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ENGLISH STUDIES 1948

ENGLISH STUDIES 1948

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OF ESSAYS AND STUDIES COLLECTED FOR
THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION
BY F. P. WILSON

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I

THE INTEGRITY OF HARDY

by J. I. M. STEWART

IN the final chapter of *After Strange Gods* Mr. Eliot, searching "for the most fruitful operations of the Evil Spirit to-day", finds that what the Evil Spirit has seized upon is "the whole movement of several centuries towards the aggrandisement and exploitation of *personality*"—a movement particularly evidenced in the concern of modern novelists "to impose upon their readers their own *personal view of life*". In George Eliot we first approach the spectacle of each man elaborating his own morals, and when morals thus cease to be a matter of tradition and orthodoxy then "*personality* becomes a thing of alarming importance" Mr. Eliot (whose italics these are) continues:¹

The work of the late Thomas Hardy represents an interesting example of a powerful personality uncurbed by any institutional attachment or by submission to any objective beliefs; unhampered by any ideas, or even by what sometimes acts as a partial restraint upon inferior writers, the desire to please a large public. He seems to me to have written as nearly for the sake of 'self-expression' as a man well can; and the self which he had to express does not strike me as a particularly wholesome or edifying matter of communication.

And this indictment Mr. Eliot presses home with zeal. Hardy is self-absorbed. His characters commonly come alive only in their emotional paroxysms; and such extreme emotionalism is at once a symptom of decadence and the reason of Hardy's popularity. Moreover Hardy "will leave nothing to nature"; again and again his stories sound a note of "falsity"; they are "deliberately faked" and in such a manner as to rouse the "gravest suspicion". The writer is "deliberately relieving some emotion of his own at the expense of the reader" and taking his pleasure in the inflicting of "a refined form of torture". All this comes to nothing less than "the intrusion of the *diabolic* into modern literature".

¹ *After Strange Gods: A Primer of Modern Heresy*, 1934, p. 54.

In the short story called *Barbara of the House of Grebe*, "one of the most significant of the Hardy texts", which yields "essential Hardy without the Wessex staging; without the scenery dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart or the period peasants pleasing to the metropolitan imagination", we are introduced "into a world of pure Evil" and the tale "would seem to have been written solely to provide a satisfaction for some morbid emotion".

This is interesting criticism, since it attributes a corrupting influence to the one English writer of his age who has, I believe, been steadily revered by each of the generations—there are now several of them—that have admired Mr. Eliot. And it is indeed something like reverence, rather than the high regard accorded to sheer artistry, that Hardy seems to claim, for he is an old-fashioned novelist now and as a poet shows no compelling brilliance of technical achievement. Is our sentiment, then, indeed a matter of seduction by a powerful and persuasive personality possessed by some idiosyncratic and morbid vision taking licence to itself from the indiscipline and obliquity of the time? In the present essay I shall attempt to examine this suggestion. But first I would recall that Mr. Eliot is not the first moral critic to censure Hardy the novelist.

Certain of Hardy's novels are now published with examination questions at the back. This somewhat premature professional enthusiasm—suggestive of the precipitancy of undertakers hastening with cerements and spices to one yet *in articulo mortis*—assures us that the books are considered suitable for children. Hardy would have been surprised to find *The Mayor of Casterbridge* or even *The Trumpet-Major* embellished for use in schools. Had not one reviewer found that the author of the latter novel did not care "to encourage high ideals of manhood" and evinced "a dislike to look high in the field of motive-elements from which the loftiest workers in the creative field have always drawn the materials for their best and most influential effects"?¹ This was the voice of Mr. Podsnap—and to be attended to. For the Young Person (to whose cheek no blush must be brought) was in the ascendant and every discussion of "candour" in fiction had to reckon with her. In a symposium upon the subject in 1890² Walter Besant was for making the best of things. What the Young Person's mama would not permit to be exposed in circulating libraries or upon railway bookstalls it was futile to produce, for "he who works for pay must respect the prejudices

¹ *British Quarterly Review*, LXXIII, 1881, p. 227.

² *New Review*, II, January.

of his customers"; but fortunately with the English upper classes, at least, the novelist might tolerably faithfully deal, since they were by no means so black as they were painted—gentlemen rarely continuing to lead irregular lives after marriage and ladies never doing so at any time. Mrs. Lynn Linton when she took up the theme of the troublesome girl was less easily daunted. She saw hope in the locked bookcase. "To whom ought Fiction to be addressed?—exclusively to the Young Person? or may not men and women, who know life, have their acre to themselves where the *ingenue* has no business to intrude?" And Hardy, coming in his turn to consider this "lording of nonage over maturity", was constrained to accept for "sincere fiction" what we may call the out-of-bounds solution as successfully applied by the same age to the public house. The "explicit" novel might, he thought, be published in *feuilleton*, as in France, so that it could be removed from the family reading-matter. Again, there should, he considered, be "magazines for adults" and "at least one magazine for the middle-aged and old". Following such a plan, he himself was to publish separately, in a magazine without "family" circulation, those parts of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* "more especially addressed to adult readers".¹ And *Jude the Obscure*, he insisted in the preface to the first edition, was "a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age". We may remark that if, in consonance with this line of thought, *Jude* had been distributed free together with Canon Blackley's Old-Age Pension, the absurdity would have been scarcely greater than that attending many of the shifts to which the Young Person put Hardy in publishing some of his books.

But criticism of the novels as being too informative, or insufficiently edifying, for the young was always a minor matter. From the start Hardy had to face more sweeping moral censure. His first published novel, a mystery story in the manner of Wilkie Collins, was condemned by the *Spectator* on the score of its downright immorality.² When Hardy read this review he wished, we are told,³ that he were dead—which is certainly how he would have felt had *After Strange Gods* appeared during his lifetime, instead of pursuing him (like the examination questions) hotly into the grave. And indeed Hardy may here be said to have begun his novelist's career as he was to end it, for years later he was no less sensitive to the attacks upon the morality of *Jude*, and believed

¹ Preface to the edition of 1891.

² 22nd April, 1871.

³ F. E. Hardy, *The Life of Thomas Hardy*, vol. I (1933), p. iii.

them to have driven him from fiction. The first Mrs. Hardy bears some responsibility here. *Jude* horrified her and she tried to influence Hardy's friends towards securing its suppression.¹ Certainly it was a little hard on her. Had she not published a system of Christianized spiritualism which was all her own work?² Had she not—what was embarrassing now—at times given the impression that the Wessex novels were all her own work too?³ But her private protests against being so let down can scarcely have been more violent than the screechings of persons who rushed into print. The Bishop of Wakefield found in *Jude* intolerable grossness, hateful sneering, insolence, indecency and garbage—and said so in a letter to the *Yorkshire Post*.⁴ Mrs. Oliphant declared the book to be given over to the exposition of the unclean.⁵ "A lecturer in Liverpool" reported that the author had a curious mania for exploiting sewers.⁶ Professor Harry Thurston Peck—imprecisely, in default of information on his other studies—judged it one of the most objectionable books he had ever read.⁷ Miss Jeaniette L. Gilder said the same thing—and added that upon finishing the novel she opened the windows to let in fresh air, turned to her bookshelves and said: "Thank God for Kipling and Stevenson, Barrie and Mrs. Humphry Ward."⁸

Thus others before Mr. Eliot have felt that "unwholesome" is just the word for Hardy. Yet time, we might think, has blown much of all this very far away. "I doubt," writes Leslie Stephen as editor of the *Cornhill*, ". . . whether a lady ought to call herself or her writings 'amorous'. Would not some such word as 'sentimental' be strong enough?" And again: "I don't quite like the suggestion of the very close embrace in the London churchyard. . . . Remember the country parson's daughters!"⁹ We smile as we think of Stephen, the fulminating agnostic, thus apprehensive of minute improprieties in the tiresome *Hand of Ethelberta*; we smile as we think of Hardy, nervous and dejected, considering whether to relax the embrace or secularize its setting. To us

¹ F. M. Ford, *Mightier than the Sword*, 1938, pp. 128ff; C.J. Weber, *Hardy of Wessex*, 1940, p. 167.

² Weber, p. 268.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 161-2.

⁴ W. R. Rutland, *Thomas Hardy*, 1938, p. 243.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 242.

⁶ Weber, p. 149.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 148.

⁸ *Life*, vol. II, p. 50.

⁹ F. W. Maitland, *The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen*, 1906, p. 276.

Hardy, far from being a daring writer, appears absurdly circumspect. He will invent all sorts of unlikely incidents in order to cut down the "immoral" element in his stories, and particularly to approximate his gentlefolk to those whose probity is sworn to by Walter Besant—for had not the main charge against *Desperate Remedies* been that it was a lady with landed property that was represented as having an illegitimate child?¹ His novels generally turn upon problems of sex but are—as Henry James felt of *Tess*²—curiously lacking in sexuality. There is almost no passion in his work, says Arthur Symonds—and we come to see that this in a narrow sense is true, "neither the creator nor any of his characters ever seeming to pass beyond the state of curiosity" under the influence of immediate sexual emotion.³ We are thus inclined to feel that the moral disapproval which Hardy's novels first met with was largely comical; that the supposed unwholesomeness in Hardy was a mere prurience in his readers.

Nevertheless there was reason beneath the Victorian panic in matters of sex. To Mrs. Lynn Linton, once more,⁴ it appeared paradoxical that we should "cut ourselves off from one of the largest and most important areas of that human life we pretend to portray" while at the same time throwing "the limelight of fancy on crimes which are of comparatively rare occurrence, and which consequently excite but little living sympathy". But the fact, of course, is simply that censorship falls most heavily in the field where there is a really powerful prompting. And when Hardy declared⁵ that with the acceptance of Darwinism there ceased to be any logical reason why the young of the human species should not be hunted or shot by sportsmen he was saying by implication that there had ceased to be any logical reason why, if they escaped this unpleasant fate, they should not grow up to the exercise of a happy sexual promiscuity. But few intellectual people approved of anything of this sort—and wisely, if it be true that advanced cultures do not develop except on the basis of one or another strict sexual morality. Thus it was not merely Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Gilder—it was often those of Hardy's contemporaries who most unreservedly accepted the new rationalism, and who had the mental equipment to realize its full implications—who were most anxiously repressive of all inquiry tending to

¹ *Life*, vol. I, p. no.

² *Life*, vol. II, p. 8.

³ *A Study of Thomas Hardy*, 1927, p. 51.

⁴ Loc. cit.

⁵ *Life*, vol. II, p. 106.

innovation in the sexual sphere. The age, like Stephen blue-pencilling close embraces at a desk elsewhere piled with what are, even to-day, hair-raising guffaws at the central tenets of the Christian civilization of Europe, was prepared for panic resistance to all suggestion of sexual heterodoxy; yet it had largely submitted to a drastic reassessment of the human situation upon which such heterodoxy, with much else that was, and is, alarming, must almost inevitably follow in many minds. What was potentially subversive in Hardy was not merely his universe—for this he shared with most of his reviewers—but his predisposition to let his sense of that universe act, however cautiously, upon areas of experience hitherto fenced off because of the explosive material apprehended as buried there. This predisposition of Hardy's was possibly a matter of "personality" fortified by individual circumstance. Hardy, it may be argued, was peculiarly susceptible to the new intellectual climate and is an early portent of what can happen—and that rather to the whole spiritual condition of man than merely to his traditional sexual morality—when that climate comes fully into play. If this supposition is correct, criticism has been too ready to shake itself free of the moral problem in Hardy as being no more than the Victorian mare's nest which it superficially is, and to concentrate merely upon his powers and limitations as an artist.

Certainly we can scarcely dispute that, whether or not their basis be mere morbid emotion, Hardy's novels have a philosophic air, and considerable power to colour the mind and influence the moral feelings. It is true, indeed, that he often insisted that his writings were not based upon any coherent philosophical system, declaring that as material to work upon he had "only a confused heap of impressions, like those of a bewildered child at a conjuring show".¹ But these pronouncements, like so much in his prefaces, are in part defensive; actually he cared much more, in his novels as in his verse, for what he conceived to be underlying thought than for artistic expression. In all matters relating to the artistry of fiction, indeed, he remained astonishingly naive to the end; when he remarked² that had he known what a stir *Tess* was going to create he would have tried to make it a really good book he probably meant that he would have gone over the grammar, and would have inserted more of those references to mythology or painting that he believed to be an important means of toning up a literary style. He wrote as clumsily at the close of his career as at the beginning, and often his writing is in quite a substantial sense "bad" even when it is superb.

¹ *Life*, vol. II, p. 219.

² Lord David Cecil, *Hardy the Novelist*, 1943, p. 145.

It is largely as a thoughtful writer, then, that he would appear to make his claim; and the most significant criticism is likely to be that which is most radical in this regard, and which questions the health and soundness of his application to life of those ideas which were imposed upon him whether by his temperament or by the age. And it is thus that we may return to the strictures in *After Strange Gods*.

Could Hardy in the shades be presented with Mr. Eliot's remarks he would be constrained to admit, I suppose, that he was indeed "the late Thomas Hardy" but almost everything else would surprise him. Was he really a powerful personality—he who had been so disturbed by the maidservant's baby,¹ the perils of a night in a continental hotel² and the nervous agitation of transferring from an A.B.C. to a Lyons' tea-shop;³ he who, upon entering a room, felt, rather as Keats had done, that he was a spectre not solid enough to influence his environment?⁴ Was not "attachment" the very word to apply to his obstinate feeling for the Church of England—and particularly to what about it might best be described as "institutional"? As for lacking the curb of "any objective beliefs", his had been only too overwhelmingly objective, since his acceptance had been of the stubborn facts of astronomical space, geological duration and Darwinian biology. And certainly he had never suspected himself of being "unhampered by any ideas"; with them—all diffident disclaimer aside—he imagined had been his task; had he not said roundly that he "tried to spread over art the latest illumination of the time"?⁵ Again, if only he could indeed have been without "the desire to please a large public"! But the truth was that in almost everything he had written in prose the relief of his necessities had drastically controlled his pen. And nowhere did this more absolutely hold than of his short stories written for magazines. To choose *Barbara of the House of Grebe*, a piece of pasteboard Gothic of which George Moore had already made enough fun in *Conversations in Ebury Street*, as a touchstone of his achievement as an author and as a moral being appears analogous to estimating the spiritual significance of a Gothic cathedral from the expression on a single sinister gargoye.

But even if such objections as these be allowed, much doubtless remains of Mr. Eliot's indictment; and it is an indictment related, despite

¹ *Life*, vol. I, p. 153; Weber, p. 166.

² *Life*, vol. I, p. 181.

³ H. W. Nevins, *Thomas Hardy*, 1941, p. 14.

⁴ A. McDowall, *Thomas Hardy*, 1931, p. 20.

⁵ *Life*, vol. II, p. 104.

its theological setting, to the earlier misgivings of puritan rationalism. That rationalism, so robustly sceptical elsewhere, feared that, in certain defined fields, dire consequences might follow upon questioning tradition. Mr. Eliot echoes this, but continues more analytically. What follows upon the desuetude of tradition, and of orthodoxy by which tradition is "formulated, corrected and elevated", is the assumption that one man's "view of life" is as good as another's, with the consequence that the artist gives rein to his individuality, to the exploiting of a personality that is only too likely to be at once unregenerate and plausible. And in default of some external test of the validity of the view of life propounded, we are so likely to be fatally seduced by this that the Evil Spirit sees no more promising field of operations to-day. It is in the light of this picture of things that Mr. Eliot advances his three specific charges. Hardy is an extreme example of the modern writer's tendency to self-absorption and inordinate self-expression; the personality so expressed is at once powerfully seductive and positively morbid or "unregenerate"; and the morbidity—which obliged Hardy to go deliberately outside the perceived probabilities of his fables in order to find occasion for the pleasures of inflicting pain—probably represents nothing less than possession; it evidences "a positive power for evil working through human agency". Let us try to see in a little detail what might be advanced to support these summary contentions.

When we remark upon the narrowness of Hardy's range as a writer we are considering something very like the self-absorption to which Mr. Eliot points. Although he regularly renders the play of human emotion against some striking cosmic background, the actual field of emotion traversed is confined, and we feel as we follow his many variations upon the theme of village tragedy that Hardy was rarely much moved except by matters which must powerfully have affected his sensibility up to and through adolescence. Where his imagination was in the first instance active it remained so, but, like Wordsworth, he assimilated comparatively little from other areas later on. Thus in his books he never comes to manage gentlefolk with comfort nor—what is perhaps more remarkable—to show thoughtful people as carrying their speculations with natural ease; let them attempt any play of mind and they straightway talk like prigs or lecturers. His characters are undoubtedly most real in their moments of high emotion and sometimes become oddly lifeless on the downward curve. For example, in *The Return of the Native* the emotional tension immediately surrounding the death of Mrs. Yeobright is incomparably given; but when it is all over,

and between Clym and Eustacia something has to be beaten out and *said*, there is a startling decline into the conventional and inert. Extreme emotionalism, Mr. Eliot says, is a symptom of decadence. And we must at least agree that Hardy is a powerfully emotional writer. Moreover we must notice another way in which his writing often seems tied up with self-expression, and so conceivably bears out Mr. Eliot's further assertion that it is less in men's emotions than "in men as vehicles for emotions" that Hardy is interested. Not only is much of his work direct transcription from experience, so that the early novels swarm with young architects and even an artificial performance like *A Laodicean* is filled out with miscellaneous autobiographical material; the relationship between the principal personages in a book and the various aspects or levels of Hardy's own psyche is almost always perceptible, and there are few novelists whose works a Jungian psychologist could traverse more contentedly, chalking up "Self", "Shadow" and the like against this character or that. One particularly clear instance of this method of achieving a group of characters by fission occurs in a novel that I shall presently consider. Thus a case can be made out for the novels' representing some interior drama of Hardy's soul, with Wesscx as merely a staging .

The tendency here remarked may be unwholesome in itself. And Hardy's personality—to take the next point—was certainly in some degree morbid. The most obvious evidence lies in a sort of connoisseurship in the macabre with which his note-books were filled.

A story has been told me of a doctor at Maiden Newton, who attended a woman who could not pay him. He said he would take the dead baby in payment. He had it, and it was kept on his mantelpiece in a large glass jar in spirits, which stained the body brown. The doctor, who was a young man, afterwards married and used his wife badly, insisting on keeping the other woman's dead baby on his mantelpiece.¹

"*The other woman's dead baby*": Hardy in recording the story, unconsciously pushes it a little farther in the direction of sinister suggestion—and it may be claimed that this is just what he does with life in general. To hold a candle at an autopsy, to spend the greater part of a day at a lunatic asylum "interested in the pathos of the cases", to be shown by Lord Portsmouth "a bridge over which bastards were thrown and drowned", to find himself by chance "looking through a slit" at the

¹ *Life*, vol. I, p. 147.

coffin of Lord Warwick who had once invited him on a visit and to murmur "Here I am at last, and here are you to receive me!", to know the anecdote of the man whose coffin was found to have turned in its grave on the day that his wife's was to be laid beside it, or that of the parson who, during a cholera epidemic, called on a charming young widow, only to be told "Why, Sir, you buried her this morning!": these were characteristic pleasures of Hardy's.¹ Such lore is of a piece with the sexton's approach to religion which made him, a professed agnostic, fond of arranging friends' funerals and choosing appropriate hymns; or inclined, in old age, to propose to distinguished visitors a walk to Stinsford to see "the various graves" of Hardys dead and gone. Something innate in Hardy made him from the first abnormally attentive to the grimmer aspects of the world about him. In Dorchester he could point to the railings up which he used to climb as a boy to watch the hangman having his tea, and he could remember "horrible scenes at public floggings".² And another reminiscence, set down by one who heard it from his lips, has something of the sharp visual effect of his own prose.³

One summer morning at Bockhampton, just before he sat down to breakfast, he remembered that a man was to be hanged at eight o'clock at Dorchester. He took up the big brass telescope that had been handed on in the family, and hastened to a hill on the heath a quarter of a mile from the house, whence he looked towards the town. The sun behind his back shone straight on the white stone facade of the gaol, the gallows upon it, and the form of the murderer in white fustian, the executioner and officials in dark clothing and the crowd below being invisible at this distance of nearly three miles. At the moment of his placing the glass to his eye the white figure dropped downwards, and the faint note of the town clock struck eight. . . . He seemed alone on the heath with the hanged man, and crept homeward wishing he had not been so curious.

In all this there is at least some colour for the view that Hardy's personality included a psychopathic strain. But there is a further piece of evidence, which seems to me rather striking and which has not, so far as I know, been remarked upon before. Hardy was a delicate child, and as a youth he was of markedly delayed adolescence⁴—a condition

¹ Ibid, I, 155,309, 222; II, 53; I, 202.

² Ncvinson, pp. 12 and 18.

³ *Life*, vol. I, p. 37.

⁴ Weber, pp. 12-13 ; *Life*, vol. II, p. 179.

reflected in his writing, which grows up late. What we possess of his "lost" novel, *The Poor Man and the Lady*, reads more like the work of a seventeen-year-old than of even a socially most uncertain man of twenty-seven, nor is *Desperate Remedies* substantially more mature—while *Under the Greenwood Tree*, if a masterpiece, remains a masterpiece substantially quarried out of William Barnes, George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell. It is only with *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, completed in his thirty-third year, that he comes to write tentatively in what was to be his established manner. This novel contains most of what we think of as "Hardy"—including his poetry. The early chapters, which record the courtship of Elfride Swancourt by Stephen Smith, are lyrical. They are also autobiographical, for this story of a young architect of humble origins who pays a professional visit to a Cornish rectory and falls in love with an inmate is precisely Hardy's. Hardy—to speak only a little loosely—is Stephen Smith, and he is also Henry Knight, the more assured and intellectual "Reviewer and Essayist" by whom Smith is supplanted.¹ And Elfride Swancourt is no less closely identified with Emma Lavinia Gifford. Incident after incident in the novel faithfully follows what we know of the courtship.² Hardy had a particular sentimental regard for this book; long before he knew how it pleased Coventry Patmore and Tennyson he wrote that there were circumstances in connection with it which made him anxious to favour it, even at the expense of profit.³ Remembering all this, and that it was completed *before* Hardy's marriage, let us consider the outline of the story. Smith has not long been paying his addresses to Elfride when his birth is revealed and he is turned out of the house by Elfride's father, a snobbish clergyman. The lovers plan a secret marriage, and owing to some oversight on Smith's part have to travel to London for the ceremony. There Elfride loses heart and, single still, journeys home through the night. At this point her torments

¹ Hardy shied away from both identifications but particularly from that which was if anything the closer of the two. Knight, he pointed out (*Life*, vol. I, pp. 96-7), both in age and circumstances, was really a good deal nearer to himself than was Smith. That Elfride Swancourt is also doubtless at one level a Hardy-figure—the *Anima* of Jung—does not, I think, affect the argument presently advanced. For the whole book would, from the psychological point of view, have to be regarded as a fantasy in which sadistic and masochistic components are inextricably mingled. With its nature as more or less spontaneous daydream may be associated the fact, apparent from the account in the *Life*, that Hardy, for a relatively unpractised writer, produced it at remarkable speed, the whole appearing to have been achieved by the intermittent labour of some five months.

² Weber, pp. 47ff. and 57.

³ *Life*, vol. I, p. 149.

begin, for she is detected by a sinister old woman who believes, with only the faintest justification, that she cruelly jilted her dead son. Smith departs to India and presently there appears as Elfride's suitor his old mentor Henry Knight. To his love she comes to respond with a mature passion beside which her first love-liking for Smith withers away, but presently it appears that inbred in Knight is "an invincible objection to be any but the first comer in a woman's heart", and she is thrown upon a course of desperate and humiliating deception, which is however useless in the face of the ill-luck by which she is constantly pursued. Again and again the event goes ingeniously against her. She writes an unfortunately ambiguous letter, is seen in an equivocal attitude, fatally rediscovers an incriminating earring (Miss Gifford's earring¹), is driven even to the grotesque admission that she had received the addresses of one lover while reclining upon the grave of another! As her passion grows, so, seemingly, does the malign determination of fate to thwart it, and every adverse circumstance has, in the words of Hardy as he characteristically underlines his own formula, "a virtue in the accident of its juncture far beyond any it intrinsically exhibited". The effect—if it be not, indeed, very like torture—is of poor Elfride's playing desperately for happiness and fulfilment against some invisible master-strategist who deploys forces slender in themselves with unerring skill until finally, and after a long agony, she is rejected by the man she loves. And the cruellest stroke of this dark power is reserved for the close. Knight and Smith meet by accident and each discovers facts which prompt him to seek out Elfride. They find themselves on the same train and with it they notice that there travels a "sombre van". It proves to contain Elfride's body, and they learn how she had married a nobleman whose motherless children were fond of her, and how her husband's devotion was powerless to prevent her dying of a broken heart. The place at which her unhappy end is finally revealed to her former lovers is an inn called the Welcome Home.

This, then, in a perfectly reasonable psychological interpretation, is the course of things that Hardy's imagination inflicts upon the image of the woman he is shortly to marry. He telescopes his own courtship, it may be said, with a thoroughgoing version of the immemorial sadistic tale of the Persecuted Maiden. And in one aspect the persecutors are Kaffa-like impalpable powers, mysterious parental presences; in another they are the two suitors, so that Elfride is cheated and destroyed through

¹ Weber, p. 51.

the concurrent operation of two projections of weaknesses and hostilities within Hardy himself. Of a marriage-relationship thus unconsciously entered upon amid the interests of the nursery, and the fulfilment of which is identified with pleasure perpetually frustrated by an all-seeing eye and punished in the mere expectation by an all-powerful hand, one would not, perhaps, predict any very satisfactory result. It is commonly supposed that Hardy's marriage blighted him—this chiefly because his wife was cold, snobbish, and eventually a little odd. But we must at least suppose a reciprocal operation, and some substantial extent to which Hardy was likely to blight any marriage. On this however there will later be something more to say.

"If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst." In the preceding paragraphs I have perhaps taken rather heavily this favourite aphorism of Hardy's. At any rate, on the fact of an underlying personal morbidity in the man I have now sufficiently touched. Moreover *A Pair of Blue Eyes* in itself adequately illustrates that commonly-remarked feature of Hardy's work which gives Mr. Eliot's contention virtually all its force. The morbidity which we have discerned in Hardy's personality, and the rein given by modern spiritual conditions to his absorption in and exposition of that morbidity, appear in his work—it may be held—pervasively in this: "that he will leave nothing to nature, but will always be giving one last turn of the screw himself." His characters are designed as having their being within some vast system of determinism, and upon the unhappy accident of their sentience the mere regardlessness of things bears heavily enough. But Hardy must give that further turn to the screw—or better, must constantly be giving further fractional turns to it. Nature can be trusted to be sufficiently ruthless, yet the novelist must be ever at her side, nudging her on and pointing to one or another favouring chink in our armour discerned by that small dark bilberry eye—the eye on account of which, Hardy said, he used often to be taken for a detective.¹ Of the already lowering universe of modern materialism he gleefully inspissates the gloom. Drawn to and skilled in the infliction of pain, he would persuade us to a world dedicated to such a purpose—and such a world is one of "pure Evil".

To an indictment something like this—which I have documented as well as I can—Mr. Eliot sharpens the disgust of Professor Peck and the indignation of Bishop How. Hardy, we may say, goes straight out of

¹ Sir W. Rothenstein, *Men and Memories*, 1934, vol. I, p. 303.

that window which Miss Gilder once so decisively threw open in search of fresh air. Is it perhaps a pity that Mr. Eliot should make so comprehensive a sacrifice—the more especially as, unlike the lady, he may find no great consolation in thanking God for Mrs. Humphry Ward? Hardy, he very properly implies, was a man of genius and of the most excellent character. Can something not be saved? Or must the Devil have, not indeed all the best songs (for Mr. Eliot lets off the modern poets comparatively lightly) but many of the best novels?

Possibly it is not altogether irrelevant that Hardy was of the most excellent character—that nobody familiar with his life, for instance, could cherish the expectation of his ever coming to cut much of a figure in a work such as Praz's *The Romantic Agony*, or of the eventual discovery of improper writings which he had circulated only among friends of eccentric tastes. Doubtless much in the character—its gentleness and humanitarianism, for example—was a defence against far other impulses somewhere buried in the recesses of the man. But the character was always there, and Hardy worked with it, and outwards from it. This indeed is the point I wish to make, and perhaps I shall be able to do so more clearly if I quote an opinion of Mr. Herbert Read's which Mr. Eliot, in an appendix, singles out for particular reprobation as advancedly heretical.¹

Character, in short, is an impersonal ideal which the individual selects and to which he sacrifices all other claims, especially those of the sentiments or emotions. It follows that character must be placed in opposition to personality, which is the general-common-denominator of our sentiments and emotions. That is, indeed, the opposition I wish to emphasize; and when I have said further that all poetry, in which I wish to include all lyrical impulses whatever, is the product of the personality, and therefore inhibited in a character, I have stated the main theme of my essay.

It appears to me that while personality is rightly to be associated with creative spontaneity the operation of character is by no means merely inhibitory, since the restrictions it imposes often cohere with—and indeed constitute—the purposiveness of the artist. It is rather from a bracing tension between personality and character—the two forming a totality rather than being fallen apart—that major artistic expression springs; and in Hardy personality and character are, I think, thus integrated, so that his work is possessed of the balance and compass possible only upon the basis of such integration. This would appear in a comparison with

¹ Cited from *Form in Modern Poetry*, 1932, pp. 18-19.

D. H. Lawrence, whom Mr. Eliot regards as "a very much greater genius" also under the influence of the diabolic, or with A. E. Housman, who was in some ways closely akin to Hardy, but in whom there was lack of integration, and a consequent drastically narrowed achievement. Housman was one fatally at war within himself—and the warring elements we may approximate, if only roughly, to the character and the personality, the professor and the poet. He kept, Mr. Auden has written in a severe stroke of satire, tears like dirty postcards in a drawer; certainly he kept in note-books, as his brother tells us,¹ prefabricated tropes of venomous wit and learned vituperation, ownerless still at any rational level, ready for directing against the first insufficient scholar upon whom he might plausibly project what were in fact evidences of a profoundly internal strife and self-loathing. Hardy had no less sombre a view of the universe than Housman, but he was larger and altogether more healthy than this. And his health appears again essentially in the taste for the macabre and wormy which I have noted. With Hardy all the drawers, we may say, are unlocked and this aspect of his sensibility is made a matter of free expatiation, ghoulish perhaps but not dangerous, since it holds its place comfortably in the total man and is constantly within the control of a robust if creepy humour.

I would suggest, then, that Hardy—if only through modesty or lack of sophistication—had the good fortune never to suppose that a single and absorbed exploration of the arcana of his own personality could be of interest or utility to anyone; and that in his art, in consequence, the impulses of that personality suffer not "aggrandisement and exploitation" but distillation and control. It is true that he considered the prime task of the artist to consist in rendering his own emotional apprehension of experience. But he also believed that what the artist must respond to is the general human situation as it appears to him after his best intellectual endeavours have been made—and this (to put it simply) constantly took Hardy out of himself, so that his characters, if indeed "vehicles for emotions", are this for emotions "in widest commonalty spread" and not for those so often insulating the extreme romantic sensibility. Again, the artist's response to experience must always, for Hardy, be that of a moral being responsible to other moral beings like himself. Mr. Eliot, in considering the abundant emotion with which the novels are filled, makes a curious transition from the emotions of the characters to "violent physical passions" and adds that

¹ L. Housman, A. E. H., 1937, p. 77.

strong passion is only interesting or significant in strong men; those who abandon themselves without resistance to excitements which tend to deprive them of reason, become merely instruments of feeling and lose their humanity; and unless there is moral resistance and conflict there is no meaning.

The last statement seems to me as true as the earlier implication is gravely inattentive to the texts. When we remark (excellently, with Lord David Cecil¹) that Hardy excels at drawing good people, and can indeed successfully draw at full length only those with a certain fineness of nature, we mean simply that he regularly renders real and attractive major characters who, amid much that is disillusioning and disrupting, cling to some ideal of conduct which they conceive as possessing religious or ethical sanction. That the devotion of these characters is often, by implication, declared to be to a morality arbitrarily narrowed for social convenience does not here affect the matter, since their moral aspirations when broadly regarded we are always required to respect. It appears to me that characters who "abandon themselves without resistance to excitements" are scarcely to be found in Hardy; that when he tried even to suggest a prevalence of "violent physical passions" he commonly failed²; and that the values implied in the final paragraph of *The Woodlanders* are at once central to his mode of estimating men and women and also—even if not logically affiliated to some transcendental order—consonant with those of all the great theistic religions: this rather than, as Mr. Eliot implies, "eccentric", "individualistic", and so to be "deplored". Which of Hardy's characters can be said to "lose their humanity" I do not know. That he was a humanist, not a subhumanist, is the point at which the indictment must rest: he was a humanist, we

¹ Op. cit., pp. 87 and 90.

² Eustacia Vye in *The Return of the Native* is an instance. "She had advanced", we are told, "to the secret recesses of sensuousness," and the text is not without indication of matter supporting this. But when Hardy endeavours to make good his heroine's sensual nature he achieves—in a chapter called "Queen of Night" which has indeed been frequently admired—a farrago of cultural nicknackery more absurd than anything in the novels. The Sphinx, the *Ulex Europaeus*, the cima-recta or ogee, fragments of forgotten marbles, Bourbon roses, rubies, tropical midnights, the lotus-eaters, the march in "Athalie", Tartarus, Richter, Phaeacia's isle, Fitzalan and De Vere, William the Conqueror, Strafford, Napoleon, Saul, Sisera, Jacob, David, Pontius Pilate, Hcloise and Cleopatra are all called upon for help and the passage has its climax in the statement that "In a dim light, and with a slight rearrangement of her hair, her general figure might have stood for that of either of the higher female deities". One recalls the lady in *Trial by Jury* who might "very well pass for forty-three in the dusk with a light behind her!"

may say, constitutionally more aware of the liabilities than of the assets of humanism. The sense of moral and social responsibility that the man constantly acknowledged (and it is my argument that the man and the artist stood in no dramatic disjunction) might be illustrated in a variety of fields. To take a very simple example, we may observe Hardy's feelings that a mere realization of the untenable nature of the dogmatic beliefs of Christianity does not dispense one from the duty of going to church. If superficially there be in this something squirearchal and vulnerable it was yet an attitude resting upon his most serious scrutiny of experience. If a rural community had no church, he pointed out, it had nothing; and moreover there was a slight hope that the Church of England might rationalize itself from within, coming to expound simply "the religion of emotional morality and altruism that was taught by Jesus Christ".¹ The growth of knowledge tends altogether to disillusion. "What we gain by science", he wrote to a friend, "is, after all, sadness. . . . The more we know of the laws and nature of the Universe, the more ghastly a business one perceives it all to be."² Nevertheless "to model our conduct on Nature's apparent conduct . . . can only bring disaster to humanity".³

Now, I am not considering whether all this does, or does not, constitute a sufficient or a rationally defensible way of looking at life. (No doubt it is what Mr. Eliot calls being "worm-eaten with liberalism.") I am merely asserting that it was sovereign and instinctive with Hardy and that he was thus himself, both as man and as conscious artist, a product of that ethical idealism—at once urgent and substantially traditional—which so commonly cohered with the agnosticism of the period. Nor with Hardy did this go no further or deeper than theory; and here I may recur to his first marriage. It was a nightmare—so much clearly emerges from the brief, cautious and unimaginative references of his American biographer. For not only was it burdened by matters in Hardy's own temperament of which we have obtained some glimpse, as well as by Mrs. Hardy's growing intellectual incomprehension, her celebrated ecclesiastical snobbery, and certain more grievous disharmonies which find their reflection in *Jude*; it appears to have suffered too some heavy and unforeseeable stroke of mere crass casualty. But it never seems to have occurred to Hardy, despite all that he was to suggest in fiction of

¹ *Life*, vol. II, p. 122; and see the "Apology" to *Later Lyrics and Earlier (Collected Poems)*, 1928, p. 531).

² Rutland, p. 64.

³ *Life*, vol. II, p. 98.

the reasonableness of more broadly grounded divorce, to falter in what he considered to be his duty towards the woman who had joined her fate with his. Thus although her conversation was frequently embarrassing he was always anxious, we are told, to avoid any suggestion that he might a little begin to go about without her.¹ This refusal to give in is a fact of character—and a fact of character possibly reacting upon, purifying and enriching the whole man. The marriage that began its course to the accompaniment of the sinister fantasy of Elfride Swancourt's sufferings has its final commemoration in the *Poems of 1913-14*. And of the love and compassion revealed there we can say only that they proceed from a whole man.

We may sum up here by saying that Hardy's tendency to self-absorption, evident alike in his introspective and retrospective habit and in the restricted palette with which he works, is modified by his concern with ideas and by his great writer's instinctive assumption that it is his business "in writing himself to write his time"; and that thus any statement about the morbidity of Hardy is likely to be in large part the statement of an emotional or intellectual apprehension of that time's being out of joint. And the personal morbidity is not inordinate; at most we can say that it stands a little nearer to that which would be veritably dangerous than to the minimum that the artist cannot very comfortably do without. For there is, after all, evidence that the pearl of art characteristically forms itself round the irritant grain of some psychic distress, and it was Mr. Eliot himself, indeed, who at a dramatic moment endorsed James Thomson's observation that "lips only sing when they cannot kiss".² We must not go witch-hunting after neurotic strains in great artists, for deprivation of one sort or another is at the roots of their achievement. Shelley said nothing else when he spoke of poets as learning in suffering what they teach in song; and we may acknowledge the fact without, like Scythrop's friend Mr. Toobad, hastily assuming that the very Devil himself is come among them. Hardy's morbidity, then, was not uncontrolled and disintegrative, as in the writers of the decadence. It was but one aspect of a personality by no means pervasively unhealthy or atonic; and that personality held open and fruitful commerce with a character of marked strength, responsibility and probity.

It is in the light of these tentative conclusions that I would approach finally the problem of "the turning of the screw". That Hardy "will

¹ Weber, p. 165.

² *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, 1933, p. 156.

leave nothing to nature" is true from the first, for already there is emerging in *Desperate Remedies*—as it were under the disguise of merely arbitrary assumptions making for the ease of the thriller-writer—a world in which coincidence regularly operates to intensify the plight of the deserving and in which decisive catastrophe follows as if by a series of ingenious and patient tactical arrangements from seemingly trivial events. An eye strays by chance to the wrong column of a time-table and a woman who is therefore not expected seeks admission to a house which is by chance empty for the moment; she therefore goes on to an inn which is by chance promptly burned to the ground; and upon these and other concatenated accidents disaster eventually hangs. Always in Hardy it is certain that the incidence of fatality within the general operation of chance will be higher than we are commonly prepared to accept of its being in nature. Why does he thus so often seem to play against his characters with loaded dice; why does he darken the sky with his arrows when Elfride Swancourt and her many successors are fighting for life? The universe of his novels is one of a determinism slightly modified to meet the needs of tragedy, the individual will being conceived as having its measure of freedom during certain moments of equilibrium in the universal Will within which it is comprised.¹ It is thus still a *neutral* universe. Why then does the screw turn so frequently and disastrously as it does?

Nothing disturbed Hardy more than the suggestion that he did in fact deny the neutrality of nature and suppose human destiny subject to the control or intervention of a maleficent power. Where he could be read in such a sense—so he frequently maintained—it was merely as a consequence of his employing some figure of rhetoric. Thus of the celebrated statement that "the President of the Immortals, in Aeschylean phrase, had ended his sport with Tess", he declared that

the forces opposed to the heroine were allegorized as a personality (a method not unusual in imaginative prose or poetry) by the use of a well-known trope, explained in that venerable work, Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, as "one in which life, perception, activity, design, passion, or any property of sentient beings, is attributed to tilings inanimate".²

And when the power behind his universe was declared by Mr. Alfred Noyes in a public lecture to be an imbecile jester Hardy wrote:³

¹ The image is Hardy's (*Life*, vol. II, p. 125).

² *Ibid.*, vol. II, p. 4.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. II, p. 217.

My imagination may have often run away with me; but all the same, my sober opinion—so far as I have any definite one—of the Cause of Things, has been defined in scores of places, and is that of a great many ordinary thinkers: that the said Cause is neither moral nor immoral, but immoral. . . . This view . . . I am quite unable to see as "leading logically to the conclusion that the Power behind the universe is malign"

Thus Hardy did not feel called upon to explain away what many, with Mr. Eliot, have regarded as the artificially piled up agony in the novels. Nevertheless there is the basis of an explanation in certain of his critical pronouncements—an explanation presupposing something that Hardy was old-fashioned enough to believe: namely, that a novel should have an element of instruction and correction, setting some significant aspect of the human situation in a clearer light than, for the generality of readers, it had stood before. "My art," he wrote, "is to intensify the expression of things, as is done by Crivelli, Bellini, etc., so that the heart and inner meaning is made vividly visible."¹ He judged that each of us inclines to take an unwarrantably rosy view of his own individual destiny; just because I am *I* it is my instinct to believe that things are likely to go not too badly with me; and from this proceeds a general tendency to minimize the extent to which nature's mere indifference falsifies our calculations and betrays our hopes. "To intensify the expression of things", therefore, so as to make vividly visible "the heart and inner meaning" of the human plight to us who will ignore or misinterpret the evidence if we can, the writer must sharply step up the incidence upon human destiny of the mere blind recalcitrance of the universe—all art being, he claimed, just such "a changing of the actual proportions of things"² so as to bring out the artist's perception. And if we thereafter read into his picture some malignant power it is simply that he has had the "misfortune to presuppose a too intelligent public"³ and we are merely reproducing the primitive response of the child who belabours the table-leg against which he has bumped himself.

All this is valid enough at the level at which Hardy chooses to touch upon the matter, and consciously, no doubt, he was engaged upon no other enterprise than he here asserts. Nevertheless we should be rather easily satisfied were we to inquire no further, for the explanation does not quite cover a pressure of feeling of which we are regularly aware.

¹ *Ibid.*, vol. I, pp. 231-2.

² Cecil, p. 40.

³ *Life*, vol. II, p. 217.

And upon the evidence of the novels as a whole we shall probably conclude that within Hardy himself there lurked something of the child for whom every tumble is the work of a hostile power—or of the child who, having discerned injustice in his universe, would support his own sense of it in face of others' indifference by multiplying the occasions upon which "it isn't fair". This unconscious factor in the fabricating of so unnaturally heavy an incidence of inimical chance upon his characters' destinies brings us, if it be accepted, within hail of Mr. Eliot's reading of Hardy. But it does not, I think, at all oblige us to accept the essence of that reading.

Hardy, then, gives those further turns to the screw partly by way of "relieving"—it is Mr. Eliot's word—his own unresolved emotional apprehension of a power actively opposing our hopes and aspirations. In one of his earliest poems, "Hap", he asserts that it would be a relief to discard the concept of mere crass casualty in favour of that of some vengeful god. And this is a relief for which he may constantly be seen as unconsciously striving. In theory there is no evil in his universe, only mechanism at jar with the sad accident of consciousness, so that he would say with James Thomson

I find no hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse;
I find alone Necessity supreme.

But this is an intellectual report. Long before Hardy had heard of the higher criticism of the Bible he was steeped in the orthodox Christian view of the cosmos. Far more intently than *The Origin of Species* had he studied, as a young man, painfully and in the Greek, that Attic drama in which between man and necessity there stand the intelligences and volitions of the gods. When on the stretch Hardy's vision was anthropomorphic, and his imagination *did*, as he wrote to Mr. Noyes, often run away with him. This is particularly true of the background of feeling in his two final and greatest novels.

What distinguishes *Tess* and *Jude* from the rest is, in the first place, increased concern with human institutions. The regardlessness of the universe towards that which has tragically attained to consciousness within it is now seen as miniaturized in another regardlessness, that of society towards the individual. Men collectively and for their material ease have decreed certain ordinances against which they see with complacency individuals break themselves and bleed; and to these ordinances moreover they have ascribed some supernatural sanction—so that Tess,

carrying her illegitimate child amid scenes declaring the profound naturalness of procreation, must yet be burdened by the conviction that she has transgressed more than a man-made law. And, farther than this, of society's crass disregard of what is valuable *in* an individual other individuals are constantly the instruments. When Tess slips a letter under Angel Clare's door and it goes beneath the carpet we are aware that the nature of things is at play upon her as it were directly. But when she attempts to visit her parents-in-law, who in fact would receive her kindly, and turns back discouraged upon overhearing the conversation of Angel's brothers, what we feel is that had these young men but had hearts of charity, and been untrammelled by a narrow morality, Tess would not have gone to the gallows. Thus the grim report that Hardy brings back from the universe at large he now finds that he must bring back only too often from the individual human being. And once attention is centred here it is increasingly difficult not to read regardlessness as malevolence, since we are contemplating a sphere which every habit of mind inclines us to feel as at least in some measure within the control of human beings able to choose between right and wrong, and since this sense of moral choice is readily projected outwards upon that universe which the intellect has claimed as neutral. Under the weight of their misfortunes Jude and his cousin Sue, we are told, would "sit silent, more bodeful of the direct antagonism of things than of their insensate and stolid obstructiveness". In other words they evince for the time less that "scientific" consciousness hitherto professed by Hardy, which sees misfortune as proceeding from necessity, than one which sees it as brought about by some hostile intention—and by such an intention pervasively operative: "things" comprehending both the general disposition of the cosmos and the entrenched human prejudices of Christminster. It is thus that in these two novels older ways of taking experience break through the skin of Hardy's nineteenth-century rationalism more noticeably than hitherto. Moreover there is a more naked apprehension of human suffering, all that was insulating in the sombre garment of Hardy's acquired fatalism being for the moment lost. And this makes these novels—and particularly *Jude*—far harder to take than the others. They are, in a sense, full of cruelty. Yet we should have to go pretty deep before we came to any level of Hardy's mind at which the suffering he exhibits is associated with pleasurable sensation; indeed, we should impugn all compassion before we arrived at it. Undoubtedly there is in much modern literature, as Mr. Eliot asserts, "an alarming strain of cruelty". But the critic who first found sadism in the mature

art of Hardy appears to have been the author of *The Flogging-Block* and *Lesbia Brandon*.¹

The fact we are finally faced with is this: that the decline of belief in a beneficent power which Hardy noted as characteristic of the age had not, in his own inner consciousness, been accompanied by an equal decline of belief in a malevolent one. This is the real basis of Mr. Eliot's assertion that Hardy is essentially diabolic, pointing us with morbid satisfaction towards a world of pure Evil. But it does not appear to me that to contrive the percolation into a consciously held system of materialism and determinism of an underlying awareness of the reach and power of evil—evil from which the percipient passionately recoils—can very convincingly be represented as a hopeful move on the Devil's part. Rather what we are watching may be interpreted as the attempt of a burdened but courageous human spirit to pierce that iron curtain of mechanism with which the age had walled men off from any world of light and warmth not subject to the laws of thermo-dynamics. It is very true that the issue of the attempt is most unequal. The acknowledging of a power felt, in the full and bitterest experience of its operation, as malign, and as everywhere operative against human aspirations to which every fibre of the writer responds, is very substantially a veritable recognition of evil—and in Hardy it draws out every capacity if not of the artist certainly of a man whose horror and indignation and pity are deeply moving. But there is not on any answering scale a discovery of good. Evil sweeps in from the four corners of the cosmos; "good" is no more than the deservingness that, for some reason, we strongly feel as attaching to certain individuals. I do not wish to deny that this may be a manner of apprehending good and evil fraught with the gravest spiritual dangers. But we must not distort the actual position. Hardy neither worships the dark power he involuntarily apprehends nor endeavours, by mining after a core of rottenness in what seems fair, to enlarge its territories; on the contrary he always musters against it what forces he can. And if in this struggle he is, as it were, hopelessly cut off from Headquarters his desperate position is yet better than that of the non-belligerents who are the inevitable ultimate creation of materialism proper. Hardy never came not to care; to the end he did, as a man, care intensely—"hoping it might be so". Indeed his constant twisting of the screw beyond the modesty of nature is here susceptible of a further elucidation—and one which in a sense brings us back to a consideration

¹ "How cruel you are!" Swinburne wrote to Hardy upon the publication of *Jude* (*Life*, vol. II, p. 39).

of the morbid strain in him, or at least of a layer of feeling that must be called magical.

We have all experienced that irrational state which may be described as *not daring to hope*; the feeling that by assuming the worse we thereby obscurely improve our chances of securing the better. There is something analogous to this at work in Hardy.¹ And as I watch him returning again and again to add yet another deft touch of fatality to his fable I am reminded of the man who must always be getting up to make quite sure that the gas tap has really been turned off. Of such a man no well-informed life insurance company would take a sanguine view, because the anxiety to make sure that the tap is *off* betrays an underlying wish that it were *on*. And Hardy's reiterated assertion, through an endless series of ingeniously contrived ill-chances, that things are very *bad* similarly betrays a powerful wish, repressed because magically dangerous, that they should be *good*. In daily life Hardy was not free from superstition, and this subconscious element of obscure propitiation buried in his art has significance as reminding us again that he did intensely and in the depths of his being care for those immemorial beliefs and attitudes which the outlook of his age compelled his intellect to reject. Yet that compulsion, we must recognize, was inescapable. In the end he retreated upon the scientific clockwork, the massive monism of *The Dynasts*—which is the Epic of the Iron Curtain and conducts us round a universe far bleaker and more hopeless than that of *Barbara of the House of Grebe*.

In coming to the discussion at which I have glanced Mr. Eliot regrets that he has not "a more intimate, accurate and extensive knowledge of the English novelists of the last hundred years", and that he therefore feels a little insecure in his generalizations. This must be an almost universal feeling before a forest at once so extensive, so luxuriant, and so close up against our gaze that it is still not easy to focus more than the individual trees or give even a guess at the configuration of the whole. That the dominant characteristic of the modern novel is its exploitation by writers of hypertrophied and morbid personality, and that in the desuetude of orthodoxy and tradition these writers create an ethical anarchy in which each man makes his own rules of conduct, with the result that all spiritual sanctions and sense of moral struggle disappear in

¹ That some such mechanism was at work appears in a curious rationalizing of the feeling in a note-book of 1902. "Pessimism . . . is, in brief, playing the sure game. You cannot lose at it; you may gain. It is the only view of life in which you can never be disappointed." (*Life*, vol. II, p. 91.)

a welter of emotion, violent physical passion, cruelty, diabolism and excessive tolerance of free-thinking Jews: this is a generalization in favour of which much evidence can no doubt be advanced. Certainly the modern novel frequently disconcerts and even horrifies us. Equally certainly, it is faithful to its age, embodying more fully than any other form the emerging myth of the twentieth century: viewed from without it is problematical and bewildering, but as soon as we enter it we know pretty well where we are. This no doubt makes it excellent diagnostic material, and in Mr. Eliot's case apt to provide what, in his preface, he calls "felicitous illustration of my thesis". But there is always, as he has elsewhere remarked,¹ danger in using literature as a means to something else, and it may be that the Hardy who emerges as a by-product of his onslaught on contemporary heresies is little more authentic than the Wordsworth left over by Irving Babbitt in his attack upon primitivism. The novelist, like the poet, becomes whipping-boy to the age. And yet as in Hardy the man there is achieved that integration to which I have pointed of personality and character, of free sensibility and controlling moral and social conviction, so in the novelist there is a notable effort after some synthesis between the freely outpouring spirit of the time and the stabilizing or centripetal force of a strong historical sense.

Thus in one aspect Hardy may alienate readers by being so fully of his age: what for example has offended a greater number than the character of Sue Bridehead—an imperfect study which yet represents virtually a point of major innovation in the history of prose fiction? And for those who are inclined to condemn the Wessex novels outright as outrageously unrepresentative of the human situation there may be a useful word in what Lionel Johnson, their finest critic, noted in approaching them.²

The protest of many a reader against the levity or the seriousness, the sunlight or the twilight, the conflict or the calm, which distresses him in a novel, is often an unconscious protest against its truth to his own experience; and a longing for those older books, whose old-fashioned charm of manner and of matter has given him some respite and release.

But in another aspect Hardy, more abundantly perhaps than any other serious writer of his time, preserves just this "old-fashioned charm of manner and of matter"—preserves it alike in the leisure of his narrative, the unpretentious staple of his prose and in everything that Mr. Eliot

¹ *Selected Essays*, 1932, p. 434.

² *The Art of Thomas Hardy*, edition of 1923, p. 14.

comprehends within the description of "period peasants", "Wessex staging" and "scenery dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart". It is doubtless true that these things in Hardy have in them an element of agreeable gilding; that in the carefully pleasing *Under the Greenwood Tree* he developed from earlier novelists the vignette of rural scenery and custom, and discovered (what it must have been startling to discover) that he could "do" rustic folk in a convention of light caricature not less successfully than Shakespeare. Yet it is surely an error to regard these things in Hardy as being a matter of surface decoration merely. "It is only a law of nature," Mr. Eliot writes early in his book, "that local patriotism, when it represents a distinct tradition and culture, takes precedence over a more abstract national patriotism." This is what makes Hardy take precedence over Kipling and gives to his writing the quality of piety—a quality which, in his age, he shares only with a few minor writers. It is a quality at once very important in our estimate of him and entirely ignored by his critic—who, indeed, has to survey mankind as far as China before remarking that "a network of rites and customs, even if regarded by philosophers in a spirit of benignant scepticism, makes a world of difference" to the system of thought with which it is implicated. What is here said of Confucius could scarcely be bettered if applied to Hardy, for Hardy's system of thought, in itself somewhat narrow and perhaps already a little out of date, makes upon us the impact it does chiefly because presented in interplay with his natural piety, his instinctively historical rather than abstract mode of contemplation. And here we are back with the integral nature of the man, with that power to maintain an equilibrium amid opposing forces which gives his art its *Einbildungskraft*, its bringing together in harmonious composition matter from widely separated climates of feeling.

If Hardy's future is secure it is largely because he, like Confucius, brought to the contemplation of the present so abundant a sense of the past. Standing upon Rainbarrow, a wayfarer on the *Via Iceniana*, or scanning the unchanged down which had once been the mere mount or margin to King George and fifteen thousand men, he assuredly had the very spirit of history ministrant at his side. Time, he believed, breaks counterfeits, and that in two senses. The intellect advances with the centuries upon truths which, if we are by no means the happier for knowing them, are truths still. And what in human conduct is least inadequate to the human plight we best learn from bending upon familiar and immediate things a mind which has long acknowledged the deepening **power of historical reflection.** "My contemplations are of Time"

says another of the three great poets of our age, "that has transfigured me." Of that transfigurement Hardy is sufficiently aware:

Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

But in another sense too time transfigures Hardy. It sets fleetingly upon his face as he looks forward the radiance of a distant hope; and as he looks backward, constant compassion and pride. Were it not for this, the final word upon his work might well be taken from his own last poem:

Why load men's minds with more to bear
ThatJ)ear already ails to spare ?

As it is, his books do not leave us despairing, nor debilitated as after sojourn in some unwholesome place. Rather we acknowledge, in the words of Lionel Johnson once more,¹ "a sense of awe, in the presence of a landscape filled with immemorial signs of age; a sense of tranquillity in the presence of human toil, so bound up and associated with the venerable needs of human life."

¹ Ibid., p. 62.

II

HICKES'S "THESAURUS": A STUDY IN OXFORD BOOK-PRODUCTION

by J. A. W. BENNETT

"I RUN over the names of the scholars of Germany," said Dr. Folliott: "a glorious catalogue! But ask for those of Oxford—where are they? The echoes of their courts [*sic*], as vacant as their heads, will answer, where are they?" In 1831, it is true, they would have been hard to find; and perhaps there was ground then for the Doctor's other complaint—that the University Press did nothing for learning except to reprint German editions on better paper. Remembering the gibes of Peacock or the sneers of Gibbon, we forget the glories of an earlier Oxford; forget that if such a Reverend Doctor had accompanied Celia Fiennes, in the sixtcent-nineties, the learned press and its products (already according to Hearnc, "noted beyond seas") would have called forth his admiration and not his ridicule. The tireless Dean Fell had been the real founder of that Press, with some help from Thomas Marshall, Rector of Lincoln; and part of their purpose from the beginning had been to publish Anglo-Saxon texts with the type acquired by Gerard Langbainc, Provost of Queen's, Francis Junius, lexicographer and benefactor of the Bodleian, and Marshall himself. In the activities of the succeeding generation of Oxford scholars—the generation of Edward Bernard, Edmund Gibson, Thomas Tanner, John Mill—we begin to see signs of that spirit of co-operative endeavour which the French Bollandists and Benedictines had, almost alone, kept alive from the Middle Ages and which had already borne rich fruit in France in the work of the Maurist Mabillon.

Nowhere in English scholarship of that time are the results of such team-work more clearly visible than in the weighty folios of Dean Hicke's *Linguarum Veterum Septentrionalium Thesaurus Grammatico-Criticus et Archceologicus* . . . MDCCV: a compilation that ranks not far below the *New English Dictionary* itself as a monument to Oxford learning and to Oxford industry. Fell had been the first to recognize George

Hickes's intellectual capacity; and as a Fellow of Lincoln Hickes can scarcely have been ignorant of Marshall's part in the edition of the Anglo-Saxon and Gothic Gospels that Junius published at Dordrecht in 1665. Yet it was not until his appointment in 1683 to the Deanery of Worcester—a cathedral rich in Anglo-Saxon charters—that he embarked on the Anglo-Saxon Grammar which Fell had long before urged him to undertake. It appeared, with the title *Institutiones Grammaticae Anglo-Saxonicae, et Moeso-Gothicae*, and the Sheldonian imprint, in 1689. But the events of the preceding year had meant, for such a determined non-juror as Hickes, the end of any hopes of further leisure, or even of security. We miss the greatness of his subsequent achievement unless we bear in mind that for most of his life thereafter he lived in trouble, infirmity, poverty and persecution (not to mention a wife prejudiced against "the uncourtly Gothic and Saxon"); even his correspondence with fellow-scholars had for several years to be conducted in secret. Oxford, with its wealth of manuscripts, including the collection bequeathed by Junius, was the obvious place at which to prosecute the plans that Hickes soon began to draw up for the revision and enlargement of his Grammars. Yet at no time during the decade that he was engaged on those plans did he feel free to stay in Oxford for long, fearing lest his enemies might take offence and the work of publication thus be hindered: except for a few weeks in 1697, when he was staying in Gloucester Green, he had to direct that work from London, or elsewhere.

Fortunately, the *Institutiones* themselves had given such a fillip to the Saxon studies which Sir Joseph Williamson had in 1680 begun to foster by establishing a lectureship at Queen's, that Hickes found plenty of eager and reasonably capable helpers. William Nicolson, the first lecturer at Queen's, had departed for a Cumberland vicarage after two years, but before long others took his place. From Queen's, before the turn of the century, came Edmund Gibson, who while still a Bachelor of Arts published at the Sheldonian a noteworthy edition of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; Richard Rawlinson, editor of the Alfrædian translation of Boethius; William Elstob, who planned a similar edition of the Orosius, and attracted to the study his sister Elizabeth (the "Saxon nymph"); Thomas Benson, lexicographer; and his teacher Edward Thwaites, Fellow and Praeceptor in Saxon. Thwaites was early recommended to Hickes as a possible coadjutor in the new work, and soon shouldered responsibility for all the details of finance and printing (including lay-out and the supply of paper). For his perseverance, industry,

and conscientiousness he deserves a larger meed of praise than he has yet received.

Hickes had the great gift of communicating to others his own enthusiasm. His first intention, when the *Institutiones* proved a success, was to publish a collection of Anglo-Saxon texts as a companion volume. Thanks to transcripts provided by his friends, he did procure enough texts to fill such a volume; but in the event he incorporated them in the six chapters on Old English Dialects and Poetry and their later developments, which as he himself proudly said, were almost books in themselves, and which radically changed the character, as well as the size, of the *Thesaurus* as first planned. It is to the Oxford Saxonists and their friends that he owed much of the illustrative matter in these chapters. Thwaites made the generous selections from the *Ormulum*; Nicolson, now Archdeacon of Carlisle, sent copies of the Ruthwell Cross inscription; Elstob transcribed and translated the *Sermo Lupi*; Thomas Tanner, former Queen's man and future Chancellor of Norwich, supplied texts of a Norwich charter and the *Land of Cockayne*, and Gibson a translation of some Old English laws. Hickes had hoped for more help from Gibson, but by 1696 he was Librarian of Lambeth, and moving quickly along the path of preferment that was to lead him to the London bishopric: as Hickes's ambitions expanded to include a "Frantic" Grammar and a detailed catalogue of manuscripts, Gibson began to feel that they could never fructify till Arthur Charlett, the influential Master of University College, was at the helm of the Press. By the time this came to pass Gibson's active interest had somewhat waned; but Charlett was able to recommend to Hickes a younger assistant in the person of Humfrey Wanley, who soon showed himself the most brilliant of all his lieutenants. In 1696 Charlett had procured for this draper's-apprentice a minor post in the Bodleian, where he was busy compiling the index to Bernard's Catalogue of Manuscripts in English and Irish libraries. Wanley had already offered to enlarge the list of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts appended to the *Institutiones*, though he originally contemplated no more than twenty or thirty sheets. By 1699 Hickes had given him full charge of this part of the work, and under his care it grew into a separate folio of 326 pages, a volume still indispensable to the Saxonist.

The sequence of events in the history of the *Thesaurus* will be clearer if at this point we describe the disposition its contents finally took. Volume I consists of (a) Part I, the Anglo-Saxon and Gothic Grammars, with the six wholly new chapters—234 pages in all; Part II, the "Frantic" Grammar—in pages; Part III, the reprint of Jonsson's Icelandic Gram-

mar, with many additions not found in the edition included in the *Institutiones*, and an Icelandic wordlist (copied without acknowledgment from MS. Junius 36)—92 pages in all; (b) Hickes's *De Antiquae? Litteraturae Septentrionalis Utilitate, sive De Linguarum Veterum Septentrionalium Usu Dissertatio Epistolaris*—159 pages; (c) Sir Andrew Fountaine's essay on Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Danish coins—12 pages; (d) a letter from Hickes to Fountaine about the inscription on the Sutton Plate—2 pages. The three parts and the Dissertation have, each of them, a separate preface addressed to one of Hickes's friends or patrons; and there is a general Preface to the whole work, of 48 pages, addressed to Adam Ottley, Archdeacon of Shrewsbury. The volume is copiously illustrated by facsimiles and other plates, many of them drawn by Wanley's skilled and accurate hand, and so valuable even to-day.

Volume II, which bears Wanley's name on the title-page, is sufficiently described by its sub-title: *Librorum Vett. Septentrionalium, qui in Anglice Bibliothecis extant, nec non multorum Vett. Codd. Septentrionalium alibi extantium Catalogus Historico-Criticus, cum totius Thesauri Linguarum Septentrionalium sex Indicibus*. The valuable accounts of Scandinavian manuscripts (pp. 310-21) were supplied by the Swedish scholar Peringskiöld and by Thwaites's correspondents Olaus Rudbeck and Jonas Salanus. The indices include an eight-page list of words whose etymology is discussed in the preceding volume. Wanley's fourteen-page Preface, addressed to Robert Harley, provides an excellent key to his method in making the Catalogue. The volume concludes with a list of Corrigenda and Addenda for Volume I, and a list of subscribers, covering seven pages.

Although Wanley contributed fully a third of the material, and helped in many other ways (as early as 1697 Hickes acknowledged that "I owe more to you than to any other man"); and although Thwaites was the only member of the team resident in Oxford throughout the eight years of preparation and printing; yet Hickes remained, even at a distance, the driving and unifying force. It was he who set other scholars to work, enlisted the aid of antiquaries and librarians outside Oxford, and fitted their contributions into the text as it now stands. Apart from the Catalogue, the only considerable section written entirely by another pen is Fountaine's essay on coins, included at Thwaites's suggestion; and even here the Dean had a hand, helping to prepare the catalogue of coins, and overseeing Fountaine's manuscript before it went to press. It is entirely proper that his commanding portrait should form the frontispiece to the book.

From the outset, he was beset by difficulties. With the help of Charlett, who was capable of fervent if shortlived enthusiasms, he secured from the Delegates of the University Press permission to print at the Sheldonian, where alone there was sufficient Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, and Runic type available. But at no time did the University (which had just lost most of the -£2000 laid out on a similarly ambitious project¹) nor its Delegates (who had, to be sure, no capital) assume any financial responsibility. Hickes had to pay the printers himself, and to buy his own paper—an expense then almost as considerable as the combined costs of printing and machining²—from a stationer who was unwilling to supply it without guarantees. So from the first he had to hope for assistance from others, "... at least so much, as to encourage me to begin the impression, and then, if I cannot procure quite enough, I purpose to sell, as many of my own books, as will be sufficient to finish it, though after all my cost and paines to prepare them [the "Sceptentrionall Grammars"] for a second edition, it would be very hard if I should be forced to part with part of what is dearest to me, to accomplish a publicke designe".³ He goes on: "when the contributions amount to an 100 libb. then I will venture on the work."

Once Oxford friends had been enlisted and the Anglo-Saxon type made available (it was in use for Thwaites's *Heptateuch* and Rawlinson's *Boethius* from September, 1697, to April, 1698), testimonials "setting forth what I have done in order to a second edition [of the Grammars] and the reason why I hope for contributions" were circulated,⁴ and Thwaites, to prevent suspicions that Hickes was seeking private profit, was made treasurer and put in charge of the printing. By August, 1698, he had the first plate ready, and by Sept. 9 the vignette from Raphael that stands at the head of page *one*. Before that month was out he had sent Hickes at least three sheets of text, and Nicolson soon had a copy of the first sheet to pass round among his friends. There were ten ready by October, twenty by January, 1699, fifty-five by

¹ viz., Morison's *Herball*: v. J. Johnson and S. Gibson, *Print and Privilege at Oxford to the year 1700*, p. 139f.

² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 150.

³ Bodl. MS. Ballard 12, f. 130: Hickes to Charlett, 1 June, 1698. Hickes had a fine library, as appears from the *Sale-Catalogue* of its contents (1716).

⁴ Cf. Bodl. MS. Eng. hist. c. 6, f. 56 (Thwaites to Hickes, 28 Aug., 1698): "The Proposals I will without failing send by Bartlett on Monday, and half a score specimens: though the specimens have not got their plates in them as yet." I have not been able to trace any copies of either the specimens or the proposals.

August, over ninety by May, 1700, and nearly a hundred and forty by January, 1700-1: this was satisfactory progress considering that the Oxford Press had no great reputation for speed. For practical reasons Thwaites made minor alterations at press, but regularly forwarded the sheets to Hickes for his approval and correction. The Preface to the Francic Grammar is mentioned as early as October, 1698, and in the same month Thwaites began to prepare an Index to the sheets already printed—a task later transferred to William Bromc, a Christ Church man, and to Wanley, who had trained himself in such work at the Bodleian, and who made his important index to the Catalogue as large as the other five put together.

By August, 1699, the present general title had been decided on. But two sections—Wanley's Catalogue, and Hickes's Dissertation—were soon to assume proportions far larger than anyone had allowed for. Hickes had undertaken the Dissertation at the instance of his friend Sir Bartholomew Shower, Recorder of London, who had frequently acted as counsel for non-jurors; and he was assembling materials for it by November, 1699. In a letter to Hans Sloane, dated 22 May, 1700, and printed in No. 260 of the *Philosophical Transactions* as an advertisement for the *Thesaurus*, he announced that he had written twelve "large sheets" of dissertation, and appealed for further help in collecting documents that deserved mention in it, or in the Catalogue:

I entreat you, sir, from whose care and culture all sorts of learning receive great advantage, that if you hear of any persons who have any Saxon MSS. or any Normano-Saxon Monuments of Antiquity till the Reign of Hen. II you would entreat them to communicate them to me . . .

By the time it was finished, in August, 1701, the Dissertation had grown to 159 pages, and Shower, to whom it was to have been dedicated, had died: the present Preface being addressed to another eminent jurist, Charlwood Lawton, and dated from London, 14 Dec, 1701.

The Catalogue, meanwhile, had grown as Wanley's skill in palaeography and "niccness in discerning" increased with his daily use of manuscripts in the Bodleian and elsewhere. He had spent two months in town in 1698 surveying the Old English manuscripts in the Cottonian Collection; and the following year he managed to get leave for a similar visit to Cambridge where, he informed Charlett, "I never wrought harder in my life for seven weeks together, than I have now done: and yet I have not finished, nor shall I be able to finish this Journey: for S^r

Thomas Bodley's bell begins to sound so loudly in my ears, that I shall not be at quiet till I'm actually in his Library."¹ The immediate result of this visit was Hickes's realization that with such an extensive catalogue as Wanley was preparing, the price of the whole work would have to be raised much above the original subscription price. It says much for his courage and his belief in Wanley's powers that despite this probability he urged him not to come away from Cambridge till he had finished the work to his own satisfaction.

By April, 1700, Wanley had written his description of all the Oxford manuscripts, and printing of the opening section, covering MSS. in the Bodleian, began four months later. By September twenty-seven pages of Wanley's copy had been set up in type, making nine sheets: hence a caution from Hickes that "we must study brevity". But soon there came a halt. The account of the Cottonian manuscripts, which follows the Cambridge section and occupies eighty-two pages, required a further visit to London, and there Wanley began to make new friends and to plan new enterprises. Late in 1700, smarting under "a great discouragement" from the Vice-Chancellor, he took a position in town with the newly-founded Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, and though he assured Charlett that the Catalogue "shall not suffer by my new Business", it seems certain that it did, since he was coming to regard it as "a great hindrance to the Augmenting my Fortunes". Hickes grew uneasy, and "afraid to go into company, I am so catechised everywhere about my book".² Before the year was out Wanley fell ill of a fever, which caused "the loss of that steadfastness of my hand which I was once master of."

Already in 1699 it had been necessary to quiet the minds of subscribers by fresh "proposals" promising them a much larger and more valuable book. Now, when several were growing restless again, and even recalling their subscriptions—"which", Hickes reminded Wanley, "makes me debter to those who collected them"—Edmund Gibson made the ingenious suggestion that the best way of answering "foolish surmises" would be to publish an Advertisement saying that "nothing now remains, beside the Catalogue and Dissertation, and that the narrowness of Junius's fund of letters will not give leave to a quicker progress in the work."³ If W.B.'s letter of January, 1701 (described below), did not

¹ Ellis, *Letters of Eminent Literary Men*, p. 291: 19 Oct., 1699.

² MS. Harl. 3779, f. 155: Hickes to Wanley, 6 Nov., 1700.

³ MS. Ballard 6, f. 23 : Gibson to Charlett, 17 Sept., 1700.

resort to this explanation, it may have been because by December 12 Dr. Hans Sloane could inform Charlett that though he had been concerned for Wanley on many accounts, "he is now, god be thanked, very well."

In May, 1701, begins the long series of requests from Thwaites for more copy: "If he [the printer] had it at present we could very well hasten the work by setting two men upon it."¹ By Oct. 18 of that year p. 80 of the Catalogue had been reached, and the Cambridge section was ready for press. Pp. 81-100, concluding the account of Bodleian MSS., were set up by 31 March, 1702. P. 151 was printed by 9 April—very speedy work—and p. 180 by July of the same year. Dr. John Smith sent the Durham MSS. (pp. 295-6 of the Catalogue) in June, 1702, with instructions that they were to be shown to Pepys. Wanley had not returned them by the end of the year; presumably his account of them was written during this time.

Thwaites's constant pleas for copy are interspersed with intimations that he is sending more sheets for correction. Wanley's care over this is noteworthy, and the note written in one copy suggesting that he never saw a proof is inaccurate. He sends corrections for p. 81 of the Catalogue in a letter now in the Bodleian² and some of them were made; that they were not all followed is probably owing to the loss of his first copy at this stage. Many minor slips, however, are uncorrected—among them being the omission of MS. Junius 22 from the Syllabus, and the failure to change the running title on p. 231.

The whole of the Catalogue must have been in print by 1703, the date which the *Indices Totius Operis* bear on their title-page. Wanley's Preface to it, which according to Hearne was translated into Latin by Thwaites "or else his Pupils"³ is dated 28 Aug., 1704, and Hickeys general Preface, bearing the date 1 Jan., 1703, had been printed more than a year before,⁴ together with those to the three Grammars—Anglo-Saxon and Gothic, Francic, and Icelandic—which are dated

¹ MS. Harl. 3781, f. 198.

² MS. Rawl. D.377, f. 65.

³ Hearne, *Collections*, vol. I, p. 52. Dr. Percy Simpson (*Proof-Reading in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries*, p. 193) suggests that the translation was done by Gibson or Charlett. He has confused Wanley's Catalogue and Bernard's.

⁴ Not without complaint from Thwaites: "the copy you left us to print by is the most faulty transcript I ever met with. There's neither points nor orthography in it from one end to the other." (MS. Eng. hist. c. 6, f. 103 d). By this time tempers were becoming a little frayed.

respectively 10 June, 24 April, and 1 May 1703. It should be noted that all of the Catalogue was printed some time before the date on its title-page (1705), and one page of the *Dissertatio*—Hickes's Addendum, dated 30 Sept. 1704—some time later than the date on its title-page (1703).

In December, 1703, Hickes promised that the whole work would be out in three months' time. But it was not till 29 Oct., 1704, that Thwaites writes, one feels with some relief, "we are winding up the last threads; Bush has all in his hands".¹ The only details requiring attention were Prince George's Arms on the plate preceding the dedication and Hickes's portrait. The three pages of *Corrigenda* and *Addenda* compiled by William Brome show that a careful watch was kept over the text to the last.

From the beginning to the end the enterprise had remained dependent on the goodwill of the subscribers, since the booksellers were, as Gibson said, "afraid to undertake it".² Many of the subscribers contributed straightway the full price of one guinea, which it was originally estimated would be sufficient to cover costs; this at a time when it was usual to pay only half the subscription price at first, and the rest on publication. To obtain subscribers all friends of Anglo-Saxon and "Northern" studies were enlisted as canvassers. Of these the most energetic was Archdeacon Nicolson. By July, 1698, he could write:

I have now 14 guineas towards the new edition of the Grammars: six from our Bishop, as many from the Chapter, and 2 from Sir D. Fleming: Col. Graham has promised 5 more; and engaged that my Lord Weymouth shall contribute 10 . . . I hope for a good account from York, Durham, and Newcastle; whither I have sent the proposals.³

"I know of no book," he told Tanner, "that has more effectually further *d those studies, for which you and I have a kindness, than this [the *Institutiones*] and therefore . . . I shall be very forward in promoting its improvement,"⁴ and he advised Ralph Thoresby, the Leeds antiquary, to bestow on the *Thesaurus* "any spare gold" he had by him. The Chapters of York, Durham, and Newcastle agreed to contribute—Durham sending .£20 at the instance of Prebendary John Smith, the future editor of Bede; Smith saw to it that his chapter kept a practical interest in the work till

¹MS.Eng. hist. c. 6, f. 104°. Edmund Bush was the University Printer.

²Thoresby, *Correspondence*, vol. I, p. 341.

³MS. Rawl. D. 377, f. 52.

⁴Bodl. MS. Tanner 22, f. 187.

its completion, and Hicckes's appreciation of his services is recorded in the following letter, written in 1704:

. . . Your society have been without comparison my best patrons, and greatest encouragers, and when you see the work I hope you will not repent of the extraordinary encouragement you have given me for which I pray God to bless you and your successors for ever. I will lay up your last noble gift to make up a summe for the stationer; and would other learned men be but sensible of what pains I have taken and what risks I have run for the honour of our English Republick of letters, and antiquities in particular, as well as for advancing all other ancient septentrionall learning, and follow your example, I should not be long in his debt. Sir, I humbly pray Mr. Dean, and you, and all your worthy brethren to believe that I am sensible of the greatness of your kindnesse, and the great honour you have done me, and I pray you to be my oratour to give him and them my most humble, and hearty thanks.¹

Almost always, indeed, support came from ecclesiastics rather than the laity: "I have petition'd some of my lay neighbours," Nicolson wrote to Thwaites, 24 Jan. 1698, "But, finding them cool in the matter, I would not be warm."² Whatever the defects of the English church at the close of the seventeenth century, apathy towards scholastic endeavour was not one of them.

Edmund Gibson was another canvasser. He wrote enthusiastically to Thoresby about the scheme, begging his subscription and those of his friends, in case Nicolson had not done so. "I doubt not but . . . the whole impression will be subscribed for," he said early in 1699; "it is as much a book of criticism as grammar rules . . . printed upon very excellent paper, and will stand him in a guinea a book, the prime costs."³ Elstob tried to do in the South-West what Nicolson had done in the North: he wrote to Thwaites for *Specimens* to tempt his friends and acquaintances at Bath, to whom they gave "a great deal of satisfaction"; "Mr. Archdeacon Clements," he reports, "speaks with a great deal of earnestness towards the advancing of contributions, and I shall endeavour by all means I can the furtherance of so good a work."⁴ Christopher Rawlinson promised his utmost assistance, and William Hopkins helped in the Worcester Diocese. At Cambridge Dr. Green, Master of Corpus Christi, agreed to collect subscriptions, and at Oxford Charlett.

¹ MS. Eng. hist. b. 2, f. 137.

² MS. Rawl. D. 377, f. 52.

³ Thoresby, *Correspondence*, vol. I, p. 357.

⁴ MS. Eng. hist. c. 6, f. 64.

If the two universities had given their practical support there should have been no financial difficulties. But the Colleges were readier in promises than in cash, and evidently made no payments till the work was published.¹ By November, 1698, expenses were mounting steadily. There were plates to be engraved, types to be cast,² and assistants to be paid. Joseph Todhunter, a Queen's undergraduate of whom Thwaites gives a good account, had to be re-imbursed for certain costs incurred whilst collecting transcripts:

Todhunter has 40/- for his charges up and down, besides what I gave him to put himself in order, viz. about 30/-. I know he will be very diligent. He wrote out Rushworth's Gospell of Mathew in a week when he was forced to stick at every word: and did all his college exercises besides . . .³

Wanley had also to be paid. Thwaites thought he valued his labours too highly: "they must all be sold by weight and measure, and you will find that he will lose his interest in this place by that very means. I tell him plainly of it, but I find he will not write a sheet under a guinea. 'Tis more than an author expects for composing . . . A friend of mine offer'd him a guinea for what he might have done in a day, but he would not accept it."⁴ A guinea was certainly a good day's wages; but there is no reason to believe that Wanley made much out of the *Thesaurus*, as this letter might suggest; and Hickes thought that the £60 or so that he paid him was money well spent. When we consider that Wanley earned -£41 8s. 6d. simply for making corrections in Bernard's *Catalogue* we realize that his work for Hickes was largely a labour of love.

Other charges besides wages and the actual cost of printing were a source of worry—as, for instance, the paper-duty, about which Thwaites writes in 1702:

¹ When the majority generously gave 5 guineas each (for small-paper copies), though All Souls paid only three, and Oriel refused it altogether (Hearne, *Coll.*, vol. I, p. 309). Charlett collected these payments. To Magdalen Hall, and the Chapter Library at Exeter (which had allowed the Exeter Book to go to London for Wanley's examination) Hickes presented copies gratis. The later purchases by the Heads of Brasenose, Wadham, Oriel, and Pembroke, acknowledged in 1713 (Bliss, *Letters*, p. 99) were private ones.

² Cf. MS. Eng. hist. c. 6, f. 89 (Thwaites to Hickes, 20 Nov., 1698): "I have got *a* and *b* cast. I paid 11/- for cutting and casting. I will keep account, and if the University favour us, we will pay it, if they do not remarkably I will subduct it."

³ Ibid. f. 52 (7 Sept., 1698). Todhunter took his B.A. in 1699, and became a Fellow of Queen's in 1706.

⁴ Ibid. f. 70.

As to the duty of paper, you must learn it from the offices. None of those that trade in paper about us know it exactly. The booksellers can tell you, who have books from France, and as for those that buy paper of the merchants, they have it charged for much the dearer, but 'tis the Merchant himself who is concern'd in Custome. As for ours, I will engage, we have it as cheap as any sell it, and that you will easily find . . .¹

By October, 1699, Hickes saw that the cost of the book would rise "much above the subscription", but was not sure how much. Benzelius, the Swedish scholar, he informed Wanley, was to have a copy

"at the just price without any exaction, you shall set it, but who can tell till it comes out what that will be? Let him therefore leave order with some friend in London to pay upon delivery of a compleat book, bound, what shall be demanded for it, or if he thinks this commission too large let him lay down at an adventure 35 sh. for one in the lesser, and 50 sh. for one in the larger paper. . . ."²

In January, 1700-1, an interesting advertisement of Hickes's book "now in the press at Oxford" appeared in the form of an unaddressed letter, printed on a folio sheet. It contains a brief account of the contents of the *Thesaurus*, its "many chargeable Sculptures, of which some may be seen in a copy of the Book, at Mr. *Kebles* the bookseller, at the Turks head in Fleet street", and of its catalogue, which is described in the title given in this advertisement as "Catalogus librorum veterum Septentrionalium tarn eorum qui excusi sunt, quam qui in membranis scriptis nondum eduntur, quam fieri licuit, locupletissimus". A fuller account is given later in the letter, where it is announced that "Seven Sheets of this Catalogue are already printed in the above-mentioned Copy at Mr. Keble's". Of the whole work "there are almost CXL Sheets Printed off; and the Author thinks it will be a book of CC, or CCXX Sheets".

The writer of the letter, who signs himself "W. B." and was probably William Bowyer the elder,³ then goes *on* to explain that the author of

¹ Ibid. f. 103 (b). There is another letter concerning the tax on paper in MS. Ballard 4, f. 36.

² MS. Harl. 3779, f. 107, 19 Oct., 1699. Thwaites, hoping for sales abroad had sent a copy of the *Proposals* to Sweden via Palthenius. Cf. the Testimonium on p. [L] of the *Thesaurus*, the original of which is MS. Rawl. D. 377, f. 108. There were some sales in Germany: Francis Douce's copy, now in the Bodleian, came from the Baumgarten Library.

³ 1683-1737; v. Nichols, *Lit Anecd.* vol. I, p. 1-48, Sec. He printed Hickes's *Letters to a Popish Priest* (1705), Wotton's *Conspectus* of the *Thesaurus*, and other works bearing on Anglo-Saxon.

this great work has undertaken the impression of it himself, "the book-sellers, whom the dearness of Paper obligeth to Print no Books, but of quick and common sale at home, having refused ..." The appeal for further subscribers closes with a list of the indexes that are to be included in the work; only the first five are mentioned, which suggests that Wanley's large index to the Catalogue had not yet been planned.

A further account of the work, published some two years later, is not now traceable. But a few copies of the last advertisement, issued just after the *Thesaurus*, survive, and it must be given in full:

ADVERTISEMENT

Concerning a Book newly published at Oxford by Dr. Geo. Hickes, in two Volumes Fol. entituled, *Antiquae Literature Septentrionalis Libri duo*, &c.

Whereas about six Years since, Proposals were published by Dr. George Hickes for reprinting his *Septentrional Grammars*; and he then thinking the new Impression might be finished in a *hundred sheets*, did then propose it to Subscribers at *one Pound two Shillings* per Book in Quires, according to which Proposals several worthy Persons pay'd the Sum propos'd: but nevertheless, upon search of publick and private Libraries, the work having grown upon the Author beyond expectation, and he having been encouraged by learned Men, to make it as compleat as conveniently he could; by which means it is increased to thrice as many Sheets as were at first designed, with a great number of costly Plates, whereof *ten* are of the *Anglo-Saxonick* and *Anglo-Danick* Coins. And whereas the whole is by the great Care and vast Expense of the said Doctor, now finished in two Volumes Fol. and the *prime Cost* of each Copy being found upon exact computation of the Charges of the Impression, as appears by the following Certificate, to amount to *two Pounds eight Shillings*, whereby he finds himself more than half Loser: It is thought fit to send this Advertisement to all Persons, who pay'd according to the first Proposals, not doubting but they will be so generous as to indemnifie the Author by advancing their Subscriptions to the *Prime Cost* of his Book; which if he had undertaken by Agreement with any Book-seller, he would not have contracted under 500 Pounds for his Pains, which wou'd have made every Copy worth five Pounds.

I Certify that I have exactly computed the Charges of the Impression of Dr. Hickes's Book Printed at the Theatre in Oxon. entituled *Antiquae Literature Septentrionalis Libri duo*, &c. Upon which Computation, I find that the *Prime Cost* of each Copy in two Volumes amounts to *two Pounds eight Shillings*. Witness my Hand this 27 Day of November 1704.

Meanwhile it had been necessary to meet running expenses. "I have another dunning letter from the stationer at Oxford for a £100," writes Hickes in July, 1703, "though I know not where to get the tenth part of it."¹ Eight months later we learn that his debt to the stationer amounted to £400, of which he could then pay only a quarter. He told Dr. John Smith that when the work was published and all subscriptions paid in he would still owe £500 for paper and printing. He was finally forced to make private appeals for aid, one being addressed through Sir Thomas Parker to the Lord Chief Baron, Sir Edward Ward, desiring only "That his Lordship would give me leave to put down his name in my list of Benefactors, and then to do as his Lordship shall think fit, when he is presented with the book."² This particular appeal, like that to Adam Ottley,³ was successful, but it was impossible to wipe off all the debt in this way. Hence the advertisement just given.

Even at £2 8s. subscribers paid much less than the general price, which was three guineas for the small paper copies and five for the large; the latter being sold "for the libraries of princes and the private libraries of great men, and others who had a mind to them".⁴ A comparatively small number of these were printed, and by 1713 Hickes had only three to dispose of. The small paper copies, as will be shown later, did not fare so well.

None of the figures quoted refer to bound copies. As the 1704 Advertisement indicates, the book was issued to subscribers "in Quires" —a frequent practice in the eighteenth century, the volumes being later bound according to the taste and requirements of the individual purchaser. Thus we find Dr. Healy writing from Wells asking the favour of Hickes to order John Hall (the warehouse keeper of the Press) "to get the Books for our Chapter and myself bound in strong plain calves-Leather, and letter'd . . ."⁵ Originally the book was to be bound in two parts. But it was found that the large paper copies (c. 10" x 17") issued to the more generous subscribers and to some friends (amongst them White Kennett) were too heavy and cumbersome, and most of them, as well as some of those in small paper, were bound in three parts.

¹ MS. Harl. 3779, f. 202.

² B. M. MS. Stowe 750, £ 2 : 1 June, 1704.

³ Cf. the general Preface. Ottley later became Bishop of St. David's. Hearne describes him as "well versed in Saxon" (*Coll*, vol. VIII, p. 128).

⁴ Bliss, *Letters*, 99.

⁵ MS. Eng. hist, b 2, f. 103.

When subscribers left the choice of binding to Hickes he offered them three styles:

" I . in plain calves, gilt on the back, with some lines of gilt on the sides, which will cost 21s.

II. In red calves, gilt on the back and leaves, which will cost five or six and forty shillings.

III. in red turkey, in the same manner . . . and that will cost six pounds."

Hickes thought the first style good enough for any library, or private gentleman, and the second good enough for "any other person".

It is because binding was a process separate from the rest of book-production that we find such a wide variation in the arrangement and order of the plates in the many extant copies of the *Thesaurus*.¹ The position of King Edgar's charter is particularly unstable. This charter belonged to Harley, and the engraving of it, together with Wanley's Catalogue, was dedicated to him. How much Harley paid in recognition of these dedications we are not told. Prince George of Denmark, whose descent from Odin is traced in the Dedication to Volume One, responded, according to Hearne,² with a hundred guineas.

A carefully checked list of subscribers was printed at the end of Volume II. It includes 353 private subscribers (21 of whom had died before the work appeared), the deans and chapters of twelve Cathedrals, and fifteen Oxford and twelve Cambridge colleges. The names of most of the "Saxonists" are there, and also those of Archbishop Tenison, Archbishop Sharp, Bishop Lloyd, Bishop Sprat, Canon Cave, William Wotton, Browne Willis, Richard Bcntley, Atterbury, Pepys, Evelyn, Lord Somcrs, the Dukes of Somerset, Ormond, Beaufort, Bolton, and Bedford, Christopher Codrington, Sir Hans Sloane, John Anstis, the Marchioness of Worcester, Lady Anna Mason, Lady Susanna Hopton, Leyoncrona (the Swedish Ambassador), Dean Prideaux, Dean Aldrich, Canon Elstob (the uncle of William and Elizabeth), Dr. Charlett, Dr. John Mill.

¹ These plates were at first printed on "the rowling press" at Oxford, though Thwaites foresaw the possibility that they might have to be done in London, as some were later, "because they do them better, than in Oxford" (MS. Harl. 3779, f. 158). Most of them were engraved by Michael Burghers, Engraver to the University, whose work is a prominent feature of books printed at the Sheldonian at this time (v. Hearne, *Coll* vol. IX, p. 252). Hickes was not always satisfied with his work, and several plates had to be omitted owing to shortage of money and the danger of further delay; but those included are a marked improvement on those in Mabillon, which were "corrupted by the conceits of the engravers". Three plates were made by Sutton Nicholls, otherwise unknown.

² *Coll.*, vol. III, p. 148.

The heads of eight Oxford and seven Cambridge colleges subscribed privately. The large proportion of nobility and clergy (160 subscribers on the list were in orders) is noteworthy. The church and the nobility were to continue during most of the eighteenth century to supply the majority of subscribers to learned publications. But in other ways—in its general plan, its size, its elaborate engravings and ornate title-page—the *Thesaurus* belongs to an order of book-production that had reached its zenith and was soon to wane.¹

From the savants of Europe the work received an enthusiastic reception. It was immediately noticed in the Leipzig *Acta Eruditorum* (i March, i May, 1706). Mabillon himself, though Hickes had criticized him strongly, applauded the work. The College of Antiquaries at Stockholm sent a special letter of congratulation. The English Envoy to the Duke of Tuscany told Hickes that when his Highness received a copy he summoned a special council of learned men to obtain their opinion of it: which had been that it was "an excellent and extraordinary work". For Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach, visiting England in 1710, the author of the *Thesaurus* was one of the sights of London. Yet it had not sold as well as Hickes hoped: in 1707, when Edmund Bush the Oxford printer died, he had 200 copies in his stock; and all the accounts were not yet paid.² Hickes therefore resorted to the publication of a brief summary of the whole work, with some additional matter, as a "Follower"—a device apparently unique at that time "to raise the curiosity of the reader to farther enquiries, or (as you would say in *the Trade*) to call-in customers. . . ."³ This is the "notitia" described in one of Hickes's letters as "made in Latin by a learned hand, who is of opinion that it will help the sale of the copies, which ly in great numbers" upon my hands unsold". The learned hand is that of William Wotton, whose name appears on the title-page, and below the Dedication to the Rt. Hon. James Bridges.⁴

¹ Parts of the work recall the plan and lay-out of Mabillon's *De Re Diplomatica*, with which Hickes was certainly familiar; and the ornamental page preceding the Dedication is strikingly similar to that in Peringskiöld's *Monumenta Uplandica* (Stockholm, 1700).

² Cf. Hearne, *Col.*, vol. II, p. 4.

³ W. Clark in an undated letter to Bowyer printed in Nichols, *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. II, p. 109, f.n.

⁴ Wotton was an infant prodigy, a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge (not Oxford as stated in Foster's *Alumni*), a subscriber to the *Thesaurus*, and prominent in the *Phalaris* controversy. He was interested in Celtic—probably as a result of his friendship with Bp. Lloyd—and contemplated an edition of the Welsh Laws. He seems to have lived an immoral life and to have wasted his talents.

This *Conspectus Brevis*, printed by William Bowyer at London in 1708, was planned, it is clear, not as a popular edition but as an advertisement of the larger work. Except for an Essay on Saxon Coins, which was Thwaites's work, it was really designed and supervised by Hickes, who also wrote the notes.¹ Hearn, perhaps because Wotton was a Whig, perhaps because of the breach in his friendship with Thwaites, regarded it as "a trivial, mean performance". Certainly the compendium of the grammars is far too brief to be of any use for purposes of study or consultation: more space is given to the *Dissertatio Epistolaris* than to the Anglo-Saxon Grammar, and Icelandic is dismissed in half a page. But there are occasional corrections, or, as in a letter from Leibnitz to Fountaine, printed in the notes, confirmations of statements in the *Thesaurus*; and there is some new material from manuscript sources, including two wills, and King Edgar's charter to Aethelflaed, from the Harleian collection, with translations and notes. Amongst some additional notes is printed the Anglo-Saxon text of the Athanasian Creed in the Salisbury Psalter, as transcribed by Elizabeth Elstob, with some variant readings added. The notes on Thwaites's essay include the Money laws of Aethelstan and Canute.

Yet the *Thesaurus* still hung fire. As late as 1713 we find Hickes writing to Charlett to thank him for taking five copies off his hands: he would have liked to send his surplus stock to Paris "where they are much wanted".² But Sir Andrew Fountaine, who sent him this news, made no offers of help: and the French monasteries also failed him.³ Many copies were never bound up, and in his will Hickes left twenty unbound copies to a Mr. Thomas Deacon. In spite of the constant references to it by eighteenth-century scholars, its scarcity value grew but slowly. In 1799 Ritson sold his large paper copy at its original published price of five guineas. Fourteen years later, however, the volumes were fetching more than three times their original price: Home Tooke's copy was sold in 1813 for fourteen guineas, and about the same

¹ Hickes's letter to Harley in H. M. C. Portland, vol. IV, p. 447 (10 Feb., 1707-8) is proof of this. Cf. his letter to Wanley (MS. Had. 2779, f. 246) announcing that he is printing a Latin Notitia of "our" book, and asking Wanley to transcribe Aethelflaed's will for it: "it is to be a i6mo on very good paper and will make a bound book".

² Bliss, *Letters*, vol. I, p. 98.

³ Copies of the *Thesaurus* reached the libraries of St. Mark's, Venice, and the Vatican, where it was gratefully received, Abbot Passioneo sending Fontanini's *Vindiciae Antiquarum Diplomatum*, published in the same year, as a token of thanks and esteem.

time a large paper copy bound in vellum brought eighteen guineas. To-day the prospective buyer must be prepared to pay at least as much as the sheets cost when they came fresh from drying in the Sheldonian gallery. But he would be well advised to make the investment. For in their wide scope ("Grammatico-criticus et Archaeologicus"), in the co-operative method used in their production—to say nothing of Wanley's invaluable judgments on matters palxographical—these handsome volumes still have something to teach us.

III

MILTON'S "SATAN" AND THE THEME OF DAMNATION IN ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY

by HELEN GARDNER

WE are all familiar with the progeny of Milton's Satan and the effort of most recent criticism has been directed towards clearing the Satan of Milton's poem from his associations with the Promethean rebel of romantic tradition. But the question whether Satan had any ancestors has hardly been raised, or has been dismissed by reference to the devil of popular tradition, or by an allusion to the heroic figure of the Old English *Genesis B*. The late Mr. Charles Williams, in an essay on Milton which seems likely to become a classic, and Mr. C. S. Lewis, building, as he delighted to own, on Mr. Williams, destroyed, one hopes for ever, the notion that Satan had grounds for his rebellion.¹ But when we have agreed that Satan's "wrongs" which "exceed all measure" exist only in Shelley's generous imagination, and that it is easier to draw a bad character than a good, and have assented to the statement that Satan's career is a steady progress from bad to worse and ends with his complete deformity, we still have no explanation of why the Romantic critics stood *Paradise Lost* on its head, or why the "common reader" finds the imaginative impact of the first books so much more powerful than that of the last, or why, as one re-reads the poem, the exposure of Satan's malice and meanness seems curiously irrelevant. There remains always, untouched by the argument, the image of enormous pain and eternal loss. It is out of key with the close of the poem, which does not drive it from our memory, nor absorb it.

"From hero to general, from general to politician, from politician to secret service agent, and thence to a thing that peers in at bedroom or bathroom windows, and thence to a toad, and finally to a snake—such is the progress of Satan," writes Mr. Lewis, and he rightly declares that there is no question of Milton's beginning by making Satan too

¹ See *The English Poems of Milton*, with a preface by Charles Williams, (World's Classics) 1940, and C. S. Lewis, *A Preface to Paradise Lost*, 1942.

glorious and then, too late, attempting to rectify the error. "Such an unerring picture of 'the sense of injured merit' in its actual operations upon character cannot have come about by blundering and accident." We can parallel this account of the career of Satan, but not from Iago and Becky Sharp, whom Mr. Lewis cites as examples of bad characters who are more interesting than their virtuous opposites. From a brave and loyal general, to a treacherous murderer, to a hirer of assassins, to an employer of spies, to a butcher, to a coward, to a tiling with no feeling for anything but itself, to a monster and a "hell-hound": that is a summary of the career of Macbeth. From a proud philosopher, master of all human knowledge, to a trickster, to a slave of phantoms, to a cowering wretch: that is a brief sketch of the progress of Dr. Faustus. With varying use of mythological machinery, this theme of the deforming of a creature in its origin bright and good, by its own willed persistence in acts against its own nature, is handled by Shakespeare and Marlowe, and with great power, but in a purely naturalistic setting, by Middleton and Rowley in *The Changeling*. It is on the tragic stage that we find the idea of damnation in English literature before *Paradise Lost*. "Satan", writes Mr. Williams, "is the Image of personal clamour for personal independence." He is in rebellion against "the essential fact of things." The same can be said of Faustus, of Macbeth, and of Beatrice-Joanna, and it is particularly interesting to notice that in *Macbeth* and *The Changeling* the dramatists have altered their sources to bring out the full implications of the theme.

\ The devil was a comic character in the medieval drama; in the Elizabethan period he virtually disappears in his own person from the greater plays. But what Mr. Lewis calls "the Satanic predicament" is there, and it appears in the tragic, not the comic mode of vision. The terrible distinction between devils and men in popular theology lay in the irreversibility of the fall of the angels. Unlike men the fallen angels were incapable of repentance and so for them there was no pardon. As Donne puts it: "To those that fell, can appertaine no reconciliation; no more then to those that die in their sins; for *Quod homini mors, Angelis casus*; The fall of the Angels wrought upon them, as the death of a man does upon him; They are both equally incapable of change to better."¹ Donne recognizes that some of the Fathers thought that "the devill retaining still his faculty of free will, is therefore capable of repentance,

¹ LXXX *Sermons*, 1640, p. 9. A recent reading of Donne's *Sermons* for another purpose has impressed upon me how often Donne provides the comment of a theologian or a moralist upon the tragedies of his contemporaries.

and so of benefit by this comming of Christ";¹ but this is exactly the point which Aquinas denies and Donne assents to his view. Aquinas "decides that the fallen angels cannot repent, since, though they know the beginnings of penitence in fear, their free-will is perverted: "Quidquid in eis est naturale, totum est bonum et ad bonum inclinans, sed liberum arbitrium in eis est in malo obstinatum; et quia motus virtutis et vitii non sequitur inclinationem naturae, sed magis motum liberi arbitrii; ideo non oportet, quamvis naturaliter inclinentur ad bonum, quod motus virtutis in eis sit, vel esse possit."² In the tragic world of Faustus and Macbeth we find presented to us in human terms this incapacity for change to a better state. It never occurs to us that Macbeth will turn back, or indeed that he can; and though Marlowe, in this more merciful, as he is always more metaphysical, than Shakespeare, keeps before us the fact of Faustus's humanity by the urgings of the Good Angel, yet to the Good Angel's "Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee," comes at once the Bad Angel's response: "Thou art a spirit;³ God cannot pity thee"; and to Faustus's

Who buzzeth in mine ears, I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Yea, God will pity me, if I repent.

comes the confident statement of the Bad Angel: "Ay, but Faustus never shall repent"; to which Faustus gives a despairing assent: "My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent."⁴

In the three plays mentioned, along with this incapacity for change to a better state, or repentance, go two other closely related ideas. The initial act is an act against nature, it is a primal sin, in that it contradicts the "essential fact of things", and its author knows that it does so. It is

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

² *S.T.*, Supplement, Q. XVI, Art. 3.

³ *Spirit* here as elsewhere in the play means evil spirit, or devil.

⁴ All quotations from *Dr. Faustus* are from the edition of Dr. F. S. Boas, 1932. The point that Faustus is presented to us as incapable of real repentance, though like the devils he knows the beginnings of penitence in fear and "believes and trembles", is obscured if we accept, as Dr. Boas does, the suggestion of Mr. H. T. Baker (*Modern Language Notes*, vol. XXI, pp. 86-7) and transfer to Faustus the close of the Old Man's speech in Act v, scene i (p. 161). In this most touching scene the Old Man makes a last appeal to Faustus to remember his humanity:

Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persevere in it like a devil;
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature.

not an act committed by mistake; it is not an error of judgment, it is an error of will. The act is unnatural and so are its results; it deforms the nature which performs it. The second idea is the irony of retributive justice. The act is performed for an imagined good, which appears so infinitely desirable that the conditions for its supposed satisfaction are accepted; but a rigorous necessity reigns and sees to it that though the conditions are exacted literally, the desire is only granted ironically, and this is inevitable, since the desire is for something forbidden by the very nature of man.¹

, We are unfortunate in possessing Marlowe's greatest play only in an obviously mutilated form; but in spite of possible distortion and some interpolation in the centre, the grandeur of the complete reversal stands out clearly. Apart from its opening and concluding choruses, which provide an archaic framework, and the short closing scene in the 1616 text, where the scholars find the mangled body of Faustus, the play begins and ends with the hero in his study. In the first scene Faustus runs through all the branches of human knowledge and finds them inadequate to his desires. Logic can only teach argument; medicine stops short where human desire is most thwarted, since it cannot defeat death; law is a mercenary pursuit, and divinity, which he comes to last, holds the greatest disappointment: it is grounded in the recognition of man's mortality and his fallibility. The two texts from Jerome's Bible insult his aspiration: *Stipendium peccati mors est*, and *Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis Veritas*.² He turns instead to magic because it is

a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence.

He decides to "tire his brains to get a deity". The sin of Faustus here is

¹ Donne supplies us with a comment on the "omnipotence" of Faustus, the "kingship" of Macbeth and the "marriage" of Beatrice-Joanna, when he says: "For small wages, and ill-paid pensions we serve him (Satan); and lest any man should flatter and delude himselfe, in saying, I have my wages, and my reward before hand, my pleasures in this life, the punishment, (if ever) not till the next, The Apostle destroyes that dreame, with that question of confusion, *What fruit had you then in those things, of which you are now ashamed?* Certainly sin is not a gainfull way;... fruitlesness, unprofitableness before, shame and dishonor after." *LXXX Sermons*, p. 65.

² It is worth noting that Faustus does not complete the text, which is familiar from its use as one of the Sentences. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us: but, if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

presumption, the aspiring above his order, or the rebellion against the law of his creation.

But when he is last seen alone in his study it is the opposite sin which delivers him to damnation: the final sin of Faustus is despair.¹ However much he may call in his fear on God or Christ, it is the power of Lucifer and the bond with Lucifer which he really believes in. It is to Lucifer he prays: "O, spare me, Lucifer!", and "Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!" Donne gives presumption and despair as one of the couples which the Schoolmen have called sins against the Holy Ghost "because naturally they shut out those meanes by which the Holy Ghost might work upon us . . . for presumption takes away the feare of God, and desperation the love of God".² They are the two faces of the sin of Pride. Faustus tormented by devils is obsessed by their power; but the Old Man is safe from them, because of his faith. The great reversal from the first scene of *Dr. Faustus* to the last can be defined in different ways: from presumption to despair; from doubt of the existence of hell to belief in the reality of nothing else; from a desire to be more than man to the recognition that he has excluded himself from the promise of redemption for all mankind in Christ; from haste to sign the bond to desire for delay when the moment comes to honour it; from aspiration to deity and omnipotence to longing for extinction. At the beginning Faustus wished to rise above his humanity; at the close he

¹ The word *despair* or its derivative *desperate* occurs thirteen times in the play. See i. 3. 91; ii. 1. 4 and 5; ii. 2. 25 and 31; iv. 5a, 31; v. 1. 64, 68, 72 and 79; v. 2. 11, 92 and 101.

In *The Conflict of Conscience* by Nathaniell Woodes, Minister of Norwich, published 1581 (Hazlitt-Dodsley, vol. VI) in which we can see the old morality play of wrongful choice, punishment, repentance and forgiveness turning into the Elizabethan tragedy of sin and retribution, the whole struggle in the final act is between the hero's despair and the efforts of his friends to convince him that he is not beyond God's mercy. One can commend the enterprise if not the success of the Minister of Norwich in trying to put the finer points of the doctrine of justification by faith into fourteeners. Poor as his play is, it shows in a most interesting way the great debate of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on the freedom of the will being turned into drama. In *The Conflict of Conscience*, at the very last moment, faith conquers, and the happy ending of the old morality is preserved. In *Dr. Faustus*, which retains formally much of the old morality, despair triumphs. Our understanding of some of the tragedies of Shakespeare and his contemporaries might be enriched if we thought more in terms of

Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
 and less in terms of "fatal flaws" and "errors of judgment".

would sink below it, be transformed into a beast or into "little water drops". At the beginning he attempts usurpation upon God; at the close he is an usurper upon the Devil.¹

As for the reward Faustus obtains, it is difficult to argue from the play as it has come down to us, and one should not in fairness say that Faustus appears to sell his soul for the satisfaction of playing practical jokes. But there are two episodes of some significance near the beginning, in which Marlowe's hand is clearly apparent, which it is possible to argue from. Faustus takes Mephistophilis as his servant; he demands twenty-four years of "all voluptuousness"

Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,

And always be obedient to my will.

As the play proceeds it is clear what happens with the last clause of the agreement: the obedient servant becomes the master. It is Mephistophilis who speaks with authority as representative of "great Lucifer" and it is Faustus who obeys. But it is the same with the other two clauses. Immediately after the bond is signed Faustus begins to ask questions, and he asks about hell. He receives what are in the context of the play true answers, but he does not believe them. He thinks hell a fable, and Mephistophilis with melancholy irony leaves the subject: "Ay, think so, till experience change thy mind." Then Faustus makes his first request: he asks for a wife. Here the text is plainly defective; the verse breaks down into half-lines and prose, a devil enters dressed as a woman with fireworks attached which explode. But after this horseplay, Mephistophilis resumes in dignified Marlovian verse:

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy:
And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.

¹ "The greatest sin that ever was, and that upon which even the blood of Christ Jesus hath not wrought, the sin of Angels was that, *Similis ero Altissitno*, to be like God. To love our selves, to be satisfied in our selves, to finde an omni-sufficiency in our selves, is an intrusion, an usurpation upon God." *Ibid.*, p. 156. "Did God ordain hell fire for us? no, but for the Devil and his Angels. And yet we that are vessels so broken, as that there is not a sheard left, to fetch water at the pit, that is, no means in our selves, to derive one drop of Christs blood upon us, nor to wring out one tear of true repentance from us, have plung'd our selves into this everlasting, and this dark fire, which was not prepared for us: A wretched covetousness, to be intruders upon the Devil; a wretched ambition, to be usurpers upon damnation." *XXVI Sermons*, 1660, p. 273.

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
 And bring them ev'ry morning to thy bed:
 She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have.

If we turn to the source, the English Faust Book, we can, I think, see the implications of the scene and conjecture why Marlowe set it here.

Doctor *Faustus* . . . bethinking himselfe of a wife called *Mephistophiles* to counsaile; which would in no wise agree: demanding of him if he would breake the couenant made with him or if hee had forgot it. Hast thou not (quoth *Mephistophiles*) sworne thy selfe an enemy to God and all creatures? To this I answere thee, thou canst not marry; thou canst not serue two masters, God, and my Prince: for wedlock is a chiefe institution ordained of God, and that hast thou promised to defic, as we doe all, and that hast thou also done: and moreouer thou hast confirmed it with thy blood: perswadc thy selfe, that what thou doost in contempt of wedlock, it is all to thine owne delight.

When Faustus persists in his demand, an ugly devil appears and offers himself as a bride. On his vanishing Mephistophilis re-appears to say: "It is no iesting with us, holde thou that which thou hast vowed, and wee will perform as wee haue promised."¹ The point of the scene is clear even in the play as we have it: Faustus's first request is met with a refusal. The source gives the full implications of that refusal, which may have been cut out to allow for more fireworks: marriage and "the fairest courtesans" are incompatibles. Faustus has not exchanged limitations for freedom; he has merely exchanged one kind of limitation for another. Marriage belongs to the world he has left. He cannot have all he wants, for the satisfaction of some desires involves the thwarting of others.

It is the same with knowledge soon after. Faustus disputes with Mephistophilis of "divine astrology". The answers he gets he dismisses with contempt; he knew them already. But then he goes on to ask the great question:

Faust. Well, I am answer'd. Now tell me who made the world.
Meph. I will not.
Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.
Meph. Move me not, Faustus.
Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?
Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom.
 This is: thou art damn'd; think thou of hell.

¹ *Dr. Faustus*, ed. cit, Appendix I, pp. 181-2.

Some kinds of knowledge, like some kinds of experience, Faustus has shut himself off from. He has not escaped the necessity of choice. It is a chosen path he follows to the end. Marlowe does all he can by the device of the two angels to keep before us that Faustus is still a man, and that repentance is open to him, if he will only

Call for mercy, and avoid despair.

But he persists. His rewards are the delights of the imagination, sweet and terrible fantasies, culminating in the vision of Helen,¹ and the exercise of what power Mephistophilis allows him, for the practical jokes probably represent a debasing rather than an alteration of Marlowe's intention. But knowledge and felicity he has exchanged for shadows, and for power he gets slavery.

The theme of damnation was explicit for Marlowe in the story he dramatized. Shakespeare reads it into the story of Macbeth, or rather he shapes his material to bring out the same fundamental conceptions as are embodied in the Faustus myth. The story is fully developed in terms of human beings and their relations to each other. Macbeth's crime is a crime against his fellow men, against society, and this provides Shakespeare with what Marlowe found so difficult to construct, a proper middle to his play. But even *soMacbeth* is by far the shortest of the great tragedies, in spite of having far the longest exposition, and, as Bradley noted, its minor characters are singularly lifeless and uninteresting. The interest is concentrated almost wholly on Macbeth and his wife.

The crime that Macbeth commits is, as has been pointed out, without any of the excuses which the source offered. A quite different play could have been made out of Holinshed's narrative; Shakespeare might have written the tragedy of a brave and able man, impatient at misgovernment, killing a weak and ineffective king, and being corrupted by the evil means he had chosen to a supposedly good end. There is a rational motive too in the other story from which Shakespeare took the details of the murder, for Donwald, who slew King Duff, was avenging his kinsfolk, who had been barbarously punished by the king. But

¹ Dr. Greg has recently recovered for us the full mingling of horror and beauty in the scene in which Faustus embracing Helen cries: "Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies!" He points out that Helen is a "spirit" and that in this play a spirit is a devil. "Faustus commits the sin of demoniality, that is bodily intercourse with demons." See W. W. Greg, "The Damnation of Faustus," *Modern Language Review*, April, 1946, pp. 97-107-

Shakespeare's Duncan is blameless and kingly, and he has paid all honour to Macbeth. The deed is committed with the fullest knowledge of its wickedness, and, indeed, of its folly. - Macbeth knows, until the moment when his judgment is overpowered by his wife, that, whether or not there is retribution in the life to come, some crimes are so outrageous that they cannot escape vengeance here. Macbeth himself analyses for us the nature of his deed: it defies the ties of blood and loyalty, the trust between man and man on which society is built, the primitive sacredness of the guest, and the reverence that is due to virtue and innocence. Macbeth knows that the act is inhuman, that it does not "become a man". Lady Macbeth knows this too: she knows the deed is a violation of her womanhood; she must become "unsexed", become a monster to do it.

The close of *Macbeth* shows the same deadly ironic justice as the close of *Dr. Faustus*. Macbeth and his wife expel pity and remorse from their natures, and they find themselves confronted by a world that has no pity for them. In the last act, nobody says a word of Macbeth that is not inspired by a cold hatred. He is "this dead butcher", and he is allowed no death speech of exculpation. There is no restoration of the original image of the hero in this play as there is in *Othello*. To point the full horror of his hunting down we are shown, just before, the death of Young Siward, "God's soldier". For as Faustus is shown to us first and last in his study, so Macbeth is shown first and last as a soldier, and Young Siward's is the death he might have died. Macbeth did more than "does become a man" and becomes, as he himself knew he would, "none". At the end of the play he is simply a wild beast to be destroyed. "Turn, hell-hound, turn", cries Macduff to him, and he himself compares himself to a baited bear. His head is borne in like a monster's. He put aside feeling and he finds himself at the end incapable of feeling. He threw away "golden opinions" and he gets curses; he broke the laws of hospitality and friendship, and he finds himself solitary in a world united against him.

Just as Shakespeare blackened the deed, so he refused to Macbeth any satisfactions upon earth. The ten years of just and prosperous reign in Holinshed are suppressed. The first words we hear Macbeth utter when we see him alone after his crowning are: "To be thus is nothing." The great central scene of the play impresses this on us by a vivid visual image: Macbeth wears the crown, but we do not see him seated among his lords; the murdered Banquo sits in his place. Like Faustus Macbeth desires incompatibles: he wants to overleap morality and law to achieve his ambition and at the same time to have the security that only obedience

to the law can bring, the "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends" which he realizes at the close he "must not look to have".

In both *Dr. Faustus* and *Macbeth* what astounds our imagination is the spectacle of the hero's suffering, the exploration of the nature of separation, intermittent in *Dr. Faustus*, but sustained throughout the play in *Macbeth*. *Macbeth* never loses that horror at himself which made him gaze upon his "hangman's hands" as if they were not his. What he does is a perpetual offence to what he is, and he never ceases to feel it. The horror implicit in the exact Latin of Aquinas is here made vivid to the imagination: "ideo non oportet, quamvis naturaliter inclinentur ad bonum, quod motus virtutis in eis sit, vel esse possit."

At first sight *The Changeling* appears a very different play from either *Dr. Faustus* or *Macbeth*, though Beatrice-Joanna has sometimes been compared with Lady *Macbeth* because of the lack of imagination she shows when she incites to murder. The supernatural, which broods over *Macbeth* and is essential to the story of *Dr. Faustus*, becomes here only a perfunctory acknowledgment of the popular taste for ghosts of murdered men. Beatrice-Joanna makes her choice and instigates to crime, prompted only by her passion for Alsemero, with no "supernatural solicitings" to disturb her judgment. But though this is true literally, Middleton gains an effect that is beyond the natural by the wonderful invention of De Flores.¹

The alterations that Middleton made in his source are very remarkable; all the play's most memorable situations are invented. The story as told by Reynolds is flat and pointless, as the following summary shows.²

The opening situation is the same as in the play: Beatrice-Joanna, who meets Alsemero at Mass by chance, is being urged by her father to marry Alonzo Piraequo. She has never liked Piraequo and is at once attracted by Alsemero. The story develops slowly with Beatrice-Joanna removed to the country, and corresponding clandestinely with Alsemero, who at last comes secretly to see her, admitted by her waiting woman, Diaphanta. Beatrice-Joanna tells him "before *Piraequo* be in another World, there is no hope for *Alsemero* to enjoy her for his wife in this"; whereupon Alsemero proposes to send him a challenge. But Beatrice-Joanna makes him promise not to meddle, and swears she can manage her father. The

¹ Since the problem of authorship does not affect my argument, I use Middleton's name for brevity, instead of speaking of Middleton and Rowley.

² John Reynolds, *God's Revenge against Murder*
pp. 105-46.

secret meeting is reported to her father, and she realizes that he is set upon her match with Piracquo, and so "after shee had ruminated, and runne ouer many bloody dcsignes: the diuell, who neuer flies from those that follow him, proffers her an inuention as execrable as damnable. There is a Gallant young Gentleman, of the Garrison of the Castle, who followes her father, that to her knowledge doth deeply honour, and dearely affect her: yea, she knowes, that at her request he will not sticke to murther *Piracquo*: his name is *Signiour Antonio de Flows*."

Beatrice-Joanna then sends for de Flores and "with many flattering smiles, and sugered speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindenesse and courtesies." De Flores is so "intangled in the snares of her beautie, that hee freely promiseth to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree vpon the manner how". The murder is committed just as in the play, except that de Flores cuts off no finger for proof. He then tells Beatrice-Joanna what he has done, "who doth heereat infinitiy reioyce, and thanks him with many kisses".

Piracquo's disappearance is accepted as a mystery; Beatrice-Joanna hints to her lover that Piracquo is dead "but in such palliating termes, that thereby shee may delude and carry away his iudgement, from imagining, that shee had the least shadow, or finger hcerein". Her father withdraws his objections and "heere our two Louers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite ioy, are vnited, and by the bond of marriage of two persons made one".

But after three happy months, Alsemero suddenly becomes jealous, and begins to restrain his wife's liberty. She complains to her father, but his remonstrances are useless, and Alsemero carries her off to the country. Her father sends de Flores to her with a letter, and de Flores "salutes and kisseth her, with many amorous embracings and dalliances". She bids him visit her often as her lover. Alsemero is told of the *liaison* by Diaphanta, and accuses Beatrice-Joanna of infidelity. She, "in seeking to conceale her whoredome, must discouer her murther", and tells Alsemero that she has to show courtesy to de Flores, because he got rid of Piracquo for her. Alsemero, who is unaffected by the revelation of the murder, charges her to admit de Flores no more; but she continues with the affair, and being caught is killed with her paramour by Alsemero. At the trial Alsemero is acquitted of murder, when Diaphanta swears to the fact of adultery. But the author regards him as guilty of concealing the murder of Piracquo, and arranges a fit punishment for him too. He is challenged by Piracquo's younger brother, Tomaso, and by using treachery in the duel kills him. For this he is seized, and after confessing the truth is executed.

The power of Middleton's play lies in something which is quite absent from the source: the absolute contrast at the beginning and the

identity at the close of Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores. She is young, beautiful, a virgin, and of secure rank; he is no "Gallant young Gentleman", but a despised serving-man, an "ominous ill-fac'd fellow", one of those broken soldiers of fortune who are so common in Jacobean tragedy, and he bears the marks of a dissolute life on his face. Middleton is usually praised and praised rightly for the intense realism of his characterization, and particularly for the two studies of Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores; but there is more than realism here. What Mephistophilis is to Faustus, what the "supernatural solicitings" and the horror of the deed are to Macbeth, De Flores is to Beatrice-Joanna. He is repulsive and she has a strong instinctive loathing of him. She too sins against her nature, when she accepts the thing her nature most loathes as the instrument of her will. The deed comes to her mind through him, because she recognizes him as a suitable instrument. She is horrified when Alsemero suggests a challenge. She is afraid he may be killed, or that the law may step in and seize him. Her instinct tells her that he is an innocent man, and so she remembers another who is not:

Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage;—
And now I think on one; I was to blame,
I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn.¹

It has been said that Beatrice-Joanna has no moral sense: that she is irresponsible, and only develops a sense of responsibility at the close of the play. This is true in a sense; but it might be truer to say that she develops a moral consciousness through her violation of what is fundamentally a moral instinct and a very deep one: the instinct which tells her that De Flores is her opposite.

Middleton's handling of the centre of his play is just as striking. In the centre of *Macbeth* we have the banquet, the concrete image of a hollow kingship; in the centre of *The Changeling* is the marriage that is no marriage. On her wedding night, Beatrice-Joanna has to send her waiting-woman to her husband's bed; we see her outside the door in a frenzy of jealousy and impatience. She too has given away her "eternal jewel" and got nothing in exchange. The three months of happiness in the source have disappeared, as did the ten years of prosperous kingship in Holinshed. Beatrice-Joanna might say of her married state as Macbeth does of his kingship: "To be thus is nothing." She employs De Flores to get Alsemero. She loses Alsemero and gets De Flores. She becomes

¹ Quotations from *The Changeling* are from *The Works of Thomas Middleton* edited by A. H. Bullen, 1885-6, vol. VI.

"the deed's creature". In the end she recognizes her link with him and what she has become and sees herself as defiled and defiling. Like Faustus, who continues to affirm his bargain, like Macbeth who adds murder to murder, she too is involved in repetition of the original act; she has again to employ De Flores for her safety; he becomes to her "a wondrous necessary man" and she comments: "Here's a man worth loving," as he makes his preparations for the dispatch of Diaphanta.

With the same sense of the implications of his theme, Middleton makes Alsemero absolutely innocent of any complicity. Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores tower over the play, as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, and Faustus and Mephistophilis do. Alsemero's function is not to interest us in himself, but to be a standard by which we see what has happened to Beatrice-Joanna. He was to be her reward, and so, in an ironic sense, he is, when he turns upon her with horror and cries: "O, thou art all deform'd!" She makes a last despairing effort with a lie: "Remember, I am true unto your bed"; to which Alsemero replies:

The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murder'd carcasses.

At last she tells the truth, and the truth of the play emerges.

Beatrice-Joanna. Alsemero, I'm a stranger to your bed;
Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died.
De Flores. Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barley break; now we are left in hell.
Vermandero. We are all there, it circumscribes us here.¹

It is not suggested that there is any direct relation between these three plays, in the sense that one was inspired by the others; nor is it suggested that when Milton drew his Satan he had these great tragic figures in mind. What is suggested is that Satan belongs to their company, and if we ask where the idea of damnation was handled with seriousness and intensity in English literature before Milton, we can only reply: on the tragic stage. Satan is, of course, a character in an epic, and he is in no sense the hero of the epic as a whole. But he is a figure of heroic magnitude and heroic energy, and he is developed by Milton with dramatic emphasis and dramatic intensity. He is shown, to begin

¹ The echo from *Dr. Faustus* can hardly be accidental.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be.

with, engaged in heroic and stupendous enterprises, and again and again in moments of dramatic clash; rousing his supine followers, awaiting his moment in the great debate, confronted with Sin and Death and Chaos itself, flinging taunt for taunt at his angelic adversaries. But most strikingly he is presented to us by the means by which the great Elizabethan dramatists commended their tragic heroes to our hearts and imaginations: by soliloquy. Milton gives to Satan no less than five long soliloquies in Eden, three in the fourth book and two in the ninth.¹ In them he reveals to us "the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes", and recalls again and again

the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse.

It is in them that the quality which makes Satan a tragic figure appears most strikingly, and it is the quality Mr. Lewis makes weightiest against him: his egoism.

"Satan's monomaniac concern with himself and his supposed rights and wrongs is a necessity of the Satanic predicament," says Mr. Lewis. The same is true of the great tragic heroes of Shakespeare, and this capacity of theirs to expose relentlessly the full horror of their situations is just what makes them the heroes of their plays.² The predicament of Claudius is direr than Hamlet's, but Shakespeare pays little attention to it; Malcolm is the righteous avenger of a horrible crime, but the sympathy we feel for him we take for granted. We are held enthralled instead by the voice

¹ In spite of the explanatory and anticipatory element in these soliloquies, their general effect, particularly in the two longest, IV, 32-113 and IX, 99-178, is quite different from the effect of the soliloquies of villains such as Richard III or Iago. In them we are conscious of activity of intellect and atrophy of feeling; here, as in the soliloquies of Hamlet or Macbeth, the plans announced are less important than the analysis of the hero's predicament.

² Henry James puts this well in the preface to *The Princess Casamassima*, London, 1921, p. viii. "This in fact I have ever found rather terribly the point—that the figures in any picture, the agents in any drama, are interesting only in proportion as they feel their respective situations; since the consciousness, on their part, of the complication exhibited forms for us their link of connection with it. But there are degrees of feeling—the muffled, the faint, the just sufficient, the barely intelligent, as we may say; and the acute, the intense, the complete, in a word—the power to be finely aware and richly responsible. It is those moved in this latter fashion who "get most" out of all that happens to them and who in so doing enable us, as readers of their record, as participators by a fond attention, also to get most. Their being finely aware—as Hamlet and Lear, say, are finely aware—*makes* absolutely the intensity of their adventure, gives the maximum of sense to what befalls them."

of Hamlet, defining for us his "bad dreams" or that of Macbeth telling us of solitude. If we are to complain that wherever he goes, and whatever he sees, Satan finds nothing of interest but himself, and to compare him unfavourably with Adam, who can converse on topics of general interest such as the stars, what should we say of Lear, who finds in the majesty of the storm or the misery of the naked beggarman only fresh incentives to talk about the unkindness of his daughters? If we can say of a speech of Satan's that "it fails to be roaring farce only because it spells agony", we can say the same of Macbeth, complaining at the close of a career of murderous egoism that he has no friends, or of Beatrice-Joanna, "a woman dipp'd in blood" talking of modesty. Satan is an egoist and Satan is a comic character in exactly the same way as Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, and Lear are egoists and comic characters. "O gull! O dolt!" cries Emilia to Othello. We do not pity him the less because we assent.

The critical problem of *Paradise Lost* seems to me to lie here. We are concerned with Satan in a way that is quite different from the way we are concerned with Adam and Eve. In Mr. Lewis's treatment this is quite clear. He uses all his skill to make us regard Satan as a despicable human being, discussing him in terms of "children, film-stars, politicians, or minor poets"; but he uses equal skill to make us realize we must not regard Adam in this way. If he is right, as I think he is, in pressing a distinction between our attitudes to the two figures, he poses an acute problem for the reader of *Paradise Lost*, and appears to convict Milton of the artistic failure involved in a mixture of kinds.

The distinction I feel I would express in rather different terms.] Adam and Eve are representative figures, and the act they perform is a great symbolic act. The plucking of the apple is not in itself imaginatively powerful; its power over us springs from its very triviality; the meaning and the consequences are so much greater than the image of a hand stretched out to pluck the fruit. The temptation and fall of Eve is profound in its psychological analysis, but it lacks the shock of dramatic situation. As Mr. Lewis says: "The whole thing is so quick, each new element of folly, malice, and corruption enters so unobtrusively, so naturally, that it is hard to realize we have been watching the genesis of murder. We expect something more like Lady Macbeth's 'unsex me here'." In other words the situation is not dramatically exploited, lingered on. The scenes between Adam and Eve are deeply human, but they lack the terror, and the dreadful exaggeration of tragedy. The quarrel is only too sadly life-like, but it does not appal us, as does the spectacle of

Othello striking Desdemona. In the ninth book and the books that follow, Milton is tracing with insight, with humanity and with humility the process in man through sin to repentance. The progress is steady and ordered; what is said is fully adequate to the situation, appropriate but not astounding. But Satan's defiance of God is not expressed by a symbolic gesture; in his rebellion the act and its meaning are one. And in the earlier books, and indeed wherever Satan appears, what is said goes beyond the necessities of the narrative, because Milton was writing as a tragic artist obsessed by his imagination of a particular experience, and exploring it with the maximum intensity. The experience might be called "exclusion". Wherever he goes, whatever he looks at, Satan is perpetually conscious of this. His exclusion is self-willed, as is the exclusion of Faustus, Macbeth and Beatrice-Joanna. Like them he gazes on a heaven he cannot enter; like them he is in the end deformed; like them he remains in the memory with all the stubborn objectivity of the tragic.

If it can be accepted that Satan as he is conceived and presented to us is a tragic figure, it is possible to suggest another explanation for the Romantic misconception of the poem than a dislike of Milton's theology. The early nineteenth century was greatly concerned it would seem with tragic experience; its great poets wanted to be "miserable and mighty poets of the human heart". All of them attempted to write tragedy, but, with the possible exception of *The Cenci*, they produced nothing that is admitted to be fully tragic. It was also a period remarkable for penetrating and subtle Shakespearian criticism, but for a criticism which lost a sense of the play in its discussion of the psychology of the characters, and which tended to minimize in the tragic heroes the very thing that made them tragic and not pathetic, the evil in them. In the criticism of the period Hamlet is "a sweet prince", Lear "a man more sinned against than sinning". Hamlet's savagery and Lear's appalling rages are overlooked. Lamb turned from the stage because he could not bear the cruel comedy of *King Lear*, nor the sight of Desdemona in Othello's arms. Realized intensely in the mind, divorced from his action in the play, the tragic hero was reshaped. It is of the essence of tragedy that it forces us to look at what we normally do not care to look at, and have not invented for ourselves.¹ The failure either to write or to appreciate

¹ It may be suggested that the success of *The Cenci*, compared with other tragedies of the period, is partly due to the fact that the story was not invented by Shelley. He plainly felt some of the "superstitious horror" which he tells us the story still aroused in Italy, and was fascinated by the portrait of Beatrice.

tragedy in the Romantic period springs from the same cause: the Romantic poets' pre-occupation with themselves, and their lack of capacity to submit themselves to the "mystery of things". The famous passage in which Keats defined Shakespeare's quality as "Negative Capability" goes to the root of the matter. But "Negative Capability" is as necessary to the spectator and critic of tragedy as to its creator. The tragic is destroyed when we identify the hero with ourselves. Just as the Romantic critics tended to see the heroes of Shakespeare's tragedies as more admirable, more tender, more purely pathetic than they are, so feeling Satan's kinship with the tragic hero they sentimentalized him and made him conform to their limited conception of tragedy. Because he was to be pitied, they minimized the evil in him, inventing wrongs to explain and excuse it.¹

The present age is also not an age of great tragic writing, though there are some signs of a revival of the tragic spirit. Its best poetry is symbolic, and its criticism, in reviving for us the medieval tradition of allegory, tends towards an allegorical interpretation of all art. Mr. Lewis, in exposing Shelley's misconceptions, has inverted the Romantic attitude, for the effect of his chapter on Satan is to make us feel that because Satan is wicked, and wicked with no excuse, he is not to be pitied, but is to be hated and despised. Shelley saw in Satan the indomitable rebel against unjust tyranny, and while regretting the "taints" in his

¹ In the preface to *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley compared Satan with Prometheus and declared that Prometheus is the "more poetical character" since he is "exempt from the taints of ambition, envy, revenge, and a desire for personal aggrandisement, which, in the Hero of *Paradise Lost*, interfere with the interest". He thought that the character of Satan "engenders in the mind a pernicious casuistry which leads us to weigh his faults with his wrongs, and to excuse the former because the latter exceed all measure". When he wrote the preface to *The Cenci*, Shelley had abandoned the notion that moral perfection made a character poetically interesting, and acknowledged that if Beatrice had been "wiser and better" she would not have been a tragic character, but he speaks again of the "casuistry" by which we try to justify what she does, while feeling that it needs justification. When he compared Milton's God and his Devil in *A Defence of Poetry*, Shelley declared Satan was morally superior on the grounds that his situation and his wrongs excused in him the revengefulness which is hateful in his triumphant Adversary. In all three passages one can see Shelley's feeling that the Hero is a person whose side we take. The theme of a nature warped by suffering injustice, and repaying crime with crime, is certainly tragic when handled with seriousness and moral integrity as in *The Cenci*, though it slides all too easily into the sentimental absurdities of the Byronic outcast, and it is always in danger of shallowness. It is the tragic formula of an age which does not believe in original sin, and thinks of evil as not bred in the heart, but caused by circumstances.

character excused them. Mr. Lewis, who thinks more harshly of himself and of human nature than Shelley did, exposes Satan with all the energy and argumentative zeal which we used to hear our European Service employing in denouncing the lies of Goebbels and revealing the true nature of the promises of Hitler. Both Shelley's passionate sympathy and Mr. Lewis's invective derive from the same fundamental attitude: "It is we who are Satan." As often happens with plural statements, this is a merely verbal extension of the singular; that is to say it is infected by an egoism that distorts the proper function of the tragic. When we contemplate the lost Archangel, we should not be seeing ourselves in heroic postures defying tyrants, nor weighing up our chances of ending in Hell, any more than, while we watch the progress of Lear, we should be thinking how ungrateful other people are to us for our goodness to them, or resolving to think before we speak next time. Though Shelley and Mr. Lewis are on different sides, they agree in taking sides. Neither of them accepts the complexity of the emotion which Satan arouses.

The tragic is something outside ourselves which we contemplate with awe and pity. Aristotle began the perversion of tragic theory when he suggested that the terror we feel is a terror that the same fate may befall us. Aristotle was a philosopher and a moralist, and, like many of his kind since, wanted to make tragedy safe and useful. But tragedy, does not exist to provide us with horrid warnings. "Pity," said Stephen¹ Dedalus, expanding the cryptic Aristotelian formula, "is the feeling which arrests the mind *in* the presence of whatsoever is grave and constant in human sufferings and unites it with the human sufferer. Terror is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatsoever is grave and constant in human sufferings and unites it with the secret cause."¹ We accept the justice by which the tragic hero is destroyed. Indeed if it were not for the justice we should have no pity for him. The acceptance of the justice makes possible the pity, and the pity calls for the justice without which it would turn to loathing. But the cause must be secret in tragedy; it must be felt within the facts exposed; what is hateful in the tragic world is that Eternal Law should argue.

The unity of tragedy is destroyed if the critic makes himself either the champion of the hero or the advocate of Eternal Law. Tragedy "arrests the mind" as the sufferings of others do, but as our own do not. But in life the arrest is short, for we are involved in the necessity of action. As spectators of tragedy we are released from our perpetual burden of asking

¹ James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, chapter v.

ourselves what we ought to do. To use tragedy either as a moral example or as a moral warning is to destroy the glory of tragedy, the power it has to release us from ourselves by arousing in us the sense of magnitude and the sense of awe. Wordsworth, the most untragic of great poets, saw something of the nature of tragedy when he wrote,

Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

Tragedy may present us with a "false infinite" but it has that nature. It is permanent "with such permanence as time has". Like the rock in Mr. Eliot's *The Dry Salvages*,

Waves wash over it, fogs conceal it;
On a halcyon day it is merely a monument,
In navigable weather it is always a seamount
To lay a sudden course by: but in the sombre season
Or the sudden fury, is what it always was.

The figure of Satan has this imperishable significance. If he is not the heroic rebel of Shelley's imagination, neither is he merely an "unerring picture of the 'sense of injur'd merit' in its actual operations upon character".

But if Mr. Lewis's view seems like an inversion of Shelley's, Mr. Williams's is not very unlike Blake's. What Blake perceived in *Paradise Lost* was a radical dualism, which was perhaps the inevitable effect of treating the myth in epic form. Among the many difficulties inherent in the subject was the difficulty of knowing how much to include in the direct action and how much to put into relations. It was impossible for Milton to begin where his tragedy *Adam Unparadised* was to have begun, in Paradise; the direct action would have been insufficient to fill the epic form. Even as it is, *Paradise Lost* is overweighted with relations. Epic tradition forbade him to begin at the beginning with the exaltation of the Son. Possibly his decision to begin with the moment when Satan lifts his head from the burning waves was inevitable once he had decided against the dramatic form in which he first conceived the subject. But the effect of beginning there, and of the whole of the "Prologue in Hell" is to make the action of the poem seem to originate in Hell, and to make the acts of Heaven seem only the response called out by the energies of Hell. However much Milton contradicts this later and asserts the overriding Will, the structure and design of his poem contradict and fight against his intention. The parallel, so often praised, between the silence in

Hell, and the silence in Heaven reinforces the feeling of dualism, since *contraria sunt aequalia*, and Satan and the Son seem balanced against each other, as Blake saw them to be, while the priority of the scene in Hell seems to make Heaven parody Hell rather than Hell Heaven. Mr. Williams's statement that "the Son is the Image of Derivation in Love, and Satan is the Image of personal clamour for personal independence" is not unlike Blake's assertion of "the contraries from which spring what the religious call good and evil". It suggests at least that Milton made Satan too important in the scheme of his poem.

Perhaps the problem which *Paradise Lost* presents to the critic has its origin in Milton's own change of mind over the form in which he was to write his masterpiece. He first chose the subject of the Fall of Man as suited to a tragedy, and we know that he not only planned the disposition of his material in dramatic form, but actually began the writing. His draft *Adam Unparadised* provides Lucifer with two soliloquies: in the first he was to "bemoan himself" and "seek revenge upon man"; in the second he was to appear "relating and consulting on what he had done to the destruction of man". The first soliloquy was therefore to have been mainly expository, and in the second Lucifer was to take over the duty of the classical messenger and relate the catastrophe. The strict concentration of classical tragedy would have prevented Lucifer from usurping on the main interest, and his predicament, however much he "bemoaned himself", would have been subordinated to the whole design. Why Milton changed his mind we do not know, and he set himself a problem of extraordinary difficulty in choosing to treat this particular subject in epic form. He had somehow to fill the large epic structure, and it is difficult to see how else he could have done it than by expanding Satan's role. But it is possible that he turned away from tragedy because his interest had radiated out from the true centre of the action, the Fall itself, and his imagination demanded the larger freedom of the epic. Certainly the fact that Phillips remembered seeing the opening lines of Satan's first soliloquy as part of the projected tragedy suggests that Milton's conception of Satan began to form early, and it may have been that the writing of this first soliloquy showed Milton that the tragic form would not allow him to develop his conception as fully as he wished to. But whether the decision to begin his poem with Satan in Hell was simply the inevitable result of enlarging his action to make it sufficient for an epic, or whether it was Milton's interest in Satan that led him to abandon tragedy for epic, and he therefore naturally began with Satan, the figure of Satan, originally conceived dramatically, is developed

dramatically throughout, and Milton expended his creative energies and his full imaginative power in exploring the fact of perversity within a single heroic figure. In this, as in much else, he is what we loosely call an Elizabethan, sacrificing simplicity of effect and strength of design to imaginative opportunity; creating the last great tragic figure in our literature and destroying the unity of his poem in doing so. The dualism which Blake found in the poem's thought, and which in Mr. Williams's analysis seems to dictate its design, is certainly there in its manner. The strong emotions of pity and terror do not mix well with the interest, sympathy and "admiration" which we feel for the heroes of what Mr. Lewis has called "the secondary epic", and, with the possible exception of Hazlitt, no critic of note has done justice to both Satan and Adam as artistic creations. The subject demanded an "infernal Serpent"; instead Milton has given us "a lost Archangel". There would be no difficulty if Satan were simply an Iago; the difficulty arises because he is a Macbeth.

IV

WILLIAM CAMDEN

by SIR MAURICE POWICKE

WILLIAM CAMDEN was of humble origin. He was born in London on 2 May, 1551. He died in his seventy-third year on 9 November, 1623 and, ten days later, was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, "in the south aisle, near the learned Casaubon and over against our incomparable poet Chaucer". His contemporary, John Chamberlain, counted six bishops at the funeral, including the Lord Keeper, John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, "besides much other goode and choice companie".¹ Camden sought no honours and accepted few, but he died full of honour. The earlier editions of his *Britannia* were published while he was a master at Westminster school (1575-97). During the last twenty-six years of his life he lived in simple and independent comfort upon his savings and the emoluments of his only preferments, the prebend of Ilfracombe, then held in the cathedral of Salisbury,² and the office of Clarenceux King-of-arms. Camden was a prebendary who had never taken orders and a herald who had not previously belonged to the College of Heralds and who did all his visitations by deputy. Both preferments were given him, the one in 1589 by John Piers, Bishop of Salisbury or the Crown, the other in 1597 through the intervention of Sir Fulke Greville, in recognition of the needs and ability of a humble schoolmaster. Camden, in fact, was the most illustrious example of a new type of scholar, the learned layman who was attached to no academic society and yet refused to be diverted from his studies by using the distinction which they gave him as a means to political advancement. Leland, in Henry VIII's reign, and John Stow, Camden's elder

¹ *Letters*, ed. McClure, vol. II, p. 527.

² By an Act of 1545. The rectory had come to the Bishop of Salisbury by exchange with the patron, Lord Chancellor Wriothesley. It continued to belong to the diocese of Exeter. For earlier examples of the tenure of a rectory in one diocese as a prebend in the cathedral church of another diocese, see A. Hamilton Thompson, *The English Clergy and their organization in the later Middle Ages* (Oxford, 1947) pp. 105-7.

contemporary, were men of this type, and there were to be many more. Some of them were country gentlemen of independent fortune, like Sir Henry Spelman, or "professional" men like the great lawyer, John Selden. Others were inspired by religious or political feeling and, like William Prynne, won a high place in the history of learning almost in spite of themselves. Camden, although he had strong opinions on matters of Church and State, stood out among his contemporaries and stands out to-day as a man who, with no private means and with no axe to grind, made the pursuit and the balanced presentation of learning a profession in itself, an interest compatible with the performance of the daily task and maintained by preferment which did not impede it. There was nothing spectacular or particularly heroic in his life. Except for the four years (1571-5) after he left Oxford—years passed in travelling about England and collecting material—he had regular employment or a recognized place in the world. He was not one of the wandering scholars of the type of Erasmus or Clenardus. He gave no hostages to fortune, as John Stow did. First as second master, later as headmaster of Westminster school, he had his function, which he discharged with zeal and success. His pupils were to be found everywhere, on the episcopal bench, or employed, to use his own words, "in eminent places abroad and many of especial note at home of all degrees." His new and improved edition of the Greek Grammar compiled by his predecessor at Westminster, was for over a century a guide to English schoolboys. A man of this kind is rarely a genius but he possesses one great advantage: he can pull his weight. Camden had little if any worldly ambition, but he had an absorbing interest. He might, like so many men whose names stand in the history of learning, have become a crank, always getting into his own way. Fortunately he pursued his interest as a sensible man of the world and an intelligent citizen. Hence he came to exercise much influence. He could consider not only how his own work must be done but also how the study of history could best be promoted. As he said to Archbishop Ussher, "I never made suit to any man"; but from his earliest years he had found friends, patrons and well-wishers. He seems to have been blest with a cheerful and attractive disposition and never to have been troubled by any doubts regarding the Tightness of the Elizabethan settlement in Church and State. His steady Protestantism prevented him from obtaining a fellowship at All Souls and made an Oxford career either uncongenial or too difficult. But it gave him security elsewhere. If he was poor, he was never indigent; and from the time when he left the famous school of St. Paul's

for Magdalen College School, Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College) and Christ Church, he never lacked help. Thomas Cooper at the Magdalen School, Thomas Thornton at Broadgates and Christ Church, Dean Goodman in Westminster opened the way to him. His familiarity with the great began with the friendship of Sir Philip Sidney at Christ Church. Many years before he published anything his independent and searching mind had attracted foreign scholars to him, as they came his way. And, after the publication of his *Britannia* in 1586, he had as many friends as he pleased, from Lord Burleigh downwards. His greatness lies in the use which he made of these opportunities. He had saved enough to content him. He sought nothing for himself. And so in one of the most formative periods in the history of learning he became one of the oracles of learning in Europe. He was, in Spenser's simile, a lantern among the Ruins of Time—

Camden! though time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.¹

One proof of Camden's level outlook was his foundation of the first chair of history in an English university. He had no particular reason to feel gratitude to the University of Oxford, which he seems to have left before completing all the exercises required for the bachelor's degree. Some of the greatest scholars of his time, including several of his correspondents abroad, were not university men. His great contemporary, Lord Bacon, deplored the fact that the universities were mainly concerned to prepare men for the professions and neglected the wider humanities, and one of Camden's closest friends, Sir Henry Savile, warden of Merton and provost of Eton, who had himself recently founded the Savilian chairs of geometry and astronomy (1619), while he applauded his intention, warned him of the hazards incident to the creation of effective trusts. On the other hand, Camden realized the value of a permanent endowment in a learned society. He was aware of the opportunities opened up by the building of the new schools near the Bodleian library. Indeed, I cannot forbear to quote the concluding words of Sir Henry Savile's letter written to Camden on this point:

¹ Camden was equally kind to Spenser, as a passage in *the Annales* shows (under the year 1598). Professor Wilson refers me to the citation of this passage by George Hakewill, in his *Apology of the Power and Providence of God* (1627), p. 237. Hakewill, arguing that modern is not inferior to ancient poetry, writes: "Of the latter of which [Spenser] our great *Antiquary* in the life of *Queen Elizabeth* anno 1598, gives this testimony, *Musis adeo arridentibus natus, ut omnes Anglicos superioris aevi poetas* (ne Chaucero quidem concius excepto) *superaret*"

One thing more I will be bold to persuade you, that to the use of your Readers [i.e. holders of the chair or lectureship] you would bequeath your Books of that faculty. I for my part have cleared my study of all the Mathematical Books, which I had gathered in so many years and Countreys, Greek and Latin, printed and manuscripts, even to the very raw Notes, that I have ever made in that argument, but with express charge, that they may make use of them, if there be anything of worth in them, but never to set out any of mine in print. Many of them are as old as your acquaintance and mine, when I read in the Schools as Regent-master. The Schools now are very large and fair, and place there may be conveniently found to set up a press with books capable of them. But that, as the rest, I leave to your better judgment, and the advice of your friends.¹

Camden had many Oxford friends, interested in the study of history, both at Oxford, e.g. T. Allen and Brian Twyne, and elsewhere. Another close friend was William Heather, the musician, who established the Heather chair of music; and it was Heather to whom Camden gave the responsible task of executing the trust. He endowed Heather and his successors for 99 years with the manor of Bexley in Kent, on the condition that the stipend of the new lectureship was paid out of its proceeds. The first professor or *praelector*, Dcgory Whear, of Gloucester Hall, formerly fellow of Exeter, was nominated by the founder on 16 Oct., 1622.

The Camden chair has long been the chair of ancient history in Oxford;² and, if we are to understand the movement of learning in Camden's time and for long after, we must remember that the study of history was regarded in the widest sense as an adventure into the humanities. The time sequence of the ancient world was the basis of chronology; contemporary events were a continuation of a universal history which began with the creation; and no hard and fast line was drawn between ancient and later history. In Camden's day men were only just beginning to accustom themselves to speak of the "middle time" or middle age as a distinguishable period in the process of history. In the few continental universities which purported to teach history, such as Rome, Padua and Heidelberg, the teacher was a scholar in the faculty of arts or languages who analysed the ancient historians as good material for the study of eloquence or rhetoric. The earliest historical lectures at Leiden were devoted to Plautus and Roman antiquities, and two of the Leiden

¹ *Gulielmi Camdeni et illustrium virorum ad G. Camdenum Epistolae* (1691), p. 315. Savile's letter is dated Eton, 3 Nov., 1621.

² See H. Stuart Jones, "The Foundation and History of the Camden Chair" *Oxoniensia*, vols. VIII and IX, 1943-4, pp. 169-92.

"historians", Lipsius and Scaliger, are now famous, not as historians, but as great classical scholars and philologists. The States General of Holland and the Prince of Orange revived the fortunes of Leiden by persuading Scaliger, the most famous scholar of his time, to come to Leiden (1593) as professor of history and archaeology. Now Camden moved in this circle; his interests were identical with its interests; his correspondence is full of discussions about ancient authors and the manuscripts which contained classical as well as later texts. As we shall see he regarded his *Britannia* as a sort of commentary on Roman Britain in its later developments, and his fundamental text was the Itinerary of Antoninus. Hence there is nothing strange in the direction which he gave to the first Camden professor that he should, so long as seemed good to him, read Florus with the youth of Oxford.

But there is another, and from our point of view here a more important, side to this story. The humanism of Camden's friends was a very different thing from the clear-cut and confident classicism which we associate with the word.

Camden and his friends were men of varied interests who had in common a belief—perhaps I should rather say an instinctive perception—in the unity of learning and a sort of abandonment to erudition for its own sake. When the great Isaac Casaubon, not long before he came to England, sent Camden a copy of his Polybius, he wrote of it as a very poor return for Camden's work, and this could only have been the *Britannia*; and Camden's correspondence with Peiresc and other scholars dealt indiscriminately with all kinds of lore. It never occurred to Camden's contemporaries that specialism of his kind involved a break with learned tradition. In their eyes it was simply a concentration on part of the field of learning. In the same way Camden, when he founded his history lectureship, had no intention of limiting the interests of his lecturer to the works of ancient authors; and it is interesting to find that Degory Whear took the widest possible view of his subject. His *De Ratione et Methodo legendi utrasque historias*—which, especially at Cambridge, was studied by many generations of university men—gives a *conspectus* of historical study which nowadays makes one gasp.¹ A copy

¹ First printed in 1623, shortly before Camden's death, with a dedication to Camden. The third edition, entitled *Relectiones hyemales de ratione et methodo utrasque hstorias, chiles et ecclesiasticus*, appeared in 1637, with a dedication, dated "Ab Aula Glocestrensi, Kal. Jul. 1637", to the vice-chancellor and other heads of colleges and halls. This was reprinted at Nuremberg in 1660, two years before the fourth Oxford edition of 1662. An English translation by Edward Bohun appeared in 1694.

of the edition of 1684 in the Merton College Library is bound up with a letter on history written by Justus Lipsius from Louvain in 1600. It is worth while to linger for a short time over these productions. After a distinction between *Mythistoria* and *vera historia*, Lipsius divides the latter, history proper, into natural and narrative history. Natural history is divine or human, human history is private and public: Narrative history "quam vulgo et peculiariter historiam . . . appellamus" must be approached by way of geography and chronology. It also is divine and human, and the human is private and public. Concentrating on public narrative history he distinguishes Oriental, Greek, Roman and barbarian history. Lipsius tells his friend what to read under these heads, and then advises him how to read them, for the fruit of reading lies in the care or trouble which we take about it. Attention and discrimination (*electio*) are the marks of a careful reader. Do not, he exhorts, let the sight of such a new rich world of incident hold you in idle astonishment—go ahead steadily, but without haste. Stop on the way to ask questions. Do not trust to your memory, but take four notebooks: one for *memorabilia*, the second for *ritualia* (institutions), the third for *civilia* (the legal bases of the common life), the fourth for *moralia* (the things which help to form the good life). Degory Whear's lectures were for the most part an elaboration of this grandiose programme. They reveal the same mingling of the insistence on wide reading with a moral purpose. They reveal the same conception of the unity of history. The first series is mainly bibliographical. All ages and every country, not neglecting the East, are covered, and a final section is devoted to ecclesiastical history. The lectures on English history, for example, reflect the achievement of the age. Whear associates himself with the opinion of Sir Henry Savile and John Selden that no continuous history of England, worthy of its great theme, had yet been written. But he adds that some notable work has been done. The student should begin with Camden's *Britannia* and proceed from a judicious investigation of this treasure house to Selden's *Analecton* (a forgotten work on pre-Conquest history, first printed at Frankfurt in 1615). George Lily's chronicle, or enumeration of the Kings of Britain—an older work, first printed in 1548—might follow, and a little *compendium* of British History by one John Theodore Clain (1603).¹ So much for generalities. Whear then proceeds to deal with the chronicles, beginning with William of Malmesbury. He warns his hearers against Geoffrey of Monmouth, described by John Twyne (d. 1581) as

¹ *Historia Britannica. Hoc est, de rebus gestis Britannice seu Anglice commentarioli tres* (1603).

the Homer of Britain and the father of lies. This was the general view and goes back to William of Newburgh, but Whear carefully records more favourable verdicts. He gives each chronicler a few words of explanation, with references to the printed editions. Then he comes to more recent times. Polydore Vergil should be read for the period from Henry V (when Walsingham ends) to Richard III. Sir Thomas Morc's book on Richard III should follow, though the criticism of Vossius is cited, then Godwin on the first four Tudors, and Camden's *Annates* for Elizabeth's reign. So we come back to Camden "the most munificent founder of this our Sparta". The Camden professor concludes: "Let the student of our history read these annals diligently, and then tell me in good faith if I am not justified in saying that they compare worthily with any of the *Annals* of antipity."

As Whear treats every country in this manner, his lectures convey a good idea of the historical literature available in his time. In the second and third series of his lectures he turns from the means to the way of reading history, and to the value of historical study, drawing his examples generally from ancient history.¹ The most interesting part of these sections is Whear's criticism of the views of the famous Gerard John Voss (*Vossius*), the friend of Grotius. Voss was professor of ecclesiastical history at Leiden and later at Amsterdam. In 1625 he refused the chair of history which Camden's friend and patron, Sir Fulke Greville, now Baron Brooke, proposed to establish at Cambridge. In his *ars historica* he argued that in the study of history example may appropriately precede precept. In other words history is a suitable study for the young and inexperienced. Another scholar, Bartholomew Keckermann, in his *De natura et proprietatibus historice commentarius* (1610) withstood this view and Whear sided with Keckermann. The argument reminds one of those chapters in which, nearly 500 years before, John of Salisbury had protested against the young men who hurried through grammar to plunge into dialectic. An understanding of history, like the exercise of dialectic or of eloquence, presupposes experience and training, a knowledge of the arts and a capacity for practical judgment. History was one of the higher studies, not suitable for the beginner: it was like law or theology and should follow the study of arts and geography and other subjects. This problem, in one form or another, is still with us.

¹ For some earlier discussions in England see Hugh G. Dick, "Thomas Blundeville's *The true order and Methode of wryting and reading Hystories*" (1574), in *The Huntington Library Quarterly* for January, 1940 (vol. III, pp. 149-70). The author prefixes a useful introduction to an edition of the text of Blundeville's tract.

As expounded by Whear, it seems at first sight as though it might have led to fruitful results. But it remained an issue about the moral value of historical study. Oxford had to wait more than three hundred years before it got a *school* of history, and when it came its founders were disciples of Vossius rather than of Degory Whear.

We must return to Camden and his *Britannia*. Why did this book win such applause? What is its significance in the history of learning? These questions are related to each other, but are by no means two ways of asking the same thing. Some of the reasons for the welcome given to the *Britannia*, though significant and even far-reaching, are now of antiquarian interest. Camden's book, in form and treatment, was in the continental tradition; in the eyes of contemporary scholars, it was much more than a piece of local history. Camden had begun modestly enough. He had a natural interest in the monuments of the past. As a boy he could not see an ancient building without wishing to know something about it. At Oxford his passion became both more intense and more clearly directed; and as I have said he passed the four years before he settled in Westminster in travel about England and in the collection of materials. So far he was *no* different from many others who were stimulated in this period to collect or make notes on manuscripts and to write descriptions of England. The desire to do something on a large scale was awakened by the encouragement of Sir Philip Sidney, by the confidence of his friends in his scholarship and ability, and by the advice of Ortelius, the father of scientific cartography. Hence he decided to do for Britain what earlier scholars had tried to do for Italy and Germany, and to prepare a treatise which should be firmly based on the records of Roman Britain. Ortelius had urged him to restore Britain to antiquity and antiquity to Britain. In other words Camden was, in the general sense of the term, a philosophical historian. He worked on a logical and reasoned plan. As he says he followed Pliny's advice, to avoid digression by keeping in mind the title of his book. He constantly asked himself—what have I undertaken to do? His starting point was the description of Britain so far as it could be derived from the Roman historians and from the *Itinerarium*. This led to the divisions of Britain, pre-Roman and post-Roman. A study of place-names was essential if the old descriptions were to be interpreted correctly; and a study of place-names involved an acquaintance with Welsh and Anglo-Saxon. Moreover, before Britain was described in detail, some account must be given of the English, Danish and Norman Conquests, and this required a knowledge of the chroniclers. Finally, the study of monuments and

families in the places which lay on or about Roman sites, would lead him to the records. This is the *idea* of the Britannia, or "chorographical description of Great Britain and Ireland with the adjacent islands". Camden, it is unnecessary to say, did not adhere slavishly to his Roman scheme, but regarded it as giving unity and purpose to his book. As a citizen of the republic of letters, he wrote in Latin. His outlook was wider than the outlook of Leland and Stow and the other sixteenth-century annalists and antiquarians; and its significance was immediately recognized and welcomed by the scholars of Europe. He was hailed as the Varro, the Strabo, the Pausanias of Britain. He represented the triumph of the new studies in England and his fame survived his book. When in 1838 a new society, more comprehensive than existing associations, was founded for the publication of early historical and literary remains, the promoters, among whom were John Bruce, John Payne Collier, Charles Purton Cooper, Joseph Hunter, Frederick Madden, Thomas Stapleton and Thomas Wright, assumed for it the name of Camden "as at once a symbol of the importance and value of the subjects to which the attention of the Society will be directed, and a pledge that its designs will be prosecuted with zeal, learning, and judgment".

The *Britannia* belongs to the age of Elizabeth. It contains much shrewd criticism as well as interesting information, but no one would now read it for its learning, as Spelman's *Glossary*, Selden's *Tithes*, and Madox's *Exchequer* can still be read. Camden's philology, although he laid great stress on the importance of the subject, is pitiful. When the book appeared Casaubon gently protested against the derivation of Britannia from Brith and the Greek word *ravia*, and warned him against the old glossators. And I doubt if any of his derivations of place names are accepted by the editors of the Place-Name Society. Again, his genealogies, if they did not deserve the strictures of his jealous colleague, Ralph Brooke, York herald, do not now receive the respect which is still paid to Dugdale's genealogical work. Yet the *Britannia* marks an epoch in the history of English learning and it remains to consider it from this standpoint.

Some harm, I venture to think, has been done by undue emphasis on the novelties in the learning and even in the outlook of the humanists. The more they got down to realities and to investigation, the more they tended to follow paths which, in a tentative way, had been traced in medieval times. It would not be difficult to find medieval precedents both for the methods and achievements of learning in the sixteenth century. Indeed, the impulse to learned investigation helped humanism

to get rid of a lot of nonsense, and to adjust itself without any sacrifice of its intellectual independence to the traditions of European social life. Scholars learned to take a pride in their theme for its own sake, and to develop sensible ways of writing prose which was not an exhibition of rhetoric. They were given the opportunity, which to their credit they often seized, to take a cool and genial view of things and to enjoy a comity of learning freed from personal egotism on the one hand, and political or religious passion on the other. It is the more important to call attention to these pleasant qualities because they are not usually associated in our minds with the annals of learning. And it is the more important because the habits of disinterested scholarship constantly broke into and so gave value to the work which was inspired by political and religious polemic. William Prynne, for example, would not perhaps have been so indefatigable a writer if he had not been driven on by political and religious passion; but much of his work lives and is used to-day because his fanaticism was served by an insatiable thoroughness in the use of documents. As time went on some fortunate people were able to plead a cause with the most scrupulous regard for the canons of accurate learning. As an instance I may mention the *Synodus Anglicana: or, the Constitution and Proceedings of an English Convocation*, written by Edmund Gibson, afterwards Bishop of London, in 1702—one of the best written and most convincing books I know. Gibson, who was one of Camden's later editors, had a case to make, but he makes it with complete control of his subject and with no trace of equivocation. Now Camden, in spite of his strong Protestantism, was cool and genial. His style, the merits of which survive in translation,¹ is pleasant and easy, free from rhetoric, with occasional personal touches:

Oxford is "a faire and goodlie Citie, whether a man respect the secmely beautie of private houses or the statelie magnificence of publicke buildings, together with the wholesome site or pleasant prospect thereof. For, the hils beset with woods doe so environ the plaine, that as on the one side they exclude the pestilent Southwinde, and the tempestuous West winde on the other, so they let in the cleering Eastern winde onely, and the Northeast winde with all, which free from all corruption".

This remarkable tribute to the Oxford climate was already out of date in Gibson's time; for, Gibson says, the woods had been destroyed during the Civil War. Again:

¹ quote from Philemon Holland's translation of the *Britannia* (1610).

Lincoln is "still at this day . . . counted the greatest Diocesse by farre of all England, both for jurisdiction and number of shires: and the Bishop hath in his Dioecesse one thousand two hundred fourty seven Parish Churches. Many and great Bishops since *Remigius* his time have governed this See, whom to reckon up is no part o my purpose. . . . Howbeit, the memory of two Prelates I must needs renew afresh: the one is *Robert Grostest*, a man so well seene both in literature and in the learned tongues, in that age, as it is incredible: . . . The other is mine owne Praceptor, whom in all duty I must ever love and honour, that right reverend Father *Thomas Cooper*, who hath notably well deserved both of all the learned and also of the Church, in whose schoole¹ both confesse and rejoice that I received education"

"A sort of learning just appearing in the world" is Gibson's description of Camden's work. In the pursuit of it Camden knew no distinctions of subjects or persons. He defended his interest in monastic remains—indeed in his *Annals* of Queen Elizabeth he deplores the wasteful dispersion of monastic revenues. He was friendly with all true scholars who sought his friendship, whether they were Catholic or Protestant. He took much trouble to find texts which he required, whether at home or abroad. And he had no illusions about the difficulty of writing history. He was his own stern critic of his other famous book, the annals of his own time, originally urged upon him by Lord Burleigh—a book which John Selden placed beside Bacon's *Henry VII* as one of the only two outstanding pieces of English historical writing. Camden was very dissatisfied with this work. He had taken great pains with it, and some of the charges levelled at the time against it are untrue; yet he himself felt that it was unsatisfactory and wished that he had never undertaken it. This is clear from a passage in the life of the Benedictine, Father Augustine Baker, who did so much work for Dom Reyner's great book on the English Benedictines. One day when Baker was in Sir Robert Cotton's library, Camden came in. "And as he sat down at die fire, with Sir Robert Cotton, in a room adjoining to the library, Sir Robert told him that he had lately for a small price got a chest of writings which belonged to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of Estate to Queen Elizabeth." These papers, Cotton said, would have enabled Camden to amend his history. "To which Mr. Camden replied that he knew well enough since the putting out of that History, that he had been egregiously abused by his informers, and had thereby abused others against his will, whereof he was now sorry and wished he had never

¹ Magdalen College School.

undertaken the work, or having undertaken it, had followed his own and other better friends' information."¹

The most serious blot on Camden's fame—his insertion in his edition of Asser's *Life of Alfred the Great* of a spurious passage on the early history of the University of Oxford—must be judged in the light of his undoubted integrity and with due regard to the deficiencies of scholarship in his day. That he acted in good faith, I find it very hard to doubt, although the investigations of the late W. H. Stevenson have deprived his good faith of its most plausible defence. Stevenson showed that Camden's edition is in fact a reprint of Archbishop Parker's. In other words he did not collate manuscripts. He deliberately inserted the passage about Oxford from some unknown source. No existing manuscript of Asser contains the interpolation, a forgery which ascribes to days before Alfred an acquaintance with later academic usage and itself uses Renaissance terminology. Brian Twyne asserted that, late in his life, Camden said that he had actually seen the manuscript of Asser in which the passage appeared—the excellent manuscript to which he refers in his last editions of his *Britannia*. But Archbishop Ussher's testimony that Camden never saw this manuscript is more reliable, for Camden and Ussher were old friends and Twyne was pestering an old man who was in bad health. Twyne's statement that he himself had seen the passage in manuscripts of Rouse's late chronicle seems to suggest the answer to the problem. Some forger had interpolated the story into a manuscript and it had got copied. Camden was sent the extract as from a good manuscript of Asser and he credulously accepted its authenticity. To my mind, the incident is more important as an example of the ignorance in those days of the later sciences of diplomatic and palaeography, of the inability to distinguish, not good from bad Latin, but the Latin of one age from the Latin of another, and of the fact that historical criticism was in its infancy. No one denied that a full-blown University *could* have been founded before Alfred, just as none denied that the University of Bologna could have been founded by Theodosius II or that of Paris by Charles the Great. Moreover, an editor, in the belief that he was doing his author a service, might touch up his Latin; and his readers, even if they noticed it, would not be shocked and put on their guard by discrepancies in style and language. The foundations of historical criticism were not yet laid. What Camden did was to help to create the atmosphere in which they could be laid.

¹ *Publications of the Catholic Record Society*, vol. XX XIII (1933), p. 113. My friend, Mr. W. A. Pantin, kindly brought this passage to my notice.

Close association between scholars who were willing to discuss their problems in a cool and genial temper helped to create this atmosphere; but this was not enough. They must have a comprehensive and balanced view of their subjects and be aware of the place which their particular interests have in the field of learning, of their relations with and dependence upon other interests. In these respects Camden's life and work were of capital importance. He had not outgrown the annalistic tradition in historical writing, but his *Britannia* shows that he could use the conception of the unity of history as an instrument to shape his material, and was not a slave to chronology. Through its comprehensive arrangement the *Britannia* provided a *cadre* within which the study of British history could develop in an orderly way. It began as a smallish book and in Camden's lifetime grew, in successive editions, into a large folio. If it lost importance as a contribution to European learning, it gained influence as a framework within which the results of study in British history, archaeology, genealogy, topography, could be gathered together and set out. It was translated several times into English and was given a long life by the labours of Edmund Gibson (1695, 1722, etc.) and Richard Gough (1789, 1806). The tradition, though it was overlaid by the chaotic developments of later study, was never lost, and has emerged triumphantly in the Victoria County Histories and other co-operative efforts of our own day. Lastly, as is made clear both in the preface to the *Britannia*, in his letters and in the biographies written by Thomas Smith (1691) and Gibson, Camden grasped the fact that the study of history, if it is to be more than a literary amusement or a branch of the study of conduct, is a very serious business. It implies access to great libraries, the collection and interpretation of documents, and a constant awareness of the movements of learning. Camden himself was a member of the historical society founded by Archbishop Parker—the society suppressed by James I, which was revived in Queen Anne's reign by Wanley and others and still flourishes as the Society of Antiquaries. He was a close friend of Sir Robert Cotton and used the collection which Cotton formed from the debris of monastic libraries and other material. The Cottonian Library was, indeed, the only good library in London, until the British Museum was founded to house it and other collections as a national aid to scholars. The debt of English scholarship to Cotton and his successors, especially in the seventeenth century, is incalculable, for the only collections comparable to the Cottonian were those in the Bodleian and in Parker's bequest to Bennet College, now known as Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. **It so happens that Thomas Smith, who collected**

some of Camden's letters and published them with a memoir *in* 1691, was for a time librarian of the Cottonian library for Sir Robert's grandson, his friend Sir John Cotton: and Smith's own letters give us a vivid idea both of the significance of the manuscripts under his charge, and of the intercourse which existed between this library and other libraries at home and abroad, e.g. the Vatican. In one of his rather patronizing letters to Wanley, whose merits were not at first recognized, Smith deplores the lack of any public library of any value in London, and later, expresses amazement that Wanley in Oxford should have dared to ask for the loan of a book of Saxon charters from the Cottonian library. "Truly if the mountaine cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet must condescend and be content to go to the mountaine. I believe, that that curious and invaluable booke was never lent out of the house since the Collection was first made, no not to Mr. Selden, nor to Sir William Dugdale, tho' they had the free use of the Library as much as if it had been their own."

And so, by way of Thomas Smith, we come from Camden to Wanley, just as, through Camden's friends abroad, we might come to Mabillon. But there is a firmer link between Camden and Wanley. Camden and his circle were keenly interested in Anglo-Saxon history. Indeed, for political as well as archaeological reasons, Anglo-Saxon history has always, from Parker's day to our own, made a strong appeal to Englishmen, historians, poets, men of letters, artists, lawyers, demagogues. From this interest there sprang, as an essential part of historical study, the science of English philology, of which, in its first formative period, Wanley and Hickes were the greatest exponents. Throughout the seventeenth century, the study of Anglo-Saxon history, Anglo-Saxon monuments, Anglo-Saxon speech, above all of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts advanced together, indissolubly connected. The later separation between English history and philology—and it has affected the study of medieval Latin and medieval French no less than of early and middle English—was probably the most lamentable result of the development which made respectable history a branch of polite literature, and philology, torn from its roots, a study of words, sufficient for itself. The great scholars who collected and analysed and criticized historical texts came, if indirectly, to their own. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, for example, was a magnificent vulgarization of them; Hume and Lingard could not write without them. The application of the historical method to the study of modern literature gradually found a place beside, and is now gradually coming to terms with aesthetic criticism. But the gap between "history" and "language"

with all that it implies is still broad and deep. Only two or three English scholars of my generation are equally at their ease on both sides of it. Our successors, we may hope, will be of Camden's mind, and will do something to fill it.

A great book might be written about Camden, his life and his works, his wide circle of friends and correspondents and his humanity. It would be a very difficult book to write, for its author would have to be steeped in the social history of the time and to be familiar with the personal life, the friendships and all the correlated activities of scholars all over the western world in Camden's day. To recapture that society with learning and imaginative amplitude might well engage a fine and patient and sympathetic scholar in the work of a lifetime. Here I would emphasize Camden's humanity as revealed in the width of his interests, his part in the generous intercourse of scholars and his capacity to lean back and think about the best way to write what he wished to say.¹

The variety and also the vivacity of Camden's interests are well displayed in his *Remaines Concerning Britain*, which first appeared in 1605, and again, with additions, in 1614 and 1623. Three later editions were issued after his death, before the Restoration. In his second edition (1614) Camden inserted an alphabetical list of about 380 English proverbs. That he should have added a collection of proverbs to the lists and studies which, as a kind of overflow of his great work, the *Britannia*, he had compiled on such subjects as surnames, monies, wise speeches, poesies, epitaphs and the like, is not surprising, for an interest in proverbs, especially since the appearance of Erasmus's *Adagia*, had for long been widespread in literary circles in England and on the Continent.² Not long after Camden's time, this intent produced George Herbert's *Outlandish Proverbs* (1640) which, like the poet's other writings, was cherished at Little Gidding and for some generations by the Ferrar family.³ A list of the collections of proverbs published in England between the days of Udall and Heywood and the appearance about a century later of the first edition of John Ray's important *Collection* (1670) is long and impressive. The compilers might or might not confine their interests to the proverbs current in their own countries. They liked proverbs as proverbs, and

¹ What follows is due to the suggestion of Professor Wilson, who, from his rich store of knowledge, has pointed out and provided most of the material which I have used.

² See F. P. Wilson, "English Proverbs and Dictionaries of Proverbs", in *Transactions of the Bibliographical Society*, 1945, pp. 51-71.

³ F. E. Hutchinson, *The Works of George Herbert* (1941), pp. 570-2,

did not inquire too closely what a proverb was. Now it is interesting **that** the first *alphabetical* or arranged list of English proverbs was issued in 1611 by the German scholar Janus Gruterus in the second volume of his *Florilegium Ethico-politicum*¹ and that Camden's list, printed three years later, has been shown to depend on this list.² Camden took the 335 proverbs arranged by Gruterus and added forty-six more to make his own list; but the explanation is simple. Gruterus had got his list from Camden himself. He was unable to print any English proverbs in his first volume (1610) and so, he says, he applied to a friend for help. This friend was Camden, as appears from two letters from Gruterus which were printed by Thomas Smith eighty years later.³ On 24 September, 1610, he thanked Camden for a number of books and for "Selectiora Britanniae adagia"; and after pleasant gossip about men and books, promises to send him the second volume of his *Florilegium*, "to which I shall add *Britannica tua*." One of the books sent by Camden was a collection of Italian proverbs. Hence, in his second letter, written on Easter Day 1611, Gruterus could say of his second volume, which he was sending to Camden, "All, all the *Britannica* and *Italica*, my Camden, are yours." By this time, it would appear from this second letter, Gruterus was eagerly awaiting the fruits of the wider search for British proverbs upon which Camden was engaged. In fact his investigations, as printed in 1614, did not greatly enlarge the collection already sent to and printed by Gruterus. It should be added, however, that Gruterus had been informed by his friend of another source of information. In his letter of September, 1610, he refers to a large number of early English proverbs which had been collected by the Bishop of Ely, and says how delighted he would be to have them, with a translation.⁴ The bishop was Lancelot Andrewes, that most revered of men and, like Camden, and Cotton and Spelman and so many more, a warm friend to continental scholars. May we not find here, in their common interest in proverbs, a link between Camden, Andrewes and George Herbert?

¹ Printed at Frankfurt-on-Main. The "Proverbia Britannica" are given in this second volume, pp. 172-88. They have been reprinted by Archer Taylor in Washington University Studies, vol. XI (Humanistic Series), April, 1924.

² Archer Tayer (op. cit.) shows that some of the errors in Gruterus' list reappear in Camden's.

³ *Gulielmi Camdeni et illustriutn virorum ad G. Camdenum Epistolae*, pp. 132-5.

⁴ The text is: "Quod si tua industria impetrare possem ab R. V. Episcopo Eliensi grandem ilium numerum *Vetustissimorum Proverbiorum veterum Britannorum*, una cum interpretatione vernacula, rem faceres animo meo acceptissiman, plurimumque tibi devincires literas literatosque." (p. 133.)

Camden wrote his historical work in a spirit of fellowship and easy friendliness. He chose, and chose deliberately, a Latin style which seemed to him the most appropriate to his purpose. In the first edition of the *Britannia* (1586), in his preface to the reader, he says, "Some there be who may object the silly web of my stile, and rough hewed forme of my writing. Verily I acknowledge it, neither have I waied every word in Goldsmithes scales, as Varro commanded, neither purposed I to picke flowers out of the gardens of eloquence."¹ And again, in his *Annates*, in the Author to the Reader, he says: "My work I have entituled by the Name of *Annals*—for I have learn'd of *Tacitus*, that weighty and remarkable Occurrences are to be digested by way of *Annals*; . . . a courser and curter style (such as mine here is) is proper and peculiar to things that are writ by way of *Annals*."² Camden did not do anything to redeem English literature from the reproach of Sir Henry Savile and John Selden, that no continuous history of England, worthy of its great theme, had yet been written. One attempt, it is true, had been made, but I doubt if Samuel Daniel would have satisfied Selden even if he had completed his plan of a history of England from the earliest times to the death of Queen Elizabeth and had not brought his book to an end with the death of King Edward III. Miss McKisack has recently shown that Daniel (1562-1619), a contemporary of Camden, was the first man to attempt a judicious interpretation of England's past. He was "endowed with taste, imagination and care for truth". He desired not only to know but to understand the history of his country.³ But Daniel was not a scholar in the sense in which Camden, Selden, Casaubon, and their learned friends would have used the word. His work was widely read and appreciated, but the time had not come for men of his temper, able to meet the scholars on their own ground. In spite of great scholars like Gibson, who knew how to write, or the writers like Hume who could cast their historical reflections into good prose, we had to undergo the experience of the grand literary manner before historical learning and philosophical reflection could meet at ease on the common ground of good English. Indeed, some critics might say that natural ease has not yet been safely reached. None the less, I am inclined to think that Camden's greatest service to English historical learning was his steady refusal to submit his lively and searching intelligence to the trammels of

¹ From Philemon Holland's English translation of 1610.

² From a later English translation (1688).

³ May McKisack. "Samuel Daniel as Historian", in *Review of English Studies*, vol. XXXIII (1947), pp. 226-43.

an orthodox rhetoric. He made the simple, straightforward discussion of antiquarian things fashionable. He was humane in the best sense, as Spelman and Selden were in their talk about such matters, if not always in their written prose. As he shows on almost every page of his *Remaines*, his mind indulged itself naturally in learned play. He could meet the scholars on equal terms, for he was one of them and they knew it; but if he had wrapped himself up in the panoply of learning, instead of preferring the deft nervous pithy language of his fellow countrymen, and a Latin counterpart to it, capable of easy translation into it, his influence might well have been lost to posterity; whereas his *Britannia*, in its various recensions and English dress, became not so much a model as rather a source of encouragement, and a justification of their work to others—to uie local historians, the genealogists, the investigators into popular antiquity, and even the worthy dabblers in historical trifles, who gradually formed a tradition in the sub-learned as well as the better-informed and more disciplined world of the inquisitive about our national inheritance. And so, in due time our historians could be sure of a public to which they could appeal. We owe much to the humanity of our antiquarians.

This paper may fitly be closed by a passage, taken this time from Camden's own English writings in his *Remaines* (1605). It comes at the end of his section on languages, after a discussion of "the effectual power of words":

But there was one true English word of as great, if not greater force than them all, now out of all use, and will be thought for sound barbarous; but therefore of more efficacie (as it pleaseth *Porphyrie*) and in signification it signifieth as it seemeth, no more than abject, base-minded, falsc-harted, coward or nidget. Yet it hath levied Armies, and subdued rebellious enemies; and that I may hold you no longer, it is *Niding*. For when there was a daungerous rebellion against King *William Rufus*, and *Rochester* Castle, then the most important and strongest fort of this Realm, was stowtly kept against him, after that he had but proclaimed that his subjects should rcpaire thither to his Campe, upon no other penaltie, but that whosoever refused to come should be reputed a *Niding*: they swarmed to him immediately from all sides in such numbers that he had in few daies an infinite Armie, and the rebells therewith weere so terrified, that they forthwith yeelded. While I runne on in this course of English tongue, rather respecting matter than words, I forget that I may be charged by the minion refiners of English, neither to write State-English, Court-English, nor Secretarie-English, and verily I acknowledge it. Sufficent it is for me, if I have waded hither-unto in the fourth kinde, which is plaine English, leaving to such as are compleat in all, to supply whatsoever remaineth.

V

SATIRE ON LITERARY THEMES AND MODES IN NASHE'S "UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER"

by AGNES M. C. LATHAM

WHEN Nashe, dedicating *The Unfortunate Traveller* to Southampton, in 1594, said that "by diuers of my good frends haue I been dealt with to employ my dul pen in this kinde, it being a cleane different vaine from other my former courses of writing", he may not have been telling the truth. The "'good frends' may belong to the same class of polite fiction as the "dul pen". Mr. McKerrow finds it "not easy to see what form the suggestion made to Nashe can have taken". Whatever Nashe intended when he began, what he achieved baffles classification. It is sometimes claimed as the first historical novel in English; sometimes as a picaresque romance or an elaborated rogue-pamphlet; sometimes as an Elizabethan penny-dreadful. If the "good frends" existed at all, it seems likely that what they proposed Nashe should employ his pen in was a story of some kind. "All that in this phantasticall Treatise I can promise," he says, "is some reasonable conueyance of historic, and varietie of mirth." History the friends may well have demanded, and possibly they also stipulated for mirth. The book begins in no very original vein, with a series of amusing anecdotes related by the hero, Jack Wilton, in the manner of a popular jest-book. Long before it is ended "phantasticall treatise" is nearer the mark than "reasonable conueyance of history".

It is not easy to deny the claim that *The Unfortunate Traveller* is an early, perhaps an accidental, example of a historical novel. It is set in a period before the writer was born, and introduces famous people and events of that period. No one seems to have noticed at the time that it constituted a new kind or to have wished to imitate this feature of the tale. It is possible that Nashe selected a period early in his own century to combine the advantage of comparative modernity with the cover he required as a satirist. "No offence i' the world. This play is the image of a **murder** done in Vienna . . . the story is **extant, and written** in very

choice Italian." There is throughout a suggestion of veiled personalities. They have never been successfully unravelled, but in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* the author rebuts a charge that when, in *The Unfortunate Traveller*, he referred to the University of Wittenberg, he meant the University of Cambridge. He probably did.

The debt to *Lazarillo de Tordesillas* has been much discussed. Recent critical opinion tends to deny it altogether. The factual parallels are undeniable, if unimportant. Jack's changes of fortune depend partly upon change of masters and change of scene; he is a rogue and his anecdotes are of roguery. But he differs materially from Lazarillo, the Spanish beggar-boy, in that he is a gentleman-adventurer, one of "the dapper Mounsier Pages of the Court", very nearly a disreputable Euphuus. His attitude to life, irresponsible, irrepressible and irreverent, is of the greatest value to a satirical commentator. It is unlikely that Nashe ever saw the Spanish romance or David Rowland's translation of 1586. *Euphuus* we know he read at Cambridge. We may also be certain that he was familiar with the novella, a form of prose fiction so popular and ubiquitous that he could not have missed it. It has, moreover, a certain unsentimental quality which would appeal to him.

Nashe is no sentimentalist. Does this mean that he is a realist? The view that his "phantasticall Treatise" is an attempt at realism, or a crude horror-story, or a mixture of the two, though not put forward by all of his critics, has not, I think, been openly challenged and tends to be too readily accepted, without examination of what it implies. If realism is the careful, factual, unemotional representation of life as the writer knows it, then Nashe was no realist. The essence of his work lies in exaggeration. He is an artist in caricature. This feature is not just occasional in *The Unfortunate Traveller*. It is constant. He describes the sweating sickness. This was a real visitation in the time of which he was writing, and the bubonic plague of his own days put such matters well within his own experience. It is not an idyllic subject. It was real and it was terrible. Nashe's description of it is a rising crescendo of humorous exaggeration, from the old woman with the three chins who wiped them all away, "one after another, as they melted to water, and left hir selfe nothing of a mouth but an vpper chap", to the whole family that died, "not a mothers childe escape, insomuch as they had but an Irish rugge lockt vp in a presse, and not laid vpon anie bed neither". He describes battles and battlefields. These also are real and terrible, and his descriptions are far enough away from chivalrous romance. But they are not any nearer truth because instead of dwelling on the valour of the combatants

they concentrate upon butcherly details of the slaughter, viewed as matter for mirth. Jack, a fugitive from the sweating sickness, serves in the French wars. "It was my good lucke or my ill (I know not which)", lie says, "to come iust to the fighting of the Battell; where I saw a wonderfull spectacle of blood-shed on both sides; here vnweeldie *Switzers* wallowing in their gore, like an Oxe in his dung, there the sprightly *French* sprawling and turning on the stained grasse, like a Roach new taken out of the streame." It is the same with the two public executions, to which Nashe treats us towards the end of the book. They are described with immense gusto, but no attempt at verisimilitude. The facts may unhappily be too true of the times, but Nashe's attitude is not that of the detached and accurate observer. It is the attitude of the humorist, and no one seems to have told him that plagues, battlefields and deaths by torture are not funny.

Tastes vary in these matters, though violence is not only a primitive but a fairly constant motive for laughter. Nashe found in exaggerated scenes of blood and sudden death an endless source of fun. W. S. Gilbert has been charged with a similar kind of bad taste. Modern refinement is shocked by "a cheap and chippy chopper and a big, black block", though between the covers of a crime-story the modern reading public derives considerable entertainment from corpses. It is possible that Nashe's jesting depends not so much upon insensitiveness as upon a particular tickling of sensitivity. What he says is perhaps funny precisely because it is outrageous. We do not know enough about him to say whether he was in fact as callous as he elects to be in fiction. It would be useful to know something of the quality of the man when we come to consider the contention that *The Unfortunate Traveller* offers crude horror-stories to a public so avid as to have a very indiscriminating palate. It would appear, from what I have already said, that what Nashe was offering was not so much crude horrors as a crude sense of humour. If we can see the crudity where Nashe could not, if he was trying to curdle our blood in earnest and not in fun, then in effect we say he was lacking in intelligence and in literary discernment. He laid it on with a trowel. How far is this true? I

Nashe is often spoken of as a journalist. It is not always clear to me what this is meant to imply, but it suggests among other things that he met and pandered to the public taste, however depraved that might be. Certainly the public had a taste for horrors, and certainly Nashe supplies them. He touches upon almost all the things that made the average Elizabethan goggle his eyes and shudder deliciously—the plague:

anatomical dissections; atheism and blasphemy; Jews; rogues; bawds and courtesans; the Pope and the Pope's mistress; Italianate vice; public executions; bloody battles; murder, rape and robbery; conspiracies and revenges. Does not the very comprehensiveness of the list suggest that Nashe perhaps knew what he was doing? That he could not be so naive as to enclose all that between the covers of one book and expect people to take it seriously?

One of the few things that we do know about Nashe is that he wrote for money, and that money was always short with him. This would not encourage a man to respect an artistic conscience. He was a satirist; a touchy, fleering, flyting pamphleteer; a professional wit; a stylist; and a hack dramatist. But always, through thick and thin, obstinately, sometimes unexpectedly and touchingly, Nashe was a literary man. Moreover, he was never a fool. If he intended, in *The Unfortunate Traveller*, to give the public what it wanted in one heaped dish of popular horror-stories and comic tales, he spoiled his own plan by being too clever about it, by too obviously enjoying his own burlesque. To be popular, a bad writer must at least be sincere, must believe up to a point in what he is saying. *The Unfortunate Traveller* was not very popular, in spite of its two editions within one year. In his concluding sentences Nashe promised more if it pleased, but he never attempted anything like it again. The general public must have felt uneasily that they were being fooled, and the public that would be likely to appreciate the fooleries, Nashe's own kind, the whoreson mad fellows, were few.

Whatever Nashe may have intended when he began the book, before he had finished it it had turned into a spirited parody of popular literary themes and styles of the day. Just as we tend to take Nashe's horrors seriously when he meant them to be broadly comic, so we are disposed, I think, when Nashe doles out the threadbare commonplaces, to nod our heads wisely and say, "You see! The old stuff again!" and not credit Nashe with the power of seeing too—Nashe who was particularly scornful of imitations and determined to be himself alone, deliberately cultivating singularity. Ascham, in all seriousness, attacked Italianate vices and the evil effects of foreign travel. Lyly borrowed the idea for popular fiction, salving the puritan conscience with sermons against wickedness while he tickled the prurient palate with veiled descriptions of it. *EupRues* is the story of a badly-behaved young man recounted as a warning to his fellows, who might otherwise follow his example in fact instead of enjoying it harmlessly in fiction. As such it might be quoted with propriety as a forerunner of Defoe; much more so than *The Unfortunate Traveller*,

for Nashe's brind of realism, if realism it is, is far removed from Defoe's sober verisimilitude.

By the time Nashe picked up the theme of foreign travel and Italianate vice the bone had been worried nearly bare. When the knowing English reader embarked upon the address of the banished English Earl to Jack Wilton, whom his timely evidence had saved from the gallows, a smile would begin to creep over his face as the platitudes and the Latin tags began to pile up, until the Earl "held his peace and wept" and pert Jack Wilton, declaring himself "glad of any opportunitic of a full poynt to part from him, tolde him I tooke his counsaile in worth; what lay in mee to requite in loue should not bee lacking. Some businesse that concerned me highly cald mee away very hastily, but another time I hop'd we should meete_____Heeres a stir, thought I to my selfe after I was set at liber tie, that is worse than an vpbraiding lesson after a botching". Before the day is out he is properly punished for his graceless behaviour, by falling into the Jew's cellar, but not before the reader has laughed with him at the old man's "cynike exhortation". I cannot think that Nashe is here issuing a serious warning against the corruptions of Italy. He simply makes the old man say what is the correct thing for old men in fiction to say in such situations, and consciously enjoys the fact that it is the correct thing.

One of Nashe's literary (and financial) connections was with the world of the theatre and it seems likely that this helped him to accumulate horrific themes and to decorate them with the appropriate rhetoric. It has often been pointed out that his crowning horror, the revenge of Cutwolfe, who shoots his enemy in the throat while uttering the blasphemies for which Cutwolfe has promised him his life, is paralleled by Hamlet's reluctance to kill the King while he is praying. Less often observed is the parallel between the rape of Heraclide upon her dead husband's body and the sadistic daydreams of Cloten, bound for Milford Haven to fetch back Imogen.

Nashe introduces Cutwolfe's revenge as a high-water mark in story-telling: "Prepare your eares and your teares, for neuer tyll this thrust I anie tragecall matter vpon you." Is this sign-posting a little suspicious? Is it how a serious writer prepares for a climax, or is it that irreverent creature, Tom Nashe, announcing that he is about to tear a cat? The very jingle of *eaes* and *teares* is comical, and "thrust I vpon you" destroys the dignity of "tragecall matter". The story then unfolded exploits to its utmost almost every convention of dramatic revenge. The moment Cutwolfe hears of his brother's murder, he drops everything to follow the

murderer, dogs him for nearly two years, "from *Rome* to *Naples*, from *Naples* to *Caiete*, passing ouer the riuer, from *Caiete* to *Syenna*, from *Syenna* to *Florence*, from *Florence* to *Parma*, from *Parma* to *Paui*a, from *Paui*a to syon, from *Syon* to *Geneua*, from *Geneua* backe againe towards *Rome*", and sleeps across the threshold of the door he sees him enter lest he should escape overnight. To the frantic pleas of Esdras he replies:

"Though I knew God would neuer haue mercy vpon me except I had mercie on thee, yet of thee no mercy would I haue. Reuenge in our tragedies is continually raised from hell: of hell doe I esteeme better than heauen, if it afford me reuenge. There is no heauen but reuenge. I tel thee, I would not haue vnderooke so much toile to gaine heauen, as I haue done in pursuing thee for reuenge. Diuine reuenge, of which (as of the ioies aboue) there is no fulncs or satietie. Looke how my feete are blistered with following thee from place to place. I haue riuen my throat with ouerstraining it to curse thee. I haue ground my teeth to powder with grating and grinding them together for anger when any hath namde thee. My tongue with vaine threaties is bolne, and waxen too big for my mouth: my eyes haue broken their strings with staring and looking ghastly, as I stood deuising how to frame or set my countenance when I met thee. I haue neere spent my strength in imaginarie acting on stone wals, what I determind to execute on thee: intreate not, a miracle may not repriue thee: villaine, thus march I with my blade into thy bowels. '

His victim's request for time to repent, only sends Cutwolfe's thought "in quest of some notable newe Italionismc, whose murderous platforme might not onely extend *on* his bodie, but his soul also". He thereupon devises the scheme whereby he promises him his life if he blasphemes and breaks the promise by shooting him in the throat so that he cannot speak again.

"Reuenge is the glorie of armes, and the highest performance of valure; reuenge is whatsocuer we call law or iustice. The farther we wade in reuenge, the neerer come we to the throne of the almightie. To his scepter it is properly ascribed; his scepter he lends vnto man, when he lets one man scourge an other. All true Italians imitate me in reuenging constantly and dying valiantly."

This is a revenge story to end all revenge stories, a *reductio ad absurdum* of revenge. It is not realism, it is criticism, and the form it takes is literary satire.

If it is not obvious at the first reading that Nashe is offering a deliberate parody of a popular revenge story, and on further consideration it still seems doubtful whether the ridiculous aspect of Cutwolfe's story was

as obvious to its author as it is to us, we are provided in the earlier part of the book with a striking parallel in the treatment of Petrarchan love. Here the parody is too plain to miss; though it is introduced with perfect gravity, even enthusiasm, on the part of the narrator, and there is nothing to show it is matter for mirth except its own inherent absurdity. Surrey confesses his love and describes his Geraldine.

"Her high exalted sunne beames haue set the Phenix neast of my breast on fire, and I my selfe haue brought Arabian spiceries of sweet passions and praises to furnish out the funerall flame of my follie. Those who were condemned to be smothered to death by sincking downe into the softe bottome of an high built bedde of Roses, neuer dide so sweet a death as I should die, if hir Rose coloured disdaine were my deathesman."

Shown a sight of her in Cornelius Agrippa's magic glass "sicke weeping on her bed, and resolucd all into deuout religion for the absence of her Lord" he "must forthwith frame this extemporal dity" and Nashe quotes at length a delightful love-lyric, in which the satire on Petrarchan conceits is so delicate that in another setting it might almost pass for sincerity. Indeed, he says nothing more outrageous than the poets of the next century were to say with apparent seriousness, though his rhythms are typically Elizabethan.

All soule, no earthly flesh, why dost thou fade ?
 All good, no worthlesse drosse, why lookst thou pale ?
 Sicknesse, how darst thou one so faire inuade ?
 Too base infirmitie to worke hir bale.
 Heauen be distemperd since she griued pines,
 Neuer be drie these my sad plaintiue lines.

Starres fall to fetch fresh light from hir rich eyes,
 Her bright brow driues the Sunne to cloudes beneath,
 Hir haires reflex with red strakes paints the skies,
 Sweet morne and euening deaw nowes from her breath:
 Phoebe rules tides, she my teares tides forth drawes,
 In her sicke bed loue sits and maketh lawes.

Like all good parodists Nashe understands and appreciates what he is mocking. There is no reason to suppose that he dislikes the Petrarchan love-convention. Rather the reverse, such is his affectionate indulgence towards the Earl and his charming fancies. Only he sees the funny side of them. The two sonnets which he later attributes to Surrey are composed in a more scoffing humour, and they raise love to a religion very much as Cutwolfe raises his revenge.

Into heauens ioyes none can profoundly see,
Except that first they meditate on thee.

And in the sonnet "In prayse of the chamber that was so illuminatively honored with her radiant conception"

Prostrate, as holy ground lie worship thee;
Our Ladies Chappell henceforth be thou namd;
Here first loues Queene put on mortalitic,
And with her beautie all the world inflamd.

Though Jack Wilton admires the Earl as "a right noble Lord, liberalitie it selfe . . . my Heroicall Master", and evidently considers his love-frenzy entirely becoming to his years and position, he is so far critical as to restrain him from making an oration in the open street before the house where Geraldine was born, and remarks at one point that it had often struck him that the Earl "was more in loue with his own curious forming fancie than her face; and truth it is, many become passionate louers onely to winne praise to theyr wits."

Surrey's story reaches the height of absurdity when he enters the lists in defence of Geraldine's beauty in a helmet fashioned like a gardener's watering-pot, sprinkling the emblematic flowers and weeds on his armour with

"small thrids of water, like citterne strings . . . whereby he did import thus much, that the tearcs that issued from his braines, as those arteficiall distillations issued from the well counterfeit water-pot on his head, watered and gaue lyfc as well to his mistres disdaine (resembled to nettles and weeds) as increase of glorie to her care-causing beauty (comprehended vnder the lillies and roses)".

By the time Nashe has described the ridiculous allegorical costumes and mottoes of some fourteen knights, and pulled himself up unwillingly, because he has "an hundred other", this particular joke must have been wearing thin, even to a reader more familiar than we with the extravagances of contemporary fancy-dress. Nashe and his friends may have spent an uproarious time some wet afternoon, vying with one another in the devising of comic *imprese*, but the whole incident suggests coterie-wit, and is not very amusing for the general reader. It is not aimed so much at romances of chivalry as at the contemporary chivalrous cult. The subjects of Nashe's satire in *The Unfortunate Traveller* are topical, and he has not ammunition to waste upon outmoded styles, already despised and discarded. The fun is to tilt irreverently at what everyone else is admiring.

If it should be suspected that there is no joke, and that we are to accept the far-fetched and detailed emblems—the Black Knight whose "head piece seemed to bee a little ouen fraught full with smothering flames, for nothing but sulphur and smoake voided out at the clefts of his beuer", and the Knight of the Owle "whose armor was a stubd tree ouergrowne with iuie"—as something genuinely appealing to the Elizabethan taste, if not to ours, there follows to disabuse us a burlesque account of the actual tournament, introduced by Jack Wilton observing, in all apparent gravity, "To particularize their manner of encounter were to describe the whole art of tilting."

It is a little curious that Nashe, so easily tickled by stylistic absurdities, resists the opportunity to make a butt of Lyly. The explanation I take to be that by 1593, when Petrarchan sonnet-sequences were the latest fashion, euphuism was out of date. There is a suggestion of Lyly's manner in the moral harangue of the banished Earl, a very proper place to find it, but it is not a set parody of euphuism, which could not possibly be mistaken. It is no more than a flavour of old-fashioned, scholastic rhetoric, appropriate to the old man's speech. Jack Wilton adorns with similar choice flowers his persuasive addresses to the cider-merchant and the Swiss captain.

"None so fit as you for so important an enterprise: our vulgar polititians are but flies swimming on the streamc of subiltie superficially in comparison of your singularitie, their blinde narrow eyes cannot pierce into the profundity of hypocrisie; you alone, with *Palamedy* can pry into *Vlysses* mad counterfeting, you can discern *Achilles* from a chamber maide, though he be deckt with his spindle and distaffe."

Here we make no mistake about the satire because we are let into the joke from the beginning. Nashe hoodwinking his readers is a degree less obvious than Jack hoodwinking "Captain Gogs wounds".

The most extravagant and ludicrous of all Nashe's stylistic parodies is the would-be learned oration with which a "bursten belly inkhorne orator called *Vanderhulke*" welcomes the Duke of Saxony to Wittenberg.

"Right noble Duke (*ideo nobilis quasi no bilis*, for you have no bile or colar in you), know that our present incorporation of Wittenberg, by me the tongue man of their thankfulnes, a townesman by birth, a free Germane by nature, an oratour by arte, and a scriuener by education, in all obedience and chastity, most bountifully bid you welcome to Witenberg: welcome, sayd I? O orificiall rethorike, wipe thy euerlasting mouth, and aflfoord me a more Indian metaphor

than that, for the braue princely blood of a Saxon. Oratorie, vncaske the bard hutch of thy complements, and with the triumphantest troupe in thy treasure doe trewage vnto him. What impotent speech with his eight partes may not specifie, this vnestimable gift, holding his peace, shall as it were (with teares I speak it) do whereby as it may seeme or appeare to manifest or declare, and yet it is, and yet it is not, and yet it may be a diminutive oblation meritorious to your high pusillanimities and indignities

This turgid nonsense is openly scoffed at as a "ridiculous oration"

Equally outspoken is Nashe's criticism of the ciceronians, whom he twice calls to book, once in the speech delivered before the Duke by the orator of the university, which "was all by patch and by peecemeale stolne out of *Tully*"; and again when the scholars held a public disputation:

"Grosse plodders they were all, that had some learning and reading, but no wit to make use of it. They imagined the Duke tooke the greatest pleasure and contentment vnder heauen to heare them speake Latine, and as long as they talkt nothing but *Tully* he was bound to attend them. A most vaine thing it is in many vniversities at this daie, that they count him excellent eloquent, who stealeth not whole phrases but whole pages out of *Tully*"

Any further criticism of the disputants is confined to their delivery, concerning which, since Nashe had never visited Wittenberg, he was presumably drawing on his Cambridge memories. His account of the University Play includes no comment on the book, but only on the actors. Yet this interest in the delivery, whether of a speech or a part in a play, is still a literary interest. Nashe loved literature and learning. Unlike the "grosse plodders" he was not supplied with plentiful reading and no wit to make use of it, but may fairly be suspected of plentiful wit whereby to make the most of a very little learning. Learned or not, he shows an alert, critical intelligence, a tendency to direct it to literary subjects, and a pretty gift for parody. Is this the man who could write Cutwolfe's revenge, and not observe the overstatement?

Once we have seen a weathercock indicative of the way the wind is blowing—and Nashe's burlesque intention with regard to courtly and scholarly themes is palpable—we may assume we are probably in the right about straws that appear to be pointing the same way. I would therefore suggest that Elizabethan readers, when introduced to a Venetian lady called "Tabitha the Temptress", accepted her in much the same spirit as a modern reader would accept "Olga Petrovska, the Beautiful Spy",

and that her subsequent behaviour is not intended as a realistic comment upon the manners of Venice.

The story of the miserly Jewish physician is told for no other reason than to extract out of it, and out of Jack nervously awaiting the threatened anatomy, the utmost of the fun which Nashe's rather tart wit observes in them.

"O, the colde sweating cares which I concerned after I knewe I should be cut like a French summer dublet. Me thought already the blood began to gush out at my nose: if a flea on the arme had but bit me, I deemed the instrument had prickt me. Wei, well, I may scoffe at a shrowd turne, but theres no such readie way to make a man a true Christian, as to pcrswade himselfe he is taken vp for an anatomic lie depose I praid then more than I did in seuen yeare before. Not a drop of sweate trickled downe my breast and my sides, but I dreamt it was a smooth edged razer tenderly slicing downe my breast and sides. If anie knockt at doore, I supposd it was the Bcdle of surgeons hal come for me. In the night I dreamd of nothing but phlebotomie, bloudic fluxes, incarnatiues, running vlcers."

The Rape of Heraclide is a magnificent specimen of the "twopence coloured" style: the two robbers stalking unchecked through the deserted, plague-stricken houses of Rome, their walls "hoard and furd with the moist scorching steame of their desolation"; the shivering page locked in his room; the virtuous matron Heraclide threatening to breathe the infection of a hundred death-beds upon her ravisher, who, observing frightfully, "My owne mother gaue I a boxe of the eare too, and brake her necke downe a paire of staires, because she would not goe in to a Gentleman when I bad her", drags her round the room, his "sacriligious hand . . . inscarft in her long siluer lockes". It is possible that Nashe thought this a very fine conception—so he apparently thought, or hoped his readers would think, that shockingly overwritten pamphlet *Christs Teares Over Jerusalem*, which he had published in 1593, and so Shakespeare at one time, presumably, thought *Titus Andronicus*—but in view of his mocking, critical attitude, and the deliberate exaggeration elsewhere in the book, I suspect that he thought very much as we do about it. As usual, he goes on rather too long. There is one sentence so excessively affected and inappropriate to the circumstances, that it is hard to believe its author was not aware of it. As Heraclide swoons in the scene of horror in which he has placed her, he caressingly observes, "her eies in their closing seemed to spaune forth in their outward sharpe corners new created seed pearle, which the world before neuer set eie on". No

Ehizabethan, turning hell itself to favour and to prettiness ever surpassed that conceit—yet some of them come so near it that it is impossible to be certain Nashe viewed it as an error in taste. His general attitude to the Heraclide story I take to be, "That's the way it's done, isn't it? That's the sort of thing?" But it isn't. Everything is just a little over-coloured and overdrawn, so that we are made aware of the fact that he is treating us to a very clever imitation.

It has been suggested that he also overwrote the dedication to Southampton and thereby gave offence, which would explain why it is omitted from the second edition. I cannot imagine a much more difficult test of critical discrimination than to have to decide whether one Elizabethan dedication is substantially more fulsome than any number of other Elizabethan dedications. In any case I should have supposed that the convention was already accepted whereby a little teasing overstatement in a dedication can be subtly complimentary. Nashe does overstate, but to all appearances genially and delightfully.

"Incomprehensible is the heighth of your spirit both in heroical resolution and matters of conceit. Vnrepriucably perishcth that booke whatsoeuer to wast paper, which on the diamond rocke of your iudgement disasterly chanccth to be shipwrackt. A dere louer and cherisher you are, as well of the louers of Poets, as of Poets themselues. Amongst their sacred number I dare not ascribe my selfe, though now and then I speak English: that smal braine I haue to no further vse I conuert, saue to be kinde to my frends and fatall to my enemies. A new brain, a new wit, a new stile, a new soule will I get mee, to canonize your name to posteritie, if in this my first attempt I be not taxed of presumption."

There remain two elements of the story yet to be examined; the account of the destruction of the anabaptists, under John of Leyden, and the account of the sights of Rome. The destruction of the anabaptists is a cruel piece of work. We cannot laugh it off, and Nashe does not intend that we should, for this is the point at which, to the exasperation of the reader who is engrossed in the story of Jack Wilton, he suddenly introduces a sermon; a somewhat lengthy and perfectly serious sermon on spiritual and intellectual pride. "Let me dilate a litle more grauely than the nature of this historie requires, or wilbe expected of so yong a practitioner in diuinity", he observes, thereby warning us what is coming, but with a brevity which shows no sense of the enormity, from the novelist's point of view, of what he is doing. The thread of action is broken, as it is again and again, for Nashe is not really interested

in what becomes of Jack Wilton. Here, however, he does worse than hold up the action with a harangue, he steps right out of character. What has that conscienceless scamp Jack Wilton to do with moral instruction except to mock it? Nothing at all, and Nashe knows it. The error we make, when we declare the sermon a clumsy and incomprehensible interpolation in a realistic story, is to suppose Nashe ever intended to write a realistic story. He is interested in ideas and attitudes of mind more than in events. He always keeps an ironic detachment from Jack Wilton and expects his readers to do the same, to recognize him for what he is, a convenient stalking-horse.

It is a regular part of a satirist's method to show us things in a fresh light, so that, uncertain for the moment of our conventional responses because we are not viewing the world from a conventional standpoint, we may be shocked into fresh and perhaps more valid judgements. The irresponsible, uninhibited court-page offers just such a fresh outlook. We in the twentieth century tend to forget the weight of that conventional morality and conventional gravity to which the earlier age conformed and which men like Marlowe and Raleigh flouted at their peril. Throughout *The Unfortunate Traveller* Nashe makes war upon the vice of serious-mindedness—upon "grosse plodders" at universities, Petrarchan love-refinements, edifying discourses and horrifying exposures of vice. He also mocks at assumptions of personal dignity, at soldiers, professors, amateur actors, noblemen and puritans. None of these can retain their impressiveness when they are described by Jack Wilton, in that brand of extravagant colloquialism which was Nashe's special invention.

Flippancy and irreverence are the keynote of the book, and they are potent weapons against the anabaptists, but there is no mistaking that here Nashe's derision is based upon an entirely serious attitude towards puritan pretensions.

"Verie deuout Asses they were, . . . and such as thought they knew as much of Gods minde as richer men: why, inspiration was their ordinarie familiar, and buzd in their eares like a Bee in a boxe euerie hower what newes from heauen, hell, and the land of whipperginnie; displease them who durst, he should haue his mittimus to damnation *ex tempore*; they would vaunt there was not a pease difference betwixt them and the Apostles; they were as poore as they, of as base trades as they, and no more inspired than they, and with God there is no respect of persons."

The sermon repeats the same doctrine, without the satirical twist, which Nashe fears may extinguish the gravity of his opinions in a gust

of laughter. Satire is a double-edged weapon, which can be as easily turned against the satirist's darling convictions as against his pet aversions. Swift found so to his cost when he wrote *A Tale of a Tub*. Once the scoffing spirit is roused, it is with difficulty confined by the conjurer's circle. Nashe was taking no risks. So, when his subject was religious convictions which he sincerely held, he momentarily ceased to speak through the mouth of Jack Wilton, and said straight out what he meant.

"When Christ said *the Kingdome of heauen must suffer violence*, hee meant not the violence of long babling praiers, nor the violence of tedious inuective Sermons without wit, but the violence of faith, the violence of good works, the violence of patient suffering. The ignorant snatch the kingdome of heauen to themselves with greedinesse, when we with all our learning, sinke into hell."

The scoffing spirit is stilled again for a moment in Rome, a city upon whose customs and curiosities Nashe comments so knowledgeably as to suggest that he had perhaps been there himself. He may on the other hand have found amusement in inventing a convincing traveller's tale without ever having left England. It is in no way an exaggerated tale until in the course of describing the beauty and luxury of the imperial city the narrator embarks upon an account of the banqueting house of a rich merchant, who has created for himself a kind of artificial paradise. Built of green marble, vaulted by a crystal dome which counterfeits accurately the movement of the heavenly bodies, it is planted, like Milton's Eden, with "oliues and palme trees, and all other odoriferous fruit-bearing plants; which at anie solemne intertainment dropt mirrhe and frankensence". In the boughs of the trees are "pearcht as many sortes of shrill breasted birdes as the Summer hath allowed for singing men in her siluane Chappels", but they are "bodies without soules, sweet resembled substances without sense, yet by the mathematicall experimentes of long siluer pipes secretlye inrinded in the intrailles of the boughs whereon they sate, vndiscerneable conuaid vnder their bellies into their small throats sloaping, they whistled and freely carold theyr naturall field note." Is this the Elizabethan delight in artifice run mad? A traveller's brag? A pseudo-scientific fantasy—for the "vnsundred wri things and cranked wanderings aside" of the pipes that serve the birds' throats occupy another paragraph of Nashe's best prose? Or is it simply an instance of the unexampled luxury of the most civilized city in the world? As the story proceeds it discloses a still more astonishing fairyland.

"There were no sweete-breathing Panthers that would hyde

their terrifying heads to betray; no men-imitating *Hyaenaes*, that chaunged their sexe to seeke after bloud. Wolues as now when they are hungrie eate earth, so then did they feed on earth only, and abstained from innocent flesh. The Vnicorne did not put his home into the streame to chase away venome before hee dronke, for then there was no suche thing extant in the water or on the earth ... Such a golden age, such a good age, such an honest age was set forth in this banketting house."

Nashe cultivated the art of surprising. Here is one of his surprises. The shortcomings of the real world are mocked by this exquisite fantasy. East of the Sun and West of the Moon even cares and troubles do not appear in their ordinary shape, but as sweet-breathing panthers, sex-changing hyenas and other bogies from the Elizabethan wonder-book. Only it happens that one of Nashe's most pressing difficulties somehow fails to share the metamorphosis. "The rose had no cankers, the leues no caterpillers, the sea no *Syrens*, the earth no vsurers . . . only Iayes loued to steale gold and siluer to build their nests withall, and none cared for couetous clientrie, or running to the Indies."

While he is in this melting mood he swallows his religious prejudices to praise the Roman ladies for their good offices to the poor; frankly and sweetly, but with that touch of picturesque exaggeration which is in almost everything he writes.

"Yet this I must saic to the shame of vs protestants; if good workes may merite heaucn, they doe them, we talke of them. Whether supersticion or no makes them vnprofitable servants, that let pulpits decide: but there you shall hauc the brauest ladies, in gownes of beaten goldc, washing pilgrimes and poore souldiers feete, and doing nothing, they and their waiting maides, all the yeare long, but making shirts and. bands for them against they come by in distresse."

The sincerity of the sequel confirms the sincerity of the poetical prologue. Then, with a fleeting grin, he remarks, "For the pope and his pontificalibus I will not deale with", and whisks us back to Jack Wilton again, and a plague-stricken city and bandits and their bloodcurdling exploits.

So deft are Nashe's lightning transitions that we almost forgive him for writing a book which requires them, a book designed to leave its readers giddy, gasping, and weak with laughter, as though they had just come off a switch-back.

Nashe may fairly bejudged as an embryo novelist, he emerges from the test with some remarkable achievements to his credit, but it is only

fair to remember that he is a great many other things at the same time—a stylist, a humorist, a parodist, a satirist, a critic with a gift for caricature. His story is wildly guyed, fantastically burlesqued. He is less the popular journalist playing to the crowd than the exuberant wit parodying stock commonplaces of Elizabethan journalism. The satirical, mocking spirit ranges unchecked and never for one moment is Nashe's alert intelligence put to sleep. He knew when he was composing in 'Ercles vein "to embowell the clowdes in a speach of comparison . . . get *Boreas* by the beard and the heauenlie bull by the deaw-lap" and he relished every shivering shock. As for the sober realists, his attitude to them had he known any would probably have been that of Jack Wilton to the disputations of Luther and Carolostadius, "They vttered nothing to make a man laugh, therefore I will leaue them."

VI

THE DRAMATIC STRUCTURE OF MARLOWE'S "TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT", PARTS I AND II

by G. I. DUTHIE

ACCORDING to the Prologue to Part II of *Tamburlaine*, Marlowe wrote Part II as a result of the popularity of Part I. Part I is, then, a complete play in itself, and in the following study I propose in the first place to speak of Part I *per se*.

i

What are the essentials of the plot-material out of which i *Tamburlaine* is made? The following answer might perhaps be given. A Scythian shepherd, endowed with a mind of astonishing power and with a uniquely compelling personality, and inspired by a soaring ambition, embarks on a career of ruthless conquest with the aim of becoming a pre-eminent ruler. He achieves success after success, and, to round off the play, finally "takes truce with all the world" and marries the lady whom he loves: he had taken her prisoner at the beginning of his career, and, some time after her capture, she had come to love him. The main content of the play, according to this view, consists of the amazing series of triumphs which Tamburlaine enjoys, these being presented as a result, on the one hand, of the operation of Fate, and, on the other, of the tremendous strength of Tamburlaine's ambition, his overwhelming confidence in his own destiny (which he communicates to others too), and the extraordinary energy and mental vitality which he brings to his war-making.

If this is a fair summary of the essential stuff of i *Tamburlaine*, it must, I think, be granted that Marlowe has set himself to make a play out of dramatically unpromising material. Unchecked development along a straight, even although upward-slanting, line can hardly be called truly dramatic development. The aspiring mind hardly furnishes promising psychological material for drama if there is no conflict in that mind, no interplay of opposing motives. And it has been claimed that the

content of I *Tamburlaine* is in fact undramatic. In her very interesting book on Marlowe, Professor U. M. Ellis-Fermor writes as follows¹

" *Tamburlaine*, so far from interpreting life by indicating its form, appears as formless and incoherent as life itself. The first part, in this, errs less than the second, but even the first has no progress, crisis or solution. The final triumph and marriage of Tamburlaine is perhaps a climax, but it is too long deferred to have a direct connection with the original impulse, and the idea has been anticipated and handled so often that it has lost its freshness. Tamburlaine's rise to power cannot fill five acts of a play without complications, and a complication would be a denial of the very nature of Tamburlaine's genius, which triumphs, not after a struggle, but without it. Thus, before his play was begun, Marlowe had committed himself to a theme that was in its essence undramatic. It is a foregone conclusion, then, that there will be no dramatic form. . . . It is obvious that, of all the emotions that may be roused in an audience by the action of a play, almost the only one possible to the plot of *Tamburlaine* is surprise, an emotion that can only be evoked to a limited degree. The audience is in a state of suspense during the earliest acts of the double play, and suspense gives way to amazement as triumph follows triumph. As soon as the point is reached at which there is no longer any uncertainty in the mind of the audience—that is, as soon as repetition of the triumph has made the situation familiar and caused it to be expected, there is no more suspense. There are, in point of fact, about two more acts, but they have to be helped out with Bajazeth and the Virgins of Damascus—episodes which are irrelevant to the too simple original theme."

For myself, I cannot help disagreeing with this estimate of I *Tamburlaine*. I cannot agree that the play has "no progress, crisis or solution", nor that the final triumph and marriage of Tamburlaine has no "direct connection with the original impulse", nor that "a complication would be a denial of the very nature of Tamburlaine's genius, which triumphs, not after a struggle, but without it", nor that the episodes of Bajazeth and the Virgins of Damascus are "irrelevant to the too simple original theme", nor that the play has "no dramatic form".

It is clear that at one crucial point there is a very real conflict in the hero's mind. This is at v. ii. 72-127,² a soliloquy by Tamburlaine in which we find him caught between two possible courses of action. Is he to continue in his former ways as a ruthless conqueror? He would like to. But he cannot help being affected by Zenocrate's grief for her

¹ Christopher Marlowe (1927), pp. 44-5.

² Act, scene, and line numbers are those of Miss Ellis-Fermor's edition of 1 and 2 *Tamburlaine* (1930). Quotations are from the original edition of 1590, with one or two minor typographical alterations.

country and her father. Is he to allow this to deflect him from his habitual inexorability? The struggle in his mind is severe: in her tear-filled eyes

Angels in their christal armours fight
A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes,
For Egypts freedom and the Souldans life:
His lire that so consumes Zcnocrate.

(v. ii. 88-91.)

The words "tempted" and "doubtfull" are significant—we have mental conflict in the hero and we have genuine dramatic suspense. Zenocrate's anxiety for her father is a most powerful inducement to Tamburlaine to change his ways. The irresistible conqueror has never stood in such danger of defeat as he now stands—Zenocrate's sorrow is more likely to turn him from his ruthless course than any enemy he has previously encountered: her sorrows, he says,

lay more siege vnto my soule,
Than all my Army to Damascus walles.
And neither Pcrseans Soueraign, nor the Turk
Troubled my sences with conceit of foile,
So much by much, as dooth Zenocrate.

(v. ii. 92-6.)

Is he going to allow her to deflect him, or is he going to resist her?

This conflict in Tamburlaine's mind is resolved, and its resolution conditions the nature of the conclusion of the play. Tamburlaine not only spares the Soldan's life but also declares to him that he will

render all into your hands.
And ad more strength to your dominions
Then euer yet confirm'd th' Egyptian Crown.

(v. ii. 385-7.)

His own words make it clear that the course he is taking is the result of Zenocrate's influence—

Come happy Father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Souldans name:
Though my right hand haue thus enthralled thee
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free.
She that hath calmde the furie of my sword.
Which had ere this bin bathde in streames of blood,
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

(v. ii. 371-70)

Had it not been for the influence of Zenocrate, Tamburlaine would have behaved otherwise towards the conquered Soldan. But what

Marlowe presents us with is not a simple matter of Tamburlaine abrogating his old principles and substituting new ones for them. Having declared that he is going to "render all" into the Soldan's hands, he goes on—

The God of war resignes his roumc to me,
 Meaning to make me Generall of the world,
 Ioue viewing me in armes, lookes pale and wan,
 Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.
 Where ere I come the fatall sisters sweat,
 And griesly death by running to and fro,
 To doo their ceaslies homag to my sword.

(v. ii. 388-94.)

He still claims that his "honor" consists

«
 in sheading blood,
 When men presume to manage armes with him.

(v. ii. 415-16.)

This is the sort of thing that he has been saying from the beginning of the play. The resolution of the mental struggle of v. ii. 72ff. consists of a determination by Tamburlaine not to give up his old principles, but to maintain them though allowing them to be modified to some extent by the influence of Zenocrate.

Zenocrate signifies Beauty. Beauty sits in her face (v. ii. 80-1). Now in the crucial soliloquy at v. ii. 72ff. Tamburlaine declares that a warrior must admit Beauty as an influence upon him—

And euery warriour that is rapt with loue,
 Of fame, of valour, and of victory
 Must needs haue beauty beat on his conceites.

(v. ii. 117-19.)

But the influence of Beauty must not be excessive—

But how vnseemly is it for my Sex
 My discipline of armes and Chiualrie,
 My nature and the terrour of my name.
 To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint?
 Saue onely that in Beauties iust applause,
 With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht.
 And euery warriour etc.

(v. ii. 111-17).

And he declares that he, Tamburlaine, will both "conceiue" and "subdue" Beauty (v. ii. 120)—he will both admit and resist its influence. Beauty can influence a warrior in two directions. First, it can encourage

him in his warlike career. Zenocrate has encouraged Tamburlaine unhesitatingly up to the point where Damascus is besieged and the Soldan is threatened, and at the end Tamburlaine can still think of her as "adding more courage to [his] conquering mind" (v. ii. 453). But secondly, Beauty can also urge a warrior towards clemency: it can try to arouse compassion in him, to exert a softening influence upon him. And Tamburlaine believes that it is possible to give way too much to this softening influence, so that one is degraded from the status of great warrior. That, he insists, he himself must avoid.

On the face of it, the upshot of this soliloquy is that Tamburlaine determines to allow Beauty to affect him as far as its encouraging influence goes, but that he determines to resist its softening influence. On the face of it, that is what he means when **lie** says that he will both "conceiue" and "subdue" Beauty. If that is the entire result of the soliloquy, however, we must surely be prepared at the end to find him refusing to be lenient to the Soldan. But that is just what we do not find. We find him sparing the Soldan and declaring that it is Zenocrate who has calmed the fury of his sword. Moreover it is very shortly after the soliloquy that he first avows his intention to spare the Soldan, and in making this avowal he indicates that the decision has been made for the sake of Zenocrate:

Ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reucrend Souldans life,
For faire Zenocrate, that so laments his state.

Tamb. That will we chiefly sec vnto, Theridamas.
For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness
Deserues a conquest oucr eury hart.

(v. ii. 140-5.)

The word "conquest" here points back to "battell" in v. ii. 89. Now I do not think it could be seriously suggested that in the soliloquy Tamburlaine resolves to resist the influence of Zenocrate's grief, and then, almost immediately, decides briskly, after Theridamas's short plea on her behalf, to give in after all. I believe that by the end of the soliloquy he has decided to be merciful to the Soldan. When he declares that he will both "conceiue" and "subdue" Beauty, I believe that by "concerning" it he means more than admitting its influence as an encouragement in his martial exploits. He means that, doubtless: but I think he also means that he will admit its moderating influence as far as the sparing of the Soldan is concerned. He will admit its moderating influence—**but not beyond the point where that ceases to be consistent with his honour as a warrior. Should Beauty** ever tempt him to be weak,

spineless, effeminate, he would refuse to give in to it: but he may spare the Soldan without pusillanimity. I believe that this solution of his problem is implied in the soliloquy itself: it is at any rate certainly the solution at which he has arrived by the end of the play when, at v. ii. 371, he enters leading the captive Soldan.

The modifying effect of Beauty on Tamburlaine in the end is to create in him a disposition to show pity in a greater degree than he has been willing to do before. We may say that what is opposed to Beauty during the conflict in his mind is Honour as he has up to now conceived it—that is, a conception of Honour which excludes Pity after a certain point. Before the psychological crisis it has been his custom on the first day of an engagement to pitch white tents in his camp, indicating to his enemies that if they surrender now all their lives will be spared. It is not until the third day, when his tents are black, that his wrath demands the blood of all "without respect of Sex, degree or age" (iv. i. 63). Under certain circumstances, then, he is already prepared to be merciful. But it seems clear that what is required of him at the critical moment in v. ii is that he shall be merciful beyond the limits to which he has previously been willing to go. When he announces that he is going to spare the Soldan he says, as we have seen, that had not Zcnocrate calmed the fury of his sword it

had ere this bin bathde in streames of blood,
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

(v. ii. 376-70)

Tamburlaine modifies his old ideal of Honour. But he does not jettison it. The old ideal had been imperfect: it had not allowed sufficient scope to Pity. Now, revised, adjusted, it can still stand. And, inasmuch as Beauty has not only a softening but also an encouraging influence on a warrior, Zenocrate remains an inspiration which adds more courage to Tamburlaine's conquering mind (v. ii. 453).

It is to be noticed that after the soliloquy Tamburlaine immediately asks "Hath Baiazeth bene fed to day?" (v. ii. 129). And when, shortly afterwards, he asserts that Zenocrate "deserues a conquest ouer euery hart", he goes on immediately to speak insultingly to Bajazeth (v. ii. 146). There is not much evidence here of any change in Tamburlaine in the direction of lenity! But we must remember that though he has accepted the idea of the moderating effect of Beauty he has also insisted that it shall not be allowed to derogate from his honour as a warrior, and we may suggest that in making him persist in his former attitude to

Bajazeth Marlowe is simply emphasizing the fact that Tamburlaine is not giving up his role of conqueror—he is not by any means altogether revoking his former values. In the same way, we may be somewhat disconcerted to find at the end of the play that no sooner has Tamburlaine shown his leniency to the Soldan in deference to Zenocrate than he goes on to rant about the god of war resigning his room to him—his old bombast rings out again unaltered. But what the audience or reader has to do here (v. ii. 371-416) is, I think, to imagine a combination of the two attitudes which are indicated side by side—the willingness of the hero to be merciful beyond his former wont, and his insistence on the fact that he will not allow himself to be reduced to anything less than a great warrior. I believe that at the end we are meant to see a Tamburlaine who is ready to admit in due proportion the moderating and encouraging influences of Beauty—a Tamburlaine animated by a single new ideal consisting of a modification of his original conception of Honour. But apparently all that Marlowe can do to convey this is to make him speak now in terms indicating a resolve to be merciful and generous as not before, and now in terms exactly like those he was in the habit of using before.

At v. ii. 721ff, then, we have a psychological crisis in the hero, and its resolution conditions the nature of the conclusion of the play. Now the direct preparation for this crisis begins at the end of iv. ii, where Zenocrate first begs Tamburlaine to be merciful to Damascus—

Yet would you haue some pitie for my sake,
Because it is my countries, and my Fathers.

But Tamburlaine's reply is uncompromising—

Not for the world Zenocrate, if I haue sworn.

He will not be merciful contrary to his oath—his honour demands that he shall keep his oath. The oath consists of the declaration that if the city is surrendered while Tamburlaine's tents are white all inside will be spared—if it is surrendered while the tents are red those inside who are armed will be slain—and if it holds out until the tents are black not one of the inhabitants shall escape. Tamburlaine will not, even for Zenocrate's sake, be compassionate beyond the bounds of his established practice—and it is clear that that is what she is asking him to be, for her "Yet would you haue some pitie" comes immediately after his threats as to what will happen "when they see me march in black aray".

Then in iv. iv. Zenocrate appears sad. Tamburlaine asks her why, and she replies—

H

My lord, to see my fathers towne besieg'd,
 The countrie wasted where my selfe was borne,
 How can it but afflict my verie soule?
 If any loue remaine in you my Lord,
 Or if my loue vnto your maiesty
 May merit fauour at your highnesse handes,
 Then raise your siege from faire Damascus walles,
 And with my father take a frindly truce.

(iv-iv. 67-74.)

But again Tamburlaine is firm—

Zenocrate, were Egypt Ioues owne land,
 Yet would I with my sword make loue to stoope.

(iv. iv. 75-6.)

He will not give up the aim and the methods that have brought him to the point where he now is. He will not buy Zenocrate's father's love with the sacrifice of his ambition. Zenocrate is submissive, and yet at the same time she pleads again, this time for her father himself—

Honor still waight on happy Tamburlaine:
 Yet giue me leaue to plead for him my Lord.

(iv. iv. 87-8.)

And now Tamburlaine makes a concession to her—

Content thy selfe, his person shall be safe.
 And all the friendes of faire Zenocrate,
 If with their Hues they will be pleasde to yeeld,
 Or may be forc'd to make me Emperour.
 For Egypt and Arabia must be [m]ine.

(iv. iv. 89-93.)

But it is a grudging concession—witness that "If" and the ring of the last line.

Then in v. i and ii we have the episode of the Virgins of Damascus. Here we see the idea of genuine pity arising in Tamburlaine's mind for the first time: but it arises only to be rejected, unhesitatingly if regretfully. He is sincerely sorry for the Virgins—

What, are the Turtles fraide out of their neastes?
 Alas poore fooles, must you be first shal feele
 The sworne destruction of Damascus.
 They know my custome: could they not as well
 Haue sent ye out, when first my milkwhite flags
 Through which sweet mercie threw her gentle beams
 Reflexing them on your disdainfull eies:
 And now when furie and incensed hate'
 Flings slaughtering terrour from my coleblack tents.
 And tels for trueth, submissions comes too late.

(v. ii. 1-10.)

There is real compassion here. But he cannot and will not break his oath: he must give full scope to his idea of Honour—

Virgins, in vaine ye labour to preuent
That which mine honor sweares shal be perform'd:
Behold my sword, . . .

(v.ii.43-5.)

And after he has ordered their deaths he reiterates his old principle emphatically—

I will not spare these proud Egyptians.
Nor change my Martiall obscurations,
For all the wealth of Gchons golden waues.
Or for the loue of Venus. would she leaue
The angrie God of Amies, and lie with me.
They haue refusede the offer of their hues,
And know my customes are as peremptory
As wrathfull Planets, death, or destinie.

(v.ii.58-65.)

He has felt pity. (And we may ask ourselves whether the idea of pity would have occurred to him had it not been for Zenocrate's previous pleading.) He has felt pity: but he is still unprepared to allow himself to be merciful beyond the bounds laid down in his former practice. We see his old imperfect conception of Honour being assailed by the idea of Pity, but it is still not seriously threatened by that idea, and it stands firm. Then comes the soliloquy at v. ii. 72ff., showing that now there is a conflict in Tamburlaine's mind. This conflict is led up to from the end of iv. ii, from which point onwards the principal interest is, in my opinion, the clash between the idea of Pity, suggested by Zenocrate, and Tamburlaine's old idea of Honour according to which pity cannot be exercised contrary to the warrior's previous oath. Tamburlaine has no difficulty in resisting the idea of Pity up to the soliloquy: but in connection with the Virgins of Damascus he for the first time feels a certain inclination towards Pity. Thus the episode of the Virgins of Damascus is definitely relevant to the dramatic development. So also is the episode of Bajazeth, who is Tamburlaine's last and most conspicuous victim before the question of Honour versus Pity arises.

I am claiming that Acts iv. and v. are thoroughly dramatic. There is a working up to a psychological crisis—the crisis involves suspense—there is a solution of the crisis—and so the play comes to a dramatically satisfying conclusion. But it may be suggested that the play as a whole does **not** have satisfactory dramatic shape. It may be suggested

that Marlowe set out to produce a play from material essentially undramatic (simply the successive victories of a conqueror endowed with an aspiring mind), that by the end of Act in. he found that he had done all that could be done with that material, and that in Acts iv and V he proceeded to a new theme which he could and did treat in truly dramatic fashion. This is essentially the view taken by Miss Leslie Spence.¹

"As early as the end of Act n," she says,² "the audience is convinced that no one can defeat him,

Whose smiling stars give him assured hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes

(III. iii. 42-43.)

His early insistence on the invincibility of Tamburlaine left Marlowe under the dramatic necessity of furnishing for the remaining three fifths of his drama elements of conflict other than military struggle, even though military success was the only ambition of the historic conqueror. Act in, in which Marlowe tried to subordinate concern for the outcome of the battle to humorous debate and farcical treatment, lacked intensity and was dramatically unsuccessful. It was clear that the dramatist must create another interest. Searching the universe for something which had a chance of conquering his invincible, heaven-guarded hero, Marlowe seems to have made the choice determined on by Seneca's desperate Juno, when she sought to overcome Hercules, whom nothing on sea, on earth, or under the earth could conquer:

sed vicit omnes, quaeris Alcidac parem?
nemo est nisi ipse, bella iam scum gerat

(*Hercules Furens*, 84-5.)

The dramatist decided that only Tamburlaine could conquer Tamburlaine. From the elements of character furnished by history—military invincibility, ambition, and wrath—no momentous inner struggle could be evolved. Accordingly, Marlowe added love and some pity to oppose the fiercer propensities of the great Scythian. Against a background of military rigor, which the display of ensigns, the torture of Bajazeth, the slaying of the maidens, and the destruction of Damascus all accentuate, the emotions of Tamburlaine fight, till, in the conflict of his passions, he admits the sorrows of Zenocrate

lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls.

(v. ii. 92-3.)

¹ See *Modern Philology*, vol. XXIV (1926-7), pp. 181ff., and *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, vol. XLII (1927), pp. 604ff.

² P. M.L. A., vol. XLII; p. 620.

Shall he adhere to his military rules in dealing with Zenocrate's father? Not until the very end of the play is this question settled. On the struggle of Tamburlaine with himself was built the dramatic conflict of the last two acts. . . . By the end of Act II Marlowe had made Tamburlaine so gloriously invincible that the centre of interest could no longer be physical strife. Hence the inner struggle and the love story.

In my opinion Miss Spence does excellently to point out how Marlowe endows Tamburlaine with emotional complexity. But I am not happy about the suggestion that Marlowe found himself at the end of Act ii in an apparent impasse, that he tried in Act iii to get out of it by one way and failed, and that he tried in Acts iv and v to get out of it by another way and this time succeeded. I believe that the entire play was conceived from the start as a single coherent dramatic structure.

I am sure that when Marlowe composed the soliloquy at v. ii. 72ff. he himself had the beginning of the play in mind. The soliloquy ends as follows:

I thus conceiuing and subduing both:
That which hath stopt the tempest of the Gods,
Euen from the fiery spangled vaile of heauen,
To feele the louely warmth of shepherds flames.
And martch in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shal giue the world to note for all my byrth,
That Vertue solely is the sum of glorie,
And fashions men with true nobility.

(v. ii. 120-7).

Now there appears to be some textual corruption here. It does not make very good sense to say that something has "stopt the tempest of the Gods to feele the louely warmth of shepherds flames". Various emendations have been proposed, and the best thing to do in my opinion is to emend "stopt" to "stoopt" (Dyce) and "tempest" to "topmost" (Deighton). Both of these emendations postulate scribal or compositor errors of a likely enough kind. "Stopt" may be a case of the accidental omission of a single letter: "tempest" may show a double misreading of a manuscript "o" as "e" (quite likely in Elizabethan script) and also a metathesis—a scribe or compositor, thinking that his copy read "tepmest", might very well emend to "tempest". It seems to me that these two emendations are suggested by the passage as it stands. It may be that the line "And martch *in* cottages of strowed weeds" also requires emendation: but it does make sense—in the note in her edition Miss Ellis-Fermor suggests the interpretation "and move in spheres no higher than weed-strown cottages".

Now the second to the fifth lines of this passage, with the two emendations we have accepted, at once remind us of a passage near the beginning of the play in which Tamburlaine says

Ioue sometime masked in a Shepheards weed,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.

(i. ii. 198-200.)

The reference is probably to Jove's love for Mnemosyne: in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vi. 114, we are told that Jove tricked Mnemosyne in the guise of a shepherd. At 1. ii. 198-200 Tamburlaine is still at the beginning of his career: it is only a short while since he has taken off his shepherd's clothing: and he is determined to raise himself from the humble position to which he was born. At I. ii. 198-200 he declares that he¹ may ultimately become godlike, for, after all, Jove himself at one time appeared outwardly as a shepherd. Tamburlaine has appeared outwardly as a shepherd—has actually been a shepherd—and he may end up as an immortal like Jove. Always conscious of his humble birth, Tamburlaine takes comfort from the principle that, in the career of a conquering warrior (i.e. as regards Honour), what counts is not birth but a man's qualities—his manliness, bravery, energy, strength, his abilities: in a word, "virtue".² To his chief supporters he says at iv. iv. 128-32:

Deserue these tytles I endow you with.
By value³ and by magnanimity.
Your byrthes shall be no blemish to your fame.
For vertue is the fount whence honor springs.
And they are worthy she inucsteth kings.

This idea inspires him from the start. At 1. ii. 198-200 he takes comfort from the fact that Jove "sometime masked in a Shepheards weed". But by V. ii. 72ff. he has risen to a position of eminence and he is now afraid that he may lose it and fall back into the humble position he was born to. And in this soliloquy he again refers to Jove's disguising himself as a shepherd. But this time he does not take comfort from that, but a warning. What induced Jove to disguise himself as a shepherd was his love for Mnemosyne—his love of her beauty. Jove was influenced by Beauty to degrade himself. Tamburlaine must not let that happen

¹ And Theridamas, whom he is at this point trying to persuade to join him. But of course the "Shepheards weed" is not relevant to Theridamas.

² See *N.E.D.*, virtue, 5, † 6, and 7.

³ Emended to "valour" by Robinson and subsequent editors.

to him. And so he must (on the one hand) "subdue" Beauty. Beauty sits in Zenocrate's tearful face—Beauty, "mother to the Muses" (v. ii. 81); and in Greek mythology the mother of the Muses was Mnemosyne. Beauty "stooped the topmost of the Gods . . . to feele the louely warmth of shepheards flames". That must not happen to Tamburlaine. And so, while he has by v. ii. 120 already resolved that he will admit the softening influence of Beauty as far as the sparing of the Soldan is concerned, he finishes the soliloquy with a passage which clearly indicates that he will not allow that influence to prevail to the extent of destroying his "virtue"—he will not allow it to degrade him from the status of great warrior to the humble status from which he started out. He declares that in spite of his lowly birth he will by his deeds show the world that "Vertue solely is the sum of glorie". He will still allow his own "virtue" scope.

There can be no doubt, I think, that when he wrote v. ii. 72ff. Marlowe had 1. ii. 198-200 in his mind. And I think that the spectator or reader is meant to recall that earlier passage. But furthermore, if we consider that when in 1. ii he wrote the line "Ioue sometime masked in a Shepheards weed" Marlowe was thinking of Jove's love for Mnemosyne and of how it caused Jove to humble himself, and if we consider that already before that he has shown us that Tamburlaine has fallen in love with Zenocrate, can we not say that as early as 1. ii Marlowe has at any rate at the back of his mind the situation that will arise in Acts iv and v?

It seems to me significant that in 1. ii, the first scene in which Tamburlaine appears, we see him in the company of Zenocrate. In his speech at 1. ii. 34ff. he indicates his military ambitions—to conquer Asia, to be a terror to the world, to rise far above his humble origin: and it is, I think, significant that he does this in a speech in which he avows his intention of marrying Zenocrate and sharing with her the exalted position at which he is aiming. He had obviously conceived his military aspirations before he captured her; but, by showing him at his first appearance declaring his love for her and his intention of making her his consort when he shall have risen to eminence, Marlowe contrives to give the audience the impression that she is from the start a source of inspiration to him in his pursuit of military glory. He takes off his shepherd's clothing and puts on complete armour as befits a man with his ambition: and I think that Marlowe knew what he was doing when he placed the passage in which Tamburlaine does this in between two passages in which he declares his determination to wed Zenocrate:

I am a Lord, for so my deeds shall prooue,
 And yet a shepheard by my Parentage:
 But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew,
 Must grace his bed that conquers Asia:
 And meanes to be a terrour to the world,
 Measuring the limits of his Emperie
 By East and west, as Phaebus doth his course:
 Lie here ye weedes that I disdaine to weare,
 This compleat armor, and this curtlee-axe
 Arc adiuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.
 And Maddam, whatsoever you esteeme
 Of this successe, and losse vnvalued,
 Both may inuest you Empresse of the East:
 And these that seeme but silly country Swaines,
 May haue the leading of so great an host,
 As with their waight shall make the mountains quake.
 Euen as when windy exhalations,
 Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

(i. ii. 34-51.)

We are here given the impression that Beauty encourages Tamburlaine to raise himself. At the crisis in v. ii the question arises whether it will cause him to lower himself again. Here in 1. ii the inspiration of Zenocrate is suggested in connection with Tamburlaine's doffing of his shepherd's weeds: and this points forward to v. ii. 120-27.

At the outset, then, our attention is directed to the relationship of Tamburlaine and Zenocrate. At the end of iv. ii Marlowe begins to prepare for the crisis in v. ii which also, of course, has to do with their relationship. What happens between 1. ii and iv. ii? We see Tamburlaine's succession of triumphs, presented as the work partly of Fate and partly of his own "virtue". It cannot, of course, be denied that Marlowe is intensely interested in the aspiring mind whose ambitions are directed to "the sweet fruition of an earthly crowne"—that he is intensely interested in that in itself. It would be remarkable if Zenocrate did not drop into the background to some extent during the hero's rise to power. But the audience is, I think, meant to recall her significance from 1. ii; and in any case she does step into the foreground from time to time between 1. ii and iv. ii. In 111. ii she avows her love for Tamburlaine. And after this she approves of his military ambitions and of his methods of warfare. When he is about to fight against Bajazeth she hopes for victory for him—

And may my Loue, the king of Persea
 Returne with victorie, and free from wound.

(in. iii. 132-3).

She speaks scornfully to Zabina, as Tamburlaine would have her do. She prays that he may be strengthened against Bajazeth—

And let his foes like flockcs of fearfull Rocs,
Pursude by hunters, flic his angric lookes,
That I may see him issue Conquerour.

(in. iii. 192-4.)

She has the same sort of blind confidence in his success as he himself has—

If Mahomet should come from heauen and sweare,
My royali Lord is slaine or conquered.
Yet should he not perswade mc otherwise.
But that he liues and will be Conquerour.

(111. iii. 208-11.)

One part of the influence of Beauty upon a warrior is to encourage him in his warlike exploits, and Zenocrate does this up to the point where her own country and her own father are affected. It is only after Tamburlaine has laid siege to Damascus that she seeks to have him modify his ideals, and even as she does so she shows by her words that she does not want him to give them up—

Honor still waight on happy Tamburlaine:
Yet giue me leauē to plead for him my Lord.

(iv. iv. 87-8.)

The second aspect of the influence of Beauty has begun to emerge. After the fall of Damascus Zenocrate's own feelings of pity rise to a climax at v. ii. 257ff., and she repents of Tamburlaine's and her own treatment of Bajazeth and Zabina—

Ah myghty Ioue and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my Loue, oh pardon his contempt,
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pitie, . . .
And pardon me that was not moou'd with ruthe,
To see them liue so long in misery.

(v. ii. 301-3, 307-8.)

Even here she has no thought of swerving from her loyalty to Tamburlaine: in this speech (v. ii. 285-309) she is very much concerned for his welfare. But she has undergone a change of heart; and shortly afterwards we find her speaking compassionately to the dying Arabia (v. ii. 350-4). She has undergone a change of heart: she has come to realize that a conqueror should be merciful. In the earlier portion of the play, in his presentation of Zenocrate, Marlowe emphasizes exclusively the power and desire of Beauty to encourage the warrior.

Then in the later portion of the play, where we have this change of heart in Zenocrate, Marlowe conveys the idea that Beauty is essentially compassionate, and emphasizes its desire to induce clemency in the warrior—though at the same time it also remains an encouraging influence. The change of heart in Zenocrate ultimately results in a change in Tamburlaine; and their marriage symbolizes the establishment of the ideal relationship between Beauty and the warrior.

At the end we have a Tamburlaine changed by the influence of Zenocrate who has herself changed. The play is throughout concerned with the relationship between these two characters. I think it is true to say that we are never intended to forget Zenocrate during Tamburlaine's rise to power. In the note on in. ii. 9-10 in her edition Miss Ellis-Fermor comments: "The figure of Zenocrate is substantially an addition of Marlowe's and the story of her relations with Tamburlaine is skilfully interwoven with that of his rising career, serving both to indicate the passage of time and to give variety." But it does much more than that. I agree as to the skilful interweaving; but that is part of the very theme of the play. Again, in her book on Marlowe (p. 43) Miss Ellis-Fermor says that "as far as Zenocrate is anything at all she is a virtuous, god-fearing Elizabethan matron": but she is much more than that—she is Beauty incarnate. Miss Ellis-Fermor states¹ that in Part I Zenocrate "only speaks effectively once . . . when, in the absence of Tamburlaine, she chants the moving lament over the Turkish monarchs and the prayer against Tamburlaine's worship of the glory of the world".² It must be agreed that she becomes a much more living character after the conflict of loyalties, to Tamburlaine on the one hand and to Damascus and the Soldan on the other, has arisen in her mind: she becomes psychologically much more interesting then. This is only to be expected. Before conflict arises in Tamburlaine's mind he is made interesting by virtue of his aspiring mind and his astonishing series of victories: there is no way of making Zenocrate interesting to anything like the same extent in the first half of the play. But that does not alter the fact that all through she is of fundamental importance as regards the main theme.

If we took the Prologue as indicating the theme of 1 *Tamburlaine* we should have to say that the theme was simply the successive conquests of its hero:

¹ Edition of *Tamburlaine*, p. 54.

² v. ii. 285-309.

From iygging vaines ofriming mother wits,
 And such conceits as clownage keepes in pay,
 Weele lead you to the stately tent of War.
 Where you shall heare the Scythian Tamburlaine:
 Threatning the world with high astounding tcarms
 And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
 View but his picture in this tragicke glassc,
 And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

But I believe that in this Prologue Marlowe refers to only a portion of the plot-material. He refers to that portion which would doubtless be the most popular.¹ I suggest that the complete plot-design he conceived from the outset was, briefly, as follows. Tamburlaine, a Scythian shepherd, endowed with an aspiring mind, determines to become a world potentate by military conquest; at the beginning of his career he comes under the spell of Zenocrate, whose beauty inspires him further in his original ambition; he proceeds to raise himself by triumph after triumph; meanwhile Zenocrate falls in love with him, they become betrothed, and she supports him in his aspirations and approves of his methods; but then these aspirations and methods threaten her own country and kindred, and, without being disloyal to Tamburlaine, she tries to persuade him to be merciful; she regrets his and her own previous want of pity; at first Tamburlaine resists her pleas; but then a conflict arises in his mind; he resolves it in a way of which she can approve; and the play concludes with their marriage. On the symbolic level the theme of the play is the nature of the influence that Beauty should have on the conception of Honour held by a man whose aspiration is directed towards the achievement of empire by conquest. It is, of course, an essential part of a drama embodying the above plot-design that the successive victories of the hero should be actually shown. It may be that there is a danger right from the start that this will overshadow the rest in its appeal to the audience's imagination. If it actually does, then Marlowe has failed. I can only say that in my opinion it does not. The play seems to me to be from beginning to end a coherent dramatic structure.

11

We may say that at the crisis of 1 *Tamburlaine* Marlowe shows us the hero assailed by Beauty and the outcome is that the hero suffers a

¹ Cf. the 1590 title-page: " Tamburlaine the Great. Who, from a Scythian Shepheard, by his rare and woonderfull Conquests, / became a most puissant and migh- / ty Monarque. / And (for his tyranny, and terrour in / Warre) was tearmed, / The Scourge of God. / Deuided into two Tragicall Discourses, . . ."

defeat at its hands and at the same time wins a victory over it. (We are entitled to use this metaphor because Tamburlaine speaks in military terms at v. ii. 88-96.) He suffers a defeat inasmuch as he allows the influence of Beauty to persuade him to change his ways. But he wins a victory inasmuch as he is still prepared to "subdue" Beauty whenever that shall appear to him to be necessary. Of course, as we have seen, Zenocrate has had no desire to persuade him to *abandon* his ideal of Honour: but if she should ever do so he would firmly withstand her, and he has won a victory inasmuch as he has come to this decision.

What now about the plot-material of 2 *Tamburlaine*? The popularity of Part I induced Marlowe to write Part II. But what a task he set himself when he embarked on this sequel! How was he to treat Tamburlaine dramatically this time? Does he in fact do so? I think he does. And it is by imitating to some extent the design of Part I. In Part I the most dangerous foe that Tamburlaine had to face was Zenocrate (see v. ii. 88-96). In Part II Marlowe confronts him with an even more dangerous foe—Death himself.

The description of the dramatic culmination given in the Prologue to Part II is misleading. We are there told that in this Part

death cuts off the progres of his pomp.
And murderous Fates throwes al his triumphs down.

This implies that the play is to have a "falls of princes" theme—that Tamburlaine's death is to be a defeat and nothing else. But that is not the impression we are left with at the end of the play.

The first occurrence of his distemper is at v. i. 217. From this point on we are concerned with Tamburlaine's attitude to his inexorably approaching death. His attitude to Death changes between the onset of his sickness and his death itself. He feels himself distempered at v. i. 217. His first reaction is "Sicknes or death can neuer conquer me" (v. i. 221). When next we see him (in v. iii) he is determined to resist Death—to oppose him by force and win this fight as he has before won so many:

What daring God torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine,
Shall sicknesse prooue me now to be a man,
That haue bene tearm'd the terrour of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,
Come let vs march against the powers of heauen,
And set blacke streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods. (v.iii.42-50.)

We have had Tamburlaine threatening the gods before; but now there is a pathetic twist to it:

Ah friends, what shal I doe I cannot stand,
Come carie me to war against the Gods,
That thus inuie the health of Tamburlaine.

(v. hi. 51-3.)

Tamburlaine goes on speaking of his intention to combat Death, though in the midst of it he seems to be convinced that Death will win after all. Techelles says that Tamburlaine's "griefe" cannot last, it is so violent; and with grim humour Tamburlaine replies

Not last Techelles, no, for I shall die.

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(v. iii. 66.)

But shortly after this his physician gives him some hope and he is momentarily comforted: he will

hue in spite of death aboue a day.

(v. iii. 101.)

Up to this point we might well suppose that Marlowe was preparing us to regard Tamburlaine's death as a total defeat. Tamburlaine seems so to regard it as it approaches; and we remember the words of the Prologue.

But now Tamburlaine's attitude to death changes. He accepts the fact that it is inevitable, but now he regards it as a translation to higher spheres:

But I perceiue my martial strength is spent,
In vaine I striuc and raile against those powers,
That meane t'inuest me in a higher throane,
As much too high for this disdainfull earth.

(v. iii. 119-22.)

And he speaks of his spirit as being too fiery for his body to contain (v. iii. 168-70). He now regards death as a gateway to a higher life. But what of his plans for earthly conquest? There are parts of the world which he has still not conquered:

And shall I die, and this vnconquered?

(v. iii. 150, 158.)

Allowing that for him death is not a defeat inasmuch as it is an entrance to a nobler life, is it not still the case that it is a defeat inasmuch as he has not yet fulfilled all his earthly ambitions? Not altogether: for he is convinced that, though he himself is to die, his spirit will live on in the world in the breasts of his two surviving sons:

But sons, this subiect not of force enough,
 To hold the fiery spirit it containes,
 Must part, imparting his impressions,
 By equall portions into both your breasts:
 My flesh deuided in your precious shapes,
 Shal still retaine my spirit, though I die,
 And hue in all your scedes immortally. (V.iii 168-74.)

In his belief it is not even true to say that his flesh is about to perish, for his sons are his flesh. His spirit will survive on earth in his flesh—his sons will continue his career of conquest—and he himself will pass to a higher existence. Thus, essentially, Death has not defeated him: he has defeated death: he has shown that he is immortal on earth.

Tamburlaine triumphs in death. • But at the same time it is, of course, true that Death *has* won a victory of a sort. For Tamburlaine did not will his own death: it was forced upon him: he was in this respect passive, a victim. And, having proclaimed his own triumph, Tamburlaine admits that nothing can prevent his actual departure: his last words emphasize the defeat aspect—

For Tamburlaine, the Scourge of God must die.
 (v. iii. 248.)

In Part I he was assailed by Beauty and the result was that he partially submitted to and partially triumphed over it. In Part II he is assailed by Death and the result is similar—he is in one sense defeated by it and in another sense triumphs over it. In the act of giving in to it he proclaims his immunity to it: in the act of proclaiming his immunity to it he has to submit to it.

But what of Part II as a whole? From the point where Tamburlaine first feels distempered it has a coherent dramatic shape. Does the play as a whole have a coherent dramatic shape?

In dealing with Part I we saw that the conclusion concerns Tamburlaine's attitude to Zenocrate and that at his first appearance in the play he enters along with her. In a similar way in Part II Marlowe at the outset prepares us for the main theme. In Part II we first encounter Tamburlaine in 1. iv. In his very first speech he refers to his and Zenocrate's sons and their hoped-for future—they "shall be Emperours" (1. iv. 7). In his next speech he expresses his love for them (lines 18-19) but fears that their looks are not "martiall as the sons of Tamburlaine" (line 22). Zenocrate declares that "when they list, [they have] their conquering fathers hart" (line 36). Tamburlaine goes on to speak of his youngest son's future, and at lines 59-60 he says

When I am old and cannot mannage armes,
Be thou the scourge and terroure of the world.

Already in the first scene the attention of the audience is drawn to the idea of Tamburlaine's sons as his successors, continuing after him to pursue his aims by his methods—Calyphas will not have a foot of land from his father unless he bears a "mind corragious and inuincible" (line 73); and he that would place himself in Tamburlaine's chair must "armed wade vp to the chin in blood" (line 84). All this is in 1. iv. Tamburlaine's illness first attacks him at the end of v. i. And in between Marlowe gives much attention to Tamburlaine's sons, their education in his methods of waging war, his concern to imbue them with his own ambitions in their role of successors to him. Zenocrate dies in 11. iv. Almost her last words are to her sons—a plea to them to resemble in their lives their father's excellence (line 76). Then in in. ii. Tamburlaine lectures his sons on the technique of waging war (lines 53ff.). His ambition is to make them soldiers

And worthy sonnes of Tamburlain the great.
(line 92.)

He wants to teach them not only the art of war but also

to beare couragious minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine.
(lines 143-4.)

("Followers" presumably means "successors".) Then in iv. i, to the defeated Turkish kings, he says

See now ye slaues, my children stoops your pride
And leads your glories sheep-like to the sword.

And he continues—

Bring them my boyes, and tel me if the warres
Be not a life that may illustrate Gods,
And tickle not your Spirits with desire
Stil to be train'd in armes and chiuallry?
(lines 76-81.)

When Tamburlaine is riding in his chariot drawn by the captive kings, his son Amyras wants to be similarly drawn (iv. iii. 27-8.) And a little later Tamburlaine speaks of his son Celebinus to the captive King of Jerusalem—

I Turke, I tel thee, this same Boy is he,
 That must (aduaunst in higher pompe than this)
 Rifle the kingdomes I shall leaue vnsackt.
 If loue esteeming me too good for earth,
 Raise me to match the faire Aldeboran,
 About the threefold Ast dsme of heauen,
 Before I conquere all th iple world.

(iv. iii. 57-63.)

The idea of Tamburlaine's sons as his successors, imbued with the same spirit as he is, pursuing, after him, the same aims by the same methods, runs right through the play, and cannot anywhere be very far from the audience's mind as it watches Tamburlaine's own further career of conquest as unfolded in this second drama. The material concerning Calyphas is, of course, extremely relevant to this theme and is not introduced simply to give variety. Calyphas refuses to be another Tamburlaine, and rejects his father's values. I do not think that Marlowe can be said to be altogether unsympathetic to Calyphas: he sees that there are different possible points of view: but, as regards his dramatic design as a whole, he intends his audience to accept Tamburlaine's point of view and not that of Calyphas. As far as the total plan of the play is concerned it is Tamburlaine's and not Calyphas's values which emerge triumphant. Calyphas is the unworthy son: unfit to succeed his father, he is killed ignominiously.

Before we can state in full the dramatic design of Part II we must say something about the Tamburlaine-Zenocrate relationship, which forms part of it.

The Zenocrate of Part II is essentially the same character as the Zenocrate of Part I. She at the same time commends Tamburlaine's values and seeks to mitigate extravagance and immoderation in him. Considering the nature of the conclusion of Part I we might perhaps have expected that in Part II there would be no contrariety of attitude whatever between Tamburlaine and Zenocrate, no pull at all between them in opposite directions. But this is not so. The nature of the conclusion of Part I made it possible for Marlowe in Part II to show the two characters again in partial opposition and partial agreement. Tamburlaine had decided both to "concciue" and to "subdue" Beauty. At the end of Part I he succeeded in balancing the conceiving and subduing of it. But he is resolved that in the future he must be careful not to "conceiue" it too much. He must always be on guard in case he (still the aspiring conqueror) should ever be influenced by Zenocrate to go too far in the direction of gentleness. And so, while still admitting

her double influence, he is always prepared to resist its moderating element if necessary. As for her: we may imagine her deciding that she must still keep urging Tamburlaine to moderation, there being always a danger that he may return to courses of utter ruthlessness. And so, while still supporting him in his role as conqueror, she must always be prepared to restrain him if necessary. These are in fact the attitudes we find in them in Part II. In Part II Zenocrate's first speech (i. iv. 9-11) is an implied plea to Tamburlaine to give up his war-making because of the perils involved—

Sweet Tamburlain, when wilt thou leaue these armes
And saue thy sacred person free from scathe:
And dangerous chances of the wrathfull war.

And Tamburlaine in circumlocutory fashion declares that he never will. Shortly afterwards, Tamburlaine having delivered a bloodthirsty speech, Zenocrate protests—

My Lord, such speeches to our princely sonnes,
Dismaies their mindes before they come to prooue
The wounding troubles angry war affoord.

(1. iv. 85-7.)

She still wants to restrain him. But at the same time she still admires and encourages him as a conqueror. On her deathbed she speaks her hopes that he will continue to live in his resplendent glory—

Liue still my Lord, O let my soucraigne Hue,
And sooner let the fiery Element
Dissoluc, and make your kingdome in the Sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your maiesty.

(11. iv. 57-60.)

And she bids her sons in their lives resemble their father's "excellency" (11. iv. 76). In Part II she still exerts herself when necessary to restrain immoderation in Tamburlaine, but she still encourages him in his martial career.

When she dies, Tamburlaine feels lost. He needs her: he is not self-sufficient. In Part I he had declared at the end that she added "more courage to [his] conquering mind" (v. ii. 453). As a conqueror he needed the help of her encouragement (cf. Part I, v. ii. 117-19). Now that she has been removed by Death he has been deprived of an essential part of his inspiration as a warrior. He tries to keep this inspiration alive by carrying her body with him as he proceeds further in his conquests; **and**, apostrophizing **her picture**, he says

At euery towne and castle I besiege,
 Thou shalt be set vpon my royall tent.
 And when I meet an armie in the field,
 Whose¹ looks will shed such influence in my campc,
 As if Bellona, Goddess of the war
 Threw naked swords and sulphur bals of fire
 Upon the heads of all our enemies.

(III. 36-42.)

But this attempt to defeat Death (for that is what it is) fails miserably: what happens is that Tamburlaine becomes filled with a fury greater than any he has shown heretofore. The moderating influence of Zenocrate is removed. And though Tamburlaine wants her encouraging influence to persist, and tries to make it persist, it does not—he now shows not courage so much as blind rage. Zenocrate is dead: both elements of her influence are gone: Death has attacked Tamburlaine in the first instance through Zenocrate, and Death has won the day. Death will attack him a second time later on, and its second victory will be counterbalanced by a triumph on the part of Tamburlaine.

The Tamburlaine of Part II is certainly a less impressive figure than the Tamburlaine of Part I. Miss Ellis-Fermor rightly speaks of the Tamburlaine of Part II as "marked by a savageness, an ever-increasing extravagance, a lack at once of inspiration and of balance". "The freakish, unrestrained moods of these later scenes," she says,² "have little or nothing to do with the glittering figure of the earlier part. . . ." Her view is that in Part II Marlowe had embarked on an undertaking which by its very nature entailed a debasing of the character of Tamburlaine even against the playwright's will. His savagery and frenzy, she says,³ "are the logical outcome of the situation that Marlowe created when he set out to write a 'second part' to the study of a character who can, by the very nature of his being, only have a first part. For Tamburlaine lives *in* the future and the essence of his spirit is the forward reach and the aspiration which must continue 'still climbing' if they are to live, and fail, even as Marlowe's interpretation failed, when they reach 'the ripest fruit of all'." But I think that Marlowe knew what he was doing, and that Tamburlaine's later frenzy, related to his loss of Zenocrate, is relevant to the dramatic design of Part II. It is part of Death's initial victory in a drama the main theme of which is Tamburlaine versus Death.

¹ Dyce emended to "Those".

² *Christopher Marlowe*, p. 39.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 39.

The figure of Zenocrate, then, is relevant to the dramatic design of Part II because she is the first object of Death's attack on Tamburlaine. She is also relevant to it because his sons are her sons too. As she dies she urges them to resemble their father's excellence. We may be sure that she would not have approved of Calyphas's conduct after her death. At line 65-6 Calyphas says

out while my brothers follow armes my lord
Let me accompany my gracious mother.

This suggests that his mother represents complete opposition to the following of arms; but, as we have seen, she does not. Calyphas is presented not only as an unworthy son of Tamburlaine but also as an unworthy son of Zenocrate. The other two sons, Tamburlaine's successors, do try to resemble their father, and do thus try to obey their mother's final request.

Miss Ellis-Fermor, holding that Part I has "no progress, crisis or solution",¹ believes that Part II is to an even greater extent lacking in dramatic structure. "In the second part of the play," she says,² "where the original impulse is gone, the difficulty of giving any appearance of structural unity increases enormously". "Marlowe's error", she maintains,³ "is really a very simple mathematical one; the rise of Tamburlaine's career throughout the second part could be practically formulated as an arithmetical progression, whereas that of the first part has the more rapid rise of a geometrical progression, and it is this last formula alone which can be relied upon to outrun the anticipations of an audience and create surprise and interest." This would be a perfectly sound condemnation of Part II if the theme were simply the continued military triumphs of a world conqueror. But I believe that this is only a portion of the theme and that Part II, like Part I, has a coherent dramatic pattern.

I should summarize the essentials of the plot of Part II as follows. Tamburlaine continues his career of conquest, still loving and inspired by Zenocrate, but still resolved to resist any attempt by her to influence him excessively, as he sees it, in the direction of gentleness. Early in the play he shows that he is conscious that he will grow old and that he will die; and so he concerns himself to prepare his sons to be worthy successors to him (i.e. he prepares to win a victory over Death). He encourages

¹ *Christopher Marlowe*, p. 45.

² *Ibid.*, p. 45.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 46.

and trains them. One is unworthy (both as a son of Tamburlaine and as a son of Zenocrate): the other two he finds satisfactory. Meanwhile Death attacks Tamburlaine in the first instance through Zenocrate, and she dies. Her restraining influence is now removed. Tamburlaine tries to keep her encouraging influence alive by carrying her body and her picture with him on his martial journeys; but it is gone too, and Tamburlaine becomes, instead of a type of inspired courage and mental fire, a type of fury and savage rage. Death has won this initial bout. Then Death attacks Tamburlaine directly. At first Tamburlaine attempts resistance (foolishly, of course), but then he acquiesces, and his death, a defeat in one sense, is a triumph in another, since his two surviving sons, his own flesh containing his own spirit, will continue his work on earth while he himself steps on to a higher plane of being. All this is surely a well-conceived dramatic design.

In so far as Death is a more terrible adversary than Zenocrate (or Beauty) was, the conclusion of Part II cannot be said to leave us with an impression of bathos. Nevertheless it is certainly true that Marlowe's imagination is much more powerfully at work in Part I than in Part II. Part II is a much inferior play to Part I. I have in this essay been concerned with one point only. There is much more which I believe should be said about these plays. But I have been concerned only to argue that both have coherent dramatic structure. However much they may offend us by their rant and bombast and by their bloodthirstiness and violence, they are at any rate dramas in the true sense of that word.

