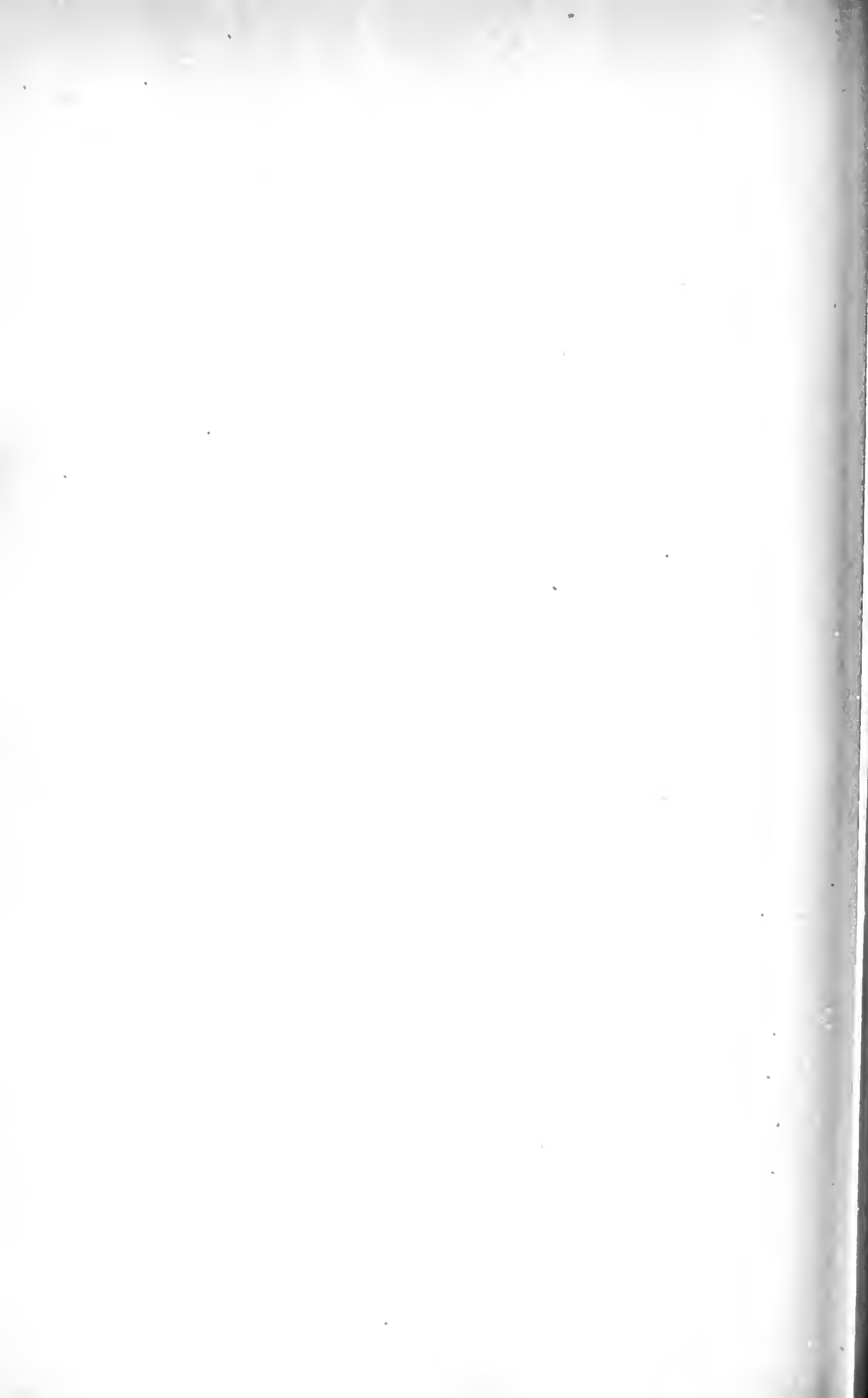
We hope we have said, if not enough to do justice to "The Shaving of Shagpat," enough to make our readers desire to see it. They will find it, compared with the other fictions which the season has provided, to use its own Oriental style, "as the apple tree among the trees of the wood."

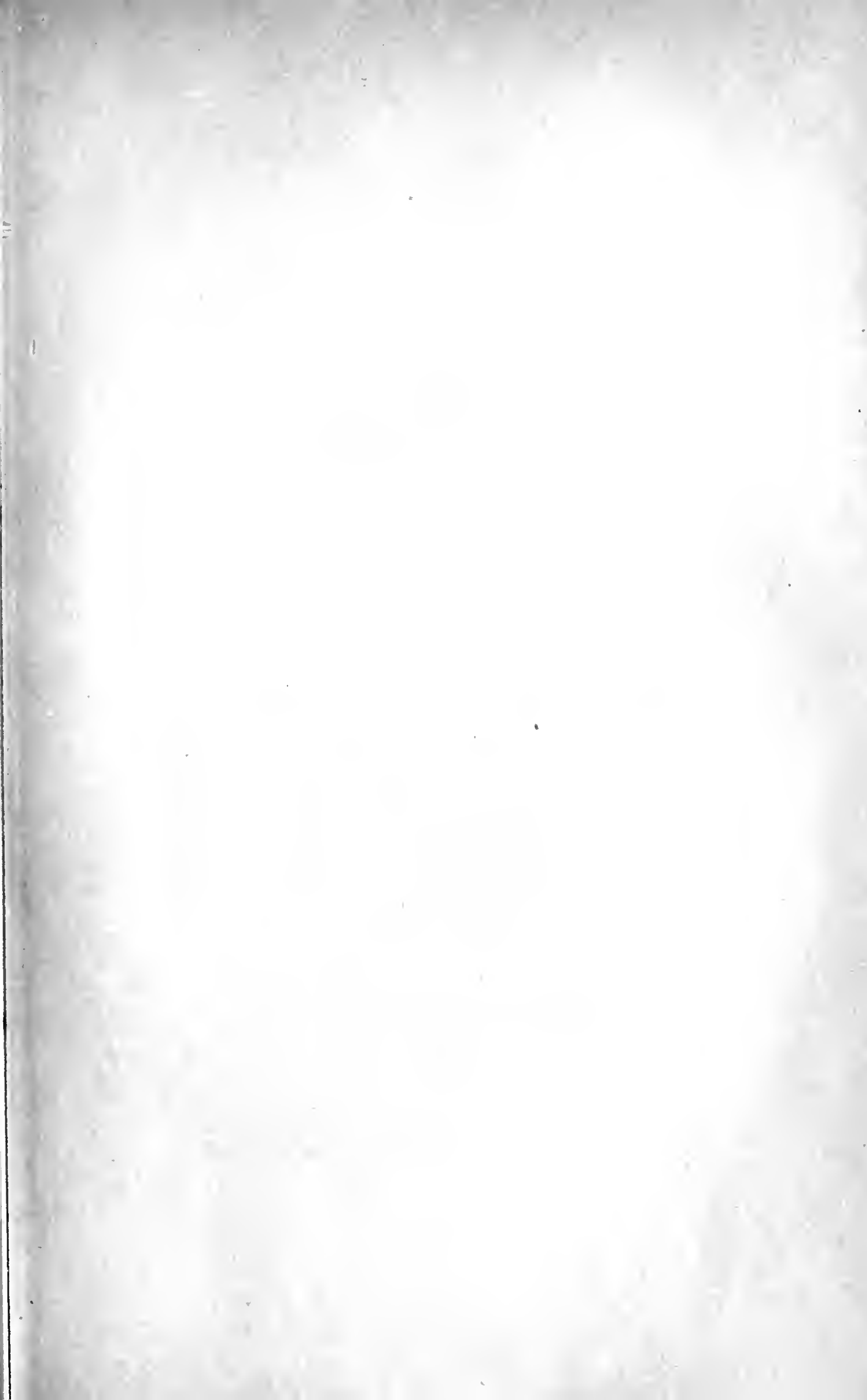


WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

AND

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.





LETTER

FROM

W. S. LANDOR

TO

R. W. EMERSON.

BATH:
PUBLISHED BY E. WILLIAMS,
CIRCULATING LIBRARY AND NEWS AGENT,
42, MILSOM-STREET,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Landor's *Letter to Emerson.*

From a copy in the Library of Mr. Walter B. Slater.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

AN OPEN LETTER TO

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IN May, 1833, at the well-known Tuscan Villa of the "Grand Old Pagan," Walter Savage Landor and Ralph Waldo Emerson first met. Some three-and-twenty years later, Emerson published his *English Traits.* In this book, as will be seen from the following paragraphs, Landor was treated with a freedom not quite mannerly:—

"On the 15th May I dined with Mr. Landor. I found him noble and courteous, living in a cloud of pictures at his Villa Gherardesca, a fine house commanding a beautiful landscape. I had inferred from his books, or magnified from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath—an untamable petulance. I do not know whether the imputation were just or not, but certainly on this May day his courtesy veiled that haughty mind, and he was the most patient and gentle of hosts. He praised the beautiful cyclamen which grows all about Florence; he admired Washington, talked of Wordsworth, Byron, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher. To be sure, he is decided in his opinions, likes to surprise, and is well content to impress, if possible, his English whim upon the immutable past. No great man ever had a great son, if Philip and Alexander be not an exception; and Philip he calls the greater. In art he loves the Greeks, and in sculpture, them only. He prefers the Venus to everything else, and, after that, the head of Alexander in the

gallery here. He prefers John of Bologna to Michael Angelo ; in painting, Raffaelle ; he shares the growing taste for Perugino and the early masters. The Greek histories he thinks only good ; and after them, Voltaire's. I could not make him praise Mackintosh, nor my more recent friends ; Montaigne very cordially,—and Charron also, which seemed to me undiscriminating. He thought Degerando indebted to 'Lucas on Happiness' and 'Lucas on Holiness.' He pestered me with Southey ; but who is Southey?

"He invited me to breakfast on Friday. On Friday I did not fail to go, and this time with Greenough.* He entertained us at once with reciting half a dozen hexameter lines of Julius Cæsar's !—from Donatus, he said. He glorified Lord Chesterfield more than was necessary, and undervalued Burke, and undervalued Socrates ; designating as the three greatest men, Washington, Phocion, and Timoleon,—much as our pomologists, in their lists, select the three or six best pears 'for a small orchid ;' and he did not even omit to remark the similar termination of their names. 'A great man,' he said, 'should kill his hundred oxen, not knowing whether they would be consumed by gods and heroes, or whether the flies would eat them.'

"I had visited Professor Amici, who had shown me his microscopes, magnifying (it was said) two thousand diameters ; and I spoke of the uses to which they were applied. Landor despised entomology, yet in the same breath said 'the sublime was in a grain of dust.' I suppose I teased him about recent writers, but he professed never to have heard of Herschel, not even by name. One room was full of pictures, which he likes to show, especially one piece, standing before which he said 'he would give fifty guineas to the man who would swear it was a Domenichino.' I was more curious to see his library, but Mr. H., one of the guests, told me that Landor gives away his books, and has never more than a dozen at a time in his house.

"Mr. Landor carries to its height the love of freak which the English delight to indulge, as if to signalize their commanding freedom. He has a wonderful brain, despotic, violent, and inexhaustible, meant for a soldier,—by what chance converted to letters, in which there is not a style nor a tint not known to him, yet with an English appetite for action and heroes? The thing done avails, not what is said about it. An original sentence, a step forward, is worth more than all the censures. Landor is strangely undervalued in England ; usually ignored ; and sometimes savagely attacked in the Reviews. The criticism may be right, or wrong, and is quickly forgotten ; but year after year the scholar must still go back to Landor for wisdom, wit, and imagination that are unforgetable."

These paragraphs would appear to have roused Landor to a pitch of considerable excitement, and he forthwith

* Greenough, the sculptor, then resident in Florence.

proceeded to deliver his thoughts to his pen. The open *Letter to Emerson* was rapidly composed, and as rapidly printed, and duly "published" by a certain E. Williams, a local newsvendor at Bath.

One thing the reader will remark upon perusing the *Letter* is the striking and unusual restraint exhibited by its author. It lacks entirely the force and vehemence, the fierceness and invective, which pervade and fill the many pieces of self-assertive writing put forth by Landor when aroused and on his defence;—and yet its periods are vigorous enough.

The title-page of the pamphlet (which is a tall, old-fashioned duodecimo) reads as follows:—

Letter / from / W. S. Landor / to / R. W. Emerson. / Bath: / Published by E. Williams, / Circulating Library and News Agent, / 42, Milson Street, / and all Booksellers.

The collation is: Title-page, as above (with imprint—"*Bath: / Printed by Hayward and Payne, Express Office, / Green Street*) on the reverse, pp. 1–2; and Text pp. 3–23. There are no head-lines, the pages being numbered centrally.

This *brochure*, though not to be classed among the considerable rarities of *Landoriana*, is yet by no means common, and it is only at lengthened intervals that it occurs for sale. It is to be feared that the collectors of *Emersoniana* upon the other side of the Atlantic have absorbed a goodly proportion of the copies available—survivors of a doubtless scanty original issue—and that but few examples are left now for the lovers of Landor here.

Although Forster reprinted a portion of it, the *Letter* has never been included in any collected edition of its author's writings In January of last year it was privately reproduced, in an issue restricted to 108 copies, for the members of the Rowfant Club, in a small octavo of 83 pages, bearing the following Title-page :—

*Landor's | Letter to Emerson. | With an Appendix | containing | Emerson's Paper from The Dial. | Edited, with an Introductory Note, | By Samuel Arthur Jones, | for the Rowfant Club. | Cleveland: | The Rowfant Club | MDCCCXCV.**

It is from an immaculate copy of the original Bath edition in the unrivalled Landor collection formed by Mr. Walter Brindley Slater, that the *Letter* is reprinted here.

* Thanks are due to Mr. Paul Lemperly, of Cleveland, Ohio, for sending to Mr. Wise a gift copy of this delightful reprint of Landor's book. From this copy the Rowfant Club edition has been described above.

TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

My Dear Sir,

Your *English Traits* have given me great pleasure; and they would have done so even if I had been treated by you with less favour. The short conversations we held at my Tuscan Villa were insufficient for an estimate of my character and opinions. A few of these, and only a few, of the least important, I may have modified since. Let me run briefly over them as I find them stated in your pages. Twenty-three years have not obliterated from my memory the traces of your visit, in company with that intelligent man and glorious sculptor, who was delegated to erect a statue in your capital to the tutelary genius of America. I share with him my enthusiastic love of ancient art; but I am no *exclusive*, as you seem to hint I am. In my hall at Fiesole there are two busts, if you remember, by two artists very unlike the ancients, and equally unlike each other; Donatello and Fiamingo; surveying them at a distance is the sorrowful countenance of Germanicus. Sculpture at the present day flourishes more than it ever did since the age of Pericles; and America is not cast into the shade by

Europe. I do prefer Giovanni da Bologna to Michael Angelo, who indeed in his conceptions is sublime, but often incorrect, and sometimes extravagant, both in sculpture and painting. I confess I have no relish for his prodigious *giblet pie* in the Capella Sistina, known throughout the world as his *Last Judgement.* Grand in architecture, he was no ordinary poet, no lukewarm patriot. Deplorable, that the inheritor of his house and name is so vile a sycophant, that even the blast of Michael's trumpet could not rouse his abject soul.

I am an admirer of Pietro Perugino, and more than an admirer of Raffaelle; but I could never rank the Madonna della Seggiola among the higher of his works; I see no divinity in the child, and no such purity in the Virgin as he often expressed in her. I have given my opinion as freely on the *Transfiguration.* The cartoons are his noblest works: they place him as high as is Correggio in the Dome of Parma: nothing has been, or is likely to be, higher.

Among my *cloud of pictures* you did not observe a little Masaccio (one of his two easel-pieces) representing Saint Jerome. The idea of it is truer than Domenichino's.

The last of the Medici Grandukes, Giovanni Gaston, sent to the vicinity of Parma and Correggio an old Florentine, who was reputed to be an excellent judge of painting. He returned with several small pieces on canvas, which the painters at that time in Florence turned into ridicule, and which were immediately thrown into the Palazzo Vecchio. About a quarter of a century ago, the chambers of this Palazzo were cleared of their lumber, and I met in the Via

degli Archibugieri a tailor who had two small canvases under his arms, and two others in his hands. He had given a few paoli for each; I offered him as many francesconi. He thought me a madman; an opinion which I also heard expressed as I sat under the shade of a vast old fig tree, while about twenty labourers were extirpating three or four acres of vines and olives, in order to make somewhat like a meadow before my windows. The words were "*Matti sono tutti gli Inglesi, ma questo poi*" * * * followed by a shrug and an aposiopesis. I acquired two more *cerotti*, as they had been called, painted by the same master; three I have at Bath, and three remain at my villa in Tuscany. Mr. George Wallis, who accompanied Soult in that Marshal's *Eclectic Review* of the Spanish Galleries, pronounced them to be Correggios. What is remarkable, one is a landscape. It would indeed be strange if he, who painted better than any before or since, should have produced no greater number of works than are attributed to him by Mengs. I have seen several of which I entertain no doubt. Raffaelle is copied more easily; so perhaps is Titian, if not Giorgione. On this subject the least fallible authority is Morris More, who however could not save our National Gallery from devastation.

Curious as I was in collecting specimens of the earlier painters, I do not prefer them to the works either of their nearer successors or to those of the present day. My Domenichino, about which I doubted, has been authenticated by M. Cosveldt; my Raffaelle is by M. Dennistoune, who was wrong only in believing it had been called a portrait of the painter. It is in fact the portrait of the only

son of that Doni whose wife's is in the Tribuna at Florence. He died in boyhood ; and the picture was long retained in his mother's family, the Strozzi, and thrown into a bed-chamber of the domestics as a piece of *robaccia* and *anticaglia*.

We will now walk a little way out of the gallery. Let me say, before we go farther, that I do not think "the Greek historians the only good ones." Davila, Machiavelli, Voltaire, Michelet, have afforded me much instruction and much delight. Gibbon is worthy of a name among the most enlightened and eloquent of the ancients. I find no fault in his language ; on the contrary, I find the most exact propriety. The grave, and somewhat austere, becomes the historian of the Roman Republic ; the grand, and somewhat gorgeous, finds its proper place in the palace of Byzantium. Am I indifferent to the merits of our own historians ? indifferent to the merits of him who balanced with equal hand Wellington and Napoleon ? No ; I glory in my countryman and friend. Is it certain that I am indiscriminating in my judgment on Charron ? Never have I compared him with Montaigne ; but there is much of wisdom, and, what is remarkable in the earlier French authors, much of sincerity in him.

I am sorry to have "*pestered you with Southey*," and to have excited the inquiry, "*Who is Southey ?*" I will answer the question. Southey is the poet who has written the most imaginative poem of any in our own times, English or Continental ; such is the *Curse of Kehama*. Southey is the proseman who has written the purest prose ; Southey is the critic the most cordial and the least in-

vidious. Show me another, of any note, without captiousness, without arrogance, and without malignity.

"Slow rises worth by poverty deprest."

But Southey raised it.

Certainly you could not make me praise Mackintosh. What is there eminently to praise in him? Are there not twenty men and women at the present hour who excel him in style and genius? His reading was extensive: he had much capacity, less comprehensiveness and concentration I know not who may be the "others of your recent friends" whom you could not excite me to applaud. I am more addicted to praise than censure. We English are generally as fierce partizans in literary as in parliamentary elections, and we cheer or jostle a candidate of whom we know nothing. I always kept clear of both quarters. I have votes in three counties, I believe I have in four, and never gave one. I would rather buy than solicit or canvass, but preferably neither. Nor am I less abstinent in the turbulent contest for literary honors. Among the many authors you have conversed with in England, did you find above a couple who spoke not ill of nearly all the rest? Even the most liberal of them, they who concede the most, subtract at last the greater part of what they have conceded, together with somewhat beside. And this is done, forsooth, out of fairness, truthfulness, &c!

The nearest the kennel are the most disposed to splash the polished boot.

I never envied any man anything but waltzing, for which I would have given all the little talents I had acquired. I

dared not attempt to learn it; for, although I was active and my ear was accurate, I felt certain I should have been unsuccessful. Even the shameless (and I am not among those) have somewhat of shame in one part or other; and here lay mine.

We now come to Carlyle, of whom you tell us "he worships a man that will manifest any truth to him." Would he have patience for the truth to be manifested? or would he accept it then? Certainly the face of truth is very lovely, and we take especial care that it shall never lose it[s] charms by familiarity. He declares that "*Landor's principle is mere rebellion.*"

Quite the contrary is apparent and prominent in many of my writings. I always was a Conservative; but I would eradicate any species of evil, political, moral, or religious, as soon as it springs up, with no reference to the blockheads who cry out "*What would you substitute in its place?*" When I pluck up a dock or a thistle, do I ask any such a question? I have said plainly, more than once, and in many quarters, that I would not alter or greatly modify the English Constitution. I denounced at the time of its enactment the fallacy of the Reform Bill. And here I beg pardon for the word *fallacy*, instead of *humbug*, which entered into our phraseology with two other sister graces, *Sham* and *Pluck*. I applaud the admission of new peers; and I think it well that a large body of them should be hereditary. But it is worse than mere popery that we should be encumbered by a costly and heavy bench of Cardinals, under the title of Bishops, and that their revenues should exceed those in the Roman States. I would send a

beadel after every Bishop who left his diocese, without the call of his Sovran, the head of the Church, for some peculiar and urgent purpose relating to it solely. I would surround the throne with splendour and magnificence, and grant as large a sum as a thousand pounds weekly for it, with two palaces; no land but what should be rented. The highest of the nobility would be proud of service under it, without the pay of menials. I approve the expansion of our peerage; but never let its members, adscititious or older, think themselves the only nobility; else peradventure some of them may be reminded that there are among us men whose ancestors stood in high places, and who did good service to the country, when theirs were cooped up within borough-walls, or called on duty from the field as serfs and villains.

Democracy, such as yours in America, is my abhorrence. Republicanism far from it; but there are few nations capable of receiving, fewer of retaining, this pure and efficient form. Democracy is lax and disjointed; and whatever is loose wears out the machine. The nations on the Ebro, and the mountaineers of Biscay, enjoyed it substantially for century after century. Holland, Ragusa, Genoa, Venice, were deprived of it by that *Holy Alliance* whose influence is now withering the Continent, and changing the features of England. We are losing our tensity of sinew; we are germanising into a flabby and effete indifference. It appears to me that the worst calamity the world has ever undergone, is the prostration of Venice at the feet of Austria. The oldest and the truest nobility in the world was swept away by Napoleon. How happily were the Venetian States governed for a thousand years, by the

brave and circumspect gentlemen of the island city! All who did not conspire against its security were secure. Look at the palaces they erected! Look at the Arts they cultivated! Look, on the other side, at the damp and decaying walls; enter; and there behold such countenances as you will never see elsewhere. These are not among the creatures whom God will permit any Deluge to sweep away. Heretofore, a better race of beings has uniformly succeeded to a viler though a vaster; and it will be so again.

Rise, Manin! rise, Garibaldi! rise, Mazzini! Compose your petty differences, quell your discordances, and stand united! Strike, and spare not; strike high. "*Miles, faciem feri,*" cried the wisest and most valiant of the Roman race.

I have enjoyed the conversation of Carlyle within the room where I am writing. It appeared at that time less evidently than now that his energy goes far beyond his discretion. Perverseness is often mistaken for strength, and obstinacy for consistency. There is only one thing in which he resembles other writers, namely, in saying that which he can say best, and with most point. You tell us, "he does not read Plato." Perhaps there may be a sufficient reason for it.

Resolved to find out what there is in this remarkable philosopher, I went daily for several weeks into the Magliabechian library at Florence, and thus refreshing my neglected Greek, I continued the reading of his works in the original from beginning to end. The result of this reading may be found in several of the *Imaginary Conversa-*

tions. That one of them between Lord Chesterfield and Lord Chatham contains observations on the cacophony of some sentences; and many more could have been added quite as exceptionable. Even Attic honey hath its impurities.

"He (Carlyle) took despairing or satirical views of literature at this moment."

I am little fond of satire, and less addicted to despair. It seems to me that never in this country was there a greater number of good writers than now; and some are excellent. Our epic is the novel or romance. I dare not praise the seven or eight of both sexes who have written these admirably; if I do, the *ignavum fuci pecus* would settle on me. All are glad to hear the censure, few the praise, of those who labour in the same vineyard.

We are now at Rydal Mount.

Wordsworth's bile is less fervid than Carlyle's: it comes with more saliva about it, and with a hoarser expectoration. "Lucretius he esteems a far *higher* poet than Virgil."

The more fool he! "not in his system, which is nothing, but in his power of illustration."

Does a power of illustration imply the *high* poet? It is in his system (which, according to Wordsworth, *is nothing*) that the power of Lucretius consists. Where then is its use? But what has Virgil in his Eclogues, in his Georgics, or in his Æneid, requiring illustration? Lucretius does indeed well illustrate his subject; and few even in prose among the philosophers have written so intelligibly; but the quantity of his poetry does not much exceed three

hundred lines in the whole: one of the noblest specimens of it is a scornful expostulation against the fear of death. Robert Smith, brother of Sidney, wrote in the style of Lucretius such Latin poetry as is fairly worth all the rest in that language since the banishment of Ovid. Even Lucretius himself nowhere hath exhibited such a continuation of manly thought and of lofty harmony.

We must now descend to Wordsworth once again.

He often gave an opinion on authors which he never had read, and on some which he could not read; Plato for instance. He speaks contemptuously of the Scotch. The first time I ever met him, and the only time I ever conversed with him longer than a few minutes, he spoke contemptuously of Scott, and violently of Byron. He chattered about them incoherently and indiscriminately. In reality, Scott had singularly the power of imagination and of construction: Byron little of either; but this is what Wordsworth neither said nor knew. His censure was hardened froth. I praised a line of Scott's on the dog of a traveller lost in the snow (if I remember) on Skiddaw. He said it was the only good one in the poem, and began instantly to recite a whole one of his own upon the same subject. This induced me afterward to write as follows on a flyleaf in Scott's poems,

> "Ye who have lungs to mount the Muse's hill,
> Here slake your thirst aside their liveliest rill:
> Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping hot,
> Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott."

I was thought unfriendly to Scott for one of the friendliest things I ever did toward an author. Having noted all the

faults of grammar and expression in two or three of his volumes, I calculated that the number of them, in all, must amount to above a thousand. Mr. Lockhart, who married his daughter, was indignant at this, and announced, at the same time (to prove how very wrong I was) that they were corrected in the next edition.

Poor Scott! he bowed his high intellect and abased the illustrious rank conferred on him by the unanimous acclaim of nations, before a prince who was the opprobrium of his country for enduring so quietly and contentedly his Neronianism.

Scott's reading was extensive, but chiefly within the range of Great Britain and France; Wordsworth's lay, almost entirely, between the near grammar school and Rydal Mount. He would not have scorned, although he might have reviled, the Scotch authors, if he ever had read Archibald Bower, or Hume, or Smollet or Adam Smith; he would have indeed hated Burns; he would never have forgiven Beattie that incomparable stanza,

> "O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
> Of charms that Nature to her votary yields,
> The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even,
> All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
> And all the dread magnificence of Heaven:
> O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

Nor would he have endured that song of Burns, more animated than the odes of Pindar,

> "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled."

He would have been horrified at the Doric-Scotch of "*wha ha'*;" yet what wool in the mouth were ***have*** and ***with!*** Gerald Massey too must have fared ill with him; and the gentle and graceful Tennyson's dress-shoes might have stood in danger of being trodden on by the wooden. Wordsworth's walk was in the lowlands of poetry, where the wooden shoe is most commodious. The vigorous and animated ascend their high battle-field neither in that nor in the slipper, but press on, and breathe hard, ἐϋκνήμιδες.

When Hazlitt was in Tuscany he often called on me, and once asked me whether I had ever seen Wordsworth. I answered in the negative, and expressed a wish to know something of his appearance.

"Sir," said Hazlitt, "have you ever seen a horse?" "Assuredly." "Then, Sir, you have seen Wordsworth."

When I met him some years after at a friend's on the lake of Waswater, I found him extremely civil. There was *equinity* in the lower part of his face: in the upper was much of the contemplative, and no little of the calculating. This induced me, when, at a breakfast where many were present, he said he "would not give five shillings for all Southey's poetry," to tell a friend of his that he might safely make such an investment of his money and throw all his own in. Perhaps I was too ill-humoured; but my spirit rose against his ingratitude toward the man who first, and with incessant effort and great difficulty, brought him into notice. He ought to have approached his poetical benefactor as he did the

> "illustrious peer,
> With high respect and gratitude sincere."

Southey would have been more pleased by the friendliness of the sentiment than by the intensity of the poetry in which it is expressed; for Southey was the most equitable, the most candid, the most indulgent of mankind. I was unacquainted with him for many years after he had commended, in the *Critical Review*, my early poem, "Gebir." In the letters now edited by Mr. Warter, I find that in the *Whitehaven Journal* there was inserted a criticism, in which, on the strength of this poem, I am compared and preferred to Göthe. I am not too much elated. Neither in my youthful days nor in any other have I thrown upon the world such trash as "Werter" and "Wilhelm Meister," nor flavoured my poetry with the corrugated spicery of metaphysics. Nor could he have written in a lifetime any twenty, in a hundred or thereabout, of my "Imaginary Conversations." My poetry I throw to the Scotch terriers growling at my feet. Fifty pages of Shelley contain more of pure poetry than a hundred of Göthe, who spent the better part of his time in contriving a puzzle, and in spinning out a yarn for a labyrinth. How different in features, both personal and poetical, are Göthe and Wordsworth! In the countenance of Göthe there was something of the elevated and august; less of it in his poetry; Wordsworth's physiognomy was entirely rural. With a rambling pen he wrote admirable paragraphs in his longer poem, and sonnets worthy of Milton: for example,

"Two voices are there," &c.,

which is far above the highest pitch of Göthe. But his unbraced and unbuttoned impudence in presence of our

grand historians, Gibbon and Napier, must be reprehended and scouted. Of Gibbon I have delivered my opinion; of Napier too, on whom I shall add nothing more at present than that he superseded the Duke, who intended to write the history of his campaigns, and who (his nephew Capt. William Wellesley tells me) has left behind him "Memoirs."

I never *glorified* Lord Chesterfield; yet he surely is among the best of our writers in regard to style, and appears to have formed Horace Walpole's and Sterne's, a style purely English. His Letters were placed by Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, in the hands of his daughters. This I remember to have been stated to me by his son. A polished courtier and a virtuous prelate knew their value; and perhaps the neglect of them at the present day is one reason why a gentleman is almost as rare as a man of genius.

I am not conscious that I underrate Burke: never have I placed any of his parliamentary contemporaries in the same rank with him. His language is brilliant, but not always elegant; which induced me once to attribute to him the *Letters of Junius*. I am now more inclined to General Lee as author. Lord Nugent, an inquisitive and intelligent reader, told me he never could "worm out the secret" from his uncle Mr. Thomas Grenville, who, he believed, knew it. Surely it is hardly worth the trouble of a single hour's research. We have better things weekly in the *Examiner*, and daily in the *Times*.

I do not "undervalue Socrates." Being the cleverest of the Sophists, he turned the fraternity into ridicule: he

eluded the grasp of his antagonist by anointing with the oil of quibble all that was tangible and prominent. To compare his philosophy (if indeed you can catch it) with the philosophy of Epicurus and Epictetus, whose systems meet, is insanity.

I do not "despise entomology." I am ignorant of it; as indeed I am of almost all science.

I love also flowers and plants; but I know less about them than is known by a beetle or a butterfly.

I must have been misunderstood, or have been culpably inattentive, if I said "I knew not Herschell [*sic*] by name." The father's I knew well, from his giving to a star the baptismal one of that pernicious madman who tore America from England, and who rubbed his hands when the despatches announced to him the battle of Bunker's Hill, in which he told his equerry that his soldiers had "*got well peppered.*" Probably I had not then received in Italy the admirable writings of the great Herschell's greater son.

Phocion, who excites as much of pity as of admiration, was excellent as a commander and as an orator, but was deficient and faulty as a politician. No Athenian had, for so long a period, rendered to his country so many and such great services. He should have died a short time earlier; he should have entered the temple with Demosthenes. On the whole, I greatly prefer this last consistent man, although he could not save his country like Epaminondas and like Washington.

I make no complaint of what is stated in the following page, that "Landor is strangely undervalued in England." I have heard it before, but I never have taken the trouble

to ascertain it. Here I find that I am "savagely attacked in the Reviews." Nothing more likely; I never see them; my acquaintances lie in a different and far distant quarter. Some honours have, however, been conferred on me in the literary world. Southey dedicated to me his *Kehama;* James his *Attila:* he and Dickens invited me to be godfather to their sons. Moreover, I think as many have offered me the flatteries of verse as ever were offered to any one but Louis the Fourteenth.

P. 19. I think oftener with Alfieri than with any other writer, and quite agree with him that "Italy and England are the only countries worth living in." The only time I ever saw Alfieri, was just before he left this country for ever. I accompanied my Italian master, Parachinetti, to a bookseller's, to order the Works of Alfieri and Metastasio, and was enthusiastic, as most young men were, about the French Revolution. "Sir," said Alfieri, "you are a very young man; you are yet to learn that nothing good ever came out of France, or ever will. The ferocious monsters are about to devour one another; and they can do nothing better. They have always been the curse of Italy; yet we too have fools among us who trust them."

Such were the expressions of the most classical and animated poet existing in the present or past century, of him who could at once be a true patriot and a true gentleman. There was nothing of the ruffianly in his vigour; nothing of the vulgar in his resentment; he could scorn without a scoff; he could deride without a grimace. Had he been living in these latter days, his bitterness would have overflowed, not on France alone, nor Austria in addition, the two

beasts that have torn Italy in pieces, and are growling over her bones; but more, and more justly, on those constitutional governments which, by abetting, have aided them in their aggressions and incursions. We English are the most censurable of all. Forbear, in pity forbear, to say, what I am afraid is too true, that we are a litter of blind lick-spittles, waiting to be thrown with a stone about the neck into the next horsepond. Will historians be credited, some centuries hence, when they relate what our country-men in the present have done against the progress of free-dom throughout Europe? The ministers of England have signed that *Holy Alliance* which delivered every free State to the domination of arbitrary and irresponsible despots. The ministers of England have entered more recently into treaties with usurpers and assassins. And now, forsooth, it is called *assassination* to remove from the earth an assassin; the assassin of thousands; an outlaw, the subverter of his country's, and even of his own, laws. The valiant and the wise of old thought differently. Even now there are some, and they are not devoid of intellect, who are of opinion that the removal of an evil at the least possible cost is best. They would not expose an army when one brave man could do the thing effectually: they would not im-poverish a nation, nor maim and decimate the strong sup-ports, nor leave destitute and desolate the fathers of its families, rather than strike a single blow which would sound the hour of their deliverance and security.

Impressed by these sentiments, which never have varied a tittle in the long course of my existence, I openly avowed that I had reserved insurance money, to a small extent, in

favour of the first tyrannicide. My words are circulated in America and on our continent, and well received and widely echoed. I regret that here in England are some professing to be the friends of liberty and justice, who stand forward as shields and bucklers to the enemies of both. Surely wit and wisdom might be better employed. Permit me to repeat my words, written in a letter to Mr. White.

"Sir, I have only one hundred pounds of ready money, and am never likely to have at my disposal as much in future. Of this I transmit five to you, toward the acquisition of the ten thousand muskets to be given, in accordance with your manifesto, 'to the first Italian province which shall rise.' The remaining ninety-five I reserve for the family of the first patriot who asserts by action the dignity of tyrannicide. Abject men have cried out against me for my commendation of this ancient virtue, the highest of which a man is capable, and now the most important and urgent.

"Is it not an absurdity to remind us that usurpers will rise up afresh? Do not all transgressors? And must we therefor lay aside the terrors of chastisement, or give a ticket of leave to the most atrocious criminals? Shall one enslave millions? Shall laws be subverted, and we then be told that we act against them, or without their sanction, when none are left us, and we lay prostrate the subverter? Three or four blows, instantaneously and simultaneously given, may save the world many years of warfare, of discord, and of degradation. It is everywhere unsafe to rob a citizen; shall it be safe anywhere to rob a people? Im-

pelled unconsciously by a hand invisible, the hand of eternal justice, even the priest teaches the schoolboy the glory that always hath accompanied the tyrannicide. At the recital, he strikes the desk with his ferule, and the boy springs up at once into the man."

Such are the sentiments I last avowed on reading how a brave man, with his two inoffensive children, were murdered by the usurper of the Hungarian crown, the abolitionist of Hungarian laws, and the persecutor and hangman of Hungarian patriots. Bearing these cruelties in memory, and seeing many more such daily before his eyes, let any true Englishman read the narrative of Colonel Türr, and then ask his own heart whether the atrocities there detailed can fail to excite the execration of every honourable man, and the chastisement of the perpetrator. There was a time, and I should be sorry to think it ended with Sydney, when the man who upheld the dignity of his fellow man, and who would strike down a felon in feathers and bedizened with stars and crosses, experienced far other treatment than contumely and buffoonery. Poerio and Kossuth and Türr, it seems to me, are greatly more deserving of our sympathy than their oppressors; yet these oppressors, being Potentates, we connive at them and coax them, and at last say, "*Now, pray! pray! don't! our own people will get angry with us, and force us into demonstrations.*" Meanwhile, it is only in set speeches to gain popularity, that a few of the ministry, and other members of parliament, warm up again a stale side-dish of pity for the exiled and imprisoned.

We once taught other nations; may other nations soon teach *us!* There is no great man in existence; shall it be

said there is no brave one? The Crimea contradicts this, even to the face of our commanders. In the *Athenæum* you will find a paragraph, well worthy of notice, on the best of these.

"While our readers were admiring the modesty which led 'the heroes of Kars' to ignore all merits *except their own*, a letter was on its way from the Bosphorus, and has been this week printed in the *Times*, from General Kmety, in which the aged soldier addresses Sir W. F. Williams, in a tone of calm remonstrance worthy of his fame, on the historical suppression under which he, in common with others, is made to labor. Injustice of this sort, however, works its own cure. We hear with satisfaction that a subscription is being raised in the name of General Guyon, with a view to present that distinguished officer with a sword of honour."

The sword of honour was the sword he carried; the other may be laid across his coffin. The valiant and virtuous Guyon is no more. It is now a year since I read a letter from the most affectionate of wives, announcing that his heart was broken. Even her love could no longer support it. What then must be the weight of grief under which it at last was crushed! But he had fought against Austria; and Austria is German; German is England too. We may now expect that Orsini be demanded from us, and delivered up to the perjured Apostolic Majesty. No intercession was made by our Court for the cousin of our Queen; he had committed the heinous crime of asserting the cause of freedom.

And we are now called sticklers for assassination, who

by one sweep of the arm would deliver a nation from its oppressor, and hurl down the tower that overhangs the dungeon! It was the lictor who carried the axe; he was no assassin; he bore before the magistrate the symbol of unity and of law.

Only one man worthy of notice reprehends me. Ah Manin! Manin! when he of ebullient blood sits down again after exertion, he is apt to take cold so as to keep his room.

No one is more averse than I am to interference with other governments; but it is our duty to insist on the observance of the treaties they have made with us. Let the people of each be their own defenders and avengers. I must repeat what already is declared in several of my writings, that I have no fondness for innovation. Whatever is changed should rest, if possible, on what has been tried. Edifices are corroded and crumble first in their exterior and ornamental parts, leaving the foundation, if ever solid, the more solid the longer it hath stood. Far as our English Constitution is from absolute perfection, farther is it from that region of earthquakes where chance and change are causing by their indomitable fire incessant eruptions and oscillations. Certain it is, however, that we shall not rest where we are; but uncertain is it whether, when Enceladus hath shaken his shoulder and turned his side, we shall then rest long.

Accept this memorial, which your name will render of less brief duration, of the esteem in which you are held by

WALTER LANDOR.

P. S. If you have not received our *Morning Advertiser*, you will ask for it, and will read with indignation the conduct of Lord Clarendon toward Colonel Türr. It was hoped that the family of Villiers had left its earlier titles in abeyance. Here is evidence of the contrary.

THE BUILDING OF THE IDYLLS: A STUDY IN TENNYSON.

THE BUILDING OF THE IDYLLS: A STUDY IN TENNYSON.

FROM some points of view it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the gift which the late Lord Tennyson made to his own time and the future in the course of his mere dealings with blank verse as a medium for poetic narrative, in the *Idylls of the King* and some few other poems of like individual scope. From other points of view it is but too easy to exaggerate, and notably from the point of view of connexity and continuity. It is safe to predict that the Twentieth Century will sooner or later laugh at the Nineteenth for the claims to which it has listened with complacency that these beautiful works in mosaic shall be regarded as a great whole, even as a complete epic. There will be no laughter over the place assigned to Tennyson as a singer whose voice never sank below the true pitch and tone of song during the best part of sixty years; a man of a masculine and patriotic mind, of high spiritual culture, perfect in mastery of the lyric art,

always making for righteousness, perhaps now and again too consciously,—and altogether more completely a poet, and nothing but a poet, than any Englishman of his century who had the luck of long life. The laughter will be at the foolish people who try to persuade themselves first and then the world that the *Idylls of the King* evidence, beside all these other qualities, the sustained strength of wrist and sweep of mental vision needful for epic rank as well as lyric. Now it happens that the history of the building of the *Idylls* is full of bibliographical as well as critical interest,—that it can be set down now more clearly than twenty or thirty years hence, because there are still people alive who know something about the facts behind the many books, common or rare, concerned in the history. Whether the *Idylls* are to be considered as a great poem or as a series of beautiful poems, there can be no dispute as to their fulness of high poetry appealing to the deepest instincts of our nature in a way that was almost exclusively reserved to Tennyson. To which of the two classes the book belongs—great poem or beautiful series—the tale of their genesis will itself show clearly enough. For these reasons it is that the tale is here offered to the literary historians of the future.

How soon or how quickly Tennyson became familiar with the *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory and the *Mabinogion* has not yet been divulged, if indeed it is known. Certain it is that *The Lady of Shalott*, published in the *Poems* of 1833, deals, though in a very different manner, with the story of Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat,"—Astolat and Shalott being but different forms

of one place-name,—and that before putting forth those two priceless volumes of 1842, in which he gathered up what he thought best of his published and unpublished work, he had seen how truly epic in its nature was the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. He saw in especial the capabilities of legendary splendour in the ending of Arthur s earthly work, and his supernatural passage to "the Island Valley of Avilion"; and, having formed his theory as to the manner in which blank verse should be treated, he plunged into the very catastrophe and close of his visioned epic. But whether he ever saw right through from beginning to end how that epic should shape itself is to say the least doubtful. Be that as it may, he saw the earthly end of Arthur in epic fulness and dignity—even if with a thought too much of reflexion,—he pulled himself greatly together, and wrote out the close of his possible epic in the metre and manner he had well-nigh perfected,—and then breathed.

The second volume of the 1842 collection contains, it will be remembered, a considerable mass of blank verse, showing how fruitfully Tennyson had studied, since issuing his lyrical volumes of 1830 and 1833, the adaptabilities of that medium both for the dignity of historic or legendary themes and for the tenderness and pathos of domestic subjects. An appeal to the public on this basis alone, without intermixture of lyric metres, would certainly have established his reputation as a master of the whole craft, with the few if not with the many; but perhaps he was well advised in not making the venture he seems at one time to have contemplated, and in relying instead on the

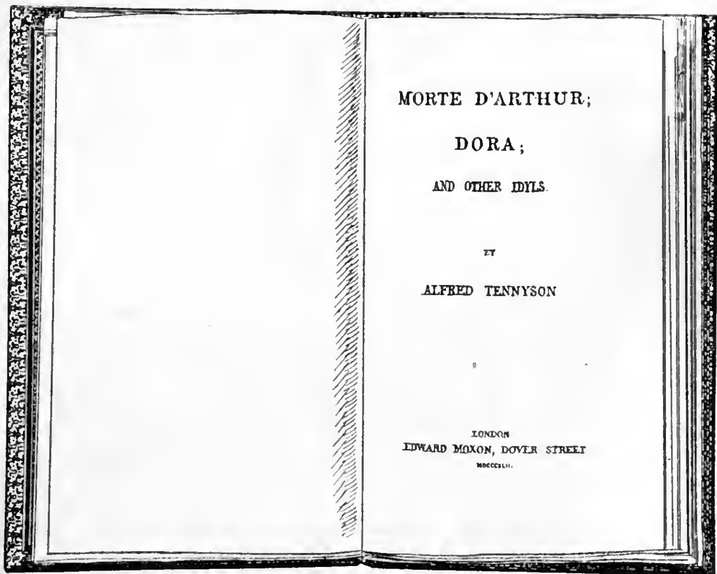
collection which went through four editions in four years and contained an extraordinary variety of work both in lyric metres and in blank verse.

One of the rarest of what we may call the Tennysonian essays or trial books is the thin volume of 1842, forming the only tangible evidence of the blank-verse project. It contains eight poems in that metre which were ultimately, in the same year, interspersed through the second volume of the *Poems.* These eight are *Morte d'Arthur*, *Dora*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *Audley Court*, *Walking to the Mail*, *St. Simeon Stylites*, *Ulysses*, and *Godiva.* There are but seventy-one pages, all told ; and seldom has so much first-rate work been brought within so small a compass. Moreover, with the exception of *St. Simeon Stylites*, all is good reading as well as good work. The bibliographical description need not detain us long: there is a fly-title reading simply *Morte d'Arthur*, as if that were all ; the title-page is as follows :—

Morte d'Arthur ; / Dora; / and other Idyls. / By / Alfred Tennyson. / London : / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / MDCCCXLII.

On the verso is the imprint "London :/ Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars." The poems occupy pages 1 to 66: each has a dropped head without any page-number; and the rest of the pages are numbered in the usual way and head-lined with the titles of the poems both on rectos and on versos. Page 67 has a little note set centrally between two long lines and reading thus :—

"The author thinks it right to state that the Idyl of


MORTE D'ARTHUR;

DORA;

AND OTHER IDYLS.

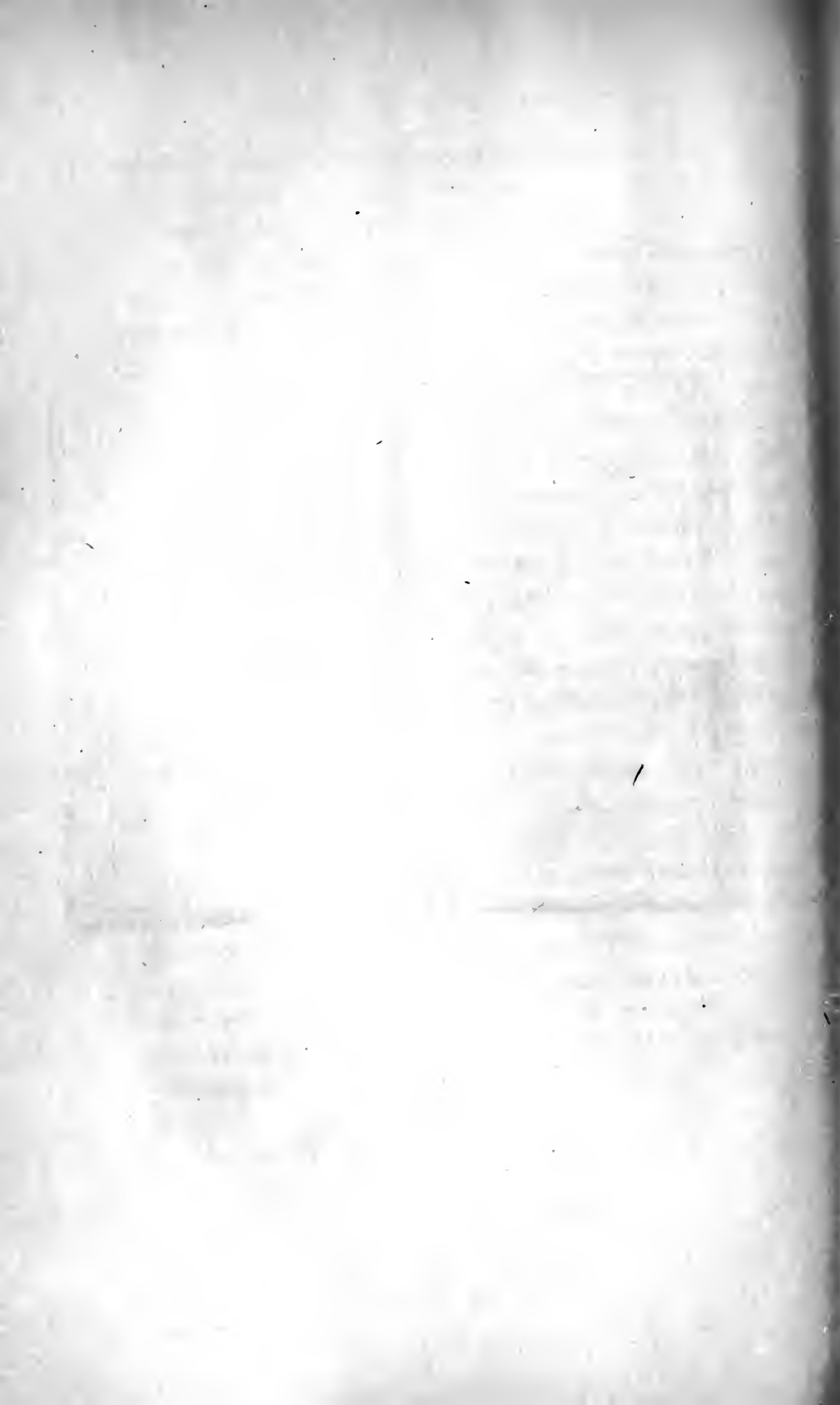
BY

ALFRED TENNYSON

LONDON
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET
MDCCCXLII.

Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur*, 1842

From a copy of the extremely rare original in the Library of Mr. Buxton Forman.



'Dora' was suggested in part by one of Miss Mitford's Pastorals."

On the back of this, in the centre, the imprint is repeated. In the two-volume collection, the corresponding note happens to come on a verso; and the imprint is below it, at the foot of the page. The note itself is longer, because there were by that time two confessions of indebtedness to make:—

"The Idyl of 'Dora' was partly suggested by one of Miss Mitford's pastorals; and the ballad of Lady Clare by the novel of 'Inheritance.'"

It is a point of some slight interest that in 1842 Tennyson preferred the spelling *Idyl* with one *l*, and that five years later, in *The Princess*, the same preference held in describing how Ida read "a small sweet Idyl." But the real point of critical interest is in the classification of the episode from the Arthurian legends as an idyll, which we get in the title-page of the trial booklet, as if the poet had already made up his mind against encountering the mental strain and stress of the epic method. In the booklet of idylls *Morte d'Arthur* appears without the tags[1] supplied for its public *début*, importing that one Everard Hall, poet, had written an Arthurian epic, and thrown it in the fire, from which his friend Francis Allen rescued the eleventh book. In truth it is much more like a fragment of an abandoned epic than

[1] *Godiva* is similarly without the introductory lines telling how the poet "waited for the train at Coventry." There is no other textual variation, except the misprint *running* for *cunning* in the lines

The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had running eyes to see.

an idyll, and is far more direct, forthright, and clear of view than any of the subsequent Arthurian poems, most of which follow the method of starting with some picture or salient incident and then going back in the story to work forward again to the initial picture or incident, passing on again to some rounded close to the particular story in hand. It is true that the same directness characterizes both *Dora* and *The Gardener's Daughter*, which are really more idyllic than *The Idylls of the King*. These last, indeed, are narrative poems of a kind for which a better name than *idyll* might have been found: the form and treatment are peculiarly Tennyson's own; and they have but little in common with Theocritus beyond their tenderness and clear-cut comeliness. It was some years before Tennyson recurred in public either to the epic scheme or to the idyllic,—although, as will be seen before this gossip closes, he did ultimately recur both to the early grouping of 1842 and to the notion of an epic. *The Princess*, issued in 1847, had nothing of either kind; nor had *In Memoriam*, published in 1850, or *Maud*, put forth in 1855. But in the same volume with *Maud* was an exquisitely balanced idyll, *The Brook*, still, by the bye, spelt with one l,—an idyll as tender and pastoral in its feeling as any Tennyson ever published, albeit the form is mainly monologue.

With the Arthurian or legendary idyll, which is a thing apart, he was very seriously occupied in 1857, and had gone so far as to get another trial volume privately printed. This was called *Enid and Nimuë; or, The True and the False*, a title indicating clearly enough how the poet's mind was tending to over-inform these legendary poems with

ulterior purpose. Its contents are none other than the *Enid* and *Vivien* which came out two years later with *Elaine* and *Guinevere;* but there was vastly more than the unhappy title altered, as a collation with the copy in the British Museum shows. The title-page of this book reads as follows:—

Enid and Nimuë: | The True and the False. | By | Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., | Poet Laureate. | London: | Edward Moxon, Dover Street. | 1857.

On the verso of the title is the imprint, "London: / Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars." Besides the title, this foolscap octavo volume has 139 pages, *Enid* occupying pages 1 to 96, which are head-lined *Enid*, and *Nimuë* occupying pages 97 to 139, which are head-lined *Nimuë*.

It is a serious undertaking to collate *Enid and Nimuë* with the received text of the two tales published in 1859 as two of the four *Idylls of the King* and called *Enid* and *Vivien*, but now known as three out of twelve *Idylls of the King* and called *The Marriage of Geraint, Geraint and Enid*, and *Merlin and Vivien.* The collation is both interesting and fruitful; but too fruitful for all the fruit to be displayed on this occasion. A selection of *variorum* readings must serve. The first of interest is in the line which now stands

To cleanse this common sewer of all his realm

in which the word *shore* stands for *sewer* in the 1857 version,—a provincialism commonly enough *heard* to this day, but even then very seldom *seen.* When the poet

substituted the orthodox *sewer* for *shore* in 1859, he curiously enough employed the word in another sense in the same page, substituting *shores* for *ford* in the line which stood thus in 1857—

> *And fifty knights rode with them, to the ford*
> *Of Severn. . .*

The line which from 1859 onward reads

> *At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of bed*

stands thus in the 1857 volume :—

> *At this he snatched his great limbs from the bed,*

and a few lines further on we read,

> *'And you put on your worst and meanest dress*
> *And ride with me.' And Enid wonder'd at him:*
> *But then bethought her of a faded silk,*

which lines were changed and expanded in 1859 to

> *And you put on your worst and meanest dress*
> *And ride with me.' And Enid ask'd, amazed,*
> *'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault.'*
> *But he, 'I charge you, ask not but obey.'*
> *Then she bethought her of a faded silk,*

which expansion now stands further altered by the substitutions of *thou*, *thy*, and *thee* for *you*, *your* and *you*. The verse printed in 1857

> *Who said, 'The sparrow-hawk, you ask that know*

was altered in 1859 to

> *Who told him, scouring still, 'The sparrow-hawk!'*

And a few lines further on, the man who from 1859 has

been "riveting a helmet" is described as "riveting a 'skull-cap'"—the unwarlike nature of the head-gear usually so called having doubtless for the moment escaped notice, though why iron should not make as good a skull-cap as silk or velvet is hard to say.

The lines of 1859

> *'Hark, by the bird's song you may learn the nest'*
> *Said Yniol; 'Enter quickly.' Entering then,*
> *Right o'er a mount of newly-fallen stones,*
> *The dusky-rafter'd many-cobweb'd Hall,*

which still stand so but for the change of *you* to *ye* in the first line and the spelling of *hall* with a small *h* in the last wanted the third line in 1857; and the next paragraph, "He spake: the Prince," &c. (7 lines) is wanting altogether; while the next but one, in lieu of

> *So Enid took his charger to the stall;*
> *And after went her way across the bridge,*

has the three opening lines—

> *Then Enid took the knight's horse to the stall,*
> *And littered him and gave him hay and corn*
> *And after went her way across the bridge,*

and three lines further on the "youth, that following *with* a costrel" bore "the means of goodly welcome," in the 1859 book, appears in that of 1857 as

> *A youth, that following in a costrel bore, &c.*

The knowledge that a costrel is a labourer's wooden receptacle for drink was not so general that the poet could afford to leave any doubt whether the youth was in it or only bringing something in it: hence the change of text.

Where Yniol exclaims (1859 and onwards)—

So grateful is the noise of noble deeds
To noble hearts who see but acts of wrong:
Oh never yet had woman such a pair
Of suitors as this maiden:

Enid and Nimuë reads—

For but to hear of these is grateful to us
Who see but acts of violence, such a pair
Of suitors had this maiden;

and in Geraint's brief reply of three lines the middle line of that first version is

That if, as I suppose, your nephew fights

one of the few prosaic lines Tennyson was ever guilty of, not altered in 1859, but now standing

That if the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fights.

The object of substituting, a little further on,

Beheld her first in field, awaiting him

for the original

Beheld her there before him in the field,

was of course to make it clear that she was before him in time—not merely before his face. The change has no other value. The value of the slight changes in Enid's little soliloquy on the subject of clothes is far other, and wholly artistic. In *Enid and Nimuë* we read—

Sweet heavens, how much shall I discredit him!
Would he but tarry with us a day or two;

and later,

Yet if he could but rest a day or two,
Myself would work my fingers to the bone,
Far rather than so much discredit him.

All which, being too familiar and homely, was altered in 1859. "Sweet heavens" became "Sweet heaven" in the first line; and the rest became

Would he could tarry with us here a while! . . .
Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,
Myself would work eye dim, and finger lame
Far liefer than so much discredit him.

A passage like that shows something of the process of sophistication that actually got the mastery of the poet in this matter of the Idylls; and yet those particular changes are excellent in themselves. So also it may be said of the speech in which, near the close of what is now *The Wedding of Geraint*, the Prince tells Enid's mother his reasons for taking his bride to court in her homely clothes. In that speech there was much divergence between the 1857 and 1859 texts. The end stood thus in *Enid and Nimuë*—

Grant me pardon for my thoughts,
I have not kept them long. I promise you
That when we come once more, as come we shall,
To see you, she shall wear your noble gift,
Here at your own warm hearth, with, on her knee,
Who knows? another gift of the high God,
Which maybe shall have learn'd to lisp you thanks.
Then smiled the mother, pleased, and half in tears,
To hear him talk so solemnly and well:
And brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it,
And claspt and kiss'd her, and they rode away.

In the *Idylls of the King* of 1859 it stood thus:

Grant me pardon for my thoughts:
And for my strange petition I will make
Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,
When your fair child shall wear your costly gift
Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees,
Who knows? another gift of the high God,
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to lisp you thanks,
He spoke: the mother smiled, but half in tears,
Then brought a mantle down, &c.

ending as before.

The changes in the second portion of the poem were far less considerable than those in the first. Several are very significant, such as that in the remark of the bandit that Geraint's horses and arms are "all in charge of a mere girl" (altered to "all in charge of whom? a girl") or the *simile* for Limours crossing the room and looking at his feet

Like one that tries old ice if it will bear,

altered in 1859 to

Like him who tries the bridge he fears may fail,

or the last line of Enid's cunning excuse,

To-night I am quite weary and worn out—

altered to

Leave me to-night: I am weary to the death.

In the scene at quitting the inn, the line

Then tending her rough Lord, tho' all unask'd

was originally printed

Then tho' he had not ask'd her, tending him,

and a little further down an unsyntactical sentence of 1857 was put to rights in 1859:

> *I charge you, Enid, more especially,*
> *That whatsoever thing you see or hear*
> *Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use*
> *To charge you) that you speak not but obey!*

Thus *Enid and Nimuë;* but in the *Idylls* (1859) the second line is

> *What thing soever you may hear, or see,*

so that there is but one "that," and the two parts of the sentence accord. In the 1859 book and onward, Enid is relieved of the roughest of "her rough lord's" taunts, the line

> *Well-nigh as honest as a weeping wife;*

This appeared in 1857 in the paragraph opening with

> *Then like a stormy sunlight smiled Geraint,*

but no doubt it was felt that there was quite enough of hard speech without that.

In the passage where Doorm's men put the wounded Geraint on a "litter-bier," the 1857 book says they took him to Doorm's hall

> *And laid him on a litter in the hall,*

but the 1859 book, to show that they did not even handle him in doing so, particularizes that they

> *Cast him and the bier in which he lay*
> *Down on an oaken settle in the hall.*

Enid's brief speech after the death of Doorm is longer

by a line in the 1857 than in the 1859 version, and is improved in the shortening :—

> *She only pray'd him, 'Fly my Lord at once*
> *Before these thieves return and murder you,*
> *Your charger is without, my palfrey lost*
> *For ever.' 'Then,' he answered, 'shall you ride*
> *Behind me.'*

became

> *She only prayed him, 'Fly, they will return*
> *And slay you ; fly, your charger is without,*
> *My palfrey lost.' 'Then, Enid, shall you ride*
> *Behind me.'*

In realizing this project the prince "lent an arm" to help her up in 1857, but "reach'd a hand" in 1859—one of many cases in which a familiar expression is changed for a less familiar to give distance. In the next paragraph "purer pleasure . . . than Enid proved" (1857) is immeasurably inferior to "purer pleasure . . . than lived through her" (1859) ; and so it is with the two lines about the dead Doorm—

> *Submitting to the judgment of the King.'*
> *'He hath submitted to the King of Kings—*

which were altered to

> *Submit, and hear the judgment of the King.'*
> *'He hears the judgment of the King of Kings.'*

In the last paragraph but one a slightly affected construction common to the 1857 and 1859 books was done away with in revising for a later edition :

> *The blameless King went forth and cast his eyes*
> *On whom his father Uther left in charge*

was altered to

The blameless King went forth and cast his eyes
On each of all whom Uther left in charge.

In the concluding lines "the ford of Severn" (1857) again became "the shores of Severn" (1859); and last, but not least, the record of *Enid and Nimuë* that Geraint fell

At Longport, fighting for the blameless King,

was elaborated into the renowned passage wherein in 1859 we were told that he fell

Against the heathen of the Northern Sea,
In battle, fighting for the blameless King.

This was perhaps one of the most telling changes which the late Laureate ever made.

The second paragraph of *Nimuë* opens thus in the private print of 1857:

The wily Nimuë stole from Arthur's court:
She hated all the knights because she deem'd
They wink'd and jested when her name was named.
For once, when Arthur walking all alone
And troubled in his heart about the Queen,
Had met her, she had spoken to the King
With reverent eyes, mock-loyal shaken voice,
And fluttered adoration, and at last
Had hinted at the some who prized him more
Than who should prize him most:

this in the volume of 1859 was rendered thus:

The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's court:
She hated all the knights, and heard in thought
Their lavish comment when her name was named.
For once, when Arthur walking all alone,
Vext at a rumour rife about the Queen,
Had met her, Vivien, being greeted fair,
Would fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood

With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice,
And flutter'd adoration, and at last
With dark sweet hints of some who prized him more
Than who should prize him most; . . .

In the final text, the rumour is not about the Queen, but is

a rumour issued from herself,
Of some corruption crept among the knights.

In the same paragraph the lines

And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd points
Of slander, glancing here and grazing there;

and

Perceiving that she was but half disdain'd,

were not in *Enid and Nimuë*, but were added in the *Idylls*. The argument about her possible treachery if Merlin should teach her the charm has a passage in 1857 which was more than once altered:

O, if you think this wickedness in me,
That I should prove it on you unawares,
To make you lose your use and name and fame,
That makes me too indignant. Then our bond
Had best be loosed for ever: . . .

In 1859 "too indignant" was altered to "most indignant," which is not much better. The present words are "passing wrathful"; and the third line has gone, no doubt because of the word "make."

There is a curious piece of fastidious heraldry which is not without its lesson in craftsmanship: in *Nimuë* (1857) the youth painting a shield on the shore is recorded to have depicted

An Eagle, noir in azure, volant, armed
Gules; and a scroll beneath 'I follow fame.'

In *Vivien* (1859) the lines are:

Azure, an Eagle rising or, the Sun
In dexter chief; the scroll "I follow fame."

A little further on the 1857 reading—

The feet unsolder'd from their ankle-bones –

was changed in 1859 to

The feet unmortised from their ankle-bones.

The line

And made her goodman jealous with good cause

was inserted in 1859 after "she had her pleasure in it"—originally the end of a sentence. Concerning the "babble" of the Round Table about Nimuë, hinted at by Merlin, she exclaims (1857),

The filthy swine! What do they say of me?

Vivien, a little more polite, asks (1859),

What dare the full-fed liars say of me?

And at the end of the same speech—

Not one of them should touch me: filthy swine!

became

Not one of all the drove should touch me: swine!

A few pages before the end Nimuë says,

I ask you, is it patent to the child,

but Vivien says, "is it clamour'd by the child." The burst of stormy utterance with which Nimuë works upon the magician as the catastrophe approaches is this—

'Cruel, the love that I have wasted on you!
O cruel, there was nothing wild or strange,
Or seeming shameful, for what shame in trust,
So love be true, and not as yours is—nothing
Poor Nimuë had not done to pleasure him
Who call'd her what he call'd her—all her crime
The master-wish to prove him wholly hers.'

Vivien (1859), with the subtlest difference, cries thus:

'O crueller than was ever told in tale,
Or sung in song! O vainly lavish'd love!
O cruel, there was nothing wild or strange,
Or seeming shameful, for what shame in love,
So love be true, and not as yours is—nothing
Poor Vivien had not done to win his trust
Who call'd her what he call'd her—all her crime,
All—all—the wish to prove him wholly hers.'

Again, *Nimuë* reads as follows:

She paused, she hung her head, she wept afresh;
And the dark wood grew darker toward the storm
In silence, and he look'd and in him died
His anger, and he half believed her true,
Pitied the heaving shoulder,

and so on; but in the first edition of the *Idylls* this is most admirably elaborated thus:

'She paused, she turn'd away, she hung her head,
The snake of gold slid from her hair, the braid
Slipt and uncoil'd itself, she wept afresh,
And the dark wood grew darker toward the storm
In silence, while his anger slowly died
Within him, till he let his wisdom go
For ease of heart, and half believed her true:
Call'd her to shelter in the hollow oak,
'Come from the storm,' and having no reply
Gazed at the heaving shoulder, and the face
Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or shame; . . .

In the same paragraph, where *Nimuë* reads—

> *Around her waist in pity, not in love,*

Vivien reads,

> *About her, more in kindness than in love,*

and in the next paragraph, where *Nimuë* reads—

> *I cannot grant you aught which your gross heart*
> *Would reckon worth acceptance. I will go.*
> *In truth but one thing now could make me stay;*
> *That proof of trust so often justly ask'd,*
> *How justly after that vile name of yours*
> *I find with grief:*

Vivien reads more fully—

> *What should be granted which your own gross heart*
> *Would reckon worth the taking? I will go.*
> *In truth but one thing now—better have died*
> *Thrice than have ask'd it once—could make me stay—*
> *That proof of trust—so often ask'd in vain!*
> *How justly, after that vile term of yours,*
> *I find with grief!*

How many copies of *Enid and Nimuë* were printed, and of these how many were allowed to survive the issue of the published *Idylls of the King*, who shall say? If the rumour repeated by the anonymous editor of the late Mr. R. H. Shepherd's posthumous *Bibliography of Tennyson* be well founded, only six were printed. But who is answerable for the rumour? The change of name from *Nimuë* to *Vivien* was not hastily decided on. Mr. William Harris Arnold, of New York, possesses a volume, of which the following is the title-page :—

The | True and the False. | Four Idylls of the King. | By Alfred Tennyson, | P.L., D.C.L. | London: | Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. | 1859.

This is described as having a half-title, "The / True and the False. / Four Idylls of the King." The second Idyll is *Nimuë*, that name being used throughout in the text and head-lines instead of *Vivien.* The pagination is that of the ordinary 1859 edition of the *Idylls of the King*, though the typographical arrangement of the lines is not always identical. This book clearly marks another stage in the proceedings; and yet one more is marked by the precious little volume in the Forster Library. Of this, the fly-title, title, and pagination correspond with Mr. Arnold's copy; but it contains beside the component parts of that book, and inserted so as to break into the order of the book itself, the texts of *Enid* and *Nimuë* in an earlier state; while, as regards *Nimuë*, the name has disappeared wholly from the book itself except in the contents, and given place to *Vivien.*

The full description of the Forster book after the fly-title and title as given above is as follows: it has a table of contents:—

	PAGE
ENID	1
NIMUË	101
ELAINE	147
GUINEVERE	225

but the word *Nimuë* is struck through in ink. The text of *Enid* occupies pages 1 to 97 as in the published book. The line

Take my salute,' unknightly with flat hand

is the last line on page 83; and on each page up to 96 the last line is that forming the first line of the next page in the published book. This text of *Enid* is followed by a set of pulls of the poem on printing paper (not proof-paper), probably belonging to an earlier state than those in the British Museum book. They have no fly-title or title, the "dropped head" on page 1 is bolder than that ultimately adopted, and they are paged up to 95. On their 86th page there is this most notable variation from other texts:—

> *Submitting to the judgment of the King.'*
> *Doorm is disbanded by the King of Fears*
> *And suffers judgment from the King of Kings.*

The book proper goes on with the fly-title *Vivien*, and the text of *Vivien*, pages 101 to 144 as in the *Idylls*. This is followed by the pulls of *Nimuë* on thinner paper, pages 98 to 139, without fly-title or title, much revised in Tennyson's writing and marked for over-running. Then comes the *Elaine* fly-title of the book proper, the text of *Elaine* pages 147 to 222, the fly-leaf of *Guinevere*, and the text pages 225 to 261, all corresponding with the published *Idylls of the King*, but with slight textual and typographical variations.

Of the Idylls with the general title *The True and the False*, an authority who should be well informed, says there were "twelve or so." Of these, one copy certainly perished; and the tale is one of honour and sacrifice. Mr. Coventry Patmore, who was then a contributor to *The Edinburgh Review*, was among the inner circle of friends and critics to whom copies were entrusted.

These were sent out to writers in certain leading critical journals to elicit opinions and hints, on the strict understanding that the copies should be returned. Through some misunderstanding the copy sent to Mr. Patmore was not recalled ; and he found it in his possession no great while ago. Although the author of *The Angel in the House* had a very keen perception of the extreme interest and value of this piece of literary treasure-trove, he did not feel that he could honourably keep it in his collection. He therefore settled all scruples by casting it into the fire, and with it a similar antenatal *Maud*, of which other copies are extant—a book entrusted to him in circumstances like those in which he received the *Enid and Nimuë*. It is not recorded that the stoical poet of the *Angel* stood

> *This way and that dividing the swift mind*
> *In act to throw ;*

and those who know him best will certainly conclude that the moment his verdict was given it was also executed. Still, who can help thinking of the bold Sir Bedivere's arguments ?—

> *And if indeed I cast the brand away,*
> *Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,*
> *Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,*
> *Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.*
> *What good should follow this if this were done?*
> *What harm undone?*

Let each answer for himself.

The title *The True and the False* would assuredly have proved repellant, whether used as a main title or as a sub-

title; and, whatever may be said as to the propriety of the term *idyll* as used by Tennyson for his Arthurian poems, there can be no doubt as to the happiness of the inspiration which devised the title *Idylls of the King*, first as a subtitle, and then left it as the sole title. It was pretty, it was provocative of speculation, it was reminiscent of much charming work from the same hand, and it gave no indication of preachment. Although the book is not rare its title must be given for the sake of completeness of record: it is—

Idylls of the King. / By / Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., / Poet Laureate. / 'Flos regum Arthurus.' / Joseph of Exeter. / London: / Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. / 1859.

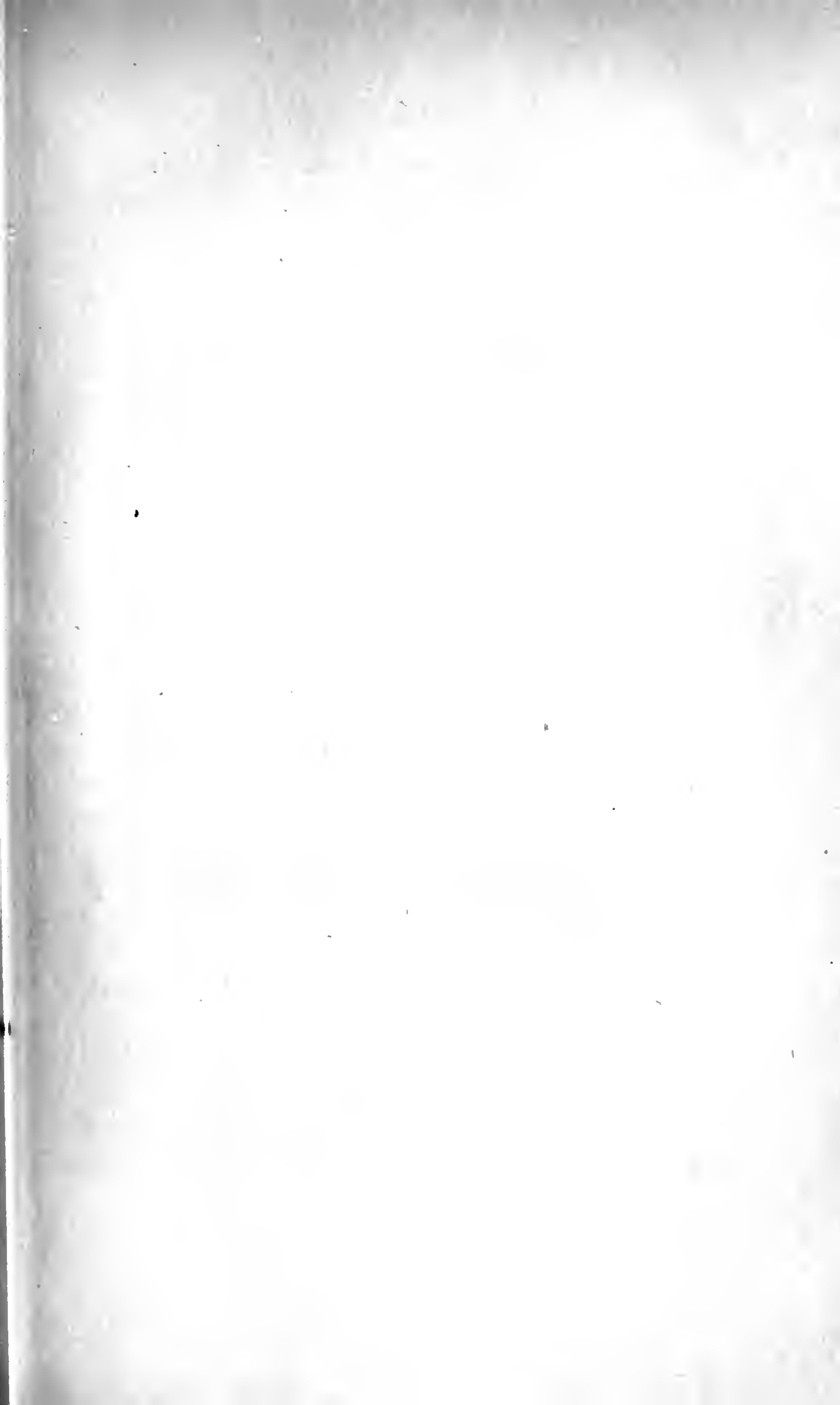
and it consists of fly-title, title, contents, fresh fly-title for *Enid*, 261 pages of text including the fly-titles to *Vivien*, *Elaine*, and *Guinevere*, and finally a blank leaf. It usually contains an eight-page catalogue of Moxon's publications stitched between the primrose-coloured end-papers of the recto cover.

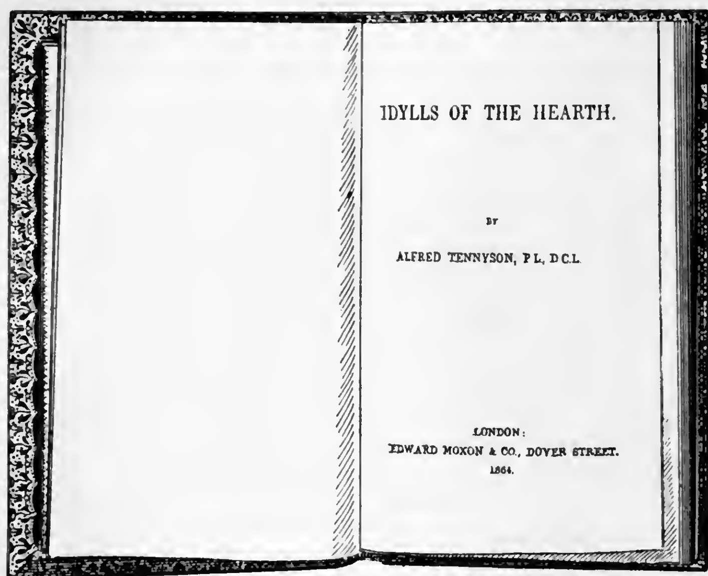
The *Idylls of the King* were as successful as *Maud* had been the reverse. *Maud*, indeed, was *caviare;* but here was something that every one might read; and every one did. It was a plain book of really interesting short stories in verse, full of beauties, and not making any special demands on the intellect, though excellently medicinal as all good work is. It was a modest book with no parade of any scheme or theory—no preface, no dedication, nothing but the poems; and it did not matter which you read first. It was one of those comfortable little

green-cloth-covered foolscap octavos of Moxon's in which the cultivated section of the middle class thirty years ago so much delighted; and a clean, perfectly preserved copy of the first edition in the original cloth cover is a very desirable thing to have, if not very uncommon. It is necessary to have something else with it,—a later edition or the works in some form,—because among the many admiring readers was the Prince Consort; and when the book was republished in 1862 after the death of His Royal Highness, it was dedicated to his memory in those touching verses of which every one knows the first line at least—

These to his memory since he held them dear.

These, mark, not *this*, as yet. Of course the most fortunate in respect of this Dedication are those who happen to have secured the leaflet on which it was printed separately—not for sale, but to be given away to possessors of original undedicated copies. This, of course, has no title: it is just a pull from the types of the new edition, and is on quarter-sheets of paper like a piece of notepaper. Mr. Shepherd says it was issued thus before the book; but this is at least questionable. The natural process would be to lift the four pages of type out after printing the book, and make them up fresh for the leaflet The popularity of the *Idylls of the King* on both sides of the Atlantic was unbounded, and might well tempt the Laureate to other ventures in verse capable of a similar labelling. Between 1859 and 1864 he was working upon blank verse poems,—still building at the idyll as a happy form of verse-tale. *Sea-Dreams, an Idyll*, appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for




IDYLLS OF THE HEARTH.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON, P.L., D.C.L.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.
1864.

Tennyson's *Idylls of the Hearth.*

From a copy of the rare original in the Library of Mr Walter B. Slater.

January 1860, a poem classifiable with *Dora*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, and *The Brook*, though less excellent than either of those; and *Tithonus*, classifiable on equal terms with the *Ulysses* of 1842, came out in February 1860 in *The Cornhill Magazine.* By 1864 Tennyson had completely ready for publication two important domestic poems in blank verse,—*Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field.* These were printed, in a volume similar to the *Idylls of the King*, with *Sea-Dreams*, *Tithonus*, and fifteen other pieces not idyllic, and were about to be issued under the admirable title *Idylls of the Hearth*, when a change of plan took place. With that title the book was actually printed, though it is of extreme rarity in that state, and was not positively known to collectors till some nine or ten years ago, when a parcel of five copies was sold among other effects of Mrs. Moxon's. One of these copies was defective; and one had the edges trimmed. Of those which were perfect and uncut one passed into the collection of Mr. Walter Slater and one into that of Mr. Buxton Forman. There is also a copy in the British Museum. The title-page of this book is as follows:—

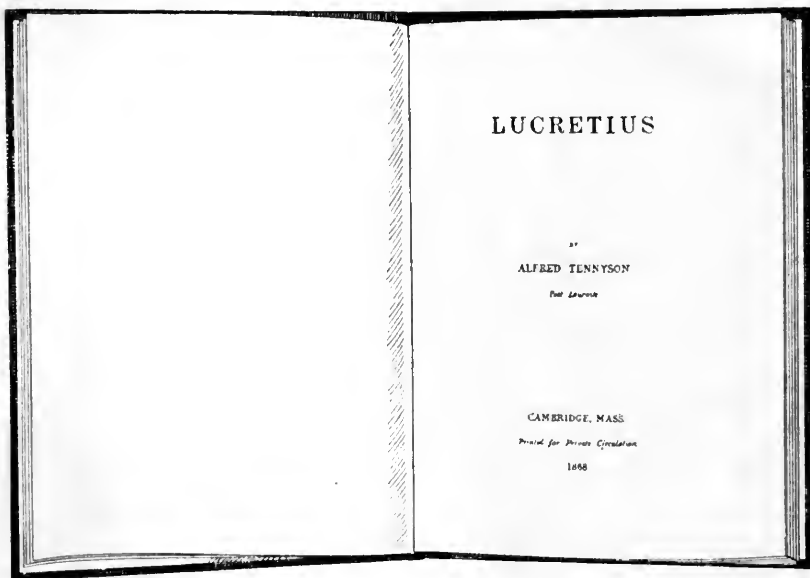
Idylls of the Hearth. | By | Alfred Tennyson, P. L., D.C.L. | London: | Edward Moxon and Co., Dover Street. | 1864.

Besides the title there is a leaf bearing a list of contents on the recto. Then comes *Enoch Arden* (pages 1 to 50), *Aylmer's Field* (pages 51 to 95), *Sea-Dreams* (pages 96 to 113), *The Grandmother* (reprinted from *Once a Week*, pages 114 to 127), and *Northern Farmer—Old Style* (pages 128 to 136). These five follow each other without divisional

fly-titles but are themselves followed by two groups (forming pages 137 to 178, plus a final blank leaf) with the respective fly-titles *Miscellaneous* and *Experiments*. It is pretty clear that the term *Idylls of the Hearth* was meant to cover not only *Enoch Arden*, *Aylmer's Field*, and *Sea-Dreams*, which are in blank verse, but also *The Grandmother* and *Northern Farmer* which are in rhyming anapæstic stanzas. Their subjects are clearly "of the hearth"; and it may be that the unidyllic character of their stanzas set Tennyson against the charming general title which he had devised, and put him to his wits to find another. This he seems to have abandoned; for he simply made one of the poems lend its name to the bookful,—the volume issuing under the title *Enoch Arden, etc.* The mechanical change was very slight: the title-page and "Contents," two leaves, formed the whole of the preliminary matter before the eleven sheets and a quarter of which the rest of the book is composed. These two leaves formed a quarter-sheet; and it was simply necessary to substitute one quarter sheet for another, to leave no trace that any change had been made. The "Contents" was, to this end, reprinted with a title-page,—reading thus:—

Enoch Arden, / etc. / By / Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., / Poet Laureate. / London: / Edward Moxon and Co., Dover Street. / 1864.

This book must have circulated enormously, for it is still, after thirty-two years, quite common in the original green cloth, with Moxon's eight-page catalogue of August 1864 stitched between the primrose end-papers of the recto cover.



Tennyson's *Lucretius.*

From a copy of the original in the Library of Mr. W. B. Slater.

Tennyson's next considerable work was again in blank verse. By no possible stretch of language could *Lucretius* be claimed as an idyll, whether "of the King" or "of the Hearth"; but it shows, equally with *Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field*, that the resources of blank verse had by no means been exhausted in the *Idylls of the King;* for, while *Enoch Arden* exceeds these in the gorgeousness of its landscapes, *Lucretius* strikes out nobler and fuller rhythms.*

The late Poet Laureate was not, it is generally supposed, either a quick or an industrious worker: but between 1864

*As the editor of Mr. Shepherd's Bibliography does not seem to be aware of the existence of a separate issue of *Lucretius*, it will be well to record it here. A copy was sold among the books of Mr. Alfred Crampon on the 4th of June 1896; and some one appears to have paid the sum of £12 for it. The title-page reads thus:

Lucretius / By / Alfred Tennyson / Poet Laureate / Cambridge, Mass. / Printed for Private Circulation / 1868.

It consists of fly-title, title, a two-page prefatory note, and 21 pages of text,—a small quarto of three sheets and a half according to the signatures, but perhaps really a royal or imperial 16mo. At the foot of page 27 is the imprint "University Press, Cambridge: Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co." The book is bound in plain brown cloth, unblocked, with bevelled edges, and is lettered along the back "Tennyson's Lucretius, 1868."

The auctioneers' catalogue says that "only twenty copies were printed in the United States, and, when reprinted in England in 1870, many alterations were made." If this was meant to imply that the little brown book was the first form in which *Lucretius* appeared, the purchaser may have parted with his money only to repent him when he learns the truth. Unquestionably rare and desirable as the book is, it clearly purports to be a reprint, though the first edition in book form. *Lucretius* appeared simultaneously in *Macmillan's Magazine* and an American Magazine called *Every Saturday*, in May 1868. There were some lines in *Every Saturday* which were expunged from the proofs of *Macmillan;* and they were also left out when the poem was republished by Tennyson in the *Holy Grail* volume. In the prefatory note to the American private issue, it is stated that a few copies only are reprinted for friends, in default of an issue by the Laureate in book form.

and 1870 he appears to have been, for him, somewhat busy making or polishing idylls, and mainly "of the King." Beside *Lucretius* and *The Window, or the Loves of the Wrens*, a very small handful of minor poems represents the printed output of that interval. By this time other poets of high repute were not contenting themselves with collections of small poems. The Brownings had not only their dramas but *Aurora Leigh* and *The Ring and the Book* to plead; Morris had his *Jason* and Swinburne his *Atalanta* and *Chastelard.* Either Tennyson or his publisher must have realized that complete and self-consistent poems of some magnitude were in request. At all events in 1869 it became known that the Laureate had some more *Idylls of the King* ready for publication. Both poet and printers had plenty to do in 1869. No fewer than three separate undertakings were in hand,—*The Holy Grail and other Poems*, the beautiful little first English edition of the *Works*, in ten volumes, and a new edition of the *Idylls of the King* including *The Holy Grail* and the other new ones. It is of some consequence to get this matter quite right, as Mr. Shepherd's Bibliography, wrong and imperfect in numerous points, is particularly at fault here. In describing the "Miniature or Cabinet Edition . . . in ten small half-crown volumes, in blue paper wrappers" under the date 1871, he says, "This was the first collected edition of Tennyson's works published in England." As a matter of fact the first ten-volume edition was published simultaneously with *The Holy Grail* volume; like that, it was dated 1870, and on each of its ten title-pages; the volumes were bound in limp purple cloth, enclosed in a neat purple

case; and the published price was not ten half-crowns, but £2 5*s*. The 1871 edition in half-crown volumes was a mere reissue of the Pocket Edition of 1870. The volume of eight rearranged *Idylls of the King* was no doubt ready as soon as the other two books; but, although dated 1869, while they are dated 1870, it was not published till after them. This may have been arranged out of respect to the first-edition-collectors, who would have been sore if the new *Idylls* could not have a proper standing in the library; or it may have been, as the other two books were out in December 1869, to give *The Holy Grail* and the Pocket-volume set every advantage derivable from the certainty that a large number would be given away as Christmas presents. The *gravamen* of the matter is in the fact that it was the Pocket-edition which first gave the public the extended series of *Idylls of the King* (eight in number including the revised and enlarged *Morte d'Arthur*), in the order in which we were then directed to read them as a whole. The dates on the title-pages make it look as if the thick foolscap 8vo. volume issued immediately afterwards at 12*s*. could claim that honour; but it is not so; and this is not the only instance of the kind which nineteenth century bibliography has to reveal.

The *Holy Grail* volume is common enough; but its details are significant in this story of the building of the *Idylls*. The title is—

The Holy Grail | And other Poems | By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L. | Poet Laureate | "Flos Regum Arthurus." | Joseph of Exeter | [*Strahan's book-mark*] *Strahan and Co., Publishers |* 56 *Ludgate Hill, London |* 1870 *| All rights reserved*

Before the title-page are a blank leaf and a fly-title with a note on the verso: after the title is a list of contents divided into two sections by a short line—the *Idylls* separated from the *Miscellaneous.* Then follow *The Coming of Arthur*, *The Holy Grail*, *Pelleas and Ettarre*, and *The Passing of Arthur*, occupying with their separate fly-titles 158 pages. Then comes a fly-title, *Miscellaneous*, and then pages 161 to 222 of poems including *Lucretius.* A leaf to spare in the last sheet is occupied by advertizements of Tennyson's works. *The Coming of Arthur*, *The Holy Grail*, and *Pelleas and Ettarre* were new poems ; but *The Passing of Arthur* was of course the noble *Morte d'Arthur*, stripped again of the tags with which it appeared in the second issue of 1842, and enlarged to the extent of 145 verses at the beginning and 24 at the end. The new introduction gave some account of the "battle in the west," which was originally "taken as fought," before the opening line—

So all day long the noise of battle rolled.

The special value of the fresh matter lay in the disposal of Modred, as the last man felled by Arthur with Excalibur. But this story wherein "the bold Sir Bedivere" figures so conspicuously in the third person was not very happily introduced by the five verses—

That story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the knights,
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

But, however inappropriately these lines stand as introducing the idea of a new narrator between the Idyll of

Guinevere and the heroic *Passing of Arthur*, certain it is that, in the winter of 1869–70, the poet challenged criticism afresh upon his Arthurian poems as a single completed work. Not only did the repetition of the motto, "Flos Regum Arthurus," which the Idylls of 1859 had borne, serve to connect with those the four in the *Holy Grail* volume, but, as already said, the series was consolidated in the Pocket-edition; and a plain statement on the subject was made on the page facing the title of *The Holy Grail and other Poems*. That statement is as follows:—

"These four 'Idylls of the King' are printed in their present form for the convenience of those who possess the former volume.

"The whole series should be read, and is to-day published in the following order:—

THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

The Round Table.

GERAINT AND ENID.
MERLIN AND VIVIEN.
LANCELOT AND ELAINE.
THE HOLY GRAIL.
PELLEAS AND ETTARRE.
GUINEVERE.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR. *

"* This last, the earliest written of the poems, is here connected with the rest in accordance with an early project of the author's."

It was not stated in the book what day was referred to in the second paragraph of the announcement. It simply meant whatever day might be chosen for the delivery of the book to the retail booksellers, and that it was to be delivered on the same day as the ten-volume edition, which was advertized on the last page of the book as "now ready." The one-volume "*Idylls* complete" was not advertized in the *Holy Grail* book.

Simultaneously with all this concerted preparation for an appeal on a new basis, and doubtless as a part of the "concert," a brief was being held by the late Dean Alford to assert the fresh claim in a criticism of the Arthurian poems. This the Very Reverend gentleman did in an article which finally passed through the press at the very time when the other preparations drew to a close, namely December 1869, and which appeared in Mr. Strahan's own magazine, *The Contemporary Review*, for January 1870. The Dean, who must have had the unpublished idylls by him for some time to have executed so elaborate a criticism, said that the whole of these poems, old and new, were to be regarded as "a great *connected* poem, dealing with the very highest interests of man," and that King Arthur figured forth "the higher soul of man," which phrase he explained as synonymous with various other current phrases. He said it meant "the highest part of man—that which leads and commands—that which is alone receptive of kindling from heaven—this it is which the ages educate—this which is susceptible of defeat, corruption, postponement of its high aims and upward progress,—but which, in the long

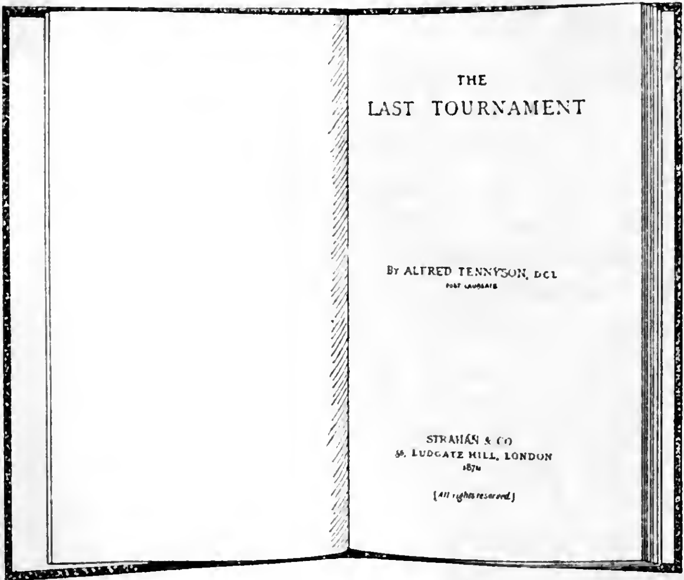
run of the world's complete history, we have faith to believe shall prove to have been well led, through all its compound action and passion, by Him who has the hearts of men in His hand."

This higher soul "in its purity, in its justice, in its nobleness, in its self-denial," the Dean alleged Tennyson to figure forth by the King. In the King's coming—in "his foundation of the Round Table—his struggles, and disappointments, and departure," Dean Alford saw "the conflict continually maintained between the spirit and the flesh;" and in the "pragmatical issue" he recognized the "bearing down in history, and in individual man, of pure and lofty Christian purpose by the lusts of the flesh, by the corruptions of superstition, by human passions and selfishness." But, he continued, "in history likewise, and preëminently in the individual human life, though the high soul of man is surrounded and saddened and outwardly defeated by these adverse and impure influences, yet in the end shall it triumph, and pass into glory. This is the theme which we trace through the *Idylls of the King*, and, tracing it, we regard it as simply ridiculous and beside the purpose to speak of the four which were, or the eight which are, as insulated groups or pictures. One noble design rules, and warms, and unites them all." Not merely figurative is the expression "we trace," for in the article in question the next and principal step is to trace through the newly arranged idylls the workings of that design; and most lovingly is this done—such allegorical significance as may be found in the poems in question being brought forth to the light thoroughly.

But the most significant part of the claim was that, according to the Dean's explicit assurance, he did not put it forward as a mere invention of his own, the poet's intention being, he implied, known to him for such as he had expounded. It was on that known intention, and that only, that the claim of the poems to be regarded as a complete whole was based; and the Dean recorded his belief that this general design constituted "the essential unity of the whole collection."

The terms of the confession were fatal to the claim, even if there had been no history behind it and none to follow. The conditions described are incompatible with that epic frankness which is indispensable to the continuity and connexity of a great poem dealing ostensibly with high action and the movements and passions of human beings. The inspired Dean's trumpet-blast justified at least the belief that, whatever their aims and scope, the *Idylls of the King* were at last finished, and the expectation that the poet would not turn his attention any more in the direction of the Arthurian legends. Nevertheless, before the next year had run its course, there was yet another Idyll to add to the completed poem!

The Last Tournament, a thing for which, in its separate capacity, to be grateful, marks another characteristic change of plan beside the change in the main design. How the *Tournament* compares for rarity with the *Morte d Arthur*, *Dora*, &c., the *Idylls of the Hearth*, or *Enid and Nimuë*, it is not easy to guess, so little being positively known about these private or preliminary issues of Tennyson's. The author of *Tennysoniana* had not succeeded in setting eyes



THE

LAST TOURNAMENT

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

STRAHAN & CO

56, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

1871

[All rights reserved.]

Tennyson's *The Last Tournament.*

From a copy of the rare original in the Library of Mr. T. J. Wise.

on either one of the four save *Idylls of the Hearth;* but he and others interested in such matters had of course heard the rumour current in 1871 that the Laureate had yet another "Idyll of the King" coming out singly. Why it did not do so, in book form, remains a topic of speculation; but it certainly never did come out publicly, although the few copies known have every appearance of intention to publish. The title-page of these copies reads thus:—

The / Last Tournament. / By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L. / Poet Laureate. / Strahan & Co. / 56, *Ludgate Hill, London /* 1871. / [*All rights reserved.*]

There is a fly-title reading *The Last Tournament;* on the back of the title-page is a central imprint, "Printed by Virtue and Co., City Road, London." Facing this (p. 5, but not numbered) is the following note:—

"The place of this poem among the *Idylls of the King* is between *Pelleas and Ettarre* and *Guinevere.* In the concluding volumes of the Library Edition the whole series will appear in its proper shape and order."

The back of this is blank; and a second fly-title identical with the first makes up the half sheet. The poem occupies pages 9 to 54, all numbered in Arabic figures in the usual way, and with a uniform head-line, *The Last Tournament,* —except page 9 itself, which, having a "dropped head" instead of a head-line, has no figure at the top. At the foot of page 54 the imprint is repeated; and the half-sheet is this time completed by a blank leaf. The type, paper, and style of page are identical, or as nearly so as the lay eye can see, with those of the *Holy Grail* volume which had been issued two years before and the *Gareth and Lynette*

volume in which *The Last Tournament* was itself published in 1872. The text, however, is not quite identical, either with that which accompanied *Gareth and Lynette*, or with that which did, after all, appear in 1871 in *The Contemporary Review*. There are three minute points of variation from one or other of the published texts in the first five lines, which read:—

> *Dagonet, the fool, whom Gawain in his moods*
> *Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,*
> *At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,*
> *Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.*
> *And toward him from the Hall, with harp in hand, . . .*
> *Came Tristram. . . .*

In *The Contemporary*, *moods* is reprinted in the first line, and *Hall* with a big *H* in the fourth, but with a small *h* in the fifth. The published edition reads *mood* for *moods* and *hall* with a small *h* both times. Though *moods* is a characteristic variation, *mood* is clearly the better reading. But the next is less characteristic: it is on the third page of the poem, where Guinevere tells Arthur of the loss of the diamonds from the tarn on the day when the dead Elaine went by—

> *. . . ye look amazed,*
> *Not knowing they were lost as soon as given—*
> *Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out*
> *Above the river—as that unhappy child*
> *Past in her barge: . . .*

The word *as* forms, it is true, a very characteristic rhythm; but the broken spasmodic narration without it is more characteristic; and perhaps the printer's reader chanced the insertion and it got through from the absence of final

revision. At all events it disappeared in *The Contemporary* and the *Gareth* volume, and has not reappeared since. At page 15 of the unpublished book, the second line is

> *Friends, thro' your manhood and your fëalty,—*

without the word *now* at the end. As *fëalty* is marked for pronunciation in three syllables, it is possible that *now* was an afterthought. It appears in all later versions; and, as the rhythm and sense are both enriched, the chances are that it was broken off at press when the early copies were pulled. At page 22 (line 4) we read—

> *But under her black brows a swarthy dame*
> *Laugh'd shrilly,*

which is also the reading of *The Contemporary;* whereas the volume of 1872 (page 104) has *one* for *dame.* The word *Hell* which appears with a capital in the 1871 book and *The Contemporary* is spelt with a small *h* in the 1872 volume (page 110); and it is the other way with the word *king* at page 30 (1871), which did not get a capital till 1872 (page 112).

At page 39, what may be called the *editio princeps*, even though it were but a few copies pulled for the poet and his publisher before the types were distributed on a change of plan, confirms the received reading in a contested passage:—

> *Last in a roky hollow, belling, heard*
> *The hounds of Mark,*

in which certain critics have advocated the substitution of *rocky* for *roky*, not knowing, of course, that *roky* or *roaky* is good old English for *misty.* However, that error has not yet found place in the text, though no doubt some editor of

the future will yet refuse the poet the use of a word now become provincial. At page 40, the last line but one reads (1871)—

Mark's way, my soul!—but eat not thou with him,

and that is the reading in *The Contemporary ;* but in the *Gareth* volume (page 122) the line is

Mark's way, my Soul!—but eat not thou with Mark.

At page 47 is a bad misprint, *Here* for *Her* in the noble passage in which Isolt resents Tristram's form of blessing—

May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray,
And past desire!

On this somewhat gross benediction she comments :—

How darest thou, if lover, push me even
In fancy from thy side, and set me far
In the gray distance, half a life away,
Her to be loved no more?

Though most unusual, the use of *Her* in apposition to the *me* of the first line, is of admirable cogency; and there is not a word to be said for the printer's silly emendation, *Here to be loved no more.* The right reading was restored in *The Contemporary* and has remained in force ever since. The most important reading of 1871, sacrificed in 1872, and not restored in the final text of the *Idylls,* is in the catastrophe (page 53):

He rose, he turn'd, then, flinging round her neck,
Claspt it; but while he bow'd himself to lay
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,
Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
'Mark's way,' said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

When the second and third of these wonderful verses were altered in 1872 (*Gareth* &c., page 135) to

> *Claspt it, and cried 'Thine Order, O my Queen!'*
> *But, while he bow'd to kiss the jewell'd throat,*

there was an immeasurable loss of force; but the late Laureate was prone to err on the side of coldness in passages of this kind; and, unless his drafts still exist, it is to be assumed that many a nobly frank touch in the portrayal of passion has been lost for ever from the *Idylls* through just such revision as this. It would be easy to believe that Tennyson took fright at this passage as he did at a warmer passage still in *Lucretius*—which appeared in America but not in England—and that the projected booklet was held back on that account; but that theory would be insufficient, seeing that when the rumoured promise of a single new *Idyll* was fulfilled by the issue of *The Last Tournament* in *The Contemporary Review* for December 1871, that passage was unaltered, although the number went through several editions. On the whole, a more plausible supposition would be that the original project of a fresh *Idyll* in a volume by itself was quickly abandoned in favour of two, and that, *Gareth and Lynette* not being finished to the poet's satisfaction, *The Last Tournament* was allowed to go out in the magazine just to re-try the critics in a quieter manner while *Gareth* was under that revision and castigation of which so much evidence is shown throughout the works. That the *Tournament* was not considered in need of further castigation is clear from the fact that it remained practically unaltered to the end, but for the two verses in the catastrophe.

That Mr. Strahan was on terms of friendship with the poet, and would have been able to expound his mind on such a subject, may be judged from the fact that a copy of the first edition of *Gareth and Lynette* &c. (1872) is extant with the autograph inscription on the fly-title, "A^r Strahan from A. Tennyson." But Mr. Strahan also is gathered to his fathers; and, after all, the why and the wherefore do not much matter. The note in *The Contemporary* is differently worded from that in the 1871 booklet—thus: "This poem forms one of the 'Idylls of the King.' Its place is between 'Pelleas' and 'Guinevere.'" The reference is of course to the Pocket volume edition of the works and to the volume known at that time as "*Idylls of the King*—collected," in which, as we have seen, the four original *Idylls* of 1859 with the four given in the *Holy Grail* volume of 1870 had been printed in 1869, and issued as a single work; and there was a similar reference in the prefatory note to *Gareth and Lynette* &c.

"Of these two Idylls, GARETH follows THE COMING OF ARTHUR, and THE LAST TOURNAMENT immediately precedes GUINEVERE.

"The concluding volumes of the Library Edition will contain the whole series in its proper shape and order."

So then, although our consolidated epic of idylls had been before the public in at least three issues and had been expounded as a great connected poem by a distinguished dignitary of the Church, it was not the real and final consolidated epic of idylls after all; and we must now make out our bill of fare anew to see how it looks.

The Order of 1872.

THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

The Round Table.

GARETH AND LYNETTE.

GERAINT AND ENID.

MERLIN AND VIVIEN.

LANCELOT AND ELAINE.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

PELLEAS AND ETTARE.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

GUINEVERE.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

The poet was of course as good as his word, and put the poems in this order in the Library Edition which Mr. Strahan issued in 1872 and 1873 in six volumes. To this text of the Idylls was added the noble concluding address to the Queen, in which Tennyson made his own confession, practically confirming Dean Alford's statement as to the spiritual-allegoric character of the work. The address looks very much like an afterthought when one examines the book. The last page of *The Passing of Arthur* is closed with the words *The End*, and followed by a blank leaf, after which the address, unpaged, follows; and after its last line there is an ornament instead of the words *The End.* The imprint of the Chiswick Press on a separate leaf comes next, and then another blank, so that

S 2

the address and imprint are inserted between the end of the *Idylls* and a blank leaf.

Meantime, on the unsettling and resettling of the epic of idylls, Rumour at once began to be busy. (Rumour is always tart and sometimes false.) This time Rumour saw that the eight Idylls which had grown to ten had had their sequence interfered with, and that nobody was a bit the worse for the change—not even Arthur or Guinevere; and Rumour slyly remarked, "Ah! these epics! It's only a question of arithmetic how many books there should be. The Laureate has certainly some up his sleeve. We shall have more anon. He is bound to make the tale of them up to twelve now. In fact we have been assured that that is his intention—and within a very short time!"

But then, as Mr. Rider Haggard once remarked, "a strange thing happened." It occurred to some one else to treat ancient legend in an idyllic manner. Who beside the author of *The Coming K.* can have had the demoniac cleverness to do it, is hard to say; but at the close of December 1872, in the January number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, appeared *Sir Tray: an Arthurian Idyll*, in which the manner and method of legendary narrative which the Laureate had made his own were, in their superficial characteristics, so successfully applied to the story which we all know from our infancy as *Old Mother Hubbard*, that those to whom the Laureate's extreme sensitiveness was known felt sure that there would be surcease of Idylls, "of the King" at all events, for some time to come. Thus the bard of Hubbard:

The widowed Dame of Hubbard's ancient line
Turned to her cupboard, cornered anglewise
Betwixt this wall and that, in quest of aught
To satisfy the craving of Sir Tray,
Prick-eared companion of her solitude,
Red-spotted, dirty-white, and bare of rib,
Who followed at her high and pattering heels,
Prayer in his eye, prayer in his slinking gait,
Prayer in his pendulous pulsating tail.
Wide on its creaking jaws revolved the door,
The cupboard yawned, deep-throated, thinly set
For teeth, with bottles, ancient canisters,
And plates of various pattern, blue or white;
Deep in the void she thrust her hookèd nose
Peering near-sighted for the wished-for bone,
While her short robe of samite, tilted high,
The thrifty darnings of her hose revealed;—
The pointed feature travelled o'er the delf
Greasing its tip, but bone or bread found none.
Wherefore Sir Tray abode still dinnerless,
Licking his paws beneath the spinning-wheel,
And meditating much on savoury meats.

This, of course, is much more filled out from

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to her cupboard
To fetch her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none—

much more elaborated on the ancient legend than Tennyson was accustomed to enlarge upon Malory or the *Mabinogion:* but the inference that you might make what you liked of any legend good or bad, by sophistication of language, rhythm, metre, pause, and all that goes to make up manner, was quite irresistible. And when, instead of the homely statement—

She went to the undertaker to get him a coffin
And when she came back the dog was laughin'

the poet of *Blackwood* told of one Sir Waldgrave that

Up a by-lane the undertaker dwelt ;
There day by day he plied his merry trade,
And all his undertakings undertook :

there was no help for it but to give the parodist his wicked way, and smile. After this it was no surprise to read that

With cheerful hammer he a coffin tapt,
While hollow, hollow, hollow, rang the wood,
And, as he sawed and hammered, thus he sang :

Wood, hammer, nails, ye build a house for him,
Nails, hammer, wood, ye build a house for me,
Paying the rent, the taxes, and the rates.

I plant a human acorn in the ground,
And therefrom straightway springs a goodly tree,
Budding for me in bread and beer and beef.

O Life, dost thou bring Death or Death bring thee?
Which of the twain is bringer, which the brought?
Since men must die that other men may live.

O Death, for me thou plump'st thine hollow cheeks,
Mak'st of thine antic grin a pleasant smile,
And prank'st full gaily in thy winding-sheet.

This is followed by some admirable verbal fooling, as when the Dame mentions that Sir Tray is dead :

Wagless the tail that waved to welcome me—

and the undertaker replies :

Oft have I noted, when the jest went round,
Sad 'twas to see the wag forget his tale—
Sadder to see the tail forget its wag.

But the crowning triumph of the parodist, or satirist, or whatever he pleases to be called, was in the hat episode, where instead of

She went to the hatter's to buy him a hat
But when she came back he was feeding the cat.

we get the following exquisite drollery :—

Anon the Dame, her primal transports o'er,
Bethought her of the wisdom of Sir Tray,
And his fine wit, and then it shameful seemed
That he bareheaded 'neath the sky should go
While empty skulls of fools went thatched and roofed ;
"A hat," she cried, "would better fit those brows
Than many a courtier's that I've wotted of ;
And thou shalt have one, an' my tender toes
On which the corns do shoot, and these my knees
Wherethro' rheumatic twinges swiftly dart,
Will bear me to the city yet again.
And thou shalt wear the hat as Arthur wore
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship."
Whereat Sir Tray did seem to smile, and smote
Upon the chair-back with approving tail.

Then up she rose, and to the Hatter's went,—
"Hat me," quoth she, "your very newest hat!"
And so they hatted her, and she returned
Home through the darksome wold, and raised the latch
And marked, full lighted by the ingle-glow,
Sir Tray, with spoon in hand, and cat on knee,
Spattering the mess about the chaps of Puss. . . .

From the time of this trenchant attack the doings of the Laureate in respect of *Idylls of the King* were extremely unobtrusive for a while. In 1874 his new publishers, Messrs. Henry S. King & Co., brought out the "Cabinet Edition" of his works ; and in this a considerable addition was made to *Vivien*—now called *Merlin and Vivien;*

between the first and second paragraphs a hundred and fifty new verses were inserted. *The Coming of Arthur* was also increased. But the number of idylls still hung at ten. It was only by counting the preliminary dedication to the memory of Prince Albert and the *exordium* addressed to the Queen that the magic number twelve could be arrived at; and, whether because of the barking of the watch-dog Sir Tray, or for some other reason, so the books of the epic of idylls had to be counted by all who deemed twelve books to be as indispensable to an epic as five acts to a tragedy.

With his new publishers Tennyson began to occupy new ground. In 1875 appeared *Queen Mary, a Drama,* in verse and prose, facing the title-page of which there was an advertizement to the effect that Messrs. King & Co. had in hand a new edition of the works—"The Author's Edition"—of which the third volume was *The Idylls of the King* (*Complete*). These Idylls "complete" are also offered for sale in advertizements at the end of *Harold*, the companion drama which followed *Queen Mary* in 1877, and again in the completed poem of *The Lover's Tale*, as published in 1879. In the meantime Messrs. King's Library Edition had been coming out; and the 5th and 6th volumes (1877) consisted of the *Idylls of the King* arranged as in Mr. Strahan's Library Edition, printed, indeed, apparently from the same stereotyped plates. So far as these two volumes are concerned the plates of the first Library Edition, Strahan's, did not require much manipulation to print the Library Edition of King & Co. in 1877. The words "In six Volumes / Vol. v. [vi.]" were removed from the half-

titles; the lower half of the title-pages altered; in Vol. V. the new pages of Merlin and Vivien which had been added in 1874 (Cabinet Edition) were introduced—eight pages—upsetting pp. 229–37 altogether, but leaving what were pp. 230–74 in 1873 to be pp. 238–82 in 1877; and in Vol. VI. a fly-title and a new head ornament, head-lines and pagination were put in 1877 to the Dedication to the Queen, which appeared in 1873 with a blank leaf separating it from *The Passing of Arthur*, and with no head ornament, head-lines or paging, but with a Chiswick Press ornamental imprint on a separate leaf at the end. This of course disappears in 1877; and the words *The End* are transferred from the close of *The Passing of Arthur* to the close of the lines to the Queen.

In 1880 the veteran poet gave forth that astonishingly fresh and varied book *Ballads and other Poems*, still with no addition to the *Idylls*. But the advertizements in respect of the *Idylls* look as if things were getting unsettled again; for one edition is offered in which they are mentioned as "collected" instead of "complete," while in another they are set down in the following order:—

The Coming of Arthur.	Pelleas and Ettarre.
Geraint and Enid.	Guinevere.
Merlin and Vivien.	Passing of Arthur.
Lancelot and Elaine.	Gareth and Lynette.
The Holy Grail.	The Last Tournament.

Then came more plays. In 1882 *The Promise of May*, in prose and verse, was produced at the Globe Theatre. It was not then published, though privately printed copies

unquestionably exist. In 1884 appeared in one volume *The Cup* and *The Falcon*, at the end of which *Idylls of the King* (*Collected*) were offered at 6*s*. They are also advertized in the same way at the end of *Becket*, published the same year. That is a goodly row of volumes free from new *Idylls of the King* to add to the completed work; and in this same year, 1884, the Laureate's newest publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., issued a uniform crown 8vo edition, beautifully printed at the Clark Press in Edinburgh. And here we are reminded of that early idyll project of 1842, never, it seems, quite abandoned. As long ago as 1872, in the first volume of the Library edition of Strahan, a group of poems had been given at the end, headed *English Idylls and other Poems*, and composed of *The Epic, Morte d'Arthur, The Gardener's Daughter; or, the Pictures, Dora, Audley Court, Walking to the Mail, Edwin Morris; or, the Lake, St. Simeon Stylites, The Talking Oak, Love and Duty, The Golden Year, and Ulysses.* In the first volume of the crown octavo series of Macmillan (1884) the final group is called simply *English Idylls*, and consists of the first eight of those mentioned above only. This means that the little book of 1842 is simply altered by the restoration of the *Morte d'Arthur* tags and the substitution of the idyllic *Edwin Morris* for the classic *Ulysses* and the mediæval *Godiva.* In the same edition appeared, in the third volume, the eight Idylls of the Round Table once more in the authorized order of 1869-72, duly preceded by the Dedication and *The Coming of Arthur*, and duly followed by *The Passing of Arthur* and the noble verses to the Queen, the words *End of* "*The*

Round Table" being printed after the last line of *Guinevere*. Nevertheless, for all the appearance of consolidation on a basis of ten all told, the interval was at an end. In 1885 appeared *Tiresias and other Poems*, without any advertizements whatever, but with what was ultimately to be a new *Idyll of the King*. That title was not even mentioned in connexion with the new aspirant to it—*Balin and Balan*, which was simply inserted between that admirable dialect Monologue *The Spinster's Sweet-arts* and the Prologue to *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade*, with this foot-note—"An introduction to 'Merlin and Vivien.'" This was so unobtrusive as not necessarily to scare the holders of the charming edition of the works issued in 1884, or put them out of conceit of their consolidated Idylls as given in the third volume. But it could not be for long, and at length the Idyll worshippers who thought Lord Tennyson had yet another "up his sleeve" for an ultimate twelfth book, or rather, to be inserted somewhere and make the eleventh become the twelfth, received a rude shock. When the complete crown octavo series of 1884 became the complete crown octavo series of 1888, the third volume was that pretty book with the frontispiece representing Queen Guinevere "From the Marble by Thomas Woolner, R.A.,"—a book having also its own separate saleable existence. Its title reads thus:—

Idylls of the King / *By* / *Alfred* / *Lord Tennyson* / *D.C.L., P.L.* / *London* / *Macmillan and Co.* / *And New York* / 1888.

Between the title-page and table of contents, this edition has a programme in the following form:—

Idylls of the King
In Twelve Books
'*Flos Regum Arthurus.*'
JOSEPH OF EXETER.

Dedication
The Coming of Arthur.

The Round Table.

Gareth and Lynette.
The Marriage of Geraint.
Geraint and Enid.
Balin and Balan.
Merlin and Vivien.
Lancelot and Elaine.
The Holy Grail.
Pelleas and Ettarre.
The Last Tournament.
Guinevere.

The Passing of Arthur.
To the Queen.

A glance at this programme discovers ingenuity galore. To include the new Idyll *Balin and Balan* among the rest of the *Idylls* without further ceremony would have left the number at either eleven or thirteen, according as the dedication and *exordium* were counted or not. Thirteen is an unfortunate number at any table; and King Arthur's Round Table could scarcely be made an exception. Eleven would fall short of the mystic number wanted for the completion of the already more than once completed. Something had to be done; and, literally, the judgment of Solomon was

displayed in the doing of that something; it was only, after all, a matter of arithmetic; and why should not one of the Laureate's pet children be cut in two as well as the overlaid baby of the woman who appeared to claim her own before Solomon? Which, then? The longest, of course. So *Geraint and Enid*, being far and away the longest of the lot, the executioner's sword fell there; and there was none found to stay judgment. Of course, the wags were not going to let the matter pass; and one has recorded in idyllic blank verse what is supposed to have taken place at the interview between the poet and his publisher when the time came to use *Balin and Balan* for the purpose of completing yet once again the *Idylls of the King*. It is not necessary to give the account entire as it appears in that quaint little item of Tennysoniana called *The Undoing of Enid: an Idyll of the King*, never yet issued otherwise than privately; but it is worth while to quote the passage in which the poet figures as solving the arithmetical difficulty placed before him by the publisher:—

> "*Now therefore take my Enid, which I love,*
> *First-born and largest far of all the brood*
> *Of knight-mashed maidens and of Queen-mashed knights*
> *Wherewith I teemed,—for thou rememberest how*
> *In fifty-seven, before the riotous brain*
> *Had gendered all these Idylls of the King*
> *Or guessed what form or number they should take,*
> *Her I sent forth with Nimuë and none else,*
> *And after called that other Vivien—name*
> *That owned a subtler effluence and stole*
> *More lissome-cadenced twixt the lips and teeth,*
> *Redolent of lechery, treachery, spite, and guile,—*
> *Take thou this tale of Enid which I love*
> *And cleave it cleanly as may be cloven of man*

Into two several sections, shearing through
The midmost centre, which is light to find
Even as the midriff figured in the print
Thou hast seen upon the Almanack of Moore.
Thus shall there be two tales where only one
Was, and the deed which must be wrought, be wrought.
Then, for a man may not do all things dry,
Lo! this gold coin I have harboured in my pouch,
Given by an idiot many a year agone
For whom I penned a single line of verse
Imperishable—ten syllables that cost
Two shillings each if figures purport aught—
Silver the shillings, but the verse was gold
And therefore gold the piece he bought withal—
Take this well-earned and guarded coin and buy
In bell-shaped flask from Eastern France a full
And solemn measure of the grape that foams
And sparkles,—with two beakers of fit form;
So we may drink the Wedding of Geraint,
Rehallowing all these Idylls of the King
In their twelve sections—mystic, wonderful—
A joy for all men, epic fame for me,
And last for me and thee increase of gold."
So lightly past that other on his ways.

In point of fact, our wag was probably misinformed as to the need for any serious consultation; for had he turned the pages of *Geraint and Enid* as current in the seventies, he would have found a mysterious division in it,—a simple Roman figure II. set between the lines

And now this morning when he said to her,
"Put on you worst and meanest dress," she found
And took it, and array'd herself therein. . .

and the seven lines on "the true and the false" which have survived unaltered from the *Enid and Nimuë* volume of 1857 till to-day. There and in the early editions of the

Idylls the passage is left frankly amid the paragraphs of the tale; but the *cæsura* made in the collected editions of the works appears to indicate an early doubt whether this Idyll might not be called on to do double duty at some time or other. Mechanically, its existence left the conversion of the 1884 edition into that of 1888 a simple matter enough. It was only necessary to alter the heading and head-lines of pages 85–118 from *Geraint and Enid* to *The Marriage of Geraint*, start a new poem with the old title, and a somewhat large "dropped head" and small amount of verse on page 119, set up *Balin and Balan* uniformly with the stereotyped plates, inserting it between *Geraint and Enid* and *Merlin and Vivien*, and "plug" the plates with fresh page-numbers from page 120 to the end of the book; and the thing was done. The book remains a monument of vacillation and misdirected ingenuity—a treasure house of high thought, fine song, chastened speech, vivid landscape, with, in certain parts, a nobly realized portraiture of "mythic Uther's deeply wounded son." But a purblind ambition and an insufficient knowledge of himself must have led the great poet thus wide from the true uses of his unsurpassed gifts in song-craft; and it is, perhaps, this very ambition and defective self-criticism that left him unhappy even in the exercise of the speech and metre which he created, so that pages and pages of it are sophisticated, "clouded with a doubt"; and the doubt is of the sincerity and integrity of the book as a whole. As to its sincerity, the subject is too wide for discussion in a mere gossip such as this. Its integrity has always, to critics on one side, seemed wounded by the diversity of method

and manner. Concerning the marked difference of style between *The Coming of Arthur* and *The Passing of Arthur* and the other Idylls, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, in *The Athenæum* of the 15th of August 1896, reports an utterance of Lady Tennyson, who died on the 10th of that month. Two days before her death Lady Tennyson told her son, for record in the life of his father, that the poet said *The Coming of Arthur* and *The Passing of Arthur* "are purposely simpler in style than the other idylls as dealing with the awfulness of birth and death." No doubt he had come to think so, or he would not have said it; but such a purpose by no means justifies itself as a matter of course, and is not likely to affect the verdict of the Twentieth Century on the position of the book.

JOHN KEATS:
ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION.

JOHN KEATS:

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION.

ALTHOUGH the little volume of Poems which Keats published through the Olliers in 1817 was a failure at the time, it cannot have been very long before it became scarce. A complete transcript of it exists in the hand-writing of the poet's friend and fellow student Henry Stephens. This transcript was made in 1828 for a birthday present; and why that method should have been preferred to the purchase of the pretty little printed book if the transcriber could have obtained a copy of the volume for his purpose, it is difficult to see. The manuscript book contains, besides the poems published in 1817, a few miscellaneous pieces by Keats, and a good number of blank leaves, as if the intention had been to make as complete a companion as possible to the *Lamia* volume. If that were so, the opportunities of Stephens to copy fugitive and unpublished work of Keats's between the time at which he began his labour of love and the eve of the birthday which it was to grace, must have been strictly limited; for the poems additional to those of 1817 fill no more than ten of the small octavo pages; two of

these are in another hand, seemingly that of the recipient of the gift; and only one sonnet not already known publicly is to be found in this curious birthday present.

The book is very neatly written, and is bound in orange-coloured morocco, gilt at the back with a scroll pattern not unpleasingly designed, and lettered "Keats' Poems." The sides are plain but for a thick and a thin rectangular line; and the edges of the leaves are gilt. The title—for the book is duly furnished with a title-page—runs thus:

"Poems / by / John Keats / with several never / yet published / 'What more felicity can fall to creature / Than to enjoy delight with Liberty?' / Fate of the Butterfly. Spenser. / London / written by H. Stephens / for / I. J. Towers. / 1828."

On the verso of the first end-paper is written the inscription "I. I. [*sic*] Towers / a little Birthday gift from / her Brother / 5 October / 1828." Who that brother was we are not left to guess; for one of the poems added to Stephens's copies is the Sonnet on *The Flower and the Leaf*, headed here *On / Chaucer's "Floure and the Leafe" / written in my brother's Chaucer / by the lamented young Poet;* and we know that that sonnet was written in Charles Cowden Clarke's copy of Chaucer. Hence it would seem that, although the neat-handed scrivener Stephens knew he was working for the benefit of Clarke's married sister, it was Clarke himself who had the book bound and gave it to her.

Between *Sleep and Poetry* and the ten pages of fugitive poems, Stephens wrote this note:—"The poems here following have never been published, or have merely ap-

peared in periodical works. And have not before been collected." The poems are (1) the Sonnet *On a Picture of Leander*, subscribed "In the *gem*," (2) *The Human Seasons* and (3) *To Ailsa Rock*, both subscribed as from *The Literary Pocket-Book*, (4) the Fragment "Welcome joy and welcome sorrow," subscribed "1818," (5) the Sonnet "The church bells toll a melancholy sound," subscribed "Written by J. K. in 15 minutes," (6) the new sonnet which will be given anon, (7) the Flower and Leaf Sonnet, subscribed "J. K. Feby. 1817," and (8) the Stanzas "In a drear-nighted December," "subscribed simply "J. K."

The crumbs of information thus furnished are but few and small; and of textual variation there is nothing,—so that practically all we gain beside the sonnet from the finding of the volume, now lodged among the Keats books, manuscripts, and relics of Mr. Buxton Forman, is the pretty little episode of devotion of two men of the Keats circle to the memory of their friend, and delectation of the sister of one of them. Of the value of the sonnet itself let the reader now judge.

ONE OF KEATS'S "NONSENSE SONNETS."

Before he went to feed with owls and bats
Nebuchadnezzar had an ugly dream
Worse than an Hus'ifs when she thinks her cream
Made a Naumachia for mice and rats
So scared, he sent for that "Good King of Cats"
Young Daniel, who soon did pluck away the beam
From out his eye and said he did not deem
The sceptre worth a straw—his Cushions old door mats.

A horrid nightmare similar somewhat
Of late has haunted a most motley crew
Most loggerheads and Chapmen—we are told
That any Daniel tho' he be a sot
Can make the lying lips turn pale of hue
By belching out "ye are that head of Gold."

There it is just as Stephens left it, and probably much as Keats left it; though, if he had read a second time the manuscript from which Stephens copied it, he would doubtless either have torn it up or given it a little more clearness and polish for the sake of two or three good phrases in it. It is unquestionably Keats's, even if in his worst manner,—the manner of the sonnet on Mrs. Reynolds's Cat and the sonnet on the Bagpipe, which it most closely resembles in style and versification. It will be for some future editor of Keats's works to decide whether he will put a full stop at the end of the fourth line, delete *soon* in line 6 or read "who soon plucked away," as Keats would have done if he had revised it; whether he will leave that misplaced Alexandrine line 8 as it is or not, deal with the two jingling *mosts* in lines 10 and 11, and if so, how; attempt to clear up the sense of the last line, probably mis-transcribed by Stephens; and finally whether he will endeavour to establish the situation and circumstances, as for instance by proving that the sonnet refers to the Blackwood literary faction of the early nineteenth century, and is a mild vendetta for the notorious "Cockney School" articles in which Keats and his friend Hunt had been so truculently handled.

Having cast upon the growing cairn of Keats a stone and some very small pebbles in the shape of a new sonnet and a minor fact or two, it is now the duty of the editors of *Literary Anecdotes* to unfold a tale which will have the effect of taking two stones off the said cairn. The necessity for so doing illustrates the advantage of selections and the disadvantage of complete editions. The selector can scarcely be mistaken about a poet's masterpieces ; but the compiler of a complete edition may only too easily fall into one of many traps, especially when he is dealing with the poet's juvenilia, in which all his assimilative tendencies find vent. Several of the acknowledged poems of Keats published in the 1817 volume might just as well be by one or other of the poets who influenced him in his youth and early manhood : nothing in the *Lamia* volume could be by any one but Keats. Hence, while Keats at his maturest is unmistakable and no other is mistakable for Keats at his best, Keats at his least mature is not to be judged simply by the internal evidence of style, metre, rhythm, and so on. If the lost translation of the *Æneid* which he made before he left school came to light, it is not by internal evidence that its authenticity would be established, but by the handwriting, or other external matters duly vouched for. If it turned up in the autograph of George or Thomas Keats, with a distinct statement that it was copied from a manuscript translation made by John, there would be a strong presumption that, in so considerable a matter, his brothers were not mistaken. But a small poem assimilative of the style of Moore, or Mrs. Tighe, occurring in the hand of George or Tom, and attributed to John

would call for more circumspection. John Keats might copy some verses of one of these authors into the same commonplace book with early pieces of his own; and George or Tom might recopy them in perfect good faith, and ascribe them to their illustrious brother. It is precisely in that way that a sonnet to which Keats has no claim whatever found its way into the standard editions of his works.

The late Lord Houghton had a manuscript sonnet purporting to be by Keats, but believed by his Lordship to be "one of George Byron's forgeries,—also a poem of which the first line is:

What sylph-like form before my eyes,

which he thought might be genuine,—and further a song commencing "*Stay, ruby-breasted warbler, stay,*" of which the authenticity was at least doubtful. These three poems, though included in the Aldine edition, have since been rejected from the tale of Keats's works,—the sonnet because it is by Laman Blanchard and is included in his collected works, the poem "*What sylph-like form*" because of its unlikeness to Keats, its suspicious connexion with the George Byron forgeries, and the reasonable expectation that it will sooner or later be identified as the work of one of Keats's less known contemporaries,—and the "ruby-breasted warbler" song because it is believed to be by George Keats, and not by John.

But, although these poems are duly excluded from the standard editions of the present day, those very editions when brought before the "holy inquisition" of literary

To Miss Wylie.

Nymph of the downward smile and sidelong glance.
In what diviner moments of the day.
Art thou most lovely? — when gone far astray
Into the Labyrinths of sweet utterance;
Or when serenely wandering in a Trance
Of sober Thought? — or when starting away
With careless robe to Meet the morning ray
Thou spar'st the flowers in thy mazy dance?
Haply 'tis when thy ruby Lips part sweetly,
And so remain because thou listenest;
But thou to please wert nurtured so completely
That I can never tell what mood is best;
I shall as soon pronounce which ~~Nymph~~ Grace more neatly
Trips it before Apollo than the rest — J. K.

KEAT'S SONNET TO MISS WYLIE.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

judgment have their own confession of larceny from other poets to make. While the Library Edition of 1883 was in course of production, a volume came into Mr. Buxton Forman's hands of the nature of a scrap-book or common-place book. In fact it had been used successively for both purposes; and transcripts of poems by Keats and others, in the handwriting of George Keats, were sometimes left uncovered and sometimes covered up by scraps of various kinds pasted over them. The book appears to have belonged to Mrs. George Keats, to whom, when she was Georgiana Augusta Wylie, the poet had addressed the sonnet "To G. A. W."—of which a holograph manuscript by Keats, headed *To Miss Wylie*, was pasted into the book,—the initials J. K. being subscribed by George Keats.

Among the poems transcribed by George is a sonnet written in sickness, which is assigned to the year 1819 and initialled J. K. The text is as follows:—

Brother belov'd if health shall smile again,
Upon this wasted form and fevered cheek:
If e'er returning vigour bid these weak
And languid limbs their gladsome strength regain,
Well may thy brow the placid glow retain
Of sweet content and thy pleas'd eye may speak
The conscious self-applause, but should I seek
To utter what this heart can feel, Ah! vain
Were the attempt! Yet kindest friends while o'er
My couch ye bend, and watch with tenderness
The being whom your cares could e'en restore,
From the cold grasp of Death, say can you guess
The feelings which these lips can ne'er express;
Feelings, deep fix'd in grateful memory's store.

Misgivings as to the merits of this production as a mature work of Keats might well reduce an editor to form

a theory in justification of the acceptance of George's attribution. The theory put forward was that the date had been inserted from memory, as it was an impossible poem for that year of Keats's greatest heights in verse, and that it had been written in or about February 1820, when Keats was in a state of utter physical and mental prostration, and was actually forbidden to write. As an alternative it was suggested that the sonnet was written later in the year, when the vitality of the poet was clean gone, and that it was a reply to a letter sent by George on hearing of John's illness, a letter reproaching himself for leaving his elder brother in indifferent health, to rush back to America and endeavour to mend his own fortunes.

The originator of that theory has now found occasion to repent that he accepted even such good evidence as that of George Keats, whose high intelligence and complete intimacy with his brother left but little room, it is true, to do otherwise. Nevertheless, the fact that George was wrong has been wrung by the afore-named holy inquisition from one of Keats's well-nigh forgotten literary heroines, who, duly racked, has revealed the truth. In Keats's early poem *To Some Ladies* occur the funny stanzas:—

> *If a cherub on pinions of silver descending*
> *Had brought me a gem from the fretwork of heaven ;*
> *And smiles, with his star-cheering voice sweetly blending,*
> *The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given ;*
> *It had not created a warmer emotion*
> *Than the present, fair nymphs, I was blest with from you,*
> *Than the shell, from the bright golden sands of the ocean*
> *Which the emerald waves at your feet gladly threw.*

Poor Mrs. Tighe! She had had her *Psyche, or the*

Legend of Love, printed for private distribution in 1805, in an exquisite little pocket volume produced at the Chiswick press, and now of extreme rarity. She had died in 1810, at the comparatively early age of thirty-six; and in 1811 *Psyche* with a few minor poems and sonnets had been placed before the public in a sumptuous quarto volume with such adornment of frontispiece as the skill of the once renowned engraver to Queen Charlotte, the modest and retiring Caroline Watson, could convey from Romney's portrait of the poetess, as copied by John Camerford the miniaturist. Either this volume or one of the many octavo reprints of it Keats had certainly read; for the traces of the influence of *Psyche*, a poem well worth reading even now for its individual charm, are clearly stamped upon his own thought. But he must have done more than read *Psyche*: he must, one would think, have copied out, for his own edification or that of his brothers, the sonnet printed above, which occurs in the quarto of 1811, and also at page 237 of the octavo of the same and later dates, headed "*Addressed to my Brother*, 1805." "Must have copied" is scarcely too strong an expression; for how else can George Keats have been misled into the supposition that it was the work of John Keats? No doubt the poet lived long enough himself to have reckoned it as anything rather than one of "the blessing of Tighe" sent from "the fretwork of heaven" that this very flat sonnet was doomed to appear among his own works, and to reduce one of his editors to ignominious recantation.

The second part of the tale to be unfolded is more serious. It affects those delightful couplets, signed

"XXX," which Leigh Hunt published under the title *Vox et Præterea Nihil* in *The Indicator* for the 19th of January 1820, and which, with much circumstance, were gathered into the Library Edition of Keats, with the suggestion that they should be regarded as a rejected passage of *Endymion*, originally intended for the Third Book, to come between lines 853 and 854. These couplets were the subject of a correspondence between Keats's editor and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who took the keenest interest in the formation of a full edition and sound text of Keats. The editor was led to attribute the lines to Keats solely by internal evidence. There was nothing else to do more than speculate about. Consulted on the subject, Rossetti wrote:—

"I remember setting eyes in my earliest days on the passage you send me, and doubtless came to the conclusion that it must be by Keats, though it had for me no such charm as attached to the wondrous *Belle Dame sans Merci*, also published in *The Indicator* with signature *Caviare*. . . I can well understand Keats's rejecting this passage; since, though replete with a general luscious beauty, it is quite without such supreme value in imaginative treatment as (despite some Cockney syllabification) the passage which I suppose to have preceded it. Is there any language in which X is called anything like *Keat?* In such case the XXX might represent Keats."

As to the meaning of the mystical letters XXX, there was further correspondence; and Rossetti wrote thus in a later letter:—

"I should think that triple X almost certainly stands for *Triplex* in relation to Diana—Luna—Hecate. Keats's

text-book was of course Lemprière, and much bearing that way is to be found under those headings there. Keats speaks of the triple character of Diana at the end of the Sonnet to Homer."

This was certainly a plausible suggestion; nor was it to be forgotten that Endymion, when his heart was divided between Diana, as known to him, and the fair Indian, in whose form she disguised herself, exclaimed, "I have a triple soul"; or that the poet himself had three public names, John Keats, Caviare, and Lucy Vaughan Lloyd. Rossetti's explanation also ran parallel with a name which Keats's schoolfellow, Cowper, applied to Charles Cowden Clarke, namely, "Three Hundred," in allusion to his three initial C's. However, notwithstanding the plausibility of the suggestion, and difficult as it is to imagine any one but Keats writing the delicious couplet,

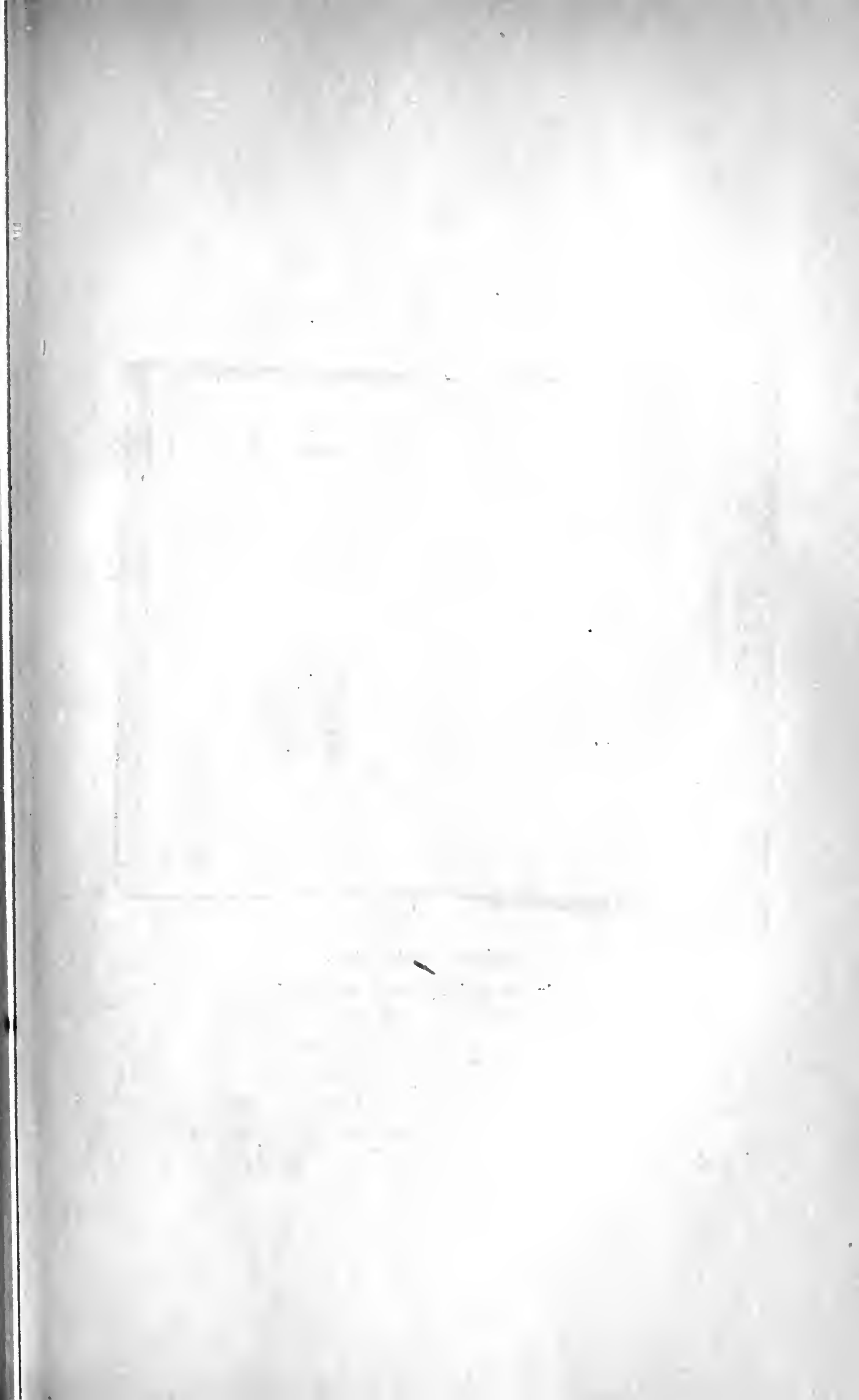
> *Like the low voice of Syrinx when she ran*
> *Into the forests from Arcadian Pan:*

so strongly resembling a couplet in *Endymion* as published by Keats:—

> *Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled*
> *Arcadian Pan, with such a horrid dread—*

notwithstanding internal evidence and probable speculation, it remains to be said that the whole passage must, after all, be yielded to a poet whom Keats did not much affect, namely, Bryan Waller Procter ("Barry Cornwall"). How completely and unjustly that excellent man's poetry is forgotten or ignored in the present day is evident from the fact that, although his beautiful verses have stood for thir-

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



Undergraduate Papers.

1858

OXFORD.

The *Undergraduate Papers.*

From a copy of the extremely rare original in the Library of Mr. Thomas J. Wise.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF THE SCARCER WORKS AND UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PART I.

EDITIONES PRINCIPES, ETC.

(1.)

[UNDERGRADUATE PAPERS: 1858.]

Undergraduate Papers,/ 1858./ "And gladly wolde we learn and gladly teach."/ Chaucer./ [*Arms of the University.*] Oxford :/ Printed and Published by W. Mansell, High Street.

Collation :—Demy octavo, pp. ii + 186, consisting of title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. i–ii, and Text pp. 1–186. There are head-lines throughout. Beyond that upon the title-page there is no imprint.

Issued in three *Numbers*, the second *Number* having been divided into four *Parts*, as follows :—

No. 1.		pp.	1— 50	*December*, 1857.
" 2.	*Part* 1.	"	51— 66	*February* and *March*, 1858.
	" 2.	"	67— 82	
	" 3.	"	83—102	
	" 4.*	"	103—122	
" 3.		"	123—186	*March* and *April*, 1858.

The four parts composing No. 2 are each marked *Price Fourpence* at foot. No notice of price appears upon either of the completed Numbers. Mr. Swinburne has informed the writer that the three Numbers were issued stitched in pale blue paper wrappers, printed. Unhappily no single specimen of these wrappers is at present forthcoming.

The *Undergraduate Papers* was edited by the late Prof. John Nicoll, and should, perhaps, more fitly have been included in the second part of this list, with works *contributed to* by Algernon Charles Swinburne. The volume, however, is of so much interest, and contains moreover so large a bulk of Mr. Swinburne's writing, that it may very properly be described at greater length, and in the present connexion.

Mr. Swinburne contributed the following *four* articles to the pages of the *Undergraduate Papers;* not *five*, as incorrectly stated by Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd :—

The Early English Dramatists—No. i., Marlow and Webster. . . . . pp. 7—15.

Queen Yseult. Canto i. "Of the birth of Sir Tristram, and how he voyaged into Ireland." . . . . pp. 41—50.

The Monomaniac's Tragedy, and other Poems. (By Ernest Wheldrake, Author of "Eve, a Mystery.") London, 1858. . . . . pp. 97—102.†

Church Imperialism. ("A terrific onslaught on the French Empire and its Clerical supporters.") . . . . pp. 134—137.

The following letter by Prof. Nichol is invaluable, by reason of its account of the history of the *Undergraduate Papers* :—

* By a printer's error this number is marked (at foot of page 103) *No.* 4, *Part* 2, instead of *No.* 2, *Part* 4.

† A review of an imaginary volume of poems. The considerable extracts of verse (including a *Sonnet on Louis Napoleon*) "quoted" in the course of the review are, of course, Mr. Swinburne's own composition.

14, *Montgomerie Crescent, Kelvinside, Glasgow.*
December 23*rd*, 1883.

Dear Sir,

Thanks for the Bibliography, which is very interesting, though quite inaccurate as regards "The Undergraduate Papers." I saw the mis-statement about Mr. Swinburne's editorship in "The Athenæum," but left it to him, if he thought fit, to correct it. So now I must refer you to him to attach his initials, if he thinks fit, to his four contributions—one of them a very amusing parody.*

I give the initials of the papers of George Rankine Luke, our "chief of men" in our college days, now almost misty in the past—also those of the late Prof. T. H. Green. You can, if you please, apply to Prof. A. V. Dicey for his. As to G. Birkbeck Hill (author of "Johnson and his circle"—a Life of his uncle Sir Rowland, &c.), he gave me the motto for the series, for I was solely responsible for the originating and editing the whole affair, and myself wrote about a third of the three numbers. I did not expect it to last long, and had towards the close to leave it for Degree work; but we paid the contributors at the usual rate while it lasted. Most of them—the main exception being the Editor—have since made some mark, and for their sake the few attainable copies (I know only of my own, and that is now lent to Mrs. Green) may be of some interest. The publication was to our set what "The Germ" was to Rossetti's—with which Swinburne about that time became associated. He was very obliging about contributions, but I do not remember his advising me about the management, being some years my junior, which does not count now, but did then.

The authority for giving the names of the writers of anonymous articles, during their lives, must come from themselves. Prof. Dicey's address is All Souls, Oxford; Hills, The Poplars, Bingfield, Reading.

Yours very truly,
John Nichol.

In a letter, at present unpublished, and addressed to one of the Editors of the present volume, Mr. Swinburne writes as follows regarding the *Undergraduate Papers*:—

. . . . . *As you may care to know, I may tell you that in the three numbers of the luckless "Undergraduate Papers" I published, as far*

* A copy of R. H. Shepherd's *Bibliography of Swinburne*, which Prof. Nichol's correspondent had forwarded to him.

as I remember, four 'crudities,' certainly no more: a paper on Marlow and Webster; some awful doggerel on the subject of Tristram and Iseult; a boyish bit of Burlesque; and a terrific onslaught on the French Empire and its Clerical supporters—which must no doubt have contributed in no inconsiderable degree to bring about its ultimate collapse. If ever you do see these worthless rarities, please remember that they were literally a boy's work—legally an infant's. The article on the Dramatists, as far as I remember, was the only thing of any sort of value (except as showing a youngster's honest impulses, and sympathies, and antipathies)—and that I think must have shown that before leaving Eton I had plunged as deep as a boy could dive into the line of literature which has always been my favourite. But when I think of the marvellous work that Rossetti (whose acquaintance I made just afterwards) had done at the same age, I am abashed at the recollection of my own rubbish. . . . . .

In point of interest the *Undergraduate Papers* stands second only to *The Germ* in the list of private and semi-private magazine rarities which includes *The Snob*, *The Gownsman*, *The Gads Hill Gazette*, *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, and others. In the matter of scarcity it passes them all. No more than three perfect copies can at present be located, whilst the British Museum possesses two out of the three numbers only. The copy employed by the Editors of the present work was formerly the property of Mr. W. Mansell, who printed and published it. This copy (which was the one consulted by Mr. R. Herne Shepherd when preparing his *Bibliography of Swinburne*) is now in the collection of Mr. Thomas J. Wise.

By way of an example of Mr. Swinburne's contribution to the *Undergraduate Papers*, here are some stanzas from *Queen Yseult*:

To the king came Tristram then,
To Moronde the evil man,
Treading softly as he can.

Spake he loftily in place:
A great light was on his face:
'Listen, king, of thy free grace.

I am Tristram, Roland's son;
By thy might my lands were won,
All my lovers were undone.

Died by thee queen Blancheflour,
Mother mine in bitter hour,
That was white as any flower.

Tho' they died not well aright,
Yet, for thou art belted knight,
King Moronde, I bid thee fight.'

A great laughter laughed they all,
Drinking wine about the hall,
Standing by the outer wall.

But the pale king leapt apace,
Caught his staff that lay in place
And smote Tristram on the face.

Tristram stood back paces two,
All his face was reddened so,
Round the deep mark of the blow.

Large and bright his king's eyes grew :
As knight Roland's sword he drew,
Fiercely like a pard he flew.

And above the staring eyes
Smote Moronde the king flatwise,
That men saw the dear blood rise.

At the second time he smote,
All the carven blade, I wot,
With the blood was blurred and hot.

At the third stroke that he gave,
Deep the carven steel he drave,
Thro' king Moronde's heart it clave.

Well I ween his wound was great
As he sank across the seat,
Slain for Blancheflour the sweet.

Then spake Tristram, praising God ;
In his father's place he stood,
Wiping clean the smears of blood,

That the sword, while he did pray,
At the throne's foot he might lay;
Christ save all good knights, I say.

Then spake all men in his praise,
Speaking words of the old days,
Sweeter words than sweetest lays.

Said one 'to the dead queen's hair,
And her brows so straight and fair;
So the lips of Roland were.'

For all praised him as he stood,
That such things none other could
Than the son of kingly blood.

Round he looked with quiet eyes;
'When ye saw king Moronde rise,
None beheld me on this wise.'

At such words as he did say,
Bare an old man knelt to pray;
'Christ be with us all to-day.

This is Tristram the good lord;
Knightly hath he held his word,
Warring with his father's sword.'

Then one brought the diadem,
Clear and golden like pure flame;
And his thanks did grace to them.

Next in courteous wise he bade
That fair honour should be made
Of the dear queen that was dead.

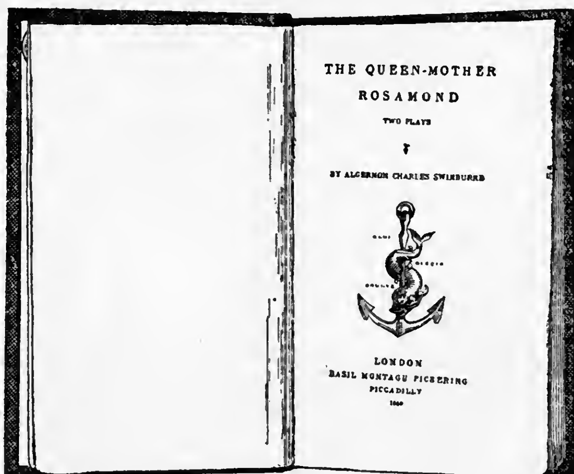
So in her great sorrow's praise
A fair tomb he bade them raise,
For a wonder to the days.

And between its roof and floor
Wrote he two words and no more,
Wrote Roland *and* Blancheflour.

(2.)

[THE QUEEN-MOTHER AND ROSAMOND : 1860.]

The Queen-Mother. / Rosamond. / Two Plays. / By Algernon Charles Swinburne / [*Dolphin and Anchor*] London / Basil Montagu Pickering / Piccadilly / 1860.



THE QUEEN-MOTHER
ROSAMOND

LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
PICCADILLY

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. x + 217 ; consisting of half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i–ii ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii–iv ; Dedication (to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with blank reverse), pp. v–vi. ; list of *Dramatis Personæ* (with blank reverse), pp. vii–viii ; Fly-title to *The Queen-Mother*, pp. ix–x ; Text of *The Queen-Mother* pp. 1–160 ; Fly-title to *Rosamond* ;* and Text of *Rosamond* pp. 161–217. There are head-lines throughout, pages 2–160 being headed *The Queen-Mother ;* and pages 162–217, *Rosamond.*

* Curiously this leaf is not included in the pagination of the book.

There is an imprint—"*Chiswick Press:—Whittingham and Wilkins, / Tooks Court, Chancery Lane,*" at the foot of the last page. At the end of the book is inserted ä leaf containing the following list of Errata :—

Page 190, line 18, *for* purplest seat, *read* purplest beat.
Page 204, line 12, *for* premi, *read* preme.
Page 209, line 30, *for* God help, *read* God help!

Issued in dark purple sand-grained cloth boards, with white paper back-label; which reads :—"*The / Queen- / Mother / Rosamond / Two plays / By / A. G.* Swinburne / Pickering /* 1861.†" It is stated, upon good authority, that less than twenty copies of the book had passed into circulation before it was withdrawn, and the above title-page cancelled.

(*Moxon's Issue.*)

Upon the eve of publication, and before any but a few 'review' copies had been sent out, arrangements were made to transfer *The Queen Mother*, &c., to Edward Moxon, who issued the work without further delay. The sheets already prepared for Pickering were employed, but the title-page was cancelled, and replaced with a second, which reads as follows :—

The Queen-Mother / and Rosamond / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / London / Edward Moxon and Co., Dover Street / 1860.

Issued in dark green sand-grained cloth boards, with white paper back-label; which reads :—*/ The Queen- / Mother, / and / Rosamond. / Two Plays: / By / A. C. Swinburne / E. Moxon and Co. /* 1860. The letterpress of this label is in red.

* A misprint for *C.*

† Again an error—Moxon had his issue of the book out already before the close of 1860.

(*Hotten's Issue.*)

Moxon continued to have *The Queen Mother* in his care until 1866, when the fierce outcry raised over *Poems and Ballads*, and his extreme nervousness thereat, brought about a second migration, and the two books, together with *Chastelard*, passed into the hands of John Camden Hotten, whose successors, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, have continued to act as Mr. Swinburne's publishers until the present day.

The original sheets had not yet become exhausted, and Hotten, cancelling Moxon's title-page, again issued them with one of his own. This reads as follows :—

The Queen Mother / and Rosamond / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / London / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly / 1866.

Issued in dark green sand-grained cloth boards, with white paper back-label; which reads :—*The / Queen-Mother, / and / Rosamond. / Two Plays: / By / A. C. Swinburne / J. C. Hotten. /* 1866. The letter-press of this label is again in red.

When making conveyance of his stock over to Hotten, Moxon must have handed him labels as well as quires,—for occasionally copies of the book occur having *Moxon's* label with *Hotten's* title-page.

(*Second Edition.*)

For the Second Edition of *The Queen Mother and Rosamond* the book was re-set throughout. The Title-page reads :—

The Queen-Mother / and Rosamond. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / Second Edition. / London: / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. / 1868.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. viii + 233; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii–iv; Dedication (with blank reverse), pp. v–vi; list of *Persons Represented* (with blank reverse), pp. vii–viii; and Text, pp. 1–233. There are head-lines throughout, but no imprint occurs anywhere in the volume.

Issued in green straight-grained cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: "*Queen-* / *Mother* / *and* / *Rosamond* / *Swinburne* / 1868."

(3.)

[DEAD LOVE: 1864.]

Dead Love. / By / Algernon C. Swinburne. / London / John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. / 1864.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. 15; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"London: / Savill and Edwards, Printers, Chandos Street, / Covent Garden."—in the centre of the reverse), pp. 3–4; and Text pp. 5–15. The head-line is *Dead Love* throughout, on both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 15.

Issued in brick-red coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced upon the front. There is a copy in the British Museum.

A little book of great rarity, and of extreme interest. The story (in prose) had previously appeared in *Once-a-Week*, vol. vii, *October* 1862, pp. 432–434, where it was accompanied by an illustration upon wood by M. J. Lawless, here reproduced in fac-simile. The story has never been reprinted, and in all probability never will be.

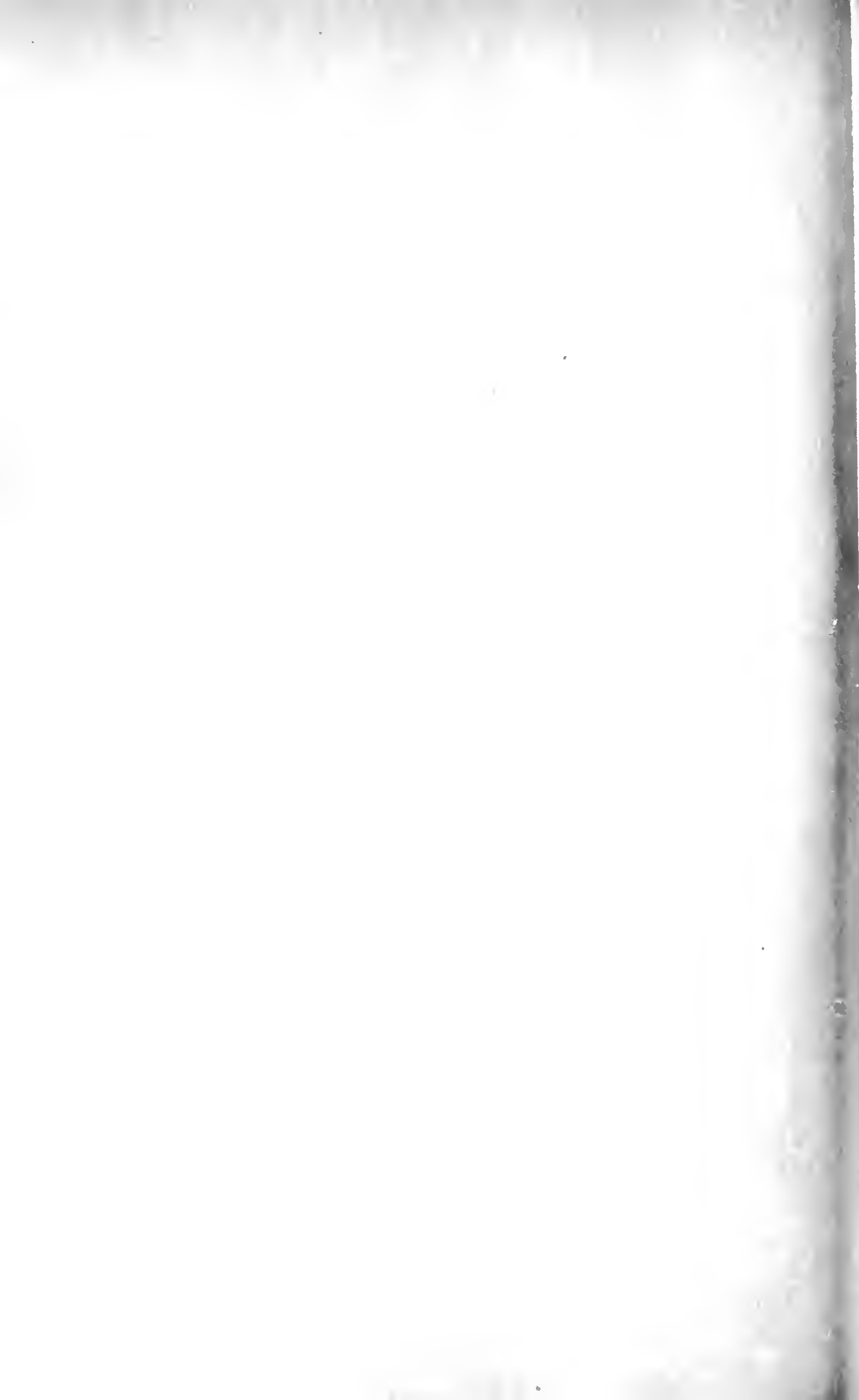
(4.)

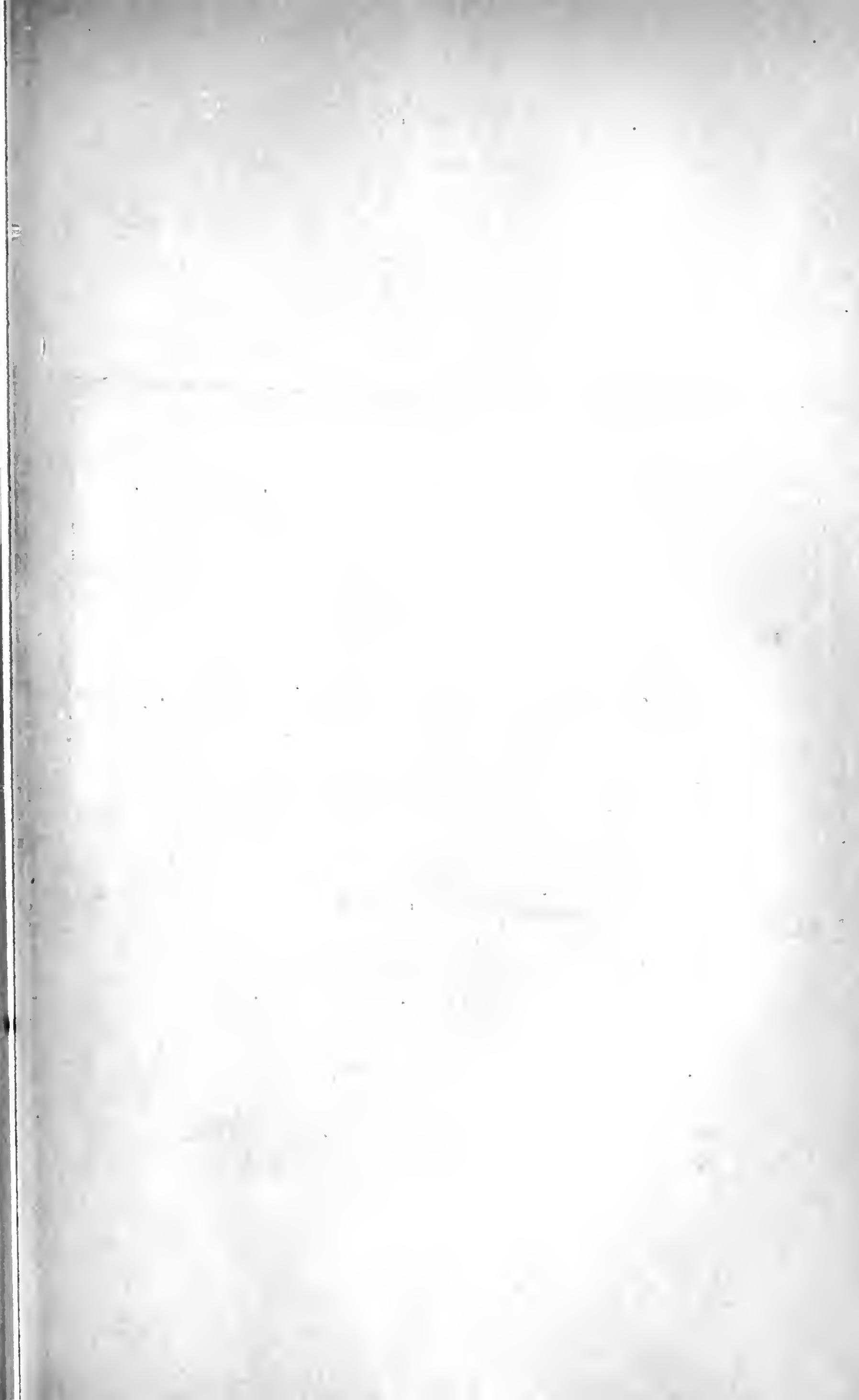
[ATALANTA IN CALYDON: 1865.]

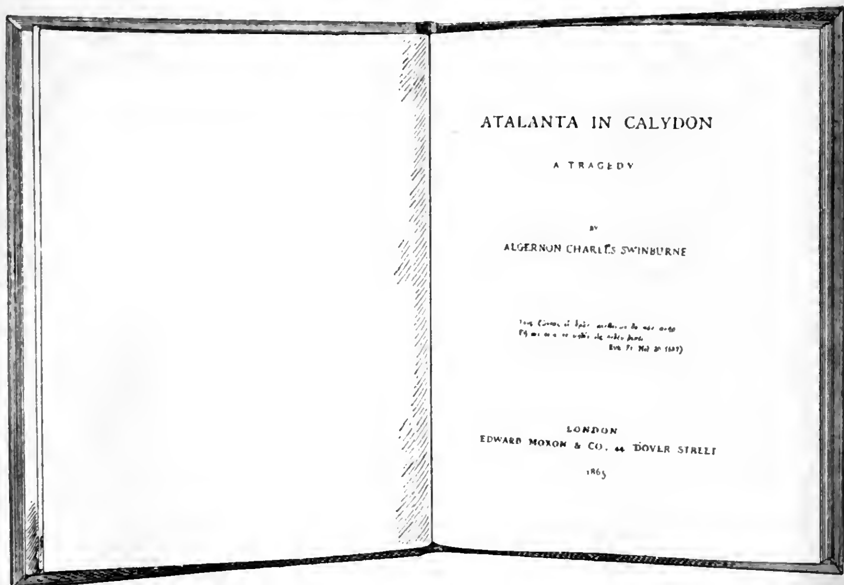
Atalanta in Calydon. / A Tragedy. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / *Τοὺς ζῶντας εὖ δρᾶν· κατθανὼν δὲ πᾶς ἀνὴς* / *Γῆ καὶ σκιὰ· τὸ μηδὲν εἰς οὐδὲν ῥέπει.* / Eur. Fr. Mel 20. (537.) / London: / Edward Moxon & Co., 44, Dover Street. / 1865.

Collation:—Small Quarto, pp. xii + 111; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with (imprint—"London: / Richard Barrett, Printer, / Mark

Fac-simile of the Drawing by M. J. Lawless,







ATALANTA IN CALYDON

A TRAGEDY

BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

LONDON

EDWARD MOXON & CO. 44 DOVER STREET

1865

The First (Quarto) Edition of Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon.*

From a copy of the original in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise.

Lane"—in the centre of the reverse), pp. iii–iv; Dedication "*To the Memory of Walter Savage Landor*," &c. (with blank reverse), pp. v–vi; twenty lines of Greek verse, p. vii; p. viii is blank; fifty-six lines of Greek verse, pp. ix–x; list of *Dramatis personæ* p. xi; quotation from Æschylus, p. xii; Argument pp. xiii–xiv*; and Text pp. 1–111. The head-line is *Atalanta in Calydon* throughout, on both sides of the page.

Issued in white buckram boards, bevelled; and lettered across the back—"*Atalanta / in / Calydon / Swinburne* / 1865." Upon the front cover are impressed three ornaments in gold, designed by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It is said that of the first edition of this book only One Hundred copies were printed.

A portion of the manuscript of *Atalanta in Calydon* is in the possession of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray.

(*Second Edition.*)

The second edition of *Atalanta in Calydon* was also issued in 1865, but with no statement upon its title-page to denote that it was other than the first edition.

The wording of the Title-page follows precisely that of the Quarto described above.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. xiv + 130; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i–ii; Title-page, as detailed above under the original issue (with imprint—"London: / Bradbury, Evans, and Co., / Printers, Whitefriars."—in the centre of the reverse) pp. iii–iv; Dedication (with blank reverse) pp. v–vi; twenty lines of Greek verse, p. vii; p. viii is blank; fifty-six lines of Greek verse, pp. ix–x; list of *Dramatis personæ* p. xi; quotation from Æschylus, p. xii; Argument pp. xiii–xiv; and Text

* These preliminary pages are incorrectly enumerated, the second page of the leaf containing this *Argument* being numbered "xii."

pp. 1–130. The head-line is *Atalanta in Calydon* throughout, upon both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 130.

Issued in purple straight-grained cloth boards, lettered across the back—" Atalanta / in / Calydon / Swinburne / 1865."

Save for the following three misprints the Text is identical with that of the Quarto :—

P. vii, line 18, ἀπεδωκε should be ἀπέδωκε.
P. vii, line 19, Δελθοὺς „ Δελφοὺς.
P. 47, line 15,

Sun, and light among green hills, and day

should be

Sun, and clear light among green hills, and day.

In copies 'made up' later these errors were corrected by means of cancel-leaves.

(*Third Edition.*)

Atalanta in Calydon: / A Tragedy. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / Τοὺς ζῶντας εὖ δρᾶν· κατθανὼν δὲ πᾶς ἀνὴρ / Γῆ καὶ σκιά· τὸ μηδὲν εἰς οὐδὲν ῥέπει. / Eur. Fr. Mel. 20. (537.) / A New Edition. / London: / Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. / 1875.

Collation :—Crown 8vo, xvi + 98.

Issued in dark blue cloth, lettered in gilt across the back, uniform with Mr. Swinburne's later books.

(*German Translation.*)

Atalanta in Calydon. / Eine Tragödie / von / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / Deutsch / von / Albrecht Graf Wickenburg. / Wien 1878. / Verlag von L. Rosner

Collation :—Crown 8vo, pp. xxii + 80.

Issued in paper wrappers, with the Title-page reproduced upon the front.

(5.)

[CHASTELARD: 1865.]

Chastelard; / A Tragedy. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / [*Quotations from* (1) *Ronsard, and* (2) *The Queen's Marie.*] London: / Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. / 1865.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. viii + 219; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"London: / Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars"—in the centre of the reverse) pp. iii–iv; Dedication *To Victor Hugo* (with blank reverse) pp. v–vi; list of *Dramatis personæ* (with extract from Maundevill's *Voiage and Travaile* upon the reverse) pp. vii–viii; and Text pp. 1–219. The head-line is *Chastelard* throughout, upon both sides of the page. Each of the five Acts is preceded by a fly-title, with blank reverse. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued in purple straight-grained cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back—"*Chastelard* / *Swinburne* / 1865."

(*Hotten's issue.*)

In the following year, 1866, the copies remaining in hand were passed over to John Camden Hotten, who cancelled the title-page, and replaced it with one bearing his own name, as follows:—

Chastelard; / A Tragedy. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / [*Quotations from Ronsard and The Queen's Marie*] / London: / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. / 1866.

Issued in cloth boards identical with those of Moxon's issue, the date at the foot of the back, however, being 1866.

A portion only of the sheets were made up in 1866, the remainder being held in quires until 1868, when they also were put into cloth boards, the date upon the back, at foot, being changed to "1868."

(*German translation.*)

Chastelard. / Tragödie / von / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / Dutsch / von / Oskar Horn. / Bremen, 1873. / Verlag von T. Kühtmann's Buckhandlung.

Collation :—Post 8vo, pp. iv + 195.

Issued in paper wrappers, lettered both upon the front cover, and up the back.

(6.)

[LAUS VENERIS : 1866.]

Laus Veneris. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London : / Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. / 1866.

Collation :—Octavo, pp. 28 ; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. 1–2 ; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"London : / Bradbury, Evans, and Co., Printers, Whitefriars"—in the centre of the reverse), pp. 3–4 ; passage from *Livre des grandes merveilles d'amour, escript en latin et en françoys par Maistre Antoine Gaget.* 1530, p. 5 ; p. 6 is blank ; and Text pp. 7–28. The head-line is *Laus Veneris* throughout, on both sides of the page.

Issued in plain paper wrappers, of various colours.

Laus Veneris was also included in *Poems and Ballads*, Moxon, 1866, pp. 11–30, and has been retained in each succeeding edition. The pamphlet, Mr. Swinburne has stated, was issued some months previous to the publication of that volume. Very few copies were printed, most of which were distributed amongst private friends. "In fact," said Mr. Swinburne, "it was more an experiment to ascertain the public taste—and forbearance !—than anything else. Moxon, I well remember, was terribly nervous in those days, and it was only the wishes of mutual good friends, coupled with his own liking for the ballads, that finally induced him to publish the book [*Poems and Ballads*] at all."

The original Manuscript of *Laus Veneris* has fortunately been preserved, and is now in Mr. Wise's Swinburne collection. It is written

Laus Veneris +

r waking is it? for her neck,
l over close, wears yet a purple speck
vein the pained blood falter & goes out;
stung softly - fairer for a fleck.

rough my lips shut sucking on the place
s no vein at work upon her face;
r eyelids are so peaceable, no doubt
sleep has warmed her blood through all its ways

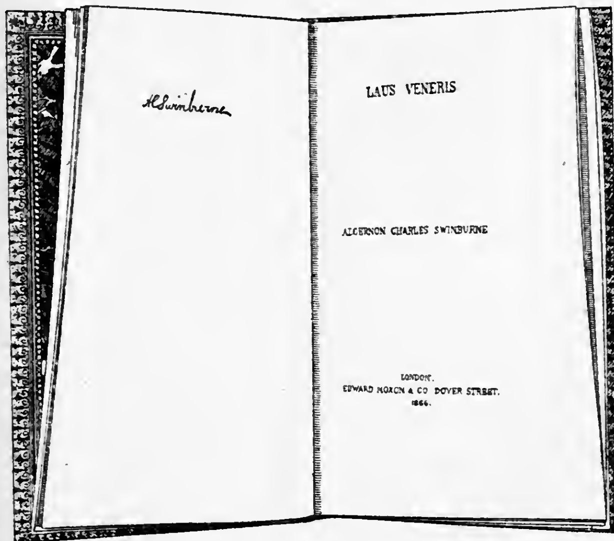
s is she that was the world's delight;
ld grey years were parcels of her might;
The strewings of the ways wherein she trod
The twain ~~strong hours that saw~~ seasons of the day ~~from~~ night.

she was thus when her clear limbs enticed
l lips that now grow sad with kissing Christ,
~~Stained blood~~ ~~falling of~~ ~~fallen from~~ ~~feet~~
~~Pale with the dropping of the blood of God~~
Stained with blood fallen from the feet of God
~~the same blood~~ whereat our souls were priced
om the ~~pierced~~ feet hands)

SWINBURNE'S LAUS VENERIS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

upon sixteen sheets of blue foolscap, mostly upon one side of the paper only. A *fac-simile* of a portion of one of the pages is given herewith. The Manuscript (which is bound in red levant Morocco, by


LAUS VENERIS

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

LONDON.
EDWARD MOXON & CO DOVER STREET.
1866.

Riviere) is freely corrected, and contains moreover a number of cancelled stanzas, of which here is one :—

The scent and shadow dead above me make
The very soul in all my senses ache ;
My lips burn, yea mine eyes burn up with heat,
My face is turned to dust for my pain's sake.

Of the first edition of *Laus Veneris* no copy is to be found in the British Museum. The only example of this exceptionally interesting little volume which has come into the market in recent years figured in one of Messrs. Robson & Co.'s catalogues, priced £30.

(*French Translation.*)

Laus Veneris / Poème de / Swinburne / traduit par / Francis Vielé-Griffin / Paris / Édition du Mercure de France / 15, rue de L' Échandé-St.-Germain / MDCCCXCV.

Collation :—24mo, pp. 105.

Issued in paper wrappers, printed in three colors. The edition was limited to 283 copies. The Translation is in French Prose.

(7.)

[POEMS AND BALLADS: 1866.]

Poems and Ballads. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London: / Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. / 1866.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. viii + 344; consisting of Title-page, as above (with imprint: "*London: / Bradbury, Evans, and Co., Printers, Whitefriars,*" in the centre of the reverse), pp. i–ii; Dedication ("*To my Friend Edward Burne Jones*"), with blank reverse, pp. iii–iv; Contents pp. v–vii; p. viii is blank; and Text pp. 1–344. There are head-lines throughout. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page. The book has no half-title.

Issued in green straight-grained cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: "*Poems / & / Ballads / Swinburne / London / Moxon.*"

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A Litany . . . . 102—107
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Anima Anceps . . . . 114—115
In the Orchard . . . . 116—118
A Match . . . . 119—121
Faustine . . . . 122—129

Previously printed in *The Spectator, May 31st*, 1862, pp. 606–607.

A Cameo 130
Song before Death 131
Rococo . . . . 132—135
Stage Love 136
The Leper . . . . 137—143
A Ballad of Burdens . . . . 144—147
Rondel 148
Before the Mirror . . . . 149—152
Erotion . . . . 153—154
In Memory of Walter Savage Landor . . . . 155—157
A Song in time of Order . . . . 158—160

Previously printed in *The Spectator, April 26th*, 1862, p. 466.

A Song in time of Revolution . . . . 161—165

Previously printed in *The Spectator, June 28th*, 1862, p. 718.

To Victor Hugo . . . . 166—173
Before Dawn . . . . 174—177
Dolores . . . . 178—195

Also printed in pamphlet form : *Dolores. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London :* 8*vo*, 1867, *pp.* 23.

The Garden of Proserpine . . . . 196—199

PP.

Hesperia . . . . 200—206
Love at Sea . . . . 207—208
April . . . . 209—211
Before Parting . . . . 212—213

Previously printed in *The Spectator, May 17th*, 1862, p. 550.

The Sundew . . . . 214—216

Previously printed in *The Spectator, July 26th*, 1862, p. 830.

Félise . . . . 217—229
An Interlude . . . . 230—232
Hendecasyllabics . . . . 233—234
Sapphics . . . . 235—238
At Eleusis . . . . 239—247
August . . . . 248—250

Previously printed in *The Spectator, September 6th*, 1862, p. 997.

A Christmas Carol . . . . 251—254
The Masque of Queen Bersabe . . . . 255—273
St. Dorothy . . . . 274—291
The Two Dreams . . . . 292—308
Aholibah . . . . 309—315
Love and Sleep 316
Madonna Mia . . . . 317—320
The King's Daughter . . . . 321—323
After Death . . . . 324—326

Previously printed in *The Spectator, May 24th*, 1862, pp. 578–9.

May Janet . . . . 327—328
The Bloody Son . . . . 329—333

Previously printed in *Once-a-Week*, vol. vi., *February 15th*, 1862, pp. 215–6, under the title of *The Fratricide.*

The Sea-Swallows . . . . 334—336
The Year of Love . . . . 337—339
Dedication . . . . 340—344

(*Hotten's Issue.*)

Edward Moxon was not destined to retain for long the honour of publishing the first series of *Poems and Ballads.* He was rendered nervous (unwisely and needlessly nervous, as the event proved) by the unreasoning and hysterical criticism flung at the book, and the storm

of opposition roused by certain of its contents. He resigned his commission as Mr. Swinburne's publisher, and allowed the *Poems and Ballads*, together with *Chastelard* and the *Queen Mother and Rosamond*, to pass into the hands of John Camden Hotten.*

Hotten promptly reissued them, having cancelled Moxon's title-page, and supplied the book with one of his own. This reads as follows :—

Poems and Ballads. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London : / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. / 1866.

How many copies were so converted it is impossible to say, but copies of the original sheets with Moxon's or with Hotten's title-pages seem to occur with about equal frequency, if allowance be made for the large number of copies of the Second Edition which are incorrectly catalogued and sold as "first edition with Hotten's title."

(*Second Edition.*)

The demand for *Poems and Ballads* must have been fairly brisk, for before the close of the year the quire stock received from Moxon had become exhausted, and Hotten had reprinted the work. There is absolutely nothing upon the face of the volume to distinguish it from copies of the earlier issue, or to denote that it is a second edition. The title-page is a *fac-simile* of the one prepared by Hotten to accompany the copies in quires he had received from Moxon, whilst the body of the book, pp. 1–344, is a page for page and line for line reprint. The eight preliminary pages, however, differ from those of the earlier issue, and should collate as follows :—

Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i–ii ; Title-page (with imprint—"*London : / Savill and Edwards, Printers, Chandos Street, / Covent Garden,*" in the centre of the reverse) pp. iii–iv ; *Dedication* (with blank reverse) pp. v–vi ; and Contents pp. vii–viii.

Another minor point by which it is possible to discern a copy of Hotten's reprint from an example made up from the original sheets, is

* When it is remembered that so recently as 1841 Moxon had been prosecuted, and heavily fined, for publishing Shelley's *Queen Mab*, some excuse may be found for his extreme caution in the matter of *Poems and Ballads*.

that Moxon's original issue has Bradbury, Evans and Co.'s imprint at the foot of p. 344, whilst in Hotten's edition this page bears no imprint. The paper, also, of the latter is much whiter and heavier, and the complete volume is therefore some 20 per cent. thicker than the original book. Notwithstanding these variations, however, Hotten's reprint is constantly (no doubt from ignorance upon the part of the vendor) being offered as "original sheets with Hotten's title."

Why Hotten omitted to place the words "*Second Edition*" upon his reprint of *Poems and Ballads* it is impossible to say. The omission was no oversight; Hotten was far too wide-awake for that to happen. It is at least open to suspicion that the motive which prompted the omission of these words from the title-page of the second edition of *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, also caused them to be omitted from the title-page of *Poems and Ballads*.

(*Third Edition.*)

Poems and Ballads / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / [*Publishers' device*] / A New Edition / London / Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly / 1878.

Collation :—Crown 8vo, pp. ix + 338.

Issued in dark blue cloth, gilt lettered, uniform with Mr. Swinburne's later books.

(*First American Edition.*)

Already in 1866, the year in which it first appeared in London, *Poems and Ballads* was reprinted in America under the following title-page :—

Laus Veneris, / and other / Poems and Ballads. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / New York / Carleton, Publisher, 413, Broadway. / London : Moxon & Co. / MDCCCLXVI.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. viii + 328.

Issued in brown cloth boards, gilt lettered; the edges of the leaves being trimmed and coloured dark blue.

The text is identical with the London editions.

Why the book was published under the above title it is difficult to say. Possibly the discussion raised by *Laus Veneris* here in London had awakened curiosity in the States, and the publishers looked to excite a larger sale for their book by distinctly showing that the chief offending poem was not excluded from its pages.

(*French Translation.*)

Gabriel Mourey / Poéms et Ballades / de / A. C. Swinburne / Notes sur Swinburne / par / Guy de Maupassant / [*Publisher's device*] Paris / Nouvelle Libraire Parisienne / Albert Savine, Éditeur / 12, rue des Pyramides, 12 / 1891 / Tous droits réservés.

Collation :—Crown 8vo, pp. xxvi + 372.

Issued in yellow paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced upon the front ; lettered across the back ; and p. iv of the cover filled with advertisements.

(*Rossetti's "Criticism."*)

In dealing with *Poems and Ballads* the following book must be duly noted :—

Swinburne's / Poems and Ballads. / A Criticism / by / William Michael Rossetti. / [*Quotation from Shelley* *] / London : / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. / 1866. / [All rights reserved.]

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. 80—including Half-title, Title, and a two-paged *Prefatory Note.*

Issued in green cloth boards, gilt lettered.

* "*Let us for a moment stoop to the arbitration of popular breath. Let us assume that Homer was a drunkard, that Virgil was a flatterer, that Horace was a coward, that Tasso was a madman. Observe in what a ludicrous chaos the imputations of real or fictitious crime have been confused in the contemporary calumnies against poetry and Poets.*"

This "*Criticism*" has never been reprinted in any shape or form.

Subsequently to the sheets of *Poems and Ballads* passing into the hands of Mr. John Camden Hotten an idea grew up in the minds of second-hand booksellers that certain of the contents of the volume had been withdrawn by the author, and the book was frequently catalogued and sold as "containing poems afterwards suppressed." Such an advertisement appearing in the catalogue of Mr. Russell Smith drew from Mr. Swinburne the following very decisive letter, which was printed in *The Athenæum* for *March* 10*th*, 1877 :—

BALLADS AND POEMS.

In Mr. Russell Smith's catalogue of books for this current month of March, 1877, *I find entered as No.* 1058 *a copy of my 'Poems and Ballads' published eleven years since by Moxon & Co., and here announced as "the* ORIGINAL EDITION, *containing pieces not afterwards reprinted"—and priced accordingly at upwards of three times its original cost. There never was any such edition. It is only because I now for the first time see this preposterous little lie in actual print, under the mistaken warrant of a name so long and so justly respected among bookbuyers and booksellers as that of Russell Smith, that I now for the first time think it worth while to snuff out a report which I never before imagined that any man of sense could believe or that any man of credit could repeat. There is not one "piece," there is not one line, there is not one word, there is not one syllable in any one copy ever printed of that book which has ever been changed or cancelled since the day of publication. I write this with a copy open before my eyes, bearing on the title-page the imprint of Moxon & Co., and differing otherwise from the copies which bear the imprint of the late Mr. Hotten, or of his successors, Messrs. Chatto & Windus, in no single point whatever beyond the correction of one letter, and that one Greek, at p.* 84 (ψ *for* φ), *where the word* ψυχάριον (*occurring in a citation from Epictetus*) *had been stupidly misprinted* φυχάριον. *If any collector thinks this variation of text worth upwards of one pound sterling disbursed in good English money, he seems to me more enviable for superfluity of cash than commendable for sufficiency of sense. But if henceforward any man buys or sells a copy of the volume now before me, on the understanding that it contains any*

other letter not contained in any later issue, the purchaser will find himself to be a dupe, and the vendor will know himself to be a swindler.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

Despite the above letter (probably in ignorance of it) it is still by no means unusual for second-hand booksellers to catalogue the first edition of the first series of *Poems and Ballads* with Moxon's title-page, as "containing poems suppressed in later issues."

(8.)

[NOTES ON POEMS AND REVIEWS: 1866.]

Notes on Poems and / Reviews. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / [*Two quotations from* (1) *Frédéric le Grand, and* (2) *Carlyle.*] / London: / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. / 1866.

Collation:—Octavo, pp. 23: consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. 1–2; Title-page (with imprint: "London: / Savill and Edwards, Printers, Chandos Street, / Covent Garden," in the centre of the reverse) pp. 3–4; and Text pp. 5–23. There are no head-lines, the pages being numbered centrally.

Issued stitched, and without wrappers.

(*Second Edition.*)

Nothing appears upon the Title-page of this—the second—issue of the *Notes on Poems and Reviews* to distinguish it from the First Edition. It may, however, be easily recognised by the imprint, which reads: "London: / Savill, Edwards and Co., Printers, Chandos Street, / Covent Garden." There are in addition many minor mechanical variations throughout. The reason for the absence of any notification that the pamphlet is a *Second Edition* is readily accounted for. Hotten printed the first edition (consisting, it is believed, of 500 copies) and duly paid the author his royalty upon them. Finding

the demand for the booklet continue he promptly reprinted it; and, in order to obviate the necessity of paying the additional royalty, suppressed the fact that he had published another edition, and refrained from placing the words *Second Edition* upon the title-page. The number so reprinted must have been very large, as up to last year (1895) the pamphlet was still procurable at the published price of One Shilling from Messrs. Chatto & Windus, successors to John Camden Hotten. The *brochure* is consequently of no pecuniary value whatever, whilst examples of the genuine first issue are of very much greater scarcity than is generally supposed, most of the copies sold as "First Editions" being in reality specimens of the spurious second issue. The variation in the imprint, however, removes any difficulty in deciding whether an example be a copy of this spurious issue, or a genuine *princeps*.

In a letter (addressed to Mr. T. J. Wise, and at present unpublished) regarding this, and other, matters, Mr. Swinburne has written the following amusing paragraph regarding John Camden Hotten:—

" . . . *The moral character of the worthy Mr. Hotten was—I was about, very inaccurately, to say—ambiguous. He was a serviceable sort of fellow in his way, but decidedly what Dr. Johnson would have called 'a shady lot,' and Lord Chesterfield 'a rum customer.' When I heard that he had died of a surfeit of pork-chops, I observed that this was a serious argument against my friend Sir Richard Burton's views of cannibalism as a wholesome and natural method of diet.*"

(9.)

[CLEOPATRA: 1866.]

Cleopatra. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London: / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. / 1866.

Collation:—Square fcap. octavo, pp. 17; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3–4; extract from "T. Hayman, *Fall of Antony*, 1655" [*an imaginary play*], with blank reverse, pp. 5–6; and Text pp. 7–17. The head-line is *Cleopatra* throughout, on both sides of the page. At the

Written to illustrate a drawing by F. Sandys
in which Cleopatra is represented as
treading on a consecrated vestment
A. C. Swinburne

Cleopatra

BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

LONDON.
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY
1866.

Swinburne's *Cleopatra*, 1866.

From a copy of the rare original in the Library of Mr. Thos. J. Wise.

foot of p. 17 is the following imprint: "Printed by J. Andrews, Clements Lane, E.C."

Issued in plain wrappers, of which there are two varieties: (A) a thickish paper, of a pale buff colour; and (B) thin flimsy paper, of a dark brown colour. In a recent bookseller's catalogue a copy of this pamphlet was offered at *Fifteen Guineas!*

Also printed in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Vol. xiv, *September*, 1866, pp. 331–333. The poem was accompanied by a full-page illustration, drawn upon wood by Frederick Sandys.

In a letter, at present unpublished, Mr. Swinburne has written the following statement regarding *Cleopatra*:—

"*Mr. George Meredith, I remember, strongly (and no doubt justly) remonstrated with me for producing such a farrago of the most obvious commonplaces of my ordinary style—as it was in* '66, *or thereabouts. The verses were never intended for reproduction or preservation, but simply scribbled off as fast as might be to oblige a friend whose work I admired—just as in the preceding year I had written a few lines on his picture of* '*Spring*' *which appeared in the Royal Academy catalogue of that year. I should no more have thought of reproducing the one improvisation than the other. My impression is that the best thing about the poem* ['*Cleopatra*'] *is the motto—from an imaginary* '*Fall of Antony,*' 1655. *This was really a chipping from the first (undergraduate) sketch of* '*Chastelard.*' *If I were not a bit of a bibliomaniac myself, I should be shocked to think of your wasting good money on such a trumpery ephemeral.*"

A signed MS. note inscribed by Mr. Swinburne in Mr. T. J. Wise's copy of *Cleopatra* states that the poem was "*written to illustrate a drawing by F. Sandys, in which Cleopatra is represented as treading on a consecrated vestment.*"

The poem has been entirely dropped by its author, and is not included in any of his collected volumes, neither is there any reason to anticipate that it ever will be. Here, therefore, is a specimen of the verses:—

Her mouth is fragrant as a vine,
A vine with birds in all its boughs;
Serpent and scarab for a sign

Between the beauty of her brows
And the amorous deep lips divine.
* * * * * *

Under those low large lids of hers
She hath the histories of all time;
The fruit of foliage-stricken years;
The old seasons with their heavy chime
That leaves its rhyme in the world's ears.
* * * * * *

His face, who was and was not he,
In whom, alive, her life abode;
The end, when she gained heart to see
Those ways of death wherein she trod,
Goddess by god, with Antony.

The Manuscript of *Cleopatra* is in the possession of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray.

(10.)

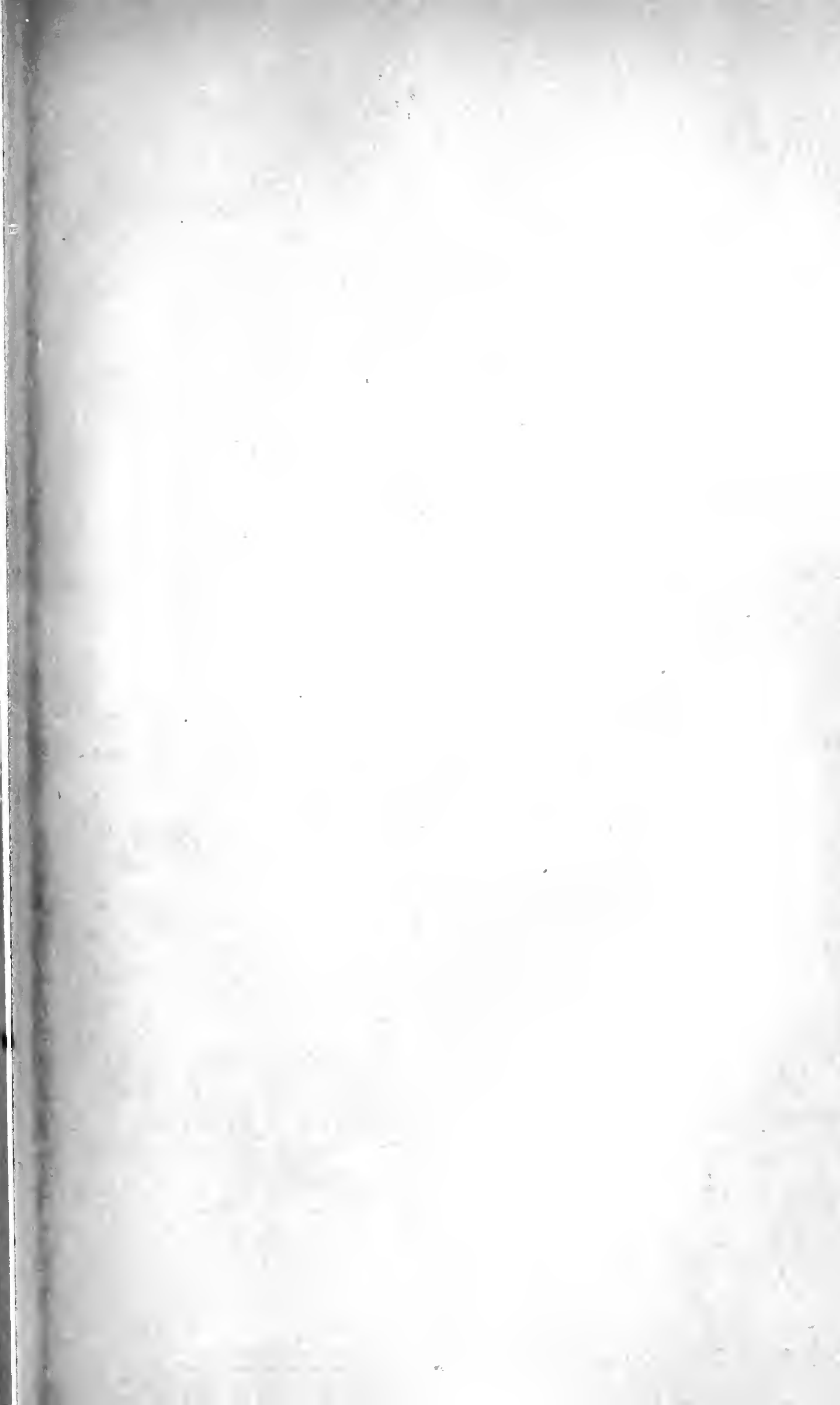
[DOLORES: 1867.]

Dolores. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London: / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly, / 1867.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. 23; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3–4; and Text pp. 5–23. The head-line is *Dolores* throughout, on both sides of the page. There is no imprint.

Issued in plain paper wrappers, of various colours. The pamphlet was reserved for private circulation only.

Dolores had appeared previously in *Poems and Ballads*, Moxon 1866, pp. 178–195, and has since retained its position in every edition of that work. Why it should have been reprinted separately can only be conjectured. Mr. Swinburne himself has no recollection of the circumstances under which it was produced.



7

We shift & bedeck & bedrape us,
Thou art noble & nude & antique;
Libitina thy mother, Priapus
Thy father, a Tuscan & Greek.
We play with light loves in the portal,
And wince & relent & refrain;
Loves die, & we know thee immortal,
Our Lady of Pain.

38

All shrines that were Vestal are flameless,
But the flame has not fallen from this;
Though obscure be the god, & though nameless
The eyes & the hair that we kiss;
Low fires that love sits by & forges
Fresh heads for his arrows & thine;
Hair loosened & soiled in mid orgies
With kisses & wine.

SWINBURNE'S DOLORES.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

The Manuscript of *Dolores* is in the Library of Mr. Walter B. Slater. It is written upon nine sheets of foolscap paper (one white, and the remainder blue), water-marked 1864. The majority of the leaves are written upon both sides. A *fac-simile* of a portion of one of the pages is given herewith.

(11.)

[A Song of Italy: 1867.]

A / Song of Italy. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London: / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. / 1867.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. 66; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3–4; Dedication *To Joseph Mazzini* (with blank reverse) pp. 5–6; and Text pp. 7–66. There is no imprint. The head-line is *A Song of Italy* throughout upon both sides of the page.

Issued in green cloth boards, lettered across the back—"A / Song / of / Italy / Swinburne / 1867." A number of "remainder" copies were put up in bright blue cloth boards, lettered as above.*

In 1875 the *Song* was reprinted in *Songs of Two Nations*, pp. 1-33.

The Manuscript of *A Song of Italy* is still preserved. It is written upon 45 pages of small 8vo. paper, and was recently advertised for sale in one of Messrs. Robson & Co.'s catalogues; the price asked was £52 10*s*.

(12.)

[An Appeal to England: 1867.]

An Appeal / to / England / Against the Execution of the / Condemned Fenians. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne, /

* Hotten must have printed something like three thousand copies of *A Song of Italy*. In 1884 a remainder of 300 copies appeared upon the market; and again in 1892 a second remainder, said to consist of upwards of 2000 copies, appeared. It is therefore desirable that the book should be obtained in *green* cloth, as originally put up in 1867. Both of the "remainders" were in *blue*.

Author of Poems and Ballads, / Atalanta in Calydon, / Chastelard, &c. / Manchester : / Reprinted from the "Morning Star." / 1867.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. 11 ; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2 ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3–4 ; and Text pp. 5–11. The head-line is *An Appeal* throughout, on both sides of the page. There is no imprint.

Issued in mottled-grey paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed in a plain ruled frame) reproduced upon the front. A note in the British Museum Catalogue states that the pamphlet was printed by the Committee formed to obtain a reprieve for the three condemned Fenians, and was circulated gratuitously.

An Appeal to England first appeared in *The Morning Star*, for Friday, *November 22nd*, 1867, from whence it was widely copied by the contemporary press. It was afterwards included in *Songs before Sunrise*, 1871, pp. 253–257.

"The scene in which the 'Men of Manchester' played their part was the closing one of the Fenian insurrection of '67. The Manchester police arrested two leading Fenians, Kelly and Deasy. Their comrades resolved to attempt a rescue. On the 18th of September the two men were being conveyed from the court to the county gaol, when, with a 'Stand and surrender!' the prison van was stopped on the highway by a handful of armed Fenians. Most of the police fled and the rescue party tried the door of the van. But it was locked, and Sergeant Brett, the policeman in charge within, courageously refused to hand out the keys. There was not a moment to waste Time meant liberty. Already the police were rallying, a crowd was forming, the precious opportunity was slipping away. Unable to burst in the door, the Fenians hit on the only expedient which remained. They blew the lock open with a pistol shot. That was the object, as every one believes, but unhappily the result was homicide. At the moment of the shot Brett was bending down to peer through the keyhole. Wounded to death, he sank, and a woman within, taking the keys from his pocket, handed them out. In a

moment the rescue was effected. The little ring of Fenians who had been guarding the retreat with threatening pistols, did not fire a shot in their own defence. They scattered and fled. They were pursued by a furious crowd. Five of them were caught and struck down. The five were tried for the wilful murder of Brett. Panic was in the air; an example was called for. The men were found guilty and condemned to death. The voice of reason, of justice, of moderation, was raised in vain. It had eloquent exponents. John Stuart Mill and John Bright pleaded with all their power, but in vain. Two of the men, whose responsibility was disproved, were pardoned; but Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien were hanged. That was in November, 1867. Just before the end Mr. Swinburne published his eloquent *Appeal.*"—From the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

(13.)

[WILLIAM BLAKE: 1868.]

William Blake. / A Critical Essay. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / [*Vignette*] / "*Going to and fro in the Earth.*" / With illustrations from Blake's Designs in Facsimile, / Coloured and Plain. / London: / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. / 1868 / [*All rights reserved.*].

Collation:—Octavo, pp. viii + 304; consisting of printed Title-page (with blank reverse) pp. i–ii; Dedication *To William Michael Rossetti,* pp. iii–iv; Contents (with blank reverse) pp. v–vi; Lists of Illustrations p. vii; List of Authorities p. viii; and Text pp. 1–304. There are head-lines throughout. The imprint—"Bradbury, Evans, and Co., Printers, Whitefriars"—is at the foot of the last page.

Issued in blue cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back—"*William / Blake / A Critical / Essay / Swinburne.*"

Illustrations.

FRONTISPIECE. Gateway with eclipse. A reduction of plate 70, from "JERUSALEM."

TITLE-PAGE.	A design of borders, selected from those in "JERUSALEM" (plates 5, 19, &c.), with minor details from "MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL," and "BOOK OF THEL."
P. 200.	Title from "THE BOOK OF THEL."
P. 204.	Title from "MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL."
P. 208.	Plate 8, from the SAME (selected to show the artist's peculiar method of blending text with minute design).
P. 224.	The Leviathan. From "MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL."
P. 258.	From "MILTON." Male figures; one in flames.
P. 276.	Female figures. A reduction of Plate 81 from "JERUSALEM."
P. 282.	Design with bat-like figure. A reduction of Plate 33 from "JERUSALEM."

(14.)

[NOTES ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY: 1868.]

Notes / on the / Royal Academy Exhibition, / 1868. / Part I. by / Wm. Michael Rossetti. / Part II. by / Algernon C. Swinburne. / "Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope."—Shakespeare. / London: / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. / (All Rights Reserved.).

Collation:—Octavo, pp. iv + 51; consisting of Title-page, as above (with a Note to the Reader upon the reverse) pp. i–ii; Preface, by W. M. Rossetti, pp. iii–iv; Part I of Text, by W. M. Rossetti, pp. 1–30; Part II of Text, by A. C. Swinburne, pp. 31–51. There are head-lines throughout. The imprint—"London: / Savill, Edwards and Co., Printers, Chandos Street, / Covent Garden"—is upon the reverse of the last page.

Issued in buff paper wrappers, having the title upon p. 1, and the remaining three pages filled with advertisements.

With the exception of a note upon the late Sir Frederick Leighton's *Acme and Septimus* (p. 33), and a considerable notice of the late Sir John E. Millais (pp. 33–35), the portion of the above book supplied by Mr. Swinburne was reprinted in *Essays and Studies*, 1875, pp. 358–380.

(15.)

[SIENA: 1868.]

Siena. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London: / John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly / 1868. / (All rights reserved.)

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. 15: consisting of Title-page (with blank reverse) pp. 1–2, and Text pp. 3–15. There is no imprint. The head-line is *Siena* throughout, upon both sides of the page.

Issued in orange-coloured paper wrappers, unlettered.

Siena first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, for *June* 1868, pp. 622–629, and was reprinted in pamphlet form simply in order to secure the English copyright. Mr. Swinburne has informed Mr. Wise that only six copies were printed, one of which was sold, and the others distributed privately. Of these six copies four only can now be traced. The pamphlet, therefore, is one of the rarest of the first editions of Mr. Swinburne's writings, the copies which constantly occur for sale belonging invariably to the second, *published*, edition described below. The poem was afterwards included in *Songs before Sunrise*, pp. 191–204. The prose notes which accompanied *Siena* in *Lippincott's Magazine*, did not re-appear in either of the pamphlets of 1868; only a portion of them, also, were preserved when the poem was reprinted in *Songs before Sunrise.*

(*Second*—or *Spurious—Edition.*)

This, the first *published*, edition of *Siena* has hitherto been generally accepted as the original semi-private pamphlet. Mr. Swinburne gave no authority to Mr. John Camden Hotten to reprint and publish the poem; and, upon being appealed to for information upon the subject,

was only able to suggest that when the pamphlet in question was issued, Hotten (who was himself the purchaser of the only copy sold), finding a demand for his (Mr. Swinburne's) writings even in those early days, at once caused it to be reprinted as precisely as possible, and it is known that he sold the booklets readily at five or ten shillings apiece. No difficulty need be experienced in distinguishing copies of he two issues. The types used for both are very similar, but the paper of the published edition is somewhat thinner and smoother than that of the earlier version; the wrapper also is thinner, smoother, and much brighter in colour. Examples of both issues are in the British Museum, and should be inspected by any one interested in the matter. When the two tracts are placed side by side, the difference between them is immediately apparent.

(*Italian Translation.*)

C. A.* Swinburne / Siena / Traduzione di Salomone Menasci / Firenze / Tipografia Co-operativa / Via Monalda, No. 1 / 1890.

Collation :—Square crown octavo, pp. 15, consisting of Title-page, as above (with "Estratto dal Periodico *veta Nuova*, Anno ii., N. 46, 47," upon the centre of the reverse), pp. 1–2; and Text pp. 3–15. There are no head-lines, the pages being numbered centrally.

Issued in pale blue paper wrappers, with the title reproduced upon the front cover.

(16.)

[ODE ON THE PROCLAMATION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: 1870.]

Ode / on the / Proclamation / of the / French Republic, / September 4th, 1870. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / *αἴλινον αἴλινον εἰπὲ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.* / London: / F. S. Ellis, 33, King Street, Covent Garden. / 1870.

* An obvious misprint of "A. C." Swinburne.

Collation :—Octavo, pp. 23; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. 1–2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse) pp. 3–4; Dedication *À Victor Hugo* (with blank reverse) pp. 5–6; and Text pp. 7–23. There are head-lines throughout. There is no imprint, but the printer's device is placed upon the centre of the reverse of p. 23.

Issued in stiff orange-red coloured paper wrappers, with the Title, surrounded by a plain ruled frame, reproduced upon the front, the words *Price One Shilling* being added at the top, above the rule.

The *Ode* was reprinted in *Songs of Two Nations*, 1875, pp. 39–51.

(17.)

[SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE: 1871.]

Songs Before Sunrise. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London: / F. S. Ellis, 33, King Street, Covent Garden. / 1871.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. viii + 287; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii–iv; Dedication *To Joseph Mazzini*, pp. v–vi; Contents pp. vii–viii; Text pp. 1–284; and Notes pp. 285–287. There are head-lines throughout, each page being headed with the title of the poem occupying it. The imprint—"*London: / Savill, Edwards and Co., Printers, Chandos Street, / Covent Garden*"—occurs upon the reverse of the last page.

Issued in dark blue cloth boards, lettered across the back—"*Songs / before / Sunrise / Swinburne.*" The covers also bear seven ornaments, stamped in gold, from designs by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Twenty-five Large Paper (demy 8vo.) copies were also issued. These were printed upon Whatman's hand-made paper, and bound in white cloth boards, lettered as above.

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Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, vol. iv. *New Series, December*, 1868, pp. 30-37.

Super Flumina Babylonis . . . . 38—44

Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, vol. vi. *New Series, October*, 1869, pp. 386-389.

The Halt before Rome . . . . 45—59

Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, vol. ii. *New Series, November*, 1867, pp. 539-546.

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Previously printed in pamphlet form, as follows: *Siena | By | Algernon Charles Swinburne. London:* 1868, 8*vo*, pp. 15. [Second Edition same date.] Also printed in *Lippincott's Magazine, June* 1868, pp. 622-629, where the poem was accompanied by a series of prose notes, some of which do not appear elsewhere. An Italian translation was issued in Florence in 1890. [See *ante*, No. 15.]

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Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, vol. i. *New Series*, *March*, 1867, pp. 284-289.

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Previously printed in *The Morning Star*, Friday, *November 22nd*, 1867,—whence it w widely copied by the contemporary press. Also printed in pamphlet form: *An Appeal / to England / Against the Execution of the / Condemned Fenians. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / . . . . / Manchester /* 1867. 8vo, pp. 11. [See *ante*, No. 12.]

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(18.)

[UNDER THE MICROSCOPE: 1872.]

Under / the Microscope. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London: / D. White, 22, Coventry Street, W. / 1872.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. iv + 88; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i.–ii.; Title-page, as above (with imprint: "*London: / Savill, Edwards and Co., Printers, Chandos Street, / Covent Garden,*" upon the centre of the reverse), pp. iii.–iv.; and Text pp. 1–88.

Issued in stone-coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page

(enclosed in an ornamental ruled frame) reproduced upon the front—"*Price Two Shillings and Sixpence*" being added at foot. Inserted at the end is a slip with the following Errata:—

Page 32, last line but one—*for* monsieurs, *read* messieurs.
" 61, line 19—*for* Πολλὸς, *read* Πολὺς.
" 72, line 18—*for* Hugos, *read* Hugo's.
" " line 19—*for* Brownings, *read* Browning's.

Upon examining any copy of *Under the Microscope* it will be observed that Sig. D 5 (pp. 41–42) is a cancel-leaf. The original leaf was wisely suppressed, as certain of the expressions used in relation to the characters of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* were unduly harsh. The following passage, describing "the courteous and loyal Gawain of the old romancers" as "the very vilest figure in all that cycle of strumpets and scoundrels, broken by, here and there, an imbecile, which Mr. Tennyson has set revolving round the figure of his central wittol," is unjust as well as severe. It is believed that only two copies of this cancelled leaf were preserved.

The manner in which the copies of *Under the Microscope* have been absorbed is remarkable. Five hundred copies were printed in 1872, and until quite recent years examples of these were readily obtainable at 5*s.* or 7*s.* 6*d.* each. Now copies occur at increasingly lengthened intervals, and find a prompt and ready sale at fifty shillings, and even three guineas each.

(19.)

[LE TOMBEAU DE THÉOPHILE GAUTIER: 1873.]

Le Tombeau / de / Théophile Gautier / [*Publisher's device.*] Paris / Alphonse Lemerre, Éditeur / 27–29, Passage Choiseul, 27–29 / MDCCCLXXIII.

Collation:—Post quarto, pp. vi + 179; consisting of Half-title (with printer's device upon the reverse) pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse) pp. iii–iv; *Au Lecteur* pp. v–vi; Text pp. 1–176; and Index pp. 177–179. The head-line is *Le Tombeau / de Théophile Gautier* throughout. There is no printer's imprint.

Issued in 'vegetable parchment' wrappers, with the title-page reproduced upon the front. Also lettered across the back—"*Le / Tombeau / de / Théophile / Gautier / Prix /* 10 *francs / Alphonse / Lemerre / Éditeur /* 1873." Some few copies have an etched portrait of Théophile Gautier as frontispiece.

The following pieces among the contents are by Mr. Swinburne :—

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(3) Ode : "Quelle fleur, ô mort, quel joyau, quel chant" . .	165–167
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(4) Sonnet : "Pour mettre une couronne au front d'une chanson"	168
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(6) *ἐπιγράμματα ἐπιτυμβίδια εἰς θεοφιλὸν*	170–172
These Greek verses (56 lines in all) have never been reprinted.	

The whole of the above six contributions are signed "*Swinburne.*"

(20.)

[BOTHWELL : 1874.]

Bothwell : / A Tragedy. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London : / Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. / 1874.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. viii + 532 ; consisting of Half-title (with quotation from Æschylus, *Chs.* 585–601, upon the reverse), pp. i–ii ; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"*London : Printed by / Spottiswoode and Co., New-Street Square / and Parliament Street*"—upon the reverse), pp.

iii–iv; Dedication *To Victor Hugo* (a Sonnet, in French—with blank reverse), pp. v–vi; Dramatis Personæ (with blank reverse), pp. vii–viii; and Text, pp. 1–532. Each of the five Acts is preceded by a fly-title. The head-line is *Bothwell* throughout, upon both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 532.

Issued in dark purple cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back—"*Bothwell | Swinburne | Chatto & Windus.*"

(*Issue in two volumes.*)

In the following year, 1875, a few remaining copies of the original sheets of *Bothwell* were put up in two volumes, each with a separate title-page, as follows:—

Bothwell: / A Tragedy. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / In Two Volumes. / Vol. I. [Vol. II.] / London: / Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. / 1875.

Collation:—Vol. I contains the eight preliminary pages detailed above (the new being substituted for the old title-page), and pp. 1–240 of Text; that is the text of Acts I and II.

Vol. II contains title-page, and pp. 241–532 of Text; being the text of Acts III, IV, and V.

The volumes were issued in dark blue cloth boards, uniform with the majority of Mr. Swinburne's later works; lettered in gilt across the back: "*Bothwell | Swinburne | Vol. I.* [*Vol. II.*] | *Chatto & Windus.*"

Copies of *Bothwell* made up into two volumes, as described above, are exceedingly uncommon; and their value very considerably exceeds that of the ordinary one-volume issue.

A German translation of Mr. Swinburne's *Bothwell* has recently been completed by Theodore Gritz, the translator of Petöfi's lyrical poems, for which translation he was elected member of the Hungarian Literary Society, Kisfaludi-Társagág.

(21.)

[SONGS OF TWO NATIONS: 1875.]

Songs of Two Nations / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / I. A Song of Italy / II. Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic / III. Diræ / London / Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly / 1875.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. viii + 78; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"*London: / Printed by / Spottiswoode and Co., New-Street Square / and Parliament Street*"—in the centre of the reverse), pp. iii–iv; two four-line introductory stanzas, p. v; p. vi is blank; Table of Contents, pp. vii–viii; and Text, pp. 1–78. Pages 1–51 have head-lines, each page being headed with the title of the poem occupying it: pages 56–78 are numbered centrally. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued in dark blue cloth boards, lettered across the back—"*Songs / of / Two / Nations / Swinburne.*"

Contents.

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xiv. Mentana: Second Anniversary	72–73
xv. Mentana: Third Anniversary	74–75
xvi. The Descent into Hell	76–77
xvii. Apologia	78

Previously printed—partly in *The Fortnightly Review*, and partly in *The Examiner* for 1873.

The *Song*, *Ode*, and *Diræ* are each preceded by a Fly-title, the two former having each in addition a leaf with a separate Dedication. Pages 2, 4, 34, 36 and 52 are blank.

(22.)

[AUGUSTE VACQUERIE: 1875.]

Auguste Vacquerie / Par / Swinburne / Paris / Michel Lévy Frères, Éditeurs / Rue Auber, 3, Place de L'Opéra / Librairie Nouvelle / Boulevard des Italiens, 15, au coin de la Rue de Grammont / 1875.

Collation:—Octavo, pp. 27; consisting of Half-title (with Translator's note and Printer's imprint upon the reverse), pp. 1–2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3–4; and Text, pp. 5–27. There are head-lines throughout: "*Auguste Vacquerie. Aujourd'hui et Demain.*"

Issued in brick-red coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced upon the front. The pamphlet is by no means common.

The Essay (in English), of which the above is a somewhat free French translation, originally appeared in *The Examiner*, for *November 6th*, 1875, pp. 1247–1250. It was reprinted in *Miscellanies*, 1886, pp. 303–317.

(23.)

[ERECHTHEUS: 1876.]

Erechtheus: / A Tragedy. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / [*Two Greek quotations*, (1) *from Pindar, and* (2) *from Æschylus.*] / London: / Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. / 1876.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. viii + 107; consisting of Half-title (with the publishers' device upon the reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"*London: / Printed by William Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street / and Charing Cross*") upon the reverse, pp. iii–iv; Dedication "*To My Mother*" (with blank reverse), pp. v–vi; list of *Persons* (with blank reverse), pp. vii–viii; Text, pp. 1–105; p. 106 is blank; and *Notes*, p. 107. The head-line is "*Erechtheus*" throughout, on both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated upon the reverse of p. 107.

Issued in dark blue cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: "*Erechtheus / Swinburne / Chatto & Windus.*"

(24.)

[NOTE ON THE MUSCOVITE CRUSADE: 1876.]

Note / of / An English Republican / on the / Muscovite Crusade. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / 'Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis / Tempus eget.'—Virg. *Æn.* ii. 521. / [*Publishers' Device*] / London: / Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. / 1876.

Collation:—Octavo, pp. 24; consisting of Title-page, as above (with imprint—"London: Printed by / Spottiswoode and Co., New-Street Square / and Parliament Street"—in the

centre of the reverse), pp. 1–2; and Text, pp. 3–24. There are head-lines throughout.

Issued in mottled-grey paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed within a plain ruled frame) reproduced upon the front; the words "*Price One Shilling*" being added at foot, below the rule. The remaining three pages of the wrappers are filled with advertisements of Messrs. Chatto and Co.'s publications.

(25.)

[A NOTE ON CHARLOTTE BRONTË: 1877.]

A Note / on / Charlotte Brontë / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / [*Publishers' Device*] / London: / Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly / 1877 / *All Rights Reserved.*

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. vi + 97; consisting of Half-title (with list of Mr. Swinburne's Works upon the reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"London: Printed by / Spottiswoode and Co., New-Street Square / and Parliament Street"—upon the reverse), pp. iii–iv; Dedication *To Theodore Watts* (with blank reverse), pp. v–vi; and Text, pp. 1–97. The head-line is "*Charlotte Brontë*" throughout, upon both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 97.

Issued in cloth boards of a bright purple colour, lettered in gilt across the back—"*A / Note / on / Charlotte / Brontë / Swinburne*"—the publishers' device being added at foot. Some copies 'made up' later were put into dark blue cloth boards, uniform with other of Mr. Swinburne's later works, and lettered as above.

(26.)

[THE HEPTALOGIA: 1880.]

Specimens of Modern Poets / The Heptalogia / or / The

Seven against Sense / A Cap with Seven Bells. / I. *The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell* / II. *John Jones* / III. *The Poet and the Woodlouse* / IV. *The Person of the House* (Idyl CCCLXVI) / V. *Last Words of a Seventh-rate Poet* / VI. *Sonnet for a Picture* / VII. *Nephelidia* / London: / Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly / 1880 / [*The right of translation is reserved*].

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. vi + 102; consisting of Half-title (with imprint: "*London: Printed by / Spottiswoode and Co., New-Street Square / and Parliament Street,*" in the centre of the reverse) pp. i.–ii.; Title-page as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii.–iv.; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. v.–vi.; and Text pp. 1–102. Each of the seven poems is preceded by a fly-title (with blank reverse). There are head-lines throughout. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued in smooth dark blue cloth boards, uniform with the majority of Mr. Swinburne's later books; and lettered *The / Heptalogia*, in gilt across the back, with the publishers' device in gilt at the foot.

The following is a list of the seven Parodies, with the names of the Poets to whom they severally apply:—

I. *The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell* ....Alfred Tennyson.
II. *John Jones*..Robert Browning.
III. *The Poet and the Woodlouse*.........................Walt. Whitman.
IV. *The Person of the House* (Idyl CCCLXVI) ......Coventry Patmore.
V. *Last Words of a Seventh-rate Poet*............Robert, Lord Lytton ("*Owen Meredith*").
VI. *Sonnet for a Picture*.........................Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
VII. *Nephelidia*...............................Algernon Charles Swinburne

It may without hesitation now be stated that Mr. Swinburne has admitted the authorship of *The Heptalogia*, but has at the same time expressed his determination never to republish the volume.

(27.)

[STUDIES IN SONG: 1880.]

Studies in Song / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / [*Publishers' device*] / London / Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly / 1880 / *All rights reserved.*

Collation: Crown octavo, pp. iv + 212; consisting of Half-title (with list of Works by Mr. Swinburne upon the reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"*London: Printed by / Spottiswoode and Co., New-Street Square / and Parliament Street*"—upon the reverse), pp. iii–iv; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2; and Text, pp. 1–212, each of the thirteen poems being preceded by a fly-title. Two of these are in addition preceded by Dedications in verse; the *Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor* being dedicated to Mrs. Lynn Linton, and *By the North Sea* to Theodore Watts. There are headlines throughout, each page being headed with the title of the poem occupying it. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued in dark blue cloth boards, uniform with other of Mr. Swinburne's later books. Lettered in gilt across the back—"*Studies / in / Song / Swinburne / [Publishers' device] / Chatto & Windus.*"

Contents.

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[*Included in the above is the Dedication to Mrs. Lynn Linton—with blank reverse—pp.* 3–4; *also a series of Notes, pp.* 63–65. *P.* 66 *is blank.*]	
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Previously printed in *The Athenæum, October 30th,* 1880, p. 568.	
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After Nine Years (To Joseph Mazzini)	95–101

PP.
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Evening on the Broads 107–124
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The Resurrection of Alcilia 131–134
The Fourteenth of July 135–138

[*On the refusal by the French Senate of the plenary amnesty demanded by Victor Hugo, in his speech of July 3rd,* 1880, *for the surviving exiles of the Commune.*]
Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, Vol. xxviii, *New Series*, *August*, 1880, p. 199.

The Launch of the Livadia 139–144
Six Years Old 145–149
A Parting Song 151–159
By the North Sea 161–212

[Included in the above (*By the North Sea*) is the separate Dedication to Theodore Watts—with blank reverse—pp. 163–164.]

(28.)

[Ode à la Statue de Victor Hugo: 1882.]

Ode à la Statue / de / Victor Hugo / Par / Algernon Charles Swinburne / Traduction / de / Tola Dorian / [*Publisher's device*] / Paris / Alphonse Lemerre, Éditeur / Passage Choiseul, 27–29 / 1882.

Collation:—Post quarto, pp. 19; consisting of Half-title (with Certificate of Issue* upon the reverse), pp. 1–2; Title-page, as above (printed in red and black, with blank reverse), pp. 3–4; Letter, in French, to Madame Tola Dorian, signed "*Algernon Charles Swinburne*," and dated "*Paris*, 22 *Novembre*, 1882" (with blank reverse), pp. 5–6; and Text, pp. 7–19. The head-line is *Ode à la Statue de Victor Hugo* throughout, upon both sides of the page. The imprint (which is placed upon the reverse of

* This Certificate states that "*Ce livre a été tiré à* 200 *exemplaires, dont* 25 *numérotés sur papier du Japon.*"

p. 19) reads: "*A Paris / De Presses de D. Jouanst / Imprimeur breveté / Rue Saint-Honoré*, 338."

Issued in 'vegetable parchment' wrappers, with the Title-page (again printed in red and black) reproduced upon the front.

The original of the above *Ode* (under the title of "*The Statue of Victor Hugo*") appeared first in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, for *September*, 1881, pp. 284–290. It was afterwards included in *Tristram of Lyonesse, and other Poems*, 1882, pp. 191–202. The translation described above is the only form in which the *Ode* has been published as a separate book.

(29.)

[A Century of Roundels: 1883.]

A Century of Roundels / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / [*Publishers' device*] / London / Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly / 1883 / [All rights reserved].

Collation:—Square crown octavo, pp. xii + 100; consisting of Half-title (with list of Mr. Swinburne's works upon the reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with imprint upon the reverse—"*London: Printed by / Spottiswoode and Co., New-Street Square / and Parliament Street*"), pp. iii–iv; Dedication *To Christina G. Rossetti* (with blank reverse), pp. v–vi; Contents, pp. vii–xi; p. xii is blank; and Text, pp. 1–100. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued in dark blue cloth boards, lettered—"*A / Century / of / Roundels / Swinburne / Chatto & Windus*"—across the back.

Six special copies were also privately printed, upon white drawing paper, for the purpose of marginal illustration. They were bound in white cloth boards, with uncut edges.

(30.)

[A WORD FOR THE NAVY: 1887.]

A / Word for the Navy / A Poem / by / Algernon Charles Swinburne / "He laid his hand upon 'the Ocean's mane,' / And played familiar with his hoary locks." / London / Charles Ottley, Landon, & Co. / 1887.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. 16; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3–4; and Text pp. 5–16. The head-line is *A Word for the Navy* throughout, on both sides of the page. At the foot of p. 16 is the following imprint—"T. Rignall, Printer, Whitefriars, March, 1887."

Issued (in *March* 1887) in pale green paper wrappers, lettered "A / Word for the Navy" upon the centre of the front cover. It is said that not more than twenty-five copies were printed.

(*Another Edition.*)

In the same year (1887) *A Word for the Navy* was again issued in pamphlet form, but with nothing upon its title-page to denote that it was a second edition. However, as it was not published until *August*, whilst the one described above had appeared already in *March*, that pamphlet must undoubtedly be considered as the *Editio Princeps* of the work.

A Word for the Navy / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / [*printers' device*] / London / George Redway / MDCCCLXXXVII.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. 16; consisting of Half-title (with certificate of issue on the reverse), pp. 1–2; Title-page, as above (with imprint on reverse—"Chiswick Press:—C. Whittingham and Co. / Tooks Court, Chancery Lane"), pp. 3–4; and Text pp. 5–16. There is a head-line

A Word for the Navy throughout, on both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 16.

Issued (in *August* 1887) in stiff mottled-grey paper wrappers, with the title reproduced upon the front. On p. 3 of the cover is an advertisement of Mr. Herne Shepherd's *Bibliography of Swinburne.* Two hundred and fifty copies were printed, all upon Whatman's hand-made paper. The published price was Five Shillings.

It is worth recording that Mr. Redway's edition of the poem had been set up in type, but immediately withdrawn, two months before it was actually published. Two copies of the proofs of this earlier intended issue have been preserved, one of which is in the Library of the British Museum. It is noteworthy that in this earlier draft the second line of stanza iv. ran *Strong Germany, girded with guile;* the reading of the published version being *Dark Muscovy, girded with guile.* The manuscript reads *Dark Germany,* as also does the *Editio Princeps* of the work.

Also printed in *Sea Song / and / River Rhyme / from Chaucer to Tennyson / selected and edited by / Estelle Davenport Adams / With a new poem / by / Algernon Charles Swinburne / With twelve Etchings* / London / George Redway / MDCCCLXXXVII; pp. vii.–viii.

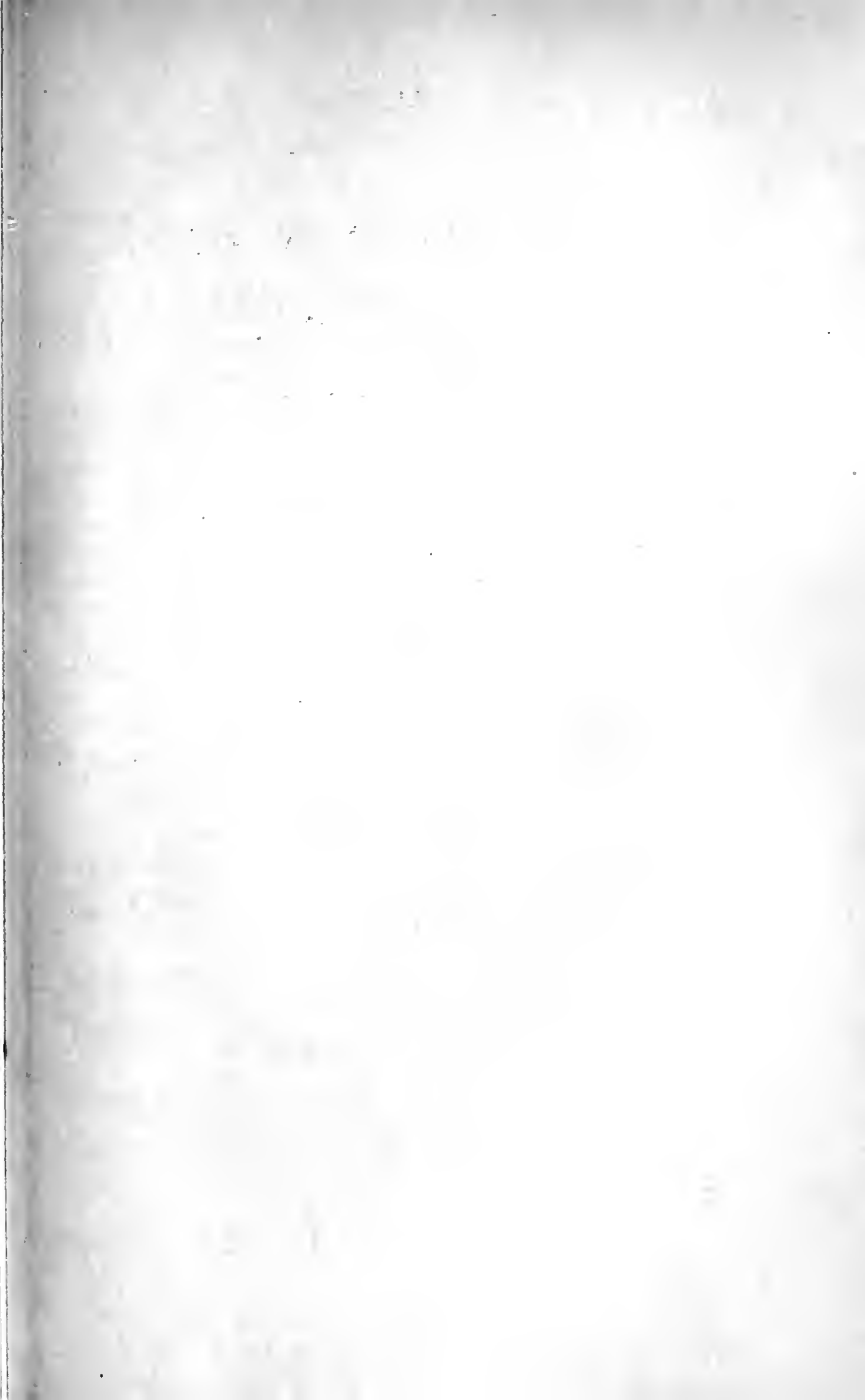
(*Popular Edition.*)

One Penny / A Word / for / the Navy / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / Popular Edition / London / George Redway / MDCCCXCVI.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. 16; consisting of Title-page, as above, p. 1; Publisher's Note p. 2; abbreviated title * p. 3; p. 4 is blank; and Text pp. 5–16.

Issued (on *January 23rd,* 1896) stitched, and without wrappers.

* *A Word for the Navy / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / London / George Redway* / MDCCCXCVI.



IV.

Smooth France, as a serpent for rancour,
Strong Germany, girded with guile,
Lay wait for thee riding at anchor
On waters that whisper & smile.
They deem thee or dream thee
Less living now than dead,
Deep sunken & drunken
With sleep whence fear has fled.

V.

And what though thy song as thine action
Wax faint, & thy place be not known,
While faction is grappling with faction,
Twin curs with thy corpse for a bone?
They care not, who spare not
The noise of pens or throats;
Who bluster & muster
Blind ranks & bellowing votes.

SWINBURNE'S A WORD FOR THE NAVY.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

The "Publisher's Note" is somewhat misleading. It states that:

"*This Poem was issued by me ten years ago, and circulated at a high price among a limited number of book collectors. It is now re-issued with a few alterations rendered desirable by change of national circumstances.*"

The statement that the poem was re-issued "with a few alterations rendered desirable by change of national circumstances," means that the line [stanza ii, line iv]

Strong Germany, girded with guile

replaced the

Dark Muscovy, girded with guile

of Mr. Redway's edition of 1887.

But this was no new reading, the words *Strong Germany* appearing, as has already been stated, in the original Manuscript, in the *Editio Princeps*, described above, and also in the early proofs of the Redway edition. The most that can be said for the popular edition is that it has the original reading *restored.*

The history of this poem, prior to its publication, is interesting. In the year 1886 Mr. George Redway became possessed of a volume of letters in Mr. Swinburne's autograph, addressed to Mr. Charles Augustus Howell, at one time private secretary to John Ruskin. A number of these letters their writer desired to recover, and the final outcome of the negotiations was that Mr. Redway handed to Mr. Swinburne such of the letters as he desired to retain, receiving in return the Copyright and Manuscript of *A Word for the Navy.* This MS. (which occupies 3½ pages of blue foolscap paper) was sold by Mr. Redway to Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., and duly figured in their catalogue at the price of £25. It is now in Mr. Wise's Swinburne collection. The remainder of the letters above mentioned were sold by Mr. Redway to Mr. Walter B. Slater, in whose hands they still remain.

A Word for the Navy is the only one of Mr. Swinburne's writings the copyright of which he has parted with.

(31.)

[THE QUESTION: 1887.]

The Question / MDCCCLXXXVII / A Poem / by / Algernon

Charles Swinburne / London / Charles Ottley, Landon, & Co. / 1887.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. 15 ; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2 ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3–4 ; and Text pp. 5–15. The head-line is *The Question* throughout, on both sides of the page. The imprint, which occurs at the foot of p. 15, is : "T. Rignall, Printer, Whitefriars, May, 1887."

Issued in pale green paper wrappers, lettered "*The Question*" upon the centre of the front cover. Twenty-five copies only are said to have been printed.

Also printed in *The Daily Telegraph*, Friday, *April 29th*, 1887.

The Question has been dropped by its author, and is not included in any of Mr. Swinburne's collected volumes ; and, considering the controversial nature of the subject treated, it is in the highest degree improbable that it will ever be revived. It contains some bitter verses addressed to Mr. Gladstone :—

The hoary henchman of the gang
Lifts hands that never dew or rain
May cleanse from Gordon's blood again,
Appealing : pity's tenderest pang
Thrills his pure heart with pain.

Grand helmsman of the clamorous crew,
The good grey recreant quakes and weeps
To think that crime no longer creeps
Safe toward its end : that murderers too
May die when mercy sleeps.

* * * * * *

The dower that Freedom brings the slave
She weds is vengeance : why should we,
Whom equal laws acclaim as free,
Think shame, if men too blindly brave
Steal, murder, skulk, and flee ?

At kings they strike in Russia : there
Men take their life in hand who slay
Kings : these, that have not heart to lay
Hand save on girls whose ravaged hair
Is made the patriot's prey.

* * * * * *

Be it ours to undo a woful past,
To bid the bells of concord chime,
To break the bonds of suffering crime,
Slack now, that some would make more fast
Such teaching comes of time.

(32.)

[THE JUBILEE : 1887.]

The Jubilee / MDCCCLXXXVII / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / London / Charles Ottley, Landon, & Co. / 1887.

Collation :—Square post octavo, pp. 21 ; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2 ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3–4 ; and Text pp. 5–21. The head-line is *The Jubilee* throughout, on both sides of the page. Immediately after the text is a leaf with the following imprint upon its recto : "T. Rignall, Printer, Whitefriars, June, 1887."

Printed on thick Dutch (*Van Gelder*) hand-made paper ; and issued in pale green paper wrappers, lettered "*The Jubilee*" upon the centre of the front cover. Twenty-five copies only are reported to have been printed. One of these is in the British Museum.

The Jubilee also appeared in *The Nineteenth Century*, vol. xxi, *June* 1887, pp. 781–791.

Reprinted—under the amended title of "*The Commonweal*, 1887" —in *Poems and Ballads, Third Series*, 1889, pp. 7–23.

(33.)

[GATHERED SONGS: 1887.]

Gathered Songs / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / London / Charles Ottley, Landon, & Co. / 1887.

Collation:—Small quarto, pp. 34; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. 1-2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3-4; Table of Contents (with blank reverse), pp. 5-6; and Text pp. 5-34. There are head-lines throughout, each page being headed with the title of the poem occupying it. Immediately succeeding the text is a leaf having the following imprint upon its recto: "T. Rignall, Printer, Whitefriars, July, 1887."

Printed on Dutch (*Van Gelder*) hand-made paper; and issued in pale green paper wrappers, lettered "*Gathered Songs*" upon the centre of the front cover.

In a copy of the last issue of the late Richard Herne Shepherd's *Bibliography of Swinburne* (published by George Redway in the Spring of 1877), corrected in manuscript with a view to the production of a revised and enlarged edition, is a statement that "twenty-five copies only of this book have been printed. They are not offered for sale."

Contents.

PP.

The Commonweal . . . . 7—16

Previously printed in *The Times*, Thursday, *July 1st*, 1886, p. 9, col. 5.
[Not reprinted in any later collected volume.]

The Interpreters . . . . 17—21

Previously printed in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, vol. iii., *October*, 1885, pp. 3-4.
Reprinted in *Poems and Ballads, Third Series*, 1889, pp. 112-115.

In a Garden . . . . 23—27

eviously printed in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, vol. iv., *December*, 1886, pp. 131-132.
printed in *Poems and Ballads, Third Series*, 1889, pp. 83-84.

	PP.
A Ballad of Bath	29—34

Previously printed in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, vol. iv., *February*, 1887, pp. 371-372.
Reprinted in *Poems and Ballads, Third Series*, 1889, pp. 80–82.

Each poem is preceded by a Fly-title (with blank reverse) which is included in the pagination.

(34.)

[UNPUBLISHED VERSES: 1888.]

Unpublished Verses / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / [1866[1]].

Collation:—Octavo, pp. iv; consisting of Title, as above (with blank reverse), pp. i–ii; and the Text of the Verses (eighteen lines in all) pp. iii–iv.

These lines:

As the refluent sea-weed moves in the languid exuberant stream,
Stretches and swings to the slow passionate pulse of the sea, &c.,

are certainly the work of Mr. Swinburne, and were written in or about the year 1866. But the leaflet described above was not issued by him; neither was it printed with his authority or consent. It is a simple piracy, and was printed at the instance of the late Richard Herne Shepherd. The leaflet was offered for sale by Mr. Shepherd at the price of 4*s*. 6*d*., he stating that only *twelve* copies had been struck off. This statement was entirely untrue. The number printed must have been considerable, as not only did the leaflet figure in the catalogues of more than twelve booksellers within a few weeks of the date of its issue, but one firm of booksellers alone bought some thirty copies at half-a-crown each, upon the understanding that these constituted the entire remainder.

But, as with his pirated editions of Tennyson's *Lover's Tale*, &c., so with Mr. Swinburne's *Verses*. No sooner had the stock of copies in his hands become exhausted, than he reprinted the leaflet in facsimile,

[1] This very misleading date upon the title-page of the leaflet signifies that the *Verses* were *written* in 1866, not that they were published in that year. They were printed and circulated in *March* 1888.

and was thus enabled to continue to supply copies of it to any would-be buyer, the price gradually falling to 6*d*., and even 4*d*., per copy. One gentleman still holds a parcel of something like sixty copies which he bought from Mr. Shepherd for twenty-five shillings, Mr. Shepherd having pressed him to purchase them as a favour to himself.

There need be no difficulty in detecting the difference between copies of the two printings of these *Verses :* the name *Algernon Charles Swinburne* upon the first page measures exactly *two inches* in the first issued leaflet; in the reprint they measure *two inches and three-eighths.* But as the whole thing is a worthless piracy, and neither issue is of the smallest pecuniary value, it matters but little which variety one may chance to possess.

The Manuscript of the *Verses* is still extant, and was quite recently in the market.

(35.)

[THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY: 1889.]

The / Bride's Tragedy. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne, / London: Printed Privately: 1889.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. 15; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3-4; and Text pp. 5-15. The head-line is *The Bride's Tragedy* throughout, on both sides of the page.

Issued in plain paper wrappers, of a pale buff colour. Printed upon hand-made paper, uniform with *The Ballad of Dead Men's Bay.*

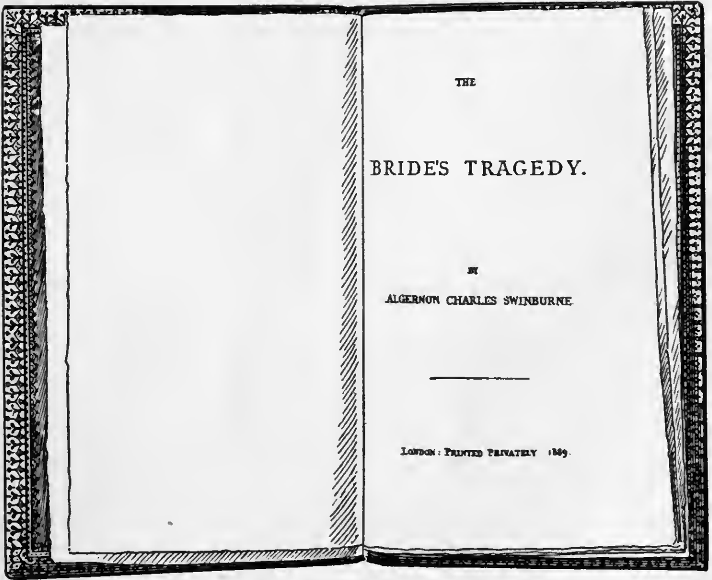
Also printed in *The Athenæum*, No. 3202 (*March 9th*, 1889), p. 311.

The Bride's Tragedy was afterwards included in *Poems and Ballads, Third Series*, 1889, pp. 160-166.

(36.)

[THE BALLAD OF DEAD MEN'S BAY: 1889.]

The Ballad / of / Dead Men's Bay. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / London: / Printed Privately: 1889.



THE

BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

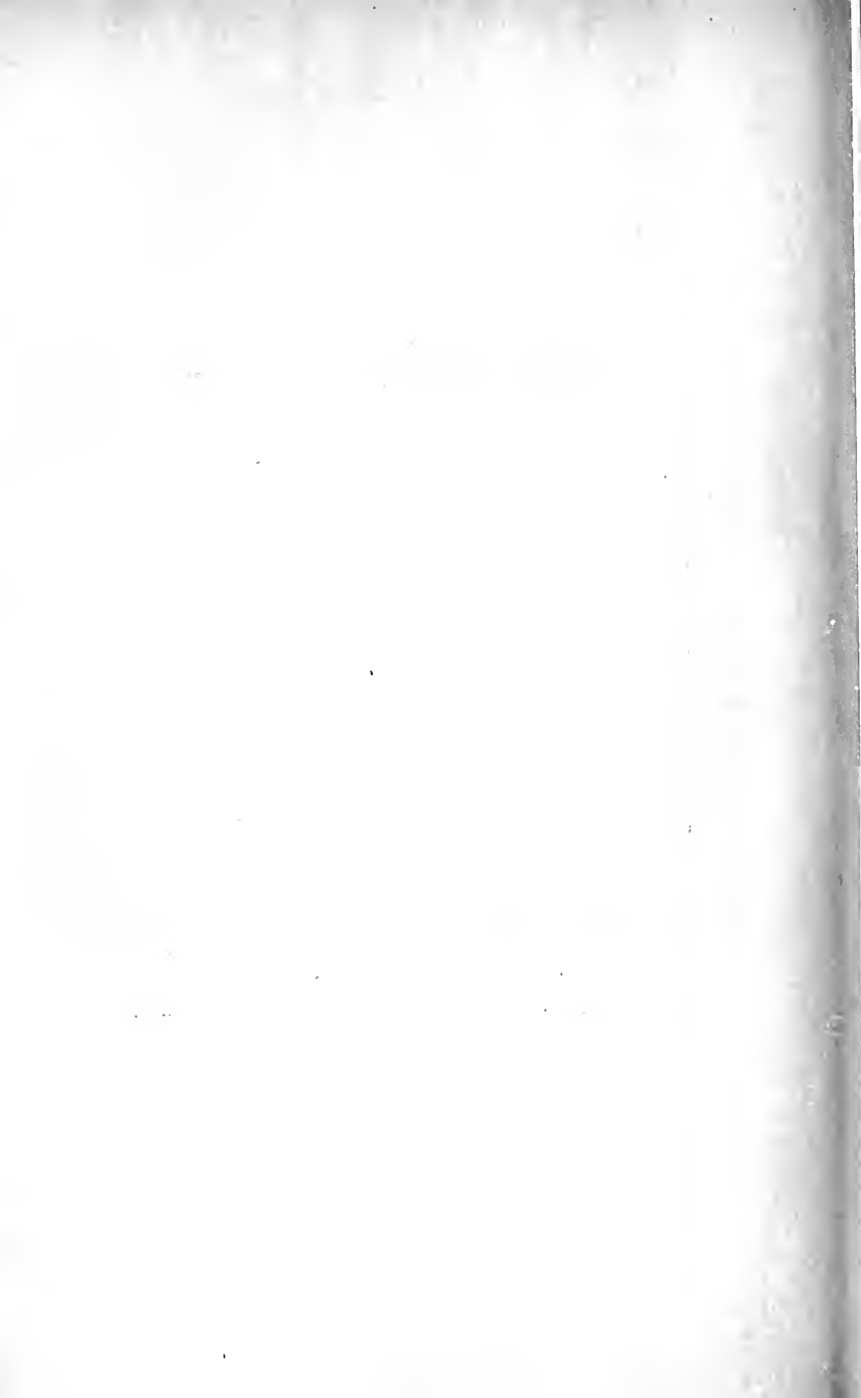
BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

LONDON: PRINTED PRIVATELY 1889.

Swinburne's *The Bride's Tragedy*.

From a copy of the original in the possession of Mr. Thos. J. Wise.



Collation :—Post octavo, pp. 14; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3-4; and Text pp. 5-14. The head-line throughout is: *The Ballad of / Dead Men's Bay.* There is an imprint: "*Printed Privately*: 1889," at the foot of the last page.

Issued in paper wrappers, of a pale buff colour, with the title-page reproduced upon the front. There is a copy in the British Museum.

The *Ballad* was also printed in *The Athenæum*, No. 3229 (*September 14th*, 1889), pp. 352-353.

Afterwards included in *Astrophel, and other Poems*, 1894, pp. 214-221.

(37.)

[THE BROTHERS: 1889.]

The / Brothers. / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne. / Printed: 1889.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. 8; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3-4; and Text pp. 5-8. There are no head-lines, the pages being numbered centrally. There is also no imprint.

Issued in plain thin blue paper wrappers.

The Brothers first appeared in *The People*, No. 428, for *December 22nd*, 1889. It was afterwards included in *Astrophel, and other Poems*, 1894, pp. 204-209. The separate edition, described above, is an exceedingly rough and unsightly production. It was printed at the newspaper office from the types of *The People*. A few copies only were so struck off, and distributed privately. One of these copies is in the British Museum.

(38.)

[A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS: 1890.]

A Sequence of Sonnets / on the Death of Robert Browning

By / A. C. Swinburne / London / Printed for Private Circulation / MDCCCXC.

Collation :—Square octavo, pp. 13; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3-4; Prefatory Note (with blank reverse), pp. 5-6;* and Text pp. 7–13. The head-line is *A Sequence of Sonnets* throughout, on both sides of the page. There is no imprint.

Issued in dark slate coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced upon the front.

These *Sonnets* also appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* for *January*, 1890. They were afterwards reprinted in *Astrophel, and other Poems*, 1894, pp. 136-142. There is a copy of the pamphlet in the British Museum.

Robert Browning died at Asolo on December 12th, 1889.

* This *Prefatory Note* states that "A few copies only have been printed in this separate form more befitting the occasion." It may safely be prophesied that these "few copies," forming as they do a connecting link between two of the foremost poets of the age, will at no distant date prove to occupy a conspicuous position in the list of modern poetical rarities.

(39.)

[The Ballad of Bulgarie: 1893.]

The / Ballad of Bulgarie / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / London / Printed for Private Circulation / MDCCCXCIII.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. 15; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2; leaf with blank recto, and with a portrait of the poet (to face the Title-page) upon the reverse, pp. 3-4; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 5-6; leaf with a *Note* upon its recto, and blank reverse, pp. 7-8; and Text pp. 9-15. There is no imprint. The head-line is *The Ballad of Bulgarie* throughout, upon both sides of the page.

Issued in plain paper wrappers, of a pale orange colour.

The Ballad of Bulgarie appeared only in the private pamphlet here described. It has never been reprinted in any shape or form, and it is in the highest degree improbable that it ever will be revived. The following lines, extracted as a specimen of the Ballad, will therefore be of interest :—

The gentle Knight, Sir John de Bright,
(Of Brummagemme was he,)
Forth would he prance with lifted lance
For love of Bulgarie.
No lance in hand for the other land,
Sir Bright would ever take ;
For wicked works, save those of Turks,
No head of man would break ;
But that Bulgarie should not be free,
This made his high heart quake.
From spur to plume a star of doom,
(Few knights be like to him,)
How shone from far that stormy star,
His basnet broad of brim !
'Twas not for love of Cant above,
Nor Cotton's holy call,
But a lance would he break for Bulgary's sake,
And Termagant should sprawl.
The mother-maid, Our Lady of Trade,
His spurs on heel she bound,
She belted the brand for his knightly hand,
Full wide the silk went round ;
And the brand was bright as his name, to smite
The spawn of false Mahound.
His basnet broad that all men awed
No broader was to see,
From brim to brim that shadowed him
As forth to fight rode he,
South-east by south, with his war-cry in mouth,
" St. John for Bulgarie ! "

* * * * * * *

Ha! Beauseant! said Sir Bright, Gods Bread!
And by God's mother dear!
By my halidom! nay, I might add, perfay!
What catiff wights be here?
Tho' Sir Thomas look black and Sir William go back
What tongue is mine to wag
By the help of our Lady, tho' matters look shady,
It shall fight for the Red Cross flag;
Shout, gentlemen, for sweet Saint Penn!
Up, gallants, for Saint George!
(*His name in his day was Fox, by the way*)
Till the Paynim fiend disgorge,
Till he loosen his hold of the shrines of old
That yet his clutch is on,
Till the Sepulchre Blest by our arms repossessed,
As soon as his own shall be gone,
And the mount of night that Olivet bright,
Strike, strike for Sweet Saint John!

The prefatory *Note* reads thus:—*The following lines were sent by Mr. Swinburne to an evening newspaper in December*, 1876, *but withheld from publication. They are here printed from the poet's manuscript without the slightest emendation, either in punctuation or any other matter.*

A copy of this interesting booklet is preserved in the British Museum. Another is included in the important collection of Mr. Swinburne's writings possessed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and is duly described (p. 172), in the beautiful *Catalogue* of his Library.

(40.)

[Grace Darling: 1893.]

Grace Darling / By / Algernon Charles Swinburne / London / Printed only for Private Circulation / 1893.

Collation:—Post quarto, pp. 20; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3-4; Certificate of Issue (with blank reverse), pp. 5-6; Dedication to Grace Darling, in four lines of

verse (with blank reverse), pp. 7-8; and Text pp. 9-20. The head-line is *Grace Darling* throughout, upon both sides of the page. Facing the last page is a leaf with the following imprint upon its recto: "*London: | "Printed by Richard Clay and Sons, Limited, | Bread Street Hill, and Bungay, Suffolk.* | 1893."

Issued in white 'Japanese Vellum' boards, lettered in gilt up the back: "*Grace Darling—A. C. Swinburne*—1893." Thirty copies only were printed upon Whatman's hand-made paper, and three upon fine Vellum.

Grace Darling also appeared in the Summer number of *The Illustrated London News* (*June* 1893), pp. 1–4, accompanied by six illustrations. The poem was reprinted in *Astrophel, and other Poems*, 1894, pp. 69–79.

PART II.

UNCOLLECTED CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Editors of "Literary Anecdotes" can hardly suppose that they have succeeded in tracing every one of Mr. Swinburne's uncollected fugitive writings; they would therefore be grateful for a note of any item which may chance to be absent from the following list.

(1.)

Fraser's Magazine, Vol. xxxix, No. 231, *March* 1849, p. 258.

STANZAS. ("*Where shall I follow thee, wild floating Symphony?*") [Four stanzas, 16 lines in all.]

(2.)

Fraser's Magazine, Vol. xxxix, No. 233, *May* 1849, p. 544.

LINES. ("*To struggle when Hope is banished.*") [Six stanzas, 24 lines in all.]

(3.)

Fraser's Magazine, Vol. xliii, No. 253, *January* 1851, p. 15.

STANZAS. ("*Oh! sing no Song of a joyous mood.*") [Three stanzas, 27 lines in all.]

(4.)

Fraser's Magazine, Vol. liii, No. 318, *June* 1856, p. 631.

PEACE. ("*Peace, Peace! How soon shall we forget.*") [Six stanzas, 24 lines in all.]

(5.)

The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography, Edited by John Francis Waller, LL.D., London, 1857, p. 979.

WILLIAM CONGREVE. [Prose article.]

(6.)

The Spectator, June 7th, 1862, pp. 632–633.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR REGARDING MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S *Modern Love.*

Reprinted in *George Meredith / Some Characteristics / By / Richard Le Gallienne /* . . . 1890, pp. xxiv-xxvii.

(7.)

The Spectator, September 6th, 1862, pp. 998–1000.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE: *Les Fleurs du Mal.* [Prose article.]

(8.)

The Royal Academy Catalogue, 1865, p. 20.

GENTLE SPRING. [A Sonnet—14 lines.]

O virgin mother! of gentle days and nights. &c.

Written to accompany a picture by Frederick Sandys, bearing that title, included in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1865.

(9.)

The Children of the Chapel. A Tale. By the Author of *The Chorister Brothers, Mark Dennis*, etc. [Miss Gordon = Mrs. Disney Leith.] . . . London: 1864. [*Second Edition*, 1865.]

Most of the fragments of verse scattered throughout the pages of this volume were by Mr. Swinburne, particularly the lengthy poem of 38 lines (pp. 104–105), commencing:

Your mouths were hot with meat, your lips were
sweet with wine,
There was gold upon your feet, on your heads
was gold most fine.

The other long poem (pp. 61–63) commencing:

I am mickle of might,
I am seemly of sight,
My name is Vain Delight
If ye would know:

is not the work of Mr. Swinburne.

Mr. Swinburne's poems have never appeared elsewhere than in the two editions of this little book.

(10.)

Report of the Seventy-seventh Anniversary Dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, 1866, p. 27.

SPEECH IN REPLY TO THE TOAST *The Imaginative Literature of England.*

The dinner was held at Willis's Rooms, on *Wednesday*, *May 2nd*, 1866.

(11.)

The Athenæum, *October 9th*, 1869, p. 463.

EDITORS SUB-EDITED.

A letter, signed and dated, disavowing the authorship of a note on p. 150 of *Christabel and the Lyrical and Imaginative Poems of S. T. Coleridge*, *Arranged and Introduced by A. C. Swinburne*, *London*, 1869.

(12.)

The Daily Telegraph, Friday, *October 22nd*, 1869, p. 5, col. 6.

VICTOR HUGO AND ENGLISH ANONYMS.

A letter to the Editor, signed and dated, criticising a review of the writer's *Victor Hugo: "L'Homme qui Rit,"* which had appeared in *The Times* for *October 14th*, 1869.

(13.)

The Dark Blue, Vol i, No. 5, *July* 1871, pp. 568–577.

SIMEON SOLOMON: Notes on his *Vision of Love*, and other studies.

(14.)

The Fortnightly Review, Vol. xii, *New Series*, *December* 1872, pp. 751–753.

MR. JOHN NICHOL'S *Hannibal: A Historical Drama.* [Prose article.]

(15.)

The Spectator, *May* 31*st*, 1873, p. 697.

MR. SWINBURNE'S SONNETS IN *The Examiner.*

A letter, signed and dated, addressed to the Editor of *The Spectator.*

(16.)

The Examiner, *June* 7*th*, 1873, pp. 585–586.

CHRISTIANITY AND IMPERIALISM. [Prose article.]

(17.)

The Fortnightly Review, Vol. xvii, *New Series*, *February* 1875, pp. 217–232.

AN UNKNOWN POET.

An account of Charles Wells, and his dramatic Poem *Joseph and his Brethren.*
This article was inserted as an Introduction to the 1876 reprint of *Joseph and his Brethren*, the extracts only being omitted [See *post*, No. 29.]

(18.)

The Examiner, April 10th, 1875, p. 408.

MR. SWINBURNE AND HIS CRITICS.

A letter, signed and dated, to the Editor of *The Examiner.*

(19.)

The Athenæum, No. 2483, *May 29th*, 1875, p. 720.

THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

A letter, signed, and dated "3, *Great James Street, May* 26, 1875," addressed to the Editor of *The Athenæum.*

A vigorous protest against the action of The Society for the Suppression of Vice in regard to an edition of Rabelais published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

(20.)

Encyclopædia Britannica, Ninth Edition, Vol. iii, Edinburgh, 1875, pp. 469–474.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. [Prose article.]

(21.)

The Examiner, November 20th, 1875, p. 1304.

EPITAPH ON A SLANDERER. [One stanza of 4 lines.]

He whose heart and soul and tongue
Once above-ground stunk and stung,
Now, less noisome than before,
Stinks here still, but stings no more.

(22.)

The Works of George Chapman, 3 Vols., 1875, Vol. i, pp. ix–lxxi.

AN ESSAY ON THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF GEORGE CHAPMAN.

(23.)

The Examiner, December 11th, 1875, p. 1388.

THE DEVIL'S DUE.

A letter (signed "*Thomas Maitland*," and dated "*St. Kilda December* 28, 1875") regarding Mr. Robert Buchanan's pseudonymous attack in *The Fleshly School of Poetry* [then not yet reissued under its author's name], and the Earl of Southesk's *Jonas Fisher*.

It is said that concurrently with its appearance in the columns of *The Examiner*, *The Devil's Due* was printed in pamphlet form for private distribution, but was rigidly suppressed in consequence of the unexpected result of the action for libel brought by Mr. Robert Buchanan against Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., the Proprietor of *The Examiner*. If such a pamphlet does exist it must be of the utmost rarity, as no copy is known to the Editors of *Literary Anecdotes*, who have instituted a lengthy search in the hopes of finding a stray example. In any case if printed at all it must have been distributed at the instance of the Editor of *The Examiner*, as it was certainly not issued upon Mr. Swinburne's initiative.

(24.)

The Athenæum, No. 2516, *January 15th*, 1876, p. 87.

A DISCOVERY.

A note, signed, ridiculing Mr. F. G. Fleay's article *Who wrote "Henry VI."?*

(25.)

The Academy, January 15th, 1876, pp. 53–55.

"KING HENRY VIII.," AND THE ORDEAL BY METRE.

A letter, signed and dated, addressed to the Editor of *The Academy*.

(26.)

The Academy, January 29th, 1876, p. 98.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR'S LYRICS.

A letter, signed and dated, addressed to the Editor of *The Academy.*

(27.)

The Examiner, April 1st, 1876, pp. 381-383.

REPORT OF THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE NEWEST SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY. [Prose article.]

(28.)

The Athenæum, No. 2533, *May 13th*, 1876, p. 664.

CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS TO GODWIN.

A letter, signed, addressed to the Editor of *The Athenæum*, and dated "3, *Great James Street, Bedford Row.*"

(29.)

Joseph and his Brethren. A Dramatic Poem, By Charles Wells, London, 1876.

AN INTRODUCTION, BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

Reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review*, for *February*, 1875. [See *ante*, No. 17.]

(30.)

The Academy, November 25th, 1876, p. 520.

MR. FORMAN'S EDITION OF SHELLEY. [Prose article.]

(31.)

The Encyclopædia Britannica, Ninth Edition, 1876, Vol. v, pp. 396-397.

GEORGE CHAPMAN. [Prose article.]

(32.)

The Athenæum, No. 2570, *January 27th*, 1877, p. 117.

THE "ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE."

A letter, signed, but not dated, addressed to the Editor of *The Athenæum*.

(33.)

The Athenæum, No. 2574, *February 24th*, 1877, p. 257.

VICTOR HUGO: "LA SIESTE DE JEANNE."

A letter, signed, to the Editor of *The Athenæum*, dated "*February 17th*, 1877."

(34.)

The Athenæum, No. 2576, *March 10th*, 1877, pp. 319-320.

"BALLADS AND POEMS."

A letter, signed, refuting the statement that any of the pieces originally published in the first edition of the first series of *Poems and Ballads* had been suppressed. [See *ante*, pp. 312-313, where this very decisive letter is given at length.]

(35.)

The Athenæum, No. 2578, *March 24th*, 1877, p. 383.

"POEMS AND BALLADS."

A second letter, signed, upon the same subject as the foregoing.

(36.)

The Athenæum, *April 14th*, 1877, pp. 481-482.

"THE COURT OF LOVE."

A letter, signed and dated, addressed to the Editor of *The Athenæum*.

(37.)

The Athenæum, No. 2590, *June 16th*, 1877, p. 768.

NOTE ON A QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

A signed protest against the publication of Zola's *L'Assommoir* in *La République des Lettres.*

(38.)

Edgar Allan Poe: A Memorial Volume. By Sara Sigourney Rice. 4to. Baltimore, 1877.

A letter, signed and dated, addressed to Miss Sara S. Rice. The letter is given in *facsimile.*

(39.)

The Pall Mall Gazette, *July 15th*, 1877.

NOTE ON THE WORDS "*irremeable*" AND "*perdurable.*"

(40.)

The Tatler, Vol. 2, *August 25th*, to *December 29th*, 1877, pp. 13–15, 37–38, 61–63, 85–86, 109–111, 133–135, 157–160, 181–183, 205–207, 229–231, 253–256, 277–280, 301–303, 325–327, 349–351, 373–376, 397–400, 421–425, 445–447.

A YEAR'S LETTERS. BY MRS. HORACE MANNERS.

A novel in Thirty Chapters (the story being related in the form of Letters), together with a *Prologue* of Five Chapters. The whole preceded by a prefatory letter "*To the Author,*" the ironical tone of which may be gathered from the following extract :—

Dear Madam,

I have read your manuscript with due care and attention, and regret that I cannot but pass upon it a verdict anything but favourable. A long sojourn in France, it appears to me, has vitiated your principles and confused your judgment. Whatever

may be the case abroad, you must know that in England marriages are usually prosperous; that among us divorces are unknown, and infidelities incomprehensible. The wives and mothers of England are exempt, through some inscrutable and infallible law of nature, from the errors to which women in other countries are but too fatally liable. If I understand aright the somewhat obscure drift of your work, you bring upon the stage at least one married Englishwoman who prefers to her husband another man. This may happen on the Continent: in England it cannot happen. You are not, perhaps, aware that some years since it was proposed to establish among us a Divorce Court. In a very few months it collapsed, amid the jeers and hoots of a Christian and matrimonial people. There were no cases to be tried. England passed through the furnace of this experiment, and came out pure. Tested by the final and inevitable verdict of public opinion, the Divorce Court was found superfluous and impertinent. Look in the English papers and you will see no reports, no trials, no debates on this subject. Marriage in England is indissoluble, is sacred, is fortunate in every instance. Only a few perverse and fanciful persons still venture to imagine or suggest that a British household can be other than the chosen home of constancy and felicity. . . . I recommend you, therefore, to suppress, or even to destroy, this book, for two reasons: it is a false picture of domestic life in England, because it suggests as possible the chance that a married lady may prefer some stranger to her husband, which is palpably and demonstrably absurd. It is also, as far as I can see, deficient in purpose and significance. Morality, I need not add, is the soul of art; a picture, a poem, or story must be judged by the lesson it conveys. If it strengthens our hold upon fact, if it heightens our love of truth, if it rekindles our ardour for the right, it is admissible as good; if not, what shall we say of it?

I remain Madam,
yours sincerely,
* * * * * * * * *

Buried in Chapter xx (p. 326 of *The Tatler*) is the following set of verses, not elsewhere printed :—

I.

Fair face, fair head, and goodly gentle brows,
Sweet beyond speech and bitter beyond measure;
A thing to make all vile things virtuous,
Fill fear with force and pain's heart's blood with pleasure;
Unto thy love my love takes flight, and flying
Between thy lips alights and falls to sighing.

II.

Breathe, and my soul spreads wing upon thy breath;
Withhold it, in thy breath's restraint I perish;
Sith life indeed is life, and death is death,
As thou shalt choose to chasten them or cherish;
As thou shalt please; for what is good in these
Except they fall and flower as thou shalt please?

III.

Day's eye, spring's forehead, pearl above pearls' price,
Hide me in thee where sweeter things are hidden,
Between the rose-roots and the roots of spice,
Where no man walks but holds his foot forbidden;
Where summer snow, in August apple-closes,
Nor frays the fruit nor ravishes the roses.

IV.

Yea, life is life, for thou hast life in sight;
And death is death, for thou and death are parted.
I love thee not for love of my delight,
But for thy praise, to make thee holy-hearted;
Praise is love's raiment, love the body of praise,
The topmost leaf and chaplet of his days.

V.

I love thee not for love's sake, nor for mine
Nor for thy soul's sake merely, nor thy beauty's;
But for that honour in me which is thine,
To make men praise me for my loving duties;
Seeing neither death nor earth nor time shall cover
The soul that lived on love of such a lover.

VI.

So shall thy praise be more than all it is,
As thou art tender and of piteous fashion.
Not that I bid thee stoop to pluck my kiss,
Too pale a fruit for thy red mouth's compassion;
But till love turn my soul's pale cheeks to red,
Let it not go down to the dusty dead.

(41.)

The Athenæum, No. 2611, *November* 10*th*, 1877, p. 597.

LAST WORDS OF THE 'AGAMEMNON.'

A letter to the Editor of *The Athenæum*, signed but not dated, regarding Robert Browning's translation of the *Agamemnon.*

(42.)

The Athenæum, No. 2623, *February* 2*nd*, 1878, p. 156.

'LOVE, DEATH, AND REPUTATION.'

A note, signed, regarding one of the pieces in Charles and Mary Lamb's *Poetry for Children*—which piece Mr. Swinburne shows to be merely a rhymed version of a passage in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi.*

(43.)

The Athenæum, No. 2624, *February* 9*th*, 1878.

NOTE ON A PASSAGE OF SHELLEY,

i.e., *Prometheus Unbound*, Act 3, Scene 1, lines 40–41.
"*Like him whom the Numidian seps did thaw*
Into a dew with poison."

(44.)

The Academy, *January* 10*th*, 1880, p. 28.

MR. SWINBURNE'S "STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE."

A letter, signed, and dated "*January* 3*rd*, 1880," addressed to

the Editor of *The Academy*, regarding Prof. Dowden's criticism of Mr. Swinburne's *Study of Shakespeare.*

(45.)

The Fortnightly Review, Vol. xxvii, *New Series*, *June* 1880, pp. 761–768.

VICTOR HUGO: "RELIGIONS ET RELIGION." [Prose article.]

(46.)

The Academy, No. 426, *July 3rd*, 1880, p. 9.

A letter, signed, addressed to the Editor of *The Academy*, and dated "*June 26th*, 1880."

(47.)

The Pall Mall Gazette, *December 6th*, 1880.

ON A PASSAGE IN LORD BEACONSFIELD'S "ENDYMION." [Prose Note, in French.]

Reprinted from *Le Rappel.*

(48.)

The Academy, *January 15th*, 1881.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW VOLUME.

A note on the misquotation, by *The Academy* reviewer, of a passage in *Studies in Song.*

(49.)

Le Rappel, Paris, *Fevrier* 19, 1881.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

A letter in French, signed and dated, addressed to the Editor of *Le Rappel.*

(50.)

The Athenæum, No. 2,808, *August 20th*, 1881, pp. 238–239.

SEVEN YEARS OLD. [Seven stanzas, 49 lines in all.]

(51.)

The Fortnightly Review, Vol. xxx, No. clxxx, *New Series*, *December* 1881, pp. 715–717.

DISGUST: A Dramatic Monologue. [Twelve stanzas, 66 lines in all.]

A parody of Lord Tennyson's *Despair: a Dramatic Monologue*, which had appeared in *The Nineteenth Century* for *November*, 1881.

Disgust has never been reprinted in any shape or form.

(52.)

The Athenæum, No. 2889, *March 10th*, 1883, p. 314.

A COINCIDENCE.

A letter, signed, to the Editor of *The Athenæum*, regarding Mr. A. H. Bullen's edition of the tragedy of *Sir John van Olden Barnavelt.*

(53.)

Le Rappel, Paris, *Lundi* 26 *Mars*, 1883.

LA QUESTION IRLANDAISE.

A letter, in French, signed "* * *," and dated "*Londres*, 21 *Mars*, 1883."

(54.)

Encyclopædia Britannica, *Ninth Edition*, Vol. xv, Edinburgh, 1883, pp. 556–558.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW. [Prose article.]

(55.)

Pall Mall Gazette, December 28th, 1883, p. 3.

A letter to the Editor denying the authorship of, and also all knowledge of, the poem *Dolorida*, which had been ascribed to him in a recent issue of the *Pall Mall*. [See *post*, p. 374, where this highly important letter is given in full.]

(56.)

The Spectator, March 29th, 1884, p. 411.
Ditto *April 5th*, 1884, p. 441.
Ditto *April 12th*, 1884, p. 486.
Ditto *April 26th*, 1884, p. 550.

STEELE OR CONGREVE?

Four letters, each signed and dated, addressed to the Editor of *The Spectator*.

(57.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xix, *January* 1886, pp. 138-153.

THOMAS MIDDLETON. [Prose article.]

Reprinted, with some revisions, as an Introduction to *Middleton* in "The Mermaid Series of the Best Plays of the Old Dramatists," 1887, pp. vii.-xxxviii. [See *post*, No. 71.]

(58–59.)

The Pall Mall Gazette, Vol. xliii, No. 6510, *January 26th*, 1886, pp. 1-2.
The Pall Mall Gazette, Vol. xliii, No. 6511, *January 27th*, 1886, p. 2.

THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS.

Two signed letters by Mr. Swinburne, in addition to the list of a hundred books.
Also printed in *Pall Mall Gazette "Extra,"* No. 24, *The Best Hundred Books*, pp. 9-10.

(60.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xix, *June* 1886, pp. 861-881

JOHN WEBSTER. [Prose article.]

(61.)

The Athenæum, No. 3080, *November 6th*, 1886, pp. 600-601.

THE LITERARY RECORD OF *The Quarterly Review.*

A letter addressed to the Editor of *The Athenæum*, signed, and dated "*November 1st*, 1886."

(62.)

The Athenæum, No. 3082, *November 20th*, 1886, p. 671.

THE LITERARY RECORD OF *The Quarterly Review.*

A second letter, upon the same subject as the foregoing, addressed to the Editor of *The Athenæum*, signed, and dated "*November 13th*, 1886."

(63.)

Sultan Stork, and other Stories and Sketches by William Makepeace Thackeray, London, 1887 [*published December* 1886], pp. vii. and viii.

THACKERAY AND *Fraser's Magazine.*

Two letters, signed and dated.

(64.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxi, No. 119, *January* 1887, pp. 81–103.

THOMAS DEKKER. [Prose article.]

(65)

The Athenæum, *February 19th*, 1887, p. 257.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON. (*Dated "February 15th*, 1887.") [A sonnet—14 lines.]

(66.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxi, *March* 1887, pp. 415-427.

CYRIL TOURNEUR. [Prose article.]

(67.)

The Times, *Friday*, *May 6th*, 1887.

A RETROSPECT.

A letter, signed and dated, addressed to the Editor of *The Times.*

(68.)

The St. James's Gazette, *Friday*, *May 6th*, 1887, p. 5.

UNIONISM AND CRIME.

A letter, signed, "*A Gladstonite*," addressed to the Editor of *The St. James's Gazette.*

(69.)

The Times, *Wednesday*, *May 11th*, 1887, p. 14, col. 5.

MAZZINI AND THE UNION.

A letter, signed and dated, addressed to the Editor of *The Times.*

(70.)

"Epipsychidion," by Percy Bysshe Shelley; with an Introduction by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., 1887, pp. lxi-lxvi.

NOTE ON *Epipsychidion*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Reprinted, with revisions, from *Essays and Studies*, 1875, pp. 229-230.

(71.)

The "Mermaid Series" of the Best Plays of the Old Dramatists, Edited by Havelock Ellis. *Thomas Middleton*, 1887, pp. vii.-xxxviii.

INTRODUCTION, by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Reprinted, with some amount of revision, from *The Nineteenth Century*, Vol. xix, *January* 1886, pp. 138-153. [See *ante*, No. 57.]

(72.)

The Athenæum, December 17th, 1887.

MAY, 1885. [Three stanzas, 11 lines in all.]

(73.)

The Nineteenth Century, No. 131, *January* 1888, pp. 127-129.

DETHRONING TENNYSON. A contribution to the Tennyson-Darwin controversy. [Prose article.]

(74.)

The Nineteenth Century, No. 134, *April* 1888, pp. 603-616.

BEN JONSON. [Prose article.]

(75.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxiv, No. 140, *October* 1888, pp. 531-547.

JOHN MARSTON. [Prose article.]

(76.)

The Athenæum, No. 3216, *June 15th*, 1889, p. 758.

GIORDANO BRUNO. June 9th, 1889. [Two sonnets, 28 lines.]

(77.)

The Fortnightly Review, Vol. xlvi, New Series, No. cclxxi, *July 1st*, 1889, pp. 1-23.

PHILIP MASSINGER. [Prose article.]

(78.)

The St. James's Gazette, Vol. xix, No. 2844, *Thursday, July 18th* 1889, p. 7.

THE BALLAD OF TRUTHFUL CHARLES.* [Four stanzas 28 lines in all.]

* *Charles Stewart Parnell.*

(79.)

The Pall Mall Gazette, September 24th, 1889, p. 4.

VICTOR HUGO AND MR. SWINBURNE.

A communication from the Rev. H. R. Haweis so entitled, containing, *inter alia*, a letter from Mr. Swinburne to Mr. Haweis, dated "*Holmwood, February 13th*, 1870."

(80.)

The Athenæum, No. 3267, *June 7th*, 1890, p. 736.

BEATRICE. [A Sonnet—14 lines.]

(81.)

The Fortnightly Review, Vol. xlviii, New Series, No. cclxxxiv, *August* 1890, pp. 165-167.

RUSSIA: AN ODE. Written after reading the account of "Russian Prisons," in *The Fortnightly Review* for *July* 1890. [Three sections, 78 lines in all.]

(82.)

The Athenæum, No. 3329, *August 15th*, 1891, p. 224.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1889.* [A Sonnet—14 lines.]

(83.)

The Fortnightly Review, No. cciv, *New Series, April* 1892, pp. 500-507.

RICHARD BROME. [Prose article.]

"*No Englishman will need to be reminded of the date on which Westminster Abbey was honoured by the funeral of Robert Browning.*"—Note by Mr. Swinburne, printed at the head of his Sonnet.

(84.)

The Athenæum, No. 3,379, *July* 30*th*, 1892, p. 159.

THE CENTENARY OF SHELLEY, July 22, 1892. [A sonnet—14 lines.]

Widely reprinted by the contemporary daily and weekly press.

(85.)

The Fortnightly Review, Vol. lii., No. cccxii., *New Series*, *December*, 1892, pp. 830-833.

THE NEW TERROR. (A "*protest against the issue of posthumous falsehoods and blundering absurdities such as disfigure the 'Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott.'*")

(86.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxv, No. 205, *March*, 1894, pp. 523—524.

ELEGY. ("*As a vesture shalt thou change them, said the prophet.*") [Seven stanzas, 56 lines in all.]

(87.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxvi, No. 209, *July*, 1894, p. 1.

CARNOT. [A Sonnet—14 lines.]

(88.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxvi, No. 210, *August*, 1894, pp. 315-316.

DELPHIC HYMN TO APOLLO (B.C. 280). Done into English by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

(89.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxvi, No. 214, *December*, 1894, pp. 1008—1010.

TO A BABY KINSWOMAN. [Ninety lines.]

(90.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxvii, No. 216, *February*, 1895, pp. 367-368.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE. (*Christina Rossetti died December 29th*, 1894.) [Ten stanzas, 40 lines in all.]

(91.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxvii., No. 218, *April*, 1895, pp. 646-656.

THE HISTORICAL AND CLASSICAL PLAYS OF THOMAS HEYWOOD. [Prose article.]

(92.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxviii, No. 221, *July*, 1895, pp. 1-2.

CROMWELL'S STATUE.* [Eight stanzas, 32 lines in all.]

* *Refused by the House of Commons on the 17th of June*, 1895.

(93.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxviii, No. 223, *September*, 1895, pp. 397-410.

THE ROMANTIC AND CONTEMPORARY PLAYS OF THOMAS HEYWOOD. [Prose article.]

(94.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxviii, No. 225, *November*, 1895, pp. 713-714.

TRAFALGAR DAY. [Eight stanzas, 32 lines in all.]

(95.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xxxix, No. 228, *February*, 1896 pp. 181-184.

ROBERT BURNS. [Eighteen stanzas, 108 lines in all.]

(96.)

Pall Mall Gazette, *February 26th*, 1896, pp. 1-2.

REMINISCENCE: LEIGHTON, BURTON, AND MRS. SARTORIS. Vichy, *September*, 1869. [Nine stanzas, 63 lines in all.]

"*A light has passed that never shall pass away.*" *&c.*

(97.)

The Pageant. Edited by C. Hazelwood Shannon, and J. W. Gleeson White. London, 4to, 1896, p. 1.

A ROUNDEL OF RABELAIS. [Three stanzas, 11 lines in all.]

The volume also contains (p. 101) a full-page portrait of Algernon Charles Swinburne—a chalk drawing by Will Rothenstein.

(98.)

The Sketch, *April 1st*, 1896.

A LETTER, addressed to Mr. Clement K. Shorter, regretting the writer's inability to be present at the dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club, held in *March*, 1886. The letter was read aloud by the Chairman at the dinner in question.

(99.)

The Athenæum, No. 3,581, *June 13th*, 1896, p. 779.

IN MEMORY OF AURELIO SAFFI. [Four stanzas, 16 lines in all.]

(100.)

The Athenæum, No. 3585, *July 11th*, 1896, p. 64.

PROLOGUE TO "THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS." [Forty-eight lines.]

Recited on the Revival of Marlowe's Play by the Elizabethan Stage Society, July 2nd, 1896.

(101.)

The Daily Chronicle, March 31st, 1896, p. 3.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

A review of a work of fiction so entitled, by Mr. Kenneth Grahame.

(102.)

The Nineteenth Century, Vol. xl, No. 235, *September*, 1896, pp. 341–344.

THE HIGH OAKS: Barking Hall, *July* 19, 1896. [Twelve stanzas, 108 lines in all.]

*** These verses were written for the birthday of the Author's mother.

APPENDIX.

WORKS ATTRIBUTED TO ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

(1.)

INFELICIA. By Adah Isaacs Menken. London: 1868. With engraved portrait, and numerous designs drawn on wood by Alfred Concanen. 12mo., pp. viii + 141.

During recent years it has been a more or less generally accepted fact that Mr. Swinburne is the author of a considerable number of the poems contained in the above volume. This, however, is not the case. Mr. Swinburne is not to be held responsible for any one of the thirty-one poems of which the book is composed.

In a copy of *Infelicia* which recently occurred for sale, the following interesting letter addressed by Adah Menken to her publisher was inserted :—

> *Dear Mr. Hotten,*
>
> *How long to wait for the 'proofs.' You do not forget? When am I to see you? When will you advertise the book? Remember I ask these questions merely from curiosity. The affair is all decidedly yours. I am satisfied with all you have done except the portrait, I do not find it to be in character with the volume. It looks* affected. *Perhaps I am a little vain—all women are—but the picture is certainly not beautiful. I have portraits that I think beautiful. I dare say they are not like me, but* I *posed for them. Do tell me, mon ami, can we not possibly have another made?*
>
> *Your friend,*
>
> *MENKEN.*

Infelicia is a covetable book, were it only for its Dickens interes ; but it has no place in a collection of the writings of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

(2.)

In the Album of Adah Menken [1883]. A doubled leaflet, containing the following stanzas on pp. 3–4 (four lines on each page):—

DOLORIDA.

Combien de temps, dis, la belle,
Dis, veux-tu m'être fidèle?—
Pour une nuit, pour un jour,
Mon amour.

L'Amour nous flatte et nous touche
Du doigt, de l'œil, de la bouche,
Pour un jour, pour une nuit,
Et s'enfuit.

The above lines are *not* by Mr. Swinburne. Not only has Mr. Swinburne stated verbally that he did not write them, but the following very emphatic letter addressed by him to the Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and printed in that paper on *December 28th*, 1883 (p. 3), places the matter beyond any possible doubt or question:—"*From 'The Pall Mall Gazette' I derive the information that 'Mr. A. C. Swinburne contributes 'Dolorida' to a 'Christmas Annual' entitled 'Walnuts and Wine.'* This announcement I presume to be a seasonable freak of jocose invention, and the contribution announced to be simply an example of Christmas burlesque; but in case any too innocent reader should imagine it to be anything else, I may perhaps as well mention that the annual and the editor, the contributor and the contribution, are all alike unknown to your obedient servant.*"

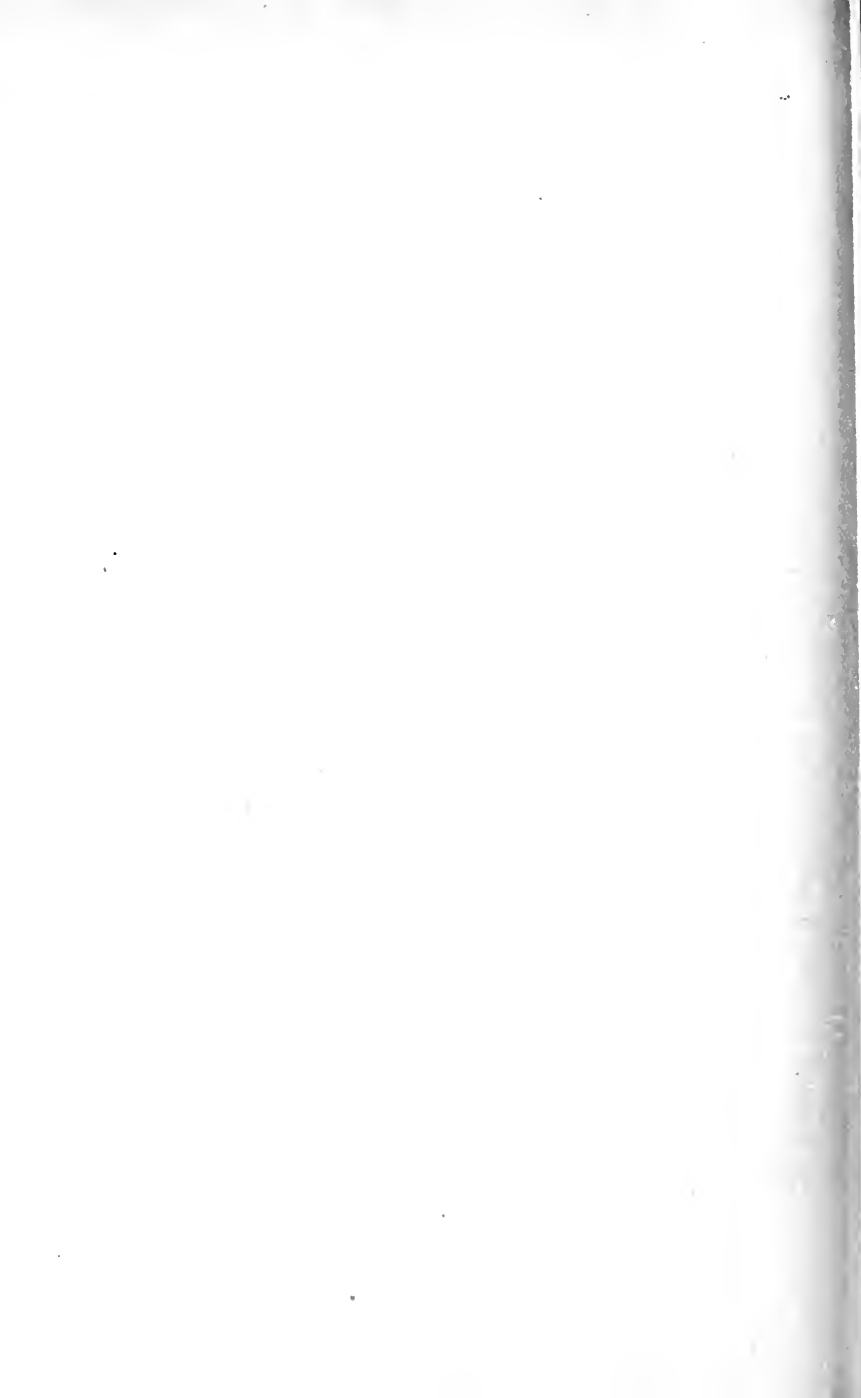
If, as has been stated, these lines exist in Mr. Swinburne's autograph, such 'autograph' must be an impudent forgery.

The leaflet containing *Dolorida* was printed and sold by the late Richard Herne Shepherd; and, in addition to the lines being incorrectly attributed to Mr. Swinburne, the leaflet itself is a worthless piracy. The number of copies printed must have been large, as considerably more than a hundred can certainly be traced to-day.

* *Walnuts and Wine: a Christmas Annual. Edited by Augustus M. Moore.* 1883. *Dolorida* appears on p. 3, accompanied by a translation in English verse by George Moore.

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

EMILY AUGUSTA PATMORE.



"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

EMILY AUGUSTA PATMORE.

In spite of a cheap edition of Coventry Patmore's most popular poem, the lady of *The Angel in the House* must still be classed among old-fashioned heroines. In days when huge crinolines disfigured our English girls, when hansom cabs were thought very improper for ladies' use, when women's suffrage was only whispered about by a few philosophers, and when many bright eyes were dimmed by crying over Martin Tupper's pathetic platitudes, a young lady's library was not complete without *The Angel in the House*, *Faithful for Ever*, and *The Victories of Love.* Very few of the present generation have read these books, but they have seen the volumes in their mother's boudoir, and they have heard enough of their old repute to feel some interest in the woman who inspired them.

Emily Augusta Andrews was the fifth daughter and eighth child of the Reverend Edward Andrews, D.D., Independent Minister. She was born on the 29th of February, 1824, at Beresford House, Walworth, when her father was at the height of his popularity as preacher in Beresford Chapel. Her childhood was passed in the

pleasant house crowded with brothers and sisters, and gently ruled by her invalid mother, Elizabeth Honor Andrews, and by a kind old grandmother who thought the universe existed for "the Doctor" and his belongings. A large garden well-stocked with fruit and flowers was a paradise for the children. The big chapel with its grand organ and beautiful stained glass and altar pictures was full of mystery. After dark the door between the house and the great gallery was passed on tip-toe, and only grown-up people dared to open it. On Sunday the awe was overcome, and in holiday garb the children sat in the family pew, to hear their father's voice as he read the finest of the Church prayers, and preached in a style particularly calculated to impress young people. Mrs. Andrews was an accomplished musician, and always played the organ herself. Years afterwards when our heroine had children of her own, and her health was failing, the recollection of the old home was so fascinating that she longed to return to it, and was allowed to live for a time in a part of the house which Dr. Andrews had built for the use of his father-in-law, and which the then owners were willing to let in apartments. It was not the same as the old home. Parents were dead, and brothers and sisters scattered all over the world. Strangers occupied the old rooms and the dear old garden. New doctrines were preached in the chapel. The organ was silent. The pictures were covered with white cloths. Yet she preferred those lodgings to any others, and stayed there as long as it was possible to do so.

In 1830 Mrs. Andrews died, and the motherless little

girl was subsequently sent to a boarding-school in Walworth where her younger sister Georgiana had been for some years. Here she was very happy, and attended Beresford Chapel with the rest of the school. After a short time she was removed to Plaistow, where she lived with Dr. and Mrs. Temple. Dr. Temple was a Nonconformist minister, and Mrs. Temple, a beautiful and very gentle woman, was a sister of Dr. Andrews. The neighbourhood and the formal style of living were not so healthy as what she had been accustomed to, and very soon Emily showed signs of a consumptive tendency. In 1841 Dr. Andrews died, and the care of his orphan children fell upon his eldest daughter, Mrs. Charles Orme, who placed Emily, now eighteen years of age, with congenial people in the North of London, where she was nominally governess, but really a friend of the family. An enthusiastic friendship sprang up between the young teacher and her pupils which lasted through life. Mrs. Orme did not allow her sister to waste her youth in monotonous occupations, although she was happy and well cared for. In 1845 she sent her to Germany with Mrs. Vigers, the sister of Laman Blanchard, the essayist and poet. On her return from this tour she and Georgiana were taken by Mrs. Orme to live with her as daughters of the house and to find in their eldest sister a second mother. Amongst the literary men whom Mrs. Orme delighted to gather round her was the young poet Coventry Patmore He had published a volume of poems in 1844, some of which were afterwards republished with "Tamerton Church Tower" in 1853. He and his two brothers, George and Gurney, became constant visitors at the house.

At this time Emily Augusta Andrews was a very lovely girl with great animation, the sweetest of tempers, and a well-informed mind. Her figure was tall and graceful. Her dark hair was thick and wavy, and her large eyes, brilliant complexion and classical features were remarkable. Her nose was a little too high, and after Thomas Woolner had immortalised her in marble, Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, with characteristic tartness, said she was always trying to look like a medallion. She did not try to look statuesque; she could not help it. She would have been more beautiful if the outline of her face had been less marked.

In 1846 another continental tour was arranged with Mrs. Vigers, but this time in France. From Dieppe they went by diligence to Rouen, Paris, Versailles and Fontainebleau, staying several weeks in each place, and seeing something of French society. More than one young man became the devoted admirer of English beauty, but Emily Andrews returned heart whole from her wanderings. In March, 1847, her relatives left the south of London for Hampstead, and shortly afterwards Emily became engaged to Coventry Patmore. They were married on the 11th of September, 1847, in the parish church of St. John's, Hampstead, and spent their honeymoon, some of the incidents of which are described in *The Angel in the House*, at Hastings. Mr. Patmore held an appointment at the British Museum, and he and his wife lived in various parts of London at convenient distances from his work. Her first three children were healthy, and she seemed to enjoy her increasing domestic cares. She was full of energy and

originality, and could make her home beautiful by the work of her own hands. "Everything in this house," she said on one occasion, "has been done by these two little hands." Her children's dresses, the decorations in her rooms, the arrangement of her garden, her own picturesque costumes, all were the result of careful thought and never-flagging effort. Besides these home-duties and the additional task of teaching her children, she often undertook matters of greater responsibility. She was the authoress of a little book on the management of servants, and of a volume of verses similar in style to those by Jane Taylor. Here is a specimen of her nursery songs, written down just as she sang them to her own little ones:—

The Butterfly.

Tell me, little Butterfly, what you saw there in the sky?
Would it always be as blue if I went as high as you?
Tell me, do you ever go where the wind begins to blow,
Where the rain is kept, and where snow is made, and angels are?
Is it very strange to be up away so far from me?

The Cow.

Pretty Moo-cow, will you tell
Why you like the fields so well?
You never pluck the daisies white,
Nor look up to the sky so bright;
So tell me, Moo-cow, tell me true,
Are you happy when you moo?

She also wrote *Nursery Tales*, and helped in editing the *Children's Garland*, a collection of poems suitable for children, published by Macmillan.

During all these years she was accustomed to visit and to receive some of the most interesting men and women of the day. Thackeray, Tennyson, Barry Cornwall, Monckton Milnes, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Mulock, William Allingham, and many more were intimately known to her, and were attracted by her sympathetic nature. Others, such as Cardinal Manning and Aubrey de Vere, she knew as her husband's friends, but she could not approve their influence. In her sturdy Protestantism she was like Lucy Snowe in *Villette*, and made no secret of her opinions. Amongst her own particular friends none were more valued than the two beautiful daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mary and Julia. Mary afterwards married the Rev. Herbert Fisher, and Julia was the second wife of Mr. Leslie Stephen. They dressed in the straight folds, and with the simple knot of hair approved by the pre-Raphaelite school of artists, of which Mrs. Patmore was a faithful disciple. For John Ruskin and his parents sat in the Beresford Chapel, and she had known Woolner, F. G. Stephens, Holman Hunt, John Brett, and John Millais, from her girlhood. Amongst her simple pleasures the growing popularity of these old friends was one of the most valued.

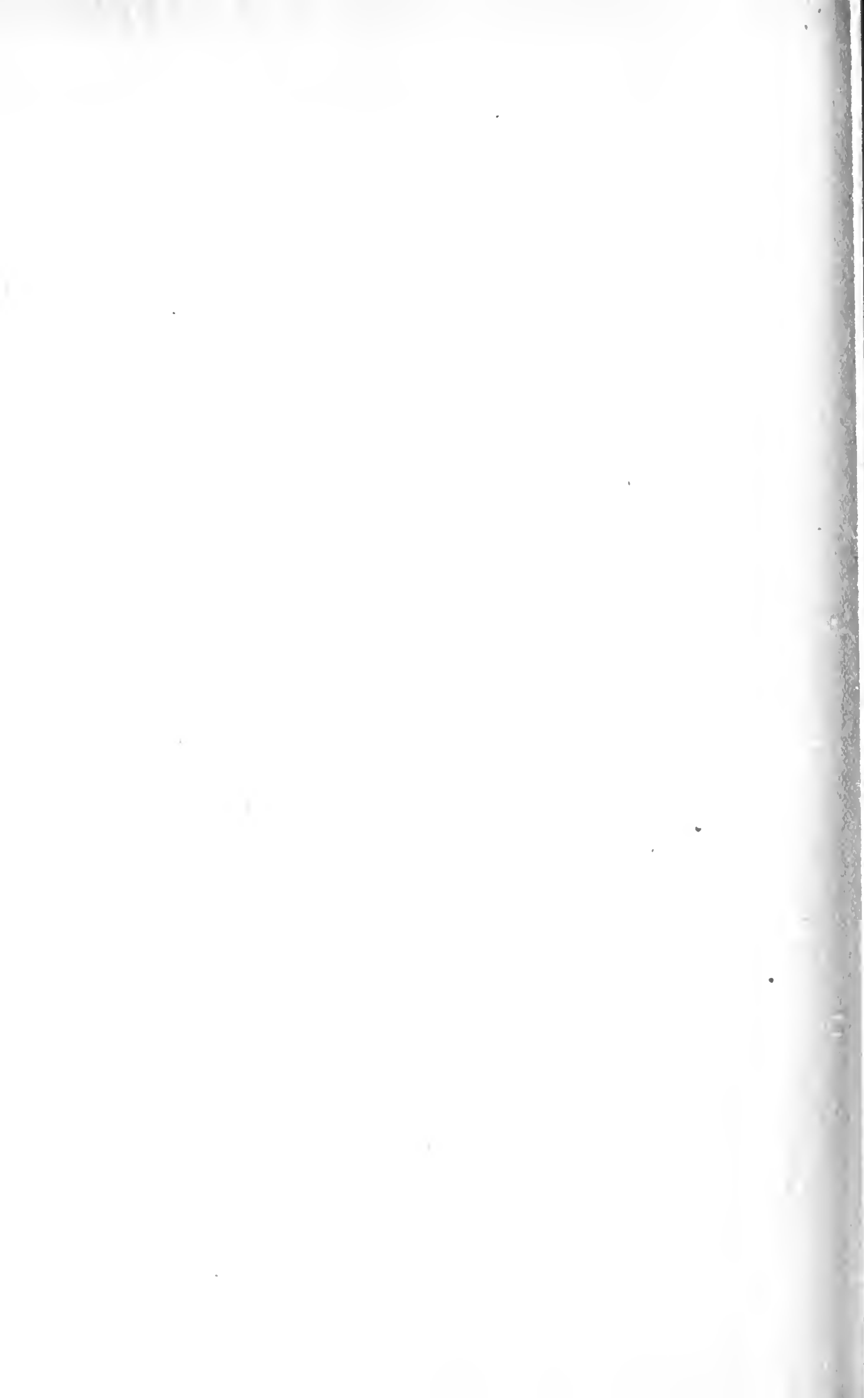
Such a busy life gradually told on the fragile constitution, and the old weakness which had first shown itself at Plaistow was again apparent. Three younger children were born, and she became more and more a confirmed invalid. The

brilliant literary society which had at one time been her delight now wearied her, and she wanted to see only old friends and relations. Her younger sister Georgiana, who had married George Patmore, the brother of Coventry, and had gone abroad, in two years returned to England a widow, and was often staying with Emily trying to lighten the burden of her life, and accompanying her to various places in a hopeless search for health. At last the weary traveller settled with her husband and family in a lovely cottage at North End, Hampstead, near an old-fashioned inn called the "Bull and Bush." The cottage belonged to the late Mrs. Craik, then Dinah Mulock, and had a pretty garden with a very large pear-tree. At first Mrs. Patmore was strong enough to walk along the London-road to meet the friends who came to see her. Then she contented herself with the garden, and enjoyed sitting under the tree. When the end was very near she could not leave her room, but only heard the birds through her open window. Her second boy, then being educated at Christ's Hospital, used to visit her and sing the hymns she most loved—those that had been favourites at Beresford Chapel. She died on the 5th of July, 1862, and was buried in Hendon Churchyard at the spot selected by herself and her husband a few weeks before her last attack of illness. Her six children survived her, her eldest daughter Emily Honoria and her youngest son Henry having since died.

Those who have heard of her husband and children having entered the Roman Catholic Church since her death may hastily suppose that her influence was not lasting, and that the effect of her personal beauty and interesting

surroundings made people exaggerate her power. But those who knew her best will not believe this. The beauty of her life and the charm which her refined and intellectual nature gave to the simplest domestic details converted many to a belief in that higher standard of home, which is now often taken for granted. She was the bright, poetical, artistic wife, who dressed gracefully and rejoiced in her good looks because they made others happy. At the same time she was the practical wife, who strove to keep a bright hearth without overstepping her income, and who understood something of cooking and needlework. Her artistic perception kept her from believing that nothing could be beautiful unless it was costly, and her good sense preserved her from the folly of expecting to satisfy a healthy appetite from an empty blue china dish. Her influence for good went far beyond her own little family circle. She was always teaching by example, and there are many now reaping the advantage of those silent lessons.

AN OLD COMMONPLACE BOOK
OF EDWARD FITZGERALD'S.



AN OLD COMMONPLACE BOOK OF EDWARD FITZGERALD'S.

It is a long, thin book, with a marbled cover, worn black leather back, and time-stained pages; and it was given to its present owner as waste paper, many years ago, by a girl who lived at Farlingay, when Edward Fitzgerald was constantly staying there. The water-mark in the paper is 1831, no extract is dated until more than half-way through, the last entry being made in 1840. Fitzgerald evidently carried it about with him, as entries are made in different places, London—Boulge—Geldestone, where his sister lived—Halverstown.

Of the large number of pages given up to extracts from Bryant's *Mythology*, Wilkinson's *Egyptians*, Parson's *Account of the Peopling of the World after the Flood*, and *Testimonies of Great Authors concerning the Origin of the Greeks*, and of the Latin and Greek quotations, I cannot speak. There are a few lines from *Dante* in the original, and some French from Pascal's *Pensées* and the *Annales de Bourgogne*. On the very first page Fitzgerald has copied from an old *Edinburgh Review* for 1816 a crushing

denunciation of "German Literature," which proceeds in this way:—

"They write, not because they are full of a subject, but because they think it is a subject upon which, with due pains and labour, something striking may be written. So they read and meditate—and having, at length, devised some strange and paradoxical view of the matter, they set about establishing it with all their might and main. . . . They are universal undertakers, and complete encyclopedists, in all moral and critical science. No question can come before them but they have a large apparatus of logical and metaphysical principles ready to play off upon it; and the less they know of the subject, the more formidable is the use they make of their apparatus. In poetry they have at one time gone to the utmost lengths of violent effect, and then turned round with equal extravagance to the laborious production of no effect at all. The truth is that they are naturally a slow, heavy people, and can only be put in motion by some violent and oft-repeated impulse, under the operation of which they lose all command over themselves, and nothing can stop them, short of the last absurdity," &c.

Further on, he admits into his pages "Margaret's Song while she undresses herself"—in Hayward's Translation. To turn to English. One set of quotations, from Hall's *Chronicles*, and a work entitled *Letters, &c., from the Bodleian Library*, London, 1813, consists of shrewd character sketches of such worthies as Cardinals Beaufort and Wolsey, Prynne, James Harrington, and William Harvey, who "was wont to say that man was but a great mischievous baboon, and that the Turks were the only people who knew how to manage women." Of this kind are the quotations from the *Annales de Bourgogne*, and there are also portraits of Baxter and Cranmer from *Edinburgh Reviews*. Fitzgerald seems to have been attracted by any account or incident which displayed distinct traits of character; he has copied such from Crabbe's *Life*, Lockhart's *Scott*, and Thirlwall's *Greece*. There are only two

quotations from novels in the book, one from *Joseph Andrews*, where Adams "strongly asserted there was no such thing as pleasure in the world. At which Pamela and her husband smiled on one another," and this from *Tremaine*—

"'I will have my revenge, however, like the stork,' continued Tremaine, good-humouredly, 'for when Mr. Careless does me the honour to dine with me at Woodington, he shall have nothing but kickshaws.'

"'That's not the way I have been used to be treated at Woodington,' rejoined Careless; 'nor did I ever see there what I never thought I should have lived to see at Lord Bellenden's, as I did t'other day.' This he uttered with a loud and long-drawn sigh.

"'Pray what?' asked Tremaine.

"'A round of beef sent to the sideboard,' added Careless.

"'Monstrous!' remarked the Doctor.

"'It will lose his brother the county,' said Careless, seriously.

"Tremaine stared, and remarked 'that the county must be little worth having if it depended upon that.'

"'Why, what should it depend upon?' said Careless.

"'I should have thought,' said Tremaine, drawing up, 'upon integrity of character, sound principles of patriotism, and extensive connections.'

"'Why, true,' answered Careless, 'but principles are best seen, I always think, in manners and customs; and if a person departs from the customs of his ancestors, how do I know that he has not lost their principles too?'"

All this subtracted, what remains is, perhaps, of more interest, because it is possible to gather from it, if partially and obscurely, something of Edward Fitzgerald's habits of thought at that time, as it is probable that he copied many of the passages because they reflected some of his own beliefs and feelings. With two or three exceptions, one characteristic is common to all, including the poems, namely, that they are chosen for the thought they convey, and not for beauty of form or expression.

One of the first things of interest is a long catalogue of

collections of poetry, principally Elizabethan, from 1559 to about 1680. Poems follow from some of these, particularly from England's *Helicon*, England's *Parnassus*, Wit's *Recreations*, Churchyard's *Jane Shore*—"very fine" and W. Browne. Their subjects are mostly either love and friendship, or the freedom, and simple, natural delights of country life. Among these, unnamed, are Herrick's charming lines beginning—

> "Sweet country life, to such unknown,
> Whose lives are others, not their own!"

To one beautiful poem, "A Hymn for a Widower," from G. Withers' *Hallelujah*, altered to suit his own case by the second Earl of Bridgewater, "worthily recorded for his deep love for his good wife," Fitzgerald appends this comment: "Lord Bridgewater did as he had prayed to do, and he left written upon his tomb that he had sorrowfully worn out a widowhood of twenty-three years." It contains these lines:

> "Yet neither life nor death should end
> The being of a faithfull friend."

Fitzgerald had previously quoted from Montrose's "Song to his Lady," its "golden law"—

> "True love begun shall never end;
> Love one, and love no more."

He seems to have sympathised with such expressions of romantic, passionate affection, and, bearing in mind his statement to his correspondent, Allen, "My friendships are more likes loves, I think," it is easy to believe that he found

in the beautiful passage on Perfect Love in the *facsimile* the embodiment of his own secret creed.

From several passages, particularly from Owen Feltham and Dr. Thomas Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, one conjectures that Fitzgerald had a haunting sense of Time's continual speed, of the slipping from our grasp of day after day, of the shortness and insecurity of life, brooding over which gives such a feeling of unrest, and comes at length to paralyse effort. It is this mood which finds utterance, so despairing in E. A. Poe's "Dream Within a Dream," so splendid in this passage of De Quincey's which I copy from the Commonplace Book :—

"The English Country Dance was still in estimation at the Courts of Princes. Now of all dances, this is the only one, as a class, of which you can truly describe the motion to be continuous, that is, not intermitting or fitful, but unfolding its fine magic with the equality of light in its diffusion through free space. And the reader may comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that a spectacle of young men and women flowing through the mazes of such an intricate dance under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls—the blaze of lights and jewels, the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the self-revolving both of the dance and of the music, never ending, still beginning, and the continual regeneration of order upon a system of motions which seem for ever to approach the brink of confusion ; that such a spectacle with such circumstances may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human mind is open. The reason is in part, that such a scene presents a sort of masque of human life, with its whole equipage, of pomps and glories, its luxury of sights and sounds, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading over the flying footsteps of the other : whilst all the while the overruling music attempers the mind to the spectacle, the subject (as a German would say) to the object, the beholder to the vision."

On the next page is another passage from De Quincey,

in which he speaks of the years in which he was a slave to opium :—

"Years through which a shadow as of sad Eclipse sate and rested on my faculties, years through which I was careless of all but those who lived within *my* inner circle, within my heart of hearts . . . as much abstracted from all which concerned the world outside as though I had lived with the darlings of my heart in the centre of Canadian forests, and all men else in the centre of Hindostan."

In the *Letters* (p. 54) Fitzgerald writes to Bernard Barton :—

"I found here a number of *Tait's Magazine* for August last" (1839) "containing a paper on Southey, Wordsworth, etc., by De Quincey. Incomplete and disproportioned like his other papers ; but containing two noble passages, one on certain years of his own life when opium shut him out of the world, the other on Southey's style."

Three closely-written pages are filled with sentences from Owen Feltham, who seems to have been a favourite writer of Fitzgerald's. The following is perhaps the best :—

"Whatsoever is rare and passionate carries the soule to the thought of Eternitie. And by Contemplation, gives it some glimpse of more absolute perfection, than here 'tis capable of. When I see the Royaltie of a State-show, at some unwonted Solemnitie, my thoughts present me something more Royall than this. When I see the most enchanting beauties that earth can shew mee, I yet thinke there is something farre more glorious ; methinkes I see a kind of higher perfection peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing straines of a sweet-tuned Voice, married to the Warbles of the Artfull Instrument ; I apprehend by this a higher Diapason ; and doe almost believe I hear a little Deity whispering through the pory substance of the tongue. But this I can but grope after : I can neither finde, nor say, what it is."

He occasionally adds a brief remark, such as :—

"The Essay on Poverty is very fine, teaching deep consideration for the miseries and temptations of the poor."

This—

"He is twice an asse that is a Riming one. He is sometimes the less unwise, that is unwise but in Prose"—

he calls "very acute." (I fancy I hear each Young Author exclaim: '"Let the galled jade wince: *my* withers are unwrung!"')

The remaining sentences consist mostly of maxims, such as one might choose as a guide to conduct.

There are two quotations from Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*. In the first, Taylor says that he has examined the reasoning of his book with all severity; yet, should he be found to be mistaken, that will be but evidence in his defence, and a further argument for the necessity of mutual toleration, if one so confident as he of the truth and justice of his case can have been deceived. The second is the passage which Hallam quotes as showing Taylor's fearless mode of grappling with his argument:—

"Since no churches believe themselves infallible, that only excepted which all other churches say is most of all deceived, it were strange if in so many articles which make up their several bodies of confessions, they had not mistaken in something or other."

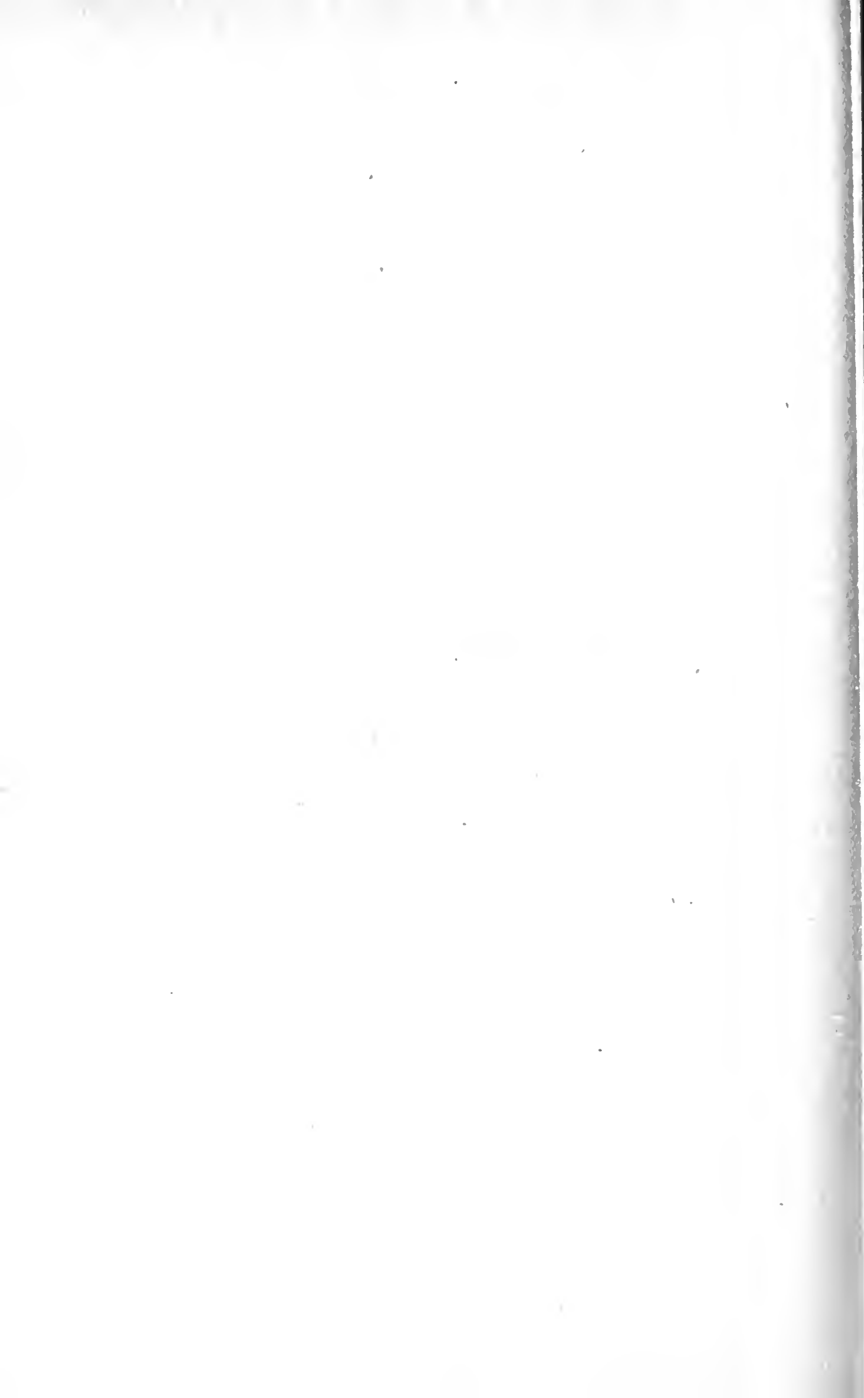
Two more passages deal with religion. The first, from Rowland Hill, on Prayer, breathes a spirit of sweet and childlike trust in a Heavenly Father. The second, the last in the book, and the last we shall quote, seems, from

Fitzgerald's care in noting the exact time of writing, to have been invested with special interest for him.

"Deeds without Words.

"'One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves. It will give us more comfort on our death-bed to reflect on one deed of self-denying mercy, purity, or humility, than to recollect the shedding of many tears, and the recurrence of frequent transports, and much spiritual exultation. These latter feelings come and go; they may, or may not, accompany hearty obedience; they are never tests of it; but good actions are the fruits of faith and assure us that we are Christ's; they comfort us as an evidence of the Spirit working in us' (Newman's *Paroch. Serm.*, vol. i., 218). Geldestone, April 26, 1840. Sunday evening, half-past nine o'clock."

WILLIAM CORY.



WILLIAM CORY.

William Cory, or to give him the earlier name by which he is better known, William Johnson, was born about 1820 of an old Devonshire stock. From his father, formerly in the navy, he inherited a fervid patriotism, which held England to be the noblest and most generous of nursing mothers.

He was educated as a King's scholar at Eton, and went on in due course to King's College, Cambridge. At that time Kingsmen were debarred by statute from entering for the Tripos examinations. William Johnson, probably the best man of his year, was awarded the Chancellor's medal for an English poem in 1843, the Camden medal for a Latin hexameter poem and the Craven Scholarship in 1844, became Fellow of King's, and shortly afterwards went back to Eton as a master. Though pre-eminent as a scholar and composer in Greek and Latin, he was also an accurate and philosophical student in history and moral science. Indeed, he was examiner at Cambridge for the Moral Science Tripos in 1852 and 1853, and was offered, we believe privately, the professorship of Modern History in 1860, on the death of Sir James Stephen.

To the general public he is best known as the author of *Ionica*, a volume of verse published in 1891. Most of the poems, however, contained in this volume, together with others omitted in publication, had already been printed in 1858 and 1877, in two slender volumes under the same title, and had for some years been fetching a considerable price at book sales. The second of these volumes is additionally curious from the fact that it contains few capital letters and no stops, spaces being substituted. Of the additional poems, the imitations of Horace had seen the light in magazines. The poems are characterised by a culture and a refinement that require, as it were, an initiation to understand. The book, being what it is, could hardly hope to appeal to a wide circle. Some selections from *Ionica* appear in Ward's *English Poets*. Still, his poetry was to him as a *πάρεργον*, as to Heine, a sacred plaything. He never dignified it into a vocation.

William Cory was the author in more recent years of a book in two volumes, entitled *A Guide to Modern History*. The book is brilliant but eccentric. Many pages are mere strings of epigrammatic allusions ; it is the kind of work that is impressive in quotations, but disappoints further reference. Besides this, he contributed an essay to a remarkable volume entitled *Essays on a Liberal Education*, which contains essays by Professor Henry Sidgwick, Professor Seeley, Archdeacon Farrar, and others ; this is by far the most captivating and characteristic expression of William Johnson's genius ; it deals with the education of the reasoning faculties, but for

its insight, poetry, and suggestiveness might be read with pleasure by readers totally without technical interest in the subject.

He contributed a few pages—the character of Dr. Hawtrey—to Mr. Maxwell Lyte's *History of Eton College*, a passage that deserves a place in any anthology of English prose for its insight and pathos, its masterly delineation of a complex character.

But it was as a teacher and a talker that William Johnson most impressed himself on his generation; there are many among a very distinguished roll of pupils, containing such names as Lord Rosebery, Lord Halifax, Mr. Edward Lyttelton, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, and Mr. Julian Sturgis who attribute the first quickening not only of intellectual life, but of serious enthusiasm, to him. Yet William Johnson can hardly be described as a successful general teacher; in the first place he was not a good disciplinarian, though, on the whole, dreaded by the boys for his powers of penetrating irony. It was with a division of from fifty to sixty boys, in a small and dingy room, that a teacher, whose every third sentence was an epigram, whose lectures, had they been delivered to a University audience, would have attracted professed students and curious listeners alike, spent deliberately and with enthusiasm the best hours of the best years of his life.

Here, standing astride on his crooked yet sturdy legs, a book held up close to his eye, he would comment, lecture, question, to the perpetual delight and encouragement of the few who were wise enough to feel what a teacher they had, and sensible enough to secure seats close to him; of

what was going on in further corners of the room, as long as the boys kept their peace, he was almost totally ignorant occasionally flinging a book, the nearest volume at hand, if a boy was either flagrantly unoccupied or suspiciously absorbed.

His short sight was almost phenomenal. The legend of h s pursuing a black hen some way down Eton High-street one day when a high wind was blowing, under the impression that it was his hat, which all the time was perched securely on his head, is probably apocryphal, but certainly characteristic.

He would watch the school cricket matches through spectacles and eye-glasses (the spectacles themselves so strong that no one else could stand them), with the added aid of a binocular glass. For the games themselves, though no athlete, he was an enthusiast, connected as they are so closely with the spirit and honour of the school. "I cheer the games I cannot play," he wrote in *Ionica*; and again after a defeat in a gallantly-contested match at Lord's, in an exquisite little poem, never published, but well known to his contemporaries, he wrote—

> "I'd rather have the lads that lost,
> So they be lads like ours."

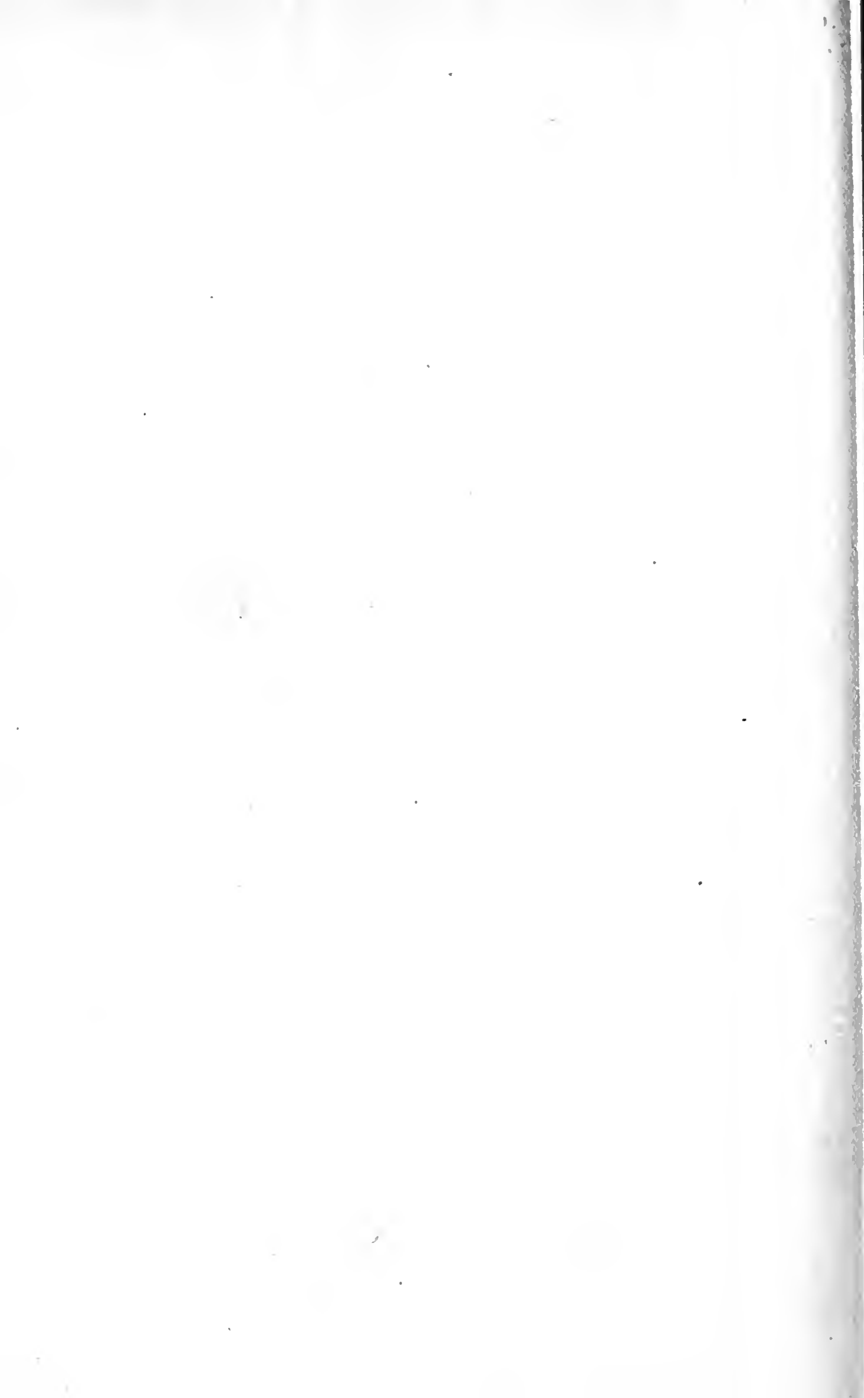
How to be patriotic without being insular, how to be political without being local, was a constant pre-occupation. He was fond of quoting the law of Solon, which punished with confiscation of property those who in a political sedition could be proved to have taken neither side. He grasped the paradoxical principle that human nature

must be educated into sympathy by antipathy, that party spirit is the only guarantee for public spirit; and it was this feeling that gave him his intense interest in and accurate knowledge of all English engagements by land and sea. Once, it is related, an old soldier found his way into William Johnson's pupil-room, which opened on to the road, and began a whining tale about the battle of Balaclava. "What regiment?" said Johnson. "The 11th Hussars." "What were you doing at 10.30 on the morning of the 25th —?" The man thought for a moment and then made a statement. "Right," said Johnson, and handed him half a sovereign. The counterpart of the story is that another tramp with a similar tale ventured on the same experiment; the same catechism ensued; the impostor faltered; he was promptly ejected, with a sharp physical reminder to tell the truth. Again, it is told of him that he went to Plymouth to visit a friend in a man-of-war. The sailors who were rowing the gig looked with good-humoured contempt at the little landsman, wrapped in a cloak, peering through his glasses at the great hulks swinging on the tide; but their feelings rapidly gave way to respect, and respect to amazement, when it transpired that the stranger not only knew the position in which every one of the aforesaid hulks lay, but the engagements they had seen, and the names of their commanders. His pupils will not forget the face with which he would look out into the street, when the "stately music of the Guards" was going past: "Brats, the British Army!" he would say. But he was no mere Jingo sentimentalist. It was as certain that Cory would take an original view of any

question as it was that ninety-nine out of a hundred people would take the commonplace view. And yet he was saved from being paradoxical by his extraordinary accuracy. Never was any one so indomitable in an argument. He had the facts at his fingers' ends, and withal all the downrightness and the humour of his great namesake; but he had not often to use the butt-end of the pistol, because the pistol seldom missed fire.

In 1871 he left Eton, changing his name to Cory on his accession to some small property, and lived for a while in Devonshire, at his brother's estate of Halsdon, where he also married; his wife and only son survive him. We may say in passing that his brother also changed his name on succeeding to this property, from Johnson to Furse, and is the well-known Canon of Westminster. For some years he lived in Madeira, but latterly at Hampstead, in great seclusion. His letters have all this time been treasured by his friends. In these he gave himself profusely and intently, but with delicate adaptation to his correspondent. They would form probably the best memorial of a man of whom his pupils and contemporaries say that they cannot exaggerate the greatness of his ability, his genius, and his loyalty. And yet he has hardly left a name.

THE SUPPRESSED WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.



THE SUPPRESSED WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

It is happily not our business to record Mr. Kipling's contributions to Indian journalism. Many of them have not been reprinted—will never be reprinted. Two little collections have been issued and suppressed. The first is *The City of Dreadful Night*, a description of Calcutta, which occupies eight chapters, and is followed by *Among the Railway Folk*, *The Gisidih Coal Fields*, and *In an Opium Factory*. This had a considerable circulation in this country and in India before it was withdrawn. The other is entitled, *Letters of Marque*, Vol. I., and was published after *The City of Dreadful Night*. So far as we know, it was never sold in this country, although it was circulated some weeks in India. Both books were issued by the publishers in perfect good faith while Mr. Kipling was on his travels, but they were thought by the author and his friends too immature for separate publication. Many passages, however, show the writer at his best, though the whole has evidently been written *currente calamo*. From the *Letters of Marque* we venture to make some extracts.

THE TAJ.

There is a story of a Frenchman 'who feared not God nor regarded man,' sailing to Egypt for the express purpose of scoffing at the Pyramids and—though this is hard to believe—at the great Napoleon who had warred under their shadow! It is on record that that blasphemous Gaul came to the Great Pyramid and wept through mingled reverence and contrition, for he sprang from an emotional race. To understand his feelings, it is necessary to have read a great deal too much about the Taj, its designs and proportions, to have seen execrable pictures of it at the Simla Fine Arts Exhibition, to have had its praises sung by superior and travelled friends till the brain loathed the repetition of the word, and then sulky with want of sleep, heavy-eyed, unwashen and chilled, to come upon it suddenly. Under these circumstances everything, you will concede, is in favour of a cold, critical, and not too impartial verdict. As the Englishman leaned out of the carriage he saw first an opal-tinted cloud on the horizon, and later certain towers. The mists lay on the ground, so that the splendour seemed to be floating free of the earth; and the mists rose in the background, so that at no time could everything be seen clearly. Then as the train sped forward, and the mists shifted and the sun shone upon the mists, the Taj took a hundred new shapes, each perfect and each beyond description. It was the Ivory Gate through which all good dreams come; it was the realisation of the 'glimmering halls of dawn' that Tennyson sings of; it was veritably the 'aspiration fixed,' the 'sigh made stone' of a

lesser poet ; and over and above concrete comparisons, it seemed the embodiment of all things pure, all things holy, and all things unhappy. That was the mystery of the building. It may be that the mists wrought the witchery, and that the Taj seen in the dry sunlight is only as guide-books say a noble structure. The Englishman could not tell, and has made a vow that he will never go nearer the spot for fear of breaking the charm of the unearthly pavilions.

"It may be, too, that each must view the Taj for himself with his own eyes ; working out his own interpretations of the sight. It is certain that no man can in cold blood and colder ink set down his impressions if he has been in the least moved.

"To the one who watched and wondered that November morning the thing seemed full of sorrow—the sorrow of the man who built it for the woman he loved, and the sorrow of the workmen who died in the building—used up like cattle. And in the face of this sorrow the Taj flushed in the sunlight and was beautiful, after the beauty of a woman who has done no wrong."

Amber, Queen of the Pass.

"And what shall be said of Amber, Queen of the Pass—the city that Jey Singh bade his people slough as snakes cast their skins. The Globe-Trotter will assure you that it must be 'done' before anything else, and the Globe-Trotter is, for once, perfectly correct. Amber lies between six and seven miles from Jeypore among the 'tumbled

fragments of the hills,' and is reachable by so prosaic a conveyance as a *ticca-ghari*, and so uncomfortable a one as an elephant. *He* is provided by the Maharaja, and the people who make India their prey, are apt to accept his services as a matter of course.

"Rise very early in the morning, before the stars have gone out, and drive through the sleeping city till the pavement gives place to cactus and sand, and educational and enlightened institutions to mile upon mile of semi-decayed Hindu temples—brown and weather-beaten—running down to the shores of the great Man Sagar Lake, wherein are more ruined temples, palaces and fragments of causeways. The water-birds have their homes in the half-submerged arcades and the *mugger* nuzzles the shafts of the pillars. It is a fitting prelude to the desolation of Amber. Beyond the Man Sagar the road of to-day climbs up-hill, and by its side runs the huge stone-causeway of yesterday—blocks sunk in concrete. Down this path the swords of Amber went out to kill. A triple wall rings the city, and, at the third gate, the road drops into the valley of Amber. In the half light of dawn, a great city sunk between hills and built round three sides of a lake is dimly visible, and one waits to catch the hum that should rise from it as the day breaks. The air in the valley is bitterly chill. With the growing light Amber stands revealed, and the traveller sees that it is a city that will never wake. A few *meenas* live in huts at the end of the valley, but the temples, the shrines, the palaces and the tiers on tiers of houses are desolate. Trees grow in and split open the walls, the windows are filled with brushwood, and the cactus chokes the street.

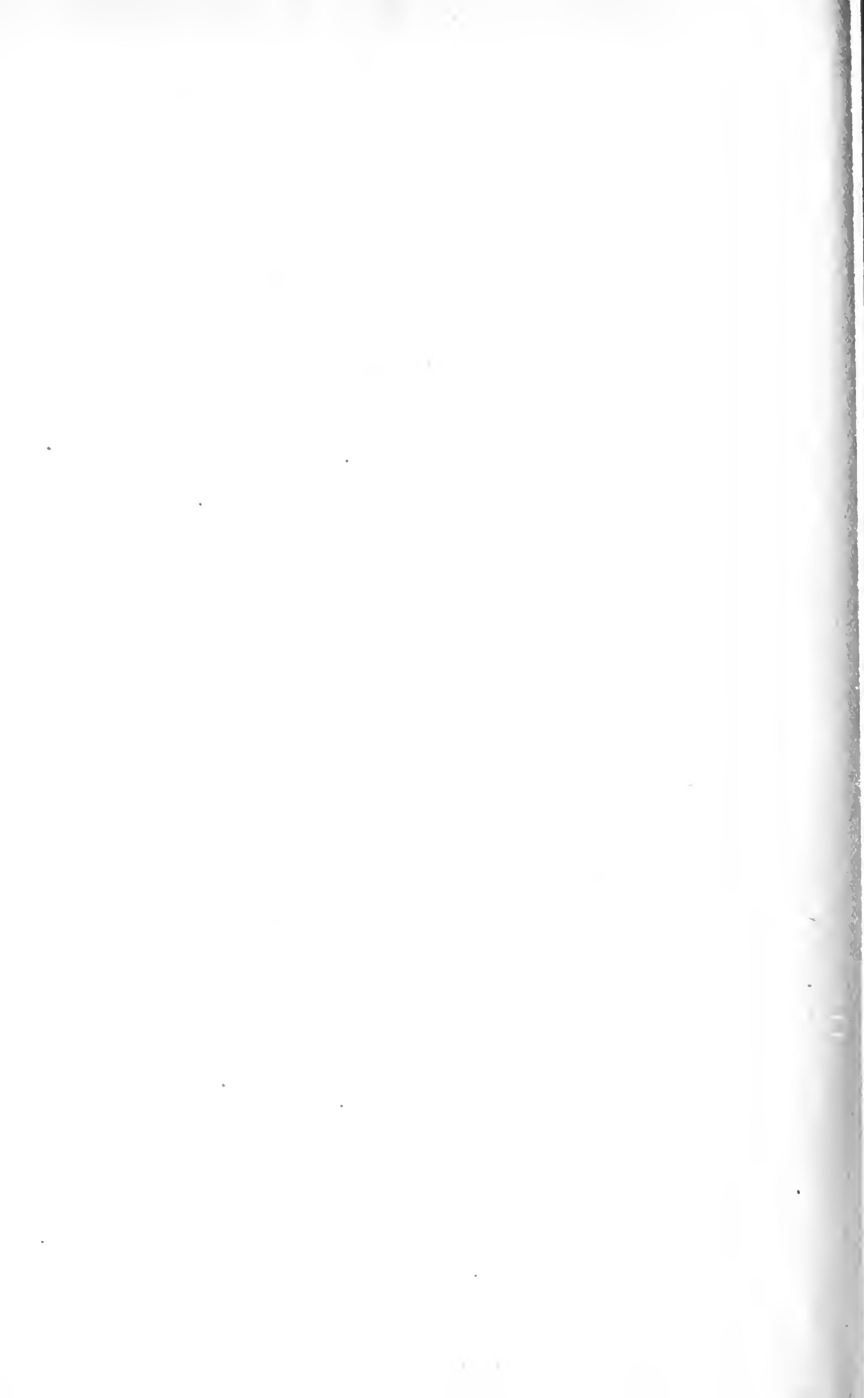
The Englishman made his way up the side of the hill to the great palace that overlooks everything except the red fort of Jeighur, guardian of Amber. As the elephant swung up the steep roads paved with stone and built out on the sides of the hill, the Englishmen looked into empty houses where the little grey squirrel sat and scratched its ears. The peacock walked upon the house-tops and the blue pigeon roosted within. He passed under iron-studded gates whereof the hinges were eaten out with rust, and by walls plumed and crowned with grass, and under more gateways, till, at last, he reached the palace and came suddenly into a great quadrangle where two blinded, arrogant stallions, covered with red and gold trappings, screamed and neighed at each other from opposite ends of the vast space. . . .

"From the top of the palace you may read if you please the Book of Ezekiel written in stone upon the hillside. Coming up, the Englishman had seen the city from below or on a level. He now looked into its very heart—the heart that had ceased to beat. There was no sound of men or cattle, or grindstones in those pitiful streets—nothing but the cooing of the pigeons. At first it seemed that the palace was not ruined at all—that presently the women would come up on the house-tops and the bells would ring in the temples. But as he attempted to follow with his eye the turns of the streets, the Englishman saw that they died out in wood tangle and blocks of fallen stone, and that some of the houses were rent with great cracks, and pierced from roof to road with holes that let in the morning sun. The drip-stones of the eaves were gap-toothed,

and the tracery of the screens had fallen out, so that zenana rooms lay shamelessly open to the day. On the outskirts of the city, the strong walled houses dwindled and sank down to mere stone-heaps and faint indications of plinth and wall, hard to trace against the background of stony soil. The shadow of the palace lay over two-thirds of the city, and the trees deepened the shadow. 'He who has bent him o'er the dead' *after* the hour of which Byron sings, knows that the features of the man become blunted as it were—the face begins to fade. The same hideous look lies on the face of the Queen of the Pass, and when once this is realised, the eye wonders that it could have ever believed in the life of her. She is the city 'whose graves are set in the side of the pit, and her company is round about her graves,' sister of Pathros, Zoan and No.

"Moved by a thoroughly insular instinct, the Englishman took up a piece of plaster and heaved it from the palace wall into the dark streets below. It bounded from a house-top to a window-ledge, and thence into a little square, and the sound of its fall was hollow and echoing, as the sound of a stone in a well. Then the silence closed up upon the sound, till in the far away courtyard below the roped stallions began screaming afresh. There may be desolation in the great Indian Desert to the westward, and there is desolation upon the open seas ; but the desolation of Amber is beyond the loneliness either of land or sea."

THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS" AND THE SPASMODIC SCHOOL.



THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS" AND THE SPASMODIC SCHOOL.

Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*, has often been called the father of the Spasmodic School. He energetically repudiates the title and was induced in 1893 to set forth his views in the following letter:—

"As regards the especial school of poetry to which you refer, I am only so far interested or concerned with the members of it as to acknowledge, along with both public and publicist, the generally bright colouring, pure morality, happy imagery, and exquisite similitudes manifest in one or two of their poems; but I have no sympathy with their works specially, nor with their ways: as indicated also by such of them as still continue with us, for I look upon them as a permanent class in literature; any more than with the startling or awful titles which are blazoned forth in the advertisements of their works.

"Given a crude and hasty treatment by an aspirant after poetical 'fame,' of what sounds as a lofty or ambitious topic; the world being never so full as now of a respectably educated mass of litterateurs; and without waiting to

discover by self-examination whether their mental calibre and culture as a whole be adequate to the handling of such matters as are not seldom selected by them, they hasten to complete their periodical rotation round themselves or the idol of their imitation, with almost mechanical regularity; and are suitably applauded and rewarded. But as showing any true mark of real study in the construction and elaboration of a well-considered and elevated theme, there is a plentiful lack in the great majority of them.

"On the other hand, to one early trained to metaphysical and poetical studies, in their highest school, as regards the former; and as to the latter, accustomed to view and to discuss such studies according to well-known æsthetic rules, and the best classical exemplars both ancient and modern, a young receptive and imaginative mind might very easily be supposed to be imbued with tastes and tendencies of a character that might under favourable circumstances readily develop into a life-long pursuit, and a persistent purpose which nothing could shake nor divert.

"When therefore is shown, as is obvious to any one who has only read even the preface to the recent Jubilee edition of *Festus*, that no more orderly and methodical poem is to be found in the whole range of English literature; no vaster nor more comprehensive theme; no poetical scheme embracing spiritual, ethical, physical and metaphysical bearings more consistently wrought together in relation to inter-dependent parts; nor, considering the extent of its compass, more fitly compacted as a whole; and when now in supplement to what is there written in regard to the

simple entirety of the work, its original constitution and construction; its design and scope, characterisation and machinery; its solutions of such vexed questions as the nature, origin, end, and endurance of evil; transitional, not eternal; phenomenal, not essential; the necessary imperfection of all created Being; the ontological identity of unity and infinity; and many other illustrations of pure and mixed theology; of terrestrial ambition united with the perfectibility of civil society; and the pacification of the world in the interests of a spiritually minded humanity; we may suppose added under the final heading of the prefatory analysis above alluded to, a special differentiation of the work which follows, in its spiritual teachings and conclusions, from those insisted upon by the majority of writers who have advisedly chosen the illustration of such themes as are implied in the outline of a religio-philosophic faith—and poetry can in no instance aspire to any higher position—by Milton, for instance, not to go further back, in his confused Arianism, and, through Satan's success, his virtual Dualism; by Byron, in his intermittent scepticism and reiterated Manicheism; by Shelley, in his rapid and irrational atheism: in the infuriated predictions of everlasting torments to be inflicted upon all sinners, angelical or human, dilated on with horrible ingenuity by Young both in his *Night Thoughts* and in *Judgment Day*; and by the author of *The Course of Time* (the writer's contemporary and almost class-fellow) in his frequently sublime, but too often gloomy and somewhat bigoted literalness as regards his conceptions of Divine and morally equitable retribution in the world to come; there is a feeling of deep dissatis-

faction should occupy the mind of a student of Poetical Divinity.

"But, if extending our view beyond our own English poetical cycle of bards and divines, we include, through translation, that vast jumble of Greek and Gothic fable laid before the world by Goethe in his divisional, and therefore æsthetically unsatisfactory production, *Faust*; the author of which, abandoning altogether the motive and purport of the original national legend he had set himself to handle the very core of which was the hard and harsh ecclesiastical dogma of the inefficacy of repentance, after any supposed compact with the powers of evil, opposed to the prophetic teachings of the Bible; and after showing the learned Doctor, in company with Mephistopheles, an evil imp it appears of a mean and subordinate class, teaching and preaching a sensuous and impure Pantheism to the victim of their united attentions; she, after such undermining of her moral nature, beguiled into the commission of parricide, constructive fratricide, and finally of infanticide, only it is painfully evident over-conscious of a somewhat too voluntary sacrifice; and concluding the first section of the story with the death in jail, and the announcement by a divine voice from heaven of the unconditional salvation of the interesting heroine, commences the second segments of the story (not the shadow of a trace being visible from first to last of the circumstances attending the close of the hero's mortal career, and of his pitiful compunction and repentance, made so much of by Marlowe and in the primitive tradition) with the resuscitation of the amiable and ever-fascinating Faust, in an Elysium or fairyland sort of scene,

where he endeavours to while away the time by a double adultery with Helen of Troy, and other repulsive incidents as the results of such a brilliant invention; until after the smothering of Mephistopheles by the celestial saints beneath showers of roses, and the separation of Faust's humanity into elements partly perishable and partly divine; the whole terminates in the worshipful glorification of eternal wifelihood; a fact, of which in the respective cases of Margaret and Helen of Troy he had shown such a keen and delicate appreciation.

"From considerations and reflections connected with studies of this nature, and the dissatisfaction and disappointment necessarily attendant upon the conclusions to be drawn from them, the author of *Festus* may, he trusts, be regarded as not altogether unjustified in his desire to illustrate an alternative theory, not only of Divinity, but Humanity, in a future spiritual condition, purificatory and progressive, both of them more in accord with our present day beliefs as to the nature and perfections of Deity, and His more probable mode of dealing by providential and remedial process with all His rational creation, if erring still amenable to the gracious influences of Divine omnipotence and benevolence; an alternative, at all events, unique among works of imagination; and neither in itself, be it allowable to hope, incredible, nor unworthy of celebration.

"In this light, and as completive of what may be called a synoptic view of the moral evangels of various poetical messengers (some of them named above), the work may now be regarded, and will repay the study of any reader

interested in serious and elevated thought. It is not criticism of it that is wanted. There are volumes of it, several of the writers of which, from the cheery and voluminous balladist of his day to the literary Caliban of the current hour, have endeavoured to perpetuate, with an eye to their own renown, their self-inflicted stigmata of ignorance and incompetence.

"Of our two chief contemporaries in verse recently passed away, they neither of them said anything about myself as a friend or writer but what was good in itself or kind and just; one of them, beside that tribute of high admiration of my work with which the world has for many years been familiar, gave me some advice which he was fully qualified to give; and the other said he had himself written too much, but that I had not written enough. I did not grudge them their approval by the million; they did not grudge me theirs.

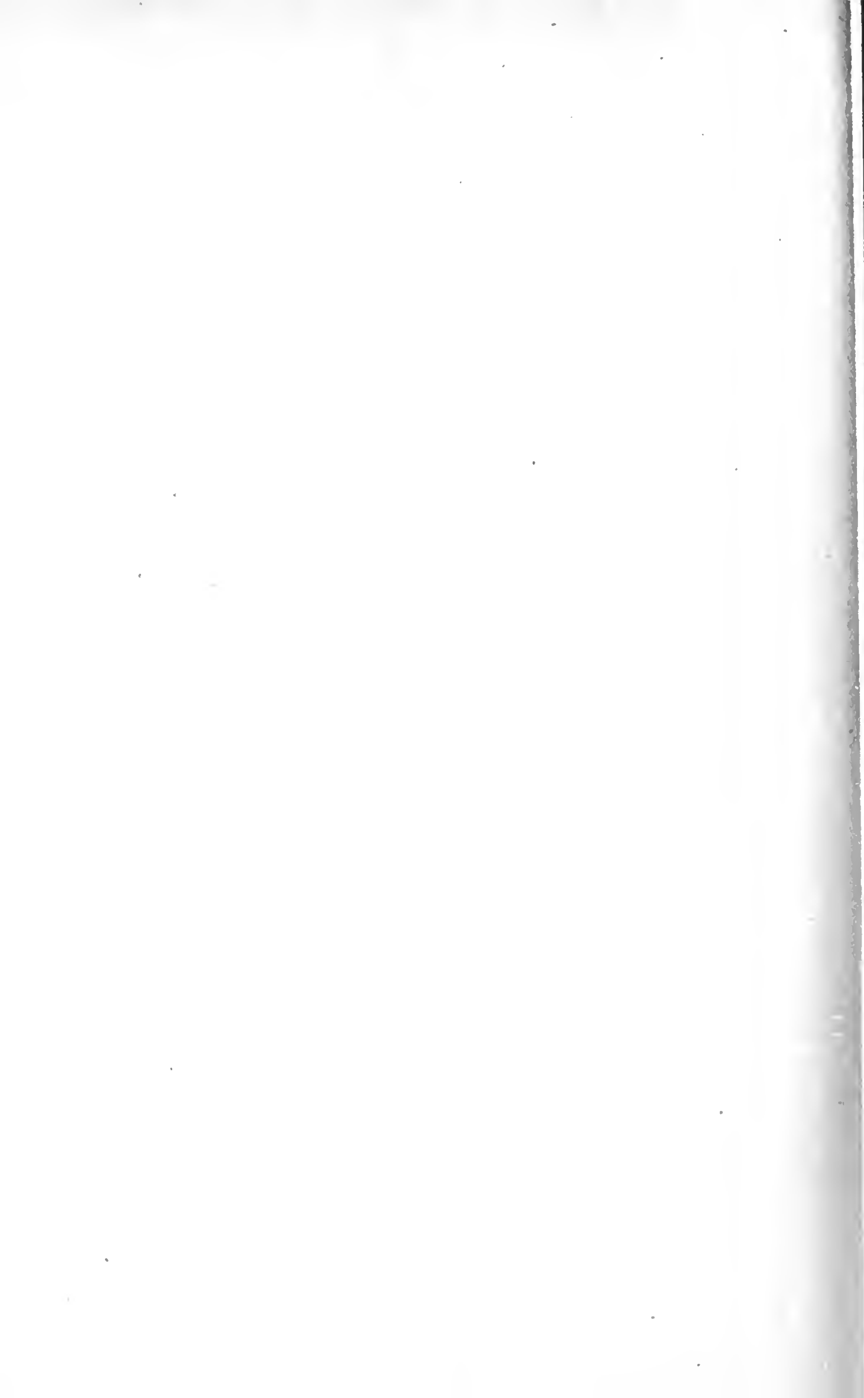
"I am, very sincerely yours,

"PH. JAS. BAILEY.

"*The Elms, The Ropewalk, Nottingham.*

"*March* 10*th*, 1893."

TENNYSONIANA.



TENNYSONIANA.

I. RECOLLECTIONS OF TENNYSON,

SIXTY years ago, when I [Robert Roberts] was a little boy, six years of age, and read everything I could lay hands on, I chanced to see a review of a new volume of poems by Alfred Tennyson, in which was quoted the "Death of the Old Year." I think it must have been in the *Stamford Mercury*, as that was the only paper I should be likely to see as a boy at home. The poem made a great impression upon me. It was different from any I had read before, and lines of it have continued to float in my memory ever since, particularly

> "To see him die, across the waste
> His son and heir doth ride post haste,
> But he'll be dead before."

This roused a vivid picture in my mind of a youth riding across the snowy waste, on a dark night, eager to reach a house with closed doors and a light shining through the windows far into the distance, and I imagined his disappointment when he found he had arrived too late. Other lines which struck me were

> "There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
> And a new face at the door, my friend,
> A new face at the door."

But most particularly of all the line

> "Close up his eyes: tie up his chin."

The last expression puzzled me. I could not understand how a year could have a "chin," which shows that at that age I was about on a level with some critics who seem no better able to fathom the poet's mind, but "wallow in the mud of literalness." After being thus introduced to the writings of Tennyson, an interest was aroused which has not faded, but increased with years, and although so much has been written about him that it is difficult to say anything fresh, yet as "within this region I subsist," I am able to relate a few things which have fallen under my personal observation.

In an interview about ten years ago with the old Parish Clerk of Bag Enderby, who was then aged eighty-six, I asked him if he could remember anything about Tennyson. "Tennyson," said he. "D'ya meän tha owd doctor?" Said I, "Not the doctor particularly, but any of the Tennyson family." He replied, "Tha doctor was a fine owd gentleman. I remember on 'im dying. It's a strange long time agoä, an' he's in a fine big tomb ageän the church."

I asked, "Do you remember any of the family, any of the sons—Charles or Alfred?" He began to think, stared vacantly, and, as the past dimly rose before him, slowly said, "Y-e-e-s, I do remember Master Alfred, sewer-ly; he

was alus walkin' about tha lanes and closins wi' a book in 'is 'and; but when he grew up he wornt at 'oäm much; assiver he went up to Lunnun or some big place, and when he yeust ta cum 'oäme fur a bit one o' tha sarvants teld me he yeust ta goä upstairs in a top room, an' 'ing a mat ower 'is doär. I doant kna' what fur, but they sed he didn't want ta 'ear noä noise."

I tried many of the villagers, but the principal things which they remembered were, that the poet's father was a "fine man, wi' a big beard;" by which was meant a big, powerful man, and that Alfred was always "dawdlin' about wi' a book." According to rustic notions, such a young fellow ought to have been rabbiting or rat-catching, or indulging in some other "sport."

I have often felt astonished how very little is remembered of the Tennysons in their old home, which shows how little they were in harmony with their human surroundings. "Tha owd doctor" certainly made a stronger impression on the villagers than Alfred. In the mind of the old clerk the principal event of his life was his death. This bears out the general impression that Alfred's father was a studious and retired man, seldom seen but on Sundays. Many years ago, an old housekeeper gave me a very vivid description of him, "glowering" in his study, the walls of which were covered "wi' 'eathen gods and goddesses wi'out cloäs; and of his habit of lying in bed till three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

I well remember "Lawyer" Selwood, the father of the late Lady Tennyson. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a pleasant expression and quiet manners, always

dressed in a black frock coat. Almost every day, about three o'clock, it was his custom to take a country walk past our house, which was in the outskirts of Horncastle, and he always had a daughter on each arm. The daughters were rather small, shy, sensitive-looking girls: and as their father was tall, and walked with a long springy step, or, as our townspeople said, "with a loup," they had great difficulty in keeping up with him. His devotion to his motherless girls and their affection for him were subjects of general remark.

With customary exaggeration a recent writer says that Mr. Selwood's house is "one of the best in Horncastle, and easily recognisable as the residence of the principal inhabitant." This is all stuff, and of a piece with Lord Houghton's description of the father of Keats as a member of the "upper middle class," when he was in reality a livery stable keeper, or something of the kind. It is a fairly good house, but there are many better in the town, and Mr. Selwood, though always recognised as a gentleman, and respected by every one, could not correctly be described as the "principal" inhabitant.

An old lady of more than eighty years of age, the wife of a respectable tradesman, and who had been parlour-maid in the family many years, remembers the Miss Selwoods as very kind and gentle. "One of them made me this," said she, pointing to a little card-board figure standing on her chimney-piece, representing an old woman seated darning a stocking. She is wearing a blue gown, checked apron, and mob cap. By pulling a string the arm can be made to move. It is fixed in a broad piece of wood painted black,

to enable it to stand up securely. On the back is written, "A. Selwood." I was so much amused with it, that the old lady (to whom I had been a friend) begged my acceptance of it; and when I expressed reluctance to deprive her of it, she pressed it upon me, saying, as she was an old woman, some one would soon be getting it, and I might as well have it as any one else. I have it now, and esteem it an interesting relic.

It is well known that the Poet-Laureate showed a decided taste for literature at a very early age, and that when quite a boy he wrote a little tale. This tale was once mine, but as its chief merit was its curiosity, I exchanged it for something I valued more, although it was certainly interesting. It consisted of about half-a-dozen octavo leaves, stitched in a piece of brown wrapping paper, with the title, *Mungo the American* written on the cover, in a boyish hand, and at the bottom was given the name of the publishers, "Longman & Co."! an amusing instance of the child being "father of the man." It is many years since I glanced through it, and therefore my recollection is somewhat misty, but plot there was none; it was merely an incident, and related how Mungo was traversing the mighty Prairie and lost his sword (a rather unusual thing one would think). He wandered about in great agitation, searching for it amid poetical surroundings, but all in vain. A considerable time elapsed, and again Mungo was journeying in a wide waste land, when he espied a hut, towards which he hastened for guidance or for water. As he stood in the doorway, he beheld his sword hanging upon the opposite wall. He started, but recovered himself, and asked the

solitary inhabitant whence he obtained that sword. The answer did not prove satisfactory; or, as this was long anterior to the advent of the modern "interviewer," Mungo's question was naturally resented as an unwarrantable intrusion into the privacy of domestic life. But, whatever the cause, there ensued a short and sharp conflict—the sudden crack of a pistol, "alarums and excursions;" finally Mungo snatched the weapon from its place and "slew him with the sword." So he regained possession of his long-lost trusty blade. The sun set: or threw its slanting beams over the prairie—or something of that sort—as Mungo departed from the scene of the fray. Beyond the slight touches indicated above, there were no Tennysonian characteristics, unless a somewhat inflated style may be considered one. The manuscript is now in Mr. Wise's collection.

My old friend, the late W. B. Philpot, vicar of South Berstead, who was once curate to Charles Tennyson Turner, at Grasby, told me the following characteristic anecdote, which was related by his rector. It seems it was the custom of the two brothers, when quite boys, to practice making verses as they walked in the fields; and as they wished to be in company, but did not want to distract each other's attention, they agreed to walk one on each side of a hedge. One day as they were thus engaged, Alfred called to his brother over the hedge, "Charles! I have made such a splendid line! Listen!—'A thousand brazen chariots rolled over a bridge of brass.'" A resonant line, but lacking the polish which was afterwards so characteristic of him. An illustration of the well-known saying that "genius has an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Alfred Tennyson drew well. I have seen a series of portraits copied by him from *Fraser's Magazine* in pen and ink, which were remarkably spirited and clever. With them were some copies from *Bell's Gallery of Comicalities*, which was a clever series of caricatures published in a newspaper form about fifty years ago, and very popular. I think there were half a dozen sheets of them, at either fourpence or sixpence each. I suppose they are now worth five shillings each sheet, or more. I have seen many other sketches by him, and all spirited and clever.

A good deal has been said about the purchase and publication by Jacksons, of Louth, of the *Poems by Two Brothers*. I knew these printers, and very respectable, prosperous, shrewd tradesmen they were, but not educated men in the modern sense of the word, and, as it seemed to me, quite incapable of judging of the merit of a volume of poems. Then how came they to give ten pounds, and afterwards a second ten pounds, for a volume of poems by two schoolboys? I think the explanation is this: I have said they were very "shrewd" men, and these schoolboys were the grandsons of the Rev. Stephen ffytche, vicar of Louth, one of the richest and most influential men in the place. In a country town like Louth the vicar can put much good business in the hands of any printer whom he favours. No doubt the Jacksons had received in this way substantial benefits from the vicar, and partly out of good feeling and partly out of policy, behaved liberally to the two youths with such influential connections. And the printing of the book would be a very inexpensive affair, as it could be done in slack time, when auctioneers' bills and

such like miscellaneous printing was scarce. Then, again, the acquaintances and friends of the vicar were sure to take a good quantity, so there could be very little risk in the transaction. I remember, that nearly twenty years ago, Basil Montagu Pickering told me he came down to Louth and bought the few remaining copies from the Jacksons. At that time, I believe, Pickering asked about 30*s*. for a copy, which would now be worth from £15 to £20. He told me the MS. of the volume was then offered to him for £100.

I once bought somewhere in this country an edition of the poems in two volumes, 1842, in which against the lines,

> "O sweet pale Margaret,
> O rare pale Margaret,"

was written in pencil, "his cousin, and the palest girl I ever saw." Pickering, who had done me many friendly actions, asked me to let him have it, wanting it, he said, to make his set complete, and so I did. To show that Tennyson was not the reserved and ungenial man that some are pleased to represent him, I give the following anecdote which I know to be true. Five or six years ago Colonel Baylay, R.A., was with Major Cameron in the Isle of Wight, and they were invited to dine with Tennyson. After dinner, while in the smoking-room, it came out in course of conversation that Colonel Baylay, whose father was a Lincolnshire rector, was well acquainted with the dialect of the county, and, at Tennyson's request, he sang some Lincolnshire songs, of which the following is a specimen:

IT'S TIME I BEGUN TO GET MARRIED.

"It's time I begun ta git married,
O, git married,
It's time I begun ta git married,
Me bewty begins ta deca-a-a-a-a-a-y.
Me bewty begins ta decay.

Me fäther's got twenty bright ginnees,
O, bright ginnees,
Me fäther's got twenty bright ginnees
Besides a fat hog in tha st-y-y-y-y.
Besides a fat hog in tha sty.

Me muther she sent me a bundle,
O, a bundle,
Me muther she sent me a bundle,
A porringer ma-äde o' sum cla-a-a-a-y.
A porringer ma-äde o' sum clay.

Me bruther 'e ses 'e is willin',
O, 'e's willin',
Me bruther 'e ses 'e is willin',
That I should hev all wen 'e di-i-i-i-i-ies.
That I should hev all wen 'e dies.

And they're all ta be 'ed at me weddin',
O, me weddin',
And they're all ta be 'ed at me weddin',
Me weddin', weddin' da-a-a-a-ay.
Me weddin', weddin' dä."

Tennyson was highly delighted, and recited several of his own poems, being pleased to meet with a person so well acquainted with his native county. This account was given me by Col. Baylay's sister, and I have written it down at her dictation. This incident shows that the poet was not only a genial man, but kindly also, and could

sympathise with the humours and enjoy the rude songs of the Lincolnshire peasantry.

It is very amusing to the natives of the county to read the ridiculous guesses as to who were intended by various characters, and which are the places described in the Laureate's writings. Two only need be mentioned: *The Northern Farmer* and the *Moated Grange*. *Old John Baumber*, who has been pointed out as the original, had none of the characteristics of the *Northern Farmer*. He was a respectable man, quite equal to the average "Wold farmers," who are the cream of farmers. I recollect him distinctly, and can, in imagination, see him now, with his ruddy face, his brown cloth coat, red waistcoat, drab kerseymere breeches and gaiters, and rather broad-brimmed hat. I never heard any of the "strange tales" which one writer says are told of him. And, unfortunately, he did not get rich. As for his house being the "Moated Grange," it reminds one of the French Academician's definition of a crab, as "a red fish, which walks backward," when another Academician remarked, "An excellent definition, but, unfortunately, a live crab is not red, it is not a fish, and it does not walk backwards." So John Baumber's house is not lonely, but close to the church, the rectory, and the high road. It never had a moat, and as for the "level waste" and "rounding grey" the country is woody and undulating. The much talked of "glen" also is just by, and it is but a very ordinary small affair. When I was a boy some huge holly trees growing in the hedge of John Baumber's farm, next the road, attracted my notice much, because a large quantity of his poultry were accustomed to roost in them

for the night, which I considered a very extraordinary thing; and whenever my father drove past with me towards the end of the day, long before we got to the spot, I began to wonder if the chickens would be there. But several "moated granges" still exist in the county. On a visit to my brother not long since, we passed three in one afternoon's drive, though not looking for them.

II. THE TENNYSONS.

THE Tennysons have been settled in Holderness from a very early period. I [Florence Peacock] am not aware whether the parish registers of the district have been searched with the view of tracing their genealogy, but until this has been done it will be impossible to say how far back legal evidence of their presence in Yorkshire may be procured.

Thomas Tenison, D.D., who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1695 to 1716, is believed to have been a member of the Tennyson family, but there is no direct proof of the fact. It may, however, be said that the unusual manner in which he spelt his name is no indication that the tie of blood was distant, for long after the time at which he flourished, nay, till within living memory, it was no uncommon thing for brothers to vary the orthography of their surname. There can be but little doubt that both Tennyson and Tenison are merely altered forms of Dennisson—that is, the son of Dennis.

The grandfather of the late Poet Laureate was George

Tennyson, of Bayons Manor, near Market Rasen, in Lincolnshire, whose mother, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of George Clayton, was, through her mother, Dorothy Hildeyard, of Kelstern, a descendant of an illustrious race, since the Hildeyards inherited the blood of the Earls of Scarsdale, who were also Barons d'Eyncourt, a member of their house having wedded an heiress of the blood of that noble family.

The late poet was also descended in another line from the d'Eyncourts, who sprang from Walter d'Eyncourt, one of the mighty men of war serving under the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings. Walter d'Eyncourt is said to have been a near relation of Remigius, the great Norman ecclesiastic, who removed the episcopal see from Dorchester to Lincoln, and thus became the first of that long line of prelates who have ever since ruled the diocese. The d'Eyncourt pedigree can be traced directly down from this Walter into the fifteenth century, when it became extinct in the male line.

There has always been a tradition in Lincolnshire to the effect that the reason Bayons Manor passed to a younger child and not to the heirs of the elder son was attributable to the extreme anxiety of George Tennyson to "found a family," which led him to make Charles, a man much given to politics—he represented Lambeth in Parliament for many years, and was a member of the Privy Council—the successor to his estates. The Laureate's grandfather himself possessed intellectual gifts of no despicable order. In early life he was a solicitor at Market Rasen, head of the firm of Tennyson, Mayne, and Vane; but as he lived

during the extreme agricultural depression, consequent on the war with our American colonies, which threw many estates into the market, he was enabled to add much to his possessions by judicious investments in farms and small holdings; he also took an active part in the great enclosures of uncultivated waste, at the end of the last century, for he was almost the only local lawyer who had a competent knowledge of manorial rights and customs, for which reason he was frequently employed, not only in Lincolnshire, but in the neighbouring counties, to make the needful arrangements for enclosure Acts, and to get them passed through Parliament. In his latter years Mr. Tennyson sat more than once in Parliament, representing Bletchingley. He died on the 4th of July, 1835, and a story told in the neighbourhood of Bayons Manor more than fifty years ago, related that the first time the nightingale was heard to sing in that part of Lincolnshire was on the evening of the day of his burial. There can be but few persons now alive who remember the great Lincolnshire lawyer; he was godfather to the present writer's grandfather, and his godson, who knew him well, had a high opinion of his legal abilities, and indeed of his capacity for business in the widest sense of that rather vague term. Probably the only serious mistake he ever made, if mistake it really were, as tradition represents, was when he left Bayons Manor to his younger son under the belief that the descendants of the elder one were not so likely to become prominent in the eyes of the world.

He possessed an amount of culture somewhat rare among the "practical" men of that age; in 1807 a ploughman on his estate unearthed the extraordinary number of 5,700

silver coins of Henry II., as fresh as though they had just come from the mint, and Mr. Tennyson presented a specimen of each separate type to the national collection in the British Museum, recognising, as few landowners even yet do, the duty of preserving the antiquities of the country for the benefit of future ages.

So much for the Laureate ancestry. Occasionally an amusing reminiscence of the poet himself is to be met with in the native county which he quitted so many years ago. For instance, an old woman who was once a servant in the house of one of his relations, observed in speaking of him to a friend of the writer, "that Mr. Alfred was very quiet, but he often said 'thank you'" for any service she had to do for him, such as "taking a candle into another room when he was going to study." She also remarked, "He be used for to screw a little glass into his eye when he had his dinner, a sort of thing I never see now-a-days, but they say as some folks wears them in some places. You see, Miss F——, I remember all this very well; but then, when I was there, I didn't know at all *'at he was tryin' for to be a poet*."

III. EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

In Tennyson's *Poems*, published by Effingham Wilson in 1830, there are some very fine verses under the heading *Isabel*. These were written to his mother, and not a word was over-praise to those who knew her personally.

> "Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
> The summer calm of golden charity."

As a slight illustration of this rare quality we recall an afternoon in Alfred's house at Twickenham, lent, after he had left it, to his mother and the unmarried children then residing with her. She was accustomed in those days to boast of her "thirty-six feet of sons," being herself a tiny woman of delicate, fairy-like mould. One of her big boys swept the froth from a tumbler of ale on to the neat parlour carpet. "The energy of youth," said Mrs. Tennyson, with her quiet smile.

The tiny stature was not inherited by any of her children. Sons and daughters were all of the same large type. Many residents in Edinburgh remember the tall and somewhat ungainly figure of Mrs. Lushington, wife of the small and slight Professor of Greek at Glasgow University. Mrs. Lushington had a few strange ballads, which she would sing, if duly pressed, at Edinburgh gatherings. One was of a man lost in the snow, and there was sufficient ambiguity in words and music to admit of the audience saying with Calverley, "And as for the meaning, it's just what you please."

One marked characteristic of the Laureate's mother was the loyalty with which she stood by all her children. An enthusiastic hero-worshipper once said to her, "How proud you must be of Alfred!" "Yes," replied the gentle little lady. "But Charles and Frederick have written very beautiful verses too."

The daughter who has been most in the minds of Tennysonian readers is of course Emily, who was engaged to be married to Arthur Hallam, the inspirer of "In Memoriam." She was a woman of warm sympathies and rich nature.

She married Captain Jesse, a very typical English sailor, and had two sons. The eldest, Arthur, named after the Laureate's friend, is in the Civil Service. The second son Eustace, became a clergyman in the Church of England. His unpublished poems are in a melancholy strain, not likely to be generally popular, but in character and general habits of mind he is particularly Tennysonian. Mrs. Jesse died at Margate.

That Mrs. Tennyson, the Laureate's mother, had her troubles, may be gathered from certain lines in *Isabel:*

> "A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,
> Till in its onward current it absorbs
> With swifter movement and in purer light
> The vexed eddies of its wayward brother,
> A leaning and upbearing parasite,
> Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite."

And the success of her endeavours to perform the heavy duties thus cast upon her may be read in the Bishop of Exeter's account of her son Alfred's estimate of her when speaking under the sorrowful effect of her burial at Highgate. Almost in the same words he spoke in *Isabel*:

> " . . . . The world hath not another
> * * * * * * *
> Of such a finish'd, chasten'd purity."

Of recent years Lord Tennyson has been talked of in the bated breath with which men speak of a peer of the realm. But in the sixties and even the seventies he was known by his own friends as "a very good fellow." Travelling with

chosen companions, such men as Thomas Woolner and Palgrave, he was at an inn once, and the great question arose of the possible bill of fare. After hearing what the others ordered, Tennyson added, "Potatoes." The worthy host had none, and said there were none in the village. The poet was so insistent that a man and cart had to be despatched for a distance of many miles, and the simple but indispensable root was at last served, after many hours of delay and at no inconsiderable expense.

At a literary supper party given in London somewhere about 1860, at which the brothers Charles and Henry Kingsley were present, and many other kindred spirits, the talk turned on the definition of "humbug." Alfred Tennyson moved as if to speak, and the rest of the company were silenced in expectation. It was like that supper party a century before, when the companion of poor crushed Oliver Goldsmith offended him with, "Hush! Dr. Shonson pekins to speak." Tennyson said in his unrivalled organ voice, "Humbug. It is a lie."

About 1863-4-5 he took a keen interest in scientific investigation, especially astronomical. At the house of Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., and elsewhere, he found opportunities of scientific talk and experiment which interested him very deeply. One night a little crowd of notables, including the late Lord Rosse and Professor Huxley, were analysing with a powerful telescope a nebulous mass. The effect was a

> "Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

Many wise and foolish things were said by the observers

after the wondrous spectacle, and the Laureate's remark was rather dashed with bathos. "What are the county families after this?" he asked. There was a dry old Scotchman present, and he muttered, "But we're nae speakin' aboot county families at a'!"

One more anecdote of Lord Tennyson in the old days. It is said that he and the Duke of Argyll were walking over his acres at Freshwater. After enumerating his possessions in our tiny southern island, he asked, "How many acres have you in Argyleshire?" The Duke, unwilling to crush him with numbers, replied, "Well, in Scotland we generally measure in square miles." E.

IV. TENNYSON AND HIS PUBLISHERS.

KNOWING that Mr. Tennyson was about to take his books out of the hands of Messrs. Moxon and Son, Mr. Strahan wrote to him proposing that his firm, Strahan and Co., should become the publishers. To this Mr. Tennyson replied, appointing an interview at Farringford. Mr. Strahan went down, and the matter was arranged one night after dinner, Mr. Tennyson smoking, and talking over the contract and other matters with Mr. Strahan, until four in the morning, in the top of the tower (at Farringford).

The terms of the contract were, that Strahan and Co. should pay Mr. Tennyson, for a period of five years, a sum of five thousand pounds per annum for the right to publish the books which had already appeared at the date of the

contract, and, in addition, that they should have the right to issue any new works on commission, the commission being ten per cent.

Notwithstanding the large sum agreed to be paid, Strahan and Co. made a profit on the transaction during the years they had the books. During the time they had Lord Tennyson's books they only published three new ones, *The Holy Grail* (1869), *The Window, or Songs of the Wrens*, published in *December*, 1870, though dated 1871 upon the title-page, and *Gareth and Lynette* (1872). Of *The Holy Grail* they got rid of forty thousand copies within a short time after publication.* The book was published at *7s. 6d.*, and the nett proceeds—less 10 per cent. commission to Strahan and Co.—went to Mr. Tennyson. The book would, of course, cost for paper and print about fourpence, binding another fourpence, and they would get about *4s. 6d.* a copy, which, after deducting cost of production and publishers' commission, would leave about *3s.* to Lord Tennyson. Forty thousand copies at *3s.* amounts to six thousand pounds.

The small edition in ten volumes in a box was Mr. Strahan's idea. It was also his idea that some should be done in purple and some in the usual green. A portion of the stock was bound in purple, not against Lord Tennyson's wishes, but with his consent, he having passed the whole matter.

When Messrs. Strahan and Co. published Mr. Tennyson's books, *In Memoriam* sold considerably better than

* Curiously enough the same number of copies (forty thousand) were printed of the first edition of *Idylls of the King*, published by Moxon in 1859.

any one of the others, that is, of course, of the old books.

Sir Arthur Sullivan received five hundred pounds for setting *The Window, or the Songs of the Wrens*, and after this had been deducted from the proceeds of the book it was treated as a commission-book, Strahan and Co. receiving ten per cent. on the nett proceeds.

The transfer of Lord Tennyson's books from Strahan and Co. to Henry S. King was conducted by Mr. Strahan, who arranged the terms between Lord Tennyson and Mr. King. He was to pay four thousand pounds a year for the old books, and Mr. Strahan particularly stipulated on behalf of Mr. King, that he should have the right to publish a complete edition of all the poems at *7s. 6d.*, which was to be included in the annual payment. The firm sold one hundred thousand copies of the complete edition at *7s. 6d.* Strahan and Co. did not have the right to publish a complete edition in one volume, and did not, while they had the books, wish to do so, as each book sold separately to their entire satisfaction.

V. THE ORIGIN OF TENNYSON'S "RIZPAH."

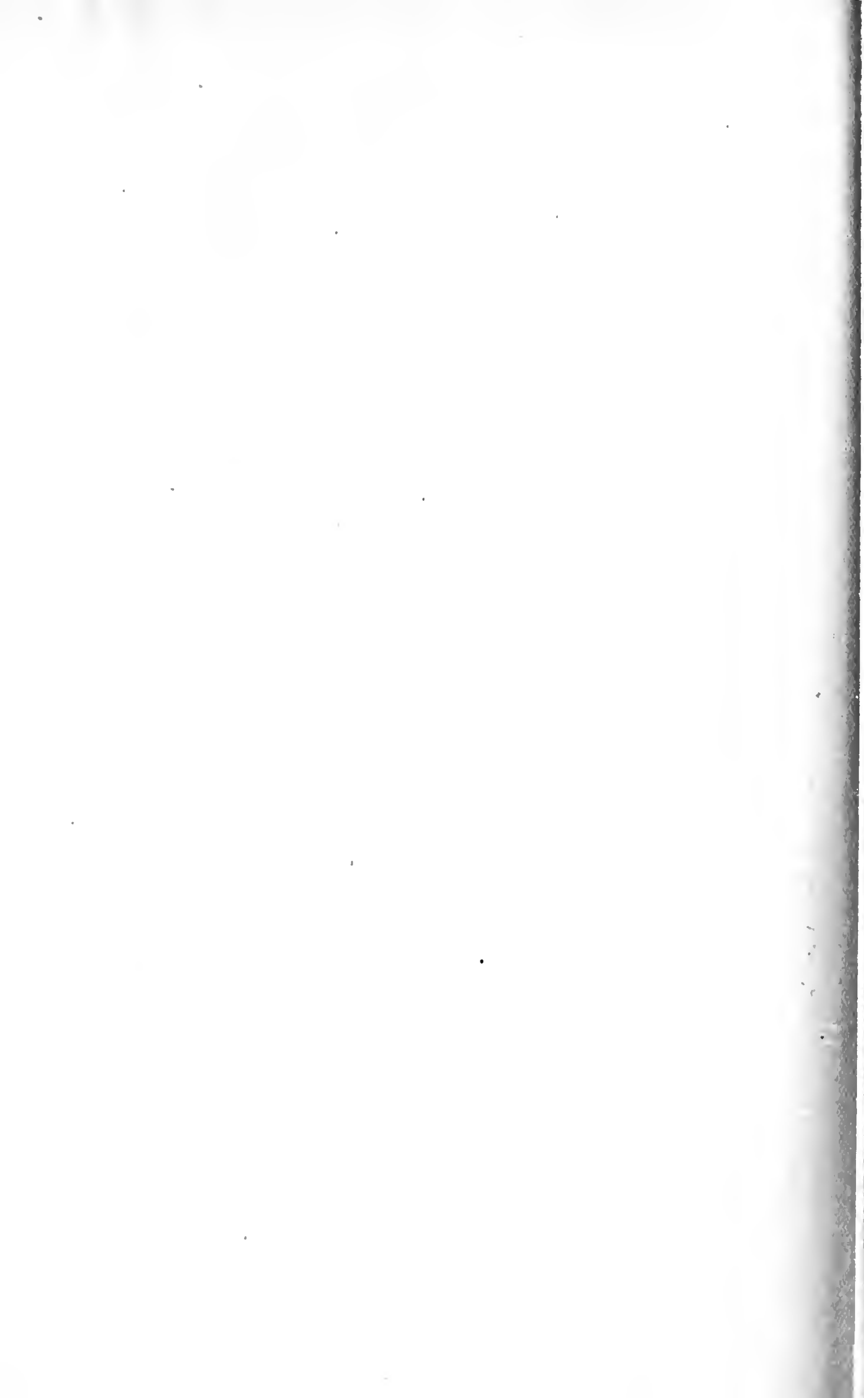
The following letter was addressed to the *Bookman*, and published in that periodical in December 1892:—

"Sir,—I beg to send you an extract from *The History of Brighton and its Environs*, by Alderman Henry Martin, published by John Beal, Brighton, in 1871, in which I think I see the germ of Tennyson's poem of 'Rizpah.' I do not know that attention has been drawn to this before. On

the night of 30th October, 1792, the mail from Brighton was robbed, at Goldstone Bottom, by two men, named Rock and Howell, the whole extent of the booty being half a sovereign, enclosed in a letter. The book (page 174) goes on to say: 'Rock was a simple inoffensive fellow, aged about twenty-four, who had been the dupe of Howell, a man forty years old. Rock lived with his mother at a cottage at Old Shoreham, on the site now occupied by Adur Lodge. The two men were found guilty at the Horsham Spring Assizes, and were sentenced to be executed near the spot where the robbery had been effected. The bodies were afterwards each enclosed in a skeleton dress and hung upon a gibbet. When the elements had caused the clothes and the flesh to decay, the aged mother of Rock, night after night, in all weathers—and especially in tempestuous weather—visited the lonely spot, and it was noticed that on her return she always brought something away with her in her apron. Upon being watched, it was discovered that the bones of the hanging men were the object of her search, and as the wind and rain scattered them on the ground, she collected the relics and conveyed them to her home; and, when the gibbets were stripped of their horrid burthen, in the dead silence of the night she interred them, deposited in a chest, in the hallowed ground of Old Shoreham Church.'—Your obedient servant,

"J. W. D'ALBEVILLE.

SHOREHAM, SUSSEX,
"*22nd November*, 1892."



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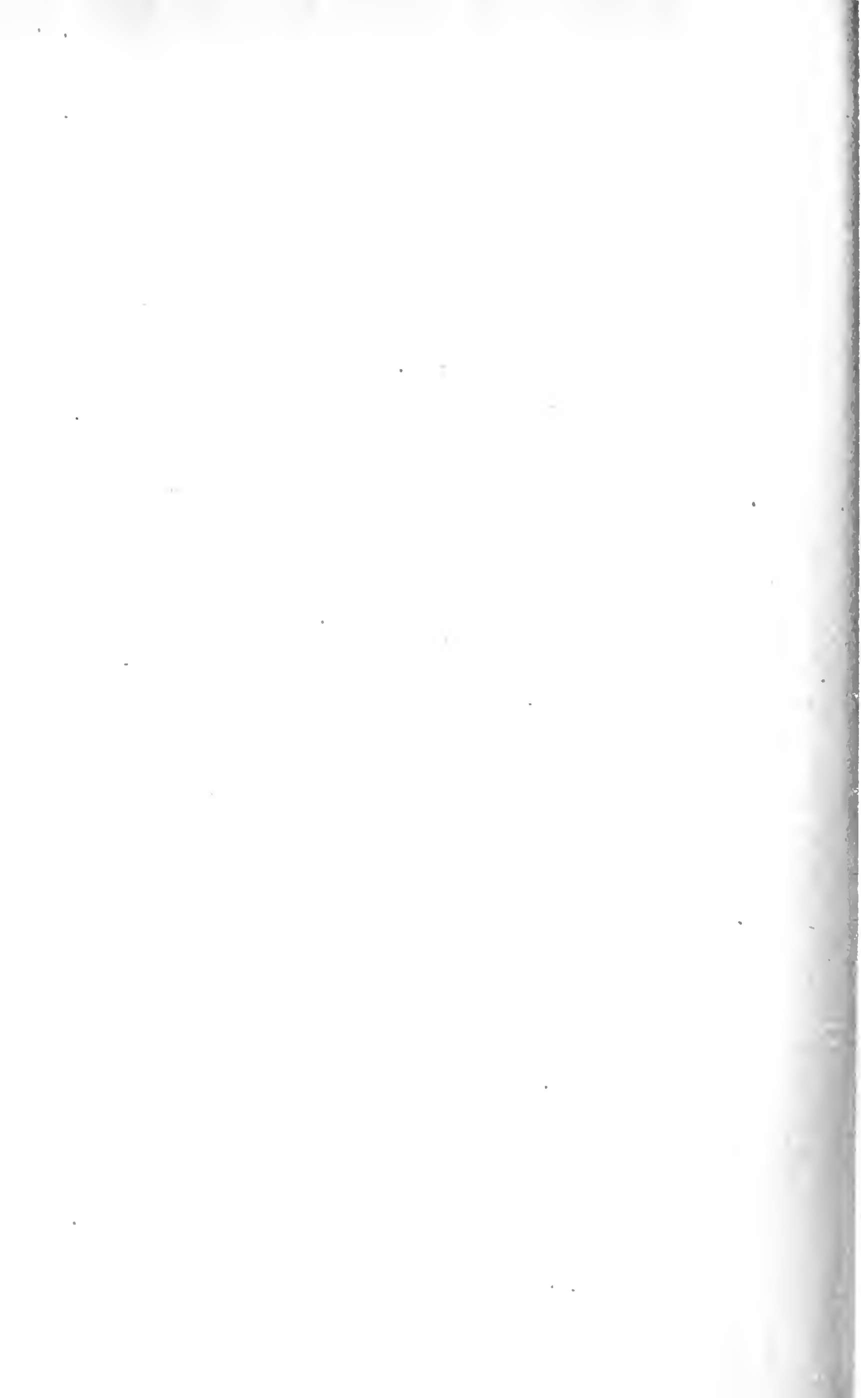

ANA.

Dr. John Brown and Charles Dickens.

As is well-known the author of *Rab and His Friends* was an enthusiastic admirer of Thackeray, but he did not relish the writings of Dickens. In early life Dr. Brown spent a year as an assistant surgeon at Chatham. Long after he met Charles Dickens for the first and only time. The conversation turned on nationalities, and Dickens said that he had been cured of any cockney prejudice against Scotchmen which he might have had by the heroic conduct of a young Scotch surgeon which he had witnessed at Chatham during the cholera time. Strange to say this young surgeon was none other than the friend to whom he was telling the story.

The Founder of the "Cornhill" Magazine.

On April 14th, 1882, Mr. Harry Wooldridge died after many years of suffering. He was for a long period manager of the publishing department of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., in which capacity he founded the *Cornhill* Magazine, and was the compiler of two small religious

works, *The Divine Teacher* and *The Sure Resting Place.* (See *Academy*, April 22nd, 1882.)

The Plan of Carlyle's "Cromwell."

Mr. G. S. Venables in his prefatory notice to Spedding's *Evenings with a Reviewer*, states that the plan of Carlyle's *History of Oliver Cromwell* was borrowed from that of Spedding's *Life of Bacon.* Reviewing the work in the *Academy*, Mr. S. R. Gardiner took exception to this statement, and characterises it as "wild." (See *Academy*, March 18th, 1882.) Professor Lushington wrote (*Academy*, April 1st, 1882), the statement on which Mr. Gardiner comments, if understood as the writer meant it, is strictly true; it might perhaps have been worded in a manner less open to possible misapprehension. If instead of "borrowed from the cumbrous arrangements of the *Life of Bacon*," Mr. Venables had written "borrowed from the plan which Spedding had early conceived, had communicated to Carlyle and afterwards carried out in his *Life of Bacon*" the averment would have been unimpeachable. Mr. Venables was intimately acquainted with both, and has been told by Spedding over and over again that the plan of Carlyle's *Cromwell* was professedly taken from his, as a circumstance in which Spedding took some pride.

Bishop Thirlwall's Appointment to St. David's.

In a letter to the *Academy*, February 4th, 1882, Professor Bain maintains that Thirlwall's appointment to the See of St. David's depended on three Radicals, the most

important of the three in all probability being John Mill. Dr. Bain was informed by Grote, the historian, that the appointments were actually managed by Charles Buller, who had two men to promote—Thirlwall and Waddington. The vacancy in the See of St. David's concurred with a vacancy in the Deanery of Durham, and Grote was of opinion that Waddington should have been Bishop and Thirlwall Dean. He added, with unusual emphasis, "If that had been so it is as sure as any could be that Waddington would have died Archbishop of Canterbury." How did Lord Melbourne come to take Charles Buller's advice as to the appointment of a Bishop? In 1837 Melbourne deliberately passed over Thirlwall when the See of Norwich was vacant because the Bishops of Ely and Chichester gave a verdict of want of confidence in his orthodoxy. Three years after, however, Archbishop Howley being appealed to, stated that he saw no objection to Thirlwall's promotion, and it took place accordingly. He was moved to this second appeal by Buller, and in all probability Buller was influenced by John Stuart Mill. Mill had a prodigiously high opinion of Thirlwall's ability as a member of the Speculative Debating Society. He admired his supposed liberality of mind, and had warmly welcomed his *History of Greece*. Buller never performed any public act of importance without consulting Mill and being guided by him, and in alluding to Thirlwall immediately after his promotion he used these words: "Whom we now with exultation call Bishop Thirlwall."

Tennyson as a Lecturer.

About 1855, when most of the eminent writers of the day were lecturing, it was stated by the *Critic*, December 1st, 1855, that Tennyson was going to inform the Isle of Wight about Crashaw and George Herbert. But no lecture was ever delivered.

The "Retrospective Review."

Early in 1853 there died Mr. Henry Southern, Her Majesty's minister at the Court of the Brazils. It is stated by the *Critic* (April 1st, 1853) that "Mr. Southern first became known in the higher class of critical literature. He was one of the earlier editors of the *Westminster Review*. He planned as well as edited the *Retrospective Review*, and the pages of the *Spectator* lost by his removal to diplomatic service under Sir George Villiers in Spain."

Ruskin and Emerson.

The following letter was addressed to Alexander Ireland:—

BRANTWOOD, *9th February*, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely flattered and obliged by the gift of your books, especially the paper on Scott and the Encheirdion. I have never cared much for Emerson, he is little more to me than a clever gossip, and his egoism reiterates itself to provocation. Still, I am extremely glad you have given these careful notes of him. All his friends seem to have loved him much.

With very sincere thanks,

Believe me respectfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Besant and Rice.

The following appeared in a Rochdale *Observer* for September 30th, 1893:—

"Some of the readers of this column of mine will perhaps remember that about three weeks ago I indulged in a little gossip arising out of a passage in an old Christmas story called *Shepherds All and Maidens Fair*, which appeared in a volume of stories by Besant and Rice. I spoke of some words in the story which, as it appeared in that volume, had been altered since I saw the passage many years ago in the original form in which the story appeared as a Christmas number. And I branched off into a little speculation touching the respective characteristics of the two distinguished collaborateurs. Since then Mr. Walter Besant has favoured me with a pleasant little note touching my remarks. He says that he has always thought it a pity that Mr. Rice left no book wholly written by himself. He goes on, however, to say that there was a novel written entirely by Mr. Rice which appeared in the pages of *Once a Week* in or about the year 1870. It was printed as 'By the Editor.' For at that time Mr. Rice was the editor and proprietor of *Once a Week*. I am not sure whether he purchased the copyright direct from Bradbury and Evans, who, it may be remembered, started the magazine in opposition to Charles Dickens when the great novelist extinguished *Household Words* and ran *All the Year Round* in the place of it. It has been said that *Once a Week* never was at any part of its career a good paying property. If that is so it is a matter for some surprise, seeing that not very long before it was in the hands of Mr. Rice, that extraordinary strong novel,

Foul Play, written in collaboration between Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, was run through its columns —a novel that ought to have made the future of any publication whatever. The proprietorship of *Once a Week* afterwards passed into the hands of George Manville Fenn, and for some two or three years more was, I believe, the burden of his life, seeing that it appeared to be impossible to make ends meet with it. Having lost a good deal more money in it than he could afford, Mr. Fenn, not being able to find a purchaser for the magazine, let it die. When it was decently buried, Mr. Fenn recovered his old spirits and took a new lease in life, and continues to be up to the present moment one of the happiest, as well as one of the most industrious of successful story-writers.

"Mr. Besant tells me that he has sometimes thought of re-editing and re-publishing that story of Mr. Rice's, but that there is this difficulty about it, that Mr. Rice had told him that part of it was written hurriedly, and that he would like to overhaul and re-write portions of it if it were to be reprinted. Turning to the question of the little alteration in the paragraph of *Shepherds All and Maidens Fair*, Mr. Besant tells me that he has not the least recollection of having made any alteration in it, and he adds that perhaps Mr. Rice altered it himself after the appearance of the work as a Christmas story. With regard to my observation regarding *Ready-money Mortiboy*, that according to my recollection Mr. Rice spoke of Mr. Besant as being its author, Mr. Besant says that he certainly ought not to be spoken of as its author, for the original conception of *Ready-money Mortiboy* was Mr. Rice's, and many

if not most of the incidents were Mr. Rice's invention."

Patrick Branwell Brontë as a Painter.

In Dewsbury, at the residence of Mr. J. Ingram, of Fairfields, there are three interesting oil-paintings by Branwell Brontë, one of Mrs. Ingram, who was then Miss Hartley. Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., inspected these portraits, and wrote the following letter to Mr. Yeats :—

"THE BULL, WAKEFIELD, *November 28th*, 1893.

"DEAR SIR,—The Brontë Portraits. Allow me to thank you very sincerely for your kind response to my desire to see the Patrick [Branwell] Brontë portraits, in the possession of Mr. Ingram. I went in company with your worthy secretary, Mr. Lee, who kindly brought me to the house. The portraits are very interesting. The colour is very good, and as studies of family character, capital. If inclined to be critical, a habit which grows upon one who inspects, I should say the drawing, which in the heads is good, is in the other portions strangely out of proper contour of line. The cleverness was evidently innate, and would have developed with culture. But probably bread-winning was more important than severe drudgery over the rudiments. I quite enjoyed going over the so-called Dewsbury Moor with Mr. Lee, who pointed out the localities made famous by the young painter's sister, Charlotte Brontë.

"Believe me, yours gratefully,

"(Signed) EYRE CROWE."

An Unreclaimed Sonnet of Charles Lamb's.

Mr. W. H. Conington, writing to the *Bookman* in February, 1894, said :—

"There cannot, I think, be the slightest hesitancy in assigning the following poem to Charles Lamb; his intimacy with the Burney family is too well known to need mention, and the signature is one he frequently employed,

and regarded as his by right; while personally I should be quite satisfied with the internal evidence of style, by itself as regards this sonnet.

SONNET

To Miss Burney, on her Character of Blanch
in *Country Neighbours*, a tale.

Bright spirits have arisen to grace the BURNEY name,
And some in letters, some in tasteful arts,
In learning some have borne distinguished parts;
Or sought through science of sweet sounds their fame:
And foremost *she*, renowned for many a tale
Of faithful love perplexed, and of that good
Old man who, as Camilla's guardian, stood
In obstinate virtue clad like coat of mail.
Nor dost thou, SARAH, with unequal pace
Her steps pursue. The pure romantic vein
No gentler creature ever knew to feign
Than thy fine Blanch, young with an elder grace,
In all respects without rebuke or blame,
Answering the antique freshness of her name.

C. L.

The reference in the third line is probably to the Rev. Charles Burney, a celebrated scholar in his day. In the next line the reference is, of course, to Charles Burney the celebrated musician and friend of Johnson, father of the above and of Frances Burney, Madame D'Arblay, whose novel *Camilla* is, it is hardly necessary to add, referred to in lines 6–8."

On the Authorship of "The Queen of My Heart."

The *Eclectic Review*, 1851 (ii.), p. 66, contains the following passage: "It is curious to observe the wisdom

and penetration of those who have at all mingled in literary society. They read an author, study his peculiarities and style, and imagine they perfectly understand his whole system of thought, and could detect one mistake instantly. But to show that even authors themselves are not always infallible judges, we will relate an anecdote which has never yet been made public, though, having received it from an undoubted source, we venture to vouch for its veracity. Shelley, whose poems many years ago were so much read and admired, necessarily excited much discussion in literary circles. A party of literary men were one evening engaged in canvassing his merits, when one of them declared that he knew the turns of Shelley's mind so well that amongst a thousand anonymous pieces he would detect his, no matter when published. Mr. James Augustus St. John, who was present, not liking the blustering tone of the speaker, remarked that he thought he was mistaken, and that it would amongst so many, be difficult to trace the style of Shelley. Every one present, however, sided with his opponent, and agreed that it was perfectly impossible that any one could imitate his style. A few days after a poem, entitled 'To the Queen of My Heart,' appeared in the *London Weekly Review*, with Shelley's signature, but written by Mr. St. John himself. The same coterie met and discussed the poem brought to their notice, and prided themselves much upon their discrimination; said they at once recognised the 'style of Shelley, and could not be mistaken, his soul breathed through it—it was himself.' And so 'The Queen of My Heart' was settled to be Shelley's! and to this day it is numbered with his poems (see Shelley's Works, edited by

Mrs. Shelley, vol. iv., p. 166. It deceived even his wife), and very few are in the secret that it is not actually his. The imitation was perfect and completely deceived every one, much to the discomfiture of all concerned."

We forwarded the passage to Professor Dowden, who has kindly sent us the following note in reply: "The passage from the *Eclectic Review* is new to me, and is very interesting. Mrs. Shelley first printed and then rejected 'Queen of My Heart.' Medwin had previously printed it as Shelley's. Forman prints it among *Juvenilia.* Garnett rejects it. I printed it, but with great misgivings, and with a footnote to warn the reader that it is of doubtful authenticity, placing it, as Forman does, among the *Juvenilia.* It ought never to have been mistaken for a poem of Shelley's maturity, and Medwin's authority is the only ground for admitting it among Shelley's poems. I do not believe he wrote it."

Sydney Dobell on the Poetry of the First Lord Lytton.

Sydney Dobell's criticisms on the strenuous attempts made by the first Lord Lytton to write poetry are worth recalling. They are quoted from a letter of Dobell's in Gilfillan's *Third Gallery of Literary Portraits* (p. 390). "The author is an orator, and has tried to be a poet. Dickens's John the Carrier was perpetually on the verge of a joke, but never made one; Bulwer's relation to poetry is of the same provoking kind. The lips twitch, the face glows, the eyes light; but the joke is not there. An exquisite *savoir faire* has led him within sight of the intuitions of poetic instinct. Laborious calculation has almost stood

for sight but his maps and charts are not the earth and the heavens. His vision is not a dream, but a nightmare; you have Parnassus before you; but the light that never was on sea or shore is wanting. The whole reminds you of a lunar landscape, rocks and caves and to spare, but no atmosphere. It is fairy land travelled by dark."

J. M. Barrie on his Method of Work.

The following is Mr. J. M. Barrie's answer to a request to tell readers how he worked. It was written on a crumpled sheet which had evidently once contained tobacco.

Journalism.	Fiction.
2 pipes, 1 hour	8 pipes, 1 ounce
2 hours, 1 idea	7 ounces, 1 week
1 idea, 3 pars	2 weeks, 1 chap
3 pars, 1 leader	20 chaps, 1 nib.
	2 nibs, 1 novel.

The Charge of Plagiarism against the Second Lord Lytton.

Little was said in the memoirs of the late Lord Lytton about the charges of plagiarism brought against him. The greater part of *Lucile* was described as nothing more nor less than a marvellously exact translation from George Sand's *Lavinia.* Here are two parallel passages:—

"Lavinia," page 278.

"Des rideaux de basin bien blanc recevaient l'ombre mouvante des sapins qui secouaient leurs chevelures noires au vent de la nuit, sous l'humide regard de la lune. De petits seaux de bois d'olivier verni etaient remplis des plus belles fleurs de la montagne. Lavinia avait cueilli elle-même, dans les plus désertes vallées, et sur les plus hautes cimes, ces bella-dones au sein vermeil,

ces aconits au cimier d'azur, au calice vénéneux ; ces silènes blancs et roses, dont les pétales sont si délicatement découpés ; ces pales saponaires ; ces clochettes si transparentes et plissées comme de la mousseline ; ces valérianes de pourpre ; toutes ces sauvages filles de la solitude, si embaumées et si fraîches, que le chamois craint de les flétrir en les effleurant en sa course, et que l'eau des sources inconnue au chasseur les couche à peine sous son flux nonchalant et silencieux."

"Lucile," page 70.

"In the white curtains waver'd the delicate shade
Of the heaving acacias in which the breeze played.
O'er the smooth wooden floor, polish'd dark as a glass,
Fragrant white Indian matting allow'd you to pass.
In light olive baskets, by window and door,
Some hung from the ceiling, some crowding the floor,
Rich wild flowers, plucked by Lucile from the hill,
Seem'd the room with their passionate presence to fill :
Blue aconite, hid in white roses, reposed ;
The deep bella-donna its vermeil disclosed ;
And the frail saponaire, and the tender blue-bell,
And the purple valerian—each child of the fell
And the solitude flourish'd, fed fair from the source
Of waters the huntsman scarce heeds in his course,
Where the chamois and izard, with delicate hoof,
Pause or flit through the pinnacled silence aloof."

It will be admitted that these lines show the ability of a consummate translator.

Another accusation, not disproved so far as we know, concerned his *National Songs of Servia.* "Whether they be weeds or wild flowers," said Owen Meredith, "I have at least gathered them in their native soil amidst the solitude of the Carpathians, and along the shores of the Danube." It was shown, however, that they were translated from a French translation of selections from the Servian songs collected by Stephanowitsch in 1824, these selections, however being translated avowedly not from the Servian

originals, but from the German translations of the Fraulein Jacob. It was also shown that "Owen Meredith" was so ignorant of Servian that he scarcely ever wrote a Servian word without mis-spelling it to an extent not possible to any one acquainted with the merest elements of the grammar of the Servian tongue. These exposures had a very damaging effect on the poet's reputation, then growing rapidly, as may be observed from the complete change of tone on the part of critics generally, and the comparatively limited sale of his books.

Mr. John Morley's Early Career.

In a comparatively little known book, *Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life*, by the Rev. Frederick Arnold, there are some interesting notices of the academic and early literary career of Mr. John Morley, whom Mr. Arnold first knew at Lincoln College, Oxford, and whom he befriended when he took to authorship as a profession.

Mr. Morley early lost his father, who was a surgeon at Blackburn. "He was very young," Mr. Arnold says, "when he came up to Lincoln from Cheltenham College, and we used to wonder whether such cleverness could last. He has disappointed some hopes, for at one time there appeared a probability of his taking orders"—an intimation which may well surprise those who have read his biographies of Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau. It does not even appear that his renunciation of a clerical career arose from scepticism. "I believe," Mr. Arnold says, "that the great reason why he did not take holy orders was that he graduated so early that he would have some years to wait

before he could do so, and in those years he drifted entirely into literature." We are not told that Mr. Morley distinguished himself in any way at Oxford. "He spent a good deal of time at the Union," where he spoke pretty frequently, "but not," according to Mr. Arnold, "with conspicuous success. His matter was always good, but he was inornate and ineloquent." On leaving Oxford, he had a long struggle in London as a man of letters. Mr. Arnold, who then combined literature and clericalism, gives a curious instance of the aid which he afforded to his former college friend during his earlier life in London. The Rev. Henry Christmas projected a work on the Archbishops of Canterbury. He engaged Mr. Arnold to write some portions of it, and "I tired at the work and handed it over to Morley, who did something at it"—rather a strange employment for such a pen. Ultimately the production of the work devolved on Dr. Hook. On becoming editor of the then declining *Literary Gazette*, Mr. Arnold placed Mr. Morley on his staff, and he bears testimony to the conscientiousness and commendable diligence of his friend and assistant. "Morley and I," he adds, "at this time combined some tutorial work with literature. He took a mastership at a well-known school at Charlton, in Kent, with the late Mr. Pritchett, who became Vicar, and oddly enough, a pupil which (*sic*) he had at Paris subsequently became a pupil of my own. It was during his residence in Paris that he chiefly acquired his remarkable insight into French literature." The next steps in Mr. Morley's varied career were his formation of a connection with the *Saturday Review* and his editorship of the expiring *Morning*

Star, a Radical London newspaper which enjoyed the patronage of the late John Bright. It was doubtless owing to the acquaintance which he thus formed with Mr. Bright that he was once enabled to say to Mr. Arnold, "I confess I felt a little elated to-day when I walked arm-in-arm down Whitehall with a Cabinet Minister." Mr. Morley's subsequent political and literary career belongs to the category of "Things generally known."

Jane Clairmont ["Claire," the mother of Byron's Allegra].

Some attention was attracted by Mr. William Graham's article on Jane Clairmont in the *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1893, and it may be well to record a word of warning. Briefly, nothing is new in the article save one statement, and that is untrue. The statement is that, when Shelley and Mary were accompanied by Jane on their journey to Geneva, they were aware of her relations with Byron. This has been hinted at and suggested time after time; now it is put forward as a fact on the evidence of a chat with Jane. It is, we repeat, entirely false. Sufficient documentary evidence exists in the handwriting of Shelley. Mary, and *Jane herself*, to prove beyond all question that the Shelleys were quite ignorant of Jane's relations with Byron till shortly before the birth of Allegra. There is extant a letter written by Jane to Byron, in which she begs and entreats him to shield her, and not to allow her condition to come to Shelley's and Mary's ears. When there are these direct statements and letters, we need hardly appeal to the whole atmosphere of the history of these

months, or to the surprise and anger expressed by Shelley on his discovery of what had taken place.

The old and filthy lie connecting Shelley with Jane is revived in the article, the chief point being the amount of money left in Shelley's will to Jane. The writer evidently does not know that the sum actually received by Jane Clairmont was left her in error, that is, there was a palpable error in the drafting of Shelley's will, the sum Shelley intended her to have being left to Jane twice over, so that she received, by a legal flaw, just double the money destined for her use. Shelley's will did not come into effect till long after his death ; and the error could not be rectified.

The writer in the *Nineteenth Century* says that Jane was always shut up, and would give no information to any one but himself, a total stranger. This is absurd. Certainly Jane was "closed" to the Shelley Revivalists of 1858–59, but for good reasons. Hogg, Hookham, Medwin, Middleton, Ollier, &c., who worked that Revival, made every effort to deify Mary, and find excuses for her attitude towards her husband. Claire, they said, tempted Shelley to flirtation, and justified Mary in scolding the poet! No wonder Jane refused to communicate with them, but to others she opened her mind freely ; and years before any *Nineteenth Century* interviewer can have seen her, her Shelley tale was told fully out. Some regard the whole "Graham" farrago of nonsense as a jocular fiction. Another surmise is that the hero of the piece, who poses as flirting with a spruce old lady, was himself deceived, and only flirted with her niece and executrix, the late Miss Paola Clairmont. But if there were ever any interviews between

that hero and the aged Claire, it should be remembered, also, that in her old age her memory greatly failed. Before then she had given varying accounts of certain events, and nothing she said at the end should be accepted without verification. It is a pity the business should ever have been stirred up again. She is falsely stated to have sold relics to Shelley collectors. In fact, she guarded till her death Shelley's letters to herself and Godwin, his hair, some pinches of his ashes, his inkstand, diaries, note-books and other papers and relics. Her niece Paola sold Mr. Buxton Forman the whole save one or two things which had disappeared mysteriously.

John Morley on Emerson.

Emerson has had few more appreciative critics than Mr. John Morley. That being so, Mr. Morley would probably be amused were he to read to-day the notes of a youthful lecture on "Reading," delivered by him in his native town of Blackburn in 1864, as reported in Pitman's *Popular Lecturer and Reader* of that year. Speaking of those whose minds are like sieves, and whose only "object is to drench the mind in a certain quantity of words," he declares there is no more benefit for these to be "derived from Bacon or Shakespeare than from Martin Tupper or *Ralph Waldo Emerson*." It would be interesting to know at what period he found this coupling of names incongruous.

The State Recognition of Authors.

In the *Author* for October, 1891, Mr. now Sir Walter Besant argued in favour of the State recognition of Authors.

The following extracts are fairly representative of his contention :—

"Now for all these branches [*i.e.*, medicine, architecture, painting, literature, music, acting, sculpture, science, teaching]—for every noble calling—I claim the right of national recognition, in whatever way the nation can or does exercise that recognition. Especially I claim it for literature, because of all noble callings it is the one which has been the least recognised. . . . I want [for literature] whatever honours the State has to bestow—the very highest. . . . In whatever way the State chooses to recognise great services, it is bound in that way to recognise a great poet. . . . Not that writers will do better work, but that the world will begin to think more highly of its writers, and will begin to value their work more, and will be influenced more readily by them when it sees that they are recognised by the State."

The editor of the *Bookman* addressed several eminent men of letters on the subject, and their replies are as follows :—

I find it by no means easy to weigh the advantages against the disadvantages of bestowing on men distinguished in science and literature the same honours, orders, and titles which are now bestowed by the Sovereign, on the advice of the Ministers, on civil servants, military officers, Colonials, old Indians, medical men, painters, aldermen, and *nouveaux riches.* The immense number of titles and decorations bestowed by foreign governments on all sorts of people, and on literary and scientific men among the rest, has certainly exercised a bad and demoralising

influence. A few *causes célèbres* in France and Russia have lately shown what corrupt influences are at work to secure such distinctions, but the mischief is far greater than appears on the surface. How is even the most conscientious Sovereign to know who is the greatest Sanskritist, or Bacteriologist, or Essayist, or Folk-lorist, except from courtiers or journalistic logrollers, who infest the back-stairs of palaces or the back-stairs of newspaper offices—and I wonder which stairs are the dirtier of the two. And yet it seems a disgrace to any country not to recognise literary and scientific merit, when every other kind of merit receives recognition from the Sovereign.

I know of one way only out of all difficulties that beset the giving of orders and titles. The *Order pour le Mérite* in literature and science is the most valued distinction in Germany. Bismarck, who had all other orders, did not obtain the *Order pour le Mérite*. Moltke was proud to wear it. It was founded by Frederick the Great, but the election of the knights rests entirely with the knights themselves. No one can be a candidate, no canvassing is possible. The number of actual knights is limited to twenty for science and ten for art for the whole of Germany. No addition can be made to that number. When a vacancy occurs a new knight is chosen by those who are his peers, and the Sovereign simply confirms their choice and bestows the insignia on the new knight. There are also foreign members, but they are elected not by the knights, but by the members of the Prussian Academy.

There is one other order of the same kind, the Maximilian Order in Bavaria, but the number of knights is fifty, and I

believe the King occasionally claims a certain influence in the elections. Men of science in Germany who will wear no other decoration, wear the *Order pour le Mérite* and the Order of Maximilian. Macaulay, after he had been made Peer, called the *Order pour le Mérite* his highest distinction. Carlyle accepted it after having declined the Grand Cross of the Bath. The Queen has given permission once for all that it should be worn at the Court of St. James's.

Something of the same kind might be tried in England. The difficulty would be how to select the first twenty knights. Their lives ought to be immediately insured.

Another coveted distinction for men of literature and science in Germany and France is to be elected member of a Royal Academy. In this case also the number of Academicians is strictly limited, and no payment exacted from its members. On the contrary, they generally receive a small honorarium. The Royal Society, if reformed in that sense, might easily occupy the same position in England which the *Institut* occupies in France, and the Royal Academies in the different states of Germany.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

I have little right to express an opinion as to the bestowal of honours by the state on literary men. One side only of the argument—that of "the author"—is known to me. Regarding as I do the efforts of Mr. Besant to establish just relations between authors and publishers as most righteous and praiseworthy, it is with regret that, in the present controversy, I cannot, without misgiving, range myself on his side.

In the desire and effort to obtain such honours, is it not to be feared that, as matters now stand, the pushing and plausible man, with a smooth tongue and a thick skin, would, in too many cases, have the advantage over the more retiring man of real merit?

While, moreover, on the part of the public, there would be the danger of taking the symbol for the reality, on the part of the author the purer ideal might run the risk of being supplanted by, or mixed up with, aspirations of an inferior kind.

JOHN TYNDALL.

HIND HEAD,
November 10*th*.

I have to acknowledge your letter of the 8th inst., but the subject of it is one on which I am rather at a loss for the means of forming an opinion, as I have not read the discussion been Mr. Besant and the *Spectator*.

My impression (I give it you for what it is worth, since I have not followed the discussion) is, that our *great* literary men, *great* poets in particular, are among the foremost and most prominent lights of the world, and benefactors of mankind; worthy, therefore, beyond question, of all honour. But their greatest honour is the power they exercise over the minds of men, and the *monumentum ære perennius* which they erect to themselves. When titular or other dignities are conferred, in recognition of their merits, upon such men as Lord Tennyson, Lord Macaulay, and Sir Walter Scott, it is they who do honour to the dignity, rather than the dignity to them. I doubt whether it is not a little *infra dig.* to complain that *more* honours of this

sort ought to be conferred, and upon all sorts of literary eminence; nor am I sure that (if they were) the really great would always be well discriminated from the merely successful. It requires time to set the true stamp upon literary greatness; and there are rewards of another sort, which successful men in every popular branch of literature (even when they do not rise to absolute greatness) have abundantly before them; while, on the other hand, in lines of work which are less popular, reputations are not so easily made, nor so sure to be understood and recognised while an author lives.

SELBORNE.

BLACKMOOR, PETERSFIELD,
November 14*th*, 1891.

I daresay it would be very interesting that literature should be honoured by the State. But I don't see how it could be satisfactorily done. The highest flights of the pen are often, indeed mostly, the excursions and revelations of souls unreconciled to life; while the natural tendency of a government would be to encourage acquiescence in life as it is. However, I have not thought much about the matter.

THOMAS HARDY.

My own leaning is towards a literature moving quite independently of Government favour, and if honorary distinctions come, I hardly think it is for literary men to take the initiative in asking for them.

I think the higher literature in England meets with a very adequate social recognition, but it is exceedingly underpaid

judging by the standard of the emoluments earned by equal ability and labour in other fields.

WALTER LECKY.

38, ONSLOW GARDENS, S.W.,
November 17th, 1891.

The Cheveley Novels.

There are few more curious incidents in the annals of publishing than the appearance of the *Cheveley Novels.* The secrecy which surrounded their authorship, the prominence which so eminent a firm as Messrs. Blackwood gave to their announcement, the support given at first by influential critics, and their ultimate collapse, have hardly faded from the public memory, Their author, Mr. Valentine Durrant, died at Bournemouth in the beginning of 1892.

Were it permissible to tell the story of the author and his books, it would take its place among the romances of literature. As it is, it must suffice to say that Valentine Durrant was the son of a baker in Brighton. There he dabbled in literature and ultimately came to London, and lived in great poverty and suffering at Fulham. The friend who printed the *Cheveley Novels* for him seems to have been in ignorance of his condition, and to have left him to his resources during this time. In 1874 he began contributing to a now defunct boys' magazine, and afterwards published the *Cheveley Novels.* His other books were *Souls and Cities*, *His Child Friend*, and *The Record of Ruth.* It is not likely that these would have all been published without the aid of the friend who spent much money

in backing his works. Mr. Durrant had a grant from the Royal Literary Fund to enable him to move to Bournemouth in the last year of his life.

Mr. J. A Froude's Sermon.

Of Mr. Froude's ministrations in the Church of England during that period of his career, there survives a memorial of a date three years later than the publication of his life of St. Neot. It is a tiny opuscule of some twenty pages, and on its title-page fringed with lines of mourning-black, we read: "A sermon preached at St. Mary's Church on the death of the Rev. George May Coleridge, the second Sunday after Trinity, 1847. By the Rev. J. A. Froude, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Torquay: E. Croydon, Bookseller, 1847." In the course of the sermon which is throughout perfectly orthodox in tone and expression, the preacher speaks of his close intimacy with and affection for the deceased cleric. "His father in the flesh," Mr. Froude said, "was my father in the spirit in Holy Baptism, and when the old man went down into the grave the son took the promises on himself which the father had made." Mr. Coleridge was probably a scion of the famous family of that name. He was a devoted parish priest, and doubtless a very High Churchman, since among his merits prominence was given by the preacher to his friend's institution of a twice-a-day service. Mr. Froude appears to have been residing in Torquay for a short time before he preached the sermon, and possibly was a coadjutor of his friend in good works done in the parish and even in the actual services of the church there. The preacher displays

throughout a devout serenity and resignation, while expressing the deepest regret for the loss which he and his friend's flock had sustained, and the language is very simple. The only passage in the sermon which would, in secular phrase, be called "striking," is the following: "It," the death of their pastor, said Mr. Froude, addressing the congregation directly, "has been so sudden; his years gave us no note to prepare ourselves to lose him; he was in the flower of his days. Five weeks ago he was here where I am now standing; it was his last sermon. Do you remember it? He was speaking to you of the sufferings of the past winter, and pointing to the rich promise of abundance with which the earth appeared to be bursting; the long bitter cold seemed at last to have passed away, and the sunshine to be warming us all into life again, and hope and happiness; and he was bidding you remember the merciful change in some especial way, and pray to God to be thankful for it as you ought. It was very strange; as we went into church, the day was so beautiful; the sun was shining as he went up into the pulpit, but as he came to speak of the bright and happy contrast of the present with what we have just passed through, the clouds swept up over the sky, the rain began to fall, the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled over the church. What a bitter emblem of the suddenness with which our summer has been overcast. The blossom to which he was pointing on the apple trees has scarcely set for the fruit, and spring and autumn, summer and winter, sunshine and rain, are all alike to him now."

Copies of this sermon are doubtless very rare. There is

one in the library of the British Museum. The authorities there value it so highly that they have not, as they usually do, bound it in the same volume with a number of other pulpit discourses, but keep it separate in its original paper cover, and allow it to be perused only in the interior recesses of the library, under vigilant supervision.

Cardinal Newman's "St. Bartholomew's Eve."

The British Museum has become possessed of the extremely scarce poem, by J. H. Newman and J. W. Bowden, entitled "St. Bartholomew's Eve: A Tale of the Sixteenth Century. In Two Cantos. Oxford: Printed and published by Munday and Slatter, Herald Office, High Street, 1821." It belonged to the Rev. Dr. Bloxam, of Beeding Priory, Hurstpierpoint, and it bears the inscription, "John R. Bloxam, D.D. With the Affectionate Regards of John H. Newman." An envelope addressed to Dr. Bloxam by Newman is pasted in; it has the postal mark, "Birmingham, Feb. 20, /83." Pencil notes in the margin assign the shares of the two authors. Bowden begins and goes on to line 65. Newman commences and goes on thus:

> "'Mid the recesses of that pillared wall
> Stood reverent Clement's dark confessional.
> Here Rapine's son, with superstition pale,
> Oft through the grated lattice told his tale;
> Here blood-stained Murder falter'd, tho' secure
> Of absolution from a faith impure—
> Mistaken worship! can the outward tear
> Make clean the breast devoid of godly fear!
> Shall pomp and splendour holy love supply,
> The grateful heart, the meek submissive eye?

Mistaken worship ! when the priestly plan
In servile bondage rules degraded man,
Proclaims on high in proud imperious tone
Devotion springs from ignorance alone ;
And dares prefer to sorrow for the past
The scourge of penance or the groan of fast !
—Where every crime a price appointed brings
To sooth (*sic*) the churchman's pride, the sinner's stings,
Where righteous grief and penitence are made
A holy market and a pious trade !"

Another passage by Newman may be given from the second canto :

" There is in stillness oft a magic power
To calm the breast when struggling passions lower ;
Touched by its influence, in the soul arise
Diviner feelings kindred with the skies.
Through this the Arab's kindling thoughts expand,
When arching skies on all sides kiss the sand.
For this the hermit seeks the silent grove
To court the inspiring glow of heavenly love.
—It is not solely in the freedom given
T' abstract our thoughts and fix the soul on heaven ;
There is a spirit singing aye in air
That lifts us high above each mortal care ;
No mortal measure swells that silent sound,
No mortal minstrel breathes such tones around ;
—The angels' hymn—the melting harmony
That guides the rolling bodies through the sky—
And hence perchance the tales of saints who viewed
And heard angelic choirs in solitude,
By most unheard, because the busy din
Of pleasure's courts the heedless may not win ;
Alas ! for man ; he knows not of the bliss,
The heav'n attending such a life as this."

Four pages of notes are added. The first is by Newman, and runs thus :

"Canto the First.
Note 1, page 5, line 1,
The sun has risen.

I take this opportunity of introducing a short sketch of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It may be thought by many an unnecessary task, and some will not fail to deem it as presuming to suppose that our learned University is unacquainted with the full particulars. This I thought myself, when I published the first canto; but an earnest and attentive canvassing of the opinions of those who have done me the honour to peruse my publication has convinced me of my mistake; and since I have done my best to please, I hope I shall be pardoned if I be in error. The year of our Lord 1572 will ever be branded with infamy and recollected with horror as the date of this most barbarous and cold-blooded massacre. The queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, actuated by zeal or ambition, conceived this design so pleasing to the Court of Rome; and her weak and ill-fated son Charles the Ninth was made the tool of her bloodthirsty intentions. The hour of twelve according to Voltaire, of three according to Sully, was the time appointed for the commencement of the assassination, and the clock of the church of St. German l'Auxerrois awakened the pious Catholics of Paris to deeds of treachery and murder. Coligny, Lord High Admiral of France, was one of the first that was (*sic*) martyred. 30,000 Huguenots shared his fate throughout the empire, and it was only a motive of policy that spared the Protestant King of Navarre, afterwards the famous Henry the Fourth, who had lately married the King's

sister. Charles died not long after, a victim to a most miserable disease; his dying moments were haunted with the visions of a distempered imagination or a guilty conscience, and he seemed to wish to atone for his conduct towards the Protestants by appointing his brother-in-law of Navarre his successor. The poetry of Voltaire and the prose of Sully exhibit two Frenchmen speaking in abhorrence of the deeds of their countrymen; and this single circumstance is perhaps more convincing in respect to the atrocity of the massacre than the most laboured declamation of the historian."

The last note is also by Newman, and contains the following curious sentence:

"Paley in his moral philosophy supposes that the happiness of the lower and sedentary orders of animals, as of oysters, periwinkles, etc., consists in perfect health: I should prefer to say, it consists in the silence they enjoy."

It may be added that in the British Museum Catalogue the pencil notes assigning authorship are ascribed to Dr. Bloxam. Is this certain?

From Some Early Letters of George Eliot.

We make some extracts from a few letters written by George Eliot to an early school friend.

THE PHYSICAL THEORY OF ANOTHER LIFE.

"FOLESHILL, *May 21st*, 1841.

"Leaving this fruitless subject, I will not omit to tell you that you have instrumentally furnished me with the best soother under a rather severe attack of influenza in *The*

Physical Theory of Another Life, which I had lent to a friend without reading it myself until about a month ago, when I nestled in my father's arm-chair and forgot headache, cough, and all their etceteras in the rapture this precious book caused me, as intense as that of any school-girl over her first novel."

Sartor Resartus.

"． ． ． ． ． ． ． Foleshill, *December* 16*th*, 1841.

"Have you, dear Patty, read any of T. Carlyle's books? He is a grand favourite of mine, and I venture to recommend to you his *Sartor Resartus*. I dare say a barrister of your acquaintance has it. His soul is a shrine of the brightest and purest philanthropy, kindled by the live coal of gratitude and devotion to the Author of all things. I should observe that he is not 'orthodox.'"

Marriage.

"Foleshill, *April* 21*st*, 1845.

"What should you say to my becoming a wife? Should you think it a duty to ascertain the name of the rash man that you might warn him from putting on such a matrimonial hair-shirt as he would have with me? I did meditate an engagement, but I have determined, whether wisely or not I cannot tell, to defer it, at least for the present. My health is not of the strongest—dreadful headaches come now and then to me as well as to the rest of mankind, but idleness is my chief disease, and my most salutary medicine the exhortation, 'Work while it is day.'

I and father go on living and loving together as usual, and it is my chief source of happiness to know that I form one item of his. So now you know my state, or at least its outward, material part. The spirit varies far more than the forms under which it lives and works, and our souls live two years while our bodies live but two months. Nay, the experience of a week, of a day, may make one grey in wisdom or in sadness as well as in hair. Perhaps you would find some symptoms of age creeping over me if you were with me now, and you would accuse me of being too old for five-and-twenty, which is a sufficiently venerable sum of years in the calendar of young ladies generally. But I can laugh and love and fall into a fit of enthusiasm still, so there is some of the youthful sap left."

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

"FOLESHILL, *April 21st*, 1845.

I dined last week with Harriet Martineau at Mrs. Bracebridge's of Atherstone. She is a charming person—quite one of those great people whom one does not venerate the less for having seen. Full of mesmerism and its marvels, as you may suppose.

Thomas Carlyle and George Gilfillan.

The following letter was addressed by Carlyle to Thomas Aird, then editor of the *Dumfries Herald*. It referred to a review of his *French Revolution* by George Gilfillan. Carlyle evidently imagined that the criticism was by Aird himself. The letter is in three pieces worn through at the

folds across the whole sheet, and some words on the last page are thereby illegible.

CHELSEA, 17*th October*, 1840.

MY DEAR AIRD,—Yesterday a *Herald* reached me with one Article in it which I did not fail to notice! It is not, in general, seemly or convenient that the reviewed make any answer to his reviewer; but the present is a case worthy beyond most of forming an exception to such a rule.

You *will* not laugh at me when I tell you that I read the Paper with very great pleasure. It is a noble panegyric; a picture painted by a Poet, which means with me a man of Insight and Heart—decisive, sharp of outline, in hues borrowed from the sun! I find an enormous *exaggeration* of all features; but the *resemblance*, so far as I may judge, is altogether good. It is rare indeed to find oneself mirrored so in a brother-soul; and one of the truest pleasures when by a happy chance it does offer itself. Not many things have ever been written about me in which I could see my own image with so many features that I knew to be mine. Reviews for most part have next to no resemblance, the reviewers being blockheads; in that case, whether they are loud with censure or loud with eulogy goes for absolutely nothing; one has to hand them aside, like a letter misdirected; they do one neither ill nor good. This present is an altogether different business!

For the rest, it is really a truth, one never knows whether praise be really good for one; whether it be not, in very fact, the worst *poison* that could be administered.

Blame, or even vituperation, I have always found a safer article. In the long run a man has and *is*, just what *he* is and has,—the world's *notion of him* has not altered him at all. Except, indeed, if it have poisoned him with self-conceit, and made a *caput-mortuum* of him!—I will not thank you for so much praise; but I will right heartily for being a brave, true-hearted man and loving me so well: this is an entirely lawful pleasure. That a craftsman recognise so generously his fellow-craftsman, and his work, seems to me, even were I not the object of it, a most brave thing.

You spoke rightly of my Edinburgh Reviewer; a dry, sceptical, mechanical lawyer (one Merivale, I hear), with his satchel of Dictionaries dangling at his back—with the heart of him torpid or dead, and the head of him consequently not alive. His notion of Robespierre's "religion" struck me, as it does you, the product of a heart *dead.* Kill the heart rightly, no head then knows rightly *what* to believe; has then any right sense of true and false left in it! His notion of Dumouriez's campaign, taken up in this place, at this time of day is enormous—little inferior to R.'s religion itself. But it does not equal a third thing which I found in that article, which I wonder no Iconoclast, radical or other took note of; this namely: that "hunger" is universal, perennial and irremediable among the lower classes of society—unknown only among the horses and domestic animals; that enlightened liberal government means a judicious combining of those who are not hungry to suppress those who are, and lock them up from revolting! "The pigs are to die, no conceivable help for that; but we,

by God's blessing, will at least keep down their squealing!" It struck me as the most infernal proposition, written down in that cold way, I had ever had presented to me in human language—*un*attended with its fit corollary, the duty of "universal simultaneous suicide," and a giving up of this God's creation on the part of Adam's race as a bad job!

I did not . . . . Scotland this summer; and I got nowhither, except for one short week down into Sussex. I trust always I shall be able to get away altogether some day. The sight of a silent green field with the great silent sky over it: ah me, why should it be denied to any mortal man?

My wife is in general better this year than usual; though complaining a little these two days. She sends many kind remembrances . . . . to clip out the Article and preserve it among her valuables. "An excessively clever thing!"

Adieu, dear Aird. My pen is bad, my paper and time are both done to-day. Live happy, busy; remembering us now and then. Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

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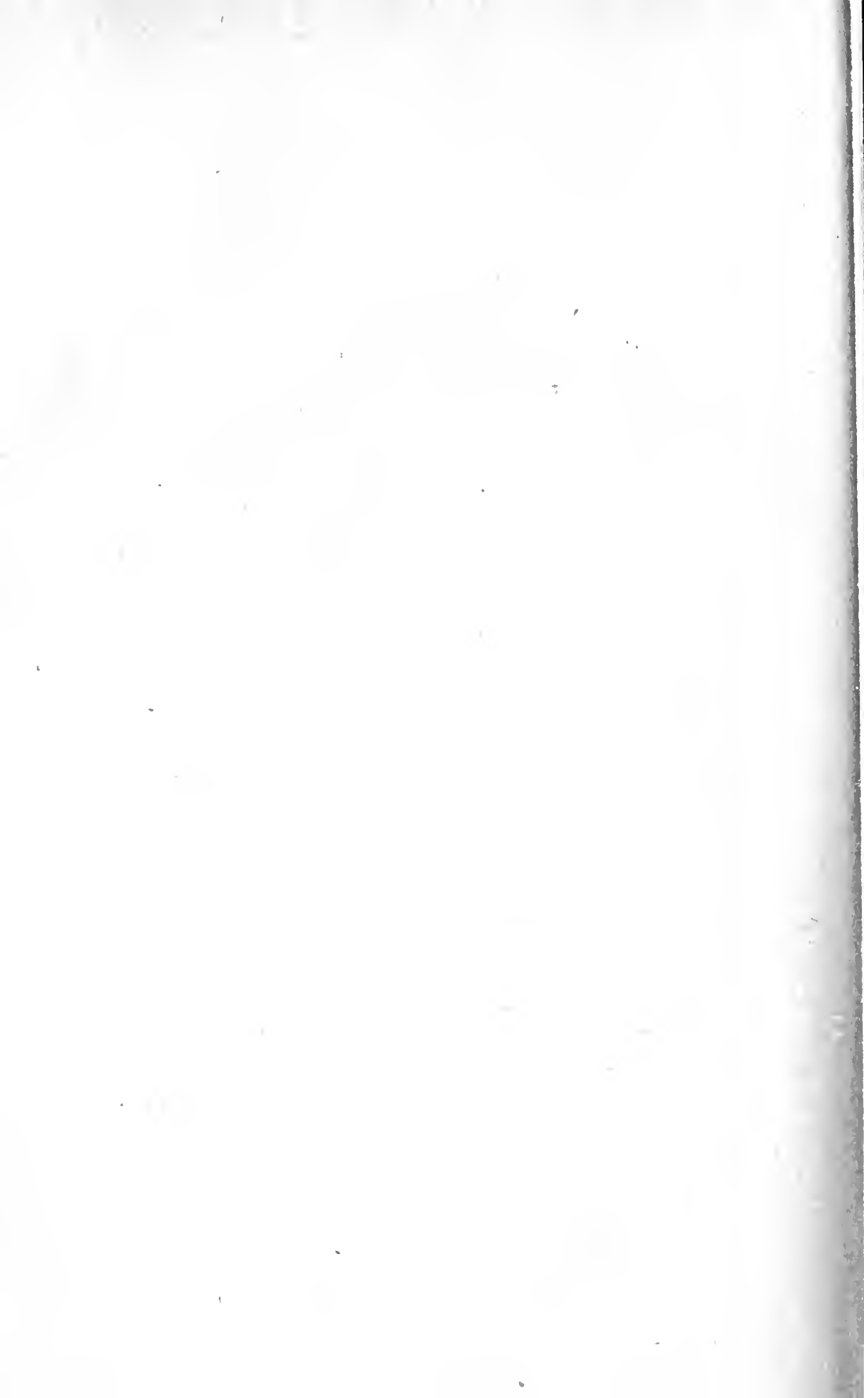

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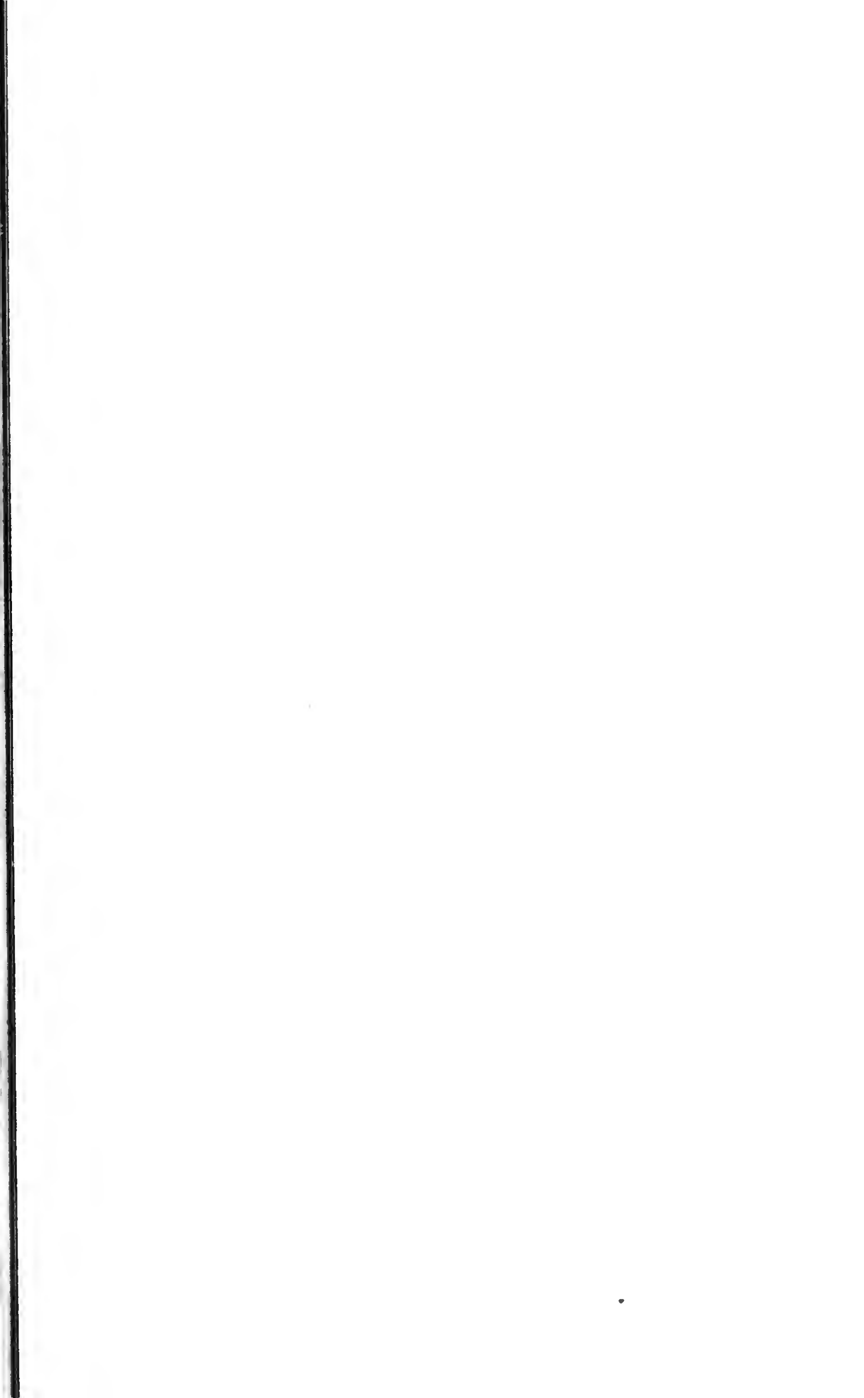

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